The Harveian Oration

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MR. PRESIDENT, FELLOWS OF THE COLLEGE, AND GENTLEMEN,
—It has long been the custom in the several ancient colleges of our universities to commemorate the founder and the benefactors on some particular day. The members of the College are assembled, the history of the foundation is related with due solemnity, and the names of the benefactors are mentioned with honour and gratitude. Dr. William Harvey—the illustrious man by whose injunction we are assembled to-day—was familiar with this custom, for it was enjoined by the founder of his College at Cambridge, Dr. John Caius, a physician who not only possessed learning, but venerated it, and had considered those ceremonies and decorations which are as appropriate to learned societies as the fine paper, well-formed type, and beautiful bindings in which great scholars and great readers, such as Aldus and Grolier, and Thuanus and our own Bentley, delighted to see good literature clothed. It was Caius who gave us the silver rod which our President carries at every meeting of the College. He desired that we should be ruled with the mildness and clemency which a silver sceptre typifies, while the four serpents which ornament the sceptre are to remind the President that wisdom is to govern his conduct.

Dr. Caius, when in London, lived within the enclosure of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the first College feast was held there in 1556, exactly a hundred years before the delivery of the first Harveian Oration. There Dr. Caius died in 1573, a benefactor of the study of medicine, in which he was the first Englishman to write an original description of a disease, to learning in general by the foundation of his College at Cambridge, to the poor of London by a gift to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and to this College in several ways. In his annals of Caius College a resolution is recorded under the date October 6th, 1531, urging the duty of gratitude and of the remembrance and record of benefactors.

Thus it was early in life, at Caius, that Harvey learned the value of such acts of public gratitude as that which, on his institution, we keep to-day. Sir George Paget, a former fellow of Caius and of this College, Regius Professor of Physic in the University of Cambridge, and an example there of all that a physician should be, has shown that it was probably the teaching of anatomy instituted in his college by Caius which led Harvey to those studies in which his fame is immortal. There, too, he was imbued with the spirit of good fellowship in learning which was then prevalent in the University, and has ever since pervaded its atmosphere. Caius had fostered this spirit in the college he founded, which, robed in the architectural garb of the Renaissance appropriately comes into the view of a visitor to Cambridge immediately after the foundation of King Henry VI, refulgent with the last glorious rays of mediæval learning.

The poets who knew Cambridge have told in verse what every man worthy of a liberal education has felt. Milton, of Christ's, disposed as he was to resist the natural effect of religious art, was nevertheless profoundly affected by great architecture, and has left the world the better by the impression which he received as an undergraduate from the Chapel of King's:

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof
With antic pillars massy proof;
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.

Wordsworth, of St. John's, trying to study the depths of his own mind, found himself deeply affected by his surroundings:

I could not point
Ground where the grass had yielded to the steps
Of generations of illustrious men
Unmoved. I could not always lightly pass
Through the same gateways, sleep where they had slept,
Wake where they waked, range that enclosure old,
That garden of great intellects: undisturbed.

Cowley, of Trinity, a lesser poet than these, seems by the power with which he expressed another of the feelings of university life almost to justify Clarendon's remark that in his time he had in poesy "made a flight beyond all men."

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say
Have ye not seen us walking every day,
Was there a tree about which did not know
The love betwixt us two.

The introduction into the family of great minds, the permanent association with a venerable collegiate home and its usages, the ties of friendship; by all these Harvey had been influenced during his residence at Cambridge from 1593 to 1598. When he migrated to this College in the midst of a busy world,

Fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ,

yet no less devoted to one of the highest branches of learning, he was kindly received. Two physicians deserve commemoration for their early kindness to him: one was Dr. Ralph Wilkin-son, of Trinity College, Cambridge, in relation to whom he occupied at St. Bartholomew's the position which, Mr. President, I now have the honour, with infinite advantage and satisfaction to myself, to occupy towards you. The other was Dr. Lancelot Browne, of Pembroke College, Cambridge, who had been one of the Proctors in 1573, the year in which Edmund Spenser, of that College, took his degree. Perhaps Browne was one of the learned wits of whom the poet was thinking when he celebrated the Cam in the *Fairie Queen*:

My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crown
He doth adorne and is adorne of it.
With many a gentle muse and many a learned wit.

It was Dr. Browne's daughter Elizabeth whom Harvey married in 1604. His life in our College was one of continued friendship and learned conversation. He was welcomed in his youth, applauded in his discoveries, venerated in his age. When his life ended in 1657 his body was accompanied beyond the walls of the city by the President and the whole College on the way to its last resting place at Hempstead in Essex.

Our College was of about one-tenth its present size when Harvey was admitted, but it was nevertheless a society in which a great variety of learning was to be found, and where a man could spend his days with advantage. His entrance into it was gradual, for those were the days, as Clarendon says, "when men were seen some time before they were known, and well known before they were preferred." Harvey's relations with this College began in the first year of King James. At a meeting on April 21st, 1603, the Fellows had discussed whether they should go out to meet the King at his entry into London, and salute him "solemni oratione." At the next meeting on May 4th, 1603, "Mr. Harvie, doctor of medicine in the University of Padua, attended and presented himself for examination, and when examined answered to all questions sufficiently well." Nevertheless, he was put off to another time "cum convivia ad Praxin," that is, with informal leave to practise in the interval. He appeared again April 2nd, 1604. "Dr. Harvie was examined for the second time for the degree of candidate, and his answering approved." At his first examination he was the sole candidate, and only the President, Dr. Richard Forster, and three Fellows were present, a small attendance, perhaps due to the plague then prevalent. At the second examination John Craig, the King's physician, newly come with His Majesty from Scotland; Thomas Hearne, an Oxonian, who like Harvey had graduated at Padua; Thomas Lodge, the poet, and Thomas Rawlins, of Clare Hall, Cambridge, were also examined, and all approved but Lodge.

On May 11th, 1604, Harvey was examined and approved for a third time, and had for his companions Rawlins, Hearne, Edward Elwin of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, afterwards Physician to the King's Household, and three poets, Matthew Gwin, Thomas Lodge, and Raphael Thorus. Of

these poets Gwin was afterwards admitted a Fellow of the College. In our society, where for the most part we think :

Nobis non licet esse tam disertis,
Qui musas colimus severiores.

