

1862-63

Annual Announcement Delivered at The Commencement ^{Folder 15}
Medical Dept. of the University of the Pacific
San Francisco CA

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UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC:

FIFTH

ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT

OF

THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

SESSION OF 1862-63.

ALSO

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE PUBLIC COMMENCEMENT, HELD MARCH 15TH, 1862,

BY HENRY GIBBONS, M. D.

PROFESSOR OF MATERIA MEDICA.

SAN FRANCISCO:

PRINTED BY TOWNE & BACON, EXCELSIOR STEAM PRESSES,

No. 536 Clay Street, over Pacific Fruit Market.

1862.

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Professor of Medical Jurisprudence.

R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.

DEAN,

1121 Stockton St., near Pacific.

GRADUATES:

Medical Department, University of the Pacific,

March 15th, 1862.

At a public commencement held on the fifteenth of March, 1862, the Degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred on the following named gentlemen by the Rev. E. Bannister—President of the Institution—after which a charge to the graduates was delivered by Professor Gibbons:

WM. J. YOUNGER,

JAMES MURPHY,

REUBEN PERRIN,

JAMES S. MANLY,

FRANK HOWARD.

Belles-Lettres Department at Santa Clara.

FACULTY.

REV. EDWARD BANNISTER, A. M.

President and Professor of Mental and Moral Sciences.

JAMES MONROE KIMBERLIN, A. M.

Professor of Ancient Languages.

REV. O. S. FRAMBES, A. M.

Professor of Mathematics.

REV. WILLIAM S. TURNER, A. M.

Professor of Belles-Lettres and English.

—*

Professor of Natural Science.

JOHN JONKHEYM,

Professor of Modern Languages.

*The labors of this Professorship devolve temporarily on the President.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

1st. PATHOLOGY, AND PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE. — Williams' Pathology; Watson's Lectures; Bell & Stokes' Practice; Wood's Practice.

2d. CHEMISTRY.—Fowne's Chemistry; Turner's Chemistry; Silliman's Chemistry.

3d. PHYSIOLOGY. — Dunglison's Human Physiology; Kirkes and Paget's Physiology; Carpenter's Physiology; Dalton's Physiology.

4th. ANATOMY.—Wilson's Anatomy; Dublin Dissector; Tuson's Dissector.

5th. SURGERY.—Cooper's Lectures, by Tyrrell; Erichsen's Science and Art of Surgery; Hastings' Surgery; Pancoast's Operative Surgery.

6th. OBSTETRICS AND DISEASES OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN. —Principles and Practice of Obstetrics, by Bedford; Meigs' Obstetrics; Ramsbotham on Parturition; Hodge on Diseases peculiar to Women; Meigs on Woman, her Diseases and their Remedies; J. F. Meigs on the Diseases of Children; Churchill on Diseases of Children.

7th. MATERIA MEDICA AND PHARMACY.—United States Dispensatory; Pereira's Elements of Materia Medica; Wood's Therapeutics and Pharmacology; Beck's Lectures.

8th. MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.—Taylor's Medical Jurisprudence, by Hartshorne; Beck's Elements of Medical Jurisprudence.

BOARDING.

Students may obtain good board in San Francisco at from *five to ten dollars* per week, and if they desire, may live at a less expense.

N. B.—Students, on arriving in the city, should call at once upon the Dean, who will communicate all necessary information. Letters must be addressed to R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D., Dean of the Faculty, 1121 Stockton, near Pacific street, San Francisco.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE fifth regular Course of Lectures in this Institution will commence on the first Monday in November, 1862, and continue for eighteen weeks.

SPECIAL BRANCHES OF STUDY.

The following branches are annually taught: Principles and Practice of Medicine, Anatomy, Physiology, Surgery, Chemistry, Materia Medica, Botany, Clinical Surgery, Clinical Medicine, Pathology, Midwifery, Diseases of Women and Children, and Medical Jurisprudence.

PRELIMINARY COURSE.

The Faculty, with a view of increasing the facilities for medical instruction without additional cost to the student, will deliver annually a gratuitous preliminary course of lectures upon subjects of importance, commencing on the first of October, and continuing till the commencement of the regular course.

CLINICAL INSTRUCTION.

In connection with the Lectures, there has been a medical and surgical clinic established; and throughout the course, diseases in all their varieties and stages may be studied at the bed-side. In addition to the clinics, out-door patients will be prescribed for before the class, and opportunities afforded the student for observation and practice under the guidance of one of the professors.

Clinical Lectures will also be given on Wednesday and Saturday of each week, on Practice of Medicine, Surgery, Special Pathological Anatomy; on Physical Diagnosis, Auscultation and Percussion; and on the Diseases of Women and Children.

THE MUSEUM of the University is provided with materials and apparatus for demonstration, fitted for illustrating the lectures in the various departments.

REQUIREMENTS AND REGULATIONS.

The examinations will be so arranged as to permit the commencement for conferring degrees to be held early in March.

The candidate must be of good moral character, and at least twenty-one years of age.

He must have attended two full courses of lectures in some regular and recognized medical school, one of which shall have been in this college; and he must exhibit his tickets, or other sufficient evidence thereof, to the Dean of the Faculty.

He must have studied medicine for not less than three years, and have attended at least one course of clinical instruction in an institution approved by the Faculty.

He must present to the Dean of the Faculty a thesis or dissertation upon some medical subject, in his own handwriting, and of his own composition; and exhibit to the Faculty, at his examination, satisfactory evidence of his professional attainments.

If, after examination for a degree, the candidate, on ballot, shall be found to have received *three* negative votes, he shall be entitled to another examination; should he decline this, he may withdraw his thesis and graduation fee and not be considered as rejected.

The degree will not be conferred upon any candidate who absents himself from the public commencement without the special permission of the Faculty.

FEES.

The fee to each Professor is *twenty dollars*, payable in advance.

The matriculation fee is *five dollars*—*to be paid but once*.

The graduation fee is *fifty dollars*.

BENEFICIARIES.

For the purpose of assisting meritorious young men, the Faculty will receive annually a limited number of beneficiaries, who will be required to pay *fifty dollars* each towards the support of the institution, together with the matriculation fee.

