## CHICAGO CLINICS.

The Medical Clinics of Chicago, November, 1916, Volume 2, No. 3. Published by-monthly by W. B. Saunders and Company, Philadelphia and London. Price per year, \$8.00.

This number contains nine excellent clinical lectures on as many interesting topics. These are ulcer of the stomach and duodenum, infantile paralysis, anterior poliomyelitis, pernicious anæmia, eczema, Addison's syndrome, treatment of chronic colon pyelitis, polycystic kidneys, atypical gout, and spasm of the cardiac end of stomach. The number can be recommended as of high merit.

## **MISCELLANEOUS**

## SYDENHAM'S PORTRAIT.

In presenting the portrait of Thomas Sydenham, Dr. J. Ferguson, president of the academy, said that the subject of his remarks was born in 1624 and died in 1689, at the age of 65. He lived in the midst of a very brilliant constellation of men, such as Cromwell, the statesman; Milton, the poet; Newton, the world's greatest mathematician; Dr. John Loche, the founder of the British School of Experiential Philosophy; Glisson, remembered by his investigations on the liver; William Harvey, the father of physiology; and Richard Wiseman, the first great English surgeon.

Sydenham has been called the Hippocrates or father of British medicine. He adopted the clinical method in the study of disease. Like Bichat, an eminent French physician, he did not believe in going to books, when nature furnishes one with the original sources of information in the sick themselves. It is for this reason that Sydenham did not read many books, but we are told that he very thoroughly perused the Bible for his religion, Hippocrates for his medicine, Circero for his Latin, Bacon for his philsophoy, and Cervante's Don Quixote for his humour.

Sydenham was distinguished above most men for three reasons: he was a noble type of citizen, he was a fearless soldier in the cause of liberty, and he was an ornament, for all time, to the medical profession. The Royalist trooper who destroyed Sydenham's home and murdered his mother, young Sydenham pursued throughout the country until he overtook him, and, in single combat, put the ruffian to death.

The portrait you see before you is one hundred and thirty-one years