

successful military hero. Philosophers and philanthropists, the men of mind and men of heart, have in all ages, however, recognized a species of heroism of vastly higher character, but which the public generally have held in light esteem. This heroism is not demonstrative; it has no bold and glaring points to arrest the attention of the beholder; it does not dazzle his eyes by its brilliancy; it is not accompanied by pomp and parade, the sound of the trumpet, the martial roll of the drum, the neighing of the war horse; it is not clamorous for distinction, is not heard afar off, nor does it boldly intrude on the notice. Quietly, unobtrusively and perseveringly it pursues its course. Of such nature is that heroism which the physician is so often called upon to exhibit. When death stalks abroad in the land; when the pestilential breath of a fatal epidemic breathes destruction in every household; when the wail of bereaved ones strikes fearfully on the ear; when the hearts of strong men, who would in time of excitement rush even to the cannon's mouth, fail them, and terror is depicted on every countenance, who is it that remains calm and unmoved amid all the dread and turmoil, that speaks words of encouragement and comfort to the fearful and downcast, that with a moral courage that shrinks not, and a high sense of duty, toils day and night to relieve suffering humanity? Who is it, in a word, that takes his life in his hand, and when friends and relatives even forsake the couch of the plague-stricken one, fearlessly attends to his every want? Who? The devoted, heroic physician. The physician engaged in the duties of his profession during the prevalence of a fatal epidemic, is a noble sight, and one that might engage the attention and command the admiration of beings superior to man. How the people, leaning on his every word, eagerly scan his countenance and bless him for his unwearied care. Danger past, however, his arduous and benevolent efforts are all forgotten, and if, perchance, he should have fallen a victim to over-exertion, a martyr to a conscientious discharge of his duties, his very memory fades in a few brief days from the recollection of those whose lives he has saved. No monumental marble is reared to stand the record of a people's sorrow for his death; no "storied urn" tells of his acts of bravery and untimely end; the historian's pen hands not his name down to posterity. Such is the ingratitude of man and such is his estimate of *true heroism*. When occasion demands, gentlemen, that you should expose your lives for the purpose of giving relief to diseased and suffering humanity, I am confident that you will not be found wanting, and that the fearlessness with which at all times the members of your profession have confronted death in some of its most revolting forms will be emulated by each one of you.