

**Physicians and surgeons of the last generation / by a man on the shady side of fifty.**

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## PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF THE LAST GENERATION.

BY A MAN ON THE SHADY SIDE OF FIFTY.

WHEN I first visited London—a mere boy of about fifteen years of age—the two most eminent physicians of that day, as I well remember, were Dr. Mathew Baillie and Dr. Pelham Warren; but, as I never consulted either professionally, though I had an opportunity of seeing both more than once while staying with a sick relative, I mean only to say a passing word of these eminent and remarkable men.

Baillie struck me as a person of great dignity and impressiveness of manner. His air was simple, natural, and very earnest, and he, I observed, addressed the old servant and nurse of his patient with quite as much courteousness and consideration as the patient himself. The qualities of gentleman and honest man appeared to me to be associated in his character with the attainments of the perfect physician, and he left on my young mind an impression which time has not effaced. Baillie looked the character he represented to perfection. His manners were admirably adapted to a sick room, quiet, grave, and undemonstrative. He was a great patron of rising merit, and always anxious to advance the fortunes of any rising young man. No one more befriended the late Marshall Hall in his earlier professional career.

Pelham Warren, the son of a great physician, then stood only second to Baillie in repute. He was a man of great sagacity and of the most solid attainments. His countenance was lighted up by the most brilliant and penetrating eyes it has been my fate to encounter.

One of the first regular physicians I ever consulted in London, five-and-thirty years ago, was a man very much of the school of Baillie and Warren. This was the late Dr. Wm. F. Chambers, who then lived in Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, to which house he had

removed from the neighbourhoods of Fitzroy Square and Dover Street. Chambers was, I believe, the son of Sir Robert Chambers, Chief Justice of Bengal. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was a prizeman in 1810, and he subsequently studied anatomy and physic at Edinburgh, under Fyfe. He had risen at this time, though very little more than forty, to very considerable eminence, and, in three or four years after I first saw him was, probably, the physician in the largest practice in London. His appearance even at the period of which I speak was more than ordinarily staid, grave, and scholarly. He seemed to me in delicate health, and to wear an air of lassitude and weariness, which gave an idea of over-work. Of all the medical men I had hitherto encountered he also seemed to me the one whose countenance was most "sicklied over with the pale cast of thought." He looked pre-eminently a man of labour and research. This my first impression was increased in looking around his spacious study. It appeared to me more filled with books than the library of any professional man I had visited. There were a multitude of old folios of venerable appearance, and on a nearer examination of the shelves I could perceive that all the great medical and surgical writers were represented in various editions. Dr. Chambers was one of those urbane well-bred men who quietly listened to their patients, and who, after they had heard their tale, proceeded to put a few pertinent questions. I consulted him for a stomach-complaint of long standing. "I can see," said he, "that you have taken, in the way of medicine, nearly the whole pharmacopœia; but my advice to you is, after continuing the mixture and pill which I prescribe for about a fortnight, to throw physic to the dogs. Be in the open air as



his opportunities for observation ; how limited his communication with Rose, during what may be termed the period of his courtship ! The poor young husband was swimming in a sea of perplexities. Another and appalling contingency presented itself : what if the fit of morbid excitement which had all at once seized on one so passionless, should be only the beginning of a series of such ? What if her religious fanaticism should react on her constitution ? What if, one of these days, he should have to choose between his appointment and his wife's health—perhaps her reason ?

Rose got up at her usual hour the next morning, and went about her domestic operations as usual. She said, in answer to Vincenzo's inquiries, that she felt quite well, only a little tired. She supposed she had had a slight attack of fever, which had, however, now entirely disappeared. Vincenzo was unwilling to go to his office that day and leave her alone, but ended by yielding to her pressing solicitations that he should not stay at home for such a trifle. When he came back, she kissed him affectionately, quite a novelty ; she looked grave, but her manner to him was sensibly improved from what it had been previous to her nocturnal visit to his study. Withal, as she made no allusion to it, Vincenzo began to hope that she had retained no consciousness of it. He was shortly to be undeceived, for on the evening of the third day, Rose said calmly, "Vincenzo, you have now had plenty of time for consideration. What is your answer ?"

