





# ANNUAL ADDRESS

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BY

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Wendell Phillips, in his lecture on the "Lost Arts," contends that in nearly every science the ancients were the equals of the present generation, and from his conclusive arguments, you would be led to believe that all recent discoveries are, in reality, merely revivals of sciences and arts, long since lost to the world; that although Morse has the credit of discovering the means of communicating thoughts over thousands of miles of wire, telegraphy was not unknown to them; that railroads were in existence in those days; that printing and book-making were among the arts known to the ancients; that the manufacture of glassware, which is considered a comparatively recent discovery, was in a greater state of perfection then than at the present day—in fact, that there is conclusive evidence of the existence of malleable glass, perfectly transparent but deprived of its brittleness. And so he, in every science but that of medicine, contends that the ancients were our equals if not our superiors. "BUT THAT OF MEDICINE!" Upon this subject he is silent. Perhaps there was such an advanced state of civilization that no such science was required. For it is contended even at the present day, by many intelligent men, that health depends upon conditions, which, if observed, will render medicine entirely unnecessary. In the language of a distinguished writer, "health depends upon diet, exercise, sleep, the state of the mind, and the state of the atmosphere, and upon nothing else." It is recorded of a very successful practitioner who had seen the evil consequences of drugging under the old-fash-



ioned method of prescribing, that for four years he attended to the duties of a large practice without administering a single dose of any kind of medicine, merely laying down certain hygienic rules and attending, as far as possible, individually to their enforcement. And during these four years, of several physicians he was the most successful in the town. The physicians of the hospital at Dresden, in Germany, which had been, since its opening, conducted according to the allopathic method of treatment, decided, after witnessing the recoveries under the homœopathic treatment, to try in a portion of their wards, the expectant system, which consists in leaving the disease almost wholly to the efforts of nature, the removing of deranging influences, but allowing no medicinal interference whatever. The results were astonishing; in fact, alarming; for the post-mortems fell off so rapidly as seriously to interfere with the proper instruction of the medical students attending the daily clinics of the Institution.

Unfortunately these arts and sciences, if they did exist, were lost. They have, however, been revived, rediscovered—and that, too, within comparatively a few years, until, at the present time, there hardly seems to be room for advancement. Go back even to the early recollection of many of those present to-night, and note the improvements in almost everything necessary for the comfort of man. How many of you can remember when the only method of traveling by land was in the old stage-coach, and by water in vessels propelled by sails; while now we can travel sixty miles an hour over the land comfortably housed, and on the water in floating palaces at nearly half that rate of speed. With these improvements, as they are called, sickness has increased, the life of man is rendered shorter than then. And with this increase comes a necessity for more skill with which to combat disease. The science of medicine *hardly* kept pace with the improvement in other sciences; but it has taken such rapid

strides of late, that it now seems as if but little could be done towards rendering it perfect.

It is my purpose this evening to dwell briefly upon the advancement, the *entire revolution* which has been made in medicine within the last few years, and the rapid strides which Homœopathy has taken within the memory of the youngest of us, and particularly in our own, the Empire State. I propose to be brief, for I do not claim to be one of the few who can hold an audience spell-bound for hours, and am well aware that in the minds of many, a sermon, or an annual address, to be interesting, must be short. To use the invariable *closing* clause of the marriage ceremony of a distinguished clergyman to whom I was in the habit of listening, and who on two occasions has performed that interesting ceremony for me, "I will not weary your attention by any lengthened remarks, as I am well aware that brevity, on these occasions, is always the most acceptable."

I have in my library a very old work on medicine, published in the year 1598, nearly three hundred years ago. I have been much amused and interested in perusing its pages, which, by-the-by, is no easy matter, and anything but rapid work. It is evidently one of the earliest books on this subject published in the English language, for in its introduction it says, "until within a recent period the sick were placed in the streets and highways, that all passing and repassing might behold them, and seeing that poor afflicted soul in such a miserable and lamentable state, themselves having had the same disease at divers and sundry times, might the better and easier participate unto the patient the means whereby *they* recovered and attained unto their pristiniate and accustomed health; and because in their times, also, in the self-same way, all sick and diseased persons might, through the mercy and will of God, be of their maladies cured. And *that* all might be cured of their maladies, these rules for the cure of the sick, have been, through many excellent and God-inspired men, com-

