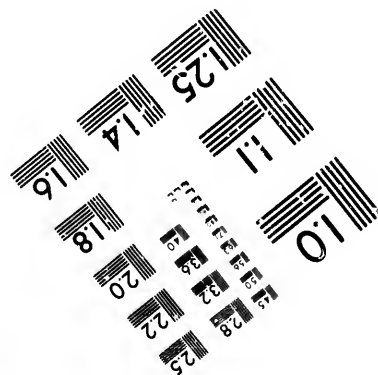
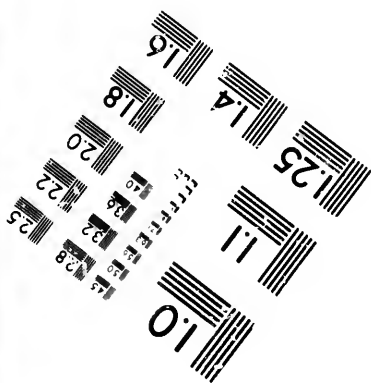
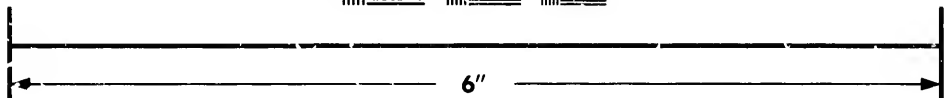
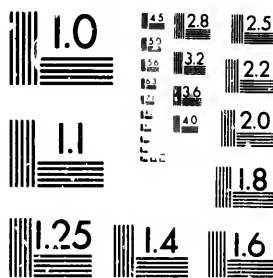


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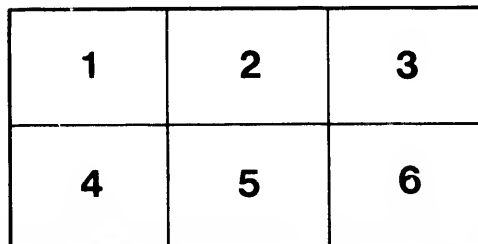
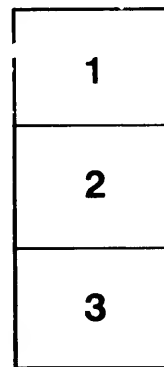
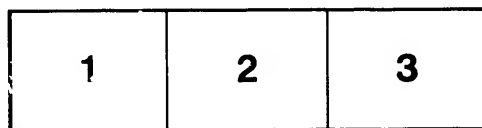
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3 INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

TO THE

Fifty-First Session of McGill Medical Faculty.

BY

JOSEPH WORKMAN, M.D. (McGill, '35),

OF TORONTO.

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## INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

TO THE

FIFTY-FIRST SESSION OF MCGILL MEDICAL FACULTY.

BY

JOSEPH WORKMAN, M.D. (MCGILL, '35), OF TORONTO.

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*Mr. Dean, Members of Faculties, Ladies and Gentlemen,—* Should I omit to tell you that the embarrassment under which I to-night labor in appearing before you as the inaugurator of the 51st lecture-course of your school is not very much alleviated by my sense of the honor conferred on me by the distinguished Faculty who have invited me to assume the pleasing function, I would be alike unjust to my own feelings and insensible of the paternal—may I not rather say *filial*?—affection so generously manifested towards me on the auspicious occasion of the entrance of this now vigorous and prosperous school on its second half century of honorable labour. I am not, indeed, oblivious of the fact that for this happy privilege I am indebted certainly neither to my professional reputation nor to my large scientific acquirements, but to the stern fact of far advanced age, coupled, however, with that which I regard as an honor of high distinction—the circumstance of my being, with one exception, or, as I would hope, two, the oldest surviving graduate, not only of this medical *school*, but of the University of McGill *College* itself, for, as you must all well know, the Medical Faculty was not its first-born offspring, but was virtually and undeniably its nursing mother. It should never be forgotten that McGill College, as a teaching, living institution, was for many years known only through the energising vitality infused into its