It is remarkable that literature has never been neglected. In the translation of *Plutarch's Lives* edited by Dryden ten² Fellows of this College, three of whom afterwards filled the office of President, took part, and to a greater biographical work of the present day, the greatest indeed which has appeared in our literature, you, Sir, have made a contribution as well as our learned Librarian, Dr. Payne, and some other Fellows of the College.

At the present day we have in Robert Bridges a master of verse which is both praised and read. Arbuthnot, steeped in literature, gave a poetic form to thoughts which must constantly occupy the minds of physicians :

Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood,
A branching channel, with a mazy flood ?
The purple stream that through my vessels glides,
Dull and unconscious flows like common tides.
The pipes through which the circling juices stray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they.
This frame compacted with transcendent skill
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nursed from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and wastes : I call it mine, not me.

Sir Samuel Garth was a popular poet for fifty years, and to this day one couplet in his *Dispensary* :

To die is landing on some distant shore,
Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar,

is known to everyone, because it was admired by Cowper and is quoted by him in one of the most affecting poems in our language.³ Harvey himself is one of the heroes of *The Dispensary*.

They hasten now to that delightful Plain,
Where the glad Manes of the Bless'd remain :
Where Harvey gathers simples, to bestow
Immortal youth on Heroes' shades below.
Soon as the bright Hygiea was in view,
The Venerable Sage her Presence knew.
Thus he—
"Hail blooming Goddess, thou propitious power,
Whose blessings mortals more than life implore.
With so much lustre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where those appear.
Mark kind as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Finds ease in chains, or anguish in a Crown."⁴

The poets who began the march to fame with Harvey and whose poetic fancies were afterwards so far surpassed in repute by his precise facts, deserve to be mentioned, if only because they were associated with him on an important day of his life.

Matthew Gwin was the first professor of physic at Gresham College, where he lectured from 1598 to 1607. He was an accomplished Latinist and took part in a medical disputation at Oxford for the entertainment of King James I. and his Queen Anne. He had to argue on the question whether the morals of nurses are imbibed by infants with the milk. It was a delicate point, for the King had had a drunken nurse, and was always anxious that he should not be thought to have imbibed her evil nature. The King drank a good deal, yet his most steadfast brain, says Sir Theodore Mayerne,⁵ was never disturbed by sea or by wine.

Gwin published a Latin comedy called *Vertumnus*, which was acted at Magdalen College, Oxford, and a Latin tragedy *Nero* based upon Tacitus, Suetonius, Dion Cassius, and Seneca. The epilogue of the comedy where three sibyls hail King James by the several titles of his increasing dominions is sometimes thought to have suggested to Shakespeare the famous salutations of the witches in *Macbeth*. The tragedy displays the reading of its author, but perhaps Dr. Gwin's last lines about Nero the Emperor may be applied to Nero the tragedy—

Restatque de Nerone tam magno nihil
Nisi quod sepulchrum condant aut ignis cremet.

Gwin had disputed before King James with Sir William Paddy, a benefactor here and at St. John's College, Oxford, as to whether smoking tobacco was conducive to health.

Raphael Thorius, the licentiate who attended to be examined with Gwin and Harvey, treated the same subject in a poem of two books, and in spite of the Royal opinion against

tobacco did not veil his own love for the fragrant weed, and begins his *Hymnus Tabaci*—

Innocuos calices et amicam vatibus herbam
Vimque datum folio, et lati miracula fumi
Aggredior,

and goes on to dedicate it to Sir William Paddy than whom, says Thorius, no one knows better the varied powers of the disease-repelling plant.

Thorius wrote many lesser poems now chiefly interesting as showing his tastes and friendships. Three which have never been printed are addressed to L'Obel the botanist, who was in practice in England as an apothecary, but who is known to few of the many who have the lobelia growing in their gardens. In 1625 Thorius sent his wife and family out of London to preserve them from the plague, and diligently attending to his patients became infected and died.

Thomas Lodge, the third of the poets examined on the same day as Harvey, was a schoolfellow of Sir William Paddy, our President of 1609. He began life as a poet, and ended it in the practice of medicine after a varied career, part of which was spent as he says "as a soldier and a scholler," other part as a sea rover, hardly to be distinguished from a pirate. His story of *Rosalynde*, written at sea "rough as hatchet in the stormes of the ocean and feathered in the surges of many perillous seas,"⁶ and published in 1590, will always be memorable in literature for some fine lyric verses, and still more as the source of the plot of Shakespeare's *As You Like it*. Lodge was often unfortunate in letters and in adventure, and was so in his entrance to this College, for he did not receive a licence till 1609. He more often expresses gloom than cheerfulness in his verses, and the feelings exhibited in a stanza of his *Margarite of America*, written amid "bitter and extreme frosts at midsummer," in the straits of Magellan, seem to have been often his :

From height of throne to abject wretchednesse
From wondrous skill to servile ignorance,
From court to cart, from rich to recklesnesse
The joys of life have no continuance.
The king, the cattife wretch, the lay, the learned
Their crowns, woes, wants and wits with grieve have earned.

On August 7th, 1604, at the house of Dr. Forster, the President, Harvey and Elwin were again examined and approved, and Lodge rejected. On October 5th, 1604, the two former were sworn as candidates.

Of those who had been examined with him and approved, Harvey was the last to be elected a Fellow. At that period the influence of great persons was sometimes brought to bear upon the College in the election of Fellows ; Dr. Rawlins had a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury ; Dr. Gwin was recommended by Ellesmere the Lord Chancellor and by Thomas Earl of Dorset, Lord Treasurer and Chancellor of the University of Oxford ; and Dr. Elwin by the Earls of Suffolk, Northampton, and Salisbury, and by Lord Stanhope, and they were elected Fellows December 22nd, 1605, and Harvey not till May 16th, 1607. It is just to state that they were all older men. He took the oath and was admitted June 5th, 1607, with two others—Dr. Matthew Lister, an Oxonian, and Dr. William Clement, of Trinity Hall. Lister was afterwards knighted and became physician to the Queen of James I and to King Charles I as well as to Mary Countess of Pembroke, in whose house he spent much time. He must often have talked to Ben Jonson, another frequenter of her house, and was perhaps one of the first to read and admire the epitaph written for the stately tomb which she deserved, but which was never erected in Salisbury Cathedral, her place of burial :

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother ;
Death ! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair and good as she
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Clement, who like Harvey was a doctor of Padua, afterwards became registrar of our College. Both he and Lister were industrious physicians, but all that has survived of their writings are four Latin verses by Lister and two by Clement, all in honour of the only medical book of Ralph Winterton, Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge, a work which at its appearance received more praise from the learned than any other book written by a professor of medicine in that university.

