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Griffith Evans (1835-1935)

M.D., McGill, '64,

Discoverer of trypanosomiasis, 1880.

Extracts from his journal.

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FACULTY OF MEDICINE

McGILL UNIVERSITY
MONTREAL

24th April, 1940.

Dr. W. W. Francis,
Osler Library.

Dear Dr. Francis,

I am sending you, herewith, some extracts from the journal of Griffith Evans, M.R.C.V.S.,M.D.,C.M.(McGill), etc., which have been sent to us by his daughter, Erie Evans, through Dr. C. F. Martin.

Dr. Griffith Evans graduated from McGill in 1864, and died at the age of 100. There are some very interesting details of resurrectionist activities at McGill in 1862, as well as details of medical practice in this district at that time. I think these should be kept in our archives.

Yours sincerely,

J. C. Simpson

Associate Dean.

Memo: This MS. was acknowledged by the dean in Aug. 1936
W.W.F.

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(13)

written in 1936. 1937.

"Brynkynallt"
Bangor
North Wales
Britain

[1936]

To The Dean of the Medical Faculty
The University of McGill. Montreal.

Dear Sir,

In response to your request for anything among my father's papers relating to his life in Canada & especially to his life as a student at McGill, — I am herewith sending you copy of a few extracts from some loose leaves of his old Canadian Diary together with notes thereon, which he made in letters to me in 1919.

He came across a few loose leaves unexpectedly long after he had destroyed the diary, and he copied these for me before their final destruction. — I have had them typed except the portion referring to exhumation which I have written myself because I thought it might give the typist a

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night-mare - I cannot type.

These extracts have interested me, and made me regret I have not the rest of the Diary - I hope they may prove of interest to you and others -

Yours sincerely

Erie Evans

(ERIE)

MB Lond.

Copy © = blue 7 Hon 71

1862. Extract from the Journal of Griffith Evans MRCVS. MD. Chm. DSc
Lond. / McGill / Wales

February 21 1862. At the dissecting room this evening, Dr Nelson told me "the boys" had exhumed & stolen two bodies about 10 days ago from a graveyard about fifteen (15) miles from here, there was some notice of it in the papers few days ago. The Police had been searching here but found no clue, but they have since found one of the five guilty students, the sleighman who was an accomplice mentioned his name to the police for reward, he is a private pupil of Dr Nelson. Nelson however knew nothing of the bodies nor who had stolen them until he was informed by the Police, & received a letter from a Lawyer representing the families of the bodies, stating it was determined to prosecute the guilty students to the extremity of the law. Nevertheless if the bodies were delivered to him unmutilated the matter would be settled forthwith without further enquiry. Dr Nelson made this known to the students, and the five guilty ones came forward, confessed & agreed to the condition offered the bodies were to be delivered to the lawyer this

this evening. Dr Nelson requested me to take them with him & be witness of the transaction. I agreed, the students led us to see the bodies, naked on their back, side by side, feet of one to the head of the other in a bed of soft snow; in a shed behind the college, one an old man, the other a middle aged woman. Both of course were frozen thoroughly, hard, appearing quite fresh, no P.M. change. The students carried them to a sleigh engaged in waiting, it was beautiful clear moonlight. Dr Nelson got in beside one, & I beside the other, embracing him to keep him steady, well covered by the buffalo robe over us both, so that if we passed through a crowd we would not be suspected of wrong. We arrived all right at the house appointed, and there delivered the bodies to the lawyer & relatives of the bodies, who identified them, & gave Dr Nelson the legal assurance promised not to prosecute the students, nor to publish the name of anyone of them. Of course Dr Nelson expressed his own sincere regret for the exhumation of which he had no knowledge until he was informed by the Police & the Lawyer. The governors of the College on being made aware of

of this determined to make a strict rule for the future, not to admit any corpse into the dissecting room except through the regular channel, for which Dr Nelson would be responsible; if students are found attempting to break this rule they will be expelled forthwith.

"The regular channel" is from the United States where plenty of negroes are obtained cheap, packed in casks, & passed over the border as provisions or flour &c.

Dr Nelson told me the students of the French Roman Catholic medical school of this city buy no subjects for dissection, they steal from graveyards all they require, & very seldom detected, because they are poor they do it for economy & are careful in their manner of doing it, if they drink alcohol on account of it they drink for jollification after, but not before. Our English students do it not for economy but for mischievous fun, dare devilry, they make themselves more or less intoxicated with alcoholics to excite their daring before going to the grave, then they do the work in haste carelessly, & consequently a large proportion

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of them have been traced. The safest way to do it is, after obtaining information of a recent interment, go to the grave when it is snowing, dig down to the coffin, place the lifted earth in as compact a heap as possible, to minimise the mark, cut the lid off with a proper instrument from the head down to middle place a loop of cord round the neck of the corpse, pull it up out of the coffin, replace the lid + the lifted earth, cover all with snow, the descending snow will obliterate the ~~foot~~marks if the last of the party will sweep about evenly, carry the corpse to a provided sleigh + off.

1919 Note
I may here add from my distinct recollection - the part of my diary where I have no doubt it was recorded is missing xx
Some time before the event recorded above I was dissecting when a fresh corpse of a white woman was placed on the table next to mine. Being white she was presumably exhumed. Presently a student

student came up to her, gazed, then exclaimed with horror "Good God! that is my aunt; my cousin her son is down below at the chemical lecture & will be up here soon". He partly fainted, was supported by two others who led him out weeping. There was consternation, most of us saying "What shall we do?". One said "dissect the skin of the face off quickly!" agreed. Two students commenced doing so immediately, & fortunately did enough to make recognition impossible before her son came in. I watched him, he went to see the new white subject, cheerfully joked with the dissectors, congratulated them for their successful adventure &c. He was often at the table afterwards doing the course of dissection.

You may wish to know more of the nephew who recognized the body of his aunt. My recollection is he disappeared for a long time, supposed to have sickened. He dared not tell his relatives of his discovery

discovery, because he had been secretly implicated in the exhumation & dissection of another body. The students who had exhumed his aunt had no thought of her being related to anyone in College, they were sincerely sorry to find she was so, & would have been glad not to proceed with dissecting her, if they could dispose of her otherwise without causing questions to be asked why, which might lead to worse consequences.

D = 58 leaves

COPY of Entries in an old Journal of

Griffith Evans M.R.C.V.S.,(Eng).M.D., (McGill). D.Sc.Hon. (Wales).
Honoris causa.

beginning when stationed at Woolwich.

1861 June 9. Sunday morning about 8 a.m. Mr Williamson (Principal Veterinary Surgeon Army) sent for me in great haste to say he had been informed late last night from the War Office that the 4th Battery of the 4th Brigade Royal Artillery was being sent to Canada immediately, that he must name a Veterinary Surgeon fit to go with it, and he said to me "You are the man". He did not know exactly what "immediately" meant, but it will be very soon and I must be ready. I thanked him, then went to fulfil previous engagements for the day. 1st. to the Welsh Cymanfa at Poplar where I heard excellent sermons morning and afternoon. Went on toe Greenwich and had tea with Stoneham, went to Blackheath to meet Gardiner and had supper with his family. It was 11 p.m. when I returned to Barracks and was told by Goodeve we were to march from Aldershot next Thursday, where the battery is now.

June 10. Went to the Royal Horse Infirmary early, saw my cases, made up my case books, arranged for medicines and instruments to take with me to Canada. Afterwards reported

myself to the Col. who promised to obtain for me a provisional route to go to Aldershot from the General as no order for it had come from the War Office. I did lots of other things and went to bid Gen. Sir Richard Davies good-bye. He told me he would not give me the route until he had been officially informed from the War Office that I was to go: they had no business he said, to order an officer out of the garrison without informing him first, he would teach them that lesson. After I represented the inconvenience I might be put to by delay he ordered a telegram to the Horseguards asking whether I was to go to Canada. As I wanted to go to London on other business, I went direct to the War Office to expediate the business. The order was made in my presence and I was assured General Dacres would receive it in a few hours. I did business at many places in London and returned to Woolwich by 8 p.m. - wrote letters, made up and packed all papers, books, clothes, etc. which kept me busy until after midnight.

June 11. Got up early to finish packing. Stoneham came to breakfast with me. I had to go again for my Route - it ought to have been forwarded to me. Major Field forgot to do so. After that I had to go for the forage and lodging allowances for self and servant. No time to call on friends

Boylin Campbell and others. Called on Hutchinson yesterday. I got in time for the noon train with my horse and groom, but my valet and baggage were a minute late, so they had to follow by next train for Aldershot x x x

June 17. Marched with the battery out of Aldershot. I was not there before. It is an extensive waste sandy, gravelly district in the middle of a rich fertile country, where thousands of soldiers of every branch of the Army are encamped for military drills from the most simple to the most complicated x x x

Yesterday (Sunday) I visited the tomb of William Cobbett and his birthplace at Farnham because I am much indebted to him for what I have read in his books and what my father told me of him.

We marched today to Reading 20 miles from Aldershot. x x x

June 19. Marched from Abingdon to Woodstock - 14 miles through Oxford. Soil clay on Lime. I picked up several good fossils one excellent oolite. About 2 miles beyond Oxford we came to the top of a hill, where all at once we saw that city of palatial colleges and churches beneath, and the land flat and undulated, woody as far as we could see - it reminded me of the Crusaders when they came first in view of Jerusalem - the effect would have been better if the sun

had not been so clear, it was uncommonly hot.

Woodstock is a small country town of about 2,000 population on the border of Blenheim Park, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough. The Park isabout 12 miles circumference, the gardens and pleasure grounds about 200 acres. The mansion is reputed to be one of the most magnificent piles of architecture in the kingdom and it contains one of the best collections of paintings and of tapestry. The tapestry overhanging the walls represent the battles of Blenheim and others in which the old Duke commanded and for which his country gave him this estate with £5,000 a year to keep it up for his family, heirs for ever out of the Post Office Revenue. Major Penn obtained a special permit for us, the officers of the battery to see the place. In one room there is a large collection of old china of historical interest: among them is a teapot used by Oliver Cromwell, it will hold about 1½ to 2 pints x x x a lion sits on the lid.

June 22. Marched Warwick to Birmingham 20 miles. Soil of the country slightly more fertile. The last 40 miles of our road was remarkably pleasant for a march several yards of green grass on each side, and fine timber trees along both sides nearly all the way, seats often for weary

walkers - it was a long, long, avenue.

x x x

We have concluded our road march and proceed on Monday night by train to Liverpool for embarkation.

Marching is pleasant in fine weather, starting each day between 6 and 7 a.m. horses walk at the rate about 3½ miles per hour, it is interesting to observe the various superficial aspects of the country, natural and artificial and to think of its relations with the various characters of the subsoils.

x x x

I observed that the horses which had been billetted in close badly ventilated stables overnight perspired sooner and much more on the march next day then the horses billeted in freely ventilated stables did. This was regular all along.

x x x

June 23. 10 p.m. marched through the town to the Railway Station - the Band of the Royal Irish Dragoon Guards playing ahead of us - there was an immense crowd they gave us a tremendous cheering.

June 24 Arrived at the Edge Hill Railway Station, Liverpool about 4 a.m. A rough wet nasty morning and we had to wait there until 10 a.m. We marched through Liverpool to the Landing Place. Though the rain had ceased for some hours it

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was windy, and the river so rough that the boatmen would not take us to the Great Eastern until 3 p.m. - the horses had nothing to eat in the meantime. When the steam boat came for us the horses walked on to it from the landing stage and when we got aside the Great Eastern they were hoisted up one after another up to its deck where good stables had been prepared for them. No accident happened.

June 25 x x x I took then round to see all they could of its wonderful construction, its large comfortable cabins, saloons, etc·, etc., the largest and most wonderful ship ever built for "Noah's Ark" is doubtful.

June 27. Weighed anchor at noon, steamed down the river - immense crowds of people on both sides were looking at us on the banks and on boats, special steamers for sight-seers going a long way with us, but not out of the river. I searched for M-- and A-- with fieldglass, failed to see them - I know they were there somewhere x x x

June 29 - x x x Going at the rate of 12½ Knots an hour. Consumes about 300 tons coal daily. Weather foggy. Ship answers to helm - steers much better during night than during day because the people are all below, excepting the necessary night watch on deck, and I am told her steering varies considerably during the day because the men move about. The

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horses are taken out of their stables and exercised to and fro on deck for an hour each day. What was never done on ship before because no other was large enough. We have 100 horses of our battery and 6 horses of the Officers 60th Rifles all exercised at once.

June 30. Sunday: Church service on deck at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. also in the Ladies Saloon at 7 p.m. Captain Williams a stickler for church regulations of religion. At 6 p.m. the Rev. -- Hammond, a private passenger returning to America who distinguished himself as leader in the recent Scotch Revivals had permission of the Colonel commanding to address the men on deck, his manner was suitable to them free and easy they were allowed to smoke when he addressed them, he sang several times in course of his speech - popular airs to religious words - in which the men joined heartily. After he returned the soldiers continued to sing hymns until two infantry officers irritated by the unconventional form of religion told them to stop and disperse. I could see the men felt indignant and suppressed it, they had to obey, though the officers had no right to interfere. I told them so, what the men could not.

July 1. Almost a dead calm - the ocean as smooth as a duck pond. I saw on the horizon early in the morning what appeared

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exactly like distant mountains. I was astonished because I knew we were too far off any land to see it. The sailors told me they were "fog hills". It reminded me of accounts of the first voyage of Columbus to discover the new Western World - he and his companions were several times seriously disappointed in finding what appeared firm land hills to be mere fog. About 3 p.m. we were suddenly enveloped in thick fog - it took us ½ hour to get out of it - it cleared as suddenly as it condensed. We passed several flights of gulls. There are some gulls following us all the way for the food they get and the refuse thrown overboard. In the evening after dinner there were good boxing matches displayed by the men.

