

burden of years so lightly that he hardly leans upon the staff he holds; himself a staff upon which so many have leaned through fifty faithful years of patient service. Talk about the success of the unworthy pretender as compared with that of the true physician—why, what man could ever have built up such a fame among us, if he had not laid as its cornerstone, truth, fidelity, honor, humanity—all cemented with the courtesy that binds these virtues together in one life-long inseparable union.

Do you complain of the failing revenues of the profession? I question whether from the time when Boylston took his pay in guineas, through the days when John Warren the elder counted his gains in continental currency, looking well in the ledger and telling poorly at the butcher's and the baker's, there was ever a prettier pile made daily than is built up by one of our living brethren who fought his way up stream until the tide turned and wafted him into reputation, which makes his labors too much for one man and something over two horses. The success of one such diligent and faithful practitioner is the truest rebuke to charlatanism. It is a Waterloo triumph, a Perry's victory, not over the squadrons of *Lake Erie*, but the piratical craft of *Quack-ery*.

This world is not so different now from what it always has been. Pliny tells us stories of medical pretenders as good as any modern ones. Dionis has given us in a dozen pages a very pleasant account of the famous charlatans of his own time, which one of our good friends has translated for us into equally pleasant English. The particular shoe that pinches at the moment seems, it is true, the most ill-conditioned bit of leather that was ever cobbled, yet there has always been about the same amount of pinching from the same cause.

You complain for instance of my old friends, the homœopathists. I grant you it is provoking to see a former patient smacking his lips over their Barmecide therapeutics. But, after all, they are less exceptionable, personally, and less dangerous than many other wholesale theorists. Then look for a moment at the course which the system follows in almost any community. It appropriates a certain predisposed fraction of the public, and having made converts of them for a longer or shorter period, its power is mainly exhausted in that locality. And what are these predisposed subjects? Many are simple and credulous, some are intellectual and cultivated, not a few of eminent social standing; but with rare exceptions they are just exactly the most restless, uncomfortable class of patients the physician has to deal with, poets with bilious fancies, divines whose medical opinions are offered as gratuitously as your advice is expected to be given; philosophical dilettanti who insist on being dissatisfied with the only kind of answer a reasonable patient should expect.

"Opium facit dormire
Quia est in eo
Virtus dormitiva,
Cujus est natura,
Sensus assoupire."¹

All that class, in short, who, instead of pulling the ropes as they are bid when there is a heavy gale and a lee shore, insist on going aft and breaking the eleventh commandment—

"No conversation with the man at the helm!"

On the whole, if our friends, who have a perfect right to choose their own names will spare us that little impertinence of calling medical practitioners "allopathists," the profession

¹"Opium makes one sleep because it possesses a soporific virtue, the nature whereof is to allay the senses."

is well off to have no worse antagonists. The next fancy that turns up may not be as harmless. The old brown rat of England was bad enough but by and by the gray Hanover rat came and ate him up. Unfortunately he ate up the cheese and the bacon, too, and a great deal faster than the old practitioner had done before him.

We may be well contented then. If we have one man living among us as much loved and esteemed as ever a physician has been; if we have one man who makes his calling as remunerative as any have ever done in the midst of us, we may be sure there is no lack of respect or reward to all who deserve either. If our most obvious antagonism comes in a comparatively inoffensive shape and with very limited powers of aggression we need not complain of our professional position.

Count in the published lists all that practice the healing art in this great centre of population and who stand outside of your fellowship; all that trade in the fantastic pretences of the many counterfeits that infest the outskirts of medical practice; the eclectics, the mesmerists, the botanics, and the rest; rake all the dark alleys where the advertising sharper lurks behind his half-open door and his alias; count everything, male and female, red, white, and black, clean and unclean, and though the catalogue is freely open to every knave and ignoramus it will be short compared to the list of the names which you enroll among your numbers from the same community. Weigh the amount of character, ability, and knowledge represented in this list against the string of obscurities and more odious notorieties in the other, and you may judge if health or life are anything to your fellow citizens, what place we must hold in their regard.

"*Hi regebant fata,*"—these governed the fates, said the

Natural Historian of ancient Rome speaking of physicians. Governed the fates! Yes, and not only the fates of those that were under their immediate care but often through them the fates of empires and of interests wider and deeper than those of any earthly dynasty. Think of Dubois the elder, when the question was trembling in the balance whether France should be without an empress or her imperial master without an heir! Or go back to that bloody day of Saint Bartholomew and look into the royal assassin's chamber—whom will you find there, hidden from the savage clubs and the crashing guns that were filling the streets with victims, while the bells of St. Germain l'Auxerrois were pealing their death notes to the hunted Huguenots? No brother, guilty of believing the detested creed; no mistress whose blood was tainted with the stain of heresy; no favorite leader in arms, or council who had dared to defend the obnoxious faith—for Coligny's white hairs were the first to be dabbled in their blood; not one of these but the wise old man to whom Charles the Ninth once owed his accursed life; for the divine art sheds its blessings, like the rain, alike on the just and the unjust; the good and great surgeon, too good and too great for such a crowned miscreant, our own old patriarch of chirurgery—Ambrose Paré.

