

Comegys (C.G.)
THE

Discouragements and Encouragements

OF THE

MEDICAL STUDENT.

AND A PROPOSITION FOR THE

LEGAL PROTECTION OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

A GENERAL INTRODUCTORY LECTURE TO THE SESSION OF 1856-7,

Miami Medical College---Cincinnati.

box 3 -

BY C. G. COMEGYS, M. D.

PROFESSOR OF INSTITUTES OF MEDICINE.

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MIAMI MEDICAL COLLEGE, OCTOBER 16TH, 1856.

PROF. C. G. COMEGYS,

At a meeting of the Students of Miami Medical College, C. T. SIMPSON, being called to the Chair, S. BONNER, jr. chosen Secretary, the undersigned were appointed a committee to solicit, for publication, a copy of your Introductory Address.

It is with great pleasure we discharge the duty assigned us, and hope you will oblige us, and your numerous friends, by complying with our request.

Yours, Truly,

J. M. WATSON, }
W. S. GRIMES, } Committee.
W. H. TAYLOR, }

CINCINNATI, November 21, 1856.

GENTLEMEN,—Your polite note of 17th October, asking for my Address for publication, has too long laid unanswered. Pressing engagements, and the state of my health, have led to the unusual delay.

It was made for your benefit, and if you still desire to print it, I submit it for that purpose. I thank you for the kind expressions which accompanied your request.

Very faithfully yours,

C. G. COMEGYS.

To MESSRS. WATSON, GRIMES AND TAYLOR.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE.

GENTLEMEN,

It is with unusual feelings of satisfaction that we attempt to address you this evening on a general theme, prefatory to the regular course of Lectures just announced by the Dean. Our satisfaction arises from the agreeable acquaintance formed with you during our brief preliminary course, and particularly in the new guarantee of the full success of our cherished Institution, as a School of Medicine. Our friends have always predicted this triumph which has cheered us onward; while the prophecies of our opponents, of our ultimate downfall, have also stimulated us with a vehement purpose to conquer success.

Four years ago we entered this arena,—displayed our ensign inscribed with a new name in Medical History. It was that of an ancient and beautiful stream, meandering once through barbarous regions and umbrageous primeval forests, known only to the red man, who wandered through its valley, as his hunting grounds; now, whose banks are cultivated fields, the seats of flourishing towns and inviting villages, the peaceful abodes of a happy people. It was indigenous, it belonged to the country, and typical of the idea that animated our purposes, the establishment of an institution that recognized the profession here.

Therefore was this College organized, and in the face too, of the most powerful Faculty that had ever opened a course

of Lectures in this city, or the West. Ourselves, almost without a name in the profession, except our great and venerable chief, whose fame was claimed by our common country, and belonged to the whole Medical world.

Thus we rallied around our veteran leader, animated by integrity of purpose and honorable aspirations, and our new name, "Miami Medical College," which we then first unfurled, we have since boldly written upon the pages of Medical Literature, henceforth to be recognized by our noble profession, throughout the world; and now, too, our Alumni, scattered from Oregon in the West to New England in the East, in the Center, the South and the North, all warm hearted and devoted to their Alma Mater, cheer us year by year, with their patronage, and make us proud spectators of their success.

This *egoism* we hope, is pardonable in a young and rising Institution that has struggled successfully against what were thought to be fearful odds. We mean no disrespect to our great competitor. The Faculty with whom we began this contest was broken up by death, others have succeeded them, to whom we tender collegiate amity.

Two of the distinguished men who composed that Faculty in 1852, deserve our notice. They rest from those labors which shed so much honor upon our State, our nation and our literature. Upon the lofty column built to the honor of Medical men of all ages, among the most glorious names will ever be found those of Daniel Drake and John Locke. The genius of Medicine and Philosophy weeps over their tombs, and we, as admirers of their career, have love for their fame, honor for their learning, and tears for their fall.