"My answer ?" repeated Vincenzo, startled as by an electric shock.

"Yes, your answer ? Are you going to resign your appointment or not ?"

"Listen to me, Rose."

"Not before you have answered my question."

"Well, then, I have no intention of giving up my appointment." She rose to leave the room. "Stop," he said ; "you promised to listen to me." She sat down again. Vincenzo gave her his reasons for resisting her suggestion ;

spoke firmly, but with great moderation. He said that, before flinging away an advantageous opening in life, and one on which he had set his heart, a young man in his position must have peremptory reasons indeed, and he had none. The motive which she put forward, of a kind of judgment of God, was merely a groundless and very uncharitable assumption. Neither the King nor the Government had done anything to justify the supposition ; it was rash and impious in man, to distort into signs of celestial wrath events which were in the ordinary course of nature. "Judge not that ye be not judged." The three successive blows which had fallen upon the King ought to serve rather to augment the sympathy and loyalty of his subjects, than be made the starting-point for disloyal attacks and sweeping condemnations. He had a conscience as sensitive as that of other people, and his conscience was tranquil. He claimed for himself the independence of opinion and action, which he readily granted to her. He besought her, in the name of all that was holy, in the name of their future peace, to moderate her zeal in his behalf. In short, all that a sensible, a loving and conciliatory husband could say under the circumstances, Vincenzo said.

"Is that your final determination ?" asked Rose, when he stopped speaking.

"It is."

"Well, then, I will tell you what I am going to do. I shall write to papa to come and take me back with him."

"Do so."

"You said that when papa came to see us, I might return with him if I felt inclined."

"Yes, I said so."

"Then we understand one another ?" wound up Rose, as she was leaving the room.

"Perfectly."

Her unfeelingness had raised a storm of indignation within Vincenzo's breast. It burst forth in this cry, "Why, her heart is as dry as a pumice-stone."

*To be continued.*



as much as possible—twelve hours out of the four-and-twenty, if you can; and which, by the bye, is quite practicable, for what Charles II. said is very true of the climate of England. No doubt it is extremely changeable; but, nevertheless, taking one day with another all the year round, England is the country, as the merry monarch observed, in which you can remain in the open air the longest. Therefore I advise you to walk, ride, and drive, as much as possible, and when tired of these relaxations to sit *al fresco*, if the weather be genial. Even with a steady practice of these habits, and moderation in diet, it will still be a long while before you are restored to perfect health, for there is nothing more difficult to vanquish than the stomach diseases." In the subsequent years I occasionally consulted Chambers, and always found him eminently plain and practical in his professional views. I should not call him a man of genius, or a person of quick faculties; but he was a practitioner of sound judgment, and of great reading and research in his profession. That he was very successful in his large practice there can be no doubt whatever. But it is an observation of Baillie's that the successful treatment of patients depends rather on the exertion of sagacity and good common sense, guided by competent professional knowledge, than on extraordinary efforts or attainments. The great object of a physician, according to Ellenham, should be that the cure of diseases may be managed with greater certainty. "Any progress," said that great physician, "in that kind of knowledge, though it teach no more than the cure of the toothache, or of corns upon the feet, is of more value than the vain pomps of nice speculations." This seemed also to be the view of Chambers, and he was eminently safe and practical in all his remedies. About fifteen years ago the health of Dr. Chambers obliged him to retire temporarily from the practice of his profession, a period when he stood in the very first rank. He gave up his house in Grosvenor Square; but after an absence of

