INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS ON MEDICAL STUDY AND PRACTICE.

Delivered at the opening of the Leeds School of Medicine.

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GENTLEMEN,—The lapse of time, and the revolution of affairs within these walls, have called me once more into this chair, and have made me your President for another term. The bridge which carries us from youth to age is a narrow one, and many of us have passed over to the other side before we are aware of the passage, but an event of this kind compels me to know to-day that although it seems but as yesterday when I gave my first lecture in the old school, or my former address as your president in the new school, yet much of the little span of life has run off since those days, and I must now reckon myself among the elders.

Happy years pass quickly, and I cannot wish they had dragged along with a heavier load. We cannot stop the wheel of time. That would be hard on our juniors whom time ambles withal; but he is never old who keeps green the memories of youth, and whose heart is open to the promise of new springs. To you, my young friends, who in all the blithe spirit and dancing blood of your years, gather upon these benches for the first time, I am still young enough at least to offer a generous welcome, and, I think, still to live again in your hopes. To see you before me warms once more my heart with a fire which is, perhaps, the quickest flame of my life; I feel it now—the glowing sense of my first freedom. On the first day of my university life, after my breakfast in a small upper floor sitting-room in a dark little street in Cambridge, and as I sat at my own table, the reality came upon me, like a living coal in my breast, that for the first time I was free, free and my own; that for weal or woe, sorrow or gladness, my own, thenceforth, were the builder's hands, and the infinite world around me mine, too, if I could win it. Do not think, gentlemen, that my ambitions were then lofty and academic—five thousand a year and a four-horse team to drive, or the best three brace of setters, and a grouse-moor—such were the raw visions over which my eye was rolling. Nay, more, the first uses of my freedom were, I regret to say, anything but edifying. Like that horse we were wont to read of in the *Delectus*, "*Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto*," I was more disposed to become a "restless ramp," as Spenser says, than to work in the round of a mild-eyed student. Luckily, one is brought up soon and sharply in such ways by the hard edges and corners of this world, and learns philosophy while plastering broken shins.

It is rather tiresome to find that, if free one's self, other people are free, too, and making free, and will open that oyster, the world, with their swords pretty quickly, and keep their own and more if we do not claim our part. Thus the free man learns to become the tyrant to himself and to buckle on his harness, first from sheer need, afterwards because he finds that if he has outgrown the dispensation of the law, it is not to relapse into a "warped slip of wildness," but to expand into a larger growth, and put on the new armour of light.

That on your first freedom, gentlemen, you should be tempted to extravagance is likely enough, and you may be led into some of that waste of power which your professor of physiology tells you may be a condition of new growth. A lad of spirit and courage may sometimes even be more likely to play the fool than one whose nature is less exuberant. Some young men are sedate and placid not because their principles are strong, but their impulses feeble. Yet freedom, with all its waste and error, is a glorious inheritance, and into this you now enter. Let us, by timely warning, keep your wills and desires in the right way. You escape from the uniformity of mechanical discipline in order that you may develop for yourselves a living system, inspired by your own energies, and drawing in food from many sides. And, remember, freedom brings its losses also. While in tutelage, with no anxiety of your own, you had all your needs cared for, now you are free you must take thought for your own tomorrow. The strength you will waste henceforth is your own, the stores you dissipate your own in-gathering.

O young men, why will you buy again experience so dear, when

we are crying wisdom in the streets for naught? Let us who have passed by your way never have to look with sympathetic sadness upon opportunities unseen, upon chances slipped away, upon time wasted and wasting you again, upon squandered wits and powers dissipated. Young men, the world belongs to you, the future is in your womb—is your child; nourish the life—the promise that is within you; brood over that which you shall see, that which prophets and kings have desired to see, and have not seen it. You have time; nay, if you have let time slip, you may seize it again, for the mill of God grinds slowly, though it grind exceeding small.

Seek then counsels of perfection, make the best of yourselves, and you shall be fit for any work which shall be your lot; that which you choose to-day is one worthy of your strength. You students are told this day in a score of pulpits that you have cast in your lot for a noble profession. Do not think, the pulpsters will hasten to add, that you will make any money by it; let him who hath notions so sordid as that beware of our precincts. Look forward to a noble but unappreciated existence; your board will be bare, you will not even have the comfort of knowing that any doctor in Great Britain has been made a lord, but your meat shall be the bread of knowledge, and your reward the consciousness of your lofty avocation.

