

hale, plethoric man, was only 43 ounces at three bleedings, in the space of nineteen hours. It is true, I stated in Court that the two first bleedings were to the extent of about 24 ounces each, and the last 7 ounces; at the time I thought the plates were pints, but on measuring them a few days after, I found they only contained 12 ounces. I merely mention this by the way; for had not the symptoms abated, and syncope approached, I would have doubled the quantity of blood. Dr. H. asks why were not leeches applied? I reply, for the very good reason that they were uncalled for; the disease yielded to the general treatment; nor could the collapse have resulted from "the deprivation of accustomed stimulants," since Champeau was an eminently sober man, not even using beer.

What then caused the collapse? Verily it was the gangrened state of the left lumbar region, and not Dr. H.'s four inches of bruised surface.

If we are to believe Dr. H., the pathognomonic signs of disease, as received by the "best Pathologists of the age," are not to be our "polar stars." No, no; we are only certain of the nature of a complaint, when the "date of nock is out." Dissection alone reveals secrets,—the hidden mysteries are then developed, and after death we know how we should have treated the case during life!!! The manner in which death took place, the length of time elapsed before the examination, the season of the year, the treatment adopted, all go for nothing,—they had no influence in altering appearances, and as a wise judge once condemned without proof a man because his appearance displeased him, so would Dr. H. decide.

"Tis not enough, taste, reading, learning join,
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine."

I can assure the Editors that I have written this hasty paper more in sorrow than in anger; not to obtain a miserable triumph over a Professional brother of respectable standing, but to set this interesting case in its true light; for in the language of the poet I exclaim:

"Cursed be that verse, howe'er so well it glow,
That tends to make a worthy man my foe."

In spite of myself, these remarks have by far exceeded the limits I at first prescribed to them, for which I ask your indulgence. I conceive that my first position has neither been carried by the storm, nor invalidated in the least by the clouds of Dr. H.'s authorities, and rest, therefore, its merits on my first communication.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

W. NELSON.

Montreal, October 29, 1844.