Locke and Sydenham / [Anon].

Contributors

Brown, John, 1810-1882.

Publication/Creation

Edinburgh : [publisher not identified], [1850]

Persistent URL

https://wellcomecollection.org/works/axpfdpfm

Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcomecollection.org
https://wellcomecollection.org

Dr Kilgour
with the Author's
best thanks &c

LOCKE AND SYDENHAM.

" Ils n'étoient pas Savans mais ils étoient Sages."

" PHILOSOPHIA dividitur in SCIENTIAM et HABITUM ANIMI ;—unam illam qui didicit, et favenda et vitanda præcepit, nondum SAPIENS est, nisi in ea quæ didicit, animus ejus transfiguratus est."

ART. III.—1. *Bibliothèque Choisie.* Tome VI. 1716.
2. *Oxford and Locke.* By LORD GRENVILLE. London, 1829.
3. *Life of John Locke.* By LORD KING.
4. *Original Letters of John Locke, Algernon Sidney, and Lord Shaftesbury.* Edited by T. FORSTER. Second Edition. London, privately printed, 1847.
5. *Ward's Lives of the Professors of Gresham College.*
6. *Thomæ Sydenham, M.D., Opera omnia.* Edidit G. A. GREENHILL, M.D. Londini, impensis Societatis Sydenhamianæ, 1844.
7. *The Works of Thomas Sydenham, M.D.; with a Life of the Author.* By R. G. LATHAM, M.D. Vol. I. Printed for the Sydenham Society.

THE studies of Metaphysics and Medicine have more in common, both as to means and ends, than may perhaps at first sight appear. John Locke and Thomas Sydenham,—the one the founder of our analytical philosophy of mind, and the other of our practical medicine,—were not only great personal friends, but were of essential use to each other in their respective departments; and we may safely affirm, that for much in the Essay on Human Understanding, we are indebted to its author's intimacy with Sydenham, "one of the master builders at this time in the commonwealth of learning," as Locke calls him, in company with "Boyle, Huygens, and the incomparable Mr. Newton:" And Sydenham, it is well known, in the third edition of his "Observationes Medicæ," expresses his deep obligation to Locke in his dedicatory letter to their common friend Dr. Mapletoft, in these words:—"Nosti præterea, quam huic meæ methodo suffragantem habeam, qui eam intimius per omnia perspexerat, utrique nostrum conjunctissimum Dominum Johannem Lock; quo quidem viro, sive ingenio judicioque acri et subacto, sive etiam antiquis (hoc est optimis) moribus, vix superiorem quenquam inter eos qui nunc sunt homines repertum iri confido, paucissimos certe pares." Referring to this passage, when noticing the early training of this "*ingenium judiciumque acre et subactum*," Dugald Stewart says, with great truth, "No science could have been chosen, more happily calculated than Medicine, to prepare such a mind for the prosecution of those speculations which have immortalized his name; the complicated and fugitive, and often equivocal phenomena of disease, requiring in the observer a far greater proportion of discriminating sagacity than those of Physics, strictly so called; resembling, in this respect, much more nearly, the phenomena about which Metaphysics, Ethics, and Politics are conversant."

Hartley, Mackintosh, and Brown were physicians; and we know that medicine was a favourite subject with Socrates, Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, and Berkeley. We wish our young doctors kept more of the company of these and such like men, and knew a little more of the laws of thought, of the nature and rules of evidence, of the general procedure of their own minds in the search after, the proof and the application of, what is true, than, we fear, they generally do.* They might do so without knowing less of their Auscultation, Histology, and other good things, than they do, and with knowing them to much better purpose. We wonder, for instance, how many of the century of graduates sent forth from our University every year—armed with microscope, stethoscope, uroscope,† pleximeter, &c., and omniscient of *râles* and *rhonchi*, sibilous and sonorous; crepitations moist and dry; *bruits de râpe, de scie, et de soufflet;* blood plasmata cytoblasts and nucleated cells, and great in the infinitely little—we wonder how many of these eager and accomplished youths could "unsphere the spirit of Plato," or read with moderate relish and understanding one of the Tusculan Disputations, or who had ever heard of "Butler's Three Sermons on Human Nature," "Berkeley's Minute Philosopher," or of an "Essay on the Conduct of the Understanding," of which Mr. Hallam says, "I cannot think any parent or instructor justified in neglecting to put this little treatise in the hands of a boy about the time that the reasoning faculties become developed," and whose admirable author we shall now endeavour to prove to have been much more one of themselves than is generally supposed.

In coming to this conclusion, we have been mainly indebted to the classical, eloquent, and conclusive tract by Lord Grenville, entitled "Oxford and Locke;" to Lord King's life of his great kinsman; to Wood's *Athenæ* and *Fasti Oxonienses;* to the letters from Locke to Drs. Mapletoft, Molyneux, Sir Hans Sloane and Boyle, published in the collected edition of his works; to Ward's Lives of the Gresham Professors; and to a very curious collection of letters of Locke, Algernon Sidney,

---

* Pinel states, with great precision, the necessity there is for physicians to make the mind of man, as well as his body, their especial study. "L'histoire de l'entendement humain, pourroit-elle être ignorée par le médecin, qui a non-seulement à décrire les vésanies ou maladies morales, et à indiquer toutes leurs nuances, *mais encore, qui a besoin de porter la logique la plus sévère pour éviter de donner de la réalité à de termes abstraits pour procéder avec sagesse des idées simples à des idées complexes, et qui a sans cesse sous ses yeux des écrits, où le défaut de s'entendre, la séduction de l'esprit de système, et l'abus des expressions vagues et indéterminées ont amené de milliers des volumes et des disputes interminables?*"—*Méthodes d'Etudier en Médecine.*

† We suppose we shall soon arrive at that exquisite nicety predicted by Mandeville, when our uroscope will enable us to "diagnose" in the product of a Sunday the religion, and in that of a weekday the politics, of our patient.

the second Lord Shaftesbury, and others, edited and privately printed by the eccentric Dr. T. Forster.

Le Clerc, in his Eloge upon Locke in the *Bibliothèque Choisie*, (and in this he has been followed by all subsequent biographers,) states, that when a student at Christ Church, Oxford, he devoted himself with great earnestness to the study of Medicine, but that he never practised it as his profession, his chief object having been to qualify himself to act as his own physician, on account of his general feebleness of health and tendency to consumption. To show the incorrectness of this statement, we give the following short notice of his medical studies and practice; it is necessarily slight, but justifies, we think, our assertion in regard to him *quâ medicus*.

LOCKE was born in 1632 at Wrington, Somersetshire, on the 29th of August, the anniversary, as Dr. Forster takes care to let us know, of the Decollation of St. John the Baptist—eight years after Sydenham, and ten before Newton. He left Westminster school in 1651, and entered Christ Church, distinguishing himself chiefly in the departments of medicine and general physics, and greatly enamoured of the brilliant and then new philosophy of Descartes.

In connexion with Locke's university studies, Anthony Wood, in his autobiography, has the following curious passage: "I began a course of chemistry under the noted chemist and rosicrucian Peter Sthael of Strasburg, a strict Lutheran, and a great hater of women. The club consisted of ten, whereof were Frank Turner, now Bishop of Ely, Benjamin Woodroof, now Canon of Christ Church, and John Locke of the same house, now a noted writer. This same John Locke was a man of a turbulent spirit, clamorous, and never contented; while the rest of our club took notes from the mouth of their master, who sat at the upper end of a long table, the said Locke scorned to do this, but was for ever prating and troublesome." This misogynistical rosicrucian was brought over to Oxford by Boyle, and had among his pupils Sir Christopher Wren, Dr. Wallis, and Sir Thomas Millington. The fees were three pounds, one-half paid in advance.

Locke continued through life greatly addicted to medical and chemical researches. He kept the first regular journal of the weather, and published it from time to time in the Philosophical Transactions, and in Boyle's History of the Air. He used in his observations a barometer, a thermometer, and a hygrometer. His letters to Boyle are full of experiments and speculations about chemistry and medicine; and in a journal kept by him when travelling in France is this remarkable entry: "M. Toinard produced a large bottle of muscat; it was clear when he set it on the table, but when the stopper was drawn a multitude of little bubbles

arose. It comes from this, that the included air had liberty to expand itself;—*query, whether this be air new generated.* Take a bottle of fermenting liquor, and tie a bladder over its mouth, how much new air will this produce, *and has this the quality of common air?*" We need hardly add, that about a hundred years after this Dr. Black answered this capital query, and in doing so, transformed the whole face of chemistry.

We now find that, in contradiction to the generally received account, Wood, who was an Oxford man, and living on the spot, says, in his spiteful way, "Mr. Locke, after having gone through the usual courses preparatory to practice, entered upon the physic line, and got some business at Oxford." Nothing can be more explicit than this, and more directly opposed to Le Clerc's account of his friend's early life, which, it may be remembered, was chiefly derived from notes furnished by the second Lord Shaftesbury, whose information must necessarily have been at second or third hand. In 1666, Lord Ashley, afterwards the first Lord Shaftesbury, came to Oxford to drink the water of Astrop; he was suffering from an abscess in his chest, the consequence of a fall from his horse. Dr. Thomas, his lordship's attendant, happening to be called out of town, sent his friend Locke, then practising there, who examined into his complaints, and advised the abscess to be opened; this was done, and, as the story goes, his lordship's life was saved. From this circumstance took its origin the well-known friendship of these two famous men. That their connexion at first was chiefly that of patient and doctor, is plain from the expression, "He, the Earl, would not suffer him to practise medicine out of his house, except among some of his particular friends," implying that he was practising when he took him. In 1668, Locke, then in his 36th year, accompanied the Earl and Countess of Northumberland to the Continent, as their physician. The Earl died on his journey to Rome, leaving Locke with the Countess in Paris. When there, he attended her during a violent attack of what seems to have been tic-douloureux, a most interesting account of which, and of the treatment he adopted, was presented by the late Lord King to the London College of Physicians, and was read before them in 1829. We have, by the great kindness of Dr. Paris, the president of the College, had access to a copy of this medical and literary curiosity, which, besides its own value as a plain, clear statement of the case, and as an example of simple, skilful treatment, is the best of all proofs that at that time Locke was a regular physician. We cannot give this case higher praise, or indicate more significantly its wonderful superiority to the cases to be found in medical authors of the same date, than by saying that in expression, in description, in diagnosis, and in treatment, it differs very little from what we have in our own best works.