Now, gentlemen, if it come to crowing, my throat is as wide as another's; but is not all this unreal talk better avoided? Even you have been in the world long enough to know that a man's profession is, in point of nobleness, pretty much what he chooses to make of it; and that, in all probability, a set of doctors are as good an average as any other set of equally well educated men, and no better. Like other people, we have our faults and our virtues, and we sum up much as the rest. No clear-minded man will believe that your hard-working parents are likely to put you into a profession which, in money and personal advantages together, does not offer as good a livelihood as another. Taking my professional friends all round, their houses are as cosy, their wives as well dressed, their dinners as good, their wall-papers as æsthetic, as are those of our like in other callings. If you know your work and please your clients—or, as I ought to put it, if you please your clients and know your work—you will enjoy as comfortable an income as any man is likely to have who starts with your small capital; and many little social privileges besides which add to its value. As to the nobility of your calling, a man may sell fish to the glory of God—that, remember, is as it may please you to make it.

Essentially speaking, to patch up a man's clay carries to my mind no sense of inherent nobleness as a calling. Skill, knowledge acuteness, all these it must have; nobility, none necessarily.

A man may yearn with all his soul to be pious and upright; he may train all his mind to be a good citizen; he may burn out his heart with desire after perfection as painter or poet; nay, he may strain every nerve only to be a fine horseman or a crack shot, and have our admiration; but, if he be possessed mainly by the fear of death or disease, and if he dwell continually upon the behaviour of his inwards, we scarcely admire bravery among his virtues. The doctor deals with needs which are subordinate in the great purposes of life. Like him who made two blades of grass grow where one grew before, his useful business is to conserve or develop forces for higher ends than his own. If we be driven to such an issue, it is better we should be a free and great-hearted nation than a healthy one. The ringing times of great Elizabeth, with the sweating sickness and the black death, are a far grander heritage for Englishmen than times of lesser men who ripened with the patriarchs. Nay, my friend Dr. B. W. Richardson would be the first to fly from his own dukedom of Hygeia if its dreary inhabitants worshipped the God of Cleanliness only, and dwelt ignobly content in their own security from bacteria. It is our business, gentlemen, to extend life to its utmost tether. To this end we spend our skill, our learning, and our shrewdness. It is for man to see that such life is worth preserving. For him it is to know that to die in youth gloriously is better than to live ignobly for a century; and I read with pain the sneers of those who even jealously seek to diminish the national reward of great chiefs who have staked life for life at their country's call. To say they are rewarded for destroying life, while we are unrewarded for saving life, is a perversion of the truth. Those men are decorated with titles appropriately, because such titular ornaments derive from times earlier and other than these, and belong to State services. Such decorations are, indeed, scarcely in the spirit of modern civilisation, and could not naturally arise in a new society. In our own, they are honourable and picturesque traditions, and better reserved for ancient forms of State service

The services of the private physician or surgeon are of a private and personal character, and rendered, not to the State, but to the individual. Public medicine is, indeed, working out the conditions of those great social fusions which hereafter shall absorb individual wills into new wholes, and reveal the future of mankind—societies as yet thwarted and disintegrated by the degrading and repulsive squalor of modern trade-work. As yet, however, it does not deal with very large conceptions, nor with the higher aims of national life. Therefore, all the recent cries for "Doctors in the House of Lords," for "Political power for the profession," and so forth, appear to me to be based upon a false and, I must add, an undignified idea of the republic of science.

Eminent medical publicists make stirring cries of the political powerlessness of the profession, of our lack of organisation, of the neglect of medical trades-union questions in the Houses of Parliament, and so forth. I honour those speakers who give their time and energy to elevate the profession; but their ideals and mine are not the same. As to organisation, is there any British profession so usefully organised as our own? If organisation is to mean the dictation of creedmongers, and the suppression of all intellectual variety, then I, for one, am content to be disorganised. If political power means the setting up of some medical semaphore in one or other House, who may consent to utter only our shibboleths, and take from us his sole political colour, then I, for one, am content to be politically powerless.

Do I say, then, that your lives shall be mean lives? God forbid! "Invocavi, et in me venit spiritus sapientie, et preposui illam regnis et sedibus."

Most of you, perhaps all who listen to me as students, have set yourselves on towards a light which shines brighter upon your faces than upon mine, and of those who belong to my sphere of service. The general practitioner of medicine, as I often witness, even to my shame, devotes his profession, and indeed his life, to the good of others, after a fashion which ennobs any work. Herein, gentlemen, is our true patent of nobility, loftier far than any coronet. The doctor who does, however, honestly, the work only that he is paid for is rare in the ranks of general practice; and his life, I repeat, is a useful, but not a noble one. General practitioners obey a far larger and more lovely idea than that. Our blood has been stirred by the devotion of those medical officers who have exposed themselves, unarmed, in the battlefield, to save friend or foe from cruel and lingering death.

Our brethren walk fearlessly, unconscious of heroism, beside the pestilence, snatching men from its breath, and bearing away the stricken to safety. When the typhus epidemic fell upon us in 1863, and our fever hospital was a pest-house, men from general practice stood by me, holding their own lives cheap at the call of duty and humanity. Mr. Burroughes died at his post; Mr. Swann died at his post; Mr. Libby, happily now living, was smitten heavily, and barely rose again from his bed. Yet I had no lack of volunteers.