It is an edition of the aphorisms of Hippocrates with a translation into Greek verse by Winterton, with also a Latin prose version and a translation into Latin verse. It was lauded in Latin or Greek verse by seventeen Fellows of this College and two who subsequently became Fellows, one of whom was the celebrated Francis Glisson; by members of all the Colleges at Cambridge but one, and of several of the colleges of Oxford, while two university professors and the heads of Peterhouse, Queens', Christ's, and Trinity commended it in Latin prose. What Johnson says of Pembroke College, Oxford, in his own time, "Sir, we are a nest of singing birds," might have been declared of the College of Physicians in the reign of King Charles I.

Dr. Henry Atkins, President, and afterwards a benefactor of the College, was in the chair at the College meeting at which Harvey, with Lister and Clement, was admitted to the Fellowship. He was physician to James I, and is said to have been the first person to whom, in 1611, that monarch offered the new rank of baronet. The first edition of our *Pharmacopœia* was published in 1618 under his auspices. Fourteen other Fellows were present, ten of Harvey's University and four Oxonians,⁷ while three of the fourteen were doctors of Padua.⁸ The business transacted after the new Fellows took their seats at the table is recorded in the annals:

Dr. Mark Ridley was elected a censor, in the room of Dr. William Dun, deceased. It was resolved that Dr. Edward Elwin should entertain the Fellows at a feast on the first Tuesday in July next. Dr. Lister was to make preparations for the demonstrations in Anatomy. Everyone was to try and learn where a certain Dr. Bonham had practised. Dr. Thomas Davis was elected Lumleian lecturer, in succession to Dr. William Dun. Harvey, it will be remembered, succeeded Davis in this lectureship in 1615.

It would be pleasant to trace Harvey's relations with these and with the Fellows of subsequent elections throughout his time.

But at my back I always hear
Time's wingéd chariot hurrying near.⁹

One of those present at his admission was Dr. John Argent, of Peterhouse, who became "amicus suus singularis," and to whom, with the College of which Argent was then President, he dedicated in 1628 his *Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis in Animalibus*. The dedication shows how happy was his association with his contemporaries:

Since my book alone doth assert the blood to move and circulate by a new route quite different from that held, taught, and explained through so many ages by countless and most illustrious and learned men, I feared that I might be thought presumptuous if I should allow my little book, which had been completed some years back, to be published or sent over sea unless first I had stated it to you and had confirmed it by anatomical demonstration, and had made answer to your doubts and objections, and had received the judicial commendation of our illustrious President.

How plain are the friendly relations between Harvey and the other Fellows. Argent was his senior, as were those friends whom I have before mentioned, Wilkinson and Launcelot Browne, but he had also warm attachments among his juniors, none greater than those which bound him to George Ent and to Charles Scarborough. Ent was not 3 years old when Harvey was admitted a Fellow. They probably met for the first time in Rome in 1636. Ent had gone thither after five years study at Padua which had succeeded his graduation at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. Lovers of truth and members of the same university, caring for the same branches of learning, easily become friends, however different their ages, and the natural admiration which youth feels for old experience cements the friendship of generous minds; of this there are few pictures more happy than Ent's account of Harvey in the dedication of the *De Generatione Animalium* to the President and Fellows of the College of Physicians in 1651. His preservation of this interesting treatise, which might have been lost with other manuscripts of Harvey but for him, puts us under a debt of gratitude to Ent, who was President 1670-75 and censor for twenty-two years, and he was also one of our pecuniary benefactors.

Charles II attended one of his anatomy lectures, and knighted him afterwards in the College. Thus it is in every way appropriate that his arms—sable between three hawk bells a chevron or—should form part of the ornament of the censor's room, to which they were brought from the old college in Warwick Lane.

Charles Scarborough, knighted by Charles II in 1669, was younger than Ent. He obtained a Fellowship at Caius College, and, ejected from his Fellowship as a Royalist, entered at Merton College, Oxford, when Harvey was warden, and ever after enjoyed his friendship. Thus what seemed a misfortune, as is so often the case, proved his greatest advantage, and he might have said more truly than Dryden,

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother university.

But this is no reason why a recent learned writer, in his *History of the Study of Mathematics at Cambridge* should speak of him as "a teacher of the mathematics at Cambridge of whom I know nothing more." He was learned in mathematics, had a fine mathematical library, and translated Euclid. He was one of the famous men of his day, and everyone who has read Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* will remember how Waller, when he found his legs grow tumid, "went to Windsor, where Sir Charles Scarborough then attended the King, and requested him, as both a friend and a physician, to tell him what that swelling meant." "Sir," answered Scarborough, "your blood will run no longer." Waller repeated some lines of Virgil and went home to die. Scarborough was physician to three kings in succession, but will always be best remembered as the friend of Harvey, and his successor, at Harvey's request, in the Lumleian lectureship. Harvey left Ent £5 to buy a memorial ring, and of Scarborough in his will says, "I give my velvet gown to my loving friend, Dr. Scarborough, and to Dr. Scarborough all my little silver instruments of surgery."

These examples show Harvey's feelings towards the men with whom he spent his life. He had known something of what is called the great world. King Charles I seems to have liked Harvey, who probably saw him in his best aspect and in intellectual relations which brought out his mental abilities, and did not lead to the exhibition of those defects of character and of manner which more than the turbulence of his subjects or the ambition of Cromwell brought him to his tragic end. All Harvey's writings show him to have been simple and truthful, so that we may believe that what he had seen of the King had bred in him the admiration expressed in the dedication of his great book, where he compares the heart of animals, the sun of their microcosm to the King in the State, the sun of his microcosm.

Harvey went to Italy in 1636 with Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. That nobleman's figure and manner are known to subsequent generations by his portrait in armour by Rubens, and his description in Clarendon's *History*:

"It cannot be denied," says the statesman, "that he had in his person, in his aspect and countenance the appearance of a great man which he preserved in his gait and motion. He wore and affected a habit very different from that of the time such as men had only beheld in the pictures of the most considerable men, which drew the eyes of most and the reverence of many towards him as the image and representative of the primitive nobility and native gravity of the nobles when they had been most venerable."

