

An eulogium to the memory of Dr. Samuel Cooper, delivered, by appointment, before the Philadelphia Medical Society, on the fourth day of March, 1799 / By Charles Caldwell.

Contributors

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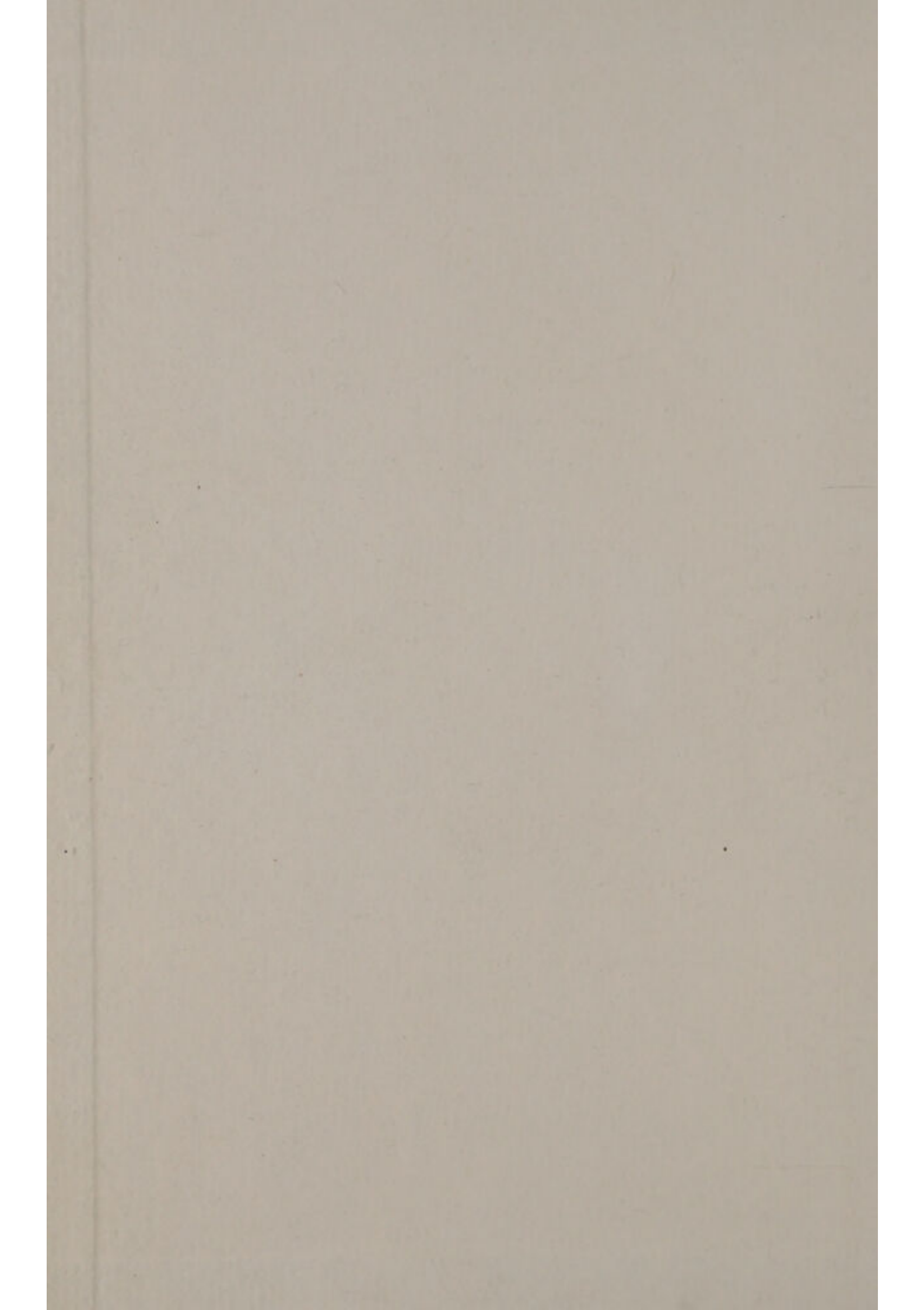
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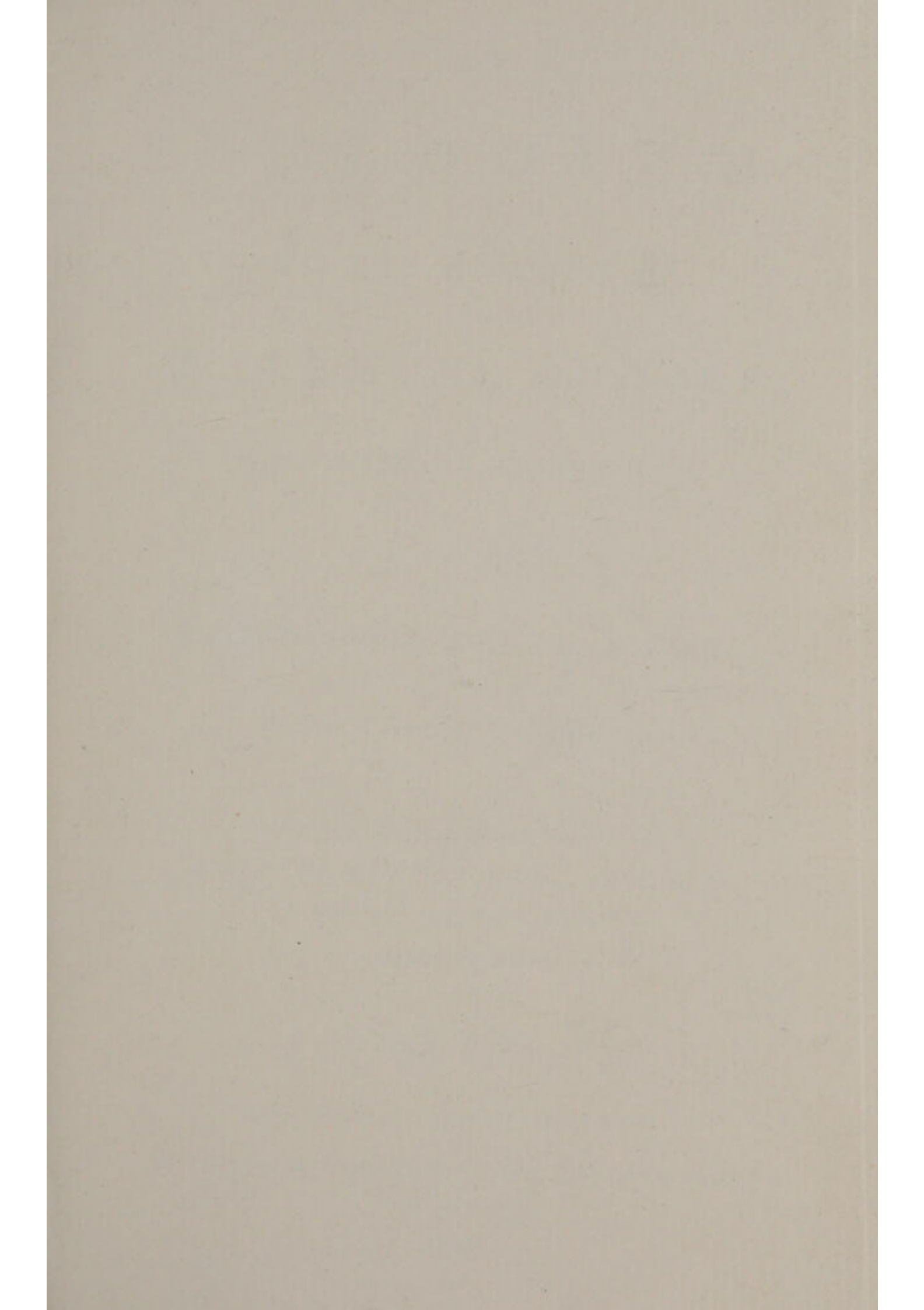
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AN
EULOGIUM
TO THE MEMORY OF
DR. SAMUEL COOPER,
DELIVERED, BY APPOINTMENT,
BEFORE THE
PHILADELPHIA MEDICAL SOCIETY,
ON THE FOURTH DAY OF MARCH, 1799.