If of another nature, yet of our band are those devoted men who have gone fearlessly into the very den of cholera to search out the secret of its malignant power, and to teach mankind to defeat it. Hardly had they begun their task when we had to mourn their captain's death—the brave M. Thuillier—who fell upon the threshold of his labours. May his noble comrades have their peaceful revenge.

Less brilliant, but, in its steadfast unselfishness, perhaps, incomparable, is the voluntary sanitary work done by general practitioners before the establishment of sanitary districts. Of these services, the careless public is yet scarcely aware. Did the members of any other profession ever seek odium, and even rancorous enmity, by persistent endeavours to cut down their own incomes in the interests of their clients? To speak plainly: enteric fever, for instance, was worth perhaps a steady hundred a-year to many a town or country practice—not counting the luck of epidemics. Now, hundreds of doctors—you know many of them yourselves—in human pity, have striven to suppress this and other such maladies; spoiling their own incomes, and earning, not the thanks, but even the curses of the public; offending not the poor, but the rich—the landlords, the thriving farmers, the Poor-law guardians—the class upon whom the rest of their shrunken practice must depend. I think of one now whose health prematurely failed on this militant, yet bootless path.

Again, in the quiet heroism of daily life, these same men and their brethren labour, day and night, for sick and suffering persons, who can never repay them in money. Some walk in the squalid and hideous places of large towns; others among the poor widely scattered over moor and fell.

I said to one of these, as I pointed to a vast mountain-side deep in snow—"How do poor fellows up there get aid in winter?" "O,

we have to go somehow," he cheerily replied. "And how are you ever paid for such labour?" "Never," he said. "But there is no doctor for seven miles on that side, for five miles on that side, nor even for ten miles on the other; and if an old chap gets a strangulated hernia in the middle of the night up there, one is bound to go."

I silently took my first-class seat in an express train homewards, with a cheque in my pocket, thinking—and these are the men who are called "the lower grade" of the profession, and who are not fit even to vote for their own Colleges of Physicians or Surgeons.

Gentlemen,—Before your time and mine, it is true the general practitioner was of the "lower grade" of the profession. The colleges which lived upon him, did even less for him than they do now. Shrewd and handy, he was then too often ignorant and rough. For below those masters who in all times must be distinguished, the bulk of the profession was then narrower in knowledge and trained intelligence. Now, although his colleges still do the least for him that public opinion and the general march of events will permit; yet, happily the medical press, three or four of the Universities, and his own body, the British Medical Association, have changed all that. The student of to-day is better wood for the carving of Mercuries, and the general practitioner of to-day stands on an equality with the best men of his profession; and is even a more widely qualified man than the consultant. We who practise medicine or surgery more exclusively are so far more highly specialised. I know that I can give my friend in general practice points in the minuter appreciation of certain cases in my own line, but also I know that, taking him all round, the bulk and variety of his skill and knowledge may be greater than my own. The names of leading general practitioners in this and other large towns near us, are now in your minds as I speak to you of their readiness in resource, working every branch of a complex and difficult art, having not, like the lawyer, powers of reference only, but carrying their knowledge about for immediate consumption, and doing all with a habit of kindness and ready helpfulness which is almost astonishing. Add to this the general dexterity and versatility bred by a life which gives men a facility in observing and picking up all sorts and bits of cleverness, and you have in medical men a class to whom very inadequate justice is done.

Such, gentlemen, is the body of men in which you are to be enrolled; men who would not be human had they not faults also. Let me warn those of you now entering into practice against some of these. Our worst fault is, I fear, that we are a somewhat touchy and jealous class. Our cousins of the Bar set us a contrary example, to our shame. In that profession accidental endowments of a popular order—nay, devices which have some tincture of vulgarity in them—may go for much; yet both the Bar and its individual members take all and each an honourable pride in their leaders. Nay, even where in the ranks competition is the keenest, I never heard the most briefless barrister fail to appreciate, as generously as critically, the schoolfellow who may be passing him in the race. Now, common report and a wide area of personal work have taught me—what I am thankful to say I should not have learned in the harmonious brotherhood of the Leeds profession—that doctors, on the other hand, are tempted to distrust and to detract from each other. Too often they are jealous of one another, and towards the public, and tenacious of their own claims, which is not becoming. Where two doctors practise in a village, or ten practise in a small town, it is not a safe social thing to assume that they are at peace with each other. We work under conditions which tend to breed distrust. Unlike the Bar, we do not play with our cards above the table. In our more intimate work it is terribly easy for one doctor, by little intangible tricks, to elbow out or depreciate another.