crushed and torpid stem by the engraftment on it of the Montreal Medical Institution, of which this school is the direct lineal descendant. To the far-seeing sagacity of the men who accomplished this initiatory work may fairly be ascribed the honor of rescuing from oblivion, if not, indeed, from germinal death, the seedling erewhile committed to a soil not then well prepared for its reception and nutrition by the generous and patriotic James McGill; but there is in every good deed an element of vitality which would often seem successfully to resist inimical influences, and to endue its possessor, as in the wheat-grain long stored away beneath the swathings of an Egyptian mummy, with a marvellous faculty of renascence. Still, we know that the hidden thing must be brought under the sun's genial rays, and skilfully and sedulously cultured. This has been the good fortune of McGill College, which, by the energy, ability and noble devotion of the teachers in its various instructional departments, has attained an eminence beyond the most sanguine expectations of its founder and its early friends. Surely to have lived to see what I have seen, and what I now see, of the growth and prosperity of my *Alma Mater*, is a boon calling for my thankfulness to a gracious Providence. Most truly may I say, "*Nihil habeo quod accusem senectutem*"; for when all this pleasure has fallen to my lot, and when now the consciousness of senile decadence is mitigated by the manifestation of the tender politeness of robust manhood and aspiring youth, must not my present happy experience neutralize all regret over declining mental vigor? May this experience, gentlemen, await you all! It is well worth living for; yes, it is well worth living for, through even a battling, worrying life. Yet, as no pleasure is exempt from some element of associate or resulting pain, so now do some mournful reminiscences press in on my retrospect of the long past, when I view the many blanks in the roll of early friends connected with this school, both in the relation of teachers and pupils. Most truly, "*Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, Regumque turres.*"

Long since have passed away the venerated men under whose instruction I took my seat three and fifty years ago, on the

modest benches of this school, in its infancy. They are gone, but their memory yet lives. I can still vividly recal the cheering placidity of the Nestor of the enterprise, to whose wise counsels and far-seeing predictive sagacity this school, and McGill College too, owe much more than has ever yet been accredited to him. Need I say that I allude to Dr. William Robertson? True it is, that he was not the Achilles of the longer than ten year's siege that preceded the surrender of the "Burnside" citadel, but he certainly was the able engineer who planned the lines of approach from which the final assault was to be made. In saying this, I detract not from the merits of my talented preceptor, Dr. John Stephenson, for from him I learned how valuable were the services of Dr. Robertson, who had, indeed, been his earliest medical preceptor. But valuable as were the wise counsels of Dr. Robertson in the founding of the medical school of McGill College, and in its early administration, I am abundantly warranted in stating that his services as a solid, reflective and painstaking teacher of the branches successively assumed by him were even more contributive to the ulterior success of the school. Would that, in corroboration of this frail tribute to his educational competency and zeal, I could now appeal to the testimony of others who profited by his wise and thoroughly practical precepts; but they are no longer here. I know, however, how highly they appreciated his abilities and acquirements, and I also know how valuable in after years were found his thoughtful, practical, and truly paternal instructions. In truth, we all regarded him with filial veneration.

Of the services of Dr. Stephenson, I know not what to say commensurate with either their efficiency or the irrepressible zeal and unflinching courage with which he performed them. We are told by some historians that Queen Mary (the Tudor) said to her courtiers that her heart, if examined after death, would show the word "Calais" engraved on it. If such a pathological finding may fall within the range of imaginative anatomy, we might poetically affirm that McGill College must have been legibly inscribed on the heart of Dr. Stephenson, for it constituted the warp and woof of his thoughts by day, and of his

dreams in the night ; but not, as Queen Mary, was he fated to weep over the loss of the fortress. It was his fortune to realize the final success of his strenuous efforts ; and though he was too early called from the scene of his labors, he lived long enough to see the object of his cherished hopes established on a secure foundation ; and though the noble structures now held by your *Alma Mater* have been erected since his era, I would almost dare to say to those enquiring for his veritable memorial, as was sculptured of Christopher Wren—