a couple of years, he returned again to London, and occupied a house in Cumberland Place. But, as the proverb says, "*les absents ont toujours tort*," and in nothing is this more true than in the profession of physic and law, in which practitioners have so many competitors that if they but absent themselves for a month they lose patients and clients, who never return. It was said of Chambers that he treated every one as though the liver were affected; but I think this is an exaggeration. On the first occasion on which I saw him he remarked my liver was somewhat torpid; "but there is nothing uncommon in that," he added, "for of every twenty patients I see among Englishmen there are nineteen whose livers are functionally deranged, if not organically diseased, and a good number whose livers are beyond hope of cure." There appears to me nothing improbable or fanciful in this. The censorious public, a quarter of a century ago, used, however, to say that Wilson Philip had his hobby of dyspepsia, Brodie his hobby of gout, Chambers his hobby of liver, Bright his hobby of mottled kidney or morbus Brightii, Scudamore his hobby of rheumatism, and Prout his hobby of calculus. Yet my strong impression is that in most instances the physicians were in the right, and that the public were in the wrong, in imputing discriminative knowledge to over zeal for a favourite theory.

Previously to consulting Chambers, having been long suffering acutely from rheumatism, or rheumatic gout, I was advised to consult Sir Charles Scudamore, who had just written a treatise on the subject. Having read the work, I was doubly inclined to call on him, as he lived at No. 6, Wimpole Street, within a short distance of my lodgings. I found, on calling in the early morning, a short, scrubby, black-visaged, hairy, little man, seated at a table in a small back room, with a note-book before him. He asked me a number of questions, many of which appeared to me quite frivolous and immaterial. But he, nevertheless, transcribed the answers in his note-book, pretty much



in the manner a judge takes down the evidence of a witness at *nisi prius*. At the close of his queries he wrote me a prescription, which he requested me to get made up at Garden's, in Oxford Street. The prescription not only did me no good, but produced unimaginable nausea and sickness, owing to the predominancy of the wine of the seeds of colchicum, a medicine of the exhibition of which Scudamore was too fond. On my second visit, I told him the remedy was worse than the disease; and, having learned, in the interim, that the knight had been originally bred an apothecary—a class of persons whom I held, rightly or wrongly, in especial horror—I ceased further to consult or to have any faith in the little man. Yet, I believe he was a skilful chemist, and had made a special study of gout, rheumatism, and cognate diseases: on gout and rheumatism, indeed, he had written a tolerable book. Be this as it may, I learned from a very able and learned physician, that Scudamore, if not a perfect conjuror in the *Ars Mendendi*, was, at least, one of the best whist-players in the parish of Marylebone, and an especial favourite with His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, to whom he was domestic physician.

A man of much higher order than Scudamore was Prout, who lived, when I first became acquainted with him, at 40, Sackville Street, to which house he had removed from Southampton Street, Bloomsbury. Prout, though not enjoying a large practice, was on all hands admitted to be one of the most learned and scientific physicians of his day, even in the period when William Hyde Wollaston was reckoned on the roll of London practitioners. Prout was a silent, shy, and reserved man, very pallid and of sickly appearance, who dressed somewhat like a physician of the beginning of this century. He always appeared in a uniform suit of black, with shorts and long gaiters to match. He visited his not very numerous patients for the most part on foot, apparently wrapped in deep thought, looking right down upon his toes, like the late Lord Chief Justice Tyndal.

The eminent London surgeons of five-and-thirty years ago, such as Cline, Cooper, Vance, Heaviside, and Brodie, entertained a high opinion of Prout's skill, and generally availed themselves of his aid in calculous disorders. Prout's medical treatises are held in high repute by the profession. He was the author of one of the Bridgewater Treatises; and Dr. Lankaster, in a recent work, says we are more indebted to him than to any other investigator in advancing our knowledge of the action of food. Prout, like Chambers and Marshall Hall, had studied at Edinburgh, where he was their contemporary.

A physician in much more extensive practice than Prout was the late Richard Bright, who, in my earlier days, lived in Bloomsbury Square, from whence he removed to Saville Row, a few doors from the house of Sir Benjamin Brodie, with whom he was a great favourite.