July 2. I was on deck at 4 a.m. when we passed close by a Cunard Mail S.S. the "Arabia" returning from Boston to Liverpool and the Ship Officer told me we would have run her down certainly if the fog had not cleared just in time. It was really a wonderful escape. I was at our bow when she passed so close in front that I thought I might be almost able to jump down to her deck. She is reckoned one of the big passenger ships but she was very small compared with ours and it surprised me in looking down upon her. Our sailors expressed great relief when they saw her cleared

off our line. They told me we very nearly struck another ship about 11 o'clock last night. Our ship was so steady I thought the waves were of no account until I saw the Arabia tossed by them - it surprised me. If we cut across an average sized ship we would not have felt the shock.

About 3.30 p.m. today we passed several large icebergs but the fog prevented us seeing them clearly, it cleared about 4.30, then we saw seven uncommonly large ones all about us, we were in a field of icebergs, the sea was smooth, the sky clear, the air very cold. We passed carefully between two of them, one about 60 feet above water and about 90 feet long - the other about 20 feet high and 100 long as they appeared to us about a mile off - the danger of them is in the fact that they usually extend much more under water than might be supposed from what can be seen of them. It was a grand sight , . . The fog closed on us again soon after we passed the icebergs. Sailors are warned of them by unexpected fog and a great reduction of temperature. It is unusual to find them so far south at this season, if the Captain had thought it was the least probable we should see one on this voyage he would have steered the ship on a different course to avoid the risk: however now that we have passed through the icefield

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safely, and trust we shall not get into another we are glad of having seen the grand ice-islands.

July 3 About 10p.m. last night there was a great cry by the watchman "light ahead" it created great consternation of many passengers, it was rummoured we were going on to an iceberg. The engines were stopped for over 20 minutes, we were in fog and could not see anything out of the ship until a light from another ship passed close to us.

It has been foggy nearly all today, it cleared up about 3 to 4 p.m. then we passed near a sailing schooner about 170 tons, full sails, it appeared very small compared with our wonderfully large ship. About 9 p.m. we sighted the lighthouse of Cap Race.

I recommended one of our horses to be destroyed this afternoon, it was shot for hydrothorax.

July 4 Sighted land about 4.30 p.m. St Paul and Britton Islands. I had a glimpse of Cape Ray, few others saw it. We passed many ships and small vessels today. About 6.30.p.m. we passed the "Lizzie Southerd", a ship of about 15,000 tons an American, the first three masts I ever saw in full sail, wind favourable - beautiful. I shall never forget it. The fog cleared this afternoon.

1941

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Two evenings since I was told there was a Comet in view, but few saw it because of the fog until this night which is clear - the comet is splendid near the Great Bear.

July 5. - Off the coast of New Brunswick - the Gaspé - thickly wooded, primeval forest, with village settlements here and there. I am told the people live mostly on fish. Weather clear and much warmer than we had during the voyage. About 6 p.m. the pilot came on board to guide us up the St. Lawrence River to Québec. Mr Hammond preached to the men as usual 9.10 p.m. We sent letters by the Pilot boat to meet the mail for England.

July 6. The banks of the St. Lawrence are beautiful - we passed some pretty islands. Inhabitants all French. Thick forest except the clearings near the river. We are able to see farther inland than can be seen from any other ship, because we are so high above water. The Village settlements are arranged all on the same plan . . . of course some of them are much more extended, with a church. Behind every dwelling house . . . there is a much larger building comprising the stables and sheds for animals and agricultural implements. Each house is in a small field or square enclosure fronting a high-way road running along

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near the river bank. The agricultural land belonging to each house runs a considerable distance behind towards the forest, the strips appear all of the same dimensions separated by hurdles of wood, roughly made of tree branches. The roofs of all the houses are iron sheets ~~trimmed~~ tinned, silvery by sunshine and the effect is surprising to us newcomers. The settlements become extended and almost continuous as we go higher up the river towards Quebec, but all on the same plan. The French Canadians have subdivided their lands so much that there is only barely sufficient cultivated land for each family, they add to it what they can by fishing, hunting, etc. They contrast wonderfully with English or Scotch Canadians in that they seldom extend their settlement far from the rivers by breaking into the forest inland.

Steamers full of people, women and men, sightseers came down to meet us, and shout the first cheers of welcome to us. The ships in harbour were densely crowded as were also all the quays, docks, stages, roofs and every possible place where people could stand to see us coming in slowly to our anchorage. The cheering was tremendous. Fireworks in the evening all the ships and houses specially lighted. We dropped anchor at 7 p.m. having made the

quickest passage ever made. We would have been 24 hours sooner if we had not the fog and with that the fear of icebergs. I saw more, a greater number, of pretty girls today than I did in the whole of our march in England.

Soon after we anchored I noticed many small boats and canoes about the ship with only the rowman or paddle-man in them. One of our sailors told me they came purposely to tempt the sailors of ships to escape there are such at all large ports. Sailors discontented drop into water after dark - swim to one of these boats they are landed secretly taken to a public house made jolly drunk. Kept there about a week, shipped off to another vessel - paid a month's wages in advance, which those who helped the escape manage to obtain and keep for themselves much more than what the escaped sailor got from them was worth - the rascals are swindlers of poor sailors, but nearly all of them are swindled so willingly, repeatedly as often as they get a chance, sacrificing money due to them in the ship they escapedfrom. They are so thriftless and fond of public house bouting.

July 7. Very hot we feel it more because we are in still air compared with what we made on our passage. Chaplain Williams read the C.E. morning service at 10.30 on

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deck. All the Church of England men were paraded for it, he stood on the bridge in his clerical vestment and University degree bands, a soldier protecting him from the sun by holding a large umbrella over his head. He read the full service but did not preach. I stood on the bridge too and saw the effect, the men did not like it, two of them fell out, slight sunstroke, all felt the heat too much, only about half dozen men and officers responded. I told him directly after, before leaving the bridge, it would have been better to shorten the service by half, and deliver a short inspiring sermon as part of it: it was all gammon to read the prayers when the men did not join, it was a mere formal mockery of religion. He replied he thought it better to teach by the prayers of the Church than by sermons, if they did not listen to the prayers of the Church they would not listen to a sermon. However Mr Hammond preached to the men in his usual free and easy manner for nearly two hours this evening, there was a large gathering all voluntary and all appeared much interested, the last meeting probably Mr Hammond will have with them so they thought. The contrast between the two kinds of service was great. Several of the officers, about half dozen, who at first came to Hammond's meetings for an idle curiousity of smoking a pipe at a

1901

religious service, thanked him earnestly this evening: two of them, one the Brigade Major Captain Brook, confessed in my hearing, others present, it had been the means of his religious conversion; he would devote himself in future to serve Christ.

It is officially stated we crossed from Liverpool to Quebec in 9 days and 9½ hours. The shortest passage ever made before was 11 days and some hours over. There are 4¾ hours difference between the clocks of Liverpool and Quebec.

10th July. Wednesday - ... We the Field Battery, R.A., disembark at 6 p.m. today to be stationed at Montreal.

I went to see Quebec this morning, it is a queer place. Very narrow streets few of them paved. I saw no stone pavement, all of wood, some are planked over. Nearly all the houses are of wood. The people French. I saw neither good looking houses, nor goodlooking men, nor pretty women and wonder where the girls came from to meet us coming up the river "Distance lends enchantment". Newspapers report that all the daughters of the merchants came to meet us. Merchant is the term used here for tradesmen retail and wholesale. The houses are roofed with

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trimmed iron sheets cut about the size and shape of Welsh slates. Everything is different from what we see in English towns, not nearly so comfortable.

Disembarked at 6 p.m. at Point Levi.[5] Started from there about 8.45 p.m. on the Grand Trunk Railway for Montreal.

11 July. - Arrived at Montreal about 10 a.m. We were due at 3 a.m. but delayed at many places on the way. I do not know why excepting that it is a single line, ours was a special line and we had to wait at some stations for the regular trains to pass. The Stations are primitive wooden structures. The country thickly forested primitive, no plantation and very little agriculture of any kind so far as I could see.

Left the Railway Station at 1 p.m. marched through the City to the old Cavalry Barrack. This appears to be a large well-built city, many good stonebuildings, streets of them, stone pavements, roofs of wood or of ~~trimmed~~ tinned iron plates, owing to there being no slate quarry in Canada, and the cost of bringing them from Wales.

12th July, Our men are in tents, officers in a house. All of us could not get our baggage in last night. Major Penn and I had to sleep on the planked floor. We had our blankets

and slept comfortably as soldiers should. I am told there was a great shock of earthquake, uncommon for this country last night, but I did not feel it.

16th July. This afternoon Captain Waller, the Brigade Major took me for a drive round the Mount Royal from which there are beautiful views. He took me home to tea, and I was pressed to remain the whole evening. Mrs Waller is good company - has an open mind, they gave me much useful information about this country and people. While I was there a tremendous thunderstorm passed over - the long rolling thunder was wonderful. I never heard such before.

17th July. About 2 a.m. we were aroused by the trumpet calling the "assembly". We thought it came from the camp of the 47 Regt. The Church bells rang the alarm also. Major Penn ordered our trumpeter to call our men up and form up with guns and horses harnessed ready for action. We knew not what. He then with the trumpeter and staff sergeant rode to the City for information. It was a house on fire and the alarm calls were for the Fire Brigade. There are so many houses of wood and of stone with wooden roofs, it is necessary to stop every fire as soon as possible from extending.

1862

1862 Jan.8. (at Toronto). This morning I saw a wonderful sunrise, rising on the horizon of the great lake of Ontario. Before it the Eastern sky was of pale straw colour which gradually changed to dark orange, the reflection of that on the smooth water was beautiful. The colour changed again to different shades of red, blue, green, etc. At one time it appeared like a great curtain of every shade of every colour. I was startled by the sudden projection on the horizon of what appeared like the white molten iron coming out of the furnace at Woolwich Arsenal, so that I had to turn my eyes from it, so dazzling. I many times saw the sun rise on the sea and on land but never like that, never that I could not look at it easily, the intervening atmosphere acting like a smoked glass. When this dazzling sun rose a little above the horizon it quickly hid itself in or behind a cloud which appeared like a mass of clotted blood. I stood there a while wondering and thinking why it was so different from any sunrise I had ever seen before ...
25 January 1862. (Returned, at Montreal) Got up at 4.30 a.m. because I had accepted the invitation of Mr Walsh, the grocer, to breakfast with him at 6, and at 7 start with him in a sleigh for a long drive in the country. We had one of the

most confortable of sleighs, two excellent horses tandem and an excellent driver, so we might keep well wrapped in the thickly furred skins, "robes". It looked like going to be a fine day when we started. The bridge across the river des Prairies is of wood, roofed with glass windows to keep off the snow. There is no bridge on our way across the Ottawa River, but a ferry boat in summer, and now it is thickly frozen. We drove on the ice bridge and on to St. ~~Sustash,~~ Eustache a village 21 miles from Montreal, arrived there before 10, and remained there two hours. We could not go beyond as we had intended, because of the great snow drifts, much more here lately than about Montreal. A man took us about the place in a common truck sleigh, there were five of us in it, and in turning too sharply round a corner it upset, throwing us all higgledy piggledy into the deep soft snow outside the track. We sank deep one over the other and struggled out, unhurt, so enjoyed the fun ...

The sleigh track becomes hardened by frequent use and rises by accumulation of snowfalls during winter it is narrow so that the driver has to be very careful to follow it or else he will fall into the deep soft snow on either side

1862

After each fresh fall of snow, covering the track, it is not visible, therefore branches of trees are stuck along it as guides. After the winter is well set in, the track does not follow the ordinary summer road, but goes straight across the fields and fences from one village to another. In some places the track is so narrow that it is difficult for two sleighs to pass each other, and the drifts of snow on both sides are deep. ...

Eustache

Snow began to fall today before we reached St.Sutash, with signs of coming storm. The first part of our way back was terrible, the high wind with thick snow against us. I do not know the temperature exactly it was near zero, our eyelashes froze together soon. I wonder how the driver managed, he stood up all the time to see the track guides, he frequently rubbed his face, his nose and eyes especially with the fur on the back of his mittens. It was impossible to see the track ahead in some places because of the fresh snow and drift covering it, and the guides blown down. We were upset three times, Mr Walsh, I and the driver, seats, robes and all immersed in the drift. Once I went first head foremost and Walsh on top of me, the driver a little aside - the horses also got into the drift, but being well-trained they behaved quietly. In the third upset I was below and my

leg retained fast in the sleigh - some entanglement. I felt sure it was going to be broken if the horses had moved on, but they were quiet until after I was liberated. during that short time of dread a great many thoughts, recollections of my parents and sisters, etc. passed rapidly in my mind ...

Before we reached St.Martins village we lost our way twice, the second time we seriously feared we could not recover it, neither Mr Walsh nor the driver could find a clue - we were in a place exposed to the furies of the storm. They decided to risk going in any direction rather than stay, and ultimately we reached St.Martin, after wandering an hour before we found the track. We rested nearly half an hour at St.Martin to get warm - 12 miles from Montreal. The storm was not nearly so bad on that part, the track guides visible all along, and we had no accident. We were cold and hungry, but arriving home safe and sound I rejoiced in having had the experience. I could never imagine what a long drive out on such a day involved without the experience.

... ...