By CHARLES CALDWELL, A. M. M. D.
A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY HENRY TUCKNISS,
FOR MATHEW CAREY, NO. 118, MARKET-STREET.

1799.

EXTRACT FROM THE MINUTES OF THE *Philadelphia Medical*
Society.

313350

March 4th, 1799.

“ RESOLVED, That the thanks of this Society be presented to Dr. CHARLES CALDWELL, for the eloquent, judicious, and appropriate Eulogium, delivered by him, this day, upon the character of our deceased friend and colleague Dr. SAMUEL COOPER.

And, *Resolved further*, That a copy of it be requested for immediate publication.”

GEORGE LEE, SECRETARY.



E U L O G I U M, &c.



Gentlemen of the Philadelphia Medical Society,

TO embalm, by offerings of tributary monuments, the memory of the wise, the valiant, the good, and the great, is a custom co-eval with the history of man. Nor is this custom less honourable and praiseworthy, from its nature, than venerable, from the circumstance of its high antiquity. Whether we view it, in its relationship to the cultivation of private virtues, or to the promotion of public good, its objects are highly interesting and important. They are, to fan in our breasts the flame of friendships threatened with extinction by the damps of death, to add perpetuity to sentiments of gratitude for distinguished services, to cherish in our bosoms a love of exalted worth, and to allure us on to virtuous conduct, through the medium of our constitutional propensity to imitation, and by the powerful motives of emulation and the love of praise.

For these purposes have the rude but energetic songs of the bards and minstrels, of old, resounded—for these purposes have temples and other architectural monuments been erected in honour of departed heroes—for these purposes has the chisel of the skilful statuary been plied—for these purposes has

the pencil of the painter been exercised—for these purposes have the pens of the historian and biographer been employed—and, for these purposes has the voice of the eulogist been heard—Allow me to add, for these purposes have we assembled on the present interesting, but mournful, occasion!—

Death, my fellow members, has, not long since, invaded our institution, and swept off one of the most distinguished of our colleagues!—The name of Cooper is still alike dear and familiar to most of you, though he, who bore that name, has sunk, with all his virtues, to an untimely grave!—But I renounce the unfounded thought, and retract the unwelcome and injurious assertion!—Though our inestimable colleague has himself, disappeared, it is not so with his numerous virtues! They still remain, a guardian constellation—a glittering galaxy, to light his surviving friends, on the dark and intricate journey of life!—Thus were the pious sages of the east, originally apprised of the birth of the Messiah, and afterwards conducted on their way to do him homage, by a bright and supernumerary star in the heavens!—Though snatched away by a sudden and unexpected stroke, this amiable young philosopher has not left us without a fair and authentic testimonial of his affection and regard! We have even become his heirs—He has bounteously bequeathed to us his character and example—a legacy, as far superior to the ordinary bequests of men, as moral excellence surpasses the value of perishable matter; or, as the beauty of intellect surpasses the beauty of material objects! Mine is the melancholy, yet not unwelcome task, to examine

well the contents of this legacy; to endeavour to appreciate each separate article of the treasure it embraces, and exhibit a detailed statement of the whole, that you may, then, with the more facility, arrive at an estimate of its real worth—To drop the language of metaphor, I am called on, by your suffrages, to speak what I know, respecting the general character of our deceased friend.

As the field, on which I am about to enter, abounds with the choicest flowers and fruits of intellect and morality, you will pardon me should I leave it with much reluctance. But it is not more rich and beautiful, than extensive and capacious. For though our friend and colleague did not, in age, complete his twenty-seventh year, in scientific acquirements, in rectitude of principle, and in acts of benevolence and virtue, he had already attained an advanced longevity. Let my reluctance, then, to lose sight of a prospect so fair and enchanting, as that exhibited by the character of the gentleman, whose worth we commemorate, be received as an apology, for any unintentional trespass I may commit on your patience.

In your late resolution to perpetuate, by an eulogium, the memory of Dr. Cooper, you have done equal honour to me, to yourselves, to genius, to science, to morality, to religion, and to the healing art.

You have done honour to me, by the appointment which your flattering partiality has assigned me: you have done honour to yourselves, by avowing your unalterable attachment to distinguished excellence: you

have done honour to genius, by an attempt to preserve from the shades of oblivion, one who possessed an uncommon share of this first of endowments: you have done honour to science, by paying due respect to the memory of one, who would shortly have been ranked among its brightest ornaments: you have done honour to morality, by doing homage to a character formed on the basis of its purest principles: you have done honour to religion, by a respectful tribute to the worth of a young philosopher, whose life was a series of conduct conformable to its precepts: and you have done honour to the healing art, by making honourable and worthy mention of one, who had spent many toilsome years in its cultivation, and whose talents and industry would have raised him, in time, to a level with the most exalted medical characters of the age.

Dr. Cooper was a native of the state of Maryland. He was born in Talbot county, on the Eastern Shore, on the 8th of September, 1772. Amid the fields and forests, in the neighbourhood of this place, did he imbibe, from early observation, the rudiments of that knowledge of nature, which he afterwards cultivated with such industry and success. Though himself the only surviving individual of his family, he, notwithstanding, retained and exhibited, through the whole of his life, the most respectful and affectionate attachment to the place of his birth, being also the place where the relics of his forefathers and kinsmen were deposited. Respecting the parentage of our deceased colleague, my knowledge is extremely limited and defective. As his pre-eminent modesty kept him

for ever silent on subjects that bore relation to himself, I never, during the whole of our acquaintance, received from him, a single article of information respecting his descent and family connections. I well know, however, that he possessed neither the right nor the inclination, to avail himself of that most empty and unmeaning of all boasts, a long and splendid line of ancestry. As far as I have been able to learn, his parents were remarkable for nothing except their honesty, their industry, and the general decorum and rectitude of their conduct. No uncommon blaze of parental genius, no glittering pomp of accidental riches, no towering pride of family alliances, no lengthened catalogue of ancestral greatness, contributed to add an artificial lustre to the birth of our young philosopher. Like the fair star of the morning, springing from the bosom of the darkest hour, he rose to what he was, from the lap of obscurity. Nor let the *baughty* and the high-born, those slaves to conspicuous descent, and titled greatness, consider his respectability and merit as diminished by this—Let such remember, that to the humble valley, no less than to the cloud-capt mountain, are many of our most beautiful and majestic streams indebted for their origin. Who, in gazing on the brilliancy of the diamond, can suffer the darkness of the matrix, where its beauties were matured, to throw, in imagination, an envious shadow over its lustre?—Or who, on surveying the majesty of the oak, that exults in its strength, and towers aloft, the glory of the forest, can consider its grandeur as, in any measure, diminished by the smallness of the acorn from which it sprang?