Then, for the same reason, the public often fail in loyalty and candour with us, and work mischief in their own little ways.

Still, these jealousies might be avoided, and are avoided, by genial and upright men, whose first regard is for the rights of others. Our old friend, Mr. S. Hey, gave me a lesson soon after I came to Leeds, which has been a blessing to me to remember. "Never be annoyed," he said, "if you find a patient of your own in another man's consulting-room; you will have to submit to it, so you had better learn in good time not to mind it; and this the more as you are sure next day to find one of his patients in your own." We are too often disposed to assume some property in our patients, and to think, because they come to us at times, they have no business at other times to consult other men. That patients who dodge from doctor to doctor are very foolish is true, for they lose all that personal devotion which doctors bestow on a staunch ally; and it is not only a foolish, but an uncandid and unfair thing for a client

to place business of any kind in the hands of two men simultaneously without a due understanding between all parties. But we must not go beyond that, and say a sick man has no right to consult whom he pleases, and deny his right to be the judge of his own interests. A man's life is very dear to him, and our self-reliance becomes a positive evil when it degenerates into exclusiveness. It would be far better, both for the profession and the public, if medical men consulted more with each other. I do not mean necessarily with professed consultants only. Two doctors in a village who meet freely and discuss each other's cases, either formally or informally, will do their work far better and more happily, and will stand far better, too, with the public, who are quick enough to detect and sneer at their squabbles and trade upon them. I was much struck with some public remarks made on this subject by Mr. Knaggs, of Huddersfield, who, if any man, might feel sufficient unto himself. He spoke of the enormous value of "acting in concert" on our cases; and indeed I myself find that it is the best men who seek consultations, and the less capable and those more ignorant of the world who shirk them. To talk over a case with one who knows no more than yourself often strikes out light, nay, to talk it over with one of inferior knowledge is often most fruitful, as I have ample reason to know myself from many a conversation with my pupils; I do not envy the man who knows that a fellow-man has loyally committed his life to his care, and who is not prompted to share that responsibility as far as circumstances may permit.

Another warning I give you, gentlemen, is this—if you think you are aggrieved, avoid the wretched fashion of writing letters to your brother. Charges are thus made without reserve, words easily used on paper which would have lingered on the lips, but which cannot be recalled; the favourable influence of man on man is lost, and a lifetime may barely hold mischief, which, in a personal interview, would have gone piping down the wind. Few men mean to injure their neighbour, or even to take undue advantage of him; but men lack imagination; offence is taken where none is meant, facts are misrepresented, false assumptions are made, and a grave quarrel arises out of nothing. The expression "medical etiquette" is an unfortunate one. It leads the public to suppose that we have peculiar rules "which no fellow can understand," and which are not wholly in their own interest. At the Bar, a special etiquette there is, as, for instance, that the public may not approach counsel directly—a rule which does not arise out of the simple relations of honour and candour between men. We have no such artificial laws; with us, medical etiquette is good behaviour, and our rule the golden rule of doing as we would be done by, of acting candidly and considerately towards ourselves and towards the public. Looking, indeed, only to the happiness of your own lives, what more fatal poison can you have in your cup than a chronic ill-humour? what more irksome way than to meet your medical brother daily in the street with sulky look or neglect? It is petty, and anything but worthy of what the newspapers call your "noble profession." On the lowest ground, is it worth the wretched ten-pound note by which you think yourself the worse? Say with Corin, in *As You Like It*: "Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck." An ill-bred fellow once told me it was the doctors' wives who kept their husbands so often at loggerheads—a fellow, I need not say, that I have no hope of, and whom I only name to reprobate. Go forth then from this school determined to rise above such blunders; determine to do right yourself; and if your brother act unseemly, a physiologist knows best of all men, "*Personne ne peut donner que ce qu'il a*." As to your patient, put yourself in his place. What you calmly regard as an incident of your daily work, is to him, perhaps, the life of a parent or a child. If he lose his head in his fear, small blame to him; if his alarm and agitation lead even to some hasty and irregular action, I say again, put yourself in his place. He does not know, as you do, either your cleverness or the vanity of his fears. A cripple more or less, a gravestone more or less, is nothing to the solar system, but it is all the world to him.