See handwritten leaves 1-6. (=7-12)

Feb. 21, 1862 - diary entry
as above, leaves 7-12

On the 20th August 1861 Capt. Barton and I were at Lacolle, a village near the frontier of New York State, and made the acquaintance of the Peters Family who owned a good farm not far from the village, and lived there. Old Peters was one of the Scotch crofters forced to emigrate because their landlord converted their crofts into Deer preserves for sporting purposes. Both the Duke of Argyle and the Duke of Sutherland did so extensively and notoriously hard on the crofters. I forget which expatriated old Peters. We were most hospitably entertained by the family without ceremony in their log house built by themselves as immigrant farmers generally did when they settled upon uncultivated land. The logs were trunks of trees they felled in the clearing, laid upon each other and plastered with clay to form the walls and split for rafters to make the roof. There was no loft. The fireplace only was of stone, at first open chimney like the old croft houses in Scotland, but now (1861) there was the common American stove for burning wood only of which there was abundance on the farm. Coal was practically unobtainable. The house at first was small two rooms only and the Porch just enough for their requirements, it was extended by rooms added as the family increased and more so when the

son married and brought his wife to live there with his parents. The old man gave me interesting accounts of their forced expatriation and and of their settlement in Canada, the details of which I forget and my diary for the time is destroyed, but have a distinct recollection of his telling me that with very hard work in Canada in clearing and in cultivating the land he had become richer in worldly goods than it was possible for him to become in Scotland, and that benefit was much greater for his children, but nevertheless he and his wife never ceased longing for their return to their old home and associations, their longing increased as they got old. Their children had no wish to leave Canada they were happy all comfortably settled. I did not see old Mrs Peters then, she was ill in bed. Captain Barton and I were then heartily invited to go there again and stay a few days whenever we might wish for a change from Montreal to the open country. I find in the fragment of my Diary the following record of our acceptance.

1862. 27 January. At 3p;m. Capt. Barton and I started for Lacolle to visit old Peters as we were kindly invited. We crossed the St.Lawrence in a sleigh on the "Ice Bridge".

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1861 - 1862.

It was rather difficult because the ice three of four feet thick had been burst some weeks ago, by force of the arrested current, the fragments thrown up cumulated immense mounds like great heaps of rocks, the intervening ice also roughened by huge blocks in every angular position but mostly covered by snow. No good track had been made. We got the train on the other side of the river and reached Lacolle station by 6 p.m. Peters junior was to meet us there but he had not arrived. The Stationmaster told us he could not come on account of the great snow-drift and added it would be very difficult for us to reach the village, it was 1½ miles off. We waited and Peters arrived in about 20 minutes. He had brought his sleigh within about a mile of the station, could not bring it farther, turned it and the horse to an empty barn and scrambled to meet us. We started along the railway for about ½ mile because it was clearer of snow, then turned across a field towards the sleigh in the barn.
Peters led us along the easiest line in his judgment, the snow was nearly three feet thick where there was no drift sometimes we sprawled to prevent sinking. There was no moon but the sky was clear and the stars bright,

1891 - 1892.

25

1862.

they are clearer and brighter in Canada in winter than they are ever seen in England. We enjoyed the fun. After the winter sets in in Canada the snow is always dry because of the low temperature - it does not wet us unless it gets under our clothes. We can walk on it with socks only on our feet and our feet will remain dry, the socks will not become damp. After we got the sleigh we had to walk sprawling along some parts because of the drift snow on the track too deep and soft for the sleigh with us in it. When we reached the lake we got on the ice-track and so on to Peter's House where we had a hearty reception. Old Mrs Peters gave us a real Scotch Highland welcome as to those of her own clan though she knew we were Irish and Welsh. There was no affectation it was entirely natural. She is a great smoker. I asked her how many pipes a day she smoked. She replied "Oh dear me. I dona knowa. Whenever I feel uncomfortable or vexed I take my pipe and smoke it off, and if I am more happy than usual at any time I smoke my pipe tooa. Some times, I ~~dona~~ cana sleep in the nicht then I get out of bed to smoke the pipe. Oh, indeed it is a great comfort to me but a very bad habit I made for myself. The dochters tell me it injures my stomoc and I do think they are quite correct, and I have

tried to do without it mony a time but I always cana. It is a bod, bod habit."

We had an excellent supper, fresh beef, fresh pork, etc. I asked where they got such good tender meat in winter and was told it was what they killed some months ago, soon after the hard frost set in. As soon as an animal is killed and redressed in this country in the beginning of the winter season it freezes thoroughly then they cut it up,and dip the pieces in cold water which freezes all over it forthwith giving it a clear crystal coating, then they pack all the joints and pieces in clean snow in casks and so it is preserved as fresh as it was the day it was killed until the end of winter when it thaws. Some farmers have an ice house where they store a large quantity of ice - it is walled and roofed with thick layers of clay - non-conductor of heat and cold. There they keep water cool for drink in summer, and if they have not consumed all their frozen meat what remains is preserved fresh in the ice house.

Jan. 28. Barton and I slept together in a very comfortable bed with plenty of warm blankets and a furred skin covering. The whole house is remarkably clean. This is a beautiful day, cloudless and without a breeze, the

1942

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Jan. 29. Barton and I slept together in a very comfortable
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1862

snow on the evergreen trees charming. Peters junior says we shall have a good track to the village today, because the storm is past, and the overseer will notify all the farmers near to clear the Drifts, off the track, Peters senior says that though it is so fine it will change in 24 hours, that the wind will turn from west to south, and we shall have snow, and possibly some rain. He learns this from his observation of the "Barker" on the lake. The "Barker" is a vapour or steam caused by the sun to rise from some opening in the ice on the lake. We had a tolerable drive in the sleigh this morning as far as the barn we got to last night, the track was not cleared beyond. We walked about the village, it is a pity we have no "snow-shoes" to walk on top of the soft snow. It is a delightful evening but old Peters persists in declaring it will change soon. Lacolle village is nearly as big as Towyn, all the houses are of wood with two or three exceptions. ...

I asked young Peters how the farmers pass their time in winter when they cannot cultivate the soil for nine months in some years - the weather being too bad for a time before and after the hard winter. He replied "they

1882

fell and lug wood and feed their cattle". I said that took but a small part of their time, and he replied, "Well, we have concerts, balls, etc. parties for enjoyment".

May 29. - Got up at 6 a.m. and found it a dull cold windy and rainy morning true to the prediction of old Peters. The rain froze as soon as it fell covering the snow, etc. like a sheet of glass. I never saw it like that before, wonderful credit must be given to Mr Peters for his keen observation of the "barker" in relation to the weather, there is neither barometer nor thermometer here. Rain is usual with a general thaw about Christmas or little before, but rarely at this time and never a thaw after December ... We had tea and buttered bun at 7 a.m. then went with young Peters in sleigh to several farm houses on the boundary line of New York State, one was about ¼ mile beyond the boundary. They and the people are much alike. All the farm houses are built of logs, the trunks of the tall pine trees they cut in clearing, a large proportion of the timber houses in the village are walled with planks, sawn out of the logs.

I bought a splendid fur skin of a large dog fox from the farmer in the New York State for 6/- well dressed

and dressed and tanned, so soft and warm ...

The road on Lynch was tolerable, we had to get out of the sleigh once only, on account of the drift and walked some distance. In going the wind and several showers of icy rain were against us - very cold of course, but we were well clad and in good health, and was glad to have the new experience of rurality. We saw no animals, neither wild nor domesticated out in freedom. We returned by 10 a.m. and had good breakfast. We dined at 2 p.m. Afterwards young Peters took us in the sleigh to the station, the train for Montreal was due at 3.20. but did not come until 4.30. Barton and I felt sincerely grateful to the Peters family for their hearty hospitality and kindness in taking us about to see the people and country in winter-time ...

While we were waiting at the station a poor man was brought in with his hands and feet frozen fearfully - fingers and toes, and long way up the limbs much swollen and green. He was French Canadian but could talk English sufficiently well for me to converse with him. Barton talks French freely. He told us his home is beyond Montreal, where he has a wife and children. His poor

1862

clothes show he is a poor man. He came here yesterday intending to go across the border to see relations. He called at a friendly house in the village to get warm, and was given spirits to drink, he proceeded ... failed to reach his destination before night on account of the cold, found an empty house with neither door nor window to shelter. Then he sat and slept all night, his hands and feet were swollen hard in the morning. He with much difficulty crawled out, and was seen by some people who carried him to an inhabited house. His hands and feet were frozen so hard that they sounded like wood when dropped on the floor. They were then covered with soft snow which melted gradually and in melting thawed the limbs. That is the common treatment in the country. They became blue and black, and then they were wrapped in flannel. The R.C. priest was sent for who shrived him, and gave him an introduction to the Grey Nunnery Hospital - the Hotel Dieu at Montreal. He was carried to the station and left there for chance, without money or other help. The Station-Master said he could not do anything for him. There was no one available to take charge of him. Then I took charge of him, wrapped his limbs in my railway rug, and put my

1892

1862

comforter, the one Mother gave me, over his head, and I had him carried ~~carried~~ into a first-class compartment. It was evident he was suffering awfully, but he did not murmur a complaint ... About half way Major Villars of the 47th Regiment came in, he is quartered at Isle en Aux. He told us the ice about there though over three feet thick is apt to be broken when strong wind blows from the lake champlain under the ice on the river, then it is dangerous to sleigh on the track across the river ... Two days ago he saw a smart horse and sleigh, with three men in, crossing the river and they all at once sank out of sight, they were all under water. The robes presently floated, he felt certain all were drowned but firstly the nose of the horse appeared, and directly after the men floated,and scrambled on to the ice, it was a wonder they, the three, escaped. People came to their assistance to drag the horse and sleigh out, the sleigh was loosened from the horse and soon pulled up, but it took three 3 hours to get the horse out of the water on to the ice, and the way it was done ultimately is the one experience has proved the most successful but for its danger to the

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1862

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When we arrived at the Montreal terminus, the sleighman I hailed was good enough to say he would convey the frozen man and me to the hospital and would not allow me to pay him for that - he would take his fare only for taking me from the hospital to my Quarters. It was a long sleigh suitable for the Patient to be lying down - on a straw bed wrapped in buffalo skins. The sleigh was shaken fearfully in crossing St.Lawrence river, and we were upset once but fortunately, on my side so the patient was not thrown out. We managed to keep him in while we righted the sleigh. The traces broke twice causing some loss of time for re-adjustment ... the light of our lamp was extinguished. However we got on fairly well considering the state of the track.

The Nunnery hospital is a little out of the city. We arrived there about 9 a.m. - rang the big bell, pulled too hard, broke the bell rope. It is an immensely large

1882

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1862

building, nunnery and hospital included, recently built enclosed by a great thick high wall like a prison, which it is for the nuns. We were for a long time knocking at the door before anyone opened it. I told the portress our business, she reported it to a sister who went and reported to the Mother. A favourable answer came to us, the great door was opened, we drove in to the anticourt, the door closed behind us with a great bang and bolted or locked. I cannot forget what I saw and felt then, shut within this prison, fronting me an immensely huge building, strong, solid, plain, no ornament but some images and a large crucifix. It is night, moonless, the sky and stars not so clear and bright as usual in Canada when it does not snow. Snow threatened, mental gloom, fronting me a flight of 25 or 30 steps to a platform where I see 6 or 8 nuns, one of them holding a large lamp. They have on a grey gown, great big stiff, white collars covering their shoulders. A white napkin tied round the head of each like old women in Wales with headache. Each has a black hood, and plaid apron with pockets, a large crucifix hangs from the neck down to the apron ... I was invited up to the platform, and

1882

1862

there I told them all I knew and heard of the patient emphasising he had a letter of introduction from the priest who shrived him. They expressed their sympathy. There were two or three particularly good looking girls among them, pure and sweet countenance, good manner of speaking, freely and heartily in English. I wished they were somewhere else, and thought I would willingly risk my life to help them out of that prison to freedom if they wished it ... The patient was carried on a chair up those steps and into a ward of the hospital, large clean, warm and well ventilated. After unwrapping the limbs they looked a little better than when I first saw them. Having assisted to undress him, and put him in a good bed, I felt gladly relieved in leaving him in the tender care of the nuns. In driving to my quarters my thought was of the "dark ages" ...

30th January. Visited the patient at the Hotel Dieu. He was glad to see me and is improving, but it is not certain whether amputation will be necessary. ...

1883

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1919

In reference to the foregoing in my diary I may tell you here that I never had a touch of my skin frozen during all my winters in Canada though I was out many times when the thermometer was 42 degrees below zero. Fortunately there was no wind when it was so cold. We felt it much less than when it was about zero and windy. It was the custom for strangers meeting on the street to look at each other in passing and polite for one to say to the other he saw a frozen spot on his face if he did see it, so that no time should be lost in preventing its extension. The spot was known to be frozen by its whiteness, and the usual way of thawing it was to apply to it, dry snow of which there was always plenty - or else to rub it gently with the fur of a collar or back of a mitten before going in to a warm place. People often got frozen soon after going out to the open from a warm house, unless they prevented it by gently rubbing their faces with fur until they felt the glow in the open. It was my habit to do so with the back of my mittens. I was remarkable among the officers for never being frost-bitten. I attributedit to that precaution, to my healthy condition

1919

1919

with good circulation of blood and lymph, and to being a teetotaler. The effect of alcoholic drink in subjecting men to be frozen was notorious. In the early part of our first winter the sentries on night duty were given regularly the usual allowance of rum when going to their post, and those who did not like it were forced to take it purposely to resist the cold. A large proportion of them were frozen more or less, and not a few were found asleep at their post when the relief went round. Those were the worst frozen. It was serious. Several of the medical officers strongly recommended giving the sentries a cup of strong coffee instead of the rum, which was done, and no sentry afterwards slept nor was frozen at his post.

