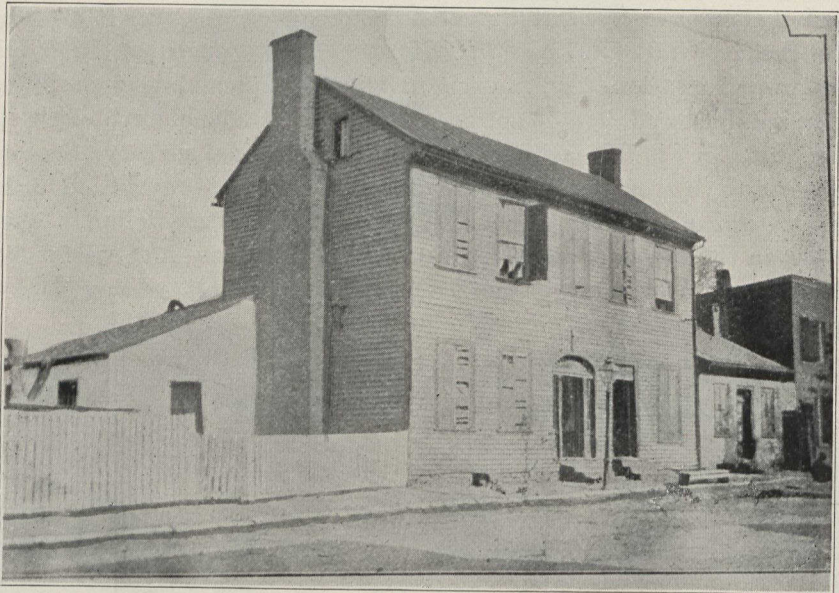


and unaided by the advice or sympathy of others, culminated in the institution of an operation by which thousands of *fair women*, heretofore doomed to *early death*, *now live* to revere his name; and when the granite shaft, which a grateful profession has erected above his ashes, to signalize what he was, and what he did, shall have fallen into decay—

“His silent voice will plead for thee  
When time unveils Eternity.”

And these hands which have wrought so untiringly for science and humanity—

“These hands a richer meed shall claim  
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.”



House as it appears in Danville, Kentucky, to-day, in which Doctor Ephraim McDowell, in December, 1809, performed the first ovariectomy.

On a bleak and barren December day, in 1809, when the wood—the oak, the aspen and the willow were leafless; and not a thrush had yet essayed to clear the furrowed brow of winter; history tells us that this symbol of alarm, as a sentry perched on the office door of a village surgeon, witnessed the gathering of an excited and angry mob. The sheriff of the county at that time interfered, and effected a compromise; if such it might be called; in which he stated, that in case the patient recovered from the effects of the operation, all would be well with him; but in case she succumbed to the results of the surgical procedure about to take place, he would be at the hands of a merciless mob. Chill and