Bright had in his academical career distinguished himself at the University of Cambridge, of which he was travelling bachelor, and, at a time when the Continent was closed to travellers, had visited Hungary and Poland. On his return to England, he commenced a successful practice; and from the year 1832 to 1850 he was one of the most extensively employed and one of the most eminent of the London faculty. He was of a patient, laborious, and investigating spirit; and his works on the brain and on the kidneys mark an era in medical literature. His name is identified throughout Europe with one of the most formidable of diseases—the *Morbus Brightii*. Bright had an only son, on whom he centered all his affections. On the education of this young man no expense was spared. He was sent to the University of Cambridge (where his father had studied before him) with every advantage of abundant means and careful preparation; but the early promise of distinction was not to be fulfilled in his person. He was seized with a fatal illness about twelve or fourteen years ago, and his father was summoned to his bedside. But notwithstanding all his parent's skill



the complaint proved fatal, and young Bright was carried to an untimely grave. His father never recovered this severe shock. For a time, by a desperate effort, he rallied, and devoted himself anew to practice, allowing little time for recreation or reflection. But the thought of his bereavement, of his utter loneliness, would intrude and impress itself sadly and ineffaceably on his mind, incapacitating him for professional duty. In this fashion he lingered for some ten years, but soon followed to the tomb his friend Chambers, with whom he had so often consulted in professional practice in the fourteen or fifteen years between 1832 and 1846. Bright was, I believe, in easy circumstances when he commenced his professional career; but his eminence was not owing to patronage, nor to the gifts of fortune, nor to a showy or specious address, nor to any singularity of views or doctrine, but to his sagacity, to his solid qualities, and to his eminent professional attainments. Bright and Chambers had a larger practice among distinguished barristers than any physicians of their time. I attribute this partly to their eminent merits, partly to their intermixture with men intended for the law, and somewhat also to the one being the son of a judge, and to the other being a near relative of a barrister.

During the absence of Chambers and Bright from London, on a summer continental tour, I first consulted Marshall Hall, who was then living near to me at 14, Manchester Square, a house which he had occupied since his removal from Keppel Street, in 1830. His countenance was intelligent and pleasing, and he was undoubtedly a conscientious and painstaking man; but it occurred to me, on seeing him for the first time, that, although his face beamed with good-nature and benevolence, yet his manner was somewhat prim and provincial. He asked me, for instance, before he said a word to him on my complaint, my age, my profession or calling, my hour of rising, whether I took much exercise in the open air and of what

kind, my hours of breakfast and dinner, and what I chiefly lived on in the way of fish and flesh. These questions were, perhaps, necessary to assist the judgment of the practitioner, but they were rather wearisome to a patient who did not distinctly see their precise bearing. When I came to know Marshall Hall better, this primness, not to say priggishness of manner, wore off, and he appeared to me what he really was—a conscientious, careful, and painstaking physician, accurate in diagnosis, which he had learned by the close study of diseases at the bedside. His first lectures, in 1813, were on the subject of diagnosis; and these were afterwards expanded into the celebrated work bearing that name, the first edition of which was published by Longman and Co. in 1817.

Marshall Hall had few advantages of early education. He was the son of a cotton-spinner at Nottingham, the sixth of eight children, and, at fourteen years of age, was bound apprentice to a chemist at Newark. While in this position, feeling the deficiency of his early education, he imposed on himself the task of writing Latin exercises, which he regularly sent once a week, by a carrier, to be corrected by his friend, the Rev. Robert Almond, then curate of Basford. In October, 1809, when in his nineteenth year, he repaired to Edinburgh, where he became a favourite pupil of Dr. Andrew Fyfe. The professor gave him and another fellow-student leave to attend in the dissecting-room, out of the usual routine, at a very early hour, for practical purposes; and it was by this unusual industry that he acquired that acquaintance with anatomy which, to use the language of the son of Dr. Fyfe, "paved the way for his future researches." He spent five years at Edinburgh, two of which were passed at the Royal Infirmary. It was in Edinburgh, in 1812, he first became acquainted with the late Dr. W. F. Chambers, of whom I have spoken in a previous part of this paper; who, a prizeman at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1810, arrived two years afterwards in the Scottish capital