1919

1862

6th May 1862. On Saturday morning the 26th April I was riding my big mare on a roughly paved street, she reared up, slipped, and fell flat on her side. I loosened my feet from the stirrups and swung off or else I would certainly have been crushed, probably killed under her. I sprained my right wrist severely by falling on my hand. I bandaged it and kept it wet with arnica water but it pained so much that I slept little that night and the swelling with pain increased during Sunday. I was very wishful to attend a lecture that evening at the Nord~~h~~heimer's Hall, one of a series being delivered by my friend Mr Baynes, Secretary to the University upon the Prophets of the Old Testament. I had heard the previous lectures and was anxious not to miss one of the series. Therefore I went early with my arm slung and wet with the lotion, in order to secure a seat convenient to get out quietly in the event of my pain becoming insufferable without renewing the lotion. I could hardly hold a feather between thumb and finger of the injured wrist (the right). A little before Mr Baynes commenced I saw a door open and a man entered who appeared to me no other than Mr Wilkinson the P.V.S.,

1862

permanently stationed at the War Office, England. I was so surprised and astonished to see him that I felt thoroughly electrified, as I had felt several times standing on an insulated stool, handling an electric machine, feeling my hair erect, etc. I prespired immediately and felt a strong aura or gush of something flow steadily from my spine down my right arm to the tip of my fingers and return like a steady stream in the same manner. After it passed through the sprained wrist on its return, the pain stopped instantly and never renewed. Before the lecture ended I could press and pinch hard with my right thumb and finger. Next morning Monday, ~~my right~~ the swelling was much reduced and I easily shaved and washed my face with my right hand. The man so like Mr Wilkinson walked from the door, up to my seat and passed on to one behind, as he passed me I recognized him to be Dr. Taylor who officiated here lately as P.M.O.

...

1862 Feb.2 - This morning Montreal was immersed in a dense fog with wonderful gaps. In going down St.James Street I could hardly see five paces before

1862

me, until suddenly I came to a place perfectly clear for about 25 paces with clear, bright blue sky above. It remained so for short time only, then it became as dense a fog there as elsewhere. Farther on my way I got into another such clearing which lasted only a short time as the one before. I walked about the city for further observation, and found the same changes in other streets. I never saw a fog like that, so dense with such clear, perfectly clear intervals in London nor elsewhere.

I went as high on the mountain (Mount Royal from which the name of the city is derived) as the track on the snow would take me, in order to view that condition of the city from above. From there it was a grand sight, all the sky above me was perfectly clear, the white snow and evergreen trees about me beautiful, looking down at the city the fog there was like dense thunderclouds slowly turning about with clear spaces between them, those spaces closing and others opening elsewhere, but differing from storm clouds in that I saw the fog from above on its sunny side. It was curious to see spires of some of the churches piercing through the cloud fog.

... ...

5th Feb. Left Lenox-Ville at 9 a.m. arrived at Melbourne about 11. We put up at the hotel the proprietor of which observes strictly the rule of never giving a drop of alcoholic drink to any person who shows the least sign of intoxication. In looking at some old books in the parlour there I found in one a sheet of note paper with the following Recipes written in good woman's handwriting. The old landlady told me it was given her by somebody who went about lecturing on Phrenology.

Recipe for Health - Go to bed barefoot: pray three times a day: and keep the bowels open.

× × × ×

6th Feb. - Slept on the sofa to ensure early rising. Breakfast 2 a.m. Left the railway station 3 a.m. arrived at Montreal 10 a.m.

The Country about Lenoxville and Melbourne is very pretty it must be beautiful in summer, undulated and woody, the land is in good condition, well cultivated.

At Melbourne there was a little man whose face surprised us by its remarkable likeness to Punch and Judy fame.

1882

1862

1862 March 4 Major Waller and I went to Huntingdon 47 miles from Montreal. We had intended going by mail train to ~~Lachim~~ Lachine and thence by the Mail sleigh. We missed the train by a few minutes, we were in the station to see it start at 8 a.m. because of interruptions on our way to it - so we had togo by the next train at 9.30 a.m. which caused disarrangement of o our proceedings the whole way. Arrived at ~~Lachrim~~ Lachine by 10 a.m. had to wait there until 12.30 for the steamer to cross to Caughnawaga. Mr and Mrs Keith who are staying with the General crossed with us. In relating her experience of Canadian winter travelling she told us that on one occasion in crossing a river on the ice, it gave way. She sank in the water but got hold of the edge of the ice and held herself up by it for some time before help came to pull her out benumbed.

At Caughnawaga we hired a French Canadian to take us in a common country sleigh, the best we could find, with his pony to St.Martin, distance 14 miles. We had some wind and snow on the way, but it was very remarkable how quiet and calm it was in the bush compared to the open parts.

1862

We dined at St.Martin and our man told us his pony was able to take us on without more delay to Durham, a village 14 miles further on the bank of the river ~~Ch~~ Chateauguay; the track is now on the river making the distance over a mile longer unless we waited overnight, which was not convenient and there was not good accommodation. We found the track on the river much heavier than we expected, though we were told it was bad. There was no other because the road on land had not been kept open, closed by snowdrifts, and no track had been made across the fields. We started well the first three miles. I was then in a half sleep dreamy mood, my eyes closed when the sleigh suddenly upset, throwing Waller out and the other two also - the driver and a man from Montreal we allowed to go with us. I held myself in for few minutes, until I thought the sleigh was going to turn over on top of me, then I let go - flung out and found myself knee deep in water. I felt no bottom but managed to scramble out on to the track. We righted the sleigh, got into it and proceeded. The pony's feet penetrated the track, which was rotten, and he was often up to his belly in the slush of snow and water.

1862

Sometimes he had great difficulty in pulling us along and then we had to get out, all except Waller, he had fortunately not got wet when the sleigh turned and threw him out - he feared the wetting then, and I sincerely encouraged him to keep dry under the robes because he was not strong and had a wife and children. He is a good fellow. I like him. I and the others got out into the slush to help the pony, more times than I counted and walked along. I was really warmer walking exerting myself in the water than out of it, because my wet clothes soon froze out of the water. It was night before we reached Allen's Corner, distant ten miles from St.Martin, a hamlet of about 10 or 12 houses including a shop or "store" where the man told me "a little of everything, not much of nothing" required for the country district is sold.

Our good little pony was quite exhausted, not fit to go on, it could hardly walk to the hamlet. I was grieved for him and his owner. The Store-keeper directed St Marie, the Montreal man to go to a certain house to enquire for another sleigh and pony to take us on to Durham as soon as possible. Mr St Marie is a horse dealer who has good practical knowledge of this

1892

1862

countryside and is a help to us. We were inclined to go 8 miles round by land rather than continue along the track in the river. St Marie found the man he was directed to, before the stove, his trousers off, preparing to go to bed, but he agreed to take us forthwith to Durham for a Dollar and half and preferred going on the river to going on the land track, he knew every inch of the river track. Accordingly we went on the river. I was not sorry when I was assured the land track was so obstructed by drifts, it might and probably would be worse for my wet legs than the river track as we had experienced it. St Marie drove the horse of our sleigh, the owner rode another horse in front to shew the line of the track. Soon after we started I felt so cold in the sleigh, though covered by good skin robes because my trousers and socks from knees down were soaking wet. I was convinced my feet and legs would freeze unless I kept them in active motion which however I could not do ~~so~~ but in the water as I did before our halt. Therefore I got out of the sleigh and walked or trotted behind. Our guide found he had misjudged the present state of the river,

1862

he "could not see the track in front better than a blind man", implored us to return, he would give us lodging for nothing, declared his horses would be ruined, probably we would all be drowned, etc·, etc. Mr St Marie was cold and favoured complying with his request. Waller was dry and comfortable. I was wet, but kept myself from freezing by exercisem and I really enjoyed the new experience and excitement of it, determined to go through it. The night was beautiful, the sky clearer than ever seen in Britain, moonless, all the stars brilliant, the air still, all so exhilerating I rejoiced in being. We could not tell what change might possibly be on the morrow, possibly wind and drifting snow, much worse to be in than what we experienced in this river. Waller and I did not like the hospitality in the power of our leader to give us, so long as we thought we might reach Durham safely if we persevered. He and I agreed to persevere and told our leader we would go on with or without him. We proceeded he leading sometimes he got off his horse, walked in front to feel the track better and the horses were often up to their bellies in water. We stopped

1862

many times, the leader in front and I behind walking across our line right and left to find the missing track, our leader bewailing, his voice as if he wept sometimes.

Incidents occurred which made Waller and me to be in roars of laughter, to the great astonishment of our two French Canadian companions, who could not understand our fun, their protests made us laugh more ...
It was past 11 p.m. when we reached Durham. We gave our leader 2½ Dollars, one more than he had offered to take us for. We intended giving him more but Mr St Marie persuaded us not - the man expressed himself more than satisfied with 2½. We had a mile of track on land from the river to the hotel. I continued to run behind the sleigh, to prevent my feet freezing. When we arrived at the hotel my trousers were frozen hard, right through the cloth, the lower half of the legs like two cylinders of glass. I took them off as soon as possible or rather they were pulled off me. They stood like two hollow cylinders before the stove until they melted. My drawers and stockings were pulled off, they were not so frozen because my legs and feet were kept warm by exercise.

1882

I rubbed my limbs well with flannel and borrowed garments of the hotel keeper, warmed myself thoroughly by drinking milk as hot as I could take it with eggs and bread buttered. I was hungry, slept soundly, refreshed, and my clothes were dry and warm in the morn.

P.S. - Note. I am sorry that I may add from recollection Mr St Marie was so chilled by that exposure he never recovered - returned home without delay - one of the internal organs diseased I forget which, he never did a day's work after, lingered for some months before he died. I think it was his fault in keeping in the sleigh after wetting his feet and legs instead of exercising as I did.

The explanation given to me of that very exceptional state of the river is this:- In the early part of the winter the surface of the river froze as usual about three feet thick clear ice, before much snow fell. That ice does not grow thicker after much snow has fallen on it, until the usual thaw at the end of December, then the snow melts and the water gets down on the surface of the ice, freezes a new layer of ice on

1892

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1862

top of the primary, so thickens it. The dry snow is a non-conductor and prevents the cold of the air below zero passing deeply below its (snow) surface. The snow did not melt as usual at the end of last year and there has been an unusual amount of snow falling since. The total accumulation weighing so heavily upon the ice as to cause it to bend down in its middle - that again causing gaping at the sides of the river i.e. the margin of the solid ice cover separating from the river bank on both sides here and there. The curve downwards of the ice cover along its centre presses on the water of the river which therefore rises at the sides and flows through those gaps over the edge of the ice and runs to and upon its depressed middle surface on which the sleigh track was made in the snow. Thus then is the unusual water of various depth along between the ice coat and the snow, which water "rots" the snow so that the feet of travelling horses pass through it. The more horses travelling on it pulling sleighs the more of the snow cake breaks and men's feet pass through to the water. Though the ice has been down hollowed in its surface it has not broken, so neither horses nor man can sink below

the surface of the ice and the water layer between the ice and the snow crust is not deep enough todrown anybody not drunk. The river below is very deep, that is below the ice cover. A new sleigh track is now being made with a snow plough, clearing off the great drifts on the bank of the river because the track on the river is so rotten as we found it.

In the kitchen of the hotel, Durham, I saw a "bunk" as I have seen many before in the country. During day it appears as a rough ~~seatle~~ settle at night its lid is opened exposing a mattress on which two and sometimes three persons sleep covered with furry skins- "robes". The landlady Mrs Mac Eachern told me such "bunks" are common in the highlands of Scotland.

Left Durham at 8 a.m. in a hired common country sleigh for Huntingdon distance 10 miles. Farming is good in this district. The land was first cleared of forest 20 to 30 years ago by Scotch and English Immigrants who were given the plotted farms by the Government for nothing except 10 dollars for the transfer deed, and an annual payment of Seignorial dues, six penxe per acre, which had been imposed upon pence all the land in possession of the French before the

1862

British conquered them. The British Government then agreed to let that charge remain to conciliate the seigniors and through them the French inhabitants generally. The farms were all plotted the same size and shape side by side along the bank of the river the houses at the end fronting the river, the unbroken forest behind all. Each farm 4 acres across and 28 acres long, all the houses are of block, the trunks of trees cut in the clearing, they were very tall pine or ceder, the farms are enclosed by "snake fences" of split trunks and the fields within the farms enclosed like wise. The average value of each farm now is estimated about £90 to £100. Some men now hold by rent or they own 2, 3 or 4 farms together, but the general rule is one farm for each man of the above dimension. We went on the sleigh track formed on the public road, along the bank of the river which the farm houses fronted. The country is undulating and must be pretty in summer. We were upset, thrown out of the sleigh 3 times before we reached Huntingdon. We did not mind that, the snow was soft and dry, the weather fine, we enjoyed it.

1862

March 7. Huntingdon is a quiet country town with about 7,000 inhabitants, there are several sawmills for the forest timber and grist-mills all worked by water power. We went into them to see the machinery, nearly all the houses in the town are built oftimber cut in blocks and planks by the sawmills. We had charming sleigh drives about, through cultivated and forest land, a road is cut through splendid thick tall cedar and pine trees, temperature of the air about zero, no wind, perfectly clear, it was exhilerating. That was yesterday.
We got up for early breakfast this morning, started for home at 6.15 a.m. by the Mail Stage sleigh with two good horses tandem, on the river track again. The day delightful as yesterday, clear no wind. With excellent sleigh, horses in tandem, and driver knowing the track and good daylight we got along surprisingly well after our late experience of it. It was very difficult to proceed in some places, but we had no upset. We saw one country sleigh stuck fast and the horse nearly submerged, he had to be unharnessed for relief. The man and his wife with the horse trudged off the river's bank. Our driver had to exercise all his skill in passing

1862

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1862

that place, the horses were strong and well trained ...

