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PART I.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ART. I.—*The Life and Labours of Robert James Graves, M.D.**
By JAMES FOULIS DUNCAN, M.D.; ex-President, King and Queen's College of Physicians, &c.

MR. PRESIDENT,—I have been requested by the Committee appointed to erect a statue to the memory of the late Professor Graves to give a short account of their proceedings, now that their labours have been brought to a close, and to make a few remarks introductory to the proceedings of the day.

Some four years ago Dr. Hudson, who then filled the Chair which you now so worthily occupy, on the completion of his presidential career, requested the College to appropriate the then vacant space on your right to a memorial of the late Professor Graves, corresponding in character and dimensions to the other figures which now adorn this hall. This suggestion was at once cordially agreed to. Shortly afterwards a meeting was called of members of the profession and other persons likely to sympathise with the movement, when a large and influential Committee was appointed to carry out the design, Dr. Stokes and Dr. Hudson, with the late Sir W. Wilde, being appointed secretaries. And here, it is only justice to say, that the late Sir W. Wilde, whose untimely death every true-hearted Irishman must deeply lament,

* An Address delivered at the unveiling of the statue of Dr. Graves in the Hall of the College of Physicians, Wednesday, December 19, 1877.

threw himself into the movement with all the enthusiasm which formed so conspicuous a part of his character, and that it was in a very great degree to his well-laid plans, his untiring energy, and his personal influence, that the requisite amount for effecting the object was collected. I need not add that the greatest assistance was rendered by every other member of the Committee. When the proper time arrived for selecting an artist to whom the execution of the work was to be entrusted, the greatest anxiety was felt that the person on whom the choice of the Committee should fall, should be one capable of producing a work fit to stand beside those already here, and not to suffer by comparison with the exquisite productions of the immortal Foley. After much deliberation they gave the commission to Mr. Albert Bruce Joy, of London, who, though young in years, has already, by numerous productions of his chisel, given proofs of genius and taste sufficient to justify the expectation that he will one day occupy a foremost position in his profession. He is an Irishman by birth, a pupil of Foley, and a son of a distinguished Fellow of this College. It is only right to add, in justice both to the Committee and to Mr. Joy, that this latter circumstance was not the point which guided their decision, but a personal examination of his works, some of which were exhibited a few years ago in the Royal Hibernian Academy in this city. How far the selection was judicious, this meeting, in a few minutes, will have an opportunity of deciding; but I shall be very much surprised if it is not considered, by those competent to form an opinion, that Mr. Joy has succeeded in producing an admirable representation of the original, in features, attitude, and expression; and that his work, viewed as a piece of art, is as beautiful in conception as it is exquisitely finished.

Mr. President, it is with very great reluctance I appear before you to-day. Much as I feel the honour of being permitted to take any part in the interesting ceremony before us, I am too sensible of my own inability to do justice to the occasion not to wish that the task had been assigned to some one more capable of fulfilling it in a becoming manner. I have been most unexpectedly called upon to take the place of my old and esteemed friend, Dr. Hudson, a place which is his by right, and which I know he would have filled to the satisfaction of every one. To him is due, as I have already stated, the entire credit of inaugurating the movement which has at length reached a successful termination.

Himself a highly accomplished student of the Meath Hospital,

when that institution had reached the zenith of its reputation, with Graves and Stokes for its Clinical Physicians, he enjoyed the best opportunities of estimating those lofty, intellectual, and personal qualities of his former friend and teacher, which raised Dr. Graves to the highest eminence in his profession, not only in this his native city, but throughout the world.

No one who was present on the last occasion when we were assembled within these walls for a similar purpose, when the statue on your left was inaugurated, can have forgotten the eloquent address he then delivered in praise of the literary labours and scientific attainments of Dr. Stokes—another of those illustrious Irishmen of whom our country and our profession are justly proud—and no one who remembers how admirably he discharged that duty then, can help regretting that he is prevented to-day from paying an equally high compliment to him who is the subject of panegyric on the present occasion.

It is not my intention to detain you or this meeting by any lengthened statement of the grounds on which the subscribers to this testimonial feel themselves justified in paying the present compliment to the memory of the late Professor Graves. The claims of this distinguished physician to the highest posthumous honours that his countrymen can bestow, are too numerous and too generally acknowledged to need any enforcement from me. If proof were wanting, we have it in the various distinctions conferred upon him during life, by different learned societies at home and abroad, and by some of the oldest and most celebrated universities on the Continent of Europe. But above and beyond all these outward symbols of authorised acknowledgment, there is a general *concursus* of public approval, a *fama clamosa*—not the less real even when it assumes no ostensible shape—which makes itself felt wherever it really exists, and which has long since accorded him a foremost place among the medical luminaries of modern times. A quarter of a century has passed away since his removal from among us, and I need not remind the distinguished audience that I now address that the reputation which he then enjoyed has lost none of its freshness or brilliancy in the interval.

