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"Biographical Sketch of Caspar Morris, M.D." MS 1994



additionally for his disrespect to the court. He paid his fine, and went away a wiser man—but not without the sincere respect and friendship of the Mayor, who became and remained his patient, and warm personal friend.

But amidst all other calls of duty as a citizen, a philanthropist, and a Christian, he never forgot or neglected his one great business—that of the physician. Unflagging, never seeming to weary day or night, constant and faithful, he watched his patients, nursed them, I might truly say, and was (how many can still testify to this!) the comfort and stay of their lives and their guide to the "realm where there is no sickness or sorrow, no more death." Utterly unselfish, he sought his pleasure in the happiness or health of others, regardless of his own. Those who did not know him will find it hard to believe that I am not carried away by a feeling of filial regard in thus depicting him. Yet I feel and know that I can draw but a faint picture of his earnest busy life during this active period from 1829 to 1871. Of his exertions during the cholera visitation in 1832 I have heard eye witnesses tell. In 1842 he was one of the physicians who went to Columbia in response to a call for aid when that town was visited by cholera, and received afterward a gold-headed cane, voted by the Councils as a grateful memento. Many a time I can recall, when from early morn till late at night he seemed never to rest a moment, snatching a hurried meal at intervals, frequently out at night, writing hastily every spare moment—worn with care and anxiety for those whose sorrows or sufferings he made his own—reading greedily and studying faithfully such books or journals as would aid him in the science or practice of his profession. I never knew such a life of ceaseless activity. Yet he never was in too much hurry to give a kind word or look, or to help some one of us, his children, in



our little difficulties. When he came in and threw himself exhausted on the sofa he would sleep almost instantly, and our most boisterous play would never disturb him; but if a quick or angry word was spoken, he was up in an instant. Careful for us as a sensitive mother would be, he yet enjoyed and encouraged us in all boyish sports and pastimes. I have known him to be "on the go" for weeks at a time without taking off his clothes—except to change them—yet always cheerful, full of life, a happy Christian, and an earnest one. His practice was very large and successful.

He early had the warm friendship and support of Drs. Chapman, James, Mease, Wistar, Physick, Parrish, and of other medical friends. A number of them—Bridges, Carson, Fox, Mütter, Gerhard, Kirkbride, Norris, Peace, Pepper, Rodman, and Stewardson, formed with him the Friday Evening Club and continued for many years to meet at each others' houses. Their very names suggest the earnest scientific character of their lives, and their devotion to their patients. He became a Fellow of this College in 1839, and was elected to its Council in January, 1868, and though not contributing largely in writings, yet never shrank from communicating the results of his experience when he thought he could do so usefully. In 1838 he joined in the formation of the Philadelphia Medical Institute, lecturing until 1844 on Practice. In 1851 he published his Lectures on Scarlet Fever, which at once took rank as one of the best monographs on the subject; and a second edition was published in 1858. His lectures on cholera were also complete and exhaustive of all then known on the subject.

His sympathies were warmly enlisted for the abolition of negro slavery, yet without carrying him into the fanaticism which at that time began to reign. He knew too much of the other side—of how many conscientious masters and mis-