There is a new Roman Catholic Church being built at St Martin. I was informed today that every R.C. farmer in the parish is obliged to pay one dollar per acre of his land towards the building, and the man at whose house we watered our horses told me he owns only one hundred feet of ground in the village for which he must pay one hundred and sixteen dollars to the building fund within four years ... Every Roman Catholic in the country is obliged by law — The French law adopted and confirmed by the British in taking the country from the French, and peace making - to pay $\frac{1}{26}$ of all grain corn, beans, peas, etc· grown on his land every year to the priest of his Parish. That $\frac{1}{26}$ is called the tithe which strictly means $\frac{1}{10}$. If he formally protests and declares before a magistrate that he is not a R.C. or that he was and ceases to be and has adopted another religion which he specifies, then he is legally exempted from paying the "tithe". Nothing but grain, corn, pulse, etc· is tithed so that a R.C. who keeps all his land for pasture, and buys all the grain he needs is not legally bound to pay anything for his church. All the "tithe" of the parish,

1862

the $\frac{1}{26}$ of the grain grown is reckoned as the income of of the parish priest but he is under religious obligation to pay $\frac{1}{10}$ of that amount to his bishop for sacred purposes. The farmers moreover are under religious obligation to keep their church building in good repair, if it deteriorates by age, or is destroyed by fire or otherwise, they must religiously build a new one, at their own expense or else they are formally excommunicated. Prostestants of all denominations are not legally obliged to pay anything for religious purposes. If a R. Catholic owing to adverse circumstances is not able to pay the "tithe" to his priest the debt accumulates with interst from year to year - then sometimes the priest takes legal possession of the property and sells it in an open market or by auction. Last year a man owed the priest of Huntingdon ten dollars, and would not pay, he said he could not because of his poverty and other creditors pressing. After that the priest found him in the church one day worshipping alone, as R.C.'s commonly do, and locked him in, refused to let him out until his friends came and paid the debt claimed in full. The same priest

actually horse-whipped some of his flock for religious crimes they had committed. It was not legal, they might have redress in Civil Law, but then the bishops would support the priest and excommunicate them. They preferred being whipped in this world by their priest to being sent to hell by their bishop.

This is Lent, the time when Roman Catholics all over the world abstain from meat but four or five years ago after representations and petitions made to the Pope he gave special permission of indulgence to all R.C. in Canada to eat meat 3 or 4 times a week on account of the cold and the difficulty in obtaining fresh fish at this season. Moreover for their sake he declared that the beaver should be classed as a fish.

Our driver told me that about five years ago he had a bad "felon" on his finger which had persisted a long time, could not get anything to heal it until one day he saw his wife give Castor Oil to his child and he thought if it is good for inside the body it may be good for the outside; then he soaked a rag with the Castor Oil and bound it on the "felon" and the "felon" appeared better

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next day: the oil was continued and the "felon" was healed in 10 days after. Ever since that he has used n nothing else for fresh and old wounds in man and beast, always successful.

A clergyman who was in the sleigh with us, said a man in a railway carriage lost his hat by putting his head with it on, out through the open window, then he immediately threw his hat-box out. His fellow travellers thought he was mad, but his name and address were on the box so he was sure their finder would send them to him.

We arrived at Caughnawaya by 3.30 p.m. In crossing the river by steam boat it was interesting to observe again the colour of the St.Lawrence river water proper and that which came from the Ottawa river in comparision. It was distinctly remarkable today, more so than I saw before, probably on account of more favourable light. The two great rivers converge a few miles above here, but they do not mix as one would expect they would - the St Lawrence continues on one side its clear sea-green colour, all its tributary soils deposited in its lakes, - the lakeless Ottawa on the other is dirty brown, they flow alongside each other without mixing much for many

1862

miles down. I collected some of the Ottawa river water formerly, kept it in a bottle, no perceptible sediment was formed, and was told the colour is due largely to the form of minute atoms of salts, etc., refracting the light ...

The boat that brought us across returned with two large long railway carriages and about twenty sleighs loaded on board, the horses not unharnessed from the sleighs and the passengers who wished remained in the railway carriages. There is a railway laid along the deck from end to end. The carriages are run in at one end of the boat off the railway on one side of the river and run out of the boat at the other end on to the railway on the other side of the river. It saves making a long and costly bridge. I do not know it would be possible to bridge here, the boat serves as a detached floating railway, so connecting the lines on both sides of the river. Both the rivers after their convergence are named the St Lawrence only - the Ottawa name is discontinued. We arrived by Rail at Montreal by 5.30 p.m. --

.....

57

1870 March 28. 31. About this time Crows come every year to Montreal indicating the change of season.

April 9. First warbler heard.

April 18. First vessel of this Season arrived at Montreal, from the Gulf sailing with stiff breeze up the river.

April 22. Frogs croaking. Dr. Smallwood told us, at the Natural History Society Meeting, that at a place near Montreal the frogs commenced to ~~croke~~ croak on the 23rd April every year for 20 years. That is I think wonderful if correct.

My fresh water tortoises commenced feeding today fasted since 15th October.

The firstsship from sea arrived at Montreal today, the earliest for many years past.

July 5. Left Montreal with the Battery for England in the new river passenger boat "The Montreal" to Quebec. It is a splendid river-boat, has 113 Cabins, 350 beds. The sister boat "The Quebec" has 450 beds and 120 cabins.

July 6. Embarked at Quebec on board the Indian Troop Ship "The Crocodile" sent especially because H.R.H. Prince Arthur is returning with the Rifle Brigade.

July 7. In the Gulf. Insane soldier jumped into the sea.

1870

I was on deck at the time - life buoy was thrown to him to mark the place if he did not take it. The ship was stopped and while that was being done the life-boat with crew was lowered, directed to the buoy. The man was found floating near it and brought back.

July 19 The Royal Yacht "The Prince Albert" met us in the English Channel, sent by the Queen, who is staying at Osborn specially to take Prince Albert to her. The Captain of the Yacht informed us France had declared War against Prussia!

July 20 Arrived at Portsmouth. Infantry disembarked.

July 21 Ordered to proceed in the Crocodile for the battery to disembark at Gravesend.

July 22. Disembarked at Gravesend. Arrived at Woolwich by train 8.30 p.m.

72 75 78

BRYNKYNALLT.
BANGOR.
NORTH WALES.

July 24. 35

To the Librarian
The Osler Library
McGill University
Montreal Canada

Dear Sir

Dr Griffith Evans, Caernarvon has forwarded your letter dated June 29th last, enquiring about his kinsman Griffith Evans, the discoverer of Trypanosoma Evansi, to me daughter of the latter.

My father will have his 100th birth day August 7 next.

You will be glad to know he receives the McGill News regularly. I cannot explain how your letter sent some years ago did not reach him.

You say you would like to have a "picture" of him, so I infer you never received the Report of the Presentation of the Mary Kingsley Medal with his autobiographical memoir published in the annals of Tropical Medicine by the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine in 1918. He tells me he cannot remember having sent it to McGill though he remembers sending a copy of his Report on Surra made in 1880 to Dr Howard then Professor of medicine at McGill

I am therefore sending herewith the following with a view to your having a "picture" of him.

VRG

1) Reprint of the Report of the Presentation of the Mary Kingsley medal with his autobiographical memoir. There you will see reproduced a photograph taken a few years after he retired from the Army which he did aet 55 Dupl. of #2548

2) An old photograph taken near the Niagara Fall by a travelling photographer who happened to be there in search of pictures of the Fall. Doubtless the ~~scene~~ scene is very different now. On the back of one of these which he sent me New Years Day 1913 he wrote "When looking at the water coming in great waves rushing to the Fall of Niagara in 1869 I thought it was an allegory of events in time". That gives you the date of it. Inserted in #2547

3) an X Ray Photograph of his impacted fracture of the neck of the left femur. this occurred in 1925 when he fell because knot willing to accept defeat in trying to climb a very slippery grass slope. He got about after that round the garden with 2 sticks up & down stairs. In the Spring 1929 he fell again trying to reach a book & broke his right leg. this could not be X rayed but was probably an impacted fracture in or near the neck. He got downstairs a few times, by a stupendous effort, during the following August, until I begged him not to attempt it again owing to an alarming attack of heart block which occurred half way up the stairs. Inserted in #2547

4) a photograph of him taken receiving the casket containing the freedom of the City

City of Bangor in 1931. Because he was
bedridden the Mayor, the Clerk, & some members
of the Council brought it to him here. The
formal ceremony had previously taken place
in the Council Chamber. Inserted in #2547.

Now he is too feeble to stand even with help
he has been quite deaf for years
his sight is failing owing to cataract
he has increasing difficulty in swallowing,
owing to an oesophageal pouch.
Nevertheless he continues to read with intelligent
interest & desire to know, by help of
spectacles & a handglass, & is so cheerful
that some of the few visitors he is able to see
remark "there is nothing the matter with him"
His last years have demanded more courage
than anything in his earlier life, in my
opinion.
As I was named in memory of the very happy
years he spent in Canada, it gives me
particular pleasure to respond to your enquiry
from McGill by sending these enclosures.
Later on I will send you a photograph of him
taken before he went to India, which is I think
the best "picture" of him which we have, &
which I am arranging to have reproduced

Yours faithfully
Erie Evans
(ERIE) MBlond.

74

(H) I wrote to this kinsman to find out old H.E.'s address

75 78

From Dr. GRIFFITH EVANS. TELEPHONE 36.

37, CASTLE SQUARE,
CAERNARVON.

18/7/35

Dear Sir.

Many thanks for your letter which I am sending on to Dr Eric Evans who has now retired & lives with her father — your senior graduate!

Yes he is still alive & hopes to celebrate his 100th birthday in August this year. He is very deaf & has a cataract which prevents [illegible] magnification.

(G) 74

Deferred cable
Charged to Medical Faculty

August 6th, 1935
2:00 p.m.

Doctor Griffith Evans,

Brynkynallt,

Bangor, Wales

The Medical Faculty of McGill University send anniversary congratulations and take pride in your achievements.

Dean Martin

the Summer holidays are over

(H) I wrote to this gentleman to find out old G.E.'s address.

75 78

From Dr. GRIFFITH EVANS. TELEPHONE 36. 37, CASTLE SQUARE, CAERNARVON.

18/7/35

Dear Sir.

Many thanks for your letter which I am sending on to Dr Eric Evans who has now retired & lives with her father – your senior graduate!

Yes he is still alive & hopes to celebrate his 100th birthday in August this year. He is very deaf & has a cataract which prevents him reading except with strong magnification. Mentally however he is very alert & appears to enjoy bodily health apart from frailty.

2) an old photo taken ~~of~~ Niagara Falls

3) a photo of him receiving the "Freedom" of the City of Bangor & I promised if you wished to let you have a reprint of a photograph taken before he went to India.

I have now got them ready, but as I have had no acknowledgment of the others having arrived safely I hesitate to post it. Perhaps I had better wait until after the summer holidays are over

I was privileged to carry a letter from him to Sir William Osler when I entered Oxford as a student & the warmth of my reception was a tribute both to Sir William's generous hospitality & to the regard in which he held my kinsman.

Yours sincerely

Griffith Evans

76

78

BRYNSYNALLT
BANGOR
NORTH WALES

August 20. 35

To the Librarian
The Osler Library
McGill University Montreal Canada

Dear Sir

July 24th I sent you a registered packet containing 1) a reprint of Dr Griffith Evans memoir 2) an old photo taken at Niagara Falls 3) a photo of him receiving the "Freedom" of the City of Bangor & I promised if you wished to let you have a reprint of a photograph taken before he went to India.

I have now got this ready, but as I have had no acknowledgment of the others having arrived safely I hesitate to post it. Perhaps I had better wait until after the summer holidays are over

In the meantime you may let me know whether the others reached you.

As you expressed a wish to have his photograph I feel sure you would like to have one of him as he was when he walked the streets of Montreal & the classrooms of McGill & talked with Abraham Lincoln. Although this was taken after his return from Canada, he cannot have altered much until after he went to India

Yours faithfully
Eric Evans

I enclose a stamped envelope for your reply

Brynkynallt
Bangor
N. Wales
Britain
August 22.35

To the Librarian
The Osler Library
McGill University
Montreal Canada

Dear Sir
I am packing these photographs for you today, but I shall not post them until I hear from you the last parcel was received. & know the holidays are over.

Please find

1) Reprint of an old Enlargement of a photograph of my father Dr Griffith Evans taken after his return from Canada & before he went to India. He cannot have changed much during that interval, so this is as he was when McGill knew him. Inserted at end of # 2547

2) Enlargement of a photograph taken in his bed on his birthday showing Sir Frederick Hobday presenting him with The Tribute from the Royal Veterinary College

3) Reprint from the local paper giving an account of the Presentation.

Yours faithfully Eric Evans.

For the Dean of the Medical Faculty, 29 August, 1935.

NOTES ON DR. GRIFFITH EVANS

His discovery of the trypanosomes in "Surra" is entered thus, with a note by Osler, in the "Bibliotheca Osleriana":

> Report on "Surra" Disease. fol. [Madras, 1885].
> Military Dept., Dec. 1880. No. 7 (pp. 59-89).
> With MS. note by the author: "This is a 'proof' copy
> of a reprint, with footnotes added, published by the
> Madras Government in 1885." Inserted: letter from
> author.
>
> When I was a student with Bovell at Toronto,
> 1868-9, Griffith Evans, who was stationed there as
> veterinary surgeon to the Artillery, was much inter-
> ested in the microscope, and frequently came to
> Bovell's rooms to help in the preparation of specimens.
> He had previously been stationed at Montreal, where he
> graduated in medicine from McGill in 1864. When serving
> in India he made the discovery of the parasites in the
> blood in Surra- the first trypanosome disease to be
> described.
>
> On his retirement he went to Bangor, where he still
> lives, a hale, hearty octogenarian. He sent this, and a
> book of photographs of famine scenes in India (no. 2565),
> 8 Jan., 1918. Wm. Osler.

An autobiographical memoir is included in an article, "Presentation of the Mary Kingsley Medal to Dr. Griffith Evans", in the Annals of Tropical Medicine, Liverpool, July 1918, Vol. 12, pp. 1-16. Reprints of this are in the Osler Library (no. 2548) and contain a frontispiece portrait. He was born in Wales 7 August, 1835, and recently celebrated his 100th birthday. His daughter (Dr. Erie Evans, Brynkynallt, Bangor, Wales) writes that though he suffered fractures of both legs in recent years and is bedridden and entirely deaf, he is still able to read and keenly enjoys it. In 1931 he was presented by the Corporation with the freedom of Bangor (photograph in the Osler Library of the ceremony at his bedside). The following is from the above-mentioned memoir:

Abstracted

> He began the study of surgery under John Pugh, F.R.C.S.,
> but turned to veterinary surgery and qualified as a veterinary
> surgeon in the Army, obtaining a commission in 1860; came
> to Canada in the famous SS. Great Eastern, was stationed at
> Montreal June 1861, registered at McGill and graduated M.D.,C.M.
> in 1864 with a thesis on tuberculosis, giving evidence of its
> infectious character and advocating the open-air treatment.
> "Professor Fraser, who read my thesis, challenged the infection
> in Convocation, but I maintained my ground by added evidence of
> my own observation" [query: No evidence of this thesis having
> been published. Would a copy have been kept by the College?].
> Later he was stationed at Toronto, where he became acquainted
> with Osler. He returned to England in July 1870 on the same
> troopship as Prince Arthur (Duke of Connaught).