*“ Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice.”*

I well remember his laments over the blank indifference, the chilling discouragements, and sometimes even the ill-disguised sneers he encountered in his earnest work, and these, too, in quarters from which he had a right to look for aid and encouragement. In after times, when it was seen that there was life in the thing, and some of the previously apathetic and motionless became inspired with a fervid love for McGill College, I could not help thinking how successful is success, and how inviting to flies is honey. Lord Chesterfield congratulated Samuel Johnson on the success of his dictionary, and even offered to become its future patron, but the Grub Street literary Hercules declined the honor. Just as honest old Sam *then* felt, must Dr. Stephenson many times have felt towards his new-born congratulators. He was not a man of honeyed words, but he had a good command of language, which was sometimes more forcible than flattering. This was, perhaps, rather his constitutional misfortune than his deliberate fault. He was warm in his friendships, but not always just in his resentments. His precipitancy of decision sometimes led him into errors, out of which the retracing of his steps was a task too humiliating for his self esteem ; yet, with all his faults, or rather his failings, he acquitted himself, in every relation of life, with well merited general approbation.

I next come to the name of one whose memory will long be cherished, not only in this College, but in the entire community. It is that of the good, gentle, modest, patient and hard-working Andrew F. Holmes. Every industrious student that had the privilege of sitting under his instruction, or of asking his pater-

nal advice, found in him a real friend and a wise and frank counsellor. He was scrupulously punctual in all his engagements. We all knew that both in his class hours and those of his hospital visits we should lose no time in waiting for his appearance, and I doubt not that the good example thus given us by him proved fruitful in after years. Of all the qualities desirable in a medical practitioner, as, indeed, in any other member of society, none is more laudable, or more important, than punctuality in carrying out appointments. When this practice passes onward into habit, as it is in time sure to do, and when it is combined with general good order, as it was in an eminent degree in Dr. Holmes, it is sure in the end to command general respect, and to win that public reliance which more brilliant qualities, unassociated with it, often fail to secure or to retain. Of Dr. Holmes, as an honored member of society and an exemplary Christian man, eulogy, within this city, would be but intrusive supererogation. Nothing that is truly good can die. Goodness is as immortal as its Divine Author; and though men die, their good deeds live after them, and often prove abundantly reproductive. So has it been, I believe, with Dr. Holmes; and what better proof of the fact need I seek for than my present surroundings.

In reserving the name of Dr. Caldwell for the last place in this commemoration, I desire not to be understood as ascribing to him any inferior rank in the noble band of pioneers, but as he was called from life before the school had made much promising advance, and, indeed, before I took up the course of practice of medicine, I am unable to speak of his merits as a lecturer, unless in so far as I derived my information from other students, and especially from his private pupils, in whose number my lamented friend the late Dr. David was a devoted admirer, who never failed to manifest his high appreciation of the abilities and the personal worth of Dr. Caldwell. One thing was well known to us all, and that was, that Dr. Caldwell was a high-minded, polished gentleman; and I can add, for I well know the fact, that he earnestly co-operated with his colleagues in the arduous work of founding this school, and of fostering it in its struggling infancy.

Gentlemen, Professors, my purpose in offering the preceding lingering reminiscences of your school is two-fold. I would have you "to look back unto the rock out of which you were hewn, and the pit whence ye have been digged," but at the same time to look forward to the grandeur of the pile which you have been striving, and must continue to strive, to raise. Your school, in my days, could boast of only four teachers. I see it now numbers a score; and what between the splitting up of old chairs and the framing of new ones, it is utterly beyond the comprehension of an old foggy like me to divine the infinite divisibility or the immeasurable expansiveness of modern medicine. Pray Jupiter that you may not end by setting the St. Lawrence on fire, and destroying the shipping interests of this grand city,—which would be just the same as annihilating the city itself, for have not your river and its ships made Montreal what it now is? Of course I do not, in saying this, overlook the intellectual contribution of McGill College, nor the substantial quota furnished by the assiduous feeder of your commerce—my own modest province of Ontario.

I confess, however, that my fears in the direction of the danger just hinted at are materially allayed when I look down your programme of subjects, and see that your split-up chairs have not been reserved for kindling wood, but fissilated into a new brood, with a very judicious distribution of labor to each; and as to your new branches, I doubt not they are all very desirable additions in a complete course of medical education; still, I must say that I mourn not having escaped them, for I doubt whether, even with the aid of a hammer and cold chisel, they could all have been driven into my brain case. Thus far, gentlemen, professors, to you specially.