Even if he knew only a little about the vast collection of marbles, paintings, and manuscripts which he made abroad, his table must have been one at which the conversation was worth attention. But it was in his own profession and in this College that Harvey found his most congenial society. Here were his happiest associations, and the endowment of the oration was a sort of memorial of his life in the College.

How many men have generously tried, without vanity and in pure goodness of heart, to preserve for future generations some reminiscence precious to them of something in their own lives. What more striking example of this motive of benefaction could there be than the history of two Fellows of our College, Sir John Finch and Sir Thomas Baines? Finch, son of Sir Heneage Finch, Speaker of the House of Commons, graduated at Oxford in 1647. Two years later he went to reside in Christ's College, Cambridge, where he was introduced by Henry More, the Platonist, then tutor, to Thomas Baines of that college. They became friends at once, and the times making life in England uncomfortable for loyal men, both went to Padua, and there graduated M.D. On the King's restoration they came to England, and on February 26th, 1661, were both elected Fellows of this College, a circumstance which it is proper to mention to-day, since our annals declare that the election, which was not to be drawn into a precedent, was on account of all the benefits conferred on the College by the illustrious Dr. Harvey, "nobis nunquam

sine honore nominandi," and by his brother Eliab. Finch's brother, the first Earl of Nottingham, a prominent and incorruptible statesman of Charles II's reign, had married Harvey's niece Elizabeth, the daughter of his brother Daniel, and it is a pleasant example of the honour in which Harvey was held after his death that this connection was the ground of the election. I have seen a letter which shows that Harvey was respectfully remembered at Burley-on-the-Hill. It was written in 1719, and is dated "December 28th, the day on which poor Queen Mary died," and is from his wife to Daniel, second Earl of Nottingham. She is anxious about his health, and advises him to copy from "your father's receipt book, where among some directions of Dr. Harvey's I think there's one how the bone of a stag's heart is to be taken." Her ladyship adds that it may be unnecessary to take so serious a remedy, but that none the less it will be well for her lord to have it by him.

Finch cared for no honour which could not be equally conferred upon Baines, and when the King knighted him for services to the Royal cause performed in Tuscany, his request that his friend might be knighted too was granted. In almost every letter home Finch mentions Baines, and what is not always the case in such friendships, the family of Sir John Finch seem to have shared his attachment as well as his respect for Baines as a physician. "Most dear nephew," says the Ambassador, August 21st, 1680, writing from Pera, "Sir Thomas Baines will write about the indisposition of your daughter," and the nephew, Lord Nottingham, writes to a friend, "the loss of Sir Thomas Baines was very great to me, for I am sure he loved me."

They were soon after incorporated Doctors of Medicine at Cambridge at the same congregation. In 1665 Finch was sent as Minister to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and in 1672 he succeeded Sir Daniel Harvey, Harvey's nephew, as Ambassador to the Sultan; Baines went to each Court as physician to the Embassy, and it was known, as is told in the life of Sir Dudley North, that if you wanted to obtain any privilege at the Embassy you must convince both Finch, the Ambassador, and Baines, whom the merchants called the chevalier.

Baines died in September, 1682, and Finch resigned his office and returned home with the body. "I need not tell you," says his nephew in a letter which I have seen, "how deplorable a condition my poor uncle was in to lose so good a friend after thirty-six years acquaintance." A few months later he died, not so much of fever and pleurisy as of the loss of Sir Thomas Baines. They founded two Fellowships and two scholarships in remembrance of their own lifelong friendship and in the hope that other such friendships might in after-times be formed. They were both of dark complexion and grave aspect, as may be seen in two singularly fine portraits by Carlo Dolci in the drawing-room of Burley-on-the-Hill. They are buried under one marble canopy in the chapel of Christ's:

Whom joined in fame, in friendship try'd,
No chance could sever nor the grave divide.¹⁰

It was a similar feeling arising from the recollection of past happiness which led Harvey, who had often sat at table with the Fellows of this College, and had enjoyed their conversation and lectured here for nearly forty years, to establish the ceremony in which we take part to-day to commemorate benefactors, to promote kindly feeling, and to remind physicians that it is one of their duties to wrest secrets from Nature for the improvement of medicine and the consequent benefit of mankind.

The oration used, as he had desired, to be in Latin, then the language of learning, of diplomacy, and of the literature which every educated man made his own—the Latin not only of the classics, but of Augustine and Jerome, of Justinian, of Anselm, of Erasmus, of Scaliger, and of Grotius. The sympathy of our College with the revival of classical learning naturally led our orators to use the Latin of the Augustan age, not that living language as it might justly be called, of the Church and the law, so often condemned by scholars, but deserving of our respect as men when we consider how many great minds have thought in it, and how closely it is often associated with the very highest aspirations of mankind. It was, of course, the custom of Fellows of this College to address the learned in their works, and to write in Latin. Few medical books of the

highest order were written in English by the Fellows of our College before *The Morbid Anatomy of some of the most Important Parts of the Human Body* of Dr. Matthew Baillie, afterwards a generous benefactor, which appeared in 1793; and the last great book in Latin was the *Commentarii de Morborum Historia et Curatione* of Dr. William Heberden, which was published in 1802, twelve months after his death in his 91st year.

Let no one be led by a veneration for Latin literature to regret that our own language has since 1864 been substituted for Latin at this celebration.

When Harvey gave his first lectures English literature was already rich, for the works of Shakespeare were complete, and Chaucer, Spenser, and Marlowe and Beaumont, and in prose the *Chronicles*, and the English writings of More, Fisher, Latimer, and Hooker, the several fine versions of classical authors, the first collection of Bacon's *Essays*, and many other good books were easily to be obtained; yet men had hardly come to understand with Ben Jonson how far the literature of the ancients had been surpassed.¹¹

I will not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Eschylus,
Euripides and Sophocles to us,
Paccuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph my Britain, thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time,
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.