Married, in 1870, Catherine Jones, daughter of a Welsh surgeon. Transferred to Army Service Corps 1871, at Woolwich, and took post-graduate courses in histology, physiology, and ophthalmology at King's College and Moorfields.

Sent to India 1877 and, on arrival, to the Punjab to investigate a long-standing epizootic of horses. This he proved to be anthrax. From childhood microscopy was his hobby and he had followed Pasteur's bacterial researches from their beginning.

In August 1880 sent to Dura to investigate Surra, a disease which had been fatal for years to horses and camels of the Punjab Frontier Force. The first drop of blood he examined was swarming with parasites, which he proved by experimental transmission to be the cause of the disease. These were first named Trichomonas evansi, later Trypanosome evansi. His results were published in a government report, Madras, 1880, of which the 1885 reprint is noted above as being in the Osler Library. This was the first time that a trypanosome had been shown to be pathogenic. He had great difficulties to overcome, first, to obtain healthy horses for inoculation, and secondly, to convince his colleagues. "The Surgeon-General and the Chief Sanitary Officer, and all the Senior Medical Officers in India at that time, continued to maintain their opposition to the theory of pathogenesis advocated by me ..."

He also discovered the Filaria evansi, a blood parasite of camels. Official duties prevented him from carrying his investigations further, and he returned to England in 1885, retired from the Army in 1890, settled at Bangor, and for 20 years lectured on Hygiene in the Agricultural Department of University College, North Wales.

Like his father, he has always been a Rationalist and a teetotaller. "For some time after I entered the Army I was the only teetotaller in the officers' mess. When I retired from the Army teetotallers were common."

Osler Library. W. W. F.

29 August, 1935

Miss Erie Evans, M.B.,
Brynkynallt,
B a n g o r,
North Wales

Dear Dr. Evans:

I am distressed to learn from your letter of August 20th that your previous letter and registered packet of July 24th had not been acknowledged. Immediately on ~~the~~ receipt of them I sent them to the University authorities and I wrongly assumed that they would acknowledge them. I hope you received the congratulatory telegram which they sent your father on August 6th.

We are very grateful to you for the two pictures of your father, one taken at Niagara Falls in 1869, and the other in 1931 receiving the freedom of Bangor, and I am looking forward to having the other one which you have promised me, taken before he went to India. We were already familiar with the published one and had a copy of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine presentation, which Sir William Osler included in his collection, along with the report on Surra. I enclose a copy of the Surra entry in his printed catalogue, including, as it does, a nice note by Osler on your father.

I am Osler's nephew and helped in the cataloguing of this library at Oxford after his death. Amongst the things which Dr. Evans sent to Osler about 1917-18 was a facsimile of an autograph letter of Edward Jenner to Sir Richard Phillips, 1807. This fooled me nicely, as when I saw it first it was with some genuine letters of Jenner's and had been taken out of the volume in which it was published. After consulting an expert at the Bodleian I catalogued it as an original, but fortunately before our catalogue was printed I read the conclusion of your father's letter to Osler, 17 Jan. 1918, as follows:

"With regard to your remarks upon Vol. 2. "Anecdotes" I sent to you, my first thought of Jenner's letter was that it was an original inserted, but on closer examination I doubted that, because of the manner in which it was bound with the book, yet if it was a copy why is there no reference to it in that vol.? It is an open question with me. I sent it to you without any remark upon it to see what impression it would make upon you."

If your father has kept Osler's letters I should be very glad to know what Osler's "remarks upon Vol. 2" were and whether he was fooled as I was.

It is good to hear that in spite of his many infirmities your father is still able to enjoy reading.

With kind regards and apologies for the delay,

Yours sincerely,

W. W. Francis, M.D.
Librarian

28 August, 1925

Miss Eric Evans, B.A.,
Brynkynallt,
B a n g o r,
North Wales

Dear Dr. Evans,

I am distressed to learn from your letter of August 20th that your previous letter and registered packet of July 24th had not been acknowledged. Immediately on receipt of them I sent them to the University authorities and I strongly assumed that they would acknowledge them. I hope you received the congratulatory telegram which they sent your father on August 6th.

We are very grateful to you for the two pictures of your father, one taken at Algora Bella in 1883, and the other in 1891 receiving the Freedom of Bangor, and I am looking forward to having the other one which you have promised us, taken before he went to India. We were already familiar with the published one and had a copy of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine Presentation, which Sir William Osler included in his collection, along with the report on Guyra. I enclose a copy of the Guyra entry in his printed catalogue, including, as it does, a note by Osler on your father.

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It is good to hear that in spite of his many infirmities your father is still able to enjoy reading.

With kind regards and apologies for the delay,

Yours sincerely,

E. W. Francis, M.D.
Librarian

Brynkynallt
Bangor North Wales
Sep 11. 35

To Dr Francis
Librarian The Osler Library
McGill Univ. Montreal.

Dear Dr Francis
Thank you for your letter of 29th August.
I hope to post the parcel tomorrow as I promised containing the photograph of Father taken before he went to India also the one taken with Dr Frederick Holt Day on his birthday - with a Reprint from the local paper from which you will see he had the pleasure of receiving the telegram from McGill.

In reply to your question about the Vol 2 "Anecdota" I enclose herewith a copy of Osler's letter to Father, to which Father's letter, from which you quote, must have been a reply. - You will see Osler also was inclined to think the former letter original. I wonder whether he found a similar reproduction in the Ratcliffe Library volume which he says he would look at for comparison. [inserted in #2547]
This is the only letter of Osler's I have -

I am very pleased to have your copy of Osler's ~~Father's~~ note about Father in the Surra Entry of his printed catalogue.
I had the great pleasure of spending a day with Father, on one of his short visits to me in Cardiff, visiting Sir William & Lady Osler in Oxford. Osler made my Father go over all the details of his Surra investigations - I especially remember Fathers account of his

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inserted #2547

observation of leucocytosis – how near he was to discovering their phagocytic action – & his emphasis on his lack of stains wherewith to pursue his investigations.

I remember too the affectionate welcome & farewell which Osler gave my father & how he turned to me saying "You will take care of him".

I saw him previously in Cardiff when he addressed the Medical Society there. On that occasion I enjoyed, as I am sure did Osler, the amusing study of expression afforded by the faces of my fellow members when he suddenly introduced me to them as "the daughter of my oldest friend". I have been informed since by Sir Dyce Duckworth that Osler had previously before entering the room, amazed some of them by demanding whether they could tell him where Griffith Evans lived. In those days I was the only medical woman practising in Cardiff & Father's visits were very short, so none could answer Osler's question: they had probably never heard of Griffith Evans even if they knew of Trypanosoma Evansi. Osler must have found their faces entertaining. As he knew Father was then in Bangor he must have done it for fun.

What a big human being Osler was!

Yours sincerely
Eric Evans

25 September, 1935

Dr. Eric Evans,
Brynkynallt,
Bangor, Wales

Dear Dr. Evans:

The registered package came this morning and I am delighted to have the fine picture of your father in the days of mutton chop whiskers, and the other one on his 100th birthday. What a wonderful old man to sit up and give such a speech as that reported in the reprint.

Inserted at end of #2547

This afternoon by the next mail I have your letter of September 11th, with your interesting reminiscences of Osler and enclosing a copy of Osler's letter to your father of January 1st, 1918, which gives me just the information I wanted. I am glad to see that the Jenner letter puzzled Osler. It was certainly a crime to publish such a perfect facsimile in that volume without any mention of it in the text of the book.

inserted in #2547

I was interested to learn from our new Professor of Education, Mr. John Hughes, that one of your sisters was married to E. H. Jones, author of one of my favorite books, The Road to Endor.

With kind regards to you and to your great father, and with my very best thanks,

Sincerely yours,

W. W. F.

23 September, 1953

Dr. Ira Evans,
Bryn Mawr,
Bangor, Wales

Dear Dr. Evans:

I am delighted to have the fine picture of your father in the days of mutton chop whiskers, and the other one on his 120th birthday. What a wonderful old man to sit up and give such a speech as that! Reported in the Journal.

This afternoon by the next mail I have your letter of September 11th, with your interesting reminiscences of Osler and enclosing a copy of Osler's letter to your father of January 1st, 1919, which gives me just the information I wanted. I am glad to see that the Banner letter puzzled Osler. It was certainly a crime to publish such a perfect facsimile in that volume without any mention of it in the text of the book.

I was interested to learn from our new Professor of Education, Mr. John Hughes, that one of your sisters was married to R. R. Jones, author of one of my favorite books, The Road to Endor.

With kind regards to you and to your great father, and with my very best thanks,

Sincerely yours,

Re-printed from the "North Wales Chronicle," August 9th, 1935.

BANGOR'S G.O.M.

Congratulations from King and Queen

Dr. Griffith Evans Celebrates His Centenary

Born 7 Aug., 1835.

"The King and Queen are much interested to hear that to-day you are celebrating your hundredth birthday and desire me to convey to you their hearty congratulations. Their Majesties are aware of your distinguished services to veterinary science and send you their best wishes on this great anniversary."

This telegram, sent from the Royal Yacht at Cowes, was received by Dr Griffith Evans, Brynkynallt, Bangor, who on Wednesday celebrated his 100th birthday.

The Prince of Wales also sent a telegram "with sincere congratulations on your hundredth birthday."

Messages of congratulation came from all parts of the country and Dr. Evans personally read each one of them.

In his bedroom, Dr. Evans, propped up in bed, looking scarcely changed from the time he received a few years ago and in the same room the Freedom of Bangor, was presented with a scroll personally handed to him on behalf of the Royal Veterinary College, London, by Professor Sir Frederick Hobday, F.R.C.V.S., F.R.S.E., Hon. Veterinary Surgeon to the King, the Principal and Dean of the College where Dr. Evans qualified in 1855, he being not only the father of the College but of the veterinary profession

THE SCROLL

The scroll, which was as follows, was framed with wood from the old college:—

"Tribute of the Royal Veterinary College to Dr. Griffith Evans, D.Sc., Wales, M.D., C.M., M.R.C.V.S., passed 1855.

"In recognition of the valuable research services to veterinary and human medicine by Dr. Griffith Evans and rendered with a high courage over a phenomenally lengthy period this illuminated scroll from his Alma Mater is presented by the President, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, K.G., and Sir Frederick Hobday, C.M.G., F.R.C.V.S., F.R.S.E. (Hon. Veterinary Surgeon to His Majesty the King), Principal and Dean of the Royal Veterinary College.

"Further, it is proposed to set up in the Common Room of the College a carved plaque to commemorate the consent of Dr. Griffith Evans— the Father of the veterinary profession—to lead the veterinarians of the Empire in support of the Royal Veterinary College Hospital Giant Nosebag 250,000,000 farthing endowments fund, and in felicitation of his 100th birthday, August 7th, 1935.

HENRY, President.
FREDERICK F. E. HOBDAY,
Principal and Dean.
The Royal Veterinary College.

Sir F. Hobday presenting the Vet. Coll. tribute to E. on his 100th birthday.

Sir Frederick Hobday, in handing the scroll to Dr. Evans, who eagerly perused every word of it, stated that as a great pioneer they congratulated him on what he had done for humanity and for veterinary science.

"We wish you continued good health to see progress in comparative medicine, which was initiated by the discovery which you made of the parasites in the blood when investigating, whilst a veterinary officer in the British Army, the disease known as 'surra' in horses and camels."

IN REMINISCENT MOOD.

Glancing round the bedroom as though he was about to address a vast audience—by the way it is a thousand pities that his address was not broadcast—Dr. Evans astonished the small company who constituted his audience by his eloquence. Without a single note he spoke for exactly half an hour in tones which could be heard even in the road outside the residence, and adroitly turned from scientific subjects to indulge in humorous flashes with the skill and facility of a practised orator. One minute his hearers were listening to the value of alkalies and acids; then came a joke at the expense of a professor at the Veterinary College. This professor was showing the analogy between influenza and influence; how the germ of influenza influenced others. This particular professor was not ashamed to admit that he did not know everything—Dr. Evans thought a lot of him for that—and he once asked the class, "What is influence?" No reply. The professor, a snuff addict, took a sniff. "Again I ask what is influence?" "God knows. I don't," was the professor's naive admission.

"I am overwhelmed by this special message from my old college, where I began my scientific career," said Dr. Evans, who recalled with a twinkle in his eye, the old Welsh proverb "Os mynni glod, bid farw" ("He who seeks glory must die").

"I can't find words to express what I feel," proceeded Dr. Evans. "I trust to your kindness and to your goodness, that you will consider me as having said what I ought to say. I am quickly going to pass from the formal and come a little more to the free and easy. This scroll represents my "alma mater" about which I must say a few words. I should like to refer to what I recollect of lectures which have influenced me throughout my life. We had several lecturers—Spooner, Simmonds and Morton. Morton was professor of chemistry, but he was also a natural poet and sometimes he gave a poetical turn to his lectures. The lecture of his which has been mostly on my mind dealt with the action of alkalies and acids on each other. He had a diagram, which some of you in this bedroom will understand; it had lines pointing to the agent and showing how they attracted and repulsed. 'Instead of attraction you may read love,' said Morton. 'You may say that this element loves one element better than it loves another element.' But there is no time for me to go into all the things I remember in my life of observation."