After the Earl's death, Locke returned to England, and seems to have lived partly at Exeter House with Lord Shaftesbury, and partly at Oxford. It was in 1670, at the latter place, that he sketched the first outline of his immortal Essay, the origin of which he has so modestly recorded in his Epistle to the Reader. Dr. Thomas, and most probably Dr. Sydenham, were among the "five or six friends who met at my chambers," and started the idea of that work, "which has done more than any other single work to rectify prejudice, to undermine established errors, to diffuse a just mode of thinking, to excite a fearless spirit of inquiry, and yet to contain it within the boundaries nature has set to the human faculties. If Bacon first discovered the rules by which knowledge is to be advanced, Locke has most contributed by precept and example to make mankind at large observe them, and has thus led to that general diffusion of a healthful and vigorous understanding, which is at once the greatest of all improvements, and the instrument by which all other improvements must be accomplished."

About this time Locke seems to have been made a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1674 he took the degree of Bachelor of Medicine; he never was Doctor of Medicine, though he generally passed among his friends as Dr. Locke.

In 1675 he went abroad for his health, and apparently, also, to pursue his medical studies. He remained for some time at Montpellier, then the most famous of the schools of medicine. He attended the lectures of the celebrated Barbyrac, to whose teaching Sydenham is understood to have been so much indebted. When there, and during his residence abroad, he kept a diary, large extracts from which are for the first time given by Lord King.* The following account of the annual "capping" at Montpellier is very amusing. "The manner of making a Doctor of Physic is this; 1st, a procession in scarlet robes and black caps—the professor took his seat—and after a company of fiddlers had played a certain time, he made them a sign to hold, that *he* might have an opportunity to entertain the company, which he did in a speech against innovations—the musicians then took their turn. The Inceptor or candidate, then began his speech, wherein I found little edification, being chiefly complimentary to the chancellor and professors, who were present.

* Lord King refers to numerous passages in Locke's Diaries exclusively devoted to medical subjects, which he has refrained from publishing, as unlikely to interest the general public; and Dr. Forster gives us to understand that he has in his possession "some ludicrous, sarcastic, and truly witty letters to his friend Furley on medicine, his original profession;" but which letters the doctor declines giving to the public "in these days of absurd refinement." We would gladly forswear our refinement to have a sight of them; anything that Locke considered worth the writing down about anything is likely to be worth the reading.

The Doctor then put on his head the cap that had marched in on the beadle's staff, in sign of his doctorship—put a ring upon his finger—girt himself about the loins with a gold chain —made him sit down beside him—that having taken pains he might now take ease, and kissed and embraced him in token of the friendship which *ought* to be amongst them."

From Montpellier he went to Paris, and was a diligent student of anatomy under Dr. Guenelon, with whom he was afterwards so intimate, when living in exile at Amsterdam.

In June 1667, when in Paris, he wrote the following jocular letter to his friend Dr. Mapletoft, then physic professor at Gresham College. This letter, which is not noticed in any life of Locke that we have seen, is thus introduced by Dr. Ward:— "Dr. Mapletoft did not continue long at Gresham, and yet longer than he seems to have designed, by a letter to him, written by the famous Mr. John Locke, dated from Paris, 22d June 1677, in which is this passage: 'If either absence (which sometimes increases our desires) or love (which we see every day produces strange effects in the world) have softened you, or disposed you towards a liking for any of our fine new things, 'tis but saying so, and I am ready to furnish you, and should be sorry not to be employed; I mention love, for you know I have a particular interest of my own in it. When you look that way, nobody will be readier, as you may guess, to throw an old shoe after you, much for your own sake, and a little for a friend of yours. But were I to advise, perhaps I should say that the lodgings at Gresham College were a quiet and comfortable habitation.' By this passage," continues Ward, "it seems probable that Dr. Mapletoft had then some views to marriage, and that Mr. Locke was desirous, should it so fall out, to succeed him. But neither of these events happened at the time, for the Doctor held his professorship till the 10th October 1679, and in November following, married Rebecca, the daughter of Mr. Lucy Knightley of Hackney, a Hamburg merchant." And we know that on the 10th of May that same year, Locke was sent for from Paris by Lord Shaftesbury, when his Lordship was made President of Sir William Temple's Council, half a year after which they were both exiles in Holland. As we have already said, there is something very characteristic in this jocular, pawky, affectionate letter.

There can be little doubt from this, that so late as 1677, when he was 45 years of age, Locke was able and willing to undertake the formal teaching of medicine.

It would not be easy to say how much mankind would have at once lost and gained—how much the philosophy of mind would have been hindered, and how much that of medicine would have

been advanced, had John Locke's lungs been as sound as his understanding, and had he "stuck to the physic line," or had his friend Dr. Mapletoft "looked that way" a little earlier, and made Rebecca Knightley his wife two years sooner, or had Lord Shaftesbury missed the royal reconcilement and his half year's presidency.

Medicine would assuredly have gained something it still lacks, and now perhaps more than ever, had that "friend of yours," having thrown the old shoe with due solemnity and precision at the heads of the happy couple, much for their sakes and a little for his own, settled down in that quiet, comfortable, baccalaurean habitation, over against the entrance into Bishopsgate Street, and had thenceforward, in the prime of life, directed the full vigour of that singularly enlightened, sound, humane, and practical understanding, to the exposition, of what Lord Grenville so justly calls, "the large and difficult" subject of medicine. What an amount of gain to rational and effective medicine—what demolition of venerable and mischievous error—what exposition of immediately useful truth—what an example for all future labourers in that vast and perilous field, of the best *method* of attaining the best ends, might not have been expected from him of whom it was truly said that "he knew something of every thing that could be useful to mankind!" It is no wonder then, that looking from the side of medicine, we grudge the loss of the Locke "Physic Lectures," and wish that we might, without fable, imagine ourselves in that quaint steep-roofed quadrangle, with its fifteen trees and its diagonal walks across the green Court; and at eight o'clock, when the morning sun was falling on the long legs and antennæ of the gilded grasshoppers, and the mighty hum of awakening London was beginning to rise, might figure to ourselves the great philosopher stepping briskly through the gate into his lecture-room—his handsome, serious face, set "in his hood, according to his degree in the university, as was thought meet for more order and comeliness sake," and there, twice every week in the term, deliver the "solemn Physic Lecture," in the Latin tongue, in dutiful accordance with the "agreement tripartite, between the mayor, commonalty, and citizens of London—the wardens and commonalty of the mystery of mercers, and the lecturers in Gresham House;" and again, six hours later, read the same "solemn lecture" we would fancy with more relish and spirit in the "English tongue," "forasmuch," so good Sir Thomas' will goes, "as the greater part of the auditory is like to be of such citizens and others as have small knowledge, or none at all, of the Latin tongue, and for that every man, for his health's sake, will desire to have some knowledge of the art of physic."

We have good evidence, from the general bent and spirit of Locke's mind, and from some occasional passages in his letters, especially those to Dr. Molyneux, that he was fully aware of the condition of medicine at that time, and of the only way by which it could be improved. Writing to Dr. Molyneux, he says, "I perfectly agree with you concerning general theories—the curse of the time and destructive not less of life than of science—they are for the most part but a sort of waking dream, with which, when men have warmed their heads, they pass into unquestionable truths. *This is beginning at the wrong end*, men laying the foundation in their own fancies, and then suiting the phenomena of diseases, and the cure of them, to these fancies. I wonder, after the pattern Dr. Sydenham has set of a better way, men should return again to this romance way of physic. But I see it is more easy and more natural for men *to build castles in the air of their own than to survey well those that are on the ground. Nicely to observe the history of diseases in all their changes and circumstances is a work of time, accurateness, attention, and judgment,** and wherein if men, through prepossession or oscitancy, mistake, they may be convinced of their error by unerring nature and matter of fact. What we know of the works of nature, especially in the constitution of health and the operations of our own bodies, *is only by the sensible effects, but not by any certainty we can have, of the tools she uses, or the ways she works by.*"

But we must draw this notice of Locke in the character of Doctor to a close. In the Philosophical Transactions for 1697, there is an account by him of an odd case of hpyertrophied nails, which he had seen at La Charité when in Paris, and he gives pictures of the hornlike excrescences, one of them upwards of four inches long. The second Lord Shaftesbury, who was Locke's pupil, and for whom he chose his wife, in a letter to Furley, who seems to have been suffering from a relapse of intermittent fever, explains, with great distinctness and good sense, "*Dr. Locke's* method" of treating this disease with the Peruvian bark; adding, "I am satisfied, that of all medicines, if it be good