Since Harvey's day our literature, great as it was even then, has received such excellent and varied additions that it must always live among the noblest literatures of the world. How far do the speeches of Burke, greatest of political philosophers, surpass those of Cicero, and of Demosthenes, in depth of thought and in grandeur of expression; with splendid sentences, yet owing their force not to ornament but to the perfection with which they make clear the lofty argument and profound consideration of the subject. The verses of Dryden and of Milton, of Cowper and of Byron have shown what force metre may give to English, while the prose of Clarendon and Dryden, of Swift and Addison, of Bentley, of Johnson, of Fielding, of Goldsmith, of Blackstone, of Macaulay, and of Newman exhibit the extraordinary variety of excellence possible in the language. Is not Herrick superior to Catullus, and what ancient comedy approaches *She Stoops to Conquer* in the happy combination of the comedy of words with the comedy of action? Will not the letters of Cowper and of Swift and of Gilbert White bear comparison with those of Cicero and of Pliny? What is there in Latin literature which can be compared with the novels of Fielding or of Thackeray? Who would prefer Petronius Arbiter, or even, considering the Latin of later times and to mention one of the few romances which Harvey is likely to have read, who would be well advised to take up the *Argenis* of Barclay when he had within reach the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the *Pickwick Papers* or the happy delineations of English everyday life of Jane Austen?

Great as must always continue our admiration for classical Latin, willingly as we must reverence its dignity, its precision, its grace, deeply as we must feel that we have no authors who are the equals of Virgil and of Horace and of Lucretius in their several kinds, let us never regret its disuse on this day since we have substituted for it the language of our own far greater literature.

Harvey, following the good old custom which he had observed at Cambridge in accordance with the injunctions of Caius, desired us to commemorate our benefactors by name. We are not a rich society, but we have had many benefactors. Some good men have given us land and money, others have given us books, some pictures or busts, while others again—and these are perhaps the greatest benefactors of all—have added to our corporate glory by the fame of their discoveries or of their learning. All these are our benefactors. We are grateful for a charter to the Sovereign who then styled himself "Henry, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland." He favoured us in his best days, and when in the tenth year of his reign he established our corporate existence

he deserved the commendations of More, who says in a letter to Bishop Fisher: "He is so affable and courteous to all men that each one thinks himself his favourite."

Some of those to whom gratitude is due I have already mentioned, and as I cannot pretend to so terse a style as Thomas Newton, of Cheshire, who praises 215 botanists in 54 lines of Latin verse, I cannot hope to mention all our other benefactors as they deserve.¹² Thomas Linacre, our founder, has impressed upon succeeding generations of physicians in England his own high ideal of what a physician's character and learning should be. His house in Knight-riders Street was the first home of our College. He seems to join the ancient and the modern world, for he could remember the printing of the first book in England and learned Greek from Demetrius Chalcondylas, a Greek of Byzantium, who read Homer as we should read Chaucer, conscious that the poems were in our own tongue, whatever differences there might be of vocabulary or of phrase. Our library contains the noble Milan edition of 1499 of the Greek Lexicon of Suidas which was prepared by Linacre's teacher. It has no title page, like many of the early printed books, but begins with a dialogue in Greek between the bookseller and a learned man which ends with an inquiry as to the price. *Χρυσὸν τριῶν*, three gold pieces, says Bibliopoles. "Take them and give me the book," replies Philomathes. It is easy to imagine with what pleasure our founder must have contemplated such a book. The type is perhaps a reproduction of the Greek hand of Demetrius. Well formed it is, and impressed upon fine paper; yet, as the text extends line after line over the pages, with no interval or break, except the *τέλος τοῦ στοιχείου* and *ἀρχὴ τοῦ στοιχείου* of each letter, it brings home to a modern reader how much more perfect is the apparatus of learning in our day. We are sometimes told that so much is known now that there is no longer time to read books through, and that men cannot seek knowledge in more than one direction. A comparison of this Suidas with a modern lexicon would rather suggest that where the means of acquiring it have become so much easier there must be time to learn more than in the days of our founder.

Sir William Paddy, who was well known to Harvey, was a benefactor of St. John's College, Oxford, as well as of this College, where he was President in 1609, 1610, 1611, and 1618. He is addressed by Thorius in words equally applicable to our present President:

Tu qui censu decoratus Equestri
Virtutem titulis, titulos virtutibus ornas.

He was physician to Laud. "Few excellent men," says Clarendon of the Archbishop, "have ever had fewer friends to their persons," but Paddy was one of the few, and a very faithful one. He left his library to St. John's, a fine collection of the scientific books of his time. Chancing to visit that library, I asked if there was a separate list of his books, and whether they could be pointed out in the cases. Receiving a negative reply to both questions, I asked for Gilbert's *De Magnete*, thinking that Paddy would be sure to have a copy of that great work of which the author, one of our benefactors, was President here in 1600, when Paddy was censor. A fine copy was produced, and on the first leaf was written, "Liber Gulielmi Paddy." This clue made it easy to find several others of his books—Turner's new *Herbal* of 1551, Gerard's *Herbal* of 1597, Rondeletius and Guido, Fallopius and Laurentius, and that rare work of our Fellow Edward Wotton, *De Differentibus Animalium*, dedicated to Edward VI, and published in 1552, one of the first printed books on zoology by an Englishman. These required seeking on the shelves, but one book which belonged to Paddy is well known to every visitor to the library, for it is displayed in a table case.

It is a royal copy of the 1615 edition of the Book of Common Prayer, and contains in Paddy's hand an account of the last hours of King James I. As our late librarian Dr. Munk, to whose *Roll* the fame of the College in the world of letters owes a good deal, and who wrote a paper on the death of the King, was unacquainted with Paddy's record; it is perhaps known to few Fellows of the College, and deserves to be read here as a memorial of our former President and benefactor.

Being sent for to Thibautia but two daies before the death of my sovereigne Lord and master King James, I held it my Christian dutie to prepare him telling him that ther was nothing left for me to doe (in the afternoone before his death the next daie at noone) butt to pray for his soule. Whereupon the archbishop and the Lord Keeper, Byshop of

Lincolne demanded iff his majestie would be pleased that they sholde praye with hym. Whereunto he cheerfullie accorded and after short praier these sentences were by the byshop of Lincolne distinctlie pronounced unto hym who with his eies the gates of his hart lifted up unto heaven att the end of every sentence gave to us all thereby, a godly assurance of those Graces and livelie faith whereunto he apprehended the Merit of our Lord and onlie Saviour Christ Jesus accordingle as in his godlie life he had often publicquely professed. WILL PADDY.

