

Who must have been working on Sydenham in 1898 as evidenced
by his notes. A list of his work and the various letters;
his letters: then he must have gone out ^{Aug 2} to Winford Eagle.
Then a letter from the European Magazine Vol XI containing letters relating to Sydenham
Lucas's letter about the Cumulus Shells box

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July 26 1899

Notes on Sydenham.

Aug 2 1898

British Museum July 1898

Aug. 2nd 1898.

I took the 11.45 from Paddington, and reached Maiden Newton, Dorset, at about three hours. I wished to see the birthplace of the great Sydenham and also to verify the entries in the parish register. Winford Church is only a chapel of ease connected with Little Toller and as all the conveyances of the village were engaged at a picnic I walked to the latter place about 1½ miles distant.

The earliest register at Toller* Fratrum begins in the 17th century, but particularly on pp.5-8 there is a transcript possibly of the older Winford Eagle register, which is headed Nomina conjugatee. The first is that of the marriage of Thomas Sydenham and Jane Reeves, 1560. Then follows a long list of marriages chiefly of Sydenhams, and the entry of Dr. Sydenham's marriage as follows: Thomas Sydenham, son unto William Sydenham senior was married unto Mary Gee in the year of 1655. Payne has pointed out that we had not known heretofore the name of Sydenham's wife or the date of their marriage. The date is given wrong in Hutchin's Dorset, 1685, and this was of course supposed to be another Sydenham. On p.7 of the register is a long list of baptisms at Winford Eagle, almost all of Sydenhams, beginning with Elizabeth, 1561, daughter of the aforementioned Thomas Sydenham. On p. 8 occurs the entry Thomas ye Sonne of Witt Sydenham Esq. was baptized 10 Sept. 1624. Jan. 22. *

(To have photos of outside of register. p. 5,6,7 & 8 part 6 & 8 (Rev. Mr. James has given his consent. Pouncez? Dorchester could do it)

The Hospitalers of St. John chose a pleasant site for the monastery of Toller fratrum. In one of the extensive valleys of Frome on the brow of a small hill which rises abruptly from the banks of a small stream a farm house and barn embody all that remains of the once spacious establishment. The church is new and uninteresting save for a remarkable front and the old Register from which I have given you extracts.

Far from the madding crowd at Wynford Eagle a hamlet or chapelry belonging to Little Toller, in the garden of England, as Dorset has been called, Thos. Sydenham was born. The place belonged to the great honour or barony of Aquila or Eagle in Sussex, which name it received from a Norman family called Aquila. The estate passed from the Zouch's to Thos. Sydenham, the physician, and a grandfather in the 36th year of Henry VIII. The Sydenhams were an ancient family divided into many branches. They were originally seated at Sydenham near Bridgewater and Kilsford (Somerset) in the reigns of King John and Henry III. Hence issued the various Sydenham families of Somerset and the Wynford Eagle Sydenhams of Dorset (Hutchins).

These were prosperous days in the Sydenham family. The father, a man of affairs, managed his estates, and had a good position in the country. He had married on Mary the daughter of Sir John Jeffrey, and the blessing of a full - indeed rapidly filled quiver,

From here on in pencil and not very legible JTC

vouchsafed them in ten children of whom Thomas was the first. Not long after his arrival the increasing household warranted an extension of the old manor house which had already served ? generations of Sydenham. The autumn of 1624 we may well imagine found at Wynford Eagle a happy, peaceful, prosperous family. The good mother crooning over her boy had no misgivings for the future. Doubtless for him she nursed secret hopes, such as all mothers entertain of future greatness for the lusty little laddie by her side. From her in mercy are hid any suspicions of the fast approaching tempest in which the whole family would be involved and in which she herself in full maturity would meet a violent death.* *(See Whitlock's Memoirs)

Of the childhood and youth of Sydenham we know nothing, or to speak more correctly we have no records. In reality we know everything; childhood and youth are among the immutable things. On the occasion of my visit I saw the little Sydenham running into a lane near Toller Fratrum; a group of children rushing helter-skelter down the hill were followed at a distance by a bright-faced little lad who at the sight of a stranger, looked back and screamed to his mother. At the gate by the church at Wynford Eagle a chubby boy of five was shouting to the shepherd dogs as they turned the flock from the road into the field. Into the same field the little Sydenham had doubtless often helped to drive the flock and I saw him in my mind's eye in the boy who with mimic stride went down the road with the shepherd. And again as I sat on a stile a lad of twelve came through the hedge with a rabbit in his hand and a snare. Joyous happy days, full of those joys of country life which for children are so much heightened in a large family of boys and girls.

Sydenham's shooting was probably at first with the vicar. The nearest town available for good schools was Dorchester, but we have no information as to his capabilities or as to the promise of his youth. We know that in he was entered . . . (abrupt end)

Nestled in a deep valley the manor-house of Wynford Eagle faces a wide expanse down from which it is separated by a small branch of the Frome, which runs only a few feet from the head. Behind slope the downs, brown as I saw them in August sun and dotted with flocks of sheep. Stretching far away to the right occupying the base of the hill was a field of golden barley. To the left, close by the house ran the roadway, skirted by a fine avenue of elms leading to the chapel, two hundred yards away. Beyond the avenue up the valley as far as eye could reach was the undulating landscape of south Wessex. The house, as may be seen in the picture, is quite in keeping with the position of the Sydenham family. While much more pretentious than the ordinary farm-house it is not one of the "stately farms" of the country. The double gabled front, ivy-clad almost to the roof, is separated by a projecting porch, which extends the whole height of the house and is surrounded by a large stone eagle, under which are carved the figures 1630, a date which probably represents changes and additions to the old home.

The interior of the house presents nothing of particular

interest. There is one handsome oak-panelled room with a fine carved mantel piece. There is no trace or remnant of the Sydenhams. The very name is forgotten. The old steward had never heard it. The farmer at Upper Wynford seems much surprised to learn that so distinguished a man had been born at the Manor House. In his library in a large map of the estate I saw the name Sydenham attached to a bit of pasture or bottom land. Dr. - of Maiden Newton tells me that there are laborers in the parish of the name. The church of Wynford Eagle, dedicated to St. Lawrence, is chapel of ease to the mother church at Toller Fratrum. Many of the Sydenhams are buried here. They erected a building on the south side, SW. corner of the old chapel for a burial place, but both the church and it fell into decay, and some years ago a new chapel was built, hideously ugly, like the new one at Toller Fratrum, a source, I doubt not, of endless mortification to the shades of the good Brothers of St. John.

Could Sydenham return to life he would find his old birthplace alone untouched by the hand of time. In comparison with the other scenes of his activity the old Wessex hamlet is immutable. Thomas Hardy has well said in describing one of these old Wessex villages:

At Wynford Eagle alone Sydenham would escape that sense of estrangement which is given by the alteration of places familiar to our childhood. Here he could wander over the same fields and downs and talk to the without a suspicion of the three centuries of world-change. He could cross the stream and pass to the front of his old house with that same sense of - with which he had so often returned to the home of his parents. The shock of disenchantment would come in the churchyard - a shock even to his Puritan soul to see.

Sydenham's Times.

To attain some practical belief and understanding of the condition of the profession during the 17th century is by no means an easy task. Sydenham is to be interpreted not less by himself than by the contemporary history of medical thought. It requires a strong effort - not often successful - for a student at the end of the 19th century to breathe the atmosphere of those days. The influences on tradition handed down to the age of Sydenham can only be estimated

He must have gone into the next year for present in the book he been a;

"Puse from the vine over the door of the birth place of Sydenham. Wynford Eagle July 26 1899"