to study medicine, with the fame of a diligent student and a ripe scholar. Hall left Edinburgh in 1814, and, before he settled down to the practice of his profession, journeyed to Paris with Dr. Harisson, a Yorkshire gentleman of fortune. Having minutely studied at the medical schools of the French capital, he visited—such was his thirst for professional knowledge—the schools of Göttingen and Berlin in the month of November, 1814, making the long journey on foot. His original intention was to have settled at Nottingham, his native place; but, as there were already four physicians in that town, he was induced to forego the plan, and Bridgewater was selected as his residence. But, finding there but little scope for practice, he remained only six months, and early in 1817 returned to Nottingham. It was during the first year of his residence there that he produced his exact and comprehensive work on diagnosis, of which Dr. Baillie observed, in 1818, “that the object was most important, and the execution very able.” When, a few months after, being in London, Dr. Hall called on the President of the College of Physicians, the latter conceived the work must have been written by Dr. Hall’s father. The author modestly told Dr. Baillie that he, not his father, was the author of the work. “Impossible!” exclaimed the court physician, “for the treatise would have done credit to the greyest-headed philosopher in our profession.” Dr. Hall soon obtained a large and lucrative practice among the principal families of the county of Nottingham, inclusive of the Dukeries,<sup>1</sup> as well as the towns of Derby and Leicester.

Dr. Hall was one of the first in England to check the system of bleeding, which had become too universal. Physicians seemed then and antecedently to have adopted the advice of Argan in the *Malade Imaginaire*,—

“Clysterum donare,  
Postea seignare,  
Ensuda purgare.”

<sup>1</sup> Dukeries, a country round Nottingham; so called from being the residence of four dukes.

The established opinion in 1820 was that almost all pain in any complaint arose from inflammation, and the practice of blood-letting was carried to a fearful and fatal extent. Marshall Hall was the first practitioner in England who arrested this practice, by his accurate diagnosis, considerably before he published his work on the effects of loss of blood, in 1824. Loss of blood is now known to be at the root of much that had passed thirty or forty years ago for various grades of inflammation. At present, when venesection has so much diminished, and the use of leeches has declined at least eighty per cent., it is difficult to realize the fact that the lancet was in hourly use forty, thirty, and even five-and-twenty years ago. The change of practice in England was greatly produced by Marshall Hall. The throbbing temple, previously treated by depletion, is now known to arise in many cases from loss of blood. The most eminent physicians of the Dublin School of Medicine, in 1823, such as Graves, Stokes, &c., without knowing anything of Hall’s practice, followed simultaneously a similar plan to his, and set their faces against the indiscriminate use of the lancet. The works and the clinical practice of Doctor Hall drew to him the attention of Baillie in his later years, and, considerably before the young Nottingham physician tried his fortune in town, in 1826, Dr. Baillie predicted that he would be one of the first physicians in London within five years. The first year of his residence in Keppel Street Dr. Hall netted 800*l.* by his fees. He removed four years afterwards to 14 Manchester Square, a mansion in which he continued to reside till 1850, when he went to 38, Grosvenor Street. It was in the interval between these years, while attending to the exigencies of daily practice, that he made his most important discovery in physiology, that of the diæstaltic spinal system. In reference to these discoveries Dr. Hall went to state that, in the long interval of twenty years, he had devoted to this subject not less than 25,000 leisure hours, and that, if the hours devoted to



the same subject in practice, in relation to diagnosis and pathology, were to be reckoned, the number ought at least to be doubled. The late Dr. Prout called Dr. Hall's discoveries in reference to the spinal cord the most important that have ever been made in medicine; and he went further, and stated that by his extraordinarily acute researches he had rendered the practice of physic more exact.