Those who are desirous of availing themselves of this foundation, must present to the Dean of the Faculty, as early as possible, satisfactory evidence, showing them to be of good moral character and of appropriate elementary education, and so circumstanced as to *require* this assistance.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN :

The present occasion devolves no slight degree of responsibility on you who receive the honors of our school, and on us who confer them. It is a fit moment to impress on your minds a deep sense of the obligations you have this night incurred—obligations more weighty and solemn perhaps than they yet appear to you. I address myself to the task with serious mistrust of my ability to do it justice, and with the earnest hope that you will not let my words vanish in your ears like the performances of an actor.

It is needless to assure you that in recommending your ordination, the Medical College of California has acted with scrupulous regard for its own reputation and interests. Being without a rival, we have no special inducements to multiply our graduates by setting loose on society unworthy and unsafe custodians of the public health. We are selfish enough to confer honors on those only whom we deem capable of conferring honor on us. It is a fixed principle with the Faculty, that neither money nor influence shall command their diploma. Our Institution is now solidly established. The opposition with which, like all medical schools, it had to contend in its early infancy, exists no longer. More than that, those who regarded it with distrust and suspicion have become its friends. In all probability, there is not at this moment a medical college in the world more free from the embarrassments which such institutions are apt to encounter, growing out of envy, jealousy, contention, and other pernicious influences, both within and without.

The new world of the Pacific, in which three at least of the four great, living powers are investing a mighty capital of brain and sinew, and in whose sky the star of empire is fast rising, has but this solitary school of medicine. For several years our Australian cousins have been deeply pondering over a similar enterprise. Physicians have proposed, medical associations have recommended,

officials have sanctioned, and the project will be executed. But whilst they are collecting materials for the nest, our bird is fledged and soars aloft.

The facility with which schools and doctors are manufactured in America is cause of frequent censure, both abroad and at home. In the ancient and ripe—often overripe—communities of Europe, where authority and discipline prevail, and where everything is brought up to the plumb line of standards—where the few control the many, and can do nearly as they please—where the earth turns slowly on its axis, and men sit down deliberately before marriage and calculate the consequences—it is easy to establish a rigid and laborious curriculum of study, though it may swathe the student till his joints grow stiff and his individuality be lost. But in America, where society is fresh, and vigorous, and plastic—where children do as they please, and the masses are the masters—where everything is changeful and progressive, and new wants are created daily—where men leap into matrimony, and make their arrangements for it afterwards—you cannot compel the student to remain a student half his life; nor can he afford so to do. In this, and in all other pursuits, he must engage in the active duties of life, and earn his own living before the down stiffens on his chin. As a result, at least one-half of the graduates of our medical schools cease to cultivate their profession as soon as they have obtained a diploma, and either sink into merited obscurity, or engage in occupations that promise more speedy remuneration. Not a few become fit only for selfish and speculative adventurers in the field of empiricism and imposture. Having no high and philanthropic impulses, they turn aside for some novel or popular system of practice, which may yield a larger income from a smaller intellectual capital. Society is everywhere infested with advertising charlatans of this description, who have sloughed off from the body professional.

From the present moment, gentlemen, your reputation, your fortune, your destiny, are in your own hands. Hitherto you have been constrained to walk in narrow paths, not always, perhaps, most congenial with your taste. Now you are your own masters, and there are none to control your footsteps. If you have reached the pinnacle of your ambition, if you deem your studies ended with that diploma, you may as well cast it upon the dunghill. With such an idea, you will never do credit either to your teachers or to yourselves.

Success and distinction are attainable only by study. In the course of instruction which you have completed, the memory mainly has been put to task. Learning may be acquired through memory, but not wisdom. It has been your business thus far to amass learning. Henceforth it becomes your duty to get wisdom. "Get wisdom, get understanding"—"With all thy getting, get understand-

ing." To think, is the noblest employment of man. On thought depends the growth of intellectual strength. Knowledge is essential as the means—the implement—but thought is the power that wields it. A thinker without knowledge may compose poetry or romance; and a man of knowledge, without thought, is but a walking dictionary. What exercise is to the muscles, thought is to the mind. As the arm that wields the sledge gathers strength from every blow, so the intellect grows in power as thought grasps the treasures of knowledge and subdues them to its purposes.

A few days since, a little boy in this city was sent to the clock to report the hour. He found himself unable to read the time to his own satisfaction, and meeting with no one to aid him, he took up his slate and penciled a diagram of the clock, from which the exact time was ascertained. This child was certainly a thinking animal—though the same can hardly be said of grown up men in general. Except in the necessities of trade and business, and occasionally by compulsion, there is but little thinking done in the world. As men settle down in business, and advance in years, they learn to confine their brain-work to certain narrow leads, where the paying dirt lies. Look at the published catalogue of books loaned out from the Mercantile Library of San Francisco! What proportion of them are likely to disturb the thought? We want books that can be read on the gallop; none of your solid, substantial stuff, that makes one rein up occasionally; no bread and meat demanding mastication, but the ice creams and hot toddies of fiction. When the dollar is in view, "all work and no play" is our creed; but beyond that almighty little orb, when the question is of mind, soul, intellect, "all play and no work."

We boast of our system of education—a great improvement on the past, it is true, but still calculated rather to stuff the memory than to develop the power of thought. Our children at school are subjected to a cramming or driving operation, very like

———"the forced march of a herd of bullocks
Before a shouting driver."

Possibly the very effort of the preceptor to mend the evil leads to nothing better than tasked thought—treadmill labor, which tends to render thinking irksome and odious to the pupil. And the habits of the boy are chains for the man.