Gentlemen; to-night we open before you the portals of Medicine. In virtue of our office, we present to you the prospect of that glorious fabric whose principal foundations

were laid more than two thousand years ago. An edifice so vast could only have its outlines defined in the first ages of Society : still the great plan was forecast. "From the epoch which we are to regard as the very dawn of Medicine, the fundamental questions were debated ; the limits of the human mind were touched ; but within those limits science has found an immensity of inexhaustible combinations, the materials of its growth." And the mind must continue to solve and unravel ; and you have a work to do, discoveries to make, generalizations to formulate, great principles to establish ; and we trust that you have come up here to lay all your talents and future acquirements upon the altar of medicine, and consecrate yourselves unreservedly to its sublime mission amongst men. The Genius of Medicine will not smile upon you unless you have come to her portals with singleness of purpose. She is jealous of her devotees, and will not share with any pursuit the time and aspirations of her students. However versatile are your talents or vast your intellects, like the true minister of God, all must be laid on the altar of consecration ; and as no voice ever proceeded from the Holy of Holies in God's temple, to him who did not wear the priestly habiliments, neither has any ocular voice proceeded from the shrine of Medicine to him who was unclothed with her sacred vestments.

While we rejoice to see the young men of the country thus coming forward to enter upon the study of the Healing Art, there is, we confess, a degree of sadness in the prospect. You have chosen a pursuit which offers you less prospect of honor and remuneration, such as the world esteems, than any other. The intellects which you here devote to curing, if possessed of the highest qualifications for the sacred art, would be more amply remunerated on any other theater of action. The pulpit, law, philosophy,

manufactures, commerce, literature and the art of war all confer higher honors, richer rewards, and shine more in those traits that most captivate the mind. The profession of the lawyer carries him into the forum of the bar or the Senate. His mind forges great arguments, and with mighty words he fastens them upon his auditory—carries captive their judgment, and vast crowds throng the courts and hall of legislation when he shall speak. He fills the highest offices of the nation, and represents it in foreign courts. The minister, by deep study of the laws of God, and filled with holy enthusiasm, in lofty imagery and with burning words, unfolds the Divine Government and the plan of salvation—the mysterious, yet glorious life of man's Redeemer—his holy living, his dying passion—the pangs of the infernal, the beatitudes of the heavenly—the audience is breathless; hearts are touched and broken; repentance and forgiveness follow; and, though he has worked but for his Master, yet profound public respect and gratitude are heaped upon him. The philosopher unravels Nature's laws; he calculates the perturbations of the planets, measures the distance of the stars, evolves new principles in physics; his fame is all his own, and his honors are the theme of enlightened men. The warrior, on the sea or on the land, hoists his country's flag, marshals his forces for the combat, covers himself with glory, and is honored with the highest gifts, while his fame is celebrated in song and story. A single successful effort in literature, though it be but romance, is rewarded in the most profuse manner.

In all these pursuits, mind may contend with mind in open arena. Every word, every argument, every discovery, every deed, is in the audience of the world. The trickster, the quack, or the imposter, has but little encouragement in these noble avocations. But the work of the

true medical man is in silence. His art is misunderstood and is invaded by crowds of charlatans. While the statesman and minister may be holding great audiences in mute silence upon their words, the doctor, in some obscure place, holds with his hands a check upon the tide of life, rapidly flowing away. While the astronomer surveys the starry firmament, and is making observations that shall immortalize his name, he, wearily plods in the vicissitudes of the wintry season to remote and humble places, for which he may receive neither reward or honor, and perhaps have his reputation blasted for not performing the impossible. While the warrior rushes through the storm of battle, gallantly leading on to the foe, whether he fall or live, shall have his fame secured in the nation's archives; you, though following in the thickest of the fire, staunching the wounds destruction makes, shall not be remembered in the day

"When the festal cities blaze,
And the wine cup shines in light."

If you are rapidly seeking and expecting success; if your honors are to come easily, and your emoluments abundantly, I am pained to say that you have chosen the wrong road. Your honorable gains, the result of years' preparatory study and observation, will be far overbalanced by the success of a single nostrum. By employing the the public press, the quacksalver will, in a single year, gain more from his patent medicines than you can gain in years. While the immortal Bichat, the modern creator of Anatomy, wearily trudged the streets of Paris in his round of professional duties, the author of the rob-syphilitic rolled by in his charriot and four.

What need of your severe mental toil; your disgusting cadaveric researches, your anxiety for graduation; the years through which you most anxiously wait ere a bare remuneration at last comes, when, with a few dollars to paint

the tin and pay the printer, you can post and advertise yourselves as demi-gods in medicine, holding the secrets of remedies that are infallible in the most desperate diseases? You have only to enter any large city or town, and proclaim that you have a new method for curing consumption and have met with an unbounded success, and money will pour in upon you on your own terms, and a single month will result in more than a year of regular practice.