---

* The eloquent Buffon thus speaks of the gift of observation :—"Il y a une espèce de force de génie, et de courage d'esprit, à pouvoir envisager sans s'étonner, la Nature dans la multitude innombrable de ses productions, et à se croire capable de les comprendre et de les comparer ; il y a une espèce de gout, à les aimer, plus grand que le gout qui n'a pour but, que des objets particuliers, et l'un peut dire, que l'amour et l'étude de la Nature, suppose dans l'esprit deux qualités qui paroissent opposées, les grandes vues d'un génie ardent, qui embrasse tout d'un coup-d'œil, et les petites attentions d'un instinct laborieux, qui ne s'attache qu'à un seul point." Gaubius calls it "*masculum* illud observandi studium veteribus tantopere excultum."

of its kind, and properly given, it is the most innocent and effectual, whatever bugbear the world makes of it, especially the tribe of inferior physicians, from whom it cuts off so much business and gain." We now conclude our notices of Locke's medical history, which, however imperfect, seem to us to warrant our original assertion, with the following weighty sentence taken from the admirable "Fragment on Study" given by Lord King, and which was written when Locke was at his studies at Oxford. It accords nicely with what we have already quoted from Dugald Stewart:—

"Physic, polity, and prudence are not capable of demonstration, but a man is principally helped in them, 1, by the history of matter of fact; and, 2, by a sagacity of inquiring into probable causes, and finding out an analogy in their operations and effects. Whether a certain course in public or private affairs will succeed well—whether rhubarb will purge, or quinquina cure an ague, can be known only by experience."*

SYDENHAM, the prince of practical physicians, whose character is as beautiful and as genuinely English as his name, did for his art what Locke did for the philosophy of mind—he made it, in the main, observational; he made knowledge a means, not an end. It would not be easy to over-estimate our obligations as a nation to these two men, in regard to all that is involved in health of body and soundness of mind. They were among the first in their respective departments to show their faith in the inductive method, by their works. They both professed to be more of guides than critics, and were the interpreters and servants of Nature, not her diviners and tormentors. They pointed out a way, and walked in it; they taught a method, and used it, rather than announced a system or a discovery; they collected and arranged their *visa* before settling their *cogitata*, a mean-spirited proceeding, doubtless, in the eyes of the prevailing dealers in hypotheses, being in reality the exact reverse of their philosophy. How curious, how humbling, to think that it was not till

---

* Dr. Thomas Young puts this very powerfully in the preface to his "Introduction to Medical Literature." "There is, in fact, no study more difficult than that of physic: it exceeds, as a science, the comprehension of the human mind; and those who blunder onwards, without attempting to understand what they see, are often nearly on a level with those who depend too much on imperfect generalizations." "Some departments of knowledge defy all attempts to subject them to any didactic method, and require the exercise of a peculiar address, a judgment, or a taste, *which can only be formed by indirect means.* It appears that physic is one of those departments in which there is frequent necessity for the exercise of *an incommunicable faculty of judgment, and a sagacity which may be called transcendental, as extending beyond the simple combination of all that can be taught by precept.*"

this time, that men in search of truth were brought to see that "it is not the insufficiency or incapacity of man's mind, but the *remote standing or placing thereof*, that breedeth mazes and incomprehensions; for as the sense afar off is full of mistaking, but is exact at hand, so is it of the understanding, *the remedy whereof is not to quicken or strengthen the organ, but to go nearer to the object.*" Well might the noble author even now say, as he does in the context—(he is treating of medicine)—"Medicine is a science which hath been more professed than laboured, more laboured than advanced, the labour being in my judgment more in a circle than in progression: I find much iteration, but small addition;" and he was right in laying much of this evil condition to the discontinuance of "the ancient and serious diligence of Hippocrates." This serious diligence, this ἀκριβεια or nicety of observation, by which the "divine old man of Cos" achieved so much, was Sydenham's master-principle in practice and in speculation. He proclaimed it anew, and displayed in his own case its certain and inestimable fruits.

It appears to us one of the most interesting, as it is certainly one of the most difficult and neglected departments of medical literature, to endeavour to trace the progress of medicine as a *practical art*, with its rules and instruments, as distinguished from its consolidation into a systematic science with its doctrines and laws, and to make out how far these two, which conjoined form the philosophy of the subject, have or have not harmonized with, and been helpful to each other, at different periods of their histories. Much might be done to make such an inquiry instructive and attractive, by marking out the history of medicine into three or four great epochs, and taking, as representative of each, some one distinguished artsman or practitioner, as well as teacher or discoverer. We might have Hippocrates and his epoch, Sydenham and his, John Hunter, Pinel, and Lænnec and theirs. These great men, differed certainly widely enough in character and in circumstances, but all agreed in this, their possessing in large measure, and of rare quality, that native sagacity, that power of serious, choice, patient, continuous, honest observation, which is at once a gift and a habit; that instinct for seeking and finding, which Bacon calls "*experientia literata, sagacitas potius et odoratio quædam venatica, quam scientia;*" that general strength and soundness of understanding, and that knack of being able to apply their knowledge, instantly and aright, in practice, which must ever constitute the cardinal virtues of a great physician, the very pith and marrow of his worth.

Of the two first of these famous men, we fear there survives in the profession little more than the names; and we receive from them, and are made wiser and better by inheriting their

treasures of honest and exquisite observation, of judicious experience, without, we fear, knowing or caring much from whom it has come. "One man soweth, and another reapeth." The young forget the old, the children their fathers; and we are all too apt to reverse the saying of the wise king,—"I praised the dead that are already dead, more than the living that are yet alive." As we are not sufficiently conscious of, so we assuredly are not adequately grateful for that accumulated volume of knowledge, that body of practical truth, which comes down as a gift to each one of us from six thousand years of human endeavour, and which, like a mighty river, is moving for ever onwards —widening, deepening, strengthening, as it goes; for the right administration and use of whose untold energies and wealth, we, to whom it has thus far descended, are responsible to Him from whom it comes, and to whose feet it is hastening—responsible to an extent we are too apt to forget, or to underrate. We should not content ourselves with sailing victoriously down the stream, or with considering our own portion of it merely; we should go up the country oftener than we do, and see where the mighty feeders come in, and learn and not forget their names, and note how much larger, how much powerfuller the stream is after they have joined it. It is the lot of the successful medical practitioner, who is more occupied with discerning diseases and curing them, than with discoursing about their essence, and arranging them into systems, who observes and reflects in order to act, rather than to speak,—it is the lot of such men to be invaluable when alive, and to be forgotten soon after they are dead, and this not altogether or chiefly from any special ingratitude or injustice on the part of mankind, but from the very nature of the case. Much that made such a man what the community, to their highest profit, found him to be, dies with him. His inborn gifts, and much of what was most valuable in his experience, were necessarily incommunicable to others, this depending much on his forgetting the process by which, in particular cases, he made up his mind, and its minute successive steps, from his eagerness to possess and put in action the result, and much from his being confident in the general soundness of his method, and caring little about formally recording to himself his transient mental conditions, much less announcing them articulately to others;—but mainly, we believe, because no man can explain directly to another man *how* he does any one practical thing, the doing of which he himself has accomplished, not at once, or by imitation, or by teaching, but by repeated personal trials, by missing much before ultimately hitting. You may be able to expound excellently to your son the doctrine of projectiles, or read him a course of lectures upon the principles of horsemanship, but you cannot make

over to him your own knack as a dead-shot, or make him keep his seat over a rasping fence. He must win these for himself as you have done before him. Thus it is that much of the best of a man like Sydenham, dies with him.

It is very different with them who frequent the field of scientific discovery. Here matters are reversed. No man, for instance, in teaching anatomy or physiology, as he comes to enounce each new subordinate discovery, can fail to unfold and to enhance the ever-increasing renown, of that keen *black-a-vic'd* little man, with his piercing eye, "small and dark, and so full of spirit;" his compact broad forehead, his self-contained peremptory air, his dagger at his side, and his fingers playing with its hilt, to whom we owe the little book, "*De motu cordis et sanguinis circulatione.*" This primary, capital discovery, which no succeeding one can ever supersede or obscure, he could leave consummate to mankind; but he could not so leave the secret of his making it; he could not transmit that combination of original genius, invention, exactness, perseverance, and judgment, which enabled him, and can alone enable any man to make any such permanent addition to the amount of scientific truth. But what fitted Harvey for what he achieved, greatly unfitted him for such excellence in practice as Sydenham attained. He belonged to the science more than to the art. His friend Aubrey says of him, that "though all his profession would allow him to be an excellent anatomist, I have never heard of any who admired his therapeutic way." A mind of his substance and mettle, speculative and arbitrary, passing rapidly and passionately from the particular to the general, from multitude to unity, with, moreover, a fiery temper and an extemporaneous dagger as its sting, was not likely to take kindly to the details of practice, or make a very useful or desirable family doctor. Sydenham again, though his works everywhere manifest that he was gifted with a large capacity and keen relish for abstract truth, moved habitually and by preference in the lower, but at the time the usefuller sphere of everyday practice, speculating chiefly in order to act, reducing his generalizations back to particulars, so as to answer some immediate instance, the result of which was the signallest success of "his therapeutic way." We have had in our own day two similar examples of the man of science and the man of art; the one Sir Charles Bell—like Harvey, the explorer, the discoverer, the man of genius and science, of principles and laws, having the royal gifts of invention and eloquence, was not equally endowed with those homelier, but in their degree not less rare qualities, which made Dr. Abercrombie, our Scottish Sydenham, what he was, as a master in the diagnosis and treatment of disease. The one pursued his profession as a science, to be taught, to be transmit-

ted in its entireness—the other as an art to be applied. The one was, in the old phrase, luciferous—the other frugiferous.