Whilst you are thinking, take care to do it correctly. Much of the mental exercise which passes for reflection is anything but rational. Franklin, I believe it was, who, observing the abuse of man's highest gift, almost wished it had pleased Providence to endow his human creature with a good, sensible instinct instead of reason. Hippocrates made a simple, yet grand discovery, when he announced that judgment was difficult. Every wise physician,

from his day to the present, has made the same discovery. To shallow minds, however, and to the unschooled crowd out of doors, judgment is easy. In the exercise of our profession, it is not only difficult, but often impossible to distinguish the true relation of cause and effect. Hasty conclusions—false reasoning—have ever been the bane of our art. By this means has the world been filled, in all time, with absurdities and delusions; sometimes gross and disgusting, anon clad in philosophic garb, with trappings of science. We laugh at the superstitions and follies of the past, and “wish, like virtuous sons, our fathers were more wise.” In contemplating the astrology and magic of ages gone by, when the stars governed human actions—when the cabalistic “ananazipta” written on parchment cooled a fever, and “abracadabra” worn on the neck protected from the plague—when the pain of gout was relieved by reciting a hexameter from the Iliad, and rheumatism was cured homeopathically by reading a chapter from the Lamentations of Jeremiah, we melt down with fervent pity at the ignorance and stupidity of our forefathers; we take on majestic airs, and fire great guns for the glorious present. But what if our guns should rouse the Sage of Cos and the hoary Stagyrite from their slumber of two thousand years, and we should put in their hands the San Francisco papers of this fifteenth day of March, Anno Domini 1862, as reliable evidence of the world’s progress—what if they should read that “Professor” A. can, by consulting the stars, and having the name and day of birth of the applicant, foretell events of business, matrimony, sickness, and even lawsuits; and that Madame B. and divers other feminine speculators gain a livelihood by the same knavish trade! What if they should read in a volume, purporting to be a complete *Materia Medica*, the enumeration of one hundred morbid symptoms produced by taking infinitesimal doses of powdered bed-bug—and this delectable article holding a place in a system somewhat fashionable, and claiming to be scientific and philosophical, and indorsed by not a few Doctors of Medicine, Doctors of Law, and Doctors of Divinity! Would they not shrink back aghast to their sepulchral abodes, and felicitate themselves on having dwelt on the earth before its lapse into barbarism?

Could we detect with accuracy the relation of cause and effect; could we in all cases distinguish between the action of medicines and the phenomena of disease and of life, which are continually presenting themselves in an infinite and an indefinite series, there would be no mystery in medicine, no conflicting systems. But that degree of discernment is, and always will be, impossible. And here comes in view the importance of rigorous observation and cautious judgment in the management of disease. Men of ample experience, and close observation, and penetrating thought, are always more slow to form conclusions than those of the opposite class.

Patient and nurse are more certain of the effect of remedies than the physician who has prescribed them. The case is clear and simple when the observer knows but little and can see but little. Ignorance always simplifies the therapeutic problem. When Davy discovered the properties of nitrous oxyd gas, Dr. Beddoes conceived that the inhalation of it would cure certain cases of paralysis, and requested the great chemist to aid him in administering it to a paralytic patient. To determine the effect of the remedy on the temperature of the blood, the bulb of a thermometer was first placed under the tongue. The patient, sanguine of relief from the new treatment without knowing its nature, mistook the thermometer for the remedy, and declared himself decidedly better after its application. This induced the experimentors to repeat the application daily, and under this treatment the man improved rapidly, and was completely cured in two weeks by the thermometer alone!

Now, suppose that an individual thus cured were to obtain possession of the instrument, and advertise that he could cure palsy by making an extraordinary application to the mouth, citing his own case in evidence—all which he might honestly do. Let him get certificates from those who have known him, that he is an honest and veracious gentleman, and has really been cured of paralysis—certificates from Governors and Mayors, and legislators, and candidates for office, who always sign certificates; certificates from clergymen whose pens always flow with the ink of human kindness; certificates from cripples who will take pay in gratuitous experiments on their own muzzles. Let him confer on himself the degree of Doctor in Medicine, on his system the title of *Thermopathy*, or *Thermo-glossopathy*; and let him enlist such newspapers as will, for an extra fee, publish his puffs and allegations as sterling editorial. What is to prevent “Thermopathy” from rivaling Hydropathy and Homeopathy and all other *pathies*, and the charlatan from making a fortune?

There is rarely so much honesty in the nostrum trade as the supposed case represents. Some years ago, I was requested by the vendor of a specific in San Francisco to prescribe for his wife. As her malady was of the very character for which he was advertising largely his infallible cure, I ventured to ask if he had given that a trial. His verbal negative was not half so expressive as the movement of his eyes and shoulders. A retired apothecary in an Eastern city, who had dealt in a single quack medicine to the extent of \$3,000 a year, declared that he had not had ocular demonstration of a single cure. And yet he had collected many certificates of cure, not one of which, however, was given by a person who had paid for the medicine!

There is no occupation among men so essentially dependent on

falsehood, so openly and flagitiously mendacious, as that of the advertising "doctor" or nostrum monger. This is so well known to the public, that advertisers are in the habit of smuggling their fabrications into the reading columns, where they appear as extracts from other papers, or as the disinterested testimony of the editor. It should be acknowledged, however, in justice to the newspaper press, that the proprietors never indorse these falsehoods without inflicting on the authors a severe pecuniary penalty.

It is estimated that not less than three millions of dollars per annum is paid to the periodical press of the United States by advertisers of the description referred to. What a mighty influence must be exerted by this vast amount of money! No wonder that hundreds of newspapers, especially among those in country places, would perish immediately without this support.

One of the best lessons on the danger of imperfect observation and hasty conclusions, is furnished by the history of Perkinism. Perkins was an educated and a worthy physician who lived in Connecticut in the latter part of the last century. He conceived the idea that certain combinations of metals applied to the surface of the body would remove disease by electric or galvanic action. After a long series of experiments, the requisite proportions were obtained, and the remedy was applied by drawing over the skin, near the seat of disease, two metallic points, called tractors. The effects were wonderful, and cures were made in countless numbers. Perkins patented his tractors, and sold them for five guineas a pair. They were tried in England with like success. A Perkinian Institution was organized in London, under the patronage of the Lords of the realm, with Governors for life on the payment of ten guineas, and other imposing paraphernalia. Vouchers of cures were furnished by eight Professors in four different Universities, twenty-one regular physicians, nineteen surgeons, thirty clergymen, of whom twelve were Doctors of Divinity, and by Lords and nobles innumerable. Learned and scientific men all over Europe tasked their energies to explain the phenomena on electric or galvanic principles, and much more labor was devoted to this purpose than in our own times to the exploration of the wonders of Spiritualism. To prove that the mind had nothing to do with the extraordinary cures, infants and horses were treated by the tractors with entire success. Sheep, however, were not susceptible of the peculiar influence, on account, as was supposed, of the oily covering of their wool. But a lame crow, who had not put his foot to the ground for two weeks, was able to walk perfectly well the next morning after the application of the tractors!

Notwithstanding this brilliant and triumphant career, Perkinism, in a few years, vanished like a dream. Its founder, an honest victim of his own enthusiasm, reasoned himself into another delusion,

which occasioned his death. He formed a belief that salt would cure the yellow fever, which prevailed in New York in 1799, and repairing thither to apply his remedy, he died from the epidemic.