As my acquaintance with our fellow-member, whose worth we commemorate, did not commence till his arrival at manhood, I am disqualified for being a minute biographer of his earlier years. I am unable to ascend, historically, to the period of his infancy, when his observation was gradually awakening to the beauties, the harmonies, and the contrasts of nature. I will not undertake to portray to you, from positive anecdote, the impressive wonder with which he, at first, viewed the general fabric of visible creation—the delight he derived from an immediate examination of surrounding bodies—nor the silent rapture, with which he surveyed the distant expanse of the starry heavens! His sensations, when first introduced to an interview with the more bold and sublime scenes of nature—when the heavens were involved in a dark and tumultuous covering of clouds—when all nature seemed immersed in a depth of expectation and solicitude, on account of the impending elementary convulsion—when, at length, the fierce lightning began to dart, in all directions, its dreadful coruscations, and the mingled roar of tempest and of thunder to be, every moment, reiterated in his ears—the sensations, I say, of our young philosopher, on such an interesting occasion as this, constitute a subject of which it is not my design to attempt a description. Allow me, however, to observe, that they must have been such, as could be experienced only, by a young mind of superior strength and consummate sensibility—a mind exquisitely formed for the enjoyment of that pleasure, arising from the contemplation of objects of grandeur and sublimity. I can, at least, very confidently as-

fert, that, when arrived at manhood, Dr. Cooper possessed a mind peculiarly adapted to the enjoyment of this superior description of pleasure—a mind, formed to listen, with that of the minstrel of Beattie, “with pleasing dread, to the deep roar of the wide-weltering waves ;” or, with that of Shakespear, to exult in the whirlwind, and enjoy the storm!

The progress, which our deceased friend made, in the cultivation and evolution of his intellectual powers, are points, which I will, in like manner, pass over in silence. I will not attempt to trace the expansion of his mind through all its infinitude of gradations from his early infancy, when it was but little—perhaps, I might even say, nothing more than a sensitive germ, till that period of maturity in which it became capable of the most glowing conception, and the most powerful exertion of philosophic thought. In vain would I attempt to point to the time, when his opening imagination commenced its sportive excursions, to collect materials for its future scenes of mimic creation—and, in vain, to the time, when his understanding began to discern and discriminate, and his reason to unravel, by degrees, its slender and intricate thread of induction. These are themes of refinement, which I am obliged to resign to a better informed, a more metaphysical, and more descriptive pen.

The particulars of Dr. Cooper’s early scholastic education, in the country, are wholly unknown to me. Being unacquainted with himself, at this interesting period of life, and having, since, had no know-

ledge of any of his teachers, patrons, or school-fellows, I am constrained to leave a blank in this part of his biography. If we may judge, however, of his character, as a student, at this, from that which he bore at a subsequent period, he was equally distinguished for the intensity of his application to study, the amiability of his manners, the decorum of his general deportment, and the accuracy and rapidity of his literary acquirements. It may not be amiss, however, to observe, that there, not unfrequently, exists between the early and subsequent periods of the lives of illustrious characters, the most striking dissimilitude both with regard to their habits of study, and the evidences of talents which they exhibit to the world. Thus, even the celebrated Dean Swift was once considered by his school-fellows and teachers, as an incorrigible block-head; the supposed stupidity of the great Newton himself, the illustrious father of astronomic philosophy, procured for him, on first entering the university, the nick-name of "The Calf;" and the afterwards laborious and learned Gibbon, was pointed at, in the earlier part of his life, as a perfect paragon of idleness and dissipation.

When of feeble and tender age, and wholly inadequate to the task of self-direction, young Cooper had the misfortune to be deprived of both his parents. On the occurrence of this event, our minor was intrusted to the guardianship of Mr. John Needles, a gentleman, whose name alone, constitutes the only article in his history, respecting which I possess any information. Thus circumstanced, before precept and example had fully formed and established his princi-

ples of conduct—before observation and experience had furnished him with knowledge, or reason had lighted up her lamp for the direction of his steps, the situation of our young friend was critical and perilous. Suddenly cast on the fathomless and turbulent ocean of life, with the syren-voice of dissipation and pleasure, for ever melodiously vibrating in his ear, and no venerable Mentor to conduct him, in safety, to the wished-for Utica of virtue, dark and dubious, at best, were his prospects of future celebrity and happiness! But no situation, however perilous and unfavourable, in appearance, can justify our submission to a spirit of despondency. Fortune is ever changeful, and may, in the ceaseless revolution of events, give birth to something unexpectedly auspicious. Such was her conduct to our young philosopher. Though she appeared to frown, malignantly, on his earlier years, she favoured him with her smiles, at a subsequent period. In his passage through life, he acquired, by the mildness of his disposition, the attractive gentleness and modesty of his manners, and the general rectitude of his deportment, friends and patrons, whose conversation and advice, supplied, in a great measure, the want of parental admonition and example.

In the year eighty-six, being, then, in the fourteenth year of his age, young Cooper was removed, by his guardian, to Philadelphia, for the purpose of completing his classical education. Here he had the good fortune to be placed under the auspices of a chartered scholastic institution, the most ancient of the kind in the state, yet not more venerable, from its age, than

respectable, from its good government and extensive utility. I allude to the Friends' public grammar school, taught, at that time, by Mr. Robert Proud, a gentleman, whose qualifications, as a teacher, can receive no additional respectability or lustre, by any thing that can result from the efforts of my pen. Mr. Proud is a character, whose unaccommodating sincerity and attachment to truth, are well known to prevent him alike from censuring unjustly the faults of his enemies, or bestowing unmerited praises on the excellencies of his friends. Nor is he, perhaps, second to any one, in his powers for the discovery of youthful merit. To acquire the particular friendship of such a teacher, and to be spoken of by him in terms of the highest applause, must be alike grateful to the feelings of a pupil, and evidential of his being possessed of superior worth. Such a pledge was it the good fortune of our colleague to receive and retain. Mr. Proud was his inalterable friend when living—He faithfully watched and recorded, in his memory, his numerous virtues as they opened, and does not cease to dwell on them now, as a just and grateful tribute to his memory when dead.

Dr. Cooper continued a pupil in the grammar school, in Philadelphia, till some time in the autumn of the year ninety. During this period he was equally distinguished for his studious habits, his decorum of behaviour, and the ease and rapidity of his advancement in the various branches of scholastic literature. Besides the acquisition of a very liberal acquaintance with geography, mathematics, history, and natural philosophy, he became so perfectly master of the La-

tin, French, and Greek languages (particularly of the two former) as to write and converse in them with elegance and ease. I believe I am correct in asserting, that, in point of scholastic and philosophical acquirements, he stood alone, the pride, the boast (I had almost said) the idol, of the institution!