But you, dear suffering saints of students! what words can I find wherewith to depict your martyrdom? First and second year's men are, I see, caged and cribbed, with, *perhaps*, a few brief intermissions, from 9 in the morning until 10 in the night, and who knows how much your landladies deplore your consumption of midnight oil or your waste of gas? True, you are allowed a bit of Saturday afternoons as a respite, but I would

not be at all surprised to learn that you spend this in the dissecting rooms. How do you find time for shaving, darning your stockings, or sparking? Some of you, however, may as yet be beardless, and some of the more captivating of your number may have met with obliging cousins (you know what I mean), who close up the breaches of continuity in your pedal envelopes, and in all probability you will conserve your hirsute appendages, as the fair sex seem to favour this caprous variety of the *genus homo*. Still, your case is a hard one, not much better than that of Hood's toiler in his "Song of the Shirt." If, however, you live through your tribulations, you will be as stout as Indian braves, and prepared for any amount of killing.

As to you, third and fourth year's men, little need be said; like the Dublin fishwife's eels, you have become so used to flaying that you will flinch at nothing. So hold on, for if you drop off, your comrades will have no time to pick you up, and your cousins will lament their loss of time in darning and other promising amusements.

"*Dulce est desipere in loco*," says Horace, but some of you may think joking is here rather out of place. The frogs in the fable found no joke in being pelted with stones by idle boys, so I think it may be best to divert your attention to another subject, on which I promise you I shall be very serious.

Do you ever reflect how well it is for you that you have entered life after the advent of railroad traveling, electric telegraphing, ocean steam navigation, &c.? I am sure you very often gaze enraptured over those lovely photographs which you have brought with you, to keep warm your devotion to certain divinities, the mysteries of whose worship you have not required to come to this school to learn. All these triumphs of science and inventive art have been achieved since my student days. But a question yet more important is,—Have you duly appreciated the educational facilities you have enjoyed, contrasted with the lack of these, which fell to the lot of your fathers and grandfathers; and, coming home to your present position, do you duly value the profuse advantages now presented to you in this flourishing and well distinguished medical school? If you do, seize them

and profit from them while they are within your reach ; opportunity neglected is often very shy of return, or even very resentful. Procrastination is not only the thief of time, but very frequently the successful hider of the stolen treasure. Some of you no doubt purpose, after quitting these benches, to pass onward to the great schools of Europe. This is well, and your present teachers will approve of your determination ; but if this expectation leads you to slight present opportunities, as in truth I have sometimes observed it to do, it would be far better that your pecuniary resources were too slender to warrant the expenditure. I am quite sure that your experienced advisers here will tell you that in order to profit well by your studies abroad, you must carry a good supply of knowledge from home, and with this the fixed purpose of persistent industry and of adding all you can to your stock.

An old English proverb, which must have been coined in France, says :

“ Send a goose to Dover,  
And he will come a goose over.”

The pronoun shows that this goose must have been a gander, consequently he was not a good sitter. I have, in my time, seen a few of these anserine wanderers take wing and come back again ; some rather thin of feathers, but others in full plumage, and much improved in gabbling powers. Nobody ever suspected they would come back swans. But, on the other hand, I have known many clever, hard-working young men who crossed the seas and profited largely, because they started with a good capital, which they brought back largely augmented ; and with this they also brought back, not decreased, but even enlarged, their constitutional modesty. Wherever you may go, gentlemen, take care of this commodity. It is an adornment no less becoming in a physician than in a woman, and as all sensible persons know that it is most usually and most largely found in those whose large acquirements have taught them how much they have yet to earn, its possessors must, in the long run, become, if not the richest in this world's gear, yet the richest in the good opinion of all those whose esteem is worth striving for.



It is a most gratifying fact, and, indeed, one of which Canadians should feel proud, that so many of our young men have acquitted themselves with honorable distinction in foreign schools. We may rest assured that these devotees of science have striven, not alone to win honor to themselves, but to add more to their colleges at home. This is a noble proof of laudable ambition and true patriotism; let us hope that it may continue to be often exhibited, for we have a country worth honoring and loving, a grand inheritance, which we must well guard and cultivate, that we may hand it down, not merely unwasted, but amplified and enriched, to posterity.