Our hatred of quackery of all kinds again may become undignified, but, to our honour, this rests at least as much in a clear view of the probable waste and futility of it, as in the fear of loss of custom. Yet I cannot but smile sometimes at the round denunciations of quackery in a patient by a doctor, who, at the very moment, is himself caught by some humbug equally contemptible in the eye of a farmer, an engineer, or a stockbroker. As men become more enlightened, they will recognise more and more the value of an authority in matters of opinion, and better understand how carefully to exercise their choice of competent guides. As Lewis says

(*Influence of Authority*, 1849, p. 400): "There is a strong inclination to the adoption of the opinion of competent judges, when competent judges can be clearly discerned to exist." To confess to the prevalence of quackery, is then a left-handed detraction unto ourselves much better avoided. An aid to quackery is the fault of oracular reserve formerly more prevalent than to-day, and now diminished chiefly by our greater confidence in the scientific basis of our art, but in part by the more vulgar chastisement of the courts of law. A doctor is no less liable than another man to be called upon to explain himself, and the ruthless test of cross-examination has taught us to distrust big words, and feel that if we cannot make a thing clear to an intelligent layman, then we do not know it ourselves. A shake of the head and a dark allusion to the liver will not now satisfy an intelligent patient, nor ought it to do so. Fact and due season must guide our language; yet people now-a-days "want to know, you know," and they are right. Sick persons, wholly free from morbid curiosity, feel nevertheless they ought to carry away with them a definite notion of their ailment—where it is, and how you will try to avert it. If you have no story for them, some one else has; and you must be brave enough also to point out, if necessary, where your knowledge ends. Avoid infallibility. As some hot tempered person cries, "If you know nothing, why the deuce can't you say it?" There is no better test of a man's knowledge than his neat delineation of the shore-line of his ignorance. As a rule, a patient calls on you for information, as well as skill; and while you are incapable of brutal frankness, your sympathy will be wise enough to teach you to give your opinions candidly and clearly.

In matters of wider bearing—in the larger social and political questions—we shall do well, as Bacon says, "not to usurp a kind of dictature in sciences, nor with overconfidence to pass censure upon matters in doubt, nor to give way to peremptory fits of asseveration." All professions, not one only, tend to put on the priesthood, if not checked by conflicting authority; to give themselves airs, in short. A doctor's one idea being very properly a sound body, he proclaims that, if he were king, no members of a family tainted with consumption or insanity should marry; as if the frail tenements which held the spirits of Keats, or of Elia, of Arthur Hallam, or of W. K. Clifford, bore not freights more precious than a wilderness of cricketers. To come nearer home: Addison was one of the ablest teachers the art of medicine ever knew; now Addison was bred of insane blood, and died by his own hand. Who are we who pretend that we can lose such lives as these, or who deny that their genius drew any quality from the instability of their blood? Our answer to questions of this kind is to point out the dangers clearly, and wherein they lie, or increase; but not to claim alone to bind or loosen, nor to measure all things with our own foot-rule. Even in lower matters, where we see more clearly, as in sanitary questions, we cannot drag people blindfold.

They may be very stupid, but it is our business to enlighten their understanding, not to hector them. Much that is painfully true in hygiene at first sight seems improbable, and even fanciful; and until people begin to realise these curious truths, you do more harm than good by force. There is waste in all ways, but the least wasteful way is to convert people first, and coerce them afterwards.

Still yours is a noble rage, and Mr. Morris put it into winged words the other day—

"O why and for what are we waiting while our brothers droop and die. And on every wind of the heavens a wasted life goes by."

In the vivisection controversy, the medical profession was roughly handled; it was treated, and is still treated, with injustice. But, on our side, did we not bluster a little too much? Did we do no injustice to men of clear heads and profound humanity like Mr. Hutton, Mr. Morley, Mr. Gurney, and others, in confounding their arguments with the noisy and false rhodomontade of little people. If we saw more clearly that, while we lie under the curse, to multiply the sum of happiness for man and animal we must experiment upon animals, as, indeed, all medicine must be, and is, an experiment upon the living; at the same time, we used many arguments as weak as our opponents', and showed tempers little calmer than theirs.

Thoughtful men must recognise that, of all tests of progress, the advance of humanity is the surest; and, in our quiet moments, admit that, if the present Antivivisection Acts are unjust, in that they assume we shall act cruelly, and in that they have a separate aim at us, rather than include us, with all Her Majesty's lieges, under general provisions; yet, on the other hand, that some such provisions and restrictions should exist, is surely not a blot, but an honour to our age and nation.

The inadequacy of science to solve your needs will shorten your powers in other directions besides the moral and social. I must repeat to you the old distinction, that medicine is not a science, but an art, and is no more to be restrained by the limits of exact science than is landscape-painting. Art leads and does; science follows and explains. Science corrects, chastises and establishes our methods, or may even initiate them, but it cannot confine them. What we call experience is a trained habit, formed by continual practice and inexact observation, by which one learns nicely to balance probabilities, where there can be no exact propositions, nor any equation of certainties. This training of sense and inference in the absence of science made Hippocrates a physician of no mean skill and insight; it has made a valuable helper of many a doctor of modest scientific acquirements; and it makes perhaps the larger part of the gifts of the best of us—that quality without which the rest is vain.