But what of this success? It is merely money, mendaciously, dishonorably obtained—the fruit of falsehood acting upon an honest, though unfortunate public credulity. It curses the receiver and disgraces his family, while, at the same time, it dishonors a noble cause and disheartens the honest and true medical man. His title and emoluments thus so easily stolen, what is it that binds him so devotedly to his noble pursuit!

Do you draw back discouraged by this picture? Will you withdraw from the vestibule of this glorious edifice into whose lofty aisles we would now lead you? Enter with us into the Temple. Look around. Behold this massive structure, whose architects have passed away long ages since, but whose works remain wearying and resisting the tooth of Time. Its foundations were the work of old Egypt, out of the depth of whose antique civilization sprang the arts and letters of Judea, Phoenicia and Greece. The elegant Greek lavished upon it the exquisite chiseling that adorns its columns—the Roman, the Saracen and the Goth have left here enduring monuments. Vast, solemn, sublime, we feel the awe which the presence of the majesty of history inspires!

Sentences and names are inscribed upon the walls—statues flank its broad aisles. Here are the hieroglyphics of the Egyptian, the characters of the Greek, the cypher

of the Arabian and the letter of the Roman languages—recording how much the sages of Medicine have contributed to the civilization and happiness of mankind.

Old Chiron is represented yonder, seated in front of his grotto, teaching his disciples. Though warriors and heroes, they are learning the rude elements of medical art. They are the men so renowned in the search for the Golden Fleece, and in the Trojan war—Hercules, Jason, Castor and Pollox; Ulysses, Diomedes, Æneas and Achilles. There is the statue of the God of Medicine. It is of gold and ivory. As an old man he sits upon his throne. A scepter is in one hand—the other resting upon the head of an enormous serpent, which indicates his wisdom, while a dog, the emblem of vigilance, rests at his feet.

But, passing from the mythological—the fabulous—let us survey what historic light confirms.

Behold next Pythagoras. Trusymedus has molded that marble form. The athletic exercises of his early training in Crotona have given a muscular mold and symmetry that indicate him as able to have won the crowns of the Olympic games when all the *athletæ* of Greece contended for them. But Pherecydes' discourse on the immortality of the soul changed the bold wrestler and racer into the contemplative philosopher. He has communed with the Coryphii of Indo-Egyptian civilization. With calm, thoughtful and solemn mein, his great mind is evolving the doctrine of the homogeneity of nature—of matter and of mind. He touches the limits of all that Lucippus, or Epicurus afterwards, or Spinoza, Leibnitz, or Kant, of modern times, attempted. Philosophy now, in completing a vast cycle of two thousand and five hundred years, in its doctrine of the unity of forces, returns to the starting point of Pythagoras.

Plato comes next. His finely chiseled features, though indicating the deep, concentrated thought of his penetrat-

ing mind, beam with the pleasing idea which is the key to his philosophy—that the mind, ere it was confined to this material prison, perceived the essence of things, gazed with unclouded vision into the very plans of God, and, though now beclouded, from being plunged at birth into oblivion of the past, “retains still some slight remembrance of Divinity, and this pleasing reminiscence of celestial things inflames it with an insatiable desire to learn and to know.”

The next is Plato's great pupil and great antagonist, the the renowned Aristotle. Though drawn with the marks of age, his countenance is radiant with the ardor of youth. As his great pupil, Alexander, had conquered the nations, so he has seized upon the realms of nature and organized philosophy. He shall wield his scepter for ages after the empire established by his royal *élève* has tumbled into ruins. His great principle, *nihil in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu*, is the foundation of all that Bacon, Locke and Condillac afterwards wrote.

He, with ample brow and face expressive of intelligence and sincerity, close to the sage of Stagyrus, is the Old Man of Cos—Hippocrates. In his hand is a manuscript. The last sentence is the summing up of all his thoughts on theories and systems: “Life is short—art is long—opportunity fleeting—judgment difficult.”

Next are the sages of Alexandria, Herophilus and Erisistratus. The first, the creator of ancient Anatomy, holds in his hands a human skull. The era was at last reached when men could look upon it without horror. The latter, Erisistratus, presses his finger upon the pulse. He has discovered the great indicator of the forces of the economy, and thus adds immensely to the semeiotics of Hippocrates.

