

have a diseased fruit tree in the garden, you do not cut a gash in it, and let the sap run out, to restore it to the healthy action. In bodily disease, a vein is opened in the arm, to reduce inflammation, and because in acute disease the pain is allayed, it is supposed to be subdued. The *susceptibility to realize pain* is deadened by the reduction of blood in the system, as a string tied round the arm benumbs it, because of impeded circulation. At the same time, nature has to make a draft upon the system to repair the mischief done. The master builders have no material to work with, and the encroachments of the enemy go on apace. The words are mine, but the argument contained is his, and the world at the present time endorses the sagacious view. Who can calculate the good such a man does to humanity. The circle of his influence ever widens, and deepens. and long after his name has been forgotten, his practical discoveries will still bless frail mortals, in the hands of a cloud of noble workers, who will doubtless rear a goodly superstructure, on the solid foundation laid, with sagacity and skill, by such as honest and undefatigable Syme. Let me say in conclusion, that Syme, Liston, Miller, and Simpson forgave one another long before the grave closed over their remains, and left behind them only a sweet remembrance.

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Dr. Simpson's class-room was always full of students. It was semi-circular in shape, and had elevated seats. When he first entered the class-room we noticed a stout-built man, rather inclined to fatness. His rounded figure, short neck, and dumpy hands, suggested a baby. His hair was worn long, and was of an auburn color. One lock was continually dangling about his eyes, and required constant attention from his left hand. We were doubtful if he could concentrate his thoughts, were it not for the brushing back of the truant mass. His face was full and ruddy. The eye of a deep blue color and sharp; and the mouth somewhat firmly compressed, when in a state of repose. He smiled as if he meant it, and the effect of it was irresistible. His *forte* in lecturing was not so much because of elocutionary power, choice phrases, elegant language, rhetorical flourishes, and violent gesticulation, or declamation, as in having a mellow and full voice, using as plain language as professional lectures would allow, and in a colloquial style that

was pleasant and instructive. His sentences were short, and to the point, and stripped of all useless verbiage. At the same time his lectures were vigorous. When he chose to be sarcastic the words came sharp as a Damascus blade, and in a tilt with a medical antagonist his power lay in facts and figures. He would wield the chalk on the black-board with effect, because he could enter into details with great facility and overpower his opponent with details, into which few were able to follow. His thrusts at a certain system of medicine, which, at that time, held to infinitesimal doses, were ludicrous in the extreme, when figured up on the board. At the same time he never descended to personalities, or coarseness; and although he lectured on the most delicate subjects, there was a natural refinement about him, and in his choice of language a chasteness which would not shock the most fastidious taste. He was fond of interlarding his remarks with remarks illustrative of some important subject; but although he had medical experience extending from the crowned heads of Europe to the *gamin* who cling to the wheels of nobles, yet he never betrayed, by word or gesture, professional confidence. We remember the anxiety manifested in Edinburgh in the spring of 1858, when Lucknow was besieged, and with the Cawnpore tragedy fresh in the minds of the British people, intense interest centered on the beleaguered city. About that time the mythical story of "Jessie of Lucknow," with the heart-stirring exclamation of "Dinna ye hear it?" found its way into the papers. Prof. Simpson came into the lecture-room one morning, and before commencing his lecture, read the thrilling story with great effect. There was a six-footed Highlander sitting on the bench behind me, who, while listening to the recital of Sepoy cruelties, and the weird-like history of suffering, with flashing eye and clenched fists, until forgetting time and place, he startled me by a sudden springing from his seat, and laconically exclaimed, "D—m'em." Consternation immediately seized him. He wilted into his seat and amid the titter of his comrades, and the forgiving smile of the Professor, he felt that he was pardoned the breach of etiquette. There was a charm about Simpson's face which acted as a talisman among his patients, and if there was a weakness about him more prominent than another, it was that of promising to be everywhere and go everywhere, to relieve suffering humanity, when it