I might here, young friends, close what I have to say to you, for though your venerable Dean, in his letter of invitation to me, made a good-natured allusion to my quondam experience as a medical teacher, I have not the hardihood, in the presence of those who constitute your professorial staff, to offer a word of suggestion as to the manner in which you should apply yourselves to the study of the various branches which you will have to master. You are in the hands of able, learned and honorable men, who will fail in nothing that may tend to your best interests. There is, however, one subject on which I would detain you for a little longer, and it is one on which my age and prolonged observance have given me some pretensions to speak with strong conviction. What I desire to say more immediately concerns those of your number who are nearing the close of their studies, and are naturally looking anxiously forward to the time when they shall take their position in the ranks of authorized practitioners of the art of medicine, but as I shall never have another opportunity of addressing you, I would request that you will all give kind consideration to my words.

I would then beg of you that you will, when you enter the field of practice, carry with you, into it, some adequate protection against the misfortune of idleness. Do not flatter yourselves that a host of sick people will be waiting for your kind attentions or your superior skill, or that those who are in good health will endeavour to become sick, in order to recruit your slender finances. You will have much wearisome waiting, not merely

for patients, but, alas! for the payment of your hard-earned fees; you will have many an hour of trying expectation, not less trying than that of a spider, yearning for the visit of a hunger-relieving fly. Learn, then, a lesson from the spider, for spiders are sagacious artists. I here allude to their skill in weaving, not in killing, which you had better not imitate. They are very close stayers at home, and they never keep a decent caller long waiting at their bell-pull. I cannot tell you how they contrive to while away their waiting hours. Most probably a good deal of it is spent in that physiological process which psychologists now call unconscious cerebration, but it is very reasonable to believe that they are then elaborating new material for use in future exigencies. In this operation you may profitably imitate them, but your cerebration had better be of the conscious sort. We know more of what they are not doing when watching their lines, than we do of their domestic engagements. They are not smoking, nor playing cards, and nothing could tempt them out to a horse-race, a cock-fight, or a nigger dance. They may not shun taverns, for flies are plentiful there; but you may rely on it, they would prefer that these patients did not poison their blood with alcohol. You will be exactly of the same opinion, in due time, if you cultivate the patronage of tavern frequenters, for they are both bad patients and bad pay. As to the class of literature most indulged in by our arachnidian brethren, I can only tell you that it is not trashy dime novels, or newspaper politics and sensational balderdash. By none of these could their spinning powers be nourished, or their intellectual faculties strengthened. I doubt whether they have, or need, any protection tariffs, though they are very earnest patrons of home industry, and they waste no time in bunkum speeches in election contests. They are profound believers in the virtue of anæsthetics, but you had better not push these pain-killers to the lethal extent which they prefer.

Now, as regards young medical practitioners, but especially those who settle in rude rural districts, in which society is necessarily of the least cultivated order, it has been my painful observance that too large a proportion fall into habits of idleness,

intellectual and moral torpor, and ultimately confirmed dissipation; nor, in truth, have these unfortunates been, in general, the least promising, or the least talented, members of the profession. I could furnish a far too numerous list of names that once ranked high in their several classes, and did honor to themselves and their teachers, but who—some sooner, some later—dropped out of the ranks of the respected, and passed out of life, sad wrecks of both physical and mental powers.

How are we to account for these calamities? Are there no means by which they may be averted? Before we can pretend to approach the treatment of any disease, it is indispensable that we understand its causes, both remote and immediate, as also the pathological results of their operation. In the cases now in question, we see but too clearly the morbid processes in progression; and both the ante-mortem and the post-mortem revelations convince us of the impotency of treatment. Prevention, we are certain, is everything; cure, nothing. We must begin at the beginning, and try to strangle the lurking foe. We must not wait to kick him out, for his posteriors are kick-proof. Keep him out, and kill him there, while he is killable.