One great object we have in now bringing forward the works and character of Sydenham, is to enforce the primary necessity, especially in our day, of attending to medicine as the art of healing, not less than as the science of diseases and drugs. We want at present more of the first than of the second. Our age is becoming every day more purely scientific, and is occupied far more with arranging subjects and giving names, and remembering them, than with understanding and managing objects. There is often more knowledge of words than of things.

We have already stated our notion, that to the great body of physicians now-a-days, Sydenham is little more than a name, and that his works, still more than those of his companion Locke, are more spoken of than read. This is owing to several causes; partly to their being buried in Latin, which men seem now ashamed to know; partly to much in them being now scientifically obsolete and useless; partly from their practical value being impaired by our ignorance of his formulas of cure; and greatly also, we fear, from what Baglivi calls "an inept derision and neglect of the ancients," which is more prevalent than creditable. We include ourselves among these; for until we got Dr. Greenhill's edition, we had never read seriously and thoroughly these admirable tracts, which were all of an occasional character, and were forced from their author by the importunity of friends, or the envious calumny of enemies, often in the form of letters to his friends.

We had, when at college, picked up like our neighbours the current commonplaces about Sydenham; such as that he went by the name of "the Prince of English physicians." That Boerhaave (of whom by the way we knew quite as little, unless it were a certain awful acquaintance with a certain squab and golden visage, which grimly regarded us from above a druggist's door, as we hurried along the bridges to the University) was wont to take his hat off, whenever he mentioned his name, and to call him "Angliæ lumen, Artis Phœbum veram Hippocratici viri speciem:" that his life was written by Samuel Johnson in the "Gentleman's Magazine," and was one of his earliest and worst paid performances: that he was a Whig, and went out into the field as a Parliament man. Moreover, that when asked by Sir Richard Blackmore what he would advise him for medical reading, he replied, "*read Don Quixote, Sir*,"—an answer as full of sense as wit, and the fitness and wisdom of which it would be not less pleasant than profitable to unfold at length. We had been told also, in a very general way by our teachers, that Sydenham had done some things for his

profession, which, considering the dark age in which he lived, were highly to his credit: that his name was well connected with the history and management of the small-pox; the nature of epidemics, dropsies, &c., and that he had recorded his own sufferings from the gout in a very clever and entertaining way. All this was true, but by no means the whole truth. Not only are his observations invaluable to any one engaged in tracing the history of medicine as a practical art, and as an applied science; in marking in what respects it is changed, and in what unchanged; in how much it is better now than then, and in what little it is not so good. In addition to all this, they are full of excellent rules for the diagnosis and treatment of diseases; and we can trace to him as their origin, many of our most common and valuable therapeutic doctrines. And they everywhere manifest how thoroughly he practised what he taught, how honestly he used his own "method," that of continued, close, serious observation. But we confess after all, our chief delight is from the discovery he makes in his works of his personal character—the exemplar he furnishes in himself of the four qualities Hippocrates says are indispensable in every good physician—learning, sagacity, humanity, probity. This personality gives a constant charm to everything he writes—the warmth of his humane, practical nature is felt throughout.

Above all, we meet with a habitual reference to what ought to be the supreme end of every man's thoughts and energies—the two main issues of all his endeavours, the glory of God and the good of men. Human life was to him a sacred, a divine, as well as a curious thing, and he seems to have possessed through life, in rare acuteness, that sense of the value of what was at issue, of the perilous material he had to work in, and that gentleness and compassion for his suffering fellow-men, without which no man, be his intellect ever so transcendent, his learning ever so vast, his industry ever so accurate and inappeasable, need hope to be a great physician, much less a virtuous and honest man. This characteristic is very striking. In the midst of the most minute details, and the most purely professional statements, he bursts out into some abrupt acknowledgment of "The Supreme Judge," "The true Archiater and Archeus." We may give one among many such instances. He closes his observations on "the Epidemic Cough and Pleurisy Peripneumony of 1675," with this sudden allusion to the Supreme Being: "Qui post sequentur morbi, solus novit, QUI novit omnia." And again, after giving his receipt for the preparation of his laudanum liquidum, so much of Spanish wine, of opium, of saffron, of cinnamon and cloves, he adds, "Profecto non hic mihi tempero, quin gratulabundus animadvertam, DEUM omnipotentem παν

των Δωτηρα ἑαων non aliud remedium, quod vel pluribus malis debellandis par sit, vel eadem efficacius extirpet, humano generi in miseriarum solatium concessisse, quam opiata."

If we may adapt the simple but sublime saying of Sir Isaac Newton, Sydenham, though diligent beyond most other "children" in gathering his pebbles and shells on the shore of the great deep, and in winning for mankind some things of worth from the vast and formless infinite, was not unconscious of the mighty presence beside which he was at work; he was not deaf to the strong music of that illimitable sea. He recognised in the midst of the known, the greater, the infinite, the divine unknown; behind everything certain and distinct, he beheld something shadowy and unsearchable, past all finding out; and he did not, as many men of his class have too often done, and do, rest in the mere contemplation and recognition of the *τι θειον*. This was to him but the shadow of the supreme substance, *ὁ θεος*. How unlike to this fervour, this reverence and godly fear, is the hard, cool, nonchalant style of many of our modern men of science, each of whom is so intent on his own little pebble, so bent upon finding in it something no one else ever found, so self-involved and self-sufficient, that his eyes and his ears are alike shut to the splendours and the voices of the liberal sea, out of whose multitudinous abyss it has been flung, and

> "Which doth with its eternal motion make
> A sound like thunder—everlastingly."

This habit of Sydenham's mind is strikingly shown in the first sentence of his Preface to the first edition of his Medical Observations:

"Qui medicinæ dat operam, hæc secum ut sæpe perpendat oportet: Primo, se de ægrorum vitâ ipsius curæ commissâ, rationem aliquando Supremo Judici redditurum. Deinde quicquid artis aut scientiæ, Divino beneficio consecutus est, imprimis, ad Summi Numinis laudem, atque humani generis salutem, esse dirigendum: indignum autem esse, ut cœlestia illa dona, vel avaritiæ, vel ambitus officio inserviant. Porro, se, non ignobilis alicujus aut contemnendi animalis, curam suscepisse; ut enim, humani generis pretium agnoscas, Unigenitus Dei Filius, homo factus est adeoque naturam assumptam sua dignatione nobilitavit. Denique, nec se communi sorte, exemptum esse, sed iisdem legibus mortalitatis, iisdem casibus et ærumnis, obnoxium atque expositum, quibus alii quilibet; quo diligentius et quidem teneriori cum affectu, ipse plane *ὁμοιοπαθής* ægrotantibus opem ferre conetur."

The following are some quotations, taken at random, from his various treatises and letters, in which we may see what he himself was as a practitioner, and what were his views as to the only way in which Medicine, as an art, could be advanced.

In his Epistle to Dr. Mapletoft, prefixed to the "Observationes Medicæ," his first publication, when he was 42 years of age, he gives his friend a long and entertaining account of his early professional life, and thus proceeds—

"Having returned to London, I began the practice of Medicine, which when I studied curiously with most intent eye (*intento admodum oculo*) and utmost diligence, I came to this conviction, which to this day increases in strength, that our art is not to be better learned than by its exercise and use; and that it is likely in every case to prove true, that those who have directed their eyes and their mind, the most accurately and diligently, to the natural phenomena of diseases, will excel in eliciting and applying the true indications of cure. With this thread as my guide, I first applied my mind to a closer observation of fevers, and after no small amount of irksome waiting, and perplexing mental agitations, which I had to endure for several years, I at last fell upon a method by which, as I thought, they might be cured, which method I some time ago made public, at the urgent request of my friends."

He then refers to the persecution and calumnies he had been exposed to from the profession, who looked upon him as a pestilent fellow, and a setter forth of strange doctrines; and adopts the noble saying of Titus Tacitus in reply to Metellus,—

"It is easy to speak against me when I make no reply; you have learned to speak evil, I, my conscience bearing me witness, have learned to despise evil-speaking; you are master of your tongue, and can make it utter what you list, I am master of my ears, and can make them hear without being offended."

And, after making the reference we have already mentioned, to his method having had the sanction and assistance of Locke, he thus concludes in regard to the ultimate success of his newly discovered way,—

"As concerns the future, I cast the die, not over-careful how it may fall, for, since I am now no longer young, and have, by the blessing of the Almighty, a sufficient provision for the remainder of my journey, (tantum mihi est viatici, quantum restat viæ,) I will do my best to attain, without trouble to myself or others, that measure of happiness so beautifully depicted by Politian:—

> 'Felix ille animi, divisque simillimus ipsis,
> Quem non mendaci resplendens gloria fuco
> Sollicitat, non fastosi mala gaudia luxus.
> *Sed tacitos sinit ire dies, et paupere cultu*
> *Exigit innocuæ tranquilla silentia vitæ.*'"

We shall now give more fully his peculiar views, and in order

to render him due honour for originating and acting upon them, we must remember in the midst of what a mass of errors and prejudices, of theories actively mischievous, he was placed, at a time when the mania of hypothesis was at its height, and when the practical part of his art was overrun and stultified by vile and silly nostrums. We must have all this in our mind, or we shall fail in estimating the amount of independent thought, of courage and uprightness, and of all that deserves to be called virtue and magnanimity, which was involved in his thinking and writing and acting as he did.