The forty-one sentences which Bishop Williams recited to the King are written down, ending with the last verse of the *Te Deum*: *In te Domine speravi: non confundar in æternam.*

Sir William Paddy died in 1634. In that year another benefactor was President and continued so for seven years—Simeon Fox, educated at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge. He was present in the Great Hall at Padua on Thursday, April 25th, 1602, when Harvey took his degree, and saw him receive the insignia and ornaments of the Doctorate, when the books were given to him first shut and then open, a golden ring placed upon his finger, the Doctoral cap put upon his head, and finally the kiss of peace given to him with the blessing of authority. The name of Simeon Fox and those of Anthony Fortescue, Richard Willeby, Mathew Lister, Peter Munsel, and Robert Darcey, Englishmen, are recorded with others in the finely-decorated diploma as witnesses to the ceremony. The only extant work of Fox is a Latin poem of twenty-nine lines addressed to Winterton. He lived in the house which formed part of the College in Amen Corner, and is buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. The bust erected in his honour in the College was unfortunately calced in the Great Fire of London.

It would be easy if we had but time to-day to find something interesting to tell of each one of our benefactors. I should like to commemorate Assuerus Regemorter, Glisson's fellow worker, by taking the College to the famous private school in Goldsmith's Rents, off Redcross Street, where he was educated by Thomas Farnaby, that industrious editor of Juvenal, and Seneca and Martial, Lucan, Ovid, Terence, and Virgil. How delightful to accompany Dr. Edward Browne, son of Sir Thomas Browne, and our President in 1704, in his travels to Larissa, where he hoped to breathe the atmosphere in which Hippocrates had practised, and to know a little more of the Father of Medicine by contemplating the features of the country in which he had verified or established those aphorisms of medicine, the first of which is to this day placed before each individual Fellow at every meeting of our College. We might listen to Alexander Rhead, lecturing to the surgeons and barbers in Monkwell Street at their hall, good artists as they called themselves, sound practitioners as we should say, differing from their professional descendants of to-day in the fact that instead of thinking, as I find most of my surgical colleagues do, that nearly all diseases, whether internal or external, are curable by the knife, they were inclined to administer medicines with which they were imperfectly acquainted, and which the law forbade them to use.

If we cannot forget the words of Hippocrates and the sceptre of Dr. Caius which are exhibited to us at every meeting, surely we must also remember Dr. John Lawson, of Queens' College, Cambridge, our President in 1694, who gave us in 1683 the handsome mace which is borne before the President. We are quaintly reminded on the Postridie Palmarum of the devotion to our College of Dr. Baldwin Hamey, one of our largest benefactors, when we each receive from his estate half a crown. No one has ever surpassed him in his love for the College and admiration of Harvey, whom he knew in the College for more than twenty years. In 1625 he went to Hastings on his way to Holland. He had supper with the mayor, who dreamed afterwards that Hamey should be detained, and set a guard at his inn. He was thus unable to join the vessel when she sailed; a sudden storm within an hour caused the ship to founder with all on board, and thus the mayor's suspicions, which perhaps arose from the learned character of Hamey's talk at his table, saved his life. He was a loyal man, and gave the King a valuable ring at the Restoration which he had bought at the sale of King Charles I's effects, and in justification of his occasional attendance at the sermons of the Commonwealth it is mentioned that he used to read an Aldine Virgil bound in vellum, or a little Aristophanes bound in red, all the time.

Charles Goodall, President 1708-12, was another man devoted to the College and a zealous defender of its privileged

We who have known the labours and the fidelity of Sir Henry Pitman and Dr. Edward Liveing in the College of our time can have no difficulty in the grateful remembrance of a similar man in the past. He was a friend of Sydenham, who admired both his character and his skill, and dedicated his *Schedula Monitoria* to him.

Sir Hans Sloane, our President 1719 to 1735, was thought worthy to succeed Sir Isaac Newton in 1727 as President of the Royal Society. The μεγαλοπρέπεια of Aristotle, the generous splendour suitable to a great man, was displayed by him through a long life, and the institution of the British Museum was due to the discerning liberality with which he disposed of his vast and valuable collections at his death. Hans Place and Sloane Street appropriately preserve his memory on the estate which he had purchased and where he lived during thirteen years of an intelligent old age.

Two recent benefactors must not be omitted—Sir Hermann Weber, who founded in 1895 a handsome prize in memory of Dr. E. A. Parkes, and Captain Edward Wilmot Williams, who founded a gold medal in memory of Dr. Francis Bisset Hawkins, his kinsman, long the Senior Fellow of this College.

We are assembled in our library and must not forget those who have enriched it. To men who regard the world of books as a region only second to the world of men in its interest, ours is a delightful collection. It is in great part composed of the successive gifts of men who had loved their books and represents the reading of twelve generations of well-read physicians. Linacre, our founder, and Dr. Holsbosch and Gilbert, the discoverer of the magnetism of the earth, and the Marquis of Dorchester, friend of Harvey and of Scarborough; Sir Theodore Mayerne, physician to Henry IV of France, and to James I, Charles I, and Charles II, a man of extraordinary learning and ability; these were some of the earlier benefactors. After them comes Dr. Richard Hale, whose portrait justly occupies a prominent place here. He was of Trinity College, Oxford, and though an enlightened and well-informed physician of his own time, took pleasure in mediæval treatises, and enjoyed the *Flos medicinæ* of the School of Salerno, and walked with pleasure in the garden in which that flower grows beside the Rosa Anglica and the Rosa Gallica, perhaps murmuring as he went—

Cur moriatur homo cui salvia crescit in horto?
Contra vim mortis: non est medicamen in hortis.

Later still comes Richard Brocklesby, a schoolfellow of Burke and his friend throughout life. He was a generous giver: to Burke, to Johnson, to his nephew Thomas Young, one of our Fellows, the exponent of hieroglyphics, the originator of the undulatory theory of light, and to our library, and I am sure in many other directions no longer remembered. "What I spent," says the old epitaph, "I had. What I kept, I lost. What I gave, I have." Brocklesby understood its meaning.

Johnson himself gave us a book, and we owe a debt of gratitude to one other of that great literary circle, for Sir Joshua Reynolds went to much trouble for us as to the cleaning of our pictures.

In later days Sir Andrew Clark gave a handsome bookcase filled with books, and Dr. Pye-Smith a fine solid case for the display of some of the treasures of our library. Our present librarian, Dr. Payne, has given several rarities from his own fine library to ours.