pacted and compiled together in this perfection and excellency." And then, as a prelude to the work, the author says, very sensibly too, "a true physician must first of all know, before he may employ himself to the practice of physic, to wit: that he not only must properly and very well know the complexions of the sick—his strength, age, his affairs and manner of living—but also the sickness itself, with all the circumstances thereof." And without giving the slightest information as to how this knowledge is to be acquired, he commences with his prescriptions for certain troubles. The first of which, in the index, is: "A capital corroboration, which is very excellent;" the next, which must have been very valuable, is "A good confection for an imbecile head;" then "A most excellent water for the head, called the Emperor Charles, his water, which will certainly fortify and corroborate the memory." This decoction consists of some twenty or thirty different ingredients, which must be mixed and prepared at certain seasons of the year, and then, to accomplish the wonderful result, must be snuffed through the nostrils.

We have an excellent remedy for "the sudden striking of God's hand," by which, I suppose, he means paralysis. One of the best remedies recommended for this is "asses' blood, especially blood of a miller's ass, which must be taken out of the ear of the animal; dose, three drops three times daily; and with God's aid he will recover the use of his members." And then we have "an excellent water for the naughty scabies" and an unguent for the same, consisting of pulverized brimstone and fresh butter, which is used at the present day for the same condition."

We have also "A precious remedy for the restoration of the sight," composed of pulverized crickets, with which the eye is to be anointed; this remedy is said to have restored the sight of the Archduke Frederick, after a total blindness of seven years' duration. Next is "An excellent, most true, and tried remedy for sterility."

Also, "A purgative powder, consisting of young nettles and the buds of elder." We have also "The balm of the poor *little unborn infants.*"

This author was certainly more considerate in his prescriptions to the poor than physicians of the present day. For he has remedies for the poor and others for the rich, suffering from the same complaints. In one instance, the refuse of the barnyard, in a decoction of cinnamon water, is prescribed for a poor woman suffering from certain conditions. Following this is "Another for rich folks," the component parts of which are "white amber, coral, white and blue saphyrs, pickerels' eyes and teeth, hartes' bones, and filings of gold, which must be pulverized together and administered in drachm doses." This work is made up of just such prescriptions, many of them inert in their character, possessing the quality which has been attributed to our homœopathic remedies, of being, to say the least, *harmless.*

Only in one instance, in the entire volume, is blood-letting advised, and that is in patients suffering from the plague.

Even in those days patients recovered, and the doctor and his physic received the credit. If they died, everything had been done within the power of man—it was by the will of God.

We will skip over the period of time intervening between this and the beginning of the present century, for I do not propose to tire you with a long discourse on the history of medicine, for there are probably but few facts relating to the subject which are not familiar to you all. But I do propose to give you, in a few words, examples of the treatment of the sick in the early part of the present century, by the so-called regular physicians, before the introduction of homœopathy, and compare this treatment with that of the so-called regular school of the present day, and then simply ask the question—Has homœopathy had anything to do with this wonderful change?

Regular school! Regular physician! Was ever any word in

the English language more improperly used? What is the meaning of the word regular? According to Webster, "agreeable to an established rule, law, or principle." What established rule have the old school physicians at the present day, aside from turning up their noses at every man who openly and honestly practices according to the *established LAW, similia similibus curantur*. What established law have they, aside from the law that any member of their ranks, under penalty of expulsion from societies, etc., shall not consult with, or hold any professional intercourse with, irregular practitioners—with homœopaths? NOTHING could be more irregular than the regular practice of physic of the present day, of the past. Let us inquire of what was this system of medicine composed fifty, forty, twenty years ago?

A physician is called to a case of pneumonia or pleurisy. He refers to his authorities; he finds the following advice laid down: "Begin with a large and free bleeding, not deterred by the obscure pulse sometimes found in peripneumonia, carrying this evacuation to faintness; repeating these bleedings as the strength of the patient will bear. The application of a blister to the chest. The bowels must be well evacuated, and subsequently be kept regular. Antimony, combined with mercury, must be administered to promote the discharges, especially from the skin and lungs; opium to allay the cough and to procure sleep. If there is wheezing respiration, squills in nauseating, even emetic doses, to relieve the patient from the viscid matter collected in the air-passages."

Carditis and Pericarditis: Treatment same as that of pneumonia. "Free bleeding; a blister over the heart; purging to a greater extent than in pneumonia; opium to procure sleep."