"The improvement of physic, in my opinion, depends, 1*st*, Upon collecting as genuine and natural a description or history of diseases as can be procured; and, 2*d*, Upon laying down a fixed and complete method of cure. With regard to the history of diseases, whoever considers the undertaking deliberately will perceive that a few such particulars must be attended to: 1*st*, All diseases should be described as objects of natural history, with the same exactness as is done by botanists, for there are many diseases that come under the same genus and bear the same name, that being specifically different, require a different treatment. The word *carduus*, or thistle, is applied to several herbs, and yet a botanist would be inaccurate and imperfect who would content himself with a generic description. Furthermore, when this distribution of distempers into *genera* has been attempted it has been to fit into some hypothesis, and hence this distribution is made to suit the bent of the author rather than the real nature of the disorder. How much this has obstructed the improvement of physic any man may know. In writing, therefore, such a natural history of diseases, every merely philosophical hypothesis should be set aside, and the manifest and natural phenomena, however minute, should be noted with the utmost exactness. The usefulness of this procedure cannot be easily overrated, as compared with the subtle inquiries and trifling notions of modern writers; for can there be a shorter, or indeed any other way, of coming at the morbific causes, or of discovering the curative indications, than by a certain perception of the peculiar symptoms? By these steps and helps it was that the father of physic, the great Hippocrates, came to excel. *His theory, Θεωρία, being no more than an exact description or view of Nature.* He found that Nature alone often terminates diseases, and works a cure with a few simple medicines, and often enough with no medicines at all. If only one person in every age had accurately described, and consistently cured, but a single disease, and made known his secret, physic would not be where it now is; but we have long since forsook the ancient method of cure, *founded upon the knowledge of conjunct causes*, insomuch that the art, as at this day practised, is rather the art of talking about diseases than of curing them. I make this digression in order to assert, that the discovering and assigning of remote causes, which now-a-days so much engrosses the minds and feeds the vanity of curious inquirers, is an impossible attempt, and that only immediate and conjunct causes fall

within the compass of our knowledge." Or as he elsewhere pithily states it:—" Cognitio nostra, in rerum cortice, omnis ferme versatur, ac ad *το ὁτι* sive quod res hoc modo se habeat, fere tantum assurgit; *το διοτι*, sive rerum causas, nullatenus attingit."

His friend Locke could not have stated the case more clearly or sensibly. It is this doctrine of " conjunct causes," this necessity for watching the action of compound and often opposing forces, and the having to do all this not in a machine, of which if you have seen one you have seen all, but where each organism has often as much that is different from as common with all others; it is this which takes medicine out of the category of exact sciences, and puts it into that which includes politics, ethics, navigation, and practical engineering, in all of which, though there are principles, and those principles quite within the scope of human reason, yet the application of these principles must, in the main, be left to each man's skill, presence of mind, and judgment, as to the case in hand.

It is in medicine as in the piloting of a ship—rules may be laid down, principles expounded, charts exhibited; but when a man has made himself master of all these, he will often find his ship among breakers and quicksands, and must at last have recourse to his own craft and courage. Gaubius, in his admirable chapter, " *De disciplina Medici*," thus speaks of the *reasonable* certainty of medicine as distinguished from the absolute certainty of the exact sciences, and at the same time gives a very just idea of the infinite (as far as concerns our limited powers of sense and judgment) multiplicity of the phenomena of disease:—" Nec vero sufficit medicum *communia* modo intueri; oportet et *cuivis homini propria*, quæ quidem diversitas tam immensa occurrit ut nulla observationum vi exhauriri possit. Solâ denique contemplatione non licet acquiescere, inque obscuris rebus suspendere judicium, donec lux affulgeat. *Actionem exigit officium. Captanda hinc agendi occasio, quæ sæpe præceps, per conjecturam* cogit determinare, quod *per scientiam* sat cito nequit. Audiant hæc obtrectatores, et cum didicerint *scientias puras*, ab iis quas *applicatas* vocant, *contemplativas à practicis*, distinguere, videant quo jure medicinam præ aliis, ut omnis certi expertem, infament." It would not be easy to put more important truth into clearer expression. Conjecture, in its good sense, as meaning the throwing together of a number of the elements of judgment, and taking what upon the whole is the most likely, and acting accordingly, has, and will ever have, a main part to play in any art that concerns human nature, in its entireness and in action. When in obscure and dangerous places, we must not contemplate, we must act, it may be precipitately. This is what makes medicine so much more of an art than a science, and dependent so much

more upon the agent than upon his instructions; and this it is that makes us so earnest in our cautions against the supposition that any amount of scientific truth, the most accurate and extensive, can in medicine supersede the necessity of the recipient of all this knowledge having, as Richard Baxter says, by nature "a special sagacity,—a naturally searching and conjecturing turn of mind." Moreover, this faculty must be disciplined and exercised in its proper function, by being not a hearer only, but also a doer, an apprentice as well as a student, and by being put under the tutorage of a master who exercises as well as expounds his craft. This native gift and its appropriate object have been so justly, so beautifully described by Hartley Coleridge in his "Life of Fothergill," that we cannot refrain from closing our remarks on this subject by quoting his words. Do our readers know his "Biographia Borealis?" If they do, they will agree with us in placing it among the pleasantest books in our language, just such a one as Plutarch, had he been an Englishman, would have written:—"There are certain inward gifts, more akin to genius than to talent, which make the physician prosper, and deserve to prosper; for medicine is not like practical geometry, or the doctrine of projectiles, an application of an abstract, demonstrable science, in which a certain result may be infallibly drawn from certain data, or in which the disturbing forces may be calculated with scientific exactness. It is a *tentative art*, to succeed in which demands a quickness of eye, thought, tact, invention, which are not to be learned by study, nor, unless by connatural aptitude, to be acquired by experience; and it is the possession of this *sense*, exercised by patient observation, and fortified by a just reliance on the *vis medicatrix*, the self-adjusting tendency of nature, that constitutes the true physician or healer, as imagination constitutes the poet, and brings it to pass, that sometimes an old apothecary, not far removed from an old woman, and whose ordinary conversation savours, it may be, largely of twaddle, who can seldom give a rational account of a case or its treatment, acquires, and justly, a reputation for infallibility, while men of talent and erudition are admired and neglected; *the truth being, that there is a great deal that is mysterious in whatever is practical.*"

But to return to our author. He was the first to point out what he called the varying "constitutions" of different years in relation to their respective epidemics, and the importance of watching the type of each new epidemic before settling the means of cure. In none of his works is his truly philosophical spirit, and the subtlety and clearness of his understanding, shown more signally than in his successive histories of the epidemics of his time. Nothing equal to them has ever appeared since; and the full importance of the principles he was the first to lay down is

only now beginning to be fully acknowledged. His confession as to his entirely failing to discover what made one epidemic so to differ from another, has been amply confirmed by all succeeding observers. He says,—

"I have carefully examined the different constitutions of different years as to the manifest qualities of the air, yet I must own I have hitherto made no progress, having found that years, perfectly agreeing as to their temperature and other sensible properties, have produced very different tribes of diseases, and *vice versa*. The matter seems to stand thus: there are certain constitutions of years that owe their origin neither to heat, cold, dryness, or moisture, but *upon a certain secret and inexplicable alteration in the bowels of the earth*, whence the air becomes impregnated with such kinds of *effluvia* as subject the human body to distempers of a certain specific type."

As to the early treatment of a new epidemic, he says,—"My chief care, in the midst of so much darkness and ignorance, is *to wait a little*, and proceed very slowly, especially in the use of powerful remedies, in the meantime observing its nature and procedure, and by what means the patient was relieved or injured;" and he concludes by regretting the imperfection of his observations, and hoping that they will assist in beginning a work that, in his judgment, will greatly tend to the advantage of mankind. Had his successors followed in his track with equal sagacity and circumspection, our knowledge of these destructive and mysterious incursions of disease, would, in all likelihood, have been greatly larger and more practical than it is now.

Sydenham is well known to have produced a revolution in the management of the small-pox, and to have introduced a method of treatment upon which no material improvement has subsequently been made. We owe the cool regimen to him. Speaking of the propriety of attending to the wishes of the sufferer, he says, with equal humanity and good sense—

"A person in a burning fever desires to drink freely of some small liquor; but the rules of art, built upon some hypothesis, having a different design in view, thwart the desire, and instead thereof, order a cordial. In the meantime the patient, not being suffered to drink what he wishes, nauseates all kinds of food, but art commands him to eat. Another, after a long illness, begs hard, it may be, for something odd, or questionable; here, again, impertinent art thwarts him and threatens him with death. How much more excellent the aphorism of Hippocrates—'Such food as is most grateful, though not so wholesome, is to be preferred to that which is better, but distasteful.' Nor will this appear strange, if it be considered that the all-wise Creator has formed the whole with such exquisite order, that, as all the evils of nature eminently conspire to complete the harmony of the whole work, so every being is endowed with *a divine direction or instinct*, which

is interwoven with its proper essence, and hence the safety of mankind was provided for, who, notwithstanding all our doctoring, had been otherwise in a sad enough plight." Again—"He would be no honest and successful pilot who were to apply himself with less industry to avoid rocks and sands, and bring his vessel safely home, than to search into the causes of the ebbing and flowing of the sea, which, though very well for a philosopher, is foreign to him whose business it is to secure the ship. So neither will a physician, whose province it is to cure diseases, be able to do so, though he be a person of great genius, who bestows less time on the hidden and intricate method of nature, and adapting his means thereto, than on curious and subtle speculations."