There is this grand distinction between regular or rational medicine and all outside systems and speculations: whilst the former is catholic and expansive, subsidizing all the sciences, accepting aid from all sources, and rejecting no truly medicinal agent, animal, vegetable or mineral, the latter are invariably based on one remedy or one idea, and are always partial, contracted and exclusive. Rational medicine is a pyramid, resting on a wide and substantial base; whilst the others, also pyramidal, are built on the point, and that often a very slender one—*similia similibus*, for example. For those who lack intelligence or capacity, this is much the most convenient method. It requires no extensive study, no comprehensive range of observation and inquiry.

On the other hand, rational medicine carries with it almost every branch of human science, and is inseparably linked with them. It is in fact a part of the world's progress.

The terms allopathy, antipathy, heteropathy, as applied to regular medicine, have no foundation in truth. Hahneman himself derived his "*similia similibus*" from the regular schools, and he quotes them as authority. What they made the exception, however, he assumes as the rule. Rational physicians have no objection to the homeopathic application of medicines in proper cases, judiciously chosen. Had the founder of the system gone no further than the worship of the one idea, he would have done no more than is common with ardent and enthusiastic men in the established schools. But what have the infinitesimal doses to do with the fundamental principle of the system? How can the doctrine of *similia similibus* be identified with the ridiculous attenuations? Here is the truly characteristic feature of the system, which sets at defiance every established principle of science and philosophy. That the millionth part of a grain of common chalk, rubbed in a mortar with sugar, is capable of producing sensible effects on the human frame, which will continue fifty days, is a statement that one would scarcely credit if made by a spirit from the other world. And yet every loyal homeopathist is bound to believe it, and to believe a thousand things much more extravagant.

Turn, for instance, to Jahr's Manual, the standard homeopathic text-book on *materia medica*, third American edition, published in New York, in 1851. Article sixty-seven, page three hundred and fifty-one, is "*Cimex lectularius*," the translation being annexed—"common bed-bug." We are informed that the second and third triturations were employed—that is to say, not more than the ten thousandth, nor less than the millionth part of an entire animal, was given at one dose. Among the symptoms produced, we read,

the patient being a female, "her hands become clenched, she becomes vehement, would like to tear anything to pieces, and is scarcely able to restrain her rage." If the lady was informed what she had swallowed, these demonstrations are not surprising. And it is quite credible that such effects should follow a free external application of the "*Cimex lectularius*."

It were easy to retort on the regular school of medicine by enumerating remedies once employed, not less preposterous and disgusting, and administered moreover in tangible doses: such as the lungs of the fox for asthma; dried frogs for dropsy; dead men's skulls for epilepsy; dead men's brains for convulsions. But rational practice, moving onward with the age, has discarded all such absurdities; whilst homeopathy, taking a backward stride, discovers virtues, hitherto unsuspected, in the *Cimex lectularius* and the *Pediculus capitis*—the latter being an equally unpopular insect, occasionally inhabiting the human head!

But, it is alleged, facts are positive demonstration, and the good effects of the infinitesimal doses are too well attested to admit of doubt; experience, after all, is better than logic. This is the ground on which the curative power of all remedies and all systems has been based. It is the universal defense of popular delusions. Soothsayers and astrologers, sorcerers and magicians, always bolstered themselves with facts. An experience of facts, more irrefutable than has ever been brought to the support of Homeopathy, established and confirmed the healing potency of the Tractors—even on horses and crows. It was once the practice to apply ointments and dressings to the weapon that inflicted the wound, leaving the injured man to nature; and the most incontestible proofs were adduced to show that if the envelopes of the weapon were deranged, or the metal were suffered to rust, the wound was sure to inflame and fester. The royal touch for scrofula was based on irrefragable proofs of its sanative virtue; and even Johnson, the great lexicographer, was carried to London, by order of his physician, that Queen Anne might dispel his malady by her gentle touch. In this case, however, the remedy failed, perhaps from the stubborn temper of the patient. The marvelous cures effected by the touch of Prince Hohenloe are fresh in the memory of some of my hearers.

The fallibility of human testimony is a subject of daily observation. Men can very easily deceive themselves, and they can deceive others easily and honestly. How often do we see truthful and conscientious witnesses, under the solemn obligation of an oath, making statements precisely opposite in regard to facts which have transpired directly under their eyes! Such being the case, how greatly is the difficulty increased, and the liability to error augmented, in singling out from a moving panorama of symptoms and phenomena, those which are the result of a medicinal dose! And

what wonder if ignorant and inexperienced observers, and even intelligent and scientific men of enthusiastic disposition, jump at hasty and erroneous conclusions, and maintain them with sincerity and zeal!

I have pursued this course of thought at some length, for the purpose of inciting you to the utmost vigilance and the most rigid scrutiny in the interrogation of nature, and to encourage you to investigate every subject that comes in your way having prominent relations to the health and welfare of society. I cannot appreciate that pride and dignity which wraps itself complacently in the mantle of professional orthodoxy, and scorns to examine whatever springs from other sources than the regular schools. It comports with the duties of our calling to inspect all proposed curative systems and expedients which address themselves either to professional or popular favor. The humblest plant, the meanest insect, are not too insignificant for the study of the naturalist, more particularly if they are noxious or venomous. To compass the entire philosophy of the healing art, and qualify ourselves thoroughly for service, it is necessary to go beyond the rigid limits of medical and collateral science, even if such explorations bring us in contact with parasitic and verminous developments. He is the best equipped and the most accomplished physician, who, besides being an adept within his special sphere, possesses the most comprehensive knowledge of the outer world. And a thorough knowledge of human nature never comes amiss to the medical practitioner.

Let me commend you to thorough rather than extensive reading. It is as easy to read too much as to eat too much. The digestive powers of the mind are limited, as well as those of the stomach. Thorough, is infinitely better than extensive reading. The multiplication of books is the curse of the age. If the aspirant for the immortality of authorship can do no better, he works up an old book in new style, throwing in handfuls of Greek words for seasoning. A second visitation from Omar, the library-burner, would do less harm than the first.