There have been endowed in the College at different times five lectureships. The oldest was founded in 1581 by Dr. Richard Caldwell and John Lord Lumley. Caldwell, an Oxonian, was President in 1570. Only one of his writings has survived, a translation of the *Tables of Chirurgie* of Horatius Morus of Florence, and his ornate tomb described by Camden, perished with the Church of St. Benet's, Paul's Wharf, in the Great Fire of London, so that the lectureship is the chief memorial of his learning and virtues. John Lord Lumley was not unworthy to be his associate. He was of Queens' College, Cambridge, and had a noble library, parts of which are preserved in the British Museum, in the Bodleian and in the Public Library at Cambridge, and he wrote a translation of the *Institution of a Christian Prince* of Erasmus. The conversation in Lumley Castle must have been interesting, for its Lord, beside his knowledge of books, had taken part in many affairs of State, and his wife, daughter of the twelfth Earl of

Arundel, was as learned as her lord. She translated the Iphigenia of Euripides and some orations of Isocrates into English and one oration into Latin. The founder of our lectureship died in 1609 and was buried in the aisle which he added in 1592 to the Church of St. Dunstan at Cheam.¹³ The inscription traces on his tomb his descent from the times of King Edward the Confessor, and in its marble ornament with nineteen surrounding shields of arms showed how fully he, whose father was attainted and executed at Tyburn, had restored the ancient wealth and honours of his family.

The next lectureship is that founded in 1632 by Dr. Theodore Goulston, a Fellow of this College, who was educated at Merton College, Oxford. He was a person of much learning, and translated into Latin with commentaries two books of Aristotle and several of the *Opuscula* of Galen. He lived in the same parish as Harvey, that of St. Martin by Ludgate, and, as he was censor in the year in which Harvey was appointed Lumleian lecturer, while they were censors together in a later year, knew him well. The rector of their parish was Samuel Purchas, editor of *Hackluytus Redivivus*, or *Purchas his Pilgrims*, and it is easy to imagine that this Johnian, who had been at Cambridge during Harvey's time there, was now and then admitted to the society of Goulston and Harvey, and perhaps amused them with tales from the records of voyages of which he possessed the manuscripts. Goulston's *Opuscula Varia* of Galen was published by his friend, Thomas Gataker, in 1640, after the editor's death. Harvey possessed a handsomely-bound copy, now in the British Museum, in which he has written many notes, especially on the "Exhortatio ad Medicinam et Artes," the "De Sectis ad Tyrones," the "De Cognoscendis et Corrigendis Animi Perturbationibus," and the two other treatises on the mind.

A third lectureship was planned by Dr. William Croune, a Fellow of the College in 1684, and was formally established by his widow in 1706. He had been a Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and became Professor of Rhetoric at Gresham College, and read several papers before the Royal Society, of which he was one of the earliest Fellows.

No further lectureship was founded till 1880, when the widow of Dr. William Wood Bradshaw, a member of the College, founded an annual lecture in memory of her husband.

In 1886 Dr. Gavin Milroy, a Fellow of the College, founded a lectureship in State Medicine and Public Hygiene.

These five lectureships are devoted to clinical medicine, pathology, anatomy, physiology, and public health, but neither here nor in any of our Universities are there public lectures on the history of medicine.

The history of medicine may perhaps be divided into three parts. One belongs to the general study of philosophy, the exposition of the theories and the arguments to support them which have been used in past ages. This is chiefly of interest in relation to the study of the human mind. A second part treats of the lives and the work of physicians of past times. This cannot but instruct us, who have the same difficulties and the same objects, in many ways. The third is the study of the cases and epidemics of past times, as they appear not only in medical writers, but in general history. This is perhaps the most useful of all. In the mistaken interpretation of accurately-recorded phenomena in old times we have before us a picture of our own errors in the interpretation of what we discover at the bedside, and a warning against too great deference to prevalent systems of treatment.

To learn anything from the history of medicine in any of these branches it is first necessary to know medicine, and the only valuable writers on the subject have been well-informed physicians like Dr. John Freind, whose history of physic is the most considerable work on the subject in our language, or Dr. Payne, whose devotion to pathology and to clinical medicine is as well known as his lucid exposition of the learning of past centuries. It is fortunate that the opportunity has occurred of establishing such lectures.

The wife of a learned man desires to perpetuate his memory in a way grateful to him by the foundation in this College of a lectureship on the history of medicine. He was a Member of the College, and she wishes that the benefaction shall be considered to come from him and be called after him, as in the case of Dr. Croune, whose wishes as to a lectureship

were carried out by his widow, Lady Sadleir. No occasion seems more appropriate than this to mention to the College this gift of a sum of £2,000 to be invested in the usual way for this purpose on conditions similar to those of our ancient lectureships, which must of course be formally laid before our comitia, and will I do not doubt be accepted there, since, when I lately mentioned them by letter to the Comitia Minora, you informed me that the President and Censors, were prepared to recommend the College to accept the gift.

Dr. Thomas Fitz-Patrick, who must hereafter be mentioned as one of our benefactors, was born in 1832 at Virginia, a little country town standing at the end of a long lake in Cavan. Although one of the least wealthy parts of Ireland, the surrounding district is one of literary fame. In the boyhood of our benefactor the epigrams and other poems of Philip MacBradaigh and his touching lines on his daughter's affection were known to everyone, as well as those of his kinsman Fiachra MacBradaigh, a country schoolmaster of ready wit, who flourished in the reigns of George I and George II. The itinerant fiddlers and pipers who had taken the place of the harpers of more remote times all knew the songs of Cathair MacCaba, who died in 1740, and was a harper as well as a poet, and the friend of O'Carolan, the most famous of all Irish musical composers, who addressed to him a pleasant poem, "Rath do cheirde fein ort" (here is the reward of your own art). The ancient churchyard of Moybologue, in which MacCaba is buried, contains also the mortal remains of Brian O'Clery, a somewhat later poet of the same century, descended from a famous race of hereditary historians whose chronicles are one of the chief sources of information about mediæval Ireland. His poem on spring and other of his verses were often recited, and his early death lamented. John O'Neachtan's poems on the death of Mary of Modena, Queen of James II, and on the Duke of Berwick, and many other compositions of his circulated in the district. John O'Farrelly of Mullagh, a village about four miles from Fitz-Patrick's birthplace, and in which he first practised his profession, wrote the history of the district under the title of *Seanchas an da Bhreifhne*. A romance by Brian O'Reilly entitled *Eachtra Mheic na Mhiochomhairle*, the adventures of the Son of Evil Counsel, was read or repeated by great turf fires in many farmhouses on winter nights, though such, in Fitz-Patrick's youth, was the poverty of the district that even rushlights were rare, and splinter of bog fir or twigs of dry furze thrown into the fire supplied the light by which all these writings were read from manuscripts. It is right to mention these authors and their works, obscure elsewhere, but long well known in that part of Cavan, in order to show how much love of literature there was; and I agree with that great scholar, the late Mr. Henry Bradshaw, in respecting the ill-remunerated scribes who copied these works in manuscript and the authors who composed them without hope of other reward than local fame.