Say, come down to nearer times and places, and look into the chamber where our own fellow citizen struck down without warning by the hand of brutal violence lies prostrate, and think what fearful issues hang on the skill or incompetence of those who have his precious life in charge. One little error, and the *ignis sacer*, the fiery plague of the wounded, spreads its angry blush over the surface and fever and delirium are but the preludes of deadlier symptoms. One slight neglect, and the brain oppressed with the products of

disease grows dreamy and then drowsy; its fine energies are palsied and too soon the heart that filled it with generous blood is stilled forever. It took but a little scratch from a glass broken at his daughter's wedding to snatch from life the great anatomist and surgeon, Spigelius, almost at the very age of him for whose recovery we look not without anxious solicitude.

At such an hour as this more than at any other we feel the dignity, the awful responsibility of the healing art. Let but that life be sacrificed and left unavenged, and the wounds of that defenceless head, like the foul witch's blow on her enchanted image, are repeated on the radiant forehead of Liberty herself and flaw the golden circlet we had vainly written with the sacred name of Union!

"*Dii, prohibete minas! Dii, talem avertite casum.*"¹

I give you, Mr. President, "The Surgeons of the city of Washington—God grant them wisdom, for they are dressing the wounds of a mighty empire and of uncounted generations."

TRIBUTE TO PAUL MORPHY

DELIVERED AT PUBLIC BANQUET HELD IN BOSTON, MAY 31, 1859

WE have met, gentlemen, some of us as members of a local association, some of us as its invited guests, but all of us as if by a spontaneous, unsolicited impulse to do honor to our young friend who has honored us and all who glory in the name of Americans, as the hero of a long series of bloodless battles won for our common country.

¹ "Ye gods forefend from the threats! Ye gods avert such a misfortune!"

His career is known to you all. There are many corners of our land which the truly royal game of kings and conquerors has not yet reached, where if an hour is given to pastime it is only in an honest match of checkers played with red and white kernels of corn, probably enough upon the top of the housewife's bellows. But there is no gap in the forest, there is no fresh trodden waste in the prairie which has not heard the name of the New Orleans boy who left the nursery of his youth like one of those fabulous heroes of whom our childhood loved to read, and came back bearing with him the spoils of giants whom he had slain after overthrowing their castles and appropriating the allegiance of their queens.

I need not, therefore, tell his story. It is so long that it takes a volume to tell it. It is so brief that one sentence may embrace it all. Honor went before him and victory followed after.

You knew the potential significance and the historical dignity of that remarkable intellectual pursuit, which although it wears the look of an amusement and its student uses toy-like implements as did the great inventor of logarithms, Napier of Merchiston, in the well-known ivory bones or rods by which he performed many calculations, has yet all the characters of a science, say rather of a science mingled with a variable human element, so that the perfect chess player would unite the combining powers of Newton with the audacity of Leverrier and the shrewd insight of Talleyrand. You know who of the world's masters have been chess players; happy for the world had some of them been nothing worse than chess players! You know who have celebrated the praises of the art in prose and verse; among them the classic Italian remembered in those lines of Pope:

"Immortal Vida, on whose honored brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow,—"

who wrote one poem on the Heavenly Teacher, one on the Art of Poetry, and one on the Game of Chess.

That you knew all this may be taken for granted. I need not say that there is something very different from, something far deeper than the pride which belongs to the professed amateurs or the outside admirers of this particular game, noble as it is, famous as it is, which brings us together.

No, gentlemen, this seemingly gracious and pleasing occasion is far more than it seems. Through these lips of ours, as through those which have spoken before us and shall speak after us the words of welcome to our young friend, there flows the warm breath of that true American feeling which makes us all one in the moment of every great triumph achieved by a child of the Great Republic!

We who look upon the sun while the old world sleeps are after all but colonists and provincials in the eye of the ancient civilizations. There are Europeans enough, otherwise intelligent, who, if we may trust the stories of travellers, would be puzzled to say whether a native American of the highest race caught in one of our streets would be white, or black, or red. It cannot be disguised that we have been subject to the presumption of inferiority as a new people, and that nothing has been granted us except what we have taken at the cannon's mouth, at the point of the bayonets, or in that close Indian hug of peaceful but desperate competition in which, sooner or later, must crack the loins of the civilization belonging to one or the other of the two hemispheres.