I was once called into professional intercourse with a physician, who occupied an obscure nook in one of the deep valleys of California, which the sun could scarcely penetrate. His library consisted of a single book, but I was surprised to find him thoroughly posted in the *Materia Medica*. Every remedy was at his finger's end. I never met with a man so familiarly acquainted with the properties of medicines, and with the general principles of therapeutics. The single book in his library was the *Dispensatory of Wood and Bache*. He had swallowed the entire volume, and digested every page.

I would not dissuade you from authorship, if you have anything worth writing. But when you use the pen, express yourselves dis-

tinely, and in the simple vernacular, as far as possible. An old alchemist prefaced his book with the caution that it was to be understood in an incomprehensible way. Be careful not to mystify yourselves or your readers. Goethe remarked of his countrymen, that they had "the art of making science inaccessible." This is no rare art. At the conclusion of one of Webster's great speeches in the National Senate, the orator was complimented by the eccentric member from Tennessee, Crockett, who lauded the speech to the skies, because there was not one word in it that he could not comprehend. To speak and write intelligibly is a great merit. If you really possess learning, your readers will discover it in your plain English. If you do not, it may be well enough to borrow a few hard words from the dead Greek, and sprinkle them through your composition.

It was the proud boast of Socrates that he had labored to bring Philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men. Many of our modern authors might boast of their labor to carry it back from the earth, out of the reach of common mortals. Some, without adding to the stock of knowledge, devote their energies to tearing down and building up—to remodeling—to changing the names of Genera and Species, so that if you take your eyes from a plant, it will have a new name when you see it again. These scientific pests pursue the business of derangement with such success, that many of our respectable plants have as many aliases as a pickpocket. Be it our ambition to simplify and popularize science; to share its riches and pleasures with all mankind; not to devour the sumptuous banquet in selfish privacy, with a few guests in gowns.

Much is said of the uncertainty of Medicine; and, in the nature of the case, there must be much uncertainty in the relation between diseases and remedies. There are secret springs of disease both within and without the body, which will ever elude the microscopic eye of science. There are atmospheric conditions related to epidemic and other disorders, not to be detected by human vision. A physician in Boston had one hundred cases of Scarlatina in succession, all of which recovered; but of the next thirteen cases, seven proved fatal. Such facts as this tend to confuse our statistics and to perplex our choice of remedies. Nevertheless, there is much certainty in our art. There are established principles—there are fixed laws; and the rapid and steady progress of the age in this and the collateral sciences must develop other laws and principles. To have cleared away the rubbish of the past is a great work. You enter the profession at the most interesting period that has ever marked its history. It is the day of grand achievements. See that you idle not away your time, nor bury in the earth the fruits of your industry.

After all, there is no greater uncertainty in Medicine than in

many other departments of study. Agriculture has its fixed principles, and yet how conflicting are a large proportion of its practical deductions! Climate is governed by fixed and ascertained laws, and yet a savage or a squirrel will throw as much light on the coming season as Arago or Espy. And as to the expounders of Gospel and Law, of what certainty can they boast? Our brethren of the pulpit, with the one Book in English, for guide and authority, derive from it as many creeds as have ever confused the brains of the children of Esculapius. And as for Law, which boasts of immutable principles and innumerable precedents, its uncertainty is confessed to be glorious, and seems to grow more glorious, as Law advances towards perfection. Further, it may be safely charged that lawyers lose an aggregate of one-half their cases—a larger proportion than the most bungling doctors.

In the problem of therapeutics, there are, and always must be, indefinite or indeterminate elements, which prevent absolute certainty of result. It resembles the problem of navigation. The navigator cannot control the storm; but he can study the ocean currents; he can watch the compass; he can cast or heave the anchor, and he can command the rudder. If all these means should fail, he can throw the cargo overboard, and he can even cut away the masts. Similar is the relation of physician to patient. There are many things he can do, but there are others which the great God has said he shall not.

But what becomes of the ship if the pilot be not called in season? What if she be already grounded on the shoal—or drifted among the breakers—or foundered on the rock? What if she have already sprung a leak, and her pumps be choked, and her rudder lost? What if the hull be old, and worm-eaten, and unseaworthy? Or what if the crew refuse to obey? Alas! my friends, you will discover soon enough; and you will find laid at your door the errors and follies and perverseness of your patient, and the impossibilities enacted by the Almighty.

But if disease be often unmanageable, patients are even more so, especially here in California. You will find the treatment of disease a matter of compromise, the question arising—not what should be done, but what can be done—the practicable instead of the advisable. You are required to prescribe for the malady, but not for the patient, who will shake his head doubtfully when you suggest that life is of greater value than money or trade. One will give you the key to his stomach, but not the control of his brain and limbs; another goes halves with you, allowing you to throw in the physic while he throws in whatever else he will. That is to say, you are constrained to give medicines which ought not to be given, to neutralize the effects of excess, or indulgence, or irregularity which you cannot prevent. I see no help for this while the world is so full of fools.

There is a subject to which I desire to call your special attention—autopsic examinations. These have been culpably neglected in California, rather from indifference on the part of physicians, than for want of opportunity. Knowledge useful to the living is invariably derived from inspection of the dead. Intelligent people seldom object. So much importance have physicians attached to this subject, that they have frequently left instructions to have their bodies inspected after death, for the purpose of removing the popular prejudice against dissections.

Let me throw out a hint as to the manner of making autopsies at private dwellings. Always conduct them with decorum, especially in the presence of non-professional persons. Avoid unnecessary mutilation of the body, and finish the task with due regard to neatness and cleanliness, leaving the slightest possible traces of the knife. The design of this counsel is too obvious to require explanation.

There are fashions in medicine which it is often needful to resist—fashions within the pale of the profession, and fashions in the popular crowd without. Among the people, fashions are endemic, one taking the place of another in given localities. Natural Bonesetters at one time carry the day—a cross of knave and fool—who will “fix” more bones in your ankle than could be counted there in your skeleton. Then come the Thomsonians, who try out your disease, as pork-merchants do the lard from their hogs. Twenty odd years ago, Brandy and Salt was a popular cure, in some quarters, for all disorders of the digestive organs. It had a year’s run, and then vanished—at least the saline element of the prescription was dropped.