The following is honest enough :—

"Indeed, if I may speak my mind freely, I have been long of opinion that I act the part of an honest man and a good physician as often as I refrain entirely from medicines, when, upon visiting the patient, I find him no worse to-day than he was yesterday ; whereas, if I attempt to cure the patient by a method of which I am uncertain, *he will be endangered both by the experiment I am going to make on him and by the disease itself; nor will he so easily escape two dangers as one.*"

"That practice, and that alone, will bring relief to the sufferer, which elicits the curative indications from the phenomena of the diseases themselves, and confirms them by experience, by which means the great Hippocrates made himself immortal. And had the art of medicine been delivered by any one in this wise, though the cure of a disease or two might come to be known to the common people, yet the *art in its full extent would then have required men more prudent and skilful than it does now, nor would it lose any of its credit; for as there is in the operations of Nature, (on the observations of which a true medical praxis is founded,) more of nicety and subtlety than can be found in any art supported on the most specious hypotheses, so the science of Medicine which Nature teaches will exceed an ordinary capacity in a much greater degree than that which mere Philosophy teaches.*"

There is much profound truth in this. Observation, in its strict sense, is not every man's gift, and but few men's actual habit of mind. Newton used to say, that if in any one way he differed from other men, it was in his power of continued attention—of faithful, unbroken observation ; his ladder had all its steps entire, and he went up with a composed, orderly foot. It requires more strength and fineness of mind, more of what deserves to be called genius, to make a series of genuine observations in Medicine, or any other art, than to spin any amount of nice hypotheses, or build any number of "castella in aere," as Sydenham calls them. The observer's object is, and it is no mean one,—

> "To know *what's what*, and that's as high
> As Metaphysic wit can fly."

Sydenham adds, "Nor will the publication of such observations *diminish, but rather increase the reputation of our art*, which, being *rendered more difficult, as well as more useful, only men of sagacity and keen sound judgment would be admitted as physicians.*" How true to the spirit of his great master in his Novum Organum, "Nature is only subdued by submission." "The subtilty of nature is far beyond that of sense, or of the understanding, and the specious meditations and theories of mankind are but a kind of insanity, only there is no one to stand by and observe it." There is a very remarkable passage in Sydenham's "Treatise of the Dropsy," in which, after quoting this curious passage from Hippocrates, "certain physicians and philosophers say that it is impossible for any man to understand medicine without knowing the internal structure of man; for my part, I think that what they have written or said of nature pertains less to the medical than the pictorial art," he asserts not only his own strong conviction of the importance of a knowledge of minute anatomy to the practitioner, but also his opinion that what Hippocrates meant was to caution against depending *too much* on, and expecting too much help from anatomical researches, to the superseding of the scrupulous observation of living phenomena, of successive actions.* "For in all diseases, acute and chronic, it must be owned there is an inscrutable τι θειον, a specific property which eludes the keenest anatomy."

He then goes on to say, that as Hippocrates censured the abuse of anatomy, so in his own day there were many who, in like manner, raised hopes for Physic from discoveries in Chemistry, which, in the nature of things, *never* could be realized, and which only served to distract from the true Hippocratic method of induction; "for the chief deficiency of medicine is not a want of efficacious medicine. Whoever considers the matter thorough-

---

* As far as the cure of diseases is concerned, Medicine has more to do with human *Dynamics* than *Statics*, for whatever be the essence of life—and as yet this τι θειον, this *nescio quid divinum*, has defied all scrutiny—it is made known to us chiefly by certain activities or changes. It is the tendency at the present time of medical research *to reverse this order*. Morbid anatomy, microscopical investigations, though not confined to states or conditions of parts, must regard them fully more than actions and functions. This is probably what Stahl means when he says, "*ubi Physicus desinit, Medicus incipit;*" and in the following passage of his rough Tudesque Latin, he plainly alludes to the tendency, in his day, to dwell too much upon the materials of the human body, without considering its actions "ut vivens." The passage is full of the subtilty and fire and depth of that wonderful man. "Undique hinc *materiæ* advertitur animus, et quæ crassius in sensum impingit conformatio, et mutua proportio corporea consideratur; *motuum* ordo, vis, et absoluta magis in materiam *energia*, tempora ejus, gradus, vices, maxime autem omnium, *fines* obiter in animum admittuntur." The human machine has been compared to a watch, and some hope that in due time doctors will be as good at their craft as watchmakers are at theirs; but watchmakers have not to mend their work *while it is going;* this makes all the difference.

ly, will find that the principal defect on the part of physic proceeds, *not from a scarcity of medicines to answer particular intentions, but from the want of knowing the intentions to be answered,* for an apothecary's apprentice can tell me what medicine will purge, vomit, or sweat, or cool; but a man must be conversant with practice who is able to tell me when is the properest time for administering any of them."

He is constantly inculcating the necessity of getting our diagnostic knowledge at first hand, ridiculing those descriptions of disease which the manufacturers of "Bodies of medicine" make up in their studies, and which are oftener compositions than portraits, or at the best bad copies, and which the young student will find it hard enough to identify in real life. There is too much of this we fear still; and Montaigne, who rejoices in giving a sly hit to his cronies the doctors, might still say with some reason, "like him who paints the sea, rocks, and havens, and draws the model of a ship as he sits safe at his table; but send him to sea and he knows not how or where to steer: so doctors oftentimes make such a description of our maladies as a town-crier does of a lost dog or donkey, of such a colour and height, such ears, &c.; *but bring the very animal before him, and he knows it not for all that.*"

Everywhere our author acknowledges the *vis medicatrix naturæ,* by which alone so many diseases are cured, and without or against which none, and by directing and helping which medicine best fulfils its end.

"For I do not think it below me or my art to acknowledge, with respect to the cure of fevers and other distempers, that when no manifest indication pointed out to me what should be done, I have consulted my patient's safety and my own reputation, most effectually, *by doing nothing at all.* But it is much to be lamented that abundance of patients are so ignorant as not to know, that it is sometimes as much the part of a skilful physician to do nothing, as at others to apply the most energetic remedies, whence they not only deprive themselves of fair and honourable treatment, but impute it to ignorance or negligence."

We conclude these extracts with a picturesque description. It is a case of "the hysterics" in a man.

"I was called not long since to an ingenious gentleman who had recovered from a fever, but a few days before he had employed another physician, who blooded and purged him soundly, and forbade him the use of flesh. When I came I found him up, and heard him talking sensibly. I asked why I was sent for, to which one of his friends replied with a wink, wait and you'll see. Accordingly, sitting down and entering into discourse with the patient, I perceived his

under lip was thrust outwards, and in frequent motion, as happens to peevish children, who pout before they cry, which was succeeded by the most violent fit of crying, with deep and convulsive sobs. I conceived this was occasioned partly by his long illness, partly by the previous evacuations, and partly by emptiness; I therefore ordered him a roast chicken, and a pint of canary."

In making these selections we have done our author great injustice, partly from having to give them either in Swan's translation or our own, and thereby losing much of the dignity and nerve—the flavour, or what artists would call the crispness of the original; partly also from our being obliged to exclude strictly professional discussions, in which, as might be expected, his chief value and strength lie.

We know nothing in medical literature more exquisite than his letter to Dr. Cole on the hysterical passion, and his monograph of the gout. Well might Edward Hannes, the friend of Addison, in his verses on Sydenham thus sing:—

> " Sic te scientem non faciunt libri
> Et dogma pulchrum; sed sapientia
> Enata rebus, mensque facti
> Experiens, animusque felix."

It would not be easy to over-estimate the permanent impression for good, which the writings, the character, and the practice of Sydenham have made on the art of healing in England, and on the Continent generally. In the writings of Boerhaave, Stahl, Gaubius, Pinel, Bordeu, Haller, and many others, he is always spoken of as the father of rational medicine; as the first man who applied to his profession the Baconian principles of interpreting and serving nature, and who never forgot the master's rule, " non fingendum aut excogitandum, sed inveniendum, quid natura aut faciat aut ferat." He was what Plato would have called an " *artsman*," as distinguished from a doctor of abstract science. But he was by no means deficient in either the capacity or the relish for speculative truth. Like all men of a large practical nature, he could not have been what he was, or done what he did, without possessing and often exercising the true philosophizing faculty. He was a man of the same quality of mind in this respect with Watt, Franklin, and John Hunter, in whom speculation was not the less genuine that it was with them a means rather than an end.

This distinction between the *science* and the *art* or craft, or as it was often called the *cunning* of medicine, is one we have already insisted upon, and the importance of which we consider very great, in the present condition of this department of knowledge and practice. We are now-a-days in danger of neglecting

our art in mastering our science, though medicine must always be *more* of an art than of a science. It being the object of the student of physic to learn or know some thing or things, in order to be able safely, effectually and at once, to do some other thing; and inasmuch as human nature cannot contain more than its fill, a man may not only have much scientific truth in his head, which is useless, but it may shut out and hinder, and even altogether render ineffectual, the active, practical, artistical faculties, for whose use his knowledge was primarily got. It is the remark of a profound thinker, that "*all professional men labour under a great disadvantage in not being allowed to be ignorant of what is useless;* every one fancies that he is bound to receive and transmit whatever is believed to have been known."