Now as to these maleficent causes, we can hardly hope to unearth them all, for they may sometimes be both numerous and complex. I shall therefore restrict my observations to but a few of those which appear to me most prominent. I do believe that not the least potent one is the persistent mental overstrain undergone by some students of feeble enduring powers in their college courses. Having applied themselves too intently and too hurriedly to the proper subjects of their training, they become, at the end, utterly tired out, and, once liberated from their drudgery, they revolt against any resumption whatever of their past studies, despite the fact that on graduation day they may have been told by their zealous and well-wishing Dean that they must ever continue students, or, indeed, that they must consider their real studies as only then beginning. All this is very good, and beautifully sentimental, but, somehow or other, jaded brains, as well as tired limbs, ache for rest, and weakened mental stomachs call, at the least, for some change of diet. Change of mental aliment

might, in these cases, work admirably, but how or where is it to be had? The libraries of young practitioners are not redundantly stored with volumes of classic literature, nor even with those on scientific subjects in affinity with their own; and rural libraries, where such really exist, present but a meagre number outside the run of sensational novels, distensively padded biographies, and wonder-filled travels. As to congenial, improving, intellectual society, any such hypothesis, in the villages and bush settlements of Canada, or even in the richer agricultural parts, would be too ridiculous a delusion to be indulged in by any one outside of Bedlam. What, then? Must our young Æsculapeans, forced into wilderness exile and benumbing monotony because of the want of elbow-room in the cities and towns, be hopelessly doomed to mental, moral and physical degeneracy? Surely not. Surely adequate prophylactic means are available for their protection from the destructive virus. I rejoice to see that three lessons per week are given in this school in the enticing field of Botany; and could I only know that the lectures of your distinguished Principal on Natural History were faithfully followed by all medical students, my hopes of their future safety would be strong. Show me a young man who is a lover of Botany, Zoology, or Geology, and I will feel assured that he will never be an idler, nor even be at a loss as to how to fill up his spare time both pleasantly and profitably. He will find beauty and marvellous order and design in every, even the lowliest, flower or leaf, the meanest insect, the coarsest pebble, or the most unseemly rock in his pathway,—in short, “books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.” Would not mental food such as this prove admirably nutritive and recuperative to overworked brains, and infinitely more conducive to professional success and the conservation of pecuniary resources than smoking, card-playing, horse-racing, and all that ilk, ending in never-failing tipping? In good, solid literature, another most valuable resource will be at the command of those whose domestic and academic education has prepared their faculties and taste for its appreciation; and as all medical students are supposed to have acquired a passable

knowledge of at least one of the ancient classic tongues, they cannot fail, after diligent attention to the grand models here presented to them, to appreciate elegance of diction, clearness and purity of style, and verbal frugality.

A correct knowledge of the structure of the Latin language will serve as an easy introduction to its four descendants—the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and French, and irrespective altogether of the rich literary treasures to be found in these, the very process of studying their structural peculiarities, their distinctive powers, and their interesting affinities, can never fail to be a source of real pleasure to every one who embarks in this improving study. It is a great mistake to regard such work as a heavy task. I know of none more easy or pleasant.

As regards preserving fresh in the minds of students their acquaintance with the ancient classics, I cannot do better than to reproduce here an advice, which I well remember; given by Dr. Robertson in an opening lecture of this school. It was, that his hearers should every day read, at least, a page in some of the authors studied by them in their academic course. This, he said, he had made his own rule, and it had become to him a source of real pleasure. I have followed Dr. Robertson's advice as faithfully as possible, and I have no hesitation in now handing it down to you, as that of a clever and worthy man.

Most of you, I presume, have read with admiration those delightful words of Cicero, in praise of refining studies, in his defence of the poet Archias:—

*“Haec studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium praebent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.”*

Yes, it is beyond all question, that “those ennobling and refining studies, which nourished the young, will give pleasure to their old age; they will ornament prosperity, and prove a refuge and solace in adversity; they will be charming at home, and not embarrassing abroad; they will be interwoven in our dreams, bear us company in our travels, and tarry with us in our rustic relaxations.”

I have said nothing to you of the protective influence to be derived from sound religious instruction and unswerving faith

in your Heavenly Protector. The function of inculcating these pertains to another order of preceptors, whose ministrations, I take it for granted, you have been early taught to seek, and to defer to with reverential respect. Nothing that I have said will, I trust, be found at variance with their teaching.