And here I may be pardoned for quoting the testimony of one who of all others is most competent to form an opinion on the subject, because he is himself personally conversant with the topics on which he writes, and whose name cannot fail to command respect wherever it is mentioned—I mean Professor Trousseau.

His words are:—"For many years I have spoken of Graves in my clinical lectures; I recommend the perusal of his work; I entreat those of my pupils who understand English to consider it as their breviary; I say and repeat that, of all the practical works published in our time, I am acquainted with none more useful, more intellectual; and I have always regretted that the Clinical Lectures of the great Dublin practitioner had not been translated into our language. As Clinical Professor in the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, I have incessantly read and re-read the work of Graves; I have become inspired with it in my teaching; I have endeavoured to imitate it in the book I have myself published on the Clinique of the Hotel Dieu; and even now, although I know almost by heart all that the Dublin Professor has written, I cannot refrain from perusing a book which never leaves my study. Graves is an erudite physician—while so rich in himself he borrows perpetually from the works of his contemporaries, and at every page brings under tribute the labours of German and French physicians. Although a clinical observer, he loves the accessory sciences; we see him having frequently recourse to physiology, in the domain of which he loves to wander; to chemistry, with which he is acquainted, which he estimates at its true value, and to which he accords a legitimate place. He often reminds me of the greatest clinical teacher of our day—Pierre Brettonneau—an able physiologist, a distinguished chemist, a learned botanist, an eminent naturalist, who incessantly, in his lectures and conversation at the Hospital of Tours, found in all these accessory sciences, with which he was so conversant, those useful ideas and ingenious views which he subsequently applied with unusual felicity to the study of our art. Shall I now say what are, in Graves' work, the most remarkable and important lectures? To be just, I ought to indicate all in succession; there is not one of them, in fact, which does not abound in practical deductions; there is not one which does not bear the impress of that admirable and powerful faculty of observation which distinguishes, among all, the physician of the Meath Hospital."

Two brief but beautifully written sketches of Dr. Graves' life and labours have been given to the public, with which, doubtless, many of those who now hear me are familiar. One of these, from the gifted pen of the late Sir W. Wilde, was published many years ago in *The Dublin University Magazine*; the other was prefixed to a volume of his collected essays edited by Dr. Stokes, whose absence

to-day, owing to the state of his health, is a source of unfeigned regret to us all.

Each of these memoirs gives a short but luminous analysis of his character and achievements. They describe, with all the felicity of style for which these writers are conspicuous, his brilliant talents, his varied attainments, his abundant labours, his unwearied industry; they speak of his numerous and valuable contributions to practical medicine in its several departments of physiology, pathology, and therapeutics; they describe his eminent success as an author, a discoverer, a teacher.

They tell us, too, of his enthusiastic nature, his love of truth, his thirst for knowledge, his simple but lofty eloquence, his logical accuracy, his power of illustrating and enforcing the various topics he wished to inculcate, his courage in avowing and defending his opinions, whatever they were, in opposition to popular prejudice or old-established conclusions. In a word, they exhibit him as possessing a rare combination of intellectual feelings and endowments, which made him so conspicuous as an original thinker, a convincing reasoner, an efficient instructor.

Dr. Graves was eminently many-sided. The brilliancy of his undergraduate course, not confined to one department of study, which was marked by the unprecedented number of collegiate honours he obtained, proves beyond question that he would have attained to very high distinction in any path of life he had chosen to adopt, and the same universality of talent was equally conspicuous in the profession he actually embraced. It was, in fact, the foundation of his success, and the very quality, of all others, which fitted him for the Professorial Chair to which he was appointed. For while medicine, considered as a whole, is one and indivisible, it has many aspects, and the mental constitution which is necessary for the successful cultivation of one department is often unaccompanied by other qualities equally requisite in another. The practical physician, who delights to exercise his skill at the bed of suffering, frequently has no taste for the slow and difficult investigation of abstract scientific problems; while the man who shuts himself up in the laboratory or dissecting-room in the calm pursuit of learned study, shrinks with aversion from the drudgery of the hospital, with its anxieties, its dangers, its responsibilities. Then, again, each of these, however eminent in their peculiar path, may be deficient in the clear and ready utterance—the charm of voice, and manner, and speech, without which no man, however learned, can make an

efficient and attractive lecturer. It was Dr. Graves' good fortune to be capable of filling all these several positions with equal ease and acceptability. He was "*totus teres atque rotundus*;" and it was the power he possessed of making the information gained in one branch of his studies tell upon the others that made him so admirably fitted to be a teacher of medicine. This is the aspect of his life which shines out beyond all others as deserving of our notice on the present occasion; for while his numerous writings gained him reputation abroad, his popularity at home was that of a professor and a clinical lecturer.