The best doctor is the best artist, and the best medical artist is the master, and not the servant, of his sciences. Those practitioners who complain that we turn out men now-a-days who possess wide scientific knowledge, but are no medical artists, have right with them. They feel that a less learned assistant gains with them a facility in dealing with exigencies which puts the much-pondering prizeman to shame in the sick-room. Like a tennis-player, he has made a good chase before his mathematical antagonist has measured and calculated the tangents and frictions. No man should go into practice alone until he has so trained hand and eye that his aim is true; without that, all the learning of the schools is vain. Better is the sling and the stone, with the true hand and eye, than all the armour of Saul without them. Dr. Hare, in a recent address, set this vividly and circumstantially before us. He showed that, whatever the advance of science, it is a positive retrogression of an art to forget certain effectual empirical methods, and to limit itself to the show of exact system where no exactitude can really extend.

Able and well-meaning young men thus get lost in the faddy therapeutics so much the fashion to-day; and while balancing the hourly drop of digitalis against the half-hourly half-drop of aconite, they vacillate and lose time, if they do not indeed miss altogether some broad features of their cases which would have been plain enough to their father's surgery-boy. I will be bold enough to question whether a doctor may not think too much about his cases. A nice old lady once told me her doctor was so precious to her, he lost indeed his sleep of nights in thinking over her symptoms. I strongly suspected said doctor to be a lying humbug; but many a doctor, who boasts not of it, does worry about his cases, anxiously turning them about in his mind, and, I believe, such an one to be a less successful practitioner when the time is for action. Interludes of vexing care waste his energies, so that he loses vigour and promptitude, and lacks the spontaneous impulse of trained instinct, which is generally truer to the mark than a stroke made in the discomposure of anxiety.

When you have a trying case, be sure you have well investigated it, be sure you have duly consulted your written authorities, be sure you have trained your mind and eye to the best; take care, if possible, to talk the case over with a medical friend, and, having done these things, let your mind rest on it. This advice is good for all the affairs of life, if men would but realise it. There is nothing so wasteful of strength and purpose as what people are pleased to call "thinking things over," which really means muddling things to and fro, passing generally into a greater perplexity than before, and ending too often in error or confusion.

So important, indeed, are the intuitive appreciation of the main factors of a case, the relations between them and their tendencies, that, without these, reliance on those facts which are at once more precise and more limited may be positively misleading. Students and young practitioners rely, as a rule, far too much on their precise data, and so far the discovery of instruments of precision has some temporary disadvantages. Because they find albumen in some urine which measures up to a substantial quantity, they cry out Bright's disease—or sugar, and they cry out diabetes. Or a patient, who has had a stationary mitral murmur for years, and may have it many more, comes to a doctor who applies first a simple stethoscope, then tries to get to the inner meaning of it with a double-barrelled one, and forgets the while that it is not the instrument, but the man at the near end of it, which counts. All his mind, however, he sends down the tube, and leaves none for the patient's own story, none for an estimate of the tone of the circulation in the several organs, none for the contours of the chest and its districts, none for the many little common sense probable infer-

ences which the case should offer him. He rushes to the alarm of heart-disease in all its terror, which, if literally, is not practically true.

Now, gentlemen, not in heart-disease alone, but in the whole field of medicine, there is no exact datum of any instrument of precision—nay, not even of the thermometer—comparable in value to the inexact suggestions of the radial pulse, taken, not by the sphygmograph, but by the erudite finger. In enteric fever, for instance, the qualities and fluctuations of the pulse are far more trustworthy signs than the variations of the temperature. Take away from me my instruments of precision and you cripple me; deprive me of my touch of the pulse, and you blind me.

My brother-professors, you know that, as a teacher, I rather take to dunces. Many of my brilliant pupils have made brilliant careers; but I look also with much satisfaction on the after-lives of my dunces. John Ridd, in Mr. Blackmore's fascinating romance *Lorna Doone*—who, by-the-way, was a noble specimen of the dunce—says, in his dry way, that nothing worse can happen to a man than to be born with more brains than body. Your dunce is often a youth who is absorbed in building good bones and tissues, who, as he grows, is quietly and unconsciously weaving various things into his brain for future use, and not for present sale; he is often shrewd and humorous, with the reticence of such a temper; bluntly disposed to go his own way, which may not be yours, dimly aware, too, that eyes and fingers count for something as well as tongues. His instincts are attracted by a hundred things which seem not in the least professional, but which in the end turn out, oddly enough, to have furnished his intellect and enriched his character. His brilliant class-mate tells him he ought not to commence his career without the gravest sense of responsibility; he dimly suspects his class-mate is a prig, though he has a profound respect for men cleverer than himself; anyhow, he does not like things in the clouds, and is not attracted by sentiments which seem unreal to him. These students are not brought out by examinations; on the contrary, the brisk protagonists of the College of Surgeons trip them up gaily; for they are not interested in books, or, if they are, they are open also to many other and greater interests, such as boating, lawn-tennis, or just doing nothing at all, with a pipe. Here we have to compel them to come in, therefore, with class-rolls, weekly tests, and the like, yet the teacher who interests these men is the successful teacher, for although some of them may be dullards, the majority are not so: they mature later, and attain a solid success while retaining a cheerful, hopeful, manly disposition, which attaches and invigorates their patients. But let not those of you now beginning your studies think how nice it will be to play the rôle of dunce, nor how we shall love you for it. Whatever we may think of dunces in the general, the particular dunce will be harried if he does not go the way he is told. It may be bad for us, but competition is too keen now-a-days for leisurely persons. When I was at school, boys either worked or played; in the present, boys are wise enough to see that he who works best may also play best, and muscular aspirations have entered into the serious medical as well as into the divinity student. At the same time, do not be wholly one-sided. In the six years of preliminary study, medical study, and early practice, you may easily let slip all other endowments.

