

## A MEDICO'S VISIT TO RICHMOND, VA.

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So widespread has the scribbling fever become, that it seems hardly an impertinence to "stop over one train" in a city and then write "impressions" thereupon. We are becoming so accustomed to take everything compressed into tablet form, that the scribe is supposed, like little Willie of story fame, to swallow the entire dinner tablet (of facts and fun) while the blessing is being asked.

The Richmond that extended a welcome to the 1899 meeting of the International Association of Railway Surgeons was smiling and very gracious. Her welcome, in two senses, was warm. Forty years ago Thackeray said, "Richmond is the merriest place and most picturesque in America." At that time no doubt it was true; but by the irony of fate the bright young city soon became rocked in the cradle of fire and blood—the horror of war. The years have passed, and now she presents a picture of historic interest, beautiful landscape, and wonderful commercial industry. In her streets the sounds of the up-to-date trolley car mingle strangely with the tingle of the bells of the old mule cars; the rickety cabs rattle along side by side with great drags laden with the merchandise that bespeaks large manufacturing interests; the graceful women of the South are outnumbered in the streets and parks by the gay darky ladies; and the pickaninnies—ye gods, they are in shoals, attired in wonderfully starched garments. Here, may we say, let the South settle the great negro problem we hear so much about. The Southerners understand it in its length, breadth and multiplicity, as the Northerners never can. The former treat their speckled beauties wisely and well, and yet get an odd good day's work out of them, and always the semblance at least of respect and obedience.

Passing from the streets into that palace of light, the Jefferson Hotel (the headquarters of the Convention), we soon were feeling the hearty handshakes and listening to pleasant remarks about "last year in Toronto," and immediately the Canadians were made to feel at home.

Of the scientific side of the meeting these feeble remarks have naught to say. A report appears in another part of this issue.

Many an hour was given for enjoyment and sight-seeing. Among the numerous places of interest visited were the Capitol Square, with its historic buildings and handsome monuments, also a drive around Hollywood Cemetery, the resting-place of many illustrious dead. The day previous to our visit had occurred the annual decorations of the graves of the soldiers, and fragrant with the breath of flowers was "God's acre." Jefferson Davis' resting-place was a veritable garden of roses, and now and then a breeze