

in illustration of the belief then prevalent, that all the maladies of the soul might be reached through the subtle gateways of the body—an attitude of mind so opposite to the latest development in therapeutics in which all corporeal ailments are attacked through the soul. “*Salus*—salvation—for the Romans, had come to mean bodily sanity; and the religion of the god of bodily health—*Salvator*, as they called him, absolutely—had a chance just then of becoming the one religion; that mild and philanthropic son of Apollo surviving, or absorbing, all other pagan godheads. The apparatus of the medical art, the salutary mineral or herb, diet or abstinence, and all the varieties of the bath, came to have a kind of sacramental character; so deep was the feeling, in more serious minds, of a moral or spiritual profit in physical health, beyond the obvious advantages one had of it; the body becoming, truly, in that case, but a quiet hand maid of the soul.”

To a physician the touching account of the cure is heightened by the introduction of the great Galen, who was the most distinguished of the *Asclepiadae*.

In a recent essay on *Society in Rome under the Cæsars*, Mr. Inge does not give a very pleasant account of the doctors, though we learn from him that there was one period at least in the world's history when large fortunes were common in the profession. Specialism was carried to an extent as great as in ancient Egypt and there were gynecologists, dentists, oculists, aurists, etc. No legal precautions were taken to prevent incompetent and disreputable persons from practising. Mr. Inge states that there is no direct evidence as to the ordinary amount for doctor's fee at Rome.

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Literature has often been enriched by those who have deserted medicine for the muses. But to drink deep draughts at Pierian springs unfits, and when the thirst is truly divine should unfit, a man for the worrying rounds of practice. It is shocking to think that had Goldsmith secured the confidence of the old women in Bankside, Southwark, we should probably never have known the Vicar, Olivia, or Tony Lumpkin. Still worse, to think of what we should have lost had Keats passed on from a successful career at Guy's to obtain even a distin-