VALUE OF FRIENDSHIP.

Dr. Evans went on to speak of the love of human beings and animals—the latter had a sort of chemical love which proceeded from step to step until they came to mankind. In mankind they had the highest element—friendship.

"I have noticed throughout my life that in mankind all that has been worth having has developed from friendship," said Dr. Evans. "The love of the divorce court is animal or chemical love without friendship. At the college I passed from Professor Morton to Professor Simmonds and to the diseases of ruminants. I had seen sheep ruminate, but I didn't understand what it meant until Simmonds told me. When Simmonds lectured there ran through my head the old saying, 'Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest.' That impressed upon me what rumination meant, and I have been ruminating ever since. Simmonds' lecture set me ruminating."

Dr. Evans told us that in his days at college there was no microscope there; at any rate for the use of the students. He felt that he should have a microscope before he could understand disease, and he asked Professor Simmonds how he could get one, and he was advised to buy a second-hand instrument for £5. He bought it, but he did not know how to use it, so he had to buy a book on the subject and was warned to be careful about the lenses—to keep them away from fluid and especially not to put spittle on them. He started with common things; there was no cutting then. He began to study the blood of different animals, and he noticed the differences. He studied the blood of healthy animals—observed how different it was in the early morning, after a meal, and before a meal. By close observation he noticed the difference in the white corpuscles—there were more of them after a meal than after a fast. Sir Frederick would understand that.

"I WAS RUMINATING."

"You know it now; I had to find it out for myself," said Dr. Evans. "I went to the college as the baby. I went there for food to grow They gave me very little food, but I owe it to them that they put me on the way to find as much of it as possible. I was, however, impressed with the fact that when I had found the food, I must cook it myself. It was a suggestion to me to study diseases of the blood in India, which culminated in finding the germ of Surra, from which I went on, link by link. You see, I was ruminating; I was a ruminating animal. Now I come to Professor Spooner, who was the principal. He lectured specially on the diseases of horses. What impressed me greatly about Professor Spooner was his very frequent confession in his lecture that 'he did not know.' He was never ashamed to admit when he did not know. He never professed to know more than he did, but he put us on the way to find it out for ourselves. He set us the example of never being ashamed of saying we 'did not know,' but rather it was our duty to find it out. His lecture on influenza was one which affected me all my life. You know, Sir Frederick, from tradition, of Professor Spooner's love for his snuff-box. He always came to the lectures with his snuff-box and began them with a sniff from the box. He dealt at one lecture with influenza. There had been an outbreak of the disease among horses, and Professor Spooner asked 'What is influenza?' It meant, of course, something influencing one animal upon another. Then the Professor asked 'What is influence?' He took another snuff of snuff. 'Gentlemen, I again ask you what is influence?' 'God knows, I don't,' he added. He however showed us how influenza was infectious and how infection differed from contagion; how it affected animals not touching each other. 'What is this influence?' asked Professor Spooner.

"I ruminated that lecture upon influenza, and in the course of time I discovered such things as 'mental influenza' and 'commercial influenza.' That lecture influenced me. He impressed upon us the necessity for plenty of fresh air and freedom from draught. As to food, the animal suffering from such diseases knows best what to eat. Don't force anything upon them; give them plenty of water, and nature will do the rest. Professor Spooner, in his lectures, impressed first of all that the natural tendency is to recover and the less we interfere the better."

Dr. Evans had scarcely concluded his address when Mr R. T. Evans, who is acting Head Postmaster of Bangor during the absence of Capt. Arthur on holiday, came to the bedroom with a gilt envelope bearing the message from the King and Queen. This took the breezy centenarian by surprise and he showed it.

The party in the bedroom included Dr. Evans, his son, Mr ap Griffith, Mrs Garfitt (daughter), Miss Garfitt (grand-daughter), Dr. Erie Evans (daughter), Mrs E. H. Jones (daughter), Mr E. H. Jones, Registrar of the University College of North Wales (son-in-law), Mr Bevan Jones (grandson), Miss Jean Jones (grand-daughter), Sir Frederick Hobday, Mr W. T. Rowlands (University College Veterinary Department), and Nurse Thomas.

"FROM MY OWN PEOPLE."

The felicitations of the citizens of Bangor were conveyed by the Mayor (Alderman Richard Thomas) and the Town Clerk (Mr Pentir Williams). This was a touching little ceremony, in the course of which Dr. Evans, for the first time, completely broke down.

"I don't know what to say," he remarked. "You will be able to understand my feelings. I have just received, through Sir Frederick Hobday, the congratulations of my college; then came the telegram from the King and Queen, but now I have received something from my own people, those among whom I have lived and among whom I have worked. You, Sir Frederick, can understand my feelings."

Sir Frederick: I can understand it.

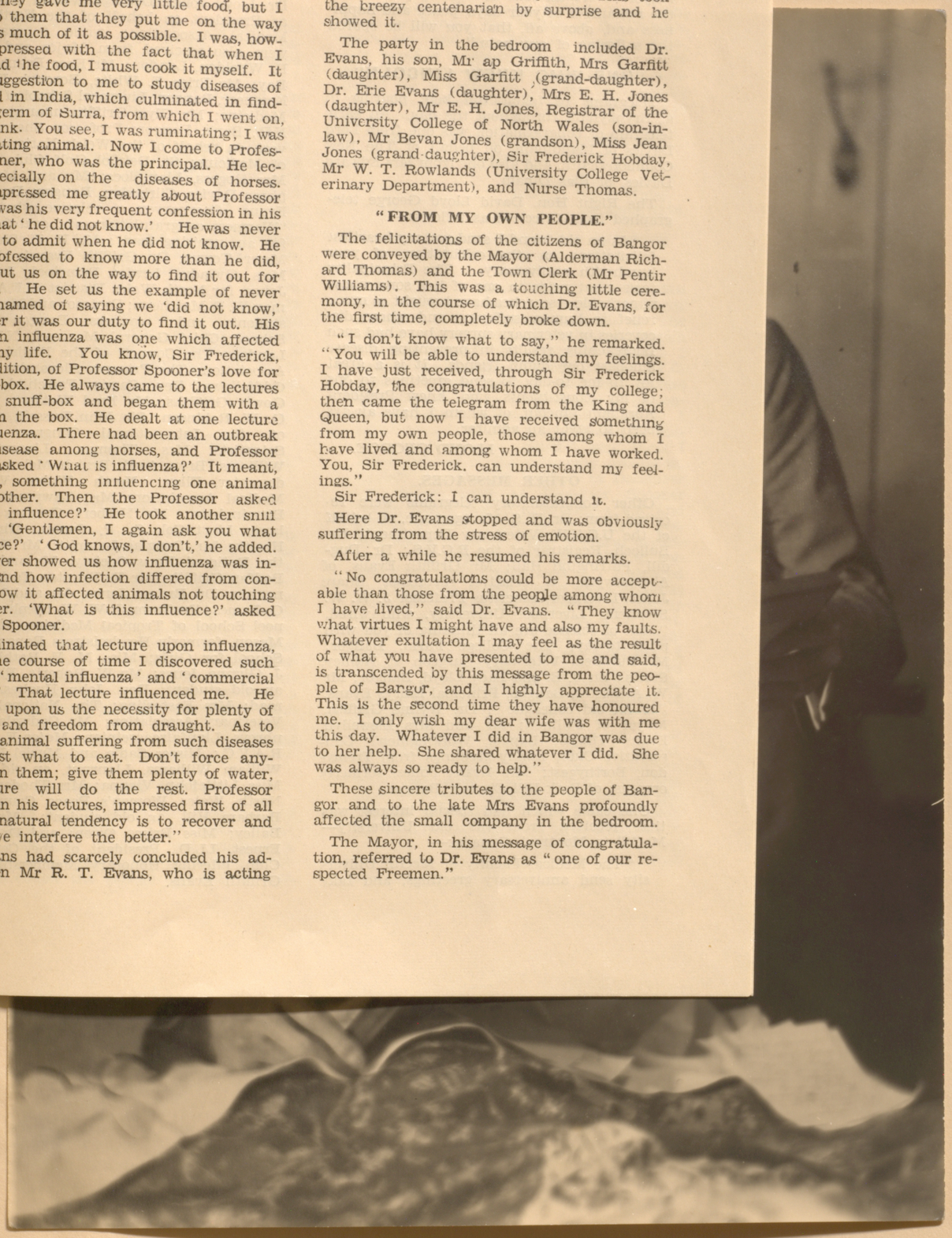
Here Dr. Evans stopped and was obviously suffering from the stress of emotion.

After a while he resumed his remarks.

"No congratulations could be more acceptable than those from the people among whom I have lived," said Dr. Evans. "They know what virtues I might have and also my faults. Whatever exultation I may feel as the result of what you have presented to me and said, is transcended by this message from the people of Bangor, and I highly appreciate it. This is the second time they have honoured me. I only wish my dear wife was with me this day. Whatever I did in Bangor was due to her help. She shared whatever I did. She was always so ready to help."

These sincere tributes to the people of Bangor and to the late Mrs Evans profoundly affected the small company in the bedroom.

The Mayor, in his message of congratulation, referred to Dr. Evans as "one of our respected Freemen."



Sir F. Hobday presenting the Vet. Coll. tribute to Dr. on his 100th birthday.

"Our pleasure is all the more because the good feelings we extend are shared by the citizens of Bangor generally," added the Mayor. "We all join in wishing you during the remainder of your days, peace and happiness and, above all, that you will be spared the suffering of any pain."

"ONE WHO KNEW LINCOLN"

Telegrams of felicitation kept pouring in at Brynkynallt throughout the day. An early telegram of congratulation was one from Lord Davies of Llandinam, on behalf of The New Commonwealth, and also one from Mrs Edward Davies, of Plas Dinam.

The Right Hon. David Lloyd George telegraphed from Criccieth as follows:—

"As an old friend I send you my heartiest felicitations on the celebration of your hundredth anniversary. The Principality feels great pride in one of her sons whose remarkable researches have brought so much relief to human suffering and whose discoveries in veterinary surgery have had such far-reaching results in preventing disease amongst our dumb friends. It is a great joy to me to-day to send greetings to one of my constituents who knew President Abraham Lincoln, of whom I have always been so great an admirer.

LLOYD GEORGE."

OTHER MESSAGES.

Other congratulatory telegrams were received from: Dr. R. S. Montgomerie, on behalf of the U.C.N.W. Veterinary Department; Dr. Bulloch, Registrar of the R.C.V.S.; Dr. Dugdill, Patrington Hall; Mr Griffith Evans, of Aberystwyth, a relative; Professor Share Jones, Liverpool; Emeritus Professor J. W. W. Stephens, Liverpool University, who wired, "Men of science are all thinking of you with pride to-day; The College Farm, Bangor; Mr Bundred, Veterinary Surgeon at Hanley, Staffs.; Sir J. E. and Lady Lloyd, Bangor; Mr W. A. Foster, Bangor; Principal Emrys Evans, "to an old colleague"; Dr. Wynne Griffith, Mayor of Pwllheli; Mr and Mrs Llewellyn Evans, Towyn; Bangor Workingmen's Conservative Club; family greetings from Tremydon, Borthygest; Mrs Evans Jones, formerly organist of Park Hill Church, Bangor.

One cable which had special interest was that received from his old University—McGill in Montreal, Canada:—

"The Medical Faculty of McGill University send anniversary greetings, and take pride in your achievements."—(Sd.) Dean Martin."

Sir Richard and Lady Williams, of Cynfal, Bangor, telegraphed their greetings in Welsh; Dr. Lloyd Jones, Denbigh, voiced felicitations as President on behalf of the North Wales Medical Association; while congratulations were also received from Major and Mrs W. P. Wheldon, London; Mr Rees Evans, Colwyn Bay; Mr Price F. White, Borough Electrical Engineer, Bangor, Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine; Mr Glyn Griffith, manager of the N.P., Bank, Bangor; Professor Sheen as Provost, on behalf of the Welsh National School of Medicine; St. Deiniol Golf Club, Bangor, Mrs Rogers, Llanidloes; Mr and Mrs Humphrey Davies, Cilrhedyn, Bangor; Dr. Griffith Evans, Caernarvon, a relative, whole wired: "Warmest congratulations and grateful thanks for an inspiring lead"; Mr H. H. Shuker, Ty Mawr, Towyn, Dr. Griffith Evans's old home; Miss Gwladys Lewis; Principal J. Morgan Jones, for North Wales District W.E.A.; Alderman W. P. Matthews; Profesor and Mrs Gibson; students and teachers, Bangor Summer School; Chief General Manager, N.P. Bank, London; The Council of the British Medical Association; The Princess Alexandra Lodge of Oddfellows; Rev. Canon Fairchild; Mr W. Gower Griffiths; Mr Fred Watson; Professor G. W. Robinson; Sir John Russell, on behalf of the International Congress of Soil Scientists; Mrs Thomas, Llanrug; Mrs Williams, Bryn Awel, Braich Melyn, and her daughter, Ellen; North Wales Veterinary Medical Association; Mr Lawrence Tipper, Birmingham; Mr Herbert Greaves (son-in-law); Lieut.-Col. S. P. James, Ministry of Health; Mr Douglas Lampitt; Mr Watts, for the Rational Press Society; Mr and Mrs St. Bodfan Griffith; Mr R. Branton Tasker, Caernarvon; Dr. Bryner Jones; Mr and Mrs Robt. O. Eames; Professor J. W. W. Stephens, Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine; Miss M. I. Mason, formerly Headmistress Bangor County School for Girls; Miss M. F. Rathbone; Mr J. Glynne Jones; Mr W. Roberts, Plas Gwyn, an old student; Rev. John Hughes, Princes-road; Mrs Easterling; The National Medical Veterinary Association; Mr Cadwaladr Humphreys, Llanfaircaereinion; Major F. J. Short, R.A.V.C.; Misses Sadie and Muriel Price; Mr William Williams, Llanrwst, an old student; Miss Littlejohn, Vienna; Mrs Thoday, for the North Wales Women's Peace Council; Miss Barbara Hill, an old student; Mrs Lydia Bailey; Miss Brisco Owen; and Dr. Maurice Ernest, LL.D., President of the Centenarian Club, offering Honorary Membership to Dr. Griffith Evans.

