

If, however, the medical witness goes into the box duly qualified to speak the truth, and determined to do so, it is truly surprising to observe with what tenderness and courtesy such a witness is treated by the counsel on both sides. He is a loaded revolver, very dangerous to be toyed with, and still more so to be roughly handled. If one barrel goes off, they know not how many more may remain loaded, and worse still, they can not tell on which side it may kill; and here, and here only, lies the safety of our profession in the witness box. Let us teach the Bar and the Court and the community that we understand our position and the dignity of our calling, and then see whether our reputation as a body will not stand higher than it otherwise might. Be assured that, however roughly and rudely lawyers may treat us in Court, they have not therefore resolved to cease to be gentlemen outside; and if we show them inside that we are gentlemen, and truthful men, we need not fear to meet them anywhere. Dr. Workman next proceeded to apologise for any unavoidable manifestations of egotism, which the remainder of his paper, drawn from his own experience, might exhibit, and then submitted some details, of which the following condensed statement is here presented.

The first case to which he drew attention was not one in which the question of sanity of mind was immediately involved, though from the sequel it appeared that this psychological consideration might not have been entirely foreign. It was as follows:—A young man, son of a respectable father, resident in this neighbourhood, had, in some altercation, struck another man on the bridge of the nose, with so much force as to knock in this part, as well as the contiguous portion of the frontal bone of the skull. Compression of the brain and death followed. Dr. Workman was summoned, at the instance of the father, to attend the coroner's inquest, and consequently assisted at the *post mortem*. The case came for trial at the assizes. The evidence adduced identified the young man alluded to with the striking of a blow, followed by the fatal result. The defence set up did not rebut the fact, but alleged that the blow was inflicted with the bare fist of the prisoner, and not with any weapon. The counsel for the prisoner endeavoured to draw from Dr. W. admission of this probability. Dr. W., who was standing in the old Court House, on Church street, near the prisoner, replied that he doubted if a blow, sufficient to break down the bones of the nose, and to drive in both plates of the *os frontis* and produce fatal compression of the brain, could be dealt by any man with the bare fist, but certainly not, he added, by the prisoner, whose hands he was then looking on, and they were as soft and small as his own. The latter part of this answer was not of course sought for by the counsel for the defence, who had summoned Dr. W.; but it was the truth, and Dr. W. believed it was his sacred duty to speak it.