Formerly, it was the fashion with physicians to drug their patients liberally. This was necessary, forasmuch as the skill of the doctor was measured by the number and magnitude of his potions. There was another advantage from this treatment. When I was a boy, the rising generation stood in reverential awe of turbulent tartar, with gallon drenches of warm water—of Glauber’s Salts, spiced with senna—of rich, old-fashioned Castor Oil. The consequence was, we did not dare to get sick more than once a year. Now-a-days, when the medicine hides in a morsel of syrup, or a lump of candy, or a sugar pill, our children are continually ailing. It is fashionable to decry active treatment, and almost to deny the curative agency of medicines, ascribing everything to nature: being a near approach to the ancient Expectant practice. Within my recollection, Acupuncture was fashionable, and rheumatic subjects were stuck full of needles, like the man in the frontispiece of an almanac. More lately the Stethoscope almost invariably was aimed at the heart and lungs of invalids, and many a poor fellow has been bored nearly to death for the sake of exact diagnosis. Now

it is falling into comparative disuse, and no doubt will sink below its proper place. So with the lancet, which was used but a few years since with great freedom. To atone for the abuse, fashion has driven it almost out of use, and one professional ranter publishes that it has killed more than the sword!

An impression prevails that diseases have changed, and are changing their character, requiring a less vigorous treatment than formerly, especially in regard to blood-letting. I have no doubt of the truth of this opinion; at least I can say, with confidence, that certain violent forms of acute inflammation, which were common within my sphere of observation in the Atlantic States, from fifteen to thirty years ago, are of very rare occurrence in California. Sooner or later the Sthenic or inflammatory phases of disease will reappear as the cycle is completed; and then the old lancets will be hunted up. Even now, occasional cases of Pleuritis and other forms of acute inflammation occur, which would be much sooner broken up by a Sangrado of the old school, than by the gentle, semi-expectant system at present fashionable, and with greater security against adhesions. Let us hope, however, that doctors will do their own bleeding, or, at least, supervise the process, and never return to the unwise plan of prescribing the number of ounces and handing the patient over to a mechanic.

There is one fashion in Medicine handed down from the past generation, which persists unchangeably, and seems likely to be perpetual: I allude to the prescription of alcoholic beverages. These are recommended to an immense extent, and in defiance of all moral considerations. I am sorry to say, that physicians have retrograded in this respect in the last twenty years. Many of them are in such feeble health, as to require the remedy for themselves. Alcoholic medicines have this superlative merit, that the patient is sure to give them a thorough trial. Perhaps they are taken by physicians, to refute the slander that doctors have never been known to swallow their own physic.

It has become fashionable, within a few years, to prescribe the free use of whisky for pulmonary consumption. Apparently, the indication is, to convert the consumptive patient into a drunkard, and give to whisky the start of the original disease. The success of the treatment is admirable, as very few of the subjects die from—pulmonary consumption.

In popular estimation the cure of disease embraces the entire scope of our art. But there is no such narrow limit to the sphere of our labor. To prevent suffering—to relieve pain, is a duty not less important. When the malefactor is given over to his fate, humanity craves that the hangman should do his work mercifully, and the whole community is thrilled with horror if the death-struggle be painfully prolonged. And is there less occasion for sympathy

when death visits the bed-chamber in spite of us, and prolongs the mortal agonies of his victim for days or months? What office more worthy of humanity and science; what service more grateful to the mourners around the couch, than to watch the phases of suffering, and as far as possible interpose relief from pain! Surgery has been disarmed of its sting by anesthetics, and the achievement is a splendid triumph of art over nature. But what is the brief pang of a surgical operation, compared with the torture of lingering disease? And what the number of surgical patients, in comparison with the victims of maladies which the knife cannot reach?

"*Cito, tuto et jucunde,*" said the ancients, and better words cannot be uttered. Remember the "*jucunde.*" In no case subject your patients to needless suffering. Always sweeten the draught, or disguise its bitterness. Attend sedulously to the host of little things that make up the ingredients in the cup of comfort. Seek to inspire your patient with confidence. Let him anticipate your coming with hope and gladness. Let him feel that you are something more than an officer of science; that you have a human heart in your bosom—interests and sympathies which bind you and him fraternally together. The value of a night's rest to a patient is incalculable; besides annihilating half the diurnal allotment of suffering, it stores up strength for the wear and tear of the day, and it gives the good doctor within the best opportunity for service. For many years it has been my invariable rule, in all cases and grades and forms of disease, to secure to the patient, if possible, when not incompatible with other indications, repose and slumber at night. Besides, rest for patient is rest for nurse; and in serious sickness, where wife or mother is nurse, this is no trifling consideration.

You will understand me to urge the duty of prescribing against pain of body and mind, not merely as a means of cure, but as a distinct duty in every case of disease. There prevails a notion that the practice of medicine blunts the sensibility, and renders physicians callous or indifferent to the sufferings of the sick. I think the reverse is true, and that older practitioners are more apt to sympathize with their patients than juniors. As for myself, time, and experience, and reflection, year by year, serve but to enhance the magnitude of the duty I have endeavored to impress on you. Even were it never in the power of man to parry the shafts of death and prolong life, there would still be ample scope for the science, skill and labor of our profession in the benevolent purpose of assuaging pain. Sympathy for human suffering and sorrow is the chief spring of benevolent action the world over. Sin cannot so defile and debase its victim as to sink him beneath the reach of sympathy. Its sacred fire penetrates the retreat of the harlot and the cell of the murderer. Under its blessed influence, men make laws and institute societies even for the protection of brute animals

from cruel treatment. I like to look at our profession as a benevolent organization, covering all human society and passing the limits of civilized life—running at the cry of pain like the fireman to his midnight duty—soothing and healing the bruises of poor mortality, and dispensing relief and comfort wherever man lives and suffers.

Another department of professional duty is Hygiene, the general idea of which is the prevention of disease as to individuals and communities. Labor in this direction is absolutely suicidal; at least, in regard to the bread and butter. But an immense amount of talent and industry is devoted to it, unappreciated, indeed unknown, by the world. Multitudes who are emboldened by accidental immunity from sickness to spurn the art of medication, and in the same breath to set at defiance death and the doctors, would long since have undergone the process of putrefaction, but for the unpaid, unconstrained, unacknowledged services of earnest men devoted to this department of medical science.

