

sessest, thou not all the powers of a horse (hippocratic) : come to us for the etymology, Philo-Medicus ; the time of crisis is not by thee well measured ; thou, no doubt, aided in thine elaboration by the puissant generative power of the sun, didst occupy ten—we, assisted by the chaste moon, seventeen days—*cæteris paribus*, thou hadst the advantage ; we do not concoct in heat, Philo-Medicus,—we compose in coolness—our words are real combinations, of disjointed things, if thou wilt—for these are thine : our compounds are made *currente calamo* : our products are doubtless periodic, and cheerfully do we acquiesce in thy suggestion of lunar influence : plain men we are, and not possessed of aught by intuition, we gladly shine even by borrowed light, some of which is the reflection of thine own cloud-dispelling brightness.

We admire thy scintillations, Philo-Medicus—the more as thou shalt never, by their instrumentality, pick a pocket, *risu inepto, res ineptior nulla est*. Of thy cork leg, thou hadst better have made a stopple to thy wide and flat evaporation into thin air. Thou hast laboured in many lines to disprove that which thou allowedst to be true in two words—*similis simili* ; by the way, Philo-Medicus, triangles have three sides, only one of which is a base—though, *otas tou onou echon* (we want the character *de jure* and *de facto*),—thou evidently didst not pass over that bridge of sighs to *tyros-yclept pons asinorum*—previously to reaching the goal of thy mathematical lore. Thy ridicule has been *sine dubio* pointed—but to thyself—and thy shafts have reverted to thine own bow—*mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*. Verily, thou hast lionized us—but no lions we, were not thyself and thy Romans hinds—no wolves, were not thine other Romans sheep.

Thou questionest our acquirements, Philo-Medicus ; in comparison of thine they are unprofitable, because they are less versatile in their application. Thou impugnest our motives too ; this is the unkindest rasp of all. Here, however, thine intellectual plethora gave thee an obliquity of vision which prevented thy distinguishing *nostrum* and *tuum* ; never, Philo-Medicus, and we speak in sincerity,—never whisper aught about motives. There is an Eye