Sir W. Wilde says of him:—"As a lecturer Professor Graves was endowed with peculiar capabilities. To a remarkable person he added great powers of arresting attention in the very outset of his discourse, which, by an almost startling impressiveness, he maintained throughout. His ideas were conveyed in a bold, fluent, and classic style. In his language he was always forcible and elegant; and, although frequently eloquent, he never sacrificed his subject for flowers of rhetoric, or lost sight of his text in the froth of a metaphor; for, whether discussing the investigations of others, or detailing the results of his own inquiries, he ever manifested the same critical acumen, the same powers of the most piercing analysis. But higher and nobler far, we rejoice to say, that with the privileges he enjoyed he forgot not, both in his lectures and addresses to the students, and in the presence of his professional brethren, whenever opportunity offered, to give the word in season; and while he taught his hearers what life does and where it ends, he likewise led their minds to contemplate with gratitude the Divine source from which it sprung."

One of the most important benefits conferred upon modern medicine with which Dr. Graves is to be credited is the complete change he introduced into the manner in which clinical instruction was given to the students attending the hospital. This consisted partly in distributing the care of the patients to a larger number of the advanced students than had previously been the custom, and partly in changing the scene of instruction from the lecture-room of the hospital to the bedside of the patient. The former brought each individual pupil directly into personal contact with the various types of disease, and by charging him with a sort of responsibility for the proper management of each case, made him take a greater interest in the various stages of its progress than he would otherwise have felt, and presented him with better opportunities of studying

its nature, observing its symptoms, and watching the effects of treatment. The mass of students accordingly, on the completion of their course, went forth into the world not charged with theoretic notions merely as to the work which lay before them, but rendered familiar in every possible way for the emergencies they might expect to meet in the pursuit of their profession. The latter converted what at best would have been an abstract dissertation upon the features of a case removed from view, into a practical demonstration under the very eyes of the audience. The importance of this method in developing the perceptive faculties of the pupils, forming habits of careful observation, of cautious induction and comparison, and of correcting errors arising from over-hasty assumptions, cannot possibly be exaggerated. What a different impression must be conveyed to the mind of a student when a lecturer merely describes, in the absence of a patient, the peculiarities indicative of the malady under which he labours—say, for instance, the aspect of his countenance, his attitude in bed, or his manner of respiration—compared with that which would be produced when the lecturer is able at the same time to illustrate his observations by actual inspection of the phenomenon commented on? Under any circumstances this is too obvious to be disputed, but it has become infinitely more so in proportion as we have been led to call in the aid of physical signs in the diagnosis of disease. How, for example, is it possible for a student to make himself acquainted with the various modifications of respiration produced in the chest by disease, except by personal auscultation of a patient in whom they occur, under the skilful direction of a master competent to discriminate between them, and to instruct him as to their nature, importance, and significance? And the same may be said of the rest of these signs. Dr. Graves then—as the first physician in these countries to recognise the practical superiority of this method of teaching and to introduce it into general use—deserves to be regarded as having a special claim to the character of a medical teacher.

And here let me pay a passing tribute to the dignity and value of the office of a teacher rightly understood. In a sense, all great men are teachers. They teach us by the nobleness of their example—by the light they shed upon the various problems of the day—by the influence they exert over the opinions of their fellow-men. Ministers of religion are especially and avowedly teachers. They expound the elements of divine truth; they enlighten the conscience; they give tone to the moral feelings of the community.

So, too, are our public statesmen who in the senate rule the destinies of the nation, and guide it in the course of enlightened liberty and progress. And so, also, are the high functionaries in the courts of law, who expound and enforce the eternal principles of right and wrong. All these are acknowledged as instructors of the race, and are held in reverence accordingly. But I speak not so much of these as of those excellent men, some of whom occupy a less prominent position in the social scale as instructors of youth. When any of these—from the village schoolmaster up to the heads of our universities—realise the proper ideal of their office, how high and noble it becomes; how important to the State; how invaluable to all who come under its happy influence. It is to take the raw material of the young mind at the most plastic period of its existence to shape its course—to mould its character—to form its habits—to fire it with lofty sentiments and a noble ambition, and to send it forth eager and prepared to discharge the duties of life with vigour and success. That Dr. Graves was not insensible to the reponsibility of his position, considered in this light, may be proved by the following quotation from one of his published lectures:—