Nor were the literary associations all in the native language, for Henry Brook, author of *The Fool of Quality*, a novel once widely read, lived at Corfada, between Virginia and Mullagh, as did his accomplished daughter, Miss Charlotte Brook, whose *Reliques of Irish Poetry* is a handsome quarto to be seen in most good eighteenth-century libraries. Close to Virginia is Quilca, the home of Dr. Thomas Sheridan, the editor of *Persæus*, where Swift was a frequent guest, and many stories of the famous Dean of St. Patrick's were current in the neighbourhood in Fitz-Patrick's youth, and later.

In the next field to the fragment of wall which is at the present day all that is left of the house of Henry Brook, a small but ancient cairn near a disused well marks the birthplace of a learned person of very ancient times—St. Cilian of Würzburg, in the seventh century, the apostle of Franconia. The varied literary associations of his native district had no doubt a great effect in giving Fitz-Patrick a taste for literature of all kinds. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he obtained several prizes, and became a Member of this College in 1868. He was a man imbued with learning, well read in Homer and in Lucretius, a student of the text of Don Quixote, and of other Spanish literature, knowing also Italian and French, and German as well as something of Hebrew, of modern Greek, and of Danish. His knowledge of English literature was extensive and his taste good. He had travelled as well as read, and having thus accumulated all the materials

for conversation he was a delightful companion. His intellectual attainments were the ornaments of solid virtues, and he deserves to be remembered with honour in this honourable place.

I could mention many more worthy benefactors, and as in private duty bound you, Sir, and the Fellows would sit on till I had ended their praises; but I must remember that we have guests who may exclaim with Macbeth:

What! will the line stretch out till the crack of doom?

So like an old charter I will end my list with the words *cum multis aliis*. We are grateful to them all, and will always maintain their fame.

As to the last parts of Harvey's exhortation, how can they be better carried out than by considering the examples of the investigation of Nature and the maintenance of friendship, which the College itself affords? Harvey himself first of all, beloved in his time, untiring in his observations, considering them and stating their results in every aspect during all the years from 1616 to 1628, and ending in the certainty that the blood in the animal body is impelled in a circle, and is in a state of ceaseless movement, that this is the action which the heart performs by means of its pulse, and that this is the sole end of the contraction of the heart. Think how the pulse had been studied before, in the thirteen books of Galen, by Rufus of Ephesus, by Philaretus, and by many more, yet never understood because a hypothesis resting on too small a basis of observation prevented men from seeking out the truth of Nature by way of experiment.

Then Francis Glisson, labouring for five years and more at the observation of a disease undescribed before and ending with a perfect pathological and clinical treatise on rickets, the first of its kind to appear in England.

Heberden, whose commentaries, though they contain no single great discovery, yet are so original in every line, though treating of many common things, that they are a continued discovery of all that may be seen at the bedside.

Sir George Baker working out the causes and the results of lead poisoning in the cider country, and leaving no step unassured on the way.

Sir William Jenner toiling at the bedside and in the post-mortem room, and by the method which Harvey urged, "*αἰσθησις non mentis agitatio*," demonstrating the true character of enteric fever and its distinction from the typhoid fever with which it had so long been confounded.

Many of my predecessors have dwelt at length on the discoveries of Harvey himself. I should like to have done so, too, had I not felt bound to follow his own injunctions and to commemorate our benefactors, a task perhaps easier to perform, for it requires great talents to frame a composition worthy of his fame, and to be so great a master of words as to utter praises equal to his merits, who left us so great a discovery won and earned by his own genius. The lines of Lucretius on Epicurus may justly be used to praise Harvey:

Quis potis est dignum pollente pectore carmen
Condere pro rerum maiestate hisque repertis?
Quisve valet verbis tantum, fundere qui laudes
Pro meritis ejus possit qui talia nobis
Pectore parva suo quæstaque præmia liquit?

NOTES AND REFERENCES.

- ¹ A Boke or Counsel against the Disease commonly called the Sweate or Sweatyng Sicknesse, made by John Caius, Doctour in Phisicke, 1552.
- ² Dr. John Bateman, Aratus (President, 1716-18); Dr. Edward Browne, Themistocles (President, 1704-7), Sertorius; Dr. Walter Charleton, Marcellus (President, 1689-91); Dr. William Crowne, Pyrrhus; Dr. Phineas Fowke, Phocion; Dr. Charles Fraser, Marcus Antonius; Dr. Thomas Fuller, Cicero; Sir Samuel Garth, Otho; Dr. Walter Needham, Agesilaus; Dr. Thomas Short, Philopœmen.
- ³ Cowper, On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture out of Norfolk: "So thou with sails how swift hast reached the shore, Where tempests never beat nor billows roar."
- ⁴ *Dispensary*, Canto VI, line 298.
- ⁵ MS. Sloane, 1697 (B. M.), fol. 42.
- ⁶ Rosalynde, Euphues Golden Legacie, London, 1590, p. 4.
- ⁷ Hunterian Society reprint.
- ⁸ Oxoniens: Dr. Henry Atkins; Dr. Richard Foster, All Souls; Dr. Edward Jordan; Dr. Thomas Hearn, Brasenose; Dr. Matthew Gwin, St. John's. Cantabrigians: Dr. William Baronsdale, St. John's; Dr. Thomas Friar, Trinity; Dr. George Turner, St. John's; Dr. Ralph Wilkinson, Trinity; Dr. Thomas Moundeford; Dr. Mark Ridley, Clare; Dr. Edward Lister, King's; Dr. John Argent, Peterhouse; Dr. Daniel Selin, Magdalene; Dr. Thomas Rawlins, Clare.
- ⁹ Friar, Jordan, Heron.
- ¹⁰ Andrew Marvell.
- ¹¹ Tickell, to the Right Hon. the Earl of Warwick on the death of Mr. Addison, Dodsley's Poems, l. 29.
- ¹² To the memory of my beloved, Master William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us.
- ¹³ Henry Lyte, *A New Herbal*, London, 1615, p. vi. Now detached from the church.