Meningitis: "Begin on the first attack of the disease by bleeding the patient as largely as his strength will permit. In some instances it may be productive of more relief if the temporal artery or the jugular vein be opened. Cupping and leeches in the progress of the complaint; active cathartics given directly after taking

blood; calomel with jalap, antimonial and mercurial preparations; blisters to the back of the neck, behind the ears, and to the temples; mustard poultice to the feet."

Croup: "Blood from the arm, or the jugular vein; several leeches along the fore part of the neck; a nauseating emetic; ipecachuana with tartarized antimony, cathartics, diaphoretics, digitalis, to control the heart's action; large blisters near the affected part; mercury to speedy salivation; opium," etc.

This is what is called the antiphlogistic treatment, those medicines, plans of diet, etc., which tend to oppose inflammation, or which, in other words, weaken the system by diminishing the activity of the vital power. And so I could go on and enumerate every inflammatory disease, and would find, by consulting the authors of twenty, even ten, years ago, this same debilitating system of torture recommended. Is it any wonder, with this universal treatment, together with the starving process called the antiphlogistic diet, that these inflammatory diseases were dreaded; that patients feared placing themselves in the hands of the physician, and that they should expect a three weeks' or a three months' sickness, dating from the first visit made by their medical attendant?

Is it to be wondered at that sensible men should have looked with distrust, with suspicion, upon the so-called science of medicine, and that they should have advised the throwing of physic to the dogs? Was this an improvement on the system of three hundred years ago, when the mind of the patient was the principal medium through which the physician worked his cure, sensible enough to leave the disease to the tender care of nature? Is it surprising that physicians should have been accused of destroying valuable lives, which, had it not been for their treatment, would have recovered from their ailments? Is it a wonder that Addison should have laid it down as a maxim, "That when a nation abounds in physicians it grows thin of people."

Napoleon I. was not a believer in the practice of physic then in vogue, and once said to his chief physician: "Believe me, we had better leave off all these remedies—life is a fortress that you and I know nothing about. Why throw obstacles in the way of its defense? Its own means are superior to all the apparatus of your laboratory. Medicine is a collection of uncertain prescriptions, the results of which, taken collectively, are more fatal than useful to mankind." The celebrated Zimmermann went from Hanover to attend Frederick the Great in his last illness. One day the king said to him, "you have, I presume, ~~str~~ helped many a man into another world." The doctor replied, "not so many as your majesty, nor with such honor to myself."

Medical practice was defined in those days, to be, for the most part, guessing at nature's intentions and wishes, and then endeavoring to substitute man's. "Nature," says a French philosophical writer, is "fighting with disease—a blind man armed with a club, that is the physician, steps in to settle the difficulty. He first, to his credit, tries to make peace. When he cannot accomplish this, he lifts his club and strikes at random. If he strikes the disease, he kills the disease; if he strikes nature, he kills the patient."

A celebrated physician, after conducting a prominent practice for thirty years, retired from the profession, giving as his reason that he was weary of guessing.

The death of Pope Adrian occasioned such joy in Rome that the night after his decease, they adorned the door of his chief physician's house with garlands, adding this inscription: "To the deliverer of his country."

No man seems to have had a better knowledge of the workings of this regular system of medicine than Charles Read, who, in one of his works, gives the opinion of Dr. Sampson, a character original for the *period*, who was evidently opposed to the anti-phlogistic method of treatment, and who contended that he could

tell, beforehand, every prescription which would be given by the different prominent physicians of his time. In his conversation with a patient, who had been consulting the most celebrated physicians she could reach, he says: "Good heavens! madam, what a gauntlet of gabies for a woman to run and come out alive. These four physicians you have been to see are specialists, that means—monomaniacs. Next time, save your guineas and send for me, and I will give you all their opinions and all their prescriptions gratis, and devilish dear you will find them at the price, if you swallow them. They have advised the antiphlogistic *regimen*, have they? ANTIPHLOGISTIC, my dear madam, that one long fragment of *asses* jaw has slain a million. The antiphlogistic theory is this: That disease is fiery, and that any exhaustion of the vital force must cool the system and reduce the morbid fire, called, in their donkey latin, *flamma*, and in their compound donkey latin, inflammation; and accordingly, the antiphlogistic practice is to cool the sick man by bleeding him, and when bled, either to re-bleed him with a change of instrument—bites and stabs instead of gashes—or blister, and push mercury till the teeth of the bled man rake and shake in their sockets, and to salivate, starve, purge, sweat, blister, from first to last. As for blood-letting, it is inflammatory, for the thumping heart and bounding pulse of patients, bled by butchers in black, and bullocks, bled by butchers in blue, prove it. All their sham coolers are real weakeners. I wonder they didn't inventory Satan and his brimstone lake among their refrigerators."

