

“When such an one reënters the world, he is a physician ; his vast labors have not only taught him how little he knows, but that he knows this little well. Conscious of this virtue, he feels no necessity of trumpeting his professional acquirements abroad, but with becoming modesty and true dignity, which constitute genuine professional pride, he leaves this to the good sense of his fellow-citizens to discover.”

Dr. Bassett developed tuberculosis, and the last letter in the budget sent to me was dated April 16th, 1851, from Florida, whither he had gone in search of health. He died November 2d of the same year, aged 46.

To a friend he writes on the date of April 5th: “This world has never occupied a very large share of my attention or love. I have asked but little of it, and got but little of what I asked. It has for many years been growing less and less in my view, like a receding object in space ; but no better land has appeared to my longing vision ; what lies behind me has become insignificant, before me is a vast interminable void, but not a cheerless one, as it is full of pleasant dreams and visions and glorious hopes. I have covered it with the landscapes of Claude, and peopled it with the martyrs of science, the pioneers of truth, the hound-hunted and crucified of this world, that have earned and then asked for bread and received a serpent—all who have suffered for the truth. How glorious it is to contemplate in the future these time-buffed at rest, with their lacerated feelings soothed as mine have been this day by the tender regard your wife has manifested for my future well-being.”

The saddest lament in Oliver Wendell Holmes’ poems is for the voiceless,

“ for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.”

The extracts which I have read show Dr. Bassett to have been a man of more than ordinary gifts, but he was among the voiceless of the profession. Nowadays environment, the