

years his class rose from fourteen to 261, and that, too, with his old friends Liston, Ferguson and Lizars lecturing in the same city, in regularly organized institutions. The triumvirate took up the cudgels against him and were so bitter against their successful rival, that when an opening occurred in the surgical staff of the Infirmary they "lobbied" the managers to reject his application. This enraged Syme, and the consequence was that he went and rented a large and commodious mansion known as "The Minto House," and established an Infirmary of his own, and so determined were he and his friends that the course of lectures delivered should be recognized at the "Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh," that the clique gave way, simply stipulating that the fees should be at a rate not to militate against themselves, and that his class should never exceed 45 students. Their opposition went still further, for when one of the surgeons of "The College of Surgeons" was appointed professor in the University, Syme applied for an appointment to the vacant chair, but the triumvirate were still against him, and seeing they could not well keep him out of it, they made a desperate effort to abolish the professorship altogether. They obtained a majority, but, as the scheme needed a two-third vote, they were foiled in this. They next brought their forces to bear on the candidates, and after a sharp struggle Syme was rejected, but next year he was elected without opposition as Professor of Clinical Surgery in the University. At the same time Liston received an appointment as Surgeon to the University College Hospital, London, and strange to say, after Liston's death, which occurred in 1847, Syme was strongly urged to fill his chair. Liston had, by his boldness and success in operations, become famous throughout christendom and to step into his shoes was no easy task, yet, Syme undertook it. He gave up a position which brought him in about \$3,500 and took one which had attached to it only \$750, but a glamour seemed to come over him in this respect and the fascination of introducing his method of teaching and his principles and practice into one of the largest Hospitals of the metropolis blinded him to the difficulties of the situation. A current of ill feeling had set in against "Provincials." The medical journals encored the philippics of the envious. The Scottish invasion of distinguished medical men could be borne no longer and the hue and cry grew in volume and reached its climax when Syme settled in London. The "canny" Scot was determined not to put his hand to the plough and look back. His first lecture showed the man. The students under his easy going predecessors ran riot. They did mostly as they liked, and were it not that Liston's enthusiasm in his work created a sort of *esprit de corps* in the class, a reign of wildest disorder would have been the result. Syme had not his brilliancy, but he had great force of character and at once by a direct appeal to their better nature, got hold of the helm and steered the bark safely and quietly. Not so with a majority of the native medical men of the city, and from the day he set his foot in the college to the day he left it a continual strategy was brought to bear upon him of the most offensive kind. Two noble exceptions were the distinguished anatomists Sharply and Quain and Surgeon Wornald of St. Bartholomew Hospital. These stood by him through thick and thin, and all his students were united