"What is the cause of that rare event which occurs only to patients who can't afford doctoring? *Death* from old age. His bodily expenditures go on. His bodily income falls off, by failure of the reparative and reproductive forces.

"Whatever the disease, its form or essence,  
Expenditure goes on and income lessens."

But to this sick, and therefore weak man comes a doctor, who pronounces him an invalid, gashes him with a lancet, spills out the great liquid material of all repair by the gallon, and fells this weak man, wounded now, pale and fainting, with death stamped on his face, to the earth, like a bayoneted soldier or a slaughtered ox. If the weak man, wounded thus and weakened, survives, then the chartered Thugs, who have drained him by the bung-hole turn to and drain him by the spigot. They blister him and then calomel him, and lest nature should have the ghost of a chance to counterbalance these frightful outgoings, they keep strong meat and drink out of his system, emptied by their stabs, bites, purges, mercury, and blisters. Antiphlogistic is but a modern name for ass-assinating routine, which has never varied a hair since scholastic medicine, the silliest and deadliest of all the hundred forms of quackery, first rose—unlike science, art, religion, and all true suns *in the West*, to wound the sick, to weaken the weak, to mutilate the hurt and thin mankind."

Was ever a picture more truthfully drawn than this of the practice of medicine twenty years ago. The treatment of acute diseases, which I have quoted, is from authorities published about thirty years since. Fifteen years subsequently to that time, in the year 1856, Dr. Hugh Bennett, a celebrated English physician, maintained that antiphlogistic remedies in general, and blood-letting in particular, were unsuitable and even hurtful in all acute inflammations. M. Louis, a celebrated French author, was of the same opinion as far as pneumonia was concerned.

Watson, in his edition of 1858, is hardly willing to acknowledge that the treatment adopted by his predecessors was not the proper treatment for the flagrant forms of inflammation with which they were dealing, when on the basis of experience they put these remedies in force. He says: "My own experience teaches me that such flagrant and sthenic forms of pneumonia have become very rare among us. Years have passed by since I have met with

any instance of that disease, which has required blood-letting. I may say the same of inflammatory diseases in general. They have all become less tolerant of blood-letting since the cholera swept over us in 1832."

Was it the change in the character of disease, or was it an advance in the science of medicine? Had they not began to hear of the wonderful recoveries effected without the aid of the lancet, without all this torture and depletion? Watson had not at this time abolished the use of the lancet, take his treatment of Peritonitis in his edition of 1858. In speaking of the mode of cure in this disease, he says: "I have again to rehearse the grand remedies for inflammation, blood letting, mercury. It is of the greatest importance that the blood letting should be performed early. After a full bleeding from the arm, such as has produced some sensible impression upon the circubum, or brought the patient to the verge of Syncope, the surface of the belly should be covered with leaches, from twenty to forty may be applied at once. And sometimes this will make any further loss of blood unnecessary." I should consider it highly probable. This was called heroic treatment. Now, Niemeyer, who stood in the year 1868, about where Watson stood ten years previous, says with regard to the treatment of this disease, "Views have changed greatly of late, formerly every patient treated was bled a pound or two. Then the abdomen was covered with leaches, and one to two grains of calomel given every two hours, and at the same time a quantity of mercurial ointment was rubbed into the skin of the thighs and abdomen. That was proper treatment; the patients died, and no one thought of asking who recovered. That treatment was just as irrational as it was injurious. On examining the bodies of patients who died of Peritonitis with abundant effusion, even when no blood had been taken, the tissues were found uncommonly bloodless. But, on examining the bodies of persons dying from a Peritonitis, treated according to

the method formerly so universal, we find so very little blood in the heart and arteries, that we are tempted to ascribe death to the *treatment* rather than to the disease." He also denounces the use of calomel and mercurial ointment.