This subject of art and science is hinted at, with his usual sagacity, by Plato, in a very singular passage in his Theætetus:—"*Particulars,*" he says, "*are infinite, and the higher generalities give no sufficient direction in medicine; but the pith of all sciences, that which makes the artsman differ from the inexpert, is in the middle propositions, which, in every particular knowledge, are taken from tradition and experience.*"* It would not be easy to convey in fewer words, more of what deserves the name of the philosophy of this entire subject, and few things would be more for the advantage of the best interests of all arts and sciences, and all true progress in human knowledge and power, than the taking this passage and treating it exegetically, as a divine would say, bringing out fully its meaning, and illustrating it by examples. Scientific truth is to the mind of a physician what food is to his body; but, in order to his mind being nourished and growing by this food, it must be assimilated—it must undergo a vital internal change—must be transformed, transmuted, and lose its original form. This destruction of formal identity—this losing of itself in being received into the general mass of truth—is necessary to bring abstract truth into the condition of what Plato calls "the middle propositions," or, as Mr. J. S. Mill calls them, the *generalia* of knowledge.† These are such truths as

* Being anxious to see what was the context of this remarkable passage, which Bacon quotes, as if *verbatim*, in his advancement of learning, we hunted through the Theætetus, but in vain. We set two friends, thorough-bred Grecians, upon the scent, but they could find no such passage. One of them then spoke to Sir William Hamilton, and he told him that he had marked that passage as not being a literal translation of any sentence in Plato's writings. He considered it a quotation from memory, and as giving the substance of a passage in the Philebus, which occurs in the 6th and 7th of the forty-two sections of that Dialogue. Perhaps the sentence which comes nearest to the words of Bacon is the last in the 6th section, beginning with the words οἱ δὲ νῦν τῶν ἀνθρώπων σοφοι. The τὰ δὲ μεσα αὐτους ἐκφευγει of which he speaks, seem to be equivalent to "the middle propositions."

† The following we give as a sort of abstract of an admirable chapter in Mill's Logic on "The Logic of Art:"—An art, or a body of art, consists of the rules,

have been appropriated, and vitally adopted, by the mind, and which, to use Bacon's strong words, have been "drenched in flesh and blood," have been turned in "*succum et sanguinem;*" for man's mind, any more than his body, cannot live on mere elementary substances; he must have fat, albumen, and sugar; he can make nothing of their elements, bare carbon, azote, or hydrogen. And more than this, as we have said, he must *digest* and *disintegrate* his food before it can be of any use to him. In this view, as in another and a higher, we may use the sacred words,—"That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die: except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit;" for as it is a law of vegetable life, that a seed does not begin to pass into a new form, does not begin to grow into a plant, until its nature is changed, and its original condition is broken up, until it "dies" in giving birth to something better,—so is it with scientific truth, taken into or planted in the mind—it must die, else it abides alone—it does not germinate.

Had Plato lived now, he might justly have said, "particulars are infinite." Facts, as such, are merely so many units, and are often rather an encumbrance to the practical man than otherwise. These "middle propositions" stand midway between the facts in their infinity and speculative truth in its abstract inertness; they take from both what they need, and they form a *tertium quid*, upon which the mind can act practically, and reason upon in practice, and form rules of action. Sydenham, Hippocrates, Abernethy, Pott, Hunter, Baillie, Abercrombie, and such like, among physicians, are great in the region of the "*middle propositions.*" They selected their particulars—their instances, and they made their higher generalities come down, they appropriated them, and turned them into blood, bone, and sinew.

The great problem in the education of young men for medicine in our times, is to know how to make the infinity of particulars, the

---

together with as much of the speculative propositions as comprises the justification of those rules. Art selects and arranges the truths of science in the most convenient order for practice, instead of the order most convenient for thought—science following one cause to its various effects, while art traces one effect to its multiplied and diversified causes and conditions. *There is need of a set of intermediate scientific truths, derived from the higher generalities of science, and destined to serve as the generalia or first principles of art.* The art proposes for itself an end to be gained, defines the end, and hands it over to science. Science receives it, studies it as a phenomenon or effect, and, having investigated its causes and conditions, sends it back to Art, with a rationale of its cause or causes, but nothing more. Art then examines their combinations, and according as any of them are or are not in human power, or within the scope of its particular end, pronounces upon their utility, and forms a rule of action. *The rules of art do not attempt to comprise more conditions than require to be attended to in ordinary cases, and therefore are always imperfect.*

prodigious treasures of mere science, available for practice—how the art may keep pace with, and take the maximum of good out of the science. *We have often thought that the apprenticeship system is going too much into disrepute.* It had its manifest and great evils; but there was much good got by it that is not to be got in any other way. The *personal authority, the imitation* of their master—the watching his doings, and picking up his practical odds and ends—the coming under the influence of his mind, following in his steps, looking with his eyes, accumulating a stock of knowledge, multifarious it might be, the good of which was not fully known till after-years explained and confirmed its worth. There were other practical things besides jokes learned and executed in the apprentices' room, and there were the friendships for life, on which so much, not merely of the comfort, but the progress of a physician depends. Now everything, at least most, is done in public, in classes; and it is necessarily with the names of things rather than the things themselves, or their management, that the young men have chiefly to do. The memory* is exercised more than the senses or the judgment; and when the examination comes, as a matter of course the student returns back to his teacher as much as possible of what he has received from him, and as much as possible in his very words. He goes over innumerable names. There is little opportunity even in anatomy for testing his power or his skill as a workman, as an independent observer and judge, under what Sir James Clark justly calls "*the demoralizing system of cramming.*" He repeats what is already known; he is not able to say how all or any of this knowledge may be turned to practical account. Epictetus cleverly illustrates this very system and its fruits—"As if sheep, after they have been feeding, should present their

---

* Professor Syme, in his Letter to Sir James Graham on the Medical Bill, in which, in twelve pages, he puts the whole of this vexed question on its true footing, makes these weighty observations:—"As a teacher of nearly twenty-five years' standing, and well acquainted with the dispositions, habits, and powers of medical students, I beg to remark, that the system of repeated examinations on the same subject by different Boards, especially if protracted beyond the age of twenty-two, is greatly opposed to the acquisition of sound and useful knowledge. Medicine, throughout all its departments, is a science of observation; memory alone, however retentive, or diligently assisted by teaching, is unable to afford the qualifications for practice, and it is only by digesting the facts learned, through reflection, comparison, and personal research, that they can be appropriated with improving effect; *but when the mind is loaded* with the minutiæ of elementary medical and collateral study, it is incapable of the intense and devoted attention essential to attaining any approach to excellence in practical medicine and surgery. It has accordingly always appeared to me, *that the character of medical men depends less upon what passes during the period even of studentship than upon the mode in which they spend the next years*, when their trials and examinations being over, the whole strength of a young and disciplined intellect may be preparing itself for the business of life."

shepherds with *the very grass itself which they had cropped and swallowed, to show how much they had eaten, instead of concocting it into wool and milk.*"

Men of the "middle propositions" are not clever, glib expounders of their reasons, they prefer doing a thing to speaking about how it may be done. We remember hearing a young doctor relate how, on one occasion when a student, he met with the late Dr. Abercrombie, when visiting a man who was labouring under what was considered malignant disease of the stomach. He was present when that excellent man first saw the patient along with his regular attendant. The doctor sauntered into the room in his odd, indifferent way, which many must recollect; scrutinized all the curiosities on the mantelpiece; and then, as if by chance, found himself at his patient's bedside; but when there his eye settled upon him intensely; his whole mind was busily at work. He asked a few plain questions; spoke with great kindness, but very briefly; and, coming back to consult, he said, to the astonishment of the surgeon and the young student, "the mischief is all in the brain, the stomach is affected merely through it. The case will do no good; he will get blind and convulsed, and die." He then in his considerate, simple way, went over what might be done to palliate suffering and prolong life. He was right. The man died as he said, and on examination the brain was found softened, the stomach sound. The young student, who was intimate with Dr. Abercrombie, ventured to ask him what it was in the look of the man that made him know at once. "I can't tell you, I can hardly tell myself; but I rest with confidence upon the exactness and honesty of my past observations. I remember the result, and act upon it; but I can't put you or, without infinite trouble, myself, in possession of all the steps." "But would it not be a great saving if you could tell others?" said the young doctor. "*It would be no such thing; it would be the worst thing that could happen to you;* you would not know how to use it. You must follow in the same road, and you will get as far, and much farther. You must miss often before you hit. You can't tell a man how to hit; you may tell him what to aim at." "Was it something in the eye?" said his inveterate querist. "Perhaps it was," he said good-naturedly; "but don't you go and blister every man's *occiput*, whose eyes are, as you think, like his."*

---

* This is very clearly stated by Dr. Mandeville, the acute but notorious author of the Fable of the Bees, in his Dialogues on the Hypochondria, one of his best works, as full of good sense and learning as of wit. "If you please to consider that there are no words in any language for an hundreth part of all the minute differences that are obvious to the skilful, you will soon find that a man may know a thing perfectly well, and at the same time not be able to tell you why or how he knows it. The practical knowledge of a physician, or at least the most considerable part of it,

It would be well for the community, and for the real good of the profession, if the ripe experience, the occasional observations of such men as Sydenham and Abercrombie, formed the main amount of medical books, instead of Vade Mecums, Compendiums, Systems, Handbooks, on the one hand, and the ardent but unripe lucubrations of very young men. It is said that *facts* are what we want, and every periodical is filled with papers by very young physicians made up of practical facts. What is fact? we would ask; and are not many—most of the new facts, little else than the opinions of the writers about certain phenomena, the reality, and assuredly the importance of which, is by no means made out so strongly as the opinions about them are stated.* In this intensely scientific age, we need some wise heads to tell us what not to learn, fully as much as what to learn. Let us by all means avail ourselves of the unmatched advantages of science, and of the discoveries which every day is multiplying with a rapidity which confounds; let us convey into and carry in our heads as much as we safely can, of new knowledge from Chemistry, Statistics, the Microscope, the Stethoscope, and all new helps and methods; *but let us go on with the old serious diligence*,—the *experientia* as well as the *experimenta*—the forging, and directing, and qualifying the mind as well as the furnishing it, and what is called accomplishing it. Let us, in the midst of all the wealth pouring in from without, keep our senses and our understandings well exercised on immediate work. Let us look with our own eyes, feel with our own fingers.