May I now, gentlemen of the Faculty, indulge in a few prophetic words embodying my present anticipations of the future of your school and its thriving motherly daughter, the University of McGill College ; but in anything I may say, I must entreat you not to suppose that I am at all indifferent to the claims on my respect and fealty of the educational institutions of my own long adopted province. My heart is warm to all, but I cannot forget my first love. For whatever professional competency I had to start on, or whatever success fell to my lot in after years, I was indebted to the able men who, under such an array of difficulties and discouragement, founded this school. You may, then, well believe with what hearty satisfaction I have watched your prosperous course.

Your distinguished Principal, Dr. Dawson, once, within this College, expressed to me his deep regret that McGill University labored under the disadvantage, as compared with ours of Ontario, of having had no governmental endowment. I replied that my views in this direction differed from his ; for it was my apprehension that the very amplitude of the primary (and shamefully mismanaged) endowment of ours would eventuate in its ulterior indigence. What are the facts ? Whilst yours has again and again been receiving munificent donations and bequests, ours has fallen heir to nothing from the dead, and has received very little from the living. Within the past two years we have buried (not lost) three millionaires in Toronto alone. Of the dead we are instructed to speak well, or remain silent ; yet is not that life which leaves nothing better to be remembered of it than the flinty fact of the heaping together of a pile of gold, a pitiable blank ? Blank, then, be its memory : the charity of silence is all the honor we can award to it. What a contrast to our mole-burrow does your noble city present ? Here the true value and purpose, and, let me add, the responsibility, of

wealth, seem to be understood. Your rich and generous citizens appear to consider money as valuable in proportion to the amount of good it enables them to do, and to regard themselves as faithful stewards, accountable for its disposal. By their munificent gifts to McGill College University, and to numerous other public institutions, they have won to themselves, and have conferred on the city of Montreal, an honor, of which they and all their fellow-citizens may well feel proud, and you need not hesitate to expect their liberality to be largely imitated. I do believe the tide of your good fortune has only begun to set in. Your McGills, Molsons, Redpaths, Logans, Frothinghams, Scotts, Mills, Smiths, Greenshields, Stuart-Gales—(but here I must stop, for, to enumerate all the benefactors of McGill College would require whole pages of this paper)—have but led the way. Their example will prove potently inducing, let us even hope widely contagious, though not, I trust, perilously epidemic, for a plethora of wealth is not conducive to the highest efficiency of educational establishments. I think, however, this evil will not befall you in my time. Could I but hope that the benign neurosis which promises to become so widespread here among your merchant princes and large capitalists—yes, and a goodly number of the lighter pursed—would become itinerant, and wend its way up the St. Lawrence and over our Lakes, would I not rejoice to welcome its advent, and would I not cheerfully minister to its subjects, and whisper to them that their symptoms were all promising, and their present disorder would prove eminently protective against a virulent and incurable malady which would not only torment themselves through life, but in all probability become hereditary? If any of you believe that the little nerve-modulator may be propagated by inoculation, or skin-grafting, I wish you would supply me with a little of the pure lymph, or a few small skin patches, that I might induce our physicians to make the experiment on two or three of the *elite* of our wealthy class. If the process proved successful, we could keep up our own supply, for the affection would be sure to become fashionable, and respectable too. Our fine University would then no longer have to whine over its inadequate revenues.

Among the indications of your prosperity and sagacity, I must not overlook one fact, which is truly gratifying to me, as it must also be to all my fellow provincials ; it is the appearance on your professional list of three names of former residents of Ontario, all of whom have been well known to me as able and industrious workers, and as highly esteemed members of society. It is my earnest hope, and, indeed, my firm belief, that these gentlemen will add lustre to your school ; nay, one of them has already done so, and has carried your name with honor far into both the old and the new world.

I have above given you credit for sagacity in your appointments, but I should add to this virtue—justice. Your list of graduates shows that no less than 236 of the entire number are now living residents of Ontario, or about 25 per cent. If to these we add the number deceased, the proportion would probably equal 30 per cent. These figures, taking into consideration the three able competing schools in Ontario, must be to you very gratifying, and should amply justify your recent nominations.