That erect, proud figure which follows, whose features, while they exhibit knowledge of the command of learning,

are giving strongest expression of the scorn and contempt that fills his soul for the charlatans and helots of the profession who infest imperial Rome, is Galen, first physician to Marcus Aurelius. He, though in Rome, scorns to do as Rome does. He is the type of that lofty spirit of medical men which makes no compromises with those who would degrade the noble profession to a mere dishonest trade.

That department following contains the statuary of the men who were the light of the profession from Galen's time through the dark ages to the dawn of letters and civilization in Europe once more. They were few in that long night of time; yet they preserved the learning of the past, gathered the precious debris of Greek and Roman civilization: — Oribasius, Ætius, Paul of Egina of the Byzantine Empire—Rhazes, Avicenna, Albucasis of the Arabian dominion. But now we touch the epoch of the revival of letters,

Magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo.—VIRG.

The style of the architecture you perceive changes. The elegant Corinthian, the more solid Roman, and the light and graceful Saracenic, giving place to the lofty vaulted ceilings, pointed arches and elaborate cornices of the Gothic era. In yonder group, scalpel in hand you see Mondini, Berenger, Vesalius, Servetus and Cesalpine, the anatomists of the new era. After vainly trying to reconcile their dissection with Galen's descriptions, they have just laid ~~him~~ *them* aside, and their countenances indicate the determination of men who expect to find their own route.

That admirable figure of an old man, whose long beard sweeps upon his breast, whose face beams with intelligence and benignity, is the Frenchman, Ambrose Pare, the father of modern Surgery. Over his head is carved his famous reply—*Moi le panse mais Dieu l'a gueri*, I dressed it, but God cured it.

That statue whose face while lighted with animation, yet expresses the weariness of incessant toil, is John Fernell, the medical cyclopedist of the 16th century. In his hand is a scroll on which is written his answer to his friends, who entreated him to cease his labors, and spare his life.

Longa quiescendi reposita fata dabunt.

That splendid figure pointing with his finger to the dissected heart before him, while a smile of triumph plays over his face is William Harvey. He has put his finger upon the secret which he thought was known to God alone. The sculptor has presented him at the moment when he has grasped the full plan of the circulation of the blood.

He, represented with microscope in hand, in intense study of a minute object is the Italian Malpighius. He is the first to solve the minute anatomy of the viscera. The countenance of the noble Jenner, expresses gratitude rather than vanity, that at last he has discovered the means of staying the ravages of the Small Pox, thus adding immensely to the sum of human happiness.

But time fails to point to the multitude who yet remain—Sydenham, Boerhaave, Linnæus, Hoffman, Cullen, Stahl, Haller, Hunter, Bichat, Dupuytren, Lavoisier, Laennec, Berzelius. And there are not a few that America has erected in this great temple. Rush, Wistar, Physic, Hossach, Warren, Chapman, Horner, Drake, Locke, and many more, great renowned men. The glory of having served humanity “gilds their sepulchers and embalms their names.”

But see yet, there are crowds of living men, scattered everywhere in this vast edifice—anatomists, surgeons, pathologists, physiologists, chemists, pharmacutists, and literati—all at work with microscope, retort, test-tube, scalpel, and the pen; all distinguished men, and of famous names in our profession. Germany, France, Great Britain

and America harmonizing in their researches. Rokitansky, Lehman, Liebig, Dumas, Simpson, Bennet, Graves, Brodie, Hall, Owen, Carpenter, Bernard, Brown—Sequard, Velpeau, Ricord, Andral, Dowler, Leidy, Jackson, Dunglison, Gross, Draper, Holmes—and there is yet one more I will mention.

Erect, though bearing the weight of five and seventy years, with eye undimmed, and still possessed of the courage of the lion, the nerve of the ox, and the delicacy of woman's touch; at the moment we would see him he has just passed the ligature around the common carotid artery, its fellow he has before tied; he pauses ere the knot is taken—his face is turned upward, with lips firmly compressed and beaming eye: it expresses no vain egotism, no wish for applause, but gratitude to God, that surgical science has such resources, and that he should have been counted worthy to be the first to do this great act.