It is well for physicians to illustrate the laws of hygiene by example, and thus to sow good habits in their path. For instance: should you cherish a conviction that the effects of tobacco on the animal economy are beneficial, it were well to prove your faith by works, and let your light shine accordingly. Some of our craft are so publicly true to their consciences in this matter, as never to mount their chariot for a professional excursion without the inevitable cigar in full blast. Perhaps it is still better to carry into the sick chamber of a delicate lady, as a prophylactic, a palpable charge of the delicious aroma. Some very clever brethren, whose path I sometimes cross, never fail to bring to my mind the idea of the old divinities enveloped in a cloud.

Seriously, physicians should acknowledge more than they do, the obligation to teach the laws of health by example, especially in regard to those personal habits which necessarily offend the senses of individuals not inured to nauseous exhalations.

It is a well known fact that disease aims with greatest fatality at the respiratory organs, and that pulmonary maladies occasion one-sixth of the annual mortality. In all countries and climates this is true, with but slight qualification. From year to year, and from generation to generation, this terrible waste of human life goes on without interruption. The herculean labors of our ablest men, whilst they have thrown much light on the character and extent of the disease, have utterly failed to stay its ravages. Here is a field in which your skill and ingenuity may find unbounded scope. I have no expectation that pulmonary consumption will ever be cured or controlled by medicine. But I have a sanguine faith in the efficacy of preventive hygiene. We must begin with the tubercular diathesis, which sets the seal of death on at least one-sixth of the children who enter this breathing world. In the common course,

with no suspicion of danger and no hygienic precautions, disease is fixed in the brain or lungs, and death has secured his victim before relief is demanded; or, if the critical years of childhood be safely passed, the beauty of youth and the strength of manhood yield in like manner to the stealthy foe.

What then is to be done? I answer, look out for the "worm in the bud!" You may not exterminate the foe, but you may give vigor to the plant and enable it to outgrow its enemy; in some cases to the full measure of life—in many, long enough to brighten and bless the family circle.

The eye of my mind lights on a lad whom I knew thirty years ago, many of whose kindred, including both parents, had died from pulmonary consumption. An elder brother, himself fast sinking beneath the family complaint, pointed to him and said: "There's another victim! How can he be saved?" I answered, "Take him away from behind the counter. Send him out of town. Place him on a farm, and let him work, work, work!" My advice was followed, strange to say. He was placed on a farm; he worked like a day laborer; he grew stout and rugged. He steered clear of every symptom of pulmonary disease. He is now living, a hale, athletic farmer, of fifty years, almost the only survivor of his family!

Another instance presents itself. A young married couple had followed to the grave two children, victims of tubercular meningitis. When I tell you that the mother was of consumptive stock, and the father had a brain of uncommon magnitude, you will not fail to see at a glance how the mischief came. One child remained to them—a little beauty, whose large, blue eye, and clear, waxy complexion, were full of sad significance. "How shall we save that child?" said the agonized parents. "Must we sit down quietly and see her also droop and die? Is there nothing in your art to save her life?"

What could I do? The child was in health, it is true, but its doom appeared scarcely the less certain. There was this advantage: whatever counsel I should give would be followed. People will seldom follow your advice for the prevention of disease, even when they ask it. They will do nothing till they hear the dry bones of the old archer rattling in the bed-chamber. But this was a different case. I put the child on a forcing treatment, much as you would force a plant. I did what I am in common averse from doing—I drugged her. I gave quinine, iron, cod liver oil, and iodide of potassium, variously alternated from time to time, but administered so as to keep her system constantly under tonic influence. The diet, of course, was regarded, and she was sent out of doors in sunshine and wind. She soon began to grow stout and rugged, and to play rough and tumble in the dirt. She acquired an inhuman appetite for fat meat, and even contracted a relish for her disgusting cod liver oil, which I have seen her tip off raw from a wine-

glass with the air of a practised toper. This course was kept up for years, and she is now safely past the period of danger from brain disease.

Were it practicable to subject all infants to a thorough examination, and to lay violent hands on those who, from configuration or inheritance, should be pronounced liable to tubercular disease, and place them under rigid sanitary discipline, I have no question that the mortality of childhood would be sensibly reduced. And if adolescence, the second critical stage, were watched and guarded with the same vigilance and energy, there would result a marked diminution in the numbers of that immense host, which marches to the grave with tread as constant, and certain, and uninterrupted, as the course of the worlds.

I feel the deeper interest in this subject on account of the class of victims concerned. Associated with the tubercular diathesis we are apt to find an active and delicate nervous organization, with qualifications of the highest order for social and intellectual life. Too often it robs us of our sweetest and brightest children—our fairest and loveliest daughters, our best and noblest sons.

There is another scourge of our race to which I must call your attention—one next to tubercular disease in the number of its victims, but far worse in its concomitants. I refer to intemperance. A million of our countrymen are at this moment arrayed against each other on the battle field, equipped with more perfect and effectual appliances of death than men ever before handled. And yet this immense host, with all their energies concentrated on mortal strife, accomplish less than intemperance in the work of destruction. It is a well established fact, that the number of deaths in the United States by intemperance, is not far from fifty thousand in a year. The victims are mostly men in the flower of life, many of them by nature high in rank and among the chieftains of the land; men of genius, of science; scholars, authors, professional men. What a stupendous holocaust is here! What a ghostly array of suicides! Not an individual of this vast army sinks beneath the essential and irresistible fatality of disease. Not one dies inevitably. Not one but might be saved. And have we, as physicians, nothing to do with this question? Are there no duties incumbent on us in regard to it?

I offer no apology for introducing this subject. Regarded in its physical relations, as a cause of disease and death, fearfully extensive and fatal, it is strictly a medical topic. Its moral relations certainly do not detract from its magnitude. And how sorrowful its bearing on the members of our profession personally! Fifteen years ago, on an occasion similar to the present, I expressed the conviction that one-half my acquaintances of the same graduating class had been slain by intemperance. Continued observation has

but darkened the picture. And have the physicians of California escaped? Let those of my brethren answer who have spent twelve years here with me!

These remarks are made, not so much for the purpose of warning you of the danger to yourselves, as to guard you against the common practice of prescribing alcoholic medicines in trivial cases and in chronic disorders. I am afraid some of my brethren in California are thoughtlessly doing much evil in this way. Is your patient already in the habit of drinking? Then the medicine is not likely to do him any benefit. Has he ever been addicted to intemperance? Your prescription will almost infallibly kindle up the dormant appetite and ruin him forever. Is he abstemious? Then do not place him in the way of forming the habit. Reserve the remedy for important occasions. Always bear in mind the high and responsible position you occupy—members of a benevolent fraternity; a profession claiming to be eminently philanthropic, and holding it to be a binding duty to guard society from disease and death.