But the resources of his genius were, by no means, expended on the study of the classics. Possessed of an imagination towering, active, fertile, and creative—an imagination bright and fervid as a sun-beam, and co-extensive in its range with the land-marks of creation, his mind was not to be imprisoned in the narrow cloister of scholastic learning. With a native and strong predilection for works of fancy, he faithfully devoted his hours of amusement to the cultivation of an intimate acquaintance with the writings of the poets. No puerile attachment to giddy and unmeaning sports—no dislocated propensity to the idle amusements and dissipation of the times—no criminal pursuit of forbidden pleasures, ever diverted his attention from its favourite channel. Instead of dexterously spinning the well-poised top, or following, with his eye, the polished marble rolling along the pavements of our streets, he chose to pursue, with the illustrious Newton, the heavenly bodies revolving on high, in their spacious orbits. Instead of consuming his hours in the lap of apathy and idleness—instead of participating, with a circle of dissolute companions, in shameful and perilous scenes of immorality and vice, he chose to soar, with his beloved Milton, through the haunts of angels, to the throne of the Deity—to descend, in imagination, to the infernal regions, and survey the glooms,

the torments, and the horrors of the place, in company with Homer, Virgil, and Fenelon—or to unravel the mazes of the nature and character of man, with Horace, Juvenal, Shakespear, and Pope. But his amusements did not consist solely in traversing the superior regions of poetry; he would oftentimes, in his more gay and sportive moments, descend to listen to the shrill and piercing notes of the harp of Gray—to enjoy the melody of the tuneful Waller's lute—to dwell enraptured on the voice of the muse of Thomson—or stray enchanted through the fairy regions of the descriptive Spencer!

Such were the elegant and rational amusements, which occupied, during the earlier part of his life, the leisure hours of him whose virtues we have met to commemorate. But he did not remain satisfied with cultivating, and regaling his taste for the poetical beauties contained in the writings of others. Such an end was, by far, too groveling for his literary ambition. Nor was that ambition destitute of the aid of talents, fully adequate to its gratification. Born with a genius almost equally competent to every species of literary exertion, he, not unfrequently, indulged his imagination in the most chaste and elegant effusions of poetry. Many of these productions, of our young bard and philosopher, were published, under fictitious names, in the different prints of the city, and were sought after, with avidity, by readers of taste. As a farther evidence of his acquirements in literature, it is but justice to observe, that several of these were clothed in pure, correct, and classical Latin.

It will hereafter appear, that, at a subsequent period, when time had fully evolved his muse's pinions, and farther experience had emboldened her flights, he gave birth to several poems, which might have been owned, without a blush, by the pen of a Dryden, a Pope, or a Darwin. Nor were his talents in writing, confined to poetry alone; his prose compositions were no less remarkable for exterior beauty and substantial merit.* Their excellence consisted in variety of matter and richness of sentiment, combined with perspicuity, elegance, and energy of expression. His talents for descriptive narration were particularly bold, glowing, and happy. Here it was that he appeared to tower above himself. Having command of a style highly animated, but not extravagant; rich, but not exuberant; lofty, but not bombastic; figurative, yet neither studied nor affected; and full, yet not degenerating into superfluous verbosity—he possessed, in a degree to which few writers have pretensions, the art of giving to his subject the figure, the colouring, I had almost said, the motions of life.—Such were the effects of studious habits, contracted at an early period of life, on the mental accomplishments of him whose premature death we so justly de-

* In corroboration of this fact, I had the pleasure to receive, by request, from Dr. Rush, the following note, which I here subjoin by special permission.

“ So high was the opinion entertained of Dr. Cooper's correct taste and judgment in the English language, that one of the oldest of his preceptors in medicine, Dr. Rush, submitted the last volume of his *Medical Inquiries and Observations*, to his criticism, before he committed it to the press.”

plore. While others, of his age, were engaged in pursuit of evanescent pleasures, in parties, at balls, at concerts, or at the theatre, he, in his closet, surrounded by the writings of poets, philosophers, and sages, and zealous in the investigation of some favourite subject, was in the actual enjoyment of that more rational and permanent pleasure, arising from the contemplation of truth, and the cultivation of the several powers of the mind. They, like the gaudy, sportive, and improvident tribes, that hover around the tempting, but perishable sweets of a flower, remained contented with the enjoyment of the present moment; while he, like that well-known insect, which nature would seem to have created as a model of wisdom and industry, devoted his time to the accumulation of a store for future enjoyment, which nothing but the hand of death could exhaust!

As the period of Dr. Cooper's continuance at the grammar-school of this place, was that in which his mental powers began to be unfolded, like an intellectual Eden, to the minds of his acquaintance, it may not be amiss, on the present occasion, to attempt, at least, to make them pass in bright, but brief, review before you.

Here would seem, indeed, to be the threshold of my toils! Here do I become duly sensible of the weight of my subject! Here its difficulties thicken and magnify to my view, like Alps rearing their crests over Alps, till even hope becomes almost extinct, and enterprize disheartened at the arduous prospect.—Where! Tell me, ye choice and favoured spi-

its, whose faculties of utterance move in nice and perfect accordance to your powers of conception, where shall I find a mirror of expression, to furnish an adequate representation of such a splendid assemblage of faculties, as that exhibited by the mind of our departed friend! Could I, like the prophet of old, but have caught the skirt of his mantle, as he ascended! Could I now invoke to my aid but one ray of that genius, by which he was illuminated and inspired—then, indeed, would I feel some degree of confidence in myself—then would I venture to indulge the pleasing hope, of being followed, by your approbation, in my descent from this place, to which I have been raised by your flattering suffrage!

The mind of Dr. Cooper, as far as relates to the history of its physical powers, would appear to have involved, in its constitution, little less than an absolute contradiction. Among its assemblage of brilliant and valuable qualities, it embraced such as have been generally supposed to be hostile and incompatible. While it possessed, in an eminent degree, the properties of the world-descrying telescope, it was, by no means, a stranger to those of the microscope. While it shone a Herschel, in its capacious range, and boundless comprehension, it was, no less, a Leewenhoek, in its painful and accurate examination of the minutiae of matter. Exquisite in its sensibility, and nice in its perception, no physical object, however inconsiderable, could be presented, nor any phenomenon occur, without giving rise to an appropriate impression, or exciting a corresponding exercise of thought. Like the well-poised needle, tremblingly alive to the at-

tractions of the pole, his mind appeared to possess a constitutional bent and affinity to truth. Nor was this affinity under the government of quantity, so much as of quality. It was called into action by truths the most minute, no less than by those of superior magnitude.

It has been already observed that Dr. Cooper's imagination was so enterprizing and powerful, as, occasionally, to accompany his muse in the loftiest flights. It might be said, like the poet's eye, to range "from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven," collecting every thing fair and valuable in its way. But it was not left to its own wild, desultory excursions, like a tempest-driven vessel, without a pilot and without a helm. It was ever reined in, and governed, by a solid and luminous understanding, and corrected by the most delicate and accurate taste.

Nor was his capacity for reasoning at all inferior to his other intellectual powers. For ever tracing, with nice discernment, and uncommon facility, the existing relations and connections between propositions or things, it seldom failed to conduct him to fair and happy conclusions. In reasoning, what was to others toilsome and fatiguing, appeared, with him, but pleasure and amusement.

His memory was a capacious and faithful repository of facts, opinions, and principles. It was fed through the avenues of all his senses, for each sense was rendered subservient to the information of his mind. So comprehensive was it as to admit every thing interest-

ing from whatever quarter, and so faithfully tenacious, as seldom or never to lose a useful fact or truth, by which it had, once, been duly impressed. In a word, his observation and industry had collected, and his memory gave reception to, an inconceivable volume of materials, to be arranged, systemized, and converted to their proper purposes, by the other kindred powers of his mind.