When seven years in practice, Dr. Hall's income amounted to 2,000*l.* a year. At the period I first consulted him he had been ten years in town, and his income then, I believe, was fully 3,000*l.* a year, if it did not exceed that sum. In 1849, when he had been twenty-three years in London, his yearly gains were 4,000*l.* a year, though he made an annual tour to the Continent for a period of two months. I remember well, as though it were but yesterday, his asking me, many years ago, to accompany him on a trip to Vienna, whither he was proceeding, with a view to study tetanus, or lockjaw. He subsequently asked me, having sent him a work on Egypt written by a friend, to accompany him to that country; but as this ground, as well as Austria, was familiar to me, I declined the proposal. "In fact," said I, "Dr. Hall, I have almost nothing to see either in or out of Europe." "Nevertheless," said he, "you should constantly travel when you have any spare time. There is no generative remedy of so much efficacy. The change of air, of soil, and scene, the excitement, the freedom from cares and harass, the early hours, the change of diet and drink, all conduce to a beneficial action in the system and its secretions. By travelling," said the doctor, "you increase the activity of mind and body; you augment appetite and digestion; you, in a word, improve all the mental and bodily functions."

These views were long afterwards strongly enforced on me by one of the best of living physicians, once the pupil, and even the friend, of the late lamented Dr. Graves—I mean that able and distinguished practitioner Dr. William

Stokes, the Regius Professor of Physic in Dublin. Dr. Hall, like Sir Henry Holland, Dr. Stokes, Dr. Corrigan, and many others, practised what he preached. He did not confine his journeys to the French capital, but visited Germany and Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol, and even America, feeling that the free exposure of the face and the general surface to the air, the more frequent respirations, and the quickened digestion, promoted by every muscular effort, had a potent effect on the spirits and feelings. All eminent physicians are now of accord that there is nothing in the *Materia Medica* comparable to the air and exercise, to the repose and recreation of mind which one gains in travelling. The more frequent respirations excited by every corporal effort, the consequently quickened digestion, have, as Hall used to insist, their admirable effects on the spirits and the feelings. Then there is the fresh converse, there are the new modes of life, of thought, and of social habitude, which one acquires from intelligent strangers, whether French, Italians, Germans, Spaniards, or Russians. These things, happening under the influence of air, exercise, wind, and sunshine, contribute to render the temperament more cheerful, and add immensely to the happiness and contentment of the wayfarer; for there can be little doubt that sociability and the free interchange of ideas amidst peoples of different callings, races, and nationalities, give a new value and a fresher zest to existence.

Dr. Hall was a great advocate for simple remedies and mineral waters. He prescribed the Harrowgate, Cheltenham, Bath, and Vichy waters in many diseases, and used to send patients to a chemist named Times, who lived at the corner of Thayer Street, Manchester Square, for dozens of the Harrowgate springs, of which the worthy compounder received a supply twice a week, as well as for his *Pil. Aloes: dilut.*: composed of equal parts of Barbadoes aloes, extract of liquorice, soft soap, and treacle. Of this pill Dr. Hall directed from three to eight grains to be taken



daily, in the course of dinner, so that it might mingle with the food. Any one who had visited the eating-parlour in Manchester Square towards six o'clock p.m. might see this pill in a well-stopped phial, placed at the right hand of the doctor; by the salt-cellar; for he was a man to practise himself what he so zealously preached to his patients.

As a practitioner, Dr. Hall possessed courage, decision, and promptitude, combined with extreme caution. His mode of expression was clear, and his demeanour straightforward and manly. There was a winning pleasantness and amenity in his manner very agreeable to strangers, and a frankness, delicacy, and openness oftener sought than found among professional men. He was cheerful, cordial, and sympathizing to those who consulted him. The first wish that animated his heart was to give health and happiness to the suffering and afflicted. His professional life and his private life were alike pre-eminently simple, pure, and truthful, marked by a rare spirit of integrity and independence. With all his scientific attainments and accomplishments, he was a thoroughly modest and unobtrusive man. He was well aware that I had spent a great deal of my life in France, that I had written in the language considerably, and that I had devoted a good deal of attention to the literature of that country; yet he never informed me that he had made himself master of French, and wrote in it with ease and perspicacity, and even elegance. It was not till after his death that I became aware that he wrote a tract on a professional subject in French. Of his "*Aperçu du Système Spinal*," that eminent physician Baron Louis said: "De ce petit ouvrage tout plaît au premier abord, la forme et le fond. Quelle clarté en effet, quelle rapidité dans l'exposition des faits. Quelle sobriété de langage. Vous êtes un écrivain consommé même en Français; et la seconde lecture me charme encore plus que la première." Hall had taught himself Latin; he commenced the study of German at forty-seven, and of Hebrew at sixty-five.