So wonderfully have the boundaries of science been extended in all directions during the present century, that one can scarcely hope to distinguish himself unless by concentrating his labors on a speciality. Without industry and patience he will not be able to explore a single department to its farthest bounds; much less can he carry the Cosmos on his back. But a certain amount of general knowledge is a high qualification for the pursuit of a special branch. It is not enough that the navigator understand perfectly the art of managing his ship. He must be able to read his course in the firmament above. The quadrant, the chronometer, the twinkling orb in the sky—each is essential to his success, and unless he comprehend them all, he may drift astray and never reach the haven. So it is with the specialist. Absorbed in the one idea, and observant of nothing outside the focus of his speciality, his views become narrow and warped, and his conclusions fallacious, or at least unsafe.

The study of medicine has a powerful tendency to catholicize the mind, and lead it to the culture of general knowledge. Our profession has gained honorable distinction by contributing from its ranks a large proportion of the cultivators and liberal patrons of science. Especially is this true in regard to botany and the other departments of nature. From my able colleague, who fills the Chair of Physiology, you have learned how inseparable is the study of human physiology from that of the structure and functions of plants and animals. In its affinity with medical science, botany is not inferior to chemistry. It was formerly taught in some medical schools of America in connection with *Materia Medica*; and the Faculty now contemplate placing it in that relation in our College.*

* Since this was written, the Trustees have, at the request of the Medical Faculty, changed the title of the Chair to "*Professor of Materia Medica and Botany.*"

There are other reasons for introducing botany into our plan of instruction. The medicinal properties of the plants of California remain to be explored. Many of them, in the words of an ancient writer, "possess a fine, poisonous smell, and must be good for something." To the country practitioner, especially, a knowledge of botany, sufficient to enable him to analyze a flower and investigate its genus and species, would prove a prolific source of enjoyment. In the city, we have ample employment for our leisure hours, such as concerts, theaters, billiards, horse races. But in rural districts, where these intellectual stimulants are not to be procured, what a glorious substitute is our magnificent Flora!

Modern practice has discarded hundreds of musty remedies, and so curtailed the *Materia Medica* as to leave room for an elementary course on botany. More than this, however, were out of the question. All that can be done is to open the door of the temple, that those who choose may enter and worship; to scatter germs on the great "seed-field of Time," some of which shall take root and flourish to the production of fruit.

There are other topics which I had noted for comment, but time forbids. Let me enjoin on you, however, before we part, never to lose sight of the philanthropic aspects of your profession. We have no secrets, no patents, no monopolies. Whatever discoveries or improvements we make, belong to humanity. It is our ambition to promulgate them for the general good. To prevent disease, to assuage suffering, to save life, to restore health as promptly as possible—these are the purposes to which every other interest must yield. When Napoleon proposed to his physician to cut short the sufferings of the sick at Jaffa by drugging them with opium, and thus to get rid of a serious incumbrance to his army, Desgenettes replied: "My business is to save life, not destroy it." Such is always the true professional spirit. All our training, and discipline, and habits of thought, tend in this direction. I have often heard the suspicion expressed that physicians sometimes prolong the ailments of their patients, to increase their fees. In upwards of thirty years' observation, all that time in free intercourse with a large circle of physicians, I have never known a solitary instance of the kind.

No where do physicians perform so much gratuitous labor as in California. For the indigent sick, no adequate provision is yet made. Besides, those who are visibly poor bear no proportion to the number whose necessities lie deeply concealed. In thousands of cases, physicians are the only witnesses, and they are constrained by delicacy and propriety to keep the secret. In no country are so many individuals struck down from affluence or competency at a single blow. Were we to allow the consideration of the fee to retard our attendance, deplorable indeed would be the condition of many worthy unfortunates. People have no idea how much service

is performed in this land without compensation, nor with what alacrity the duty is almost invariably discharged. It is done in silence, without parade or ostentation. To advertise gratuitous attention to the poor is unprofessional.

It was once my lot to attend the patients of a medical gentleman during his sickness. He was a man of wealth and of high professional standing. In giving me his list, he noted several cases for special care, from which I inferred they were his more wealthy patrons. But they proved to be his poor patients! It was a beautiful trait of character, and made an impression on me which I shall never forget.

When you reach the age of him who addresses you, it will be a source of infinite gratification to have lived in harmony with your professional brethren. War with one another is the normal condition of some practitioners. To win the confidence and esteem of your associates will pay you two-fold—both in pocket and peace of mind. I know two physicians, settled in a country town, who, after several unpleasant collisions, made a treaty of peace and amity, and vowed perpetual friendship and fair play. From that moment both began to prosper, and both were happy in their calling. Each was a spring of pleasure to the other, instead of a thorn in the flesh. They soon gained positions in society, professional and social, which they could never have reached through animosity and contention.

That "honesty is the best policy" is a maxim beyond all valuation. Never for a moment lose sight of it in your relations with your brethren. Be it photographed on the pineal gland of your brain. Let your brethren always feel that their reputation and interests are safe in your hands. Let no one fear you when his back is turned.

Consultations should be encouraged, and would be much more common, but for the opportunity they afford for intrigue. When called to consult, always make it a studied purpose to inspire the sick man and his friends with confidence in the attending physician. Even in the light of selfish, sordid policy, this course will pay in the end; and so will the opposite.

A number of years since, I was acquainted with a physician of high standing, who was frequently called in consultation. He was remarkably courteous and friendly, and to all appearances adhered strictly to the code. But almost without exception, he managed subsequently to become the physician of the family. He soon became known as a "snake in the grass," was shunned in consultation, and fell from his position. Such a reputation as he obtained, on such grounds, even with a fortune to boot, would be worth to me about as much as five grains of strychnia.

But, gentlemen, the moment of parting is come. Not with indifference do your preceptors dismiss you to your own guidance over

the stormy sea of life. To say farewell, so far from severing the ties that have been woven between you and us, serves but to add to their strength. We shall follow you in your various paths with parental solicitude. If there be virtue in our prayers, you will not fail, one and all, to gather a bountiful harvest of prosperity, honor and happiness. More than that, your career will be lustrous with blessings which a proper direction of intellectual and moral influence will enable you to scatter in your path.