“ The teacher of clinical medicine, gentlemen, occupies in every nation a post of heavy responsibility. But when he happens to preside over the medical education of those who resort to the wards of a metropolitan hospital, when the metropolis is a British one, and the hospital destined to send forth annually practitioners to every quarter of the globe—to North and South America, to New Holland, to the Cape of Good Hope, to the East and West Indies, and to the countless isles which in either hemisphere are visited by the British flag—then, indeed, does that teacher become an instrument of good or evil to an extent which it is fearful to contemplate. He who gives instruction to a clinical class in Berlin, Stockholm, Vienna, or Paris, has much to answer for if he discharges not his duties with zeal and diligence; yet if he fails to make his pupils good practitioners, their errors, however deplorable, are circumscribed within comparatively narrow bounds, and limited in a degree to their own countrymen. But the British teacher sits in the centre of a circle far wider than Sweden or Prussia, or Austria or France; his pupils are to be met with practising in every climate, exercising their art in almost every habitable region of the globe—dispensing the blessings of health to all races of mankind—to the hardy white settlers of Canada, the aboriginal red skins of North

America, the negroes of Jamaica, the Hottentots and Kaffirs of Africa, and the countless tribes of Hindostan. In truth, gentlemen, the British teacher of practical medicine exercises an influence without parallel in importance and extent, and his opportunities of benefiting or injuring his fellow-men are incalculably great. If he neglects his duty, if he teaches erroneously, his negligence and his error in practice are multiplied indefinitely by those whom he ought to have better instructed; the scene of his guilt, for it deserves no better name, becomes fearfully enlarged, for there is no country so remote that it may not contribute victims to the incapacity of his pupils. But if, on the contrary, he works with zeal and diligence, if he labours conscientiously and perseveringly in performing the important task he has undertaken, a compensation awaits him to which scarcely any member of any profession can attain. The hero and the despot may extend a sovereignty over distant regions, may exert an unlimited control over millions of vassals, may dispense honours and rewards, or inflict punishments and death; they may, like Alexander, grieve at the narrow limits of a conquered world, and sigh for other scenes of glory; but they cannot chase away pain; they cannot bid the burning thirst to cease, or give back repose to the sleepless; they cannot impart feeling or motion to the paralysed, or sight to the blind; and, above all, they cannot imitate that almost God-like function of the healing art by which man is enabled to recall to his fellow-man reason long banished, and restore to society the helpless victim of insanity."

While Dr. Graves' eminent success as a writer, a discoverer, and a teacher, would have been sufficient, under any circumstances, to have warranted the erection of a statue to his honour, the eminent services he rendered to this city, as a place of medical education, renders it infinitely more so. It is difficult to realise now, when the Dublin School of Medicine—I use the term in its widest sense—is deservedly held in the highest esteem throughout the world, how short a time has elapsed since it emerged from the state of comparative obscurity in which it lay at the beginning of the present century, when its teachers were few in number and their reputation local in character and limited in extent. Dublin was not then the resort of students from foreign countries, or even from the sister-isle, as was afterwards the case; nor did they form the important class in the community that they do at present. The rise of the school was as rapid as it was remarkable. To Dr. Graves in a

great measure this happy change is to be attributed. Others there were undoubtedly—too numerous to be mentioned, and too well known to be forgotten—who laboured with equal earnestness and with great success in bringing about this much-to-be-desired end. But one of the foremost places—if not the very foremost—in this distinguished band must be given to the subject of our remarks, because of his transcendant ability, his indefatigable labours, and his justly-merited popularity as a lecturer. Sir W. Wilde says upon this subject:—"We well remember the stimulating effect the lectures had upon the minds of students, such as he described, who at four o'clock visited Sir P. Dun's to hear him. Then all weariness was forgotten—all languor vanished—the note-books were again resumed—the attention that had flagged at an earlier hour of the day was aroused by the absorbing interest of the subject and the energy of the lecturer—nay, more, the noisy bustle usually attendant on the breaking up of a lecture was exchanged for discussion upon the subjects treated of, or eager inquiries of the professor for the solution of difficulties, and the freshness of morning again came over the exhausted student's mind."