These are sufficient proof of his energy, industry, and thirst for knowledge. During his toilsome professional career Hall showed himself an enlightened philanthropist and a benevolent physician. He bestowed much attention on proper drainage and sewerage, on defective ventilation, on the impure supply of water, and also on intramural interments. He also addressed several useful and practical letters to the *Times* on flogging in the army, on the defects, in respect to health, of railway carriages and on other cognate subjects. In 1853, after a practice of forty years, the state of Dr. Hall's health obliged him to quit the profession, which he had so long honoured and illustrated. During his career no man had done more to elevate medicine as a science, and no man, with the exception of Sir Charles Bell, had done half so much for Physiology. Yet his discoveries were treated with neglect and there were not wanting medical periodicals to speak of him in a disparaging strain. This has been the fate of discovery in all times—

"He who ascends to mountain tops shall find  
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in cloude  
snow;  
He who surpasses or subdues mankind  
Must look down on the hate of those below.

In speaking of Marshal Hall, one is reminded of the passage in Ecclesiasticus: "Honour a physician with the honour due to him for the uses you may have of him; for the Lord hath created him, for the Most High cometh healing, and he shall receive honour of the king. The skill of the physician shall lift up his head, and in the sight of great men shall he be in admiration."

Having spoken of half a dozen physicians, I will conclude this paper with a few words respecting an eminent Irish surgeon, who, though not so well known to the English public as the late Sir Philip Crampton or the late Sir Henry Marsh, was yet very well and advantageously known to the whole profession in both countries, and very generally known and esteemed by the public.



as was the late Richard Carmichael, Granby Row, Dublin, for many years contemporary of the late Sir Philip Crampton. They were very nearly of the same age, one being born in 1777 and the other in 1778. Both were educated in Trinity College, Dublin; both studied anatomy under the ablest teachers; and both commenced the practice of their profession in 1799, when Richards, Macklin, Colles, Peile, and Crampton, stood in the first rank of Irish surgeons. The personal appearance, useful carriage, and winning manners of Crampton gained him the lead among younger men, a lead which he continued to hold to the last—first, from adroitness, skill, and ability; and, secondly, from being backed up by powerful friends and influential connections. But Carmichael closely trod on the heels of his competitor, and from 1805 till 1827 or 1830 stood in the next rank to him. Though not so bold, brilliant, or quick an operator as Surgeon-General Crampton, yet he was fully as skilful, and, perhaps, on the whole, a safer man with the knife in his hand. Carmichael, too, like Brodie, had good knowledge of medicine, and knew how to treat a patient after an operation as well as antecedently to it. He was a man of fuller reading, general and professional, than Crampton, though not so off-hand and ready in the application of his knowledge. So early as 1803 he published several papers in the medical

journals connected with his profession; and in 1805 appeared his treatise on Cancer. This was followed by his work on the use and abuse of mercury—a production which excited a good deal of contention, and some opposition, in the medical and surgical schools of Dublin. At the head of the advocates for the administration of mercury stood Colles, a very renowned lecturer and practitioner; at the head of the opposite school stood Carmichael, walking in the footsteps of Abernethy, John Pearson, and the late Mr. William Rose, surgeon to the Life Guards. But, though these London practitioners had, before the Irish surgeon, advocated the more extended use of the Lisbon diet drink, and a more judicious and discriminative exhibition of mercury, yet Carmichael was no servile imitator, but supported his views with ability by reasons of great cogency, and altogether his own. Carmichael was a man of enlarged views, of a philosophical mind, and of extensive general information. His manners were suave and gentle, and he was liberal and generous in the practice of his profession. In the latter years of his life he had much practice as a consulting surgeon, and divided the business of the Irish metropolis with Sir Philip Crampton. He died, without family, about ten years ago, at the ripe age of seventy-six, having honourably realized a very considerable fortune in the liberal practice of the healing art.

