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TO THE EDITORS OF THE MONTREAL MEDICAL GAZETTE.

GENTLEMEN,—I regret very much being compelled to notice Dr. Holmes' last lucubration. I shall do this, however, as succinctly as possible. Being charitably disposed, I shall pass over many of the doctor's erroneous assertions, nor shall I disturb his manifest sophisms; your readers will derive special little advantage from the protraction of a discussion, which, as treated by the doctor is destitute of any utility, nor does it even possess the poor quality of being capable to amuse.

Dr. Holmes admits rather unwittingly that "the question at issue between Dr. Nelson and himself was of very small dimensions;" yet, strange to say, these said "small dimensions," required at the Dr.'s hands, no less than twenty closely printed pages to sustain his position; so true is it, that a bad and tottering edifice requires a vast number of props, (Dr. H.'s "extracts,") which, while they add to its unseemliness, endanger the safety of those that shelter there.

It may peradventure be, that the doctor was actuated by another motive in this display of *his* erudition and ingenuity. He must needs ape Goldsmith's hero, and eclipse him too.*

* In arguing too, the parson owned his skill;
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.