Thus, superlatively eminent, in its expansion and vigor, and nicely balanced, in all its powers, the mind of Dr. Cooper was to be respected as the dwelling-place of genius. This divine endowment does not appear to consist, as has been suspected by some, in an additional or supernumerary faculty of the mind, to be denominated, a sense of truth, and representing, in miniature, the immediate intuition of the Deity. Such velocity is there, however, in the movements of genius—with such rapidity and ease does it bound from truth to truth, and from principle to principle, most perfectly comprehending each, yet dwelling long on none, that the existence of such an opinion is, by no means, extraordinary. This first gift of heaven would seem to be the result of an exquisite degree of mental sensibility, a talent for extensive, rapid, and accurate observation; a capacious and retentive memory; a lively, strong, and enterprising imagination; a clear and profound understanding; and vigorous and active powers of reason, all nicely balanced, and reciprocally aiding each other in the discovery of truth.

By the balance of the mental powers, I mean, that they should all be equal in point of strength and perfection, the one not characterized by excess, nor the others by deficiency. Like the different parts of a well-finished edifice, they should support, strengthen, and ornament each other. Thus, the man, whose mind is nothing but an entire blaze of imagination, can, by no means, be said to be in possession of genius. Nor can he, whose imagination is weak, or phlegmatically dull, though his other powers be of the most exalted grade. The same thing must be said of him, whatever be the perfection of his imagination, his memory, and his understanding, who is incapable of rapidly advancing to general truths, by the aid of simple and intermediate propositions. The man of real genius possesses a mind that can, at once, feel, perceive, observe, retain, distinguish, soar, and combine, and that can perform all these functions, in a manner the most perfect—Though such a mind must be esteemed a phoenix, no less in rarity than in beauty and excellence; yet such was the mind of our departed colleague!

Beneath the auspices, and amid the numerous literary advantages of Philadelphia, the intellect of our young friend disclosed its resources, with a rapidity, and acquired, finally, a degree of expansion, strength, and activity, to which, under circumstances, less favourable, it could never have attained. Had it been suffered to remain sequestered, in a distant and obscure part of the country, where the orb of science sheds, at best, but a faint and sickly gleam, its powers might have lain for ever dormant and undiscover-

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hospital, and, on the 28th of August, in the same year, entered as an apprentice to that celebrated, and benevolent institution—an institution, which reflects equal honour on its original founders, and on those, who, at the present day, conduct it with such consummate wisdom and fidelity!

Here our young friend found himself in a situation admirably calculated to exercise, and rear to full maturity, every bright and amiable quality of his mind. The ancient and venerable mansion, where he resided, enclosed by a massy wall, and overshadowed by lofty trees, prepared, in appearance, to bid defiance to the shock of ages, impressed his mind with sensations of solemnity, favourable to the contemplation and reception of the truths of nature. Nor were the best sources wanting for the supply of such truths. Furnished with a large and choice collection of books, on every branch of physical science, immersed in walks well suited for the purposes of observation and reflection, and surrounded by numerous objects of distress, claiming equally his attention and skill as a physician, and philosopher, and his sympathy and soothing tenderness, as a man; he found ample scope for the exercise of all his intellect and benevolence. Nor did he suffer either the powers of his head, or the virtues of his heart, to contract the cankering rust of indolence. Ever busied in pursuits of science, of literature, or of humanity, his life was a perpetual circle of action. Except during his hours of repose, which were but few, and when engaged in familiar intercourse with his friends, his mind was but seldom indulged in the luxury of relaxation. To him the a-

mufements of the city prefented no attractions. Supremely intent on acquiring knowledge, and on doing good, he found no time to beftow on fuch ufelefs engagements. His bufinefs was ftudy, his pleafure refulted from the alleviation of human mifery, and his amufement confifted in the cultivation of polite literature; but, more particularly, in frequenting the haunts of the mufes. It may not, perhaps, be deemed inadmittible to obferve, that, during the whole time of his apprenticeship to the Pennsylvania hofpital, he attended the theatre but twice, both times in complaifance to my importunity. His firft vifit was, to be prefent at the performance of Shakelfpear's celebrated tragedy of Othello; and his fecond, at that of the Revenge, by Dr. Young. Though ftruck by the brilliancy and elegance of the fcenery of the ftage, and delighted with the fublimity of fentiment, and energy of expreffion, which characterize thofe two monuments of genius, his enjoyment was, notwithstanding, mingled with much regret, that talents, which might be employed for the important purpofe of ameliorating the condition of man, fhould be fuffered to evaporate in theatrical declamation!

Of the attention and ability, with which he difcharged his numerous and arduous offices, as an apprentice to the hofpital, the united applaufe of the managers and phyficians of that benevolent institution, conftitute the moft refpectable degree of testimony. Never were the duties of that appointment performed with greater tendernes, fidelity, and fkill, than when it was filled by our deceased colleague. But this fact does not, for its authenticity, reft, exclufively, on

the evidence with which we are furnished by the managers and physicians : it is still farther substantiated, by the spontaneous reports, and heart-felt effusions, of many individuals, who, during his apprenticeship, found an assylum from death, within the walls of the hospital. Long will these characters, with gratitude, remember, and long will they continue to declare to the world, with what skill and solicitude he combated their diseases ; and, with what a friendly and unwearied hand, he held to their view the all-supporting mirror of hope. Nor will this be the amount of their tributary evidence—Often will they forego the general and fashionable topics of conversation, to speak of the times, when, as he passed along the wards, whose very breezes were the vehicle of sighs, and whose walls had been long the melancholy mansion of the echo of distress—oftentimes, I say, will they delight to tell, how, under such circumstances, the benignity of his address, and the sympathy of his manners, suspended the impression of their ruthless maladies, and lulled, for a while, their agonies to rest ! Thus, amid the wild disorder of a troubled ocean, does oil, diffused over the surface of the water, afford a temporary respite to the convulsions of the deep !

But those within the walls, where he resided, were not the only objects who experienced his beneficence and humanity. The out-patients of the hospital were, at that time, numerous, and widely dispersed through the city and liberties. I will venture to affirm, without any wish to throw a shade over the merits of his predecessors, that his exertions, for alleviating the sufferings of these indigent applicants, were unprecedented

In the annals of the institution which he served. Of this description of patients he visited upwards of five hundred, during the two last years of his apprenticeship. Nor did he attend them with that cold indifference, which, too generally, characterizes the actions of man, when directed to objects of wretchedness and charity. Painfully sensible to their sufferings and wants, he was a stranger to that counterfeit humanity, which evaporates in the empty parade and professions of sympathy. Leaving to others the suspicious practice of announcing, in words, their benevolent and charitable dispositions, he spoke, by his actions, the reality of his feelings. When called on to administer relief in the line of his profession, his exertions were paramount to every difficulty. Neither the inclemency of the weather, nor the untimeliness of the hour, could operate as barriers to the accomplishment of his purposes. The stream of humanity, issuing from the copious reservoir of his heart, was neither to be congealed by the wintry blast, nor evaporated to dryness by the summer blaze! Fed by a tributary streamlet from every fibre in his system, it could be exhausted, only, with the termination of his life! There stands scarcely a hovel of indigence in the neighbourhood of the hospital (and the same thing may be said of many at a distance) that does not exhibit some memorial of his skill, as a physician, and of his humanity, as a man. Such was the labour and assiduity with which he attended these objects of penury and misfortune, that the temporary loss of his own health was not unfrequently the painful consequence. In his toilsome rounds, to administer to these paupers gratuitous relief, he was lighted on his way by the twink-

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you Dr. Cooper's bold and picturesque description of the several varieties of madness, contained originally in a letter to myself, in the autumn of ninety-three, when we were both medical students, and the component ideas of which were derived from observation on the maniacs, at that time confined within the walls of the hospital.