## HISTORY, AND ITS SCIENTIFIC PRETENSIONS.

BY WILLIAM T. THORNTON.

WHEN equally competent thinkers appear to take directly opposite views of a matter of purely speculative interest, it will commonly be found that their differences arise from their using the same words in different senses, or from their being, by some other cause, precluded from thoroughly apprehending the other's meaning. An illustration

is afforded by the still pending controversy regarding the possibility of constructing a Science of History, which could scarcely have been so much prolonged if all who have taken part in it had begun by defining their terms, had agreed to and adhered to the same definitions, and had always kept steadily in view the points really in



debate. If the word "science" had been used only in the restricted sense in which it is sometimes employed by some of the most distinguished of the disputants, there would have been less question as to its applicability to history. No one doubts that from an extensive historical survey may be drawn large general deductions on which reasonable expectations may be founded. No one denies that the experience of the past may teach lessons of political wisdom for the guidance of the future. If it were not so, history would be as uninteresting as fairy lore; its chief use would be to amuse the fancy; and little more practical advantage could result from investigating the causes of the failure of James II.'s designs on civil and religious liberty, than from an inquiry into the artifices by which Jack-the-Giant-killer contrived to escape the maw of the monsters against whom he had pitted himself. What is commonly understood, however, by a Science of History is something far beyond the idea entertained of it by such temperate reasoners as Mr. John Stuart Mill and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen. The science, for the reality of which M. Comte in France and Mr. Buckle in England have been the foremost champions, would bear the same relation to political events as Optics and Astronomy do to the phenomena of light and of the solar and sidereal systems. It would deal less with the conjectural and probable than with the predicable and positive. "In the moral as in the physical world," say its leading advocates, "are invariable rule, inevitable sequence, undeviating regularity," constituting "one vast scheme of universal order." "The actions of men, and therefore of societies, are governed by fixed eternal laws," which "assign to every man his place in the necessary chain of being," and "allow him no choice as to what that place shall be." One such law is that, "in a given state of society, a certain number of persons must put an end to their own lives:" another, that a certain number of persons must commit murder: a third, that

when wages and prices are at certain points, a certain number of marriages must annually take place, "the number being determined not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts, over which individuals can exercise no authority. These are general laws; but the special question as to who shall commit the crimes or the indiscretion enjoined by them, "depends upon special laws, which, however, in their total action must obey the large social law to which they are all subordinate." A Science of History would consist of a collection of "social laws," duly systematized and codified, by the application of which to given states of society the historical student might predict the future course of political events, with a confidence similar to that with which he could foretell the results of familiar chemical combinations, or the movements of the planets.<sup>1</sup>

This is the theory which has lately been so much discussed, and again which, notwithstanding the singular fascination it evidently possesses for some minds, the moral sense of a much larger number indignantly revolts, rightly apprehending that its establishment would be subversive of all morality. For, if the actions of men are governed by "eternal and immutable laws," men cannot be free agents; and where there is not free agency there cannot be moral responsibility. Nor are the apprehensions entertained on this score to be allayed by the answer, ingenious as it is, which has been given to them<sup>2</sup> by one of the ablest and most judicious apologists for the new creed. It is true that human actions can be said to be "governed" only in the same metaphorical sense as that in which we speak of the laws of nature, which do not really govern anything, but merely describe the invariable order in which natural phenomena have been observed to occur. It is true that the discovery of invariable regularity in human affairs

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Buckle's first chapter, *passim*.

<sup>2</sup> *Cornhill Magazine*, for June and July 1861.









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