Do you ask his name? Go to the rolls of surgery, and there just below the name of Physic, whose pupil he was, you will find it associated with all who have shed lustre on the American name. It is also in the world's record, on the same page with Cooper, Liston, Roux, Dieffenbach, Lisfranc, and Velpeau. Hundreds of the most eminent men of this valley are proud that his name is inscribed upon their diplomas; and you are hastening on, also anxious to secure his approval of your application to enrol yourselves in Medicine. His companions are gone—they await him in the skies; but long may our venerable MUSSEY be spared, to advance to full high success the young Institution for which he has these few years past labored with all the ardor of youth.

These all, and thousands more, who have fallen in every clime, heard a voice by day and by night, though unheard by others, sounding in their ears. It was the cry of humanity to which yielding, they abandoned all the other routes of

human effort; and without calculating whether fortune or honors awaited them, gave themselves up to one of the noblest of human pursuits.

Gentlemen, this is the voice which you have heard; it is a call from above. While your brothers and companions have selected other pursuits, you have felt impelled to devote yourselves to the mission of medicine. Therefore you are here; and the meretricious success of the quack and nostrum-maker do not for a moment tempt you to turn aside from the true, though arduous and, perhaps, unrewarded path of the medical profession.

Society will yet do us justice. We shall have, ere long, thrown over us what gives public dignity and respect to other learned professions—the ægis of the law. The day is not far distant when statesmen, lawyers, divines, and our fellow citizens generally, will unite to protect us from those who fill our public press and disgrace community.

Is it unreasonable that we should ask the same protection that is given to the bar, the pulpit, corporations and trades generally?

But what can be done, and what should we ask for? The answer to this question I intended to have made the substance of this lecture, but now the time is too far spent to make an elaborate reply.

First, though, I will say, that history demonstrates to us that our profession has never flourished in full success except it has had the support of public law.

Thouret, Napoleon's Minister of the Interior, in his report in 1803 on the subject of a medical law for the Empire, has fitly set forth the anarchy that must prevail in the absence of all law. The revolution of '89 had overturned all institutions, medicine included. See what a picture he presents of the results of ten years' libertinism: "Men united in society," he says, "have in all times

been subject to evils growing out of their intercourse, which has led philosophers to think that society was more injurious than useful to humanity. The utility of this consolatory art has been felt amongst all nations and in all ages. There exists no government which does not render it a favorable support, and which is not interested in its progress. Anarchy only, which respects no institution, could ignore the healing art. It belongs to every reform government to restore to this branch of instruction all its ancient splendor and advantageous results. Profoundly penetrated with the necessity of re-establishing order in the exercise of a profession which interests essentially the security of the lives of citizens, the government presents to you a project of a law having for its object the regulation of the practice of this salutary art. Since the suppression of the University in 1792, there is no longer any regulation for the privilege of the practice of medicine and surgery. Those who have studied the art find themselves confounded with those who have not the least notion of it. The lives of the people are in the hands of greedy and ignorant men. The most dangerous empiricism and shameless charlatanism, impose, everywhere upon credulity and good faith. No proof of knowledge or skill is required; and the cities and the country are infested with quacks, who deal out poison and death with an audacity which our present laws cannot suppress. The most murderous practices have usurped the place of the principles of the obstetrical art. Impudent barbers and bone-setters assume the title of Doctor, to cover their ignorance and greediness. Never has the list of secret remedies, always dangerous, been so extensive, as since the suppression of the Faculty of Medicine. It is then urgent to destroy all these evils at once, and to organize a uniform and regular

mode of examination and reception for those who wish to devote themselves to the curing of the sick.*

This language, Gentlemen, was that of Napoleon in 1802. Is it not an exact picture of the condition of things in the State of Ohio, and in all of our Western States? Would to God that some statesman among us, like Thouret, would propose and advocate a law, for professional good here.

France is now confessedly, at the head of the civilized world in medical knowledge and discovery. Her amphitheatres are crowded with students of all nations. This is the fruit of her Medical Law. England, Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, all have conferred every needful regulation upon the Medical profession, and as one result, the rate of mortality in most of those countries is decidedly less than in our own.

The liberty of our nation is stained with libertinism.— In Medicine, save that regularity which the profession itself maintains, all is confusion.

The people, who certainly are desirous of doing what is most for their own good, are distracted with the conflicts among medical men of all hues. A sacred regard for truth, is instilled into the minds of our people from their most tender years, and they therefore cannot but believe the solemn, printed statements of a man who dubs himself doctor, that his remedy is certain. They cannot entertain the idea that the printed certificates and letters from different and distant places, are forgeries. Such a degraded infamous heart they cannot suppose exists in any human being. They therefore yield themselves up to be pilfered by the cancer doctor, and doctor of every irregular name, and for every special disease, who so posts himself.