In one sense Dr. Graves did more than all his contemporaries to extend and perpetuate the character of Irish medicine by the establishment, in conjunction with Sir Robert Kane, of *The Dublin Journal of Medical Science*—a periodical now in the 46th year of its existence, which commanded public confidence and support from the moment of its publication, and which, after passing under various management, continues, in the hands of its present able editors, to make the literary labours of Irish practitioners accessible to their brethren all over the world. Previous to the establishment of this journal, the only medical works issuing from the Irish press were the "Dublin Hospital Reports" and the "Transactions of the Medical Association of the College of Physicians"—highly creditable productions undoubtedly, but which laboured under the disadvantage of having no fixed period of publication, and so failed in producing that interest in their contents which is necessary to secure a steady and extended circulation. The possibility of establishing a periodical of the class and pretensions in question, proved the fertility of the soil from which its contributions were to be raised, and, while it stimulated the authors to write, it secured an extended and attentive circle of readers throughout the world.

I cannot help remarking that there is something singularly appropriate in the circumstance that the names of Graves and

Stokes, so intimately associated during life, should be brought into equally close proximity before the eyes of future generations by the statues on your right and left. Colleagues in office, they were animated by the same noble ambition—to spread the reputation of the Irish School of Medicine over the civilised world, and to uphold the honour and dignity of the profession that they loved—an ambition unsullied by jealousy or personal considerations as to rival merits, which so often mars the finest human characters.

If I am asked what is the purpose aimed at by the subscribers in erecting this statue, I may be permitted to answer—it is to give a visible embodiment to those sentiments of pride and admiration which we feel towards one who was at once an honour to the country which gave him birth and to the profession which claimed him for its own—sentiments which had a real existence before the artist took the chisel into his hand, but the existence of which might be questioned or denied so long as they were destitute of any outward demonstration. It seems to me a matter of reproach that our public monuments are so few in comparison to what they ought to be, and that so many honoured names have been left without that visible acknowledgment to which they are fairly entitled. A better spirit is springing up amongst us, which, it is to be hoped, will not be extinguished until every one deserving a niche in the Temple of Fame shall have received the recognition to which he is entitled.

Let me, in conclusion, say we are not here attempting, by this act of ours, to rescue from oblivion a name that would soon otherwise be forgotten and pass away. No; that is not the idea we have had in so producing the likeness of him whose features have been engraved on the marble by your side. Were it so, the object would be as futile as the effort would be vain. He himself has achieved, by his own exertions, a renown which we can neither augment nor diminish. The true memorials of departed greatness are those which each man makes for himself—in the mark he makes upon the age in which he lives—in the impressions he leaves upon the institutions and destinies of his country—in the impulse he gives to the augmented knowledge and well-being of the world. Viewed in this aspect the reputation that Dr. Graves has left behind him bids defiance to the advance of time. This house in which we stand may be destroyed, the exquisite productions with which it is adorned may perish and be forgotten, but the undying memories of the eminent men whom they represent will survive the ruin, and

be held in grateful recollection by succeeding generations, as long as the English language lasts, or the Healing Art possesses a literature to boast of.

This College has now existed for upwards of two centuries, though the hall in which we meet was erected within the last fifteen years. It is a source of satisfaction to the members of the body that, in seeking for statues to adorn the building, we have not to go back to men of past generations, but we have found them among ourselves. Two of the illustrious men who have been thus honoured are still amongst us, and the two who have passed away are fresh in the recollection of almost every one present. This, I think, proves that our College has lost none of its vitality, and that we may safely predict for it a long and brilliant future; and that, when this generation has passed away—when future generations of young men enter on their career through this examination-hall—these statues, though silent, will act as monitors, and in imagination seem to say—“Work as we worked, live as we lived, strive as we have striven, and you will achieve success in life, and your names will be honoured after death.”

ART. II.—*A Few Practical Notes on the Surgery of the Bladder and Urethra, with their Diseases.* By ROBERT PERSSE WHITE, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Licentiate of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland; one of the Surgeons to the Meath Hospital and County Dublin Infirmary; and sometime Surgeon to Jervis-street Charitable Infirmary.

BEFORE proceeding to cystitis in its various stages, which will be the chief subject of this paper, there will be brought forward a case of calculus in the bladder, with hæmorrhage and cystitis, which was treated by me by the process of crushing with the lithotrite.

Thomas F., aged sixty-six, residing at the North Wall, was admitted into Jervis-street Hospital on the 10th of December, 1867. Appears to be a fine, stout, healthy man; complains of severe pain in the bladder and penis; the pain is greatly aggravated by rough exercise, such as driving on a cart, &c.; he has a frequent desire to pass water, the current of which stops suddenly at times; the urine frequently contains blood: he has irritation and distress about the rectum, but no piles; there is no enlargement of the prostate gland to signify. He has been suffering from these symptoms for more than a year. I sought to examine the