Now, a hobbyless man is but half a man. A country practitioner once drove me ten miles to see a patient, and on our way he discoursed me as ably on the geology of the district, as upon the difference between a reef-knot and a granny, and upon the true construction of a claret-cup. I knew he must be an admirable doctor, and I strongly suspect that in years gone by he was a dunce. A beloved brother in this school, I believe, really thinks that the serenest heights of surgery can only be trodden by a fisherman. This is a prevailing creed in Leeds, and a reverend one. You are anxiously charged by all your advisers to keep up your literary attainments. To give such advice is like urging all men to have a taste for music. Some, perhaps most persons, lack an ear for literature. Take up your Bible, or the collects in the prayer-book, and read them with a nice attention to the words as well as to the matter. If to the power and melody of those words you find any answering delight in yourself, you have an ear for literature—a sense of style. It is a precious possession, and you may well cherish it. If you have it not, you cannot make it, and you had better take your pleasure in the breeding of fox-terriers. You must find comfort in the verdict of the old farmer in Artemus Ward's sketches, who "never knewed a literary man that knewed anything." But keep up some taste, go out into some pursuit other than your bottles. Some men can get inexhaustible amusement out of a rain-gauge. If you live in the country, you may grow roses or apples

tend a rockery, or join the fungus-eaters—nay, you may grow auriculas and carnations in a box even in the back street of a town, and their silent dainty ways and lovely faces will make you forget to write that sharp letter you intended for your medical brother. You will go instead to read a chapter of the adventures of Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, of their gentle souls and of their hobby-horse, and so grow into peace with all men.

My dear friends, my very dear colleagues with whom I have marched for nearly a quarter of a century, my less dear but most welcome younger friends, with whom I join hands first to-day, I have wandered with you for this hour, bestowing upon you much that is trivial, and forgetting much that it would have been better for you to hear.

These occasions are scarcely fit for scientific lectures, which are not human enough for hours when we meet to welcome and fortify each other for the days that must come—days laden with many trials, laden with many hardships, laden with many griefs. You and I will need for our future work all the cheer and all the strength we can give each other. Our work lies day by day in the darker chambers of human life. The wife or father will see the loved eyes grow silent, the loved cheek grow cold, in spite of all our skill, and we must too often close the door on a bereaved home with sinking heart. Yes, gentlemen, you may get, and I hope you will get, a certain use in these things; but you are not men if your hearts do not feel them. And so you may forget that after all there is more gladness than pain on the earth, more beauty of life springing from her bosom than death falling back to her. As you are young, you will rejoice in the life, you will have vision for life only; as you grow older you will be touched rather with the mystery of evil—*das Elend des Lebens*—with a sense of the weary and unintelligible weight which darkens the lot of so many beings made for happiness. The waning face is pressed close to the ruddy and bright cheek—the yearning mother cleaving to the child whose looks are so strangely far away; you will thrill within you as you see joy and anguish, life and death together, and fears will begin to cry in you, asking loudly, Have I, by any deed of mine, by any want of forbearance of mine, by any heedless neglect, or by any lack of my help or sympathy, have I, added to the sorrows or lessened the joys of the least of these? I do not wish for you the surly heart which will not hear these voices; if you hear them without remorse, God will indeed have given you his blessing.