It would be tedious and ungenial to show in all its details how the American has had to make his way against these obstacles to the position he now holds before the nations. It

took the revolutionary war to disprove the assertion that a British officer with a few regiments could march through the length and breadth of our land in the face of its disorderly rebels. Once more we had to argue the question over with our dear obstinate old parent, and it was only after lugging in a dozen of his sea bulldogs by the ears that we succeeded in satisfying him that we could reason yardarm to yardarm as convincingly as we had argued bayonet to bayonet.

You are not old enough, my young friend, to remember the 8th of January, 1815, but you may have heard of a great discussion which took place on that day near your native city of New Orleans. The same question was debated. If the logic of Mr. Andrew Jackson had failed to convince the opposite party, and Mr. Pakenham's syllogism as to provincial inferiority had been followed out in its corollary of sword and fire, your little game of life, sir, might never have been played, which would have been a great misfortune to us and all the world,—except perhaps the late chess champion of England, Mr. Howard Staunton.

We love our British cousins too well to repeat all the sharp things they have said of us. Reviewers, tourists, philosophers like Coleridge and Carlyle, nay some who had lived among us until their flesh and blood had become American, and their very bones were made over again out of our earth, have all had their fling at the colonists and provincials. Such tricks are catching and have reappeared on the other side of the channel. After all the noble words spoken of our land and its institutions by writers like De Tocqueville and Chevallier, M. Jules Janin could not let the queen of tragedy visit us without warning her against the barbarians of the new world, so terrible did we seem to the smooth round coop-fed feuilletoniste of the Parisian cockneys.

Now, gentlemen, there are two ways of meeting this prejudice so natural to the good people of the overripe half of the planet. We can confess the fact of our green immaturity, but argue from the history of the past that we may yet come to something. We can show that all mankind are colonists and provincials with reference to some point or points from which they started; that England herself is but a settlement formed by a band of invading robbers crossed upon a mob of emigrant squatters. We can show that the children of nations have often lived to feed, to teach, and when necessary to chastise their parents. We can remind our old-country friends that Macedonia, the kingdom of the world's conqueror, and the home of the world's philosopher, was but a rough province, speaking a language hardly understood at Athens; and that the great epic, the great poem, the great work of antiquity was written, or spoken, or sung, not in the phrase familiar to Attic ears, but in the liquid dialect of remote provincial Ionia.

That is the first way of arguing the matter. The second course is much shorter and more satisfactory. It consists in administering what in the dialect of our Yankee Ionia is called "a good licking," of course in the most polite and friendly way, to the other party in the discussion whenever we get a chance. And that chance has of late years been afforded us pretty often.

Let us look very briefly at the experiments we have tried in this direction. The first was to take the rod of iron with which we were ruled,—namely, a ramrod with a ball cartridge at the end of it,—and break it over the backs of those who had abused it. This lesson, as we said, had to be repeated, and we trust that costly way of teaching will never have to be tried again with our sturdy old parent.

And thus the great and beneficent era of competition in the arts of peace was at last inaugurated. Now it is not fair to ask everything at once of a young and growing civilization. When our backwoodsmen have just made a clearing we do not expect them to begin rearing Grecian temples, but was not and is not the settler's log cabin good of its kind—better than Irish shanties and English hovels? As larger wants unfolded we have had a fair opportunity of showing what we could do. The first great work of civilized men everywhere is to tame nature. And some of her wild creatures are never yet wholly tamed, though the old world has been at work at them for thousands of years. There is the earth—that huge, dumb servant, out of whose sturdy strength by goading and scourging and scarifying, we wring the slow secret toil that fills his brown arms with food for our necessities. There is the sleepless, restless, complaining monster, that overlaps two thirds of our globe with his imbricated scales, the great ocean—architect and destroyer of continents. There is man's noblest servant among the unreasoning tribes of being, of whom the oldest and grandest of books says that "his neck is clothed with thunder," whose nature the classic fable blended with that of man himself to make the centaur, rival of demigods.

Who has tamed the earth, gentlemen, like the American, whose instruments of husbandry so far surpassed all others in the day of trial that they reaped not only all the grain before them, but all the honors and all the prizes, without leaving anything for the gleaners? Who has tamed the ocean like the American shipbuilder, whose keels have ploughed the furrows in which all the navies of the world may follow at their leisure? Who has so merited that noble Homeric name of horse-subduer—the proud title of heroes—