

In the present day the French proverb, "We have changed all this," may be considered as applicable, and the definition of ancient writers, "*Mulier est propter uterum*," not always to be viewed as a correct one.

In the spring of 1835 the University of St. Andrew's, the oldest in Scotland, dating back, I think, to 1411, in the absence of a teaching faculty, appointed an Examining Board for degree of M.D., from the extramural schools of Edinburgh, regarding certificates of two years' attendance at that university and two additional years, either previous or subsequent, at certain hospitals and schools recognized by the governing body of St. Andrew's. In common with many other four-years' hospital and school men, in addition to their previous three years of pupillage in pharmacy and practice, I availed myself of this first university departure from a rigid and iron-clad rule and obtained there the degree of M.D. in April, 1835, and in August of the same year, the membership of the London College of Surgeons having for examiners Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Anthony Carlisle, Sir Wm. Blizard, Mr. (afterwards Sir Benjamin Brodie), White, Guthrie, Vincent and others, all of whom have many years back passed over to the majority. A few months subsequently I also obtained the license of the Apothecaries' Company, thinking at the time that my field for practice was to be Great Britain, but in consequence of an illness following this year of examinations, perfect rest and change of scene was recommended by my medical attendants, and in the spring of 1836 left England on a visit, purposed at the time to be only of a few months' duration, to friends in Canada. This intended brief sojourn has, however, extended to fifty-two years residence, and has suggested to me that a very brief retrospect of the condition I found the medical profession of Canada then, and of the various stages of advancement in professional education to the present period, would not, perhaps, be considered as void of interest. Briefly, then, I landed in Quebec from an old East Indian teakwood ship, named the Tullock Castle. On the 1st of June, after having been with the captain and first officer the only occupants for a very large cabin that I had, no doubt of many previous years had been the scene of flirtations and carousals among passengers bound for India, whilst we had found it a scene of discomfort and disagreeableness

for nine long weeks; for example a mutiny of the sailors at the commencement of a violent storm in mid-Atlantic, and subsequent detention in fields of thick-ribbed ice, abounding in lofty bergs which at a distance assumed all sorts of fantastic shapes, for a fortnight, some days making a little progress and then hemmed in again, the cold blasts from which were enough to freeze you when on deck to the very marrow. On escaping at last, a comparatively short time elapsed before we were at anchor on the 1st of June, near the Citadel of Quebec, under a tropical sun, fortunately having at the Quarantine station at Grosse Isle, no detention to record, as I was able to report to Dr. Douglas the death of only two infants during this long passage, and an entire freedom of the emigrants on board from infectious diseases. I passed in this ancient city as a guest of Mr. Henry Atkinson, of Spencer Wood, to whom I had letters of introduction; I spent two very delightful days in visiting the very numerous objects of interest there to be found. Chief among the English medical practitioners of the city, a graduate of Edinburgh, was Dr. Sewell. I had no opportunity of forming the acquaintance of the French practitioners whose *alma mater*, I presume, had been the University of Laval. I travelled from Quebec to Montreal by one of the very fine passenger steamers, even at that remote period running daily between these two cities. One of them in particular, the John Bull in size and furnishing, not suffering very much by comparison with the Hudson River boats of the present day. After a few days agreeably spent in the city where I met my old Edinburgh College mate, the late Dr. David, I made my way on to Cornwall, where I spent a week with the family of the then Rector, the Rev. Mr. Archibald, and while there was introduced to Captain Philpott, of the Royal Engineers, who in conjunction with Colonel By, was employed by the British Government in the great undertaking of constructing the Rideau Canal; by the former I was offered the position of surgeon of the works, but then contemplating a speedy return to England, declined with thanks, very probably the mistake of a lifetime. There also I formed the acquaintance of Dr. Roderick Macdonald, only two years deceased, and of Sanfield Macdonald, then a law student in the office of Mr. Maclean, subsequently Judge Maclean. From Cornwall I journeyed on to Kingston, over such roads that might