Professor Aitken, in his valuable work, published in the year 1868, says of the treatment of Pneumonia, "*That blood letting has no curative power over the disorder, is satisfactorily established, and that, except in quite young and vigorous subjects, it is harmful, is now generally admitted.*" At this time so great an advance had been made, that physicians of the regular school of practice had discovered the fact that a certain amount of strength is necessary for the resolution of any inflammation. Aitken says too, "There is no substantial evidence on the side of treatment by tartar emetic, but much against it. The circulation can be more safely controlled by (listen, gentlemen) by the careful administration of aconite, veratrum, digitalis or colchicum, without the risk of seriously, and often irripably, lowering the vital powers, and disturbing the digestive functions." How was this information acquired? Would this wonderful change, this revolution, have been effected had it not been for Hahnemann and his mild and efficacious treatment of the sick? Niemeyer acknowledges that we are indebted to the Homœopaths for the evidence that Croup can be cured without the aid of emetics, that Urethritis can be cured without resorting to injections. This change has all been effected since the introduction of Homœopathy, and I will venture to say that had our glorious law of cure not been discovered, had Hahnemann and his followers not been so impressed with its truthfulness, instead of the lancet having been almost entirely discarded by our intelligent Allopathic practitioners—and instead of mercury, which was formerly so terribly abused, having been laid upon the shelf—of emetics and violent cathartics having been thrown to the dogs, the same state of affairs would have existed at the present time as did fifty, forty, twenty years ago.

A prominent instrument maker in New York city, told me recently, that he had not had an application for a lancet in some years.

The persecution which was inflicted upon the noble and illustrious founder of Homœopathy, has, in a modified degree, been visited upon every man who has since his time, endeavored to cure disease by the law of which he was the discoverer. Take the history of Homœopathy in our own State, about the year 1830 Dr. Gram first opened an office and commenced the treatment of the sick according to the law *similia similibus curanter*. Then came Wilson and Gray, Ball and Channing, Joslin, each in his turn denounced and ridiculed as a charlatan, a quack. This ridicule was, in those days, not confined to the medical profession, but was participated in by nearly the entire community. Less than fifty years have passed since its first introduction into our State, and in that comparatively short time, the eyes of the people have been opened, and they have learned that disease can be cured without resorting to the nauseous doses, the tortures and depletion, considered necessary then, to save life, and as a result, instead of having *one* solitary physician practicing according to our law of cure, we have, in our State alone, hundreds of practitioners well educated, both as physicians and surgeons, whose patrons are among the most prominent of our citizens. The slurs and ridicule are now confined to our professional brethren, who are suffering financially from our success. Not long since quite a prominent New York physician said to me, "Doctor, you Homœopaths have entirely too large a share of the wealth and intellect of New York among your patrons. The fact is, Doctor, an ignorant man cannot realize that he is deriving any benefit from medicine unless he sees its effect; he must be purged, vomited, blistered or bled, or he thinks nothing is being done. These we retain." His remark was true. From positive knowledge I can assert, that although the Homœopaths of New York City are out-

numbered by the so-called regular practitioners in the proportion of ten to one, they can claim among their patrons more than one-half of the wealth and intellect of the city. Why is this? Is it because these people have investigated Homœopathy, and have, after careful thought, learned to believe in the law of Similia? But a very small portion of our patrons, I will venture to say, know of the existence of this law of cure. They have not become *believers* from investigation, but employ Homœopathy because, from observation and experience, they have learned that it is the most simple and speedy method of curing disease.

How common it was in old times to hear a patient say: "I did not send for you, doctor, because I could not afford to be sick," feeling that they were safer in the hands of nature than in those of the physician. It was the rule, and they knew it, for a patient to be made worse before he was cured of his malady. They expected a three weeks' or three months' illness, dating from the time they took their first prescription. I remember a short address delivered by a prominent clergyman at one of our College Commencements a few years ago, in which he said: "I am one of the oldest and strongest adherents of Homœopathy in this country. I well remember, when a boy, the cuppings and bleedings I was obliged to submit to, the nauseous doses I was compelled to take. I remember the three great remedies resorted to on every occasion for the most trifling difficulties, by our family physician: Bleeding from the arm, this was so much expected that a basin and a bandage were always in readiness on the arrival of the doctor; an emetic and a purge. How I hated the sight of that physician, particularly when I was the victim to be experimented upon. I became disgusted with this folly as I approached to manhood, and determined that my own children should not be subjected to this barbarity. I investigated your system of treatment; I took opportunity to try the effect of your remedies upon myself and the members of my family. I became

a convert to Homœopathy, and by the help of God I mean to continue one for the balance of my days. I have learned by actual experience that disease can be cured by these infinitesimal doses, and one advantage you have is, that if you do by mistake, or through ignorance, administer the wrong remedy, the evil consequences following are comparatively insignificant."