" Here moody madness, of wild passions born,

" Muses reclined, in ghastly state forlorn ;

" Or weeps, or laughs, or desultory sings,

" Totters along, and speaks unmeaning things ;

" Or with fierce eye, lank jaw, and horrent brow,

" Loud raving, clanks his iron chains below !"

The accuracy of many of your judgments, with regard to the merit, and the sensibility and correctness of your tastes, for the beauties of poetry, supersede the necessity of any comment on the foregoing lines. From this time, let Dr. Cooper, as far as relates to the poetic description of madness, be ranked with Lee, Penrose, and the immortal Shakespear !

It is a maxim, equally ancient and well established, that the acquaintances we form, but, more particularly, the intimacies we contract, reflect, like mirrors, our characters to the world. It may not, therefore, be amiss to observe, that our deceased friend was so fortunate, in life, as to be favoured with the closest intimacy and friendship by several distinguished characters, whose talents, virtues, and accomplishments cover his memory with much reflected honour. From the respectable catalogue of these, I beg leave to select, in particular, the names of Dr. Rush, Dr. Bar-

ton, and Mr. Samuel Coates. The two former of these were connected with our colleague, principally, by the medium of literature and science: they had been his teachers in medicine, and some of its collateral branches, and found him possessed of virtues and qualities, which conciliated their affection, and commanded their esteem. But the latter was his friend and patron on all occasions: sagacious in the discovery, firm in the protection, and zealous in the advancement of youthful merit, he saw Dr. Cooper, and became deeply interested in the issue of his fortune!

I feel that I have already engrossed too much of your time, and trespassed, I am afraid, unwelcomely on your patience. But I flatter myself the apology, already offered, will cover the fault I have involuntarily committed—a fault, indebted, for its origin, to an excessive attachment to the memory of my friend! On taking a general survey of the character of our departed fellow-member, quality has crowded on my view after quality, and virtue after virtue, and each one too fair and tempting to be passed unnoticed. Nor have I yet completed the illustrious catalogue. Though some small tribute has been paid, yet still am I deeply in arrears to his merit. I have briefly spoken of the physical talents he possessed, and have slightly glanced at some of the amiable qualities of his heart. But respecting his moral virtues, I have, hitherto, been silent. To suffer these to remain still in the back ground, unnoticed, and unappraised, would render my biographic sketch extremely imperfect and

exceptionable, and would, indeed, be little less than treason to the memory of our friend!

Of the moral virtues of Dr. Cooper I can say, in general, that their connected lustre constituted the *ursa major*, the brightest constellation in the hemisphere of his character. He possessed none of those wild irregularities, none of those immoral habits, none of those vicious propensities, which are too often the lamentable concomitants of genius. Time would fail me were I to attempt a detailed and individual description of this fair and inestimable assemblage of virtues. I can only add, that they were such, as seemed calculated to form a perfect equilibrium and correspondence between the moral and physical parts of his character. Were his powers of intellect originally strong? his moral virtues were, in like manner, unfulfilled—Were the former improved by high cultivation? the latter were confirmed by experience and habit.

But in that galaxy, formed by the combined radiance of the moral qualities of Dr. Cooper, there were two which shone with distinguished lustre. I mean his love of justice, and his attachment to the indefeasible rights of man. Such was the power of these two virtues, that it led him to a voluntary sacrifice of more than half his fortune, by executing manumissions to all his slaves. Nor was this action performed with that pausing hesitation, that calculating reluctance, characteristic of a base and mercenary disposition: It was spontaneous and prompt, as if proceeding from a mind urged on by a pure and irresist-

ible sense of right. Lest accident, or death, might intercept the accomplishment of his upright and benevolent purposes, Dr. Cooper executed manumissions to his negroes, on the morning of the day in which he had emerged from the character of a minor. Determined that the sun should never behold him voluntarily aiding in the unprincipled business of African slavery, before that luminary had gilded the mountains with his earliest beams, the pen was in his hand, to subscribe to the deed, that now gilds his memory with such a blaze of honour. But his humanity, on this occasion, was in no degree inferior to his love of justice, which restored to freedom this injured people. For those of his slaves who were incapable of self-government and support, he made such provisions, as were sufficient to preserve them from poverty and want.

As far as relates to the enjoyment of freedom, he acknowledged no distinction between the sable African, in his humble hut, and the lordly monarch on his ermined throne. So liberal and extensive were his sentiments and schemes of benevolence, that, like the all-pervading light of heaven, they embraced the whole circle of animated nature.* In this respect, he even surpassed the compliment paid to the late earl

* The extent of the charity, benevolence, and also of the gratitude of Dr. Cooper, is evidenced by the tenor of his last will and testament, subjoined as an appendix to this publication. This instrument is, without any comment, respectfully submitted to the attention of the reader. I would beg leave, however, to observe, that it speaks the praises of the testator, in a higher strain of eulogium, than even the pen of a Burke or a Grattan could bestow.

of Chatham, by his eloquent friend and eulogist, the celebrated Grattan. In sketching the outlines of the character of this unrivalled statesman and orator, the Irish Demosthenes has the following bold and comprehensive expression. "His object was England, his ambition was fame." With truth may I say of our departed friend, that his object was more than England, it was the peopled world; and that his ambition was more than fame, it was the happiness of the whole human race!

But I have not yet completed my analysis of his mind, nor summed up, in full, my account of his merit. Over the preceding assemblage of talents and of virtues, was thrown a shade of retiring modesty, which, by softening and even, in appearance, attempting to conceal their lustre, rendered them doubly impressive and interesting. Thus, the gauzy veil, floating before the countenances of the fair, heightens their beauty, and adds superior power to their charms. And, thus, the shadowy curtains of the night, spread along the vault of heaven, awaken into life the lustre and beauty of its slumbering fires!

With respect to the theological principles of Dr. Cooper, I shall say nothing, except that he was an enthusiastic admirer of the pure and sublime morality of the christian religion, and regulated, by its precepts, the tenor of his conduct. So superlative was his attachment to a life of peace, that he was never known to interfere in a controversy, either of a religious or of a political nature. He was a quaker, by principle and adoption, though not by birth or early edu-

cation. He was led to attach himself to this denomination of christians, in consequence of discovering, that their sentiments and collective disposition were, in most respects, in unison with his own. He admired the modest simplicity of their manners, the morality and uprightness of their general conduct, and their love of an orderly and peaceful life, and, therefore, resolved to become one of their society.

In May, ninety seven, our colleague completed his studies, and was admitted to the degree of doctor of medicine, in the university of Pennsylvania. On this occasion, he acquitted himself, in all respects, with distinguished reputation. But his celebrity, as a graduate, arose, more particularly, from the merit of his inaugural dissertation. This performance treated of the history and medicinal virtues of the *Datura Stramonium*, an indigenous and very powerful vegetable of our country. It is not excessive eulogy to say, that, as a piece of experimental investigation, it is not, perhaps, inferior to any dissertation, of the kind, that has ever appeared, either in this, or in any other country. Was America favoured with many such pupils, to adorn, by graduation, her rising seminaries, we would soon become acquainted with the medicinal virtues and powers of all her indigenous vegetables, many of which now bloom and wither in her fields and forests, neglected through inattention, and, through ignorance, unknown!