They are unacquainted with the laws of life and disease, and cannot therefore doubt that the infinitesimal pellets

*Renouards History of Medicine.

have effected the cure in the hands of the homoeopath. They cannot dispute the doctor's statements that his imponderable, intangible, and invisible medicine has effected the cure; though nature, herself, has done the work: the little-pill-doctor, claiming for his facts what are nature's facts; but they know nothing of the *vis medicatrix naturæ*.

Shall we, then, go to the Legislature, and ask them to pass a law, forbidding any homoeopath, hydropath, botanic, eclectic or steam doctor from practicing medicine? If we do so, we shall not get it. Let us rather ask for a law that shall compel all, before they commence the practice of medicine, to make proper proof, that they have made the human organism and its diseases a profound study; and when a man has made due proof of this, let him practice whatever method he may choose. We confidently believe, however, that but few would resort to the ridiculous and shameless practices that now are so common, if they were compelled to study in order to pass through a successful examination. The study of the human frame, its wonderful mechanism, its thousand laws, its fell diseases, carries with it great moral influence; it inspires awe, veneration for God, and love for man. Though now and then one would fall, like Satan from Heaven, his disgrace would be so complete, that he would soon hide himself from the scorn of the noble profession which he had betrayed.

We should not ask then that none but the Regular Profession be permitted to practice—let all come in, but through the gate and not climb over the wall.

We think a valuable reform could be effected by establishing academies of medicine in every county. They should be legalized, and no man or woman be allowed to practice the profession of Medicine until they have had its sanction. Let the examination be as often as applications are made, and chiefly by written questions and answers, just

as is now done in order to pass from a lower to a higher grade in our seminaries of learning. No partiality would be possible, for all would have the same questions, both the regular and irregular applicant.

These academies of Medicine should also be places of public discussion of all questions in Medicine. The profession needs such a forum. If the man who would practice homoeopathy, eclecticism, botanics or any other system, has what he calls superior light, let him there uncover it. He would not be able then to intinerate the community, and say in private to the people, that he has made wonderful discoveries, evolved new principles and found new remedies : they will send him to the forum of the profession, there to tell his story and defend his theory. The public in this country by this means would in a few years, (for time is necessary to break up an old order of things,) look with as much interest to the discussions in the Academy of Medicine as they now do in France, and men would get a reputation upon their merits, rather than upon the amount of electioneering that is done for them in society.

Moreover such an academy should be made the repository of the experience of the profession at large, in the treatment of all the formidable epidemics. Dr. A. could deposit his experience in cholera, and so could all the other practitioners of the county ; all so carefully prepared and indexed, that any one could readily consult them. The same would be done for scarlet fever and all important diseases. It is impossible to estimate fully the value of such contributions to medical knowledge. Some great generalizing mind, could elaborate from all the contrariety of views in pathology and treatment, the most certain method to pursue.

Again, such an accumulation of drawings and morbid specimens would take place in time, as would make its museum the resort of every inquirer, and lover of our science.

I cannot pursue the subject further now, than to ask how can it be started? If an attempt be made to compel all practitioners now in community to undergo an examination in order to become members, it would fail; the Legislature will not make such a law, and it would be a dead letter if passed. I see no way for success but to get a law that shall recognise all who are now in practice, whether they are regular or irregular practitioners—whether they have diplomas or not; but no new man to be allowed to practice until he has stood the test of examination. But what, you cry out, make all these quack doctors members of the Academy of Medicine! Yes; for future good we must humble ourselves, like Him who humbled himself that good might be done. We must “stoop to conquer.” Although these men should be members of the Academy, it will not compel us to consult with them. But we want to meet with them, and are willing to have conflict with them in this open public arena.

Such a law could be passed; it only needs the action of ourselves to secure it, quacks dare not oppose it; the people will co-operate in carrying out so laudable a design, and in a few years the ignorance and the mendacity of charlatanism will have passed away, and our profession receive all the honor and emolument that a grateful people could lavish upon it.

Gentlemen, I have detained you too long,—to-morrow we shall all enter heartily upon the duties of the winter campaign. Be diligent—be cheerful, and abundant success will crown your efforts.

