

cal Institution, and the first prospectus was issued on the 4th February, 1823, but, unfortunately, I believe no records can be found of the first session, 1823-24; but at the second session, 1824-25, there were *twenty-five* students in attendance on the lectures. This Montreal Medical Institution in the year 1829 became the Medical Faculty of McGill College, and which it is still. During these four early years of the Montreal Medical Institution Dr. Leodle retired from the Faculty, but I have reason to believe he never gave a single lecture, and Dr. Lyons was appointed in his place, but he only held the position for a very short time; and in the session of 1830-31, when I first attended, there were only the four original teachers, Drs. Caldwell, Robertson, Holmes, and Stephenson, and the class consisted of about thirty students—of these I believe but five are still alive: Drs. Roderick Macdonald of Cornwall, Joseph Workman of Toronto, Hamilton D. Jessup of Prescott, Frederick W. Hart somewhere in Louisiana, U.S., and the writer.

We had a Student's Medical Society, of which the professors were patrons, but I never had the pleasure of seeing any one of them at any of the meetings. I place before you the diploma I received on being admitted a member, thinking it may not be without interest to you, gentlemen, in this advanced age to see how we used to do things fifty odd years ago in this then small, insignificant town, before we aspired to rank as a city or to be the leading medical teaching city in our new Dominion, with our vast hospitals, with two English and two French schools. Amongst them I am proud to say only a healthy generous rivalry exists which will, I sincerely trust, always continue so, to the benefit of rising generations who must occupy the position we now do, when we shall have shuffled off this mortal coil and be known here no more for ever.

Drs. Holmes and Stephenson were both natives of this city, and both graduates of the University of Edinburgh, which was then the foremost medical school of the world. I think it was about the year 1813 these two young men left this their small town for that city. Dr. Holmes returned to Montreal in 1816, but Dr. Stephenson did not get back for some years later, and only obtained his license to practice in 1821, Dr. Stephenson was born with cleft palate, and was operated upon in Paris by Baron Roux, and was, I believe, the first case upon which that eminent surgeon operated

for that disease; and in consequence of the success of the operation Dr. Stephenson was well known by all the leading medical men of both London and Edinburgh: he never spoke distinctly clear, but sufficiently so as to be well understood. Dr. Holmes many of those present here to-night recollect well. He was a quiet, learned, unassuming man; Dr. Stephenson was loud, boisterous and not always too courteous, particularly to the students. They both enjoyed good reputations, and had large practices.

Dr. Caldwell was tall, erect and very gentleman-like, but he had a stern countenance, although of a very mild, amiable disposition, and was constantly doing good. He was keen in discernment, cool in judgment, sagacious in expedient, and kind in counsel, he was, in fact, a physician of the highest order. From his severe cast of countenance most of the students were afraid to approach him, and as a little incident of this I will relate an affair that took place in the Montreal General Hospital in 1829. When Dr. Caldwell entered upon his term of duty at the hospital in November of that year not one of the students attending had applied to him for his dressership, and after waiting patiently for some three or four days he said to me one morning in his surgery, "I want you to come up to the Hospital to-day at 12 o'clock," and accordingly I went. He came in a few minutes after and said to the House Surgeon, "Give Mr. David the tray." I may mention in those days the dresser had to carry a tray with sponges, plasters, ointments and lotions, etc., etc. I was told to follow the Dr., and in all the cases that required to be dressed Dr. Caldwell did it, showing me how, and telling me what had to be done next morning by the time he made his visit. Thus was I installed "dresser" without my having taken out my ticket, as I was only a beginner in the study of medicine, and much, as you may well fancy, to the disgust of the older students, many of whom would have much liked to have been his dresser. Dr. Caldwell died in January, 1833; and here I would wish to correct a mistake as to the cause of Dr. Caldwell's early death, as stated on the memorial tablet erected by the Governors of the Hospital to his memory. Dr. Caldwell did not die "a sacrifice to typhus fever," as stated, but of "gangrene of the lungs." I speak authoritatively, as I had the melancholy duty of making the *post-mortem* for the medical friends present. Notwithstanding what I have said of Dr. Caldwell's stern appearance