

## DR. JAMES FULTON 50TH BIRTHDAY.\*

Fifty years ago our host,  
A miniature man the only boast,  
Unknown, unnamed, without renown;  
He weighed about eleven pounds,  
With a big, wide world before him.

In Lancaster County's busy throng,  
The Octoraro hills along,  
He started life in an humble way,  
With Eshleman's Mill not far away,  
In the paper-making business.

To Nottingham he soon removed,  
His opportunities much improved.  
There made himself a farmer boy,  
And threw away the childish toy,  
For shovel, hoe and hatchet.

To the Sand Chrome banks he started next,  
Profitable employment, the pretext,  
He dug, he shoveled, he shook the riddle,  
But never learned to play the fiddle,  
Though very fond of music.

A stone mason trade he went to learn,  
And took the sledge in earnest turn;  
But a flint flew up and hit his eye,  
And made the little fellow fly  
From that dangerous occupation.

\* Poem read by Hugh R. Fulton at a surprise gathering on November 11, 1882, at New London, Pa.

To books his thoughts, by this, were turned,  
The fount of knowledge he had learned.  
Then off to school he took this flight.  
He studied hard by day, by night,  
And made abundant progress.

Delaware College opened ranks,  
For boys who study and cut no pranks;  
They took him in their freshman class—  
That he might the examinations pass,  
Did drill him day by day.

In Greek and Latin roots and rules,  
With all the branches taught in schools,  
He spent his many toilsome hours  
Developing his mental powers,  
Preparing for life's duties.

At teaching too his turn he took,  
O'er Lancaster and Chester Counties look,  
There, many a boy, remembers well,  
His knowledge bump began to swell  
With Fulton's free instruction.

But teaching was only a stepping stone,  
To the higher walk of life begun,  
The healing art was now his hope,  
And those dull books he did invoke,  
For light in medical science.

In Fifty-nine the sheepskin came,  
Earnest labor never is in vain;  
Of Jefferson College a graduate  
With health and strength and mental weight  
He started well prepared.

The war broke out, to the field he went  
As surgeon in a Regiment.

At Gettysburg the Rebels took him,  
At a time he surely wasn't looking,  
A prisoner of war.

His horse, his saddle and sword they stole,  
His sash returned him with parol,  
And this it was which saved him clear,  
From Rebel prisons, dark and drear,  
With starvation close confinement.

For two and twenty years with skill  
Professional duties did fulfill,  
And many a life, to some most dear,  
Has saved and health restored to cheer  
Their journey on through life.

And now with half a century past,  
Your duties done from first to last,  
A happy home you have acquired—  
Good wife, six children well attired,  
A joyous, happy family.

A birthday present you should get  
From best and nearest friends—you bet—  
So brothers true, Will, Joe and Hugh,  
With kindest feelings and love for you,  
Present you with this stick.

The Ebony staff and golden top  
May not alone sufficient prop,  
Or help two hundred and twenty pounds,  
With pills and powders the grand rounds  
Of professional engagements.

But as a token of regard  
T'will cheer you on your way  
And if, in years you weary grow,  
With work and care begin to bow,  
Your locks 'come mixed with gray,  
You have a consolation true  
That never fails good men :  
A useful, honored, Christian life  
You've led amid'st the worldly strife,  
And that's enough for you.