One natural consequence of the predominance in our days of scientific element, is, that the elder too much serves the younger. The young man teaches, and the old man learns. This is excellent, when it is confined to the statement of discovery, or the laws of knowledge or of matter. But the young men have now almost the whole field to themselves. Chemistry and Physiology have become, to all men above forty, impossible sciences; they dare not meddle with them; and they keep back from giving to the profession their own personal experience in matters of practice, from the feeling that much of their science is out of date; and the conse-

---

is the result of a large collection of observations that have been made on the minutiæ of things in human bodies in health and sickness; but likewise there are such changes and differences in these minutiæ *as no language can express;* and when a man has no other reason for what he does than the judgment he has formed from such observations, *it is impossible he can give you the one without the other*—that is, he can never explain his reasons to you, *unless he could communicate to you that collection of observations, of which his skill is the product.*"

* Louis in the preface to the first edition of his Researches on Phthisis, says—"Few persons are free from delusive mental tendencies, especially in youth, interfering with true observation, and I am of opinion that, generally speaking, *we ought to place less reliance on cases collected by very young men; and, above all, not intrust the task of accumulating facts to them exclusively.*"

quence is, that, even in matters of practice, the young men are in possession of the field.

Let it not be supposed that we despair of Medicine gaining the full benefit of the general advance in knowledge and usefulness. Far from it. We believe there is more of exact diagnosis, of intelligent, effectual treatment of disease, that there are wider views of principles—directer, ampler methods of discovery, at this moment in Britain than at any former time; and we have no doubt that the augmentation is still proceeding, and will defy all calculation. But we are likewise of opinion, that the office of a physician, in the highest sense, will become fully more difficult than before, will require a greater compass and energy of mind, as working in a wider field, and using finer weapons; and that there never was more necessity for making every effort to strengthen and clarify the judgment and the senses by inward discipline, than when the importance and the multitude of the objects of which they must be cognizant, are so infinitely increased. The middle propositions must be attended to, and filled up as the particulars and the higher generalities crowd in.

It would be out of place in a Journal such as this, and a paper so desultory as the present, to enter at large upon the subjects now hinted at—the education of a physician—the degree of certainty in medicine—its progress and prospects, and the beneficial effects it may reasonably expect from the advance of the purer sciences. But we are not more firmly persuaded of any thing than of the importance of such an inquiry, made largely, liberally and strictly, by a man at once deep, truthful, knowing, and clear. How are we to secure for the art of discerning, curing and preventing disease, the *maximum* of good and the *minimum* of mischief, in availing ourselves of the newest discoveries in human knowledge? To any one wishing to look into this most interesting, and at the present time, *vital* question, we would recommend a paper by the accomplished President of the Edinburgh College of Physicians, admirable equally in substance and in form, entitled, "On the Signification of Fact in Medicine, and on the hurtful effects of the incautious use of such modern sources of fact as the microscope, the stethoscope, chemical analysis, statistics, &c.;" it may be found in No. 177 of the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal. We merely give a sample or two, in which our readers will find in better expression much of what we have already referred to. "*Medicine still is, and must continue for ages to be an empirico-rationalism.*" "A sober thinker can hardly venture to look forward to such an advanced state of chemical rationalism as would be sufficient for pronouncing *a priori*, that sulphur would cure *scabies*, iodine goître, citric acid the scurvy, or carbonate of iron *neuralgia*." "Chemistry promises

to be of immediate service in the practice of medicine, not so much by offering us a rational chemical pathology, *but by enlarging the sources from which our empirical rules are to be drawn.*" Here we have our "middle propositions." "The great bulk of practical medical knowledge is obviously the fruit of individual minds, naturally gifted for excellence in medicine;" but the whole paper deserves serious continuous study. We would also, in spite of some ultraisms in statement and expression, the overflowings of a more than ordinarily strong and ardent, and honest mind, recommend heartily the papers of Dr. Forbes, which appeared at the close of the British and Foreign Medical Review, in which he has, with what we cannot call else or less than magnanimity, spoken so much wholesome, though it may be, unpalatable truth; and, finally, we would send every inquiring student who wishes to know how to think and how to speak on this subject at once with power, clearness, and compactness, and be both witty and wise, to Dr. Latham's three little volumes on Clinical Medicine. The first two lectures in the earliest volume are "lion's marrow," the very pith of sense and sound-mindedness. We give a morsel—

"The medical men of England do and will continue to keep pace with the age in which they live, however rapidly it may advance. I wish to see physicians still instituted in the same discipline, and still reared in fellowship and communion with the wisest and best of men, and that not for the sake of what is ornamental merely, and becoming to their character, but because I am persuaded that that discipline which renders the mind most capacious of wisdom and most capable of virtue, can hold the torch and light the path to the sublimest discoveries in every science. *It was the same discipline which contributed to form the minds of Newton and of Locke, of Harvey and of Sydenham.*"

He makes the following beautiful remark in leading his pupils into the vast ward of St. Bartholomew's—

"In entering this place, even this vast hospital, where there is many a significant, many a wonderful thing, you shall take me along with you, and I will be your guide. *But it is by your own eyes, and your ears and your own minds, and (I may add) by your own hearts, that you must observe, and learn, and profit. I can only point to the objects, and say little else than 'See here and see there.'*"

This is the great secret, the coming to close quarters with your object, having immediate, not mediate cognizance of the materials of study and care, *apprehending* first, and then *comprehending.* For, to use an illustration which no one need ever weary of giving or receiving, a good practical physician is more akin to the working-bee than to the spider or the ant. Instead of spinning, like the schoolmen of old, endless webs of speculations

out of their own bowels, in which they were themselves afterwards as frequently caught and destroyed as any one else, or hoarding up, grain after grain, the knowledge of other men, and thus becoming "a very dungeon of learning," in which (*Hibernice*) they lose at once themselves and it,—they should rather be like the brisk and public-hearted bee, taking, by a divine instinct, her own industry, and the accuracy of her instrument, honey from all flowers. "Formica colligit et utitur, ut faciunt empirici; aranea ex se fila educit neque a particularibus materiam petit; apis denique cæteris se melius gerit, hæc indigesta a floribus mella colligit, deinde in viscerum cellulas concocta maturat, iisdem tandem insudat donec ad integram perfectionem perduxerit."

We had intended giving some account of the bearing that the general enlightenment of the community has upon Medicine,—and especially of the value of the labours of such men as the late Dr. Combe, Dr. Henry Marshall, Sir James Clark, and others, in the collateral subjects leading into, and auxiliary to pure Medicine,—but we have no space to do them any measure of justice. The full importance, and the full possibility of the *prevention* of disease in all its manifold, civil, moral, and personal bearings, is not yet by any means adequately acknowledged; there are few things oftener said or less searched into than that prevention is better than cure.

Let not our young and eager doctors be scandalized at our views as to the comparative uncertainty of medicine as a science—such has been the opinion of the wisest and most successful of the art. Radcliffe used to say, that "when young, he had fifty remedies for every disease, and when old, one remedy for fifty diseases." Dr. James Gregory said, "young men kill their patients, old men let them die." Gaubius says, "equidem candide dicam, plura me indies, dum in artis usu versor, dediscere quam discere, et in crescente ætate, minui potius quam augeri, scientiam," meaning by "scientia" an abstract systematic knowledge. And Bordeu gives as the remark of an old physician, "J'étois dogmatique à vingt ans, observateur à trente, à quarante je fus empirique; je n'ai point de système à cinquante." And he adds, in reference to how far a medical man must personally know the sciences that contributed to his art, "Iphicrates, the Athenian general, was hard pressed by an orator before the people, to say what *he* was to be so proud, 'Are you a soldier, a captain, an engineer, a spy, a pioneer, a sapper, a miner?' 'No,' says Iphicrates, 'I am none of these, but I command them all.' So if one asks me, are you an empiric, a dogmatist, an observer, an anatomist, a chemist, a microscopist? I answer, No, but I am captain of them all."

And to conclude in the opening words of the "*Historia Vitæ et Mortis*,"—"Speramus enim et cupimus futurum, ut id plurimorum bono fiat; atque ut medici nobiliores animos nonnihil erigant, neque toti sint in curarum sordibus, neque solum pro necessitate honorentur, sed fiant demum *omnipotentiæ et clementiæ divinæ administri*." "Etsi enim," as he pathetically adds, "nos Christiani ad terram promissionis perpetuo aspiremus et anhelemus; tamen *interim* itinerantibus nobis, in hac mundi eremo, etiam calceos istos et tegmina (corporis scilicet nostri fragilis) quam minimum atteri, erit signum divini favoris."

"For it is our earnest desire and hope, that the efficacy of medicine may be infinitely increased, and that physicians may carry themselves more erect and nobly, and not be entirely taken up with sordid gains and cares, nor be honoured from necessity alone, but may at length become the executors of the Divine omnipotence and mercy; for, though we who are Christians do without ceasing aspire and pant after the land of promise, we cannot fail to regard it as a token of the favour of God, when, as we travel through this wilderness of the world, these shoes and garments of our frail bodies are rendered as little as may be subject to decay."

We have left ourselves no space to notice Dr. Greenhill's collected edition of Sydenham's Latin works. It is everything that the best scholarship, accuracy and judgment could make it. We regret we cannot say so much for Dr. R. G. Latham's translation and Life. The first is inferior as a whole to Swan's, and in parts to Pechey's; and the Life which might have contained so much new, valuable, and entertaining matter, escapes all this, with a curious infelicity, and is altogether one of the oddest, most *gauche* and limping bits of composition we ever remember having met with.