In the autumn of ninety-seven, Dr. Cooper left the Pennsylvania hospital (his term of apprenticeship having now expired) and settled, as a practitioner of me-

dicine, in the city of Philadelphia. He had, previously to this, received several pressing, and very flattering, invitations to settle in different and respectable parts of the country; but he rejected them all, declaring, that he had rather live on bread and water, in Philadelphia, in the midst of literary societies* and friends, than roll in affluence in the country, remote from such opportunities for the cultivation of his mind.

Though surrounded by physicians of talents, learning, long establishments, and powerful family connections, yet still was he rising, with rapidity, in professional reputation. Already was he employed by many wealthy and respectable families: already was he, occasionally, called into consultation with the old and established practitioners of the city, who had, even, been his fathers and teachers in medicine. But his principal business, and, with truth, may I add, his principal pleasure, as a physician, arose from his humane and gratuitous attentions to the poor. His habits of practical benevolence and charity he did not leave behind him, within the walls of the hospital. He bore them with him to the heart of the city, even farther brightened and confirmed by a change of situation. Thus the fruit tree, ingrafted on a foreign stock, or transplanted into a different soil, regales the senses by a greater luxuriance of flowers and

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* Dr. Cooper was, already, an active, faithful, and distinguished member of various literary institutions in Philadelphia. Among these may be mentioned, in particular, *the medical society, the chemical society, and the academy of medicine.*

fruit! A knowledge of this, often drew to his door objects of poverty, wretchedness, and disease. Nor did he ever give them cause to go murmuring or disconsolate away. By his skill, as a physician, he administered relief to their maladies, and, by the cheerfulness of his conversation, the mildness of his manners, and the indescribable tenderness of his attention, as a man, he often succeeded in dissipating the gloom that overshadowed their minds.

Thus passed, till the month of August, ninety-eight, the hours of our beloved colleague, not consumed in a round of dissipation, not immersed in apathetic indolence, nor yet devoted to the indulgence of philosophic ease—but divided between the real duties of his profession, the active pursuits of science, and the various offices of charity, arising out of his situation. At this period an event occurred, which the genius of Philadelphia has already enrolled in the darkest page of her catalogue of misfortunes, and the effects of which, she will long—very long, continue, with justice, to deplore. Nor did, even, the genius of Columbia remain insensible to the sorrows of his daughter. The general concerns of the nation, for a while, neglected, he appeared to mingle his tears with hers, over such an unprecedented instance of calamity. But the distresses of our city were not confined to the bosoms of its own immediate inhabitants: Like the ripple, spreading around over the surface of the lake, they were communicated along the inexplicable web of human feeling, till, by breasts of sympathy, they were finally realized, even in the most distant extremes of our country.

To you it is unnecessary for me to mention the cause of this unparalleled extent and complexity of distress. It is already imprinted on your memories, in characters, which, in point of permanency, beggar any impressions that can possibly result from my feeble accents. It is unnecessary for me to inform you, that, at this period, we were a third time visited by that first of physical evils, which, by way of pre-eminence in horror and fatality, our divines have emphatically denominated "the destroying angel," I mean the vengeful spirit of pestilence! This insatiate demon (like the poet's Python, descended from the fermenting filth, deposited by the waters of Deucalion's flood)—this demon, I say, sprung from the co-operating sources of filth, in our city, our suburbs, and along our wharves, invaded our habitations in all his horrors. Nor did he come alone: Terror was commissioned the leader of his van, while agony, death, and desolation were marshalled in the rear. Thus accompanied, and thus arrayed, the malignant spirit swept, with his inexorable myrmidons, along our streets, diffusing around his envenomed breath. At once were our prospects of pleasure and security blasted; at once was the aspect of our city metamorphosed. No longer the crowded emporium of our country—no longer the haunt of gaiety and ease, Philadelphia was converted into a scene of consternation and tumult. From every tongue dropped expressions of terror—on every face sat the gloom of dejection, mingled with the wildness of deep apprehension. Flying from the city, as if its foundations were convulsed by the rockings of an earthquake, or its buildings threaten-

ed to be whelmed in a deluge of lava, the eyes and footsteps of all were directed in quest of an assylum, in the depth of the country ! Still, however, with demoniac rage !—still with more than giant-strides, went forward the dreadful work of destruction !—But I forbear from a farther description of the tragical scene—The attempt, at best, must prove abortive, and would, no doubt, in the minds of some, by whose presence I am honoured, tend to a renovation of feelings, which I had much rather be instrumental in soothing into a state of tranquillity, or even of profound and everlasting sleep !

Amid this embattled chaos of disorder and confusion, our departed colleague was by no means, an idle, or an indifferent spectator. He early discovered, and most devoutly deprecated, the impending cloud of calamity, nor saw, without solicitude, the bursting of the tempest. But his fears and anxieties respected not his own personal health and safety. They sprang from a much more generous source, the health and safety of his friends and fellow-citizens. Calm, intrepid, and resigned, as far as respected himself, he resolved, from the first, to ride out the storm, or be wrecked, a faithful and spontaneous martyr to the duties of his profession. So powerful was this sense of duty, and so unconquerable this sentiment of heroism, that neither the entreaties of his friends, nor the most bold and picturesque representation of the danger that awaited him, could have the smallest effect in diverting him from his purpose. With a mind that delighted in contending with difficulties—a mind, possessing an elective attraction to objects of greatness,

he determined, if possible, to take his stand, amid the most formidable concentration of disease!

While influenced by this temper and disposition of mind, Dr. Cooper was called, in conjunction with his illustrious friend and colleague, Dr. Physic, to take the medical charge of the city hospital. The end and object of this institution it is unnecessary for me to mention. It is known to you all, to have been intended, as a receptacle for pestilential subjects, from all parts of the city and liberties. Amid the ravages of such a desolating calamity, the walls of the hospital were soon found to be too contracted, to answer the benevolent purposes of its establishment. So unexpectedly rapid and profuse was the influx of the sick, that it became necessary to pitch tents, and erect temporary buildings for their accomodation.

Here was a scene, where, even, the mind of Dr. Cooper might find ample room for the exercise of all its powers, and the exhibition of all its virtues. Here it might exhaust the sources of its strength and ingenuity, here find scope for its unwearied activity, here expend the last drop of its benevolence and humanity!—For the ability and address of the physician, here existed a malignant and formidable epitome of all febrile diseases; for the engagement of the man of active industry, here were duties, numerous, diversified, and pressing, in the extreme; and to excite the sympathetic attention of the man of humanity and benevolence, here was a consummation of wretchedness and misery!

In each branch of this threefold character, Dr. Cooper was qualified to acquit himself with equal eminence. But, on the present important and melancholy occasion, the extent of his abilities was the only measure of the services he rendered. It is not sufficient to say, that his life, while engaged in the city hospital, was a circle of action, it was an uninterrupted series of laborious exertion. Ever awake to the whisperings of duty—ever painfully sensible to the sufferings of his patients, he acted as the physician, the nurse, and the friend, to those whom disease had subjected to his care. But his attention to himself bore an inverse ratio to his attention to others. Absorbed in his views of public good, his own individual safety was banished from his mind. In his excessive zeal for the interest of the institution which he served, he even neglected or resisted the calls of his system for refreshment and repose. Often has he relinquished his table for the more delicious banquet of contributing to the relief and safety of the agonized objects by which he was surrounded—Often has the noon of night looked down, with approbation, on his round, through the crowded wards, and the following day-dawn defied him remote from his pillow!