BEQUESTS AND DONATIONS.—Mrs. Ellis of York bequeathed £500 to the Earlswood Asylum for Idiots.—The Sussex County Hospital at Brighton has received £500 under the will of Mrs. Emily Williams of Worthing.—The Nottingham General Hospital, the Nottingham Dispensary, and the Staffordshire General Infirmary, have each received £100 under the will of Mr. Francis Leaver of Longnor Hall.—The Bristol Royal Infirmary has received £200 under the will of Miss Mary E. Dods of Clifton.—Mrs. Clarke of Wymondham has given £100 to the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, for the bazaar fund.—University College Hospital has received £50 from the People's Contribution Fund.—The British Home for Incurables has received £149 10s. under the will of Mrs. Russell Smith.—Mr. William Goding of Knightsbridge has bequeathed £200 each to the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, St. George's Hospital, the Lock Hospital, and the Cancer Hospital.—The Halifax Infirmary has received £120 from the Halifax Friendly and Trades Societies' Demonstration held on July 28th.—The Bristol Royal Infirmary has received £100 under the will of Mr. William Pritchard.—The Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce has given £50 to Miss Mary Wardell's Convalescent Home for Scarlet Fever.—Mr. William Hodgson of Gilston Park has given £500 to the Cumberland Infirmary, Carlisle.—The Duke of Bedford has given £200 to the Metropolitan Provident Medical Association.—Mrs. Elizabeth Barlow of Ealing Green bequeathed £200 to St. Mark's Hospital for Fistula, etc., £100 to the Lock Hospital and Asylum, £100 to the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest, and £100 to the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest.

ALLEGED EXTRAORDINARY PROLONGATION OF GESTATION.—According to the New York Senate Committee on Asylums for the Insane, a woman who had been for four years an inmate of the State Homœopathic Asylum for the Insane, at Middletown, New York, was confined of an illegitimate child, of whose origin "Dr." Talcott, the superintendent, gave the following explanation: "It might be stated, in brief, that cases of protracted pregnancy have been reported, and some of the most eminent physicians believe it, and I have quoted this case as covering three years. I had charge of the patient less than two years before the child was born."

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS ON THE PROGRESS OF THE OWENS COLLEGE.

Delivered at the opening of the Owens College, Manchester.

By ARTHUR GANGE, M.D., F.R.C.P. Edin., F.R.S.,
Brackenbury Professor of Physiology and Histology to the College.

TEN years have elapsed since I, then newly elected to the chair which I occupy in this College, was called upon to discharge the honourable duty of opening the session of the Medical Department. To-day, my task is still more honourable and even more onerous; it is to deliver the address which shall inaugurate the opening for the session of all the departments of this College. But, if the task which has been imposed upon me is onerous, it is one which fills me with pride and satisfaction; in fact my being chosen for it is a proof of the completeness of the union which in reality only took place ten years ago between the Manchester School of Medicine and Owens College, of the fact that the department of medicine is now one of the integral departments of the College.

There are times in the history of individuals and of institutions, when it is eminently useful to cast a retrospective glance, and to endeavour to estimate the work which has been done, to survey the actual position occupied, and to contemplate the prospects which unveil themselves. In an institution which has grown and is growing so marvellously as this College, in means, in influence, in responsibilities, these retrospective glances, these occasions of taking stock, as it were, should be frequent, if only that those of us who are newer to the work, may be nerved, by the labours and successes of our seniors, to exertions which shall emulate theirs, and which shall be commensurate with the magnitude of the task which remains to be done.

It is just ten years since the College moved from its first modest abode in Kay Street to the building in which we are now assembled. In the twenty-two years which had elapsed since its foundation, the College of John Owens had, indeed, made giant strides; for, thanks to the ceaseless devotion of its first governors—the original trustees—and still more of the body of governors which immediately succeeded them, no less than of its small but brilliant staff of professors, it had lived through a period in which it had to encounter some of that indifference and want of appreciation which is more dispiriting even than direct opposition, and it had won for itself, in Manchester and the whole district, sympathy and approval. Whilst its class-rooms and its laboratories had become filled with students, there had grown up a spirit which found expression in the generosity which made it possible to erect these fine buildings, the embodiment of the determination on the part of her citizens that, in this great centre of commerce, learning of all kinds should receive unstinted support, a welcome, and a home. Had those who first laid the foundation of the reputation of Owens College been imbued with purely utilitarian views of education, or had they anticipated that peculiar delusion of our own days, the movement which has, by a misnomer, been termed "the university extension movement," and which tends to spread throughout communities the error that popular courses of lectures on various branches of knowledge, delivered by young men who have recently taken university degrees, constitute in any sense academic training, I need not tell you that their success would have been far different from what it has been. But they were imbued, on the contrary, with the spirit that the College which they were fostering, and to which they wished to give the scope, if not all the aims nor all the functions, of an university, must, above all and before all, be a place where learning is studied and taught for its own sake; and that, in order to exert that influence which great academic institutions have exercised in the past, it must be not merely as a place of teaching, but as a centre in which learning is added to by the labours of those who teach—a place of research, a centre of light.

And how remarkably have these early workers succeeded, for in those short twenty-two years the struggling College had made a reputation which was no longer local; and, at the time of which I am speaking, there were few who were not impressed by the activity, both in literary and scientific fields, of the professors of Owens College.