

power of observation been questioned, but their morality and honour have been assailed; for it has been suggested that the doctrine of change of type was an invention to cloak their former errors.

But the thinking man finds it hard to believe that the fathers of British medicine were always in error, and that they were bad observers and mistaken practitioners. They, indeed, have rested upon their labors, but their works remain; and he who reads the writings of Sydenham, of Haygarth and Fothergill, of Heberden and Fordyce, of Gregory, Cullen, Alison, Cheyne, or Graves, must have a very inapprehensive mind, if he fail to discover that they were giants in those days, and that the advocacy of such ideas only indicates a state of mind not consonant with the modesty of science.

The declaration that it has been or can be proved by a more advanced pathology, that bleeding never was the proper remedy for fevers and inflammations, has as yet no scientific ground. It is not yet given to us, notwithstanding all our advance in normal and in morbid anatomy, in the physiology of health or in that of disease, to be able to say, from the most minute examination of the dead organ or structure, what were *all* the conditions which attended it during life, in health or in disease—what were its local vital phenomena, what was its accompanying constitutional state. The words of Goethe, so well rendered by Dr. Anster, convey a deep practical lesson to those who would base medicine on anatomical change:

“Alas! the spirit is withdrawn—  
That which informed the mass is gone.  
We scrutinise it when it ceases to be itself,  
Finger and feel it, and call this  
Experiment analysis.”

But let us ask, Which is the most probable of the two suppositions? First, that our predecessors, including such as I have named, were bad observers, incapable of divining the truth, and blind adopters of an antiquated and mischievous method; or, secondly, that the type of disease has changed, and that in our own time.

When I read the words of Alison—the best man I ever knew—it is with a feeling of wonder how it has happened that men should forget what reverence is due to his memory; whether we look on him personally as a man of science and a teacher, or at his life as an exemplar of a soldier of Christ. It was my fortune to be very closely connected with him during my student days in Edinburgh, and to attend him by day, and more often far into the night, in his visits of mercy to the sick poor of that city, to whom he was for many a year the physician, coun-