Having now said as much as the time allowable to the occasion warrants, I would yet crave the privilege of adding a few words in commemoration of departed friends and fellow-students, some of whom have left in this school and this city a record which requires no posthumous contribution from me.

The first graduate of McGill College was William Logie, in the year 1833. He was a private pupil of Dr. Robertson, and was well known as a young gentleman of excellent character, superior abilities, and commendable industry. Like myself, a matrimonial alliance led him out of Lower Canada.

Next to him, in 1834, came John Finlayson and Edward P. McNaughton. The former lived until a few years ago. He died in Elora, where he had practised successfully for many years. Poor McNaughton was fond of duck-shooting, and was accordingly drowned near his home at St. Anne's. He was a warm-hearted, impulsive, open-mouthed, good fellow.

I must here add, though, I am happy to say, not yet on the death-roll, the name of a very dear friend, Dr. Roderick McDonald of Cornwall, a graduate of this year, whose moral superior I have never known.



The year 1835, that of my own graduation, brings me to the name of a departed one, not to be forgotten by me nor by my good partner in life,—it is that of Pierre Dansereau, who stood as my best man on the happy occasion of my wedding, within five weeks after our admission to the doctorate of medicine and surgery. So you may suppose, young friends, I did not spend every night in my fifth year in nothing but medical studies. Dr. Dansereau was possessed of superior talents, and was an industrious and apt student. Of his personal worth, I shall merely say that he was a perfect specimen of French Canadian gentlemanhood, and this renders further eulogy uncalled-for.

The year 1836 brings me to the graduation of Lewis H. Gauvreau, William Fraser, and William Sutherland. Dr. Gauvreau was a gentleman of good parts, but he committed that sin which should never be pardoned to a medical man. He went into Parliament—a company which I advise you all to stand clear of. It is totally unsuited to doctors, unless they repudiate their vocation: and, in truth, I have been assured by old Parliamentary stagers that doctors are unsuited to it.

Of Dr. Fraser, many in this city must still preserve warm remembrance. He was a man of exemplary industry, solid, practical sense, and sterling probity. He held for many years one of the chairs of this school, and I had the pleasure of learning from his students that his teaching was most thoughtful and instructive.

I now come to Wm. Sutherland; but here words fail me, and words could not express all that I wish to convey of my admiration and esteem of this early friend. Of some persons we can say little, because we have but little known them. Of William Sutherland I know not what to say, because I knew him so well, and to know *him* well, was to love him dearly. He was the very soul of candour; his friendship was as firm as it was warm; his love of truth and of true manhood was as strong as was his detestation of duplicity and meanness. He was no changeling, and I believe all the friends of his youth continued such to the end of his too brief life. Of his service in this school, many on your roll of graduates have borne grateful testimony, and I am sure

his loss will long be deplored by your staff. Why, then, seek to add a leaf to the evergreen wreath of his memory? He is gone whither we all must follow, but while we who knew him remain, his memory will not die.

I might prolong this death roll by adding many other names, but I must already have taxed your feelings and your patience too heavily. I shall therefore mention only Walter Jones, the two brothers Charles and Edward Sewell, — McNider, Archibald Hall, and Aaron Hart David. These were students of this school, but they graduated abroad.

And now that you have so kindly accompanied me through my mournful retrospect, and looked down with me into the dark valley, I pray you to accept my hearty thanks for the privilege so considerately afforded me by you, on this auspicious and solemn occasion, of telling you how much and how lastingly I love your school, and venerate the University of which it so long has been, is now, and, as I pray, may continue to be, so honorable a department. I know I shall never again have a similar opportunity, for I feel that I stand very near the top of the roll of the survivors of life's battle, and the date of my call-off cannot be distant. And now that I find not words of my own in which to utter my present feelings, permit me to offer those of Erin's sweetest melodist:—

“ When I remember all  
 The friends, so link'd together,  
 I've seen around me fall,  
 Like leaves in wintry weather,  
 I feel like one  
 Who treads alone  
 Some banquet-hall deserted,  
 Whose lights are fled,  
 Whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed.”