In the intervals of his exertion as a physician, nurse, and friend, to the sick, he devoted his time to dissections, and various physical experiments, calculated to throw light on the seat, the cause, the nature, and the treatment of pestilential diseases. By this was his situation rendered doubly perilous. But, in a mind like his, a sense of duty, co-operating with a zeal for the promotion of science, is paramount to every sel-

fish consideration. Enterprizing and intrepid as the celebrated but unfortunate Rosier, he appears, like him, to have fallen a victim to a daring experiment.*

Beneath the pressure of such powerful and uninterrupted bodily and intellectual exertion, tired nature could not possibly do otherwise than languish. For, to excessive action, of whatever kind, debility never fails to succeed, in conformity to an established principle in the nature of man. Under such a combination of circumstances, the seeds of pestilence, which Dr. Cooper appears to have inhaled from the atmosphere of Philadelphia, and which had lain, for some time, dormant in his system, could not avoid being awakened into life and action. Accordingly, this melancholy occurrence took place on the 26th of August, the same month in which he received his appointment to the hospital.

Nor was his disease ushered in with symptoms of ordinary magnitude. Such was their unusual power and malignity, that each one seemed separately commissioned as the messenger of destruction. The demon of pestilence, as if exasperated at having been so often disarmed in a combat with the skill and address of this young physician, appears, on this occasion, to have concentrated all his strength and ferocity, determin-

* Dr. Physic, with much apparent reason, attributes the origin of Dr. Cooper's disease, to his having visited the city, in the latter part of August, during the height of our pestilential constitution of atmosphere, with a view to subject the air of our streets, particularly, of that part of Water-street, from which, the disease appeared to spread, as from a focus, to a series of eudiometrical experiments.

ed, at once, on decisive revenge. Over the issue of his dark and fatal purpose, let the friends of science and humanity weep !

So fierce and violent was the commencement of Dr. Cooper's disease, that it wrecked, like a tempest, every fibre of his system. At its very onset, the powers of life were prostrated almost to extinction. For several hours they remained, to a great degree, torpid and inactive, as if in suspense whether or not to retreat for ever from the field of a conflict, so unequal in point of strength, and so certain in its termination. At length, however, they began to revive from the violence of the shock, to which they had been subjected—At length they attempted to return to the charge, and offer resistance to the invading enemy !—But the resistance was feeble, irregular, and ineffectual—It resembled the convulsive and vacillating resistance of a soldier, sinking beneath a wound from a victorious adversary.—But the unexpected trespass I have already committed on your patience, forbids me to be minute on this part of my subject.

I call not your attention to the medical exertions that were made for the preservation of the life of our departed colleague. Under this head, it is sufficient to say, that he was entrusted to the care of a Physic, and a Rush—men, whose minds are an abstract of the science of medicine, while their hearts are consecrated as the dwelling of humanity and benevolence !

“ Si pergama dextra
 “ Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.”

If skill could vanquish—mortal powers could save !
 Such skill, such pow'rs, had snatch'd him from the grave !

Nor will I attempt to awaken your sympathy, nor excite your admiration, by minutely portraying to you his conduct, during the course of his illness. Though he realized his sufferings and approaching dissolution, not with the indifference of an insulated misanthrope—not with the immoveable apathy of a stoic—but with the genuine feelings and solicitude of a man ; yet he bore the one, with the fortitude of a philosopher, and submitted to the other, with the resignation of a christian. On the third of September, ninety-eight, the fatal and looked-for catastrophe occurred. On this day, he yielded to his disease, having nearly completed the twenty-seventh year of his age.

The place of his interment is not far distant—In yonder* neighbouring and capacious reservoir of the exuviae of the dead, lie deposited his mouldering relics. His body was conducted thither by four of his particular friends,† whom, not even the dangers and horrors of pestilence could deter from attending his funeral, and bathing, with their tears, his hallowed grave ! May the dews of heaven weep tenderly over him !—May they decorate his turf with their bright-

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* The Friends' burying-ground, at the south-east corner of Fourth and Arch streets.

† Mr. Samuel Coates, Dr. Thomas Horsfield, Mr. George Lee, and Mr. Francis Higgins. It is but justice to observe, that these same gentlemen visited him, frequently, at the city-hospital, during his last illness.

est pearls!—And may the sympathizing breezes, as they pass along, sigh out their sorrows for his untimely fall!

To the melancholy circumstances attending the close of the life of Dr. Cooper, I beg leave to apply a quotation from an epistolary poem, I had the pleasure to receive from him, in the autumn of ninety-three, in which, with a boldness and pathos peculiar to himself, he describes and laments the death of an intimate friend, who fell a sacrifice to the pestilence of that period.

“ The young disease, wak’d by some demon’s rage,
 “ Asserts its sway, o’erpowers his vigorous age,
 “ Along his system steals in tremors fleet,
 “ Shakes his lax arms, and chills his torpid feet,
 “ O’er his red cheek, and redder eye ball glows,
 “ Burns in his bosom, rends his aching brows,
 “ Goads and inflames his stomach’s velvet sides,
 “ In torturing trains through every fibre glides,
 “ Or, with delirium, fierce, assails, enshrin’d
 “ In the bright brain, the shadowy tribes of mind—
 “ Now, issuing from pale lips, dark currents flow,
 “ Or, downward, seek the long canal below,
 “ And bile, in novel ducts meandering, dies
 “ His lifeless limbs, and paints his beamless eyes—
 “ Weak throbs his heart, and faint the living fire,
 “ And failing lungs unaltered air respire,
 “ O’er all his senses shades eternal spread,
 “ And the young bard lies numbered with the dead!”

Such were the talents, and such the virtues—such was the life, and such the death, of our friend and colleague, whose worth we have, this day, assembled to commemorate. Shall the splendid close of

the eighteenth century be obscured by a ridiculous, and even criminal, prostitution of eulogium?—Shall the name of the lordling, whose only title to celebrity rests on the pride of ancestry, or the pomp of wealth, be preserved and emblazoned in the rolls of heraldry?—Shall the talents of the statesman, whose military arrangements have exhausted the blood, and whose projects of finance have beggared the coffers, of his country, be circulated as a theme of encomium among the nations of the world?—Shall the fame of the conqueror, whose life has been little else than a constant series of rapine and massacre, be embalmed by the reiterated eulogia of ages?—Shall such occurrences as these exist, and not one grateful monument be offered, in commemoration of the real friend and benefactor of man?—Shall such occurrences as these exist, and not one effort be made, to preserve, from the gulf of oblivion, the memory of an enlightened and a benevolent Cooper, whose time was devoted to science, and to virtue, and whose life was finally sacrificed, an offering on the altar of humanity? I trust—I am confident, this will not be the case—When the present assembly shall have been, long since, numbered with their forefathers—when the lapse of years shall have, long since, obliterated the remembrance of this day's feeble attempt to do homage to the merit of our departed colleague, still shall his name be revered by the inhabitants of Philadelphia—still shall he be spoken of, with admiration and gratitude, as one who fearlessly volunteered his services, and fell at his post on the forlorn hope of humanity—

as one, whose love of duty was triumphantly paramount to his love of life !

Hail ! hapless youth ! if fame my voice could give,
 From age to age thy memory should live !
 Long as, on high, the eternal mountains soar,
 Long as the surges lash the shelving shore !
 Long as, with gentle breath, the breezes sigh,
 Or cloud-wreath'd tempests howl along the sky !
 Long as the sun emits his golden light,
 Or pearly stars bedeck the throne of night !
 Long as o'er systems nature's God commands,
 And bright creation's heav'n-born order stands !



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