At a meeting of the Gorsedd and Eisteddfod Association at Caernarvon, on Tuesday, Alderman W. R. Jones and the Town Clerk of Bangor were asked to convey the congratulations of that body to Dr. Evans.

The congregation of Pendref Congregational Church, Bangor, which Dr. Evans formerly attended, sent the following resolution, passed last Sunday:—

"Heno, ar drothwy cyrraedd ohonoch ben eich canmlwydd, dymunwn fel Eglwys ym Mhendref, estyn i chwi ein llongyfarchion cynhesaf. Digonwyd chwi a hir ddyddiau ar gyfrif eich rhodiad di-wyro ar lwybrau moes a rhinwedd: 'Coron anrhydeddus' yw'r goron a wisgwch heddiw am rodio ohonoch 'yn ffordd uniondeb.' Llawenhawn am eich gorchestion ym myd meddygaeth, gorchestion a arloesodd y ffordd i eraill wneuthur rhagor o gymwynasau i wareiddiad. Eto, ystyriwn mai eich cymunrodd fawr i ni yw eich cymeriad moesol. Mae eich enw yn 'berarogl hyfryd yn ein plith.' Cofiwn gyda pharch am eich gwasanaeth a'ch haelioni cyson i Eglwys Pendref, ac nid anghofir eich gwerthfawrogiad o Weinidogaeth y Gair o'i phulpud. Dymunwn i'ch hwyrddydd fod yn dawel a di-gwmwl, ac o galon y dywedwn, 'O, Frenin, bydd fyw byth.

"Dros yr Eglwys:

"R. G. OWEN, Gweinidog.

"R. J. BUCKLAND, Ysgrifennydd."

A FAMILY REUNION.

There were numerous personal callers during the day, and the world-wide nature of the greetings afforded ample proof of the outstanding achievements in medicine and veterinary surgery of Dr. Evans. In the afternoon there was a large family reunion at Brynkynallt, including his grand-children at Bangor, the sons and daughters of Mr and Mrs E. H. Jones, whom he greeted with his characteristic alertness and sage advice. In spite of a trying day Dr. Evans bore up with a vigour which would have put many very much younger to shame. We join in the town's greeting and felicitations to a worthy and illustrious Freeman of the Borough.

A MANUSCRIPT LETTER.

The Duke of Gloucester, as President, and Sir Frederick Hobday as Principal of the Royal Veterinary College, are making a special effort to raise funds—a farthing is the unit—to endow the college and the services of war horses and one war dog are being enlisted. Many millions of farthings have already been given, and a remarkable album has been produced in connection with the movement. To it contributions have been made by Royalty, the leaders of the Church, sport, etc., and last June Dr. Evans personally wrote a message for the album. The actual message—the calligraphy is really wonderful for a writer on the eve of attaining his 100th birthday—is in the album, and is as follows:—

Manuscript letter of Dr. Griffith Evans the Empire's centenarian veterinarian.

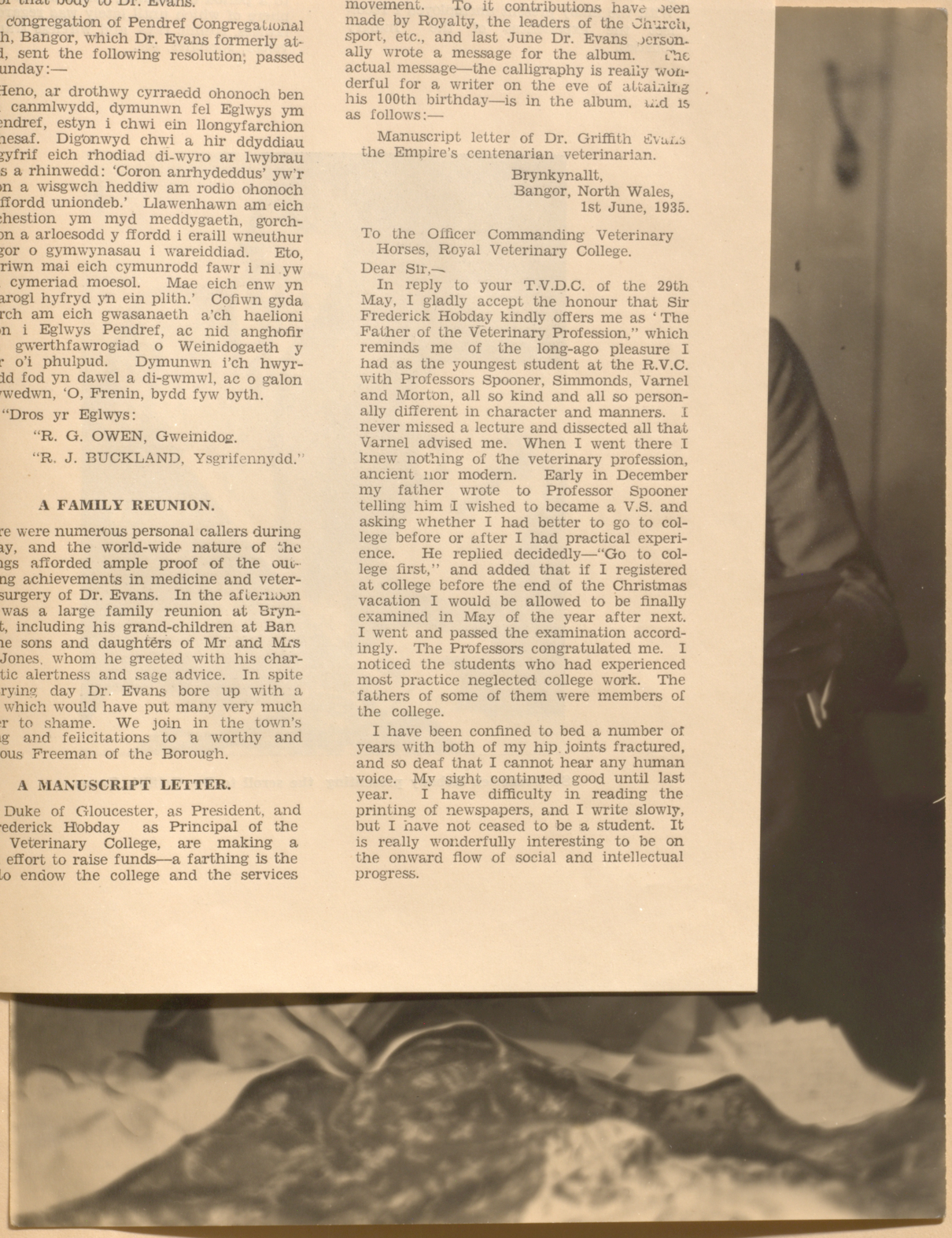
Brynkynallt,
Bangor, North Wales,
1st June, 1935.

To the Officer Commanding Veterinary Horses, Royal Veterinary College.

Dear Sir,—

In reply to your T.V.D.C. of the 29th May, I gladly accept the honour that Sir Frederick Hobday kindly offers me as 'The Father of the Veterinary Profession," which reminds me of the long-ago pleasure I had as the youngest student at the R.V.C. with Professors Spooner, Simmonds, Varnel and Morton, all so kind and all so personally different in character and manners. I never missed a lecture and dissected all that Varnel advised me. When I went there I knew nothing of the veterinary profession, ancient nor modern. Early in December my father wrote to Professor Spooner telling him I wished to became a V.S. and asking whether I had better to go to college before or after I had practical experience. He replied decidedly—"Go to college first," and added that if I registered at college before the end of the Christmas vacation I would be allowed to be finally examined in May of the year after next. I went and passed the examination accordingly. The Professors congratulated me. I noticed the students who had experienced most practice neglected college work. The fathers of some of them were members of the college.

I have been confined to bed a number of years with both of my hip joints fractured, and so deaf that I cannot hear any human voice. My sight continued good until last year. I have difficulty in reading the printing of newspapers, and I write slowly, but I have not ceased to be a student. It is really wonderfully interesting to be on the onward flow of social and intellectual progress.



Sir F. Hobday presenting the Vet. Coll. birthday book to Dr. Evans on his 100th birthday.

With retrospect of over 95 years I recollect events happening on my fourth birthday clearly. I am glad to observe that progress has been on the whole for betterment. With the many present unemployed I recollect the experiences of the "hungry fourties."

I am recovering from a recent bronchial attack owing probably to the late, long continued E. wind, which has affected me in my old age not primarily. We have come to a period of learning much of the atmosphere of which until lately was regarded as lawless, cosmic rays, and wireless transit of voices, speeches, etc.

Sir Frederick Hobday presenting the scroll to Dr. Griffith Evans.

Sir F. Holiday presenting the Vet. Coll. Institute
E. on his 100th birthday.

Sir F. Holden presenting the Vet. Coll. Institute
E. on his 100th birthday.

(P)

Griff: Evans
7 Aug. 1935

Sir F. Holiday presenting the Vet. Coll. Edinburgh
E. on his 100th birthday.

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REGISTRAR'S OFFICE

McGILL UNIVERSITY
MONTREAL

October 25th, 1935

Dr. W.W. Francis,
Librarian,
Osler Library,
McGill University.

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Bryntirynallt. Bangor. North Wales.
20 Oct: 35.

Dear Principal - Vice Chancellor,
McGill University.

In response to your kind letter dated 19th ult. I have no words to express the heartfelt gratification it gives me, with your communication of the Senate's congratulations upon my hundredth birthday.

What I have been able to do in the development of Pathology, has been the fruit of what was put into me by my good teachers during my course of study at McGill, - where I spent some of the most happy years of the hundred.

Yours sincerely
Griffith Evans

J. H. Weatherall.
Registrar

REGISTRAR'S OFFICE

McGILL UNIVERSITY
MONTREAL

October 25th, 1935

Dr. W.W. Francis,
Librarian,
Osler Library,
McGill University.

Dear Dr. Francis,

The following resolution, passed at a meeting of the Senate of McGill University held on September 18th, 1935, was sent to Dr. Griffith Evans:

> "At this, its first meeting of the session, the Senate of McGill University extends to Dr. Griffith Evans its congratulations on his hundredth birthday. It is with very special pride that the University, of which he has become such a distinguished graduate, recognizes his achievements in medical science, accomplishments which have had such a fundamental bearing on the diagnosis and treatment of many diseases, and which have been of such inestimable benefit to mankind."

Dr. Evans graduated from McGill as an M.D. in 1864 and was famous particularly as the discoverer of the existence and pathogenic nature of the parasite subsequently known as Trypanosoma evansi.

I am enclosing Dr. Evans' reply to this resolution. This reply is inscribed in the minutes of the meeting held on October 16th, 1935, and I was instructed to forward the original letter to the Osler Library.

Yours sincerely,

J. H. Weatherall

Registrar

(5) ret.

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Memorial Planned For Dr. G. Evans

McGill '64.

Laboratory Will be Dedicated To Oldest Graduate

Word has been received at the University that in memory of Dr. Griffith Evans, oldest graduate of McGill University, who died in December, at the age of 100 years, the University College of North Wales will build a new Veterinary laboratory which will be named "The Griffith Evans Laboratory" to commemorate his great services to Veterinary Science. Dr. Evans was for twenty years a member of the staff of that college, where he lectured on Veterinary Science.

At the same time a letter was received from Dr. Erie Evans, daughter of the late Dr. Evans, thanking the University for the resolution of sympathy passed by the Senate, on the death of her father.

Dr. Evans died 7 Dec., 1935

(born 7 Aug., 1855)

See Brit. Med.Jour., 1935, ii, 274, 285, 313, & (obit.) 1183; &
1936, i, p.44 (correction) & p.855 (memorial).

Insert in #9550.

Brynkynallt
Bangor
North Wales.
Nov 21. 1942

W. W. Francis Esq MD
Osler Library
McGill University
Montreal

Re Griffith Evans' Canadian Journal.

Dear Dr Francis

Thank you very much for your letter & information with your enclosed copy of the table of contents.

I have recently transferred Father's original letters & papers in my possession with the remains of his Library to the National Library of Wales at Aberystwith - because my failure of sight makes it impossible for me to make further use of them so I thought I had better do it in my lifetime.

The other day I had ~~a~~ occasion to look through a collection of stereoscopic photographs which Father brought with him from Canada, & it occurred to me that if you have not already got them, they would be of more interest at McGill than elsewhere -

~~I enclose~~ The following is a list of them

1) a/ "McGill College Montreal" 1870
b) Great St James Street Montreal Oct 1869
c) Montreal from the mountain no date
d) New Royal Mail Steamer "Quebec" lying at company's wharf Montreal
e) Two interior views of 1st Saloon of that steamer

2) 17 views of Niagara Falls & surroundings
winter, summer, sunlight, moonlight

3) 5 views of "The Lee Shore"
a) 3 views St Helen's Island 1863
b) 1 view Montreal Harbour 1863
c) 1 view St Lawrence River Montreal

4) 1 view Papoose in an Indian cradle Goat Island Niagara

5) 8 views of Oil Wells Pumps & Preparation of Lumber London Ontario.

6) 4 views of Peat Cutting Machine
Peat Fuel Co Montreal
Hodge's Patent machine

Let me know whether you care to have any or all of the above

Thank you, we have been lucky in Bangor - So far the town itself was only bombed one night - only 2 bombs fell. Killing or destroying - Some others have fallen in the neighbourhood. I hope Canada & USA will escape the experience entirely -

Yours sincerely
Eric Evans.

Memo. She wrote in Jan. 1943 that the local post office would not transmit these topographical photos, so she will post them after the war
W.C.G.F.

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ult.

Bd. in 1940.

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