Has not our success far surpassed the expectations of our honored pioneers? Is there a city, town, or even village of any size in the United States that has not its Homœopathic physician? It is almost so with the entire civilized world. Our country can claim no less than six Homœopathic medical colleges; and the largest, as to accommodations and size of the class, is the institution located in our own State, the New York Homœopathic Medical College, which has a class numbering 103 students. Gentlemen, as executive officer of that institution, I have reason to be proud of it, of its students, of its professors. No branch has been neglected: Surgery, about which we have been twitted so much by our Old School brethren, has almost become a specialty with us; our clinics have been as large as any in this city, and have been well attended, as an evidence of the satisfaction they have given I would mention the fact, that last year, before our new building was completed, out of a class of 80 students nearly 50 took tickets to Bellevue Hospital clinics. This year, out of a class of 103 but six have purchased tickets.

It was thought necessary, for the success of our Institution, that hospital wards should be provided in close proximity to the College, for the reception of patients operated upon before the class. Various efforts were made to raise the necessary funds, but without avail. At last the thought struck some of us, that in connection with Homœopathy—an unheard of thing—A Surgical Hospital properly conducted, which, with the ability now at hand was not a matter of doubt, would put at an end to the slurs of the *regular* physicians that when surgical skill was required the

Homœopaths were obliged to call upon them for assistance. We communicated our thoughts to our wives, sisters, our sweethearts, and they, with true woman's grit, organized and carried to a successful issue the grandest and most magnificent charity fair ever held in New York. And thanks be to these little women \$40,000, in cash, was placed at the disposal of the gentlemen who had become the incorporators and trustees of this newly organized surgical hospital; and within a few months, gentlemen, we will have at our disposal, in addition to the surgical wards in the college apartments, accommodations for some 40 patients. That magnificent structure, the Ophthalmic Hospital building, has been completed at a cost of over a hundred and sixty thousand dollars. A few energetic men undertook the responsibility of its erection. Starting out with a capital of less than \$60,000, of course difficulties had to be overcome, loans to be made, and just at a critical period, when it was feared the building would be left in an unfinished state, Providence stepped in, and in the form of Mrs. Henry A. Keep, presented the Ophthalmic Hospital with \$100,000 in cash, the largest donation ever made to a Homœopathic institution.

Work has been commenced upon our State Asylum for the Insane, upon the Hahnemann Hospital.

Gentlemen, Homœopathy is a power in the land. Our equality has been established in the eyes of the law. And so I could go on, but enough has been said to satisfy you that rapid strides have been made, and that, in spite of opposition, ridicule, persecution, like all scientific truths, Homœopathy has triumphed. We have even advanced at such a rate, that some prominent among us, have gone so far as to extend the right hand of fellowship to our persecutors—to those who for years have heaped all manner of abuse upon us. I do not regret this, although I should have preferred, now that we are so strong, standing upon our dignity, until the time came when they would have been obliged to extend

in friendship to us that hand which for so many years has held the lancet which they would have gladly plunged into us had they had the opportunity. Our calling is a noble one, and so long as a man is *honest* in his convictions, those convictions should be respected; we should be a unit; no discord should arise to mar our labors, for in the language of a distinguished medical orator: "Our profession is inferior to none—as noble an art as any that taxes the intellect of man. At all times, in all seasons, under every variety of circumstances are our ministrations sought; the Summer's heat, and Winter's cold, storm and sunshine, night and day, alike witness our labors and attest our fidelity, among the vehicles which throng your city's crowded streets at mid-day—you may mark the roll of the physicians wheels; and in the still small hours of night you may hear the sound of his footstep, as he traverses the deserted pavements on some errand of mercy. The navy! Is there a blood-stained deck on which he is not found? The army! Is there a battle-field without him? Nay, is he not often the last to leave the scene of slaughter, remaining a voluntary prisoner to the enemy, whose persevering columns find him at his post, ministering to friend and foe alike. The pulpit! Our duties to the human race begin with the first feeble breath of the new-born infant—and we are the watchful sentries to the building, until its due expansion shall enable it to receive those treasures with which the minister is prepared to store it. Henceforth our duties lie side by side; body and soul within our united keeping, until a greater and mightier minister than either shall dismiss the guard.







