

writings of Charaka and Susruta. I sincerely trust that he did not live to hear Max Müller's ruthless "aside" in regard to these Sanscrit writings. It really would have hurt him so very much. Since then, I know, various historians of medicine have contended upon the opposite sides with varying applause—some that Charaka and Susruta (Oh, bitter spite!) had in reality obtained their medical knowledge from M.S.s. or pupils of Hippocrates imported into Hindostan; and others, like Wise, that Hippocrates had, as a matter of fact, travelled far more extensively than was generally supposed, and under the sun of India had at last paused in awestruck admiration at the golden truths with which he became for the first time familiar in the writings of Charaka and Susruta. As it may. In his history of Oriental medicine Dr. Wise has bequeathed to posterity, if not a work of transcendent historical value, at least a record with all the charm and busy quaintness, and the same partiality for a tessellation of names which still endears the Anatomy of Melancholy to readers of otherwise the most antagonistic tastes.

To this partial enumeration might also be added Bettany's Sketches of Eminent English Physicians—idle, personal gossip, it is true, yet charming to readers, professional and lay, for the same reason that the series of little books entitled "Masters of Medicine" is charming—because, without going to the centre, all alike play in an easy superficial manner upon the trivial little matters that in the field of biography always seem to possess the greatest interest. Berdoe's popular volume may also be mentioned here; not so much because he has succeeded in writing anything that approaches to a history of medicine, as because his intentions were certainly good even though his execution was deficient.

Park's Epitome is not a volume of original research at all, but a compressed outline of the particular field of medicine already covered by Hermann Baas. As a series of biographical memoranda, and a repository of dates and names it will be found exceedingly useful for reference, and, as perhaps the most convenient handbook on the subject, may be consulted with advantage when one is in search of some point.

Baas wrote in a party spirit. Like so many of that untutored race, he confused the violence of his prejudices with soundness of thought. Of a few of his own compatriots he speaks benignantly, but of most aliens, sourly, contemptuously often, and seldom with any sympathy whatever. To this grave infirmity add the fact that the Muse of History abode not with him, and one sees a reason why his book is not a living whole, entire, self contained, perfect, but a scrappy miscellany of stale odds and ends, lacking outline, light, cohesion or color.

Roswell Park, on the other hand, is a successful surgeon, but not having sufficiently familiarized himself with the *dramatis personæ* of the healing art, an end which could only be accomplished by long intimacy with that goodly company, they are, many of them, but names to him still, I fancy, like so many visiting cards, and Park displays