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The autumn semester of the next year was spent in Berlin, where I had my first introduction to the medical clinic on a large scale. Professor Burdon-Sanderson had given me a letter to Frerichs, who very kindly assigned places in the arena of his clinic to Dr. (afterwards Sir) Stephen Mackenzie, and to Dr. (afterwards Sir) Charles Hutchinson, and myself. To Hoffmann, Riess and Ewald, his assistants, we were under obligation for many attentions. The other clinic of the Charité was in charge of Traube. The experience of the semester was invaluable. Systematically, day by day, the more important cases of the wards were shown, the symptoms, pathology, and treatment discussed at length. To each case a student was called, who was supposed to take charge of the examination and to answer questions. Sometimes this was serious for the student, though very often quite formal. He was supposed to keep himself informed of the progress of his patient day by day. I remember one morning Professor Frerichs called down a student who had had a case the day before, and he asked, "How is your patient this morning, Mr. Schmidt?" To which the reply, "Very well indeed, very well; he is much better than yesterday." To which the professor replied in his slow, quiet way, "Very well indeed; he died this morning; you will see what was the matter shortly."

The wealth of material in each department, the systematic arrangement of the clinic, the graded assistants, all men of experience working at the problems of disease, was a striking contrast to the small hospital service of the London clinician, with his single house-physician and absence of all laboratory accommodation. Traube made a great impression upon me as an ideal physiological clinician, and to the three volumes of his *Gesammelte Beiträge* I still turn for clinical information. \*

(1873)

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J.H.B.

most kind, and I do not think we missed one of his hospital visits. He was a model bedside teacher—so clear in his expositions, so thorough and painstaking with the student. My old friend Luther Holden introduced us to Gee, in whom were combined the spirit of Hippocrates and the method of Sydenham. Fred. Roberts, at University College Hospital, showed us how physical diagnosis could be taught. We rarely missed a visit with Bastian and Ringer, and at Queen Square I began a long friendship with that brilliant ornament of British medicine, Gowers. With my old comrade Stephen Mackenzie we went to Sutton's Sunday morning class at the London—his "Sunday School" as it was called—and we learned to have deep respect for his clinical and pathological skill. I mention these trivial details to indicate that before beginning work as clinic teacher I had at least seen some of the best men of the day.

In the summer session of 1879 I had my first clinical class. We worked together through Gee's *Auscultation and Percussion*, and in the ward visit, physical diagnosis exercises, and in a clinical microscopy class the greater part of the morning was spent. I came across the other day the clinical notebook I had prepared for the students with a motto from Froude. "The knowledge which a man can use is the only real knowledge, the only knowledge which has life and growth in it, and converts itself into practical power. The rest hangs like dust about the brain, or dries like raindrops off the stones." The next five years passed in teaching physiology and pathology in the winter session and clinical medicine in the summer. In 1884 I spent four months in Germany, chiefly at Leipzig, working at pathology with Weigert, and clinical medicine with Wagner, a model teacher who devoted the whole morning to hospital work, and whose clinic was