

[Review of works on medical ethics / by Thomas Percival and others. Anon.]

Contributors

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183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
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Feb 20th 1850

PERCIVAL'S *Medical Ethics*. New Edition, with Notes, by Dr GREENHILL.

Code of Medical Ethics. By the AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

RICHARD BAXTER'S *Compassionate Counsel to Students of Physic*.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S *Religio Medici, and Christian Morals*.

GAUBIUS *de Regimine Mentis quod Medicorum est*.

FULLER'S "Good Physician," and "Life of Paracelsus," in his "Holy and Profane State."

SIMON, *Déontologie Médicale, ou des Devoirs et des Droits de Médecins*. [1845]

GISBORNE, GREGORY, and WARE, *on the Duties of a Physician*.

HUFELAND *on the Relations of the Physician to the Sick, to the Public, and to his Colleagues*.

BRITISH and FOREIGN MEDICAL JOURNAL for April 1846, Art. IX.

Dr AIKIN'S *Letters to his Son on the Choice of a Profession and the Conduct of Life*.

WE have named these excellent works, more with the view of recommending them to the study of such of our readers as may be so inclined, than of reviewing them in the technical sense, still less of going over exactly the same ground which they have already so well occupied and enriched. Our object in selecting their names out of many others, is, that they are good and varied, both as to time, and view, and character,—and also that we may be saved the referring to them more particularly.

Our observations shall be of a very miscellaneous and occasional kind—perhaps too much so for the taste or judgment of our readers; but we think that a rambling excursion is a good and wholesome thing, now and then.

System is good, but it is apt to enslave and confine its master. Method in art is what system is in science; and we, physicians, know, to our sad and weighty experience, that we are more occupied with doing some one thing, than in knowing many other things. System to an art, is like an external skeleton to a crab or a tortoise, more of a shield and covering than a support and instrument of power. Our skeletons are inside our bodies, and so generally ought our systems to be inside our minds.

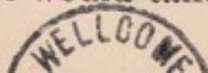
BROWN, John

Were we, for our own and our readers' satisfaction and entertainment, or for some higher and better end, about to go through a course of reading on the foundation of general morals, in order to deduce from them a code of professional ethics,—to set ourselves to discover the root, and ascend up from it to the timber the leaves, the fruit, and the flowers—we would not confine ourselves to a stinted browsing in the ample and ancient field—we would, in right of our construction, be omnivorous, trusting to a stout mastication, a strong digestion, an eclectic and vigorous chylopoetic staff of appropriators and scavengers, to our making something of everything. We would not despise good old Plutarch's morals, or anybody else's, because we know chemistry, and many other things, better than he or they did; nor would we be ashamed to confess that our best morality, and deepest philosophy of the nature and origin of human duty, of moral good and evil, was summed up in the golden rules of childhood, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." "Every man is thy neighbour." "Love is the fulfilling of the law." "Ye owe no man anything, but to love one another." This is the true birth-place of the word *ought*, that which we owe to some one, and of *duty*, that which is due by us; and likewise of *moral*, that which should be customary, and *ethical* in the same sense;—the only custom, which it will always be a privilege, as well as a duty to pay—the only debt which must always be due.

It is worth remembering that names too often become the ghosts of things, and ghosts, with a devil or a fool, instead of the original tenant inside. The word manners means literally nothing else, and ought never to be anything else, than the expression, the embodiment, the pleasant flower, of an inward *mos* or moral state. We may all remember that the "*Contes Morales*" of Marmontel—which were, many of them, anything but moral—were translated so, instead of Tales illustrative of *Manners*.

To go on with our *excursus erraticus*.

Were we going to take ourselves and our company into the past, and visit the *habitats* of the great moralists, and see the country, and make up our minds as to what in it was what, and how much to us it was worth,—we would not keep to one line—we would expatiate a little and make it a ramble, not a journey, much less an express train, with no stoppages,—we would, moreover, take our own time, choose our own roads, and our own vehicles,—we would stay where, and as long as we found entertainment, good lodging, and good fare, and did not lose our time or ourselves,—and we would come home, we hope, not informed merely, but in better health and spirits, more contented, more active, more enlightened, more ready for our daily work. We would begin at the beginning, and start early. In search of what is man's normal sense of duty, and how he is to do it, we would take our company to that garden,



planted eastward in Eden, where were all manner of fruits, pleasant to the eye and good for food; that garden which every one believes in—we don't mean geographically or geologically merely, but really,—as a fact in the history of the race, and relics of which, its sounds, its fragrance and beauty, he meets still everywhere within him and around him, “like the remembrance of things to come,”—we would there find the law, the normal condition, under which the species was placed by its Maker—how the Infinite and the finite, God and his children, giving and receiving, faith and works, met together, and kept in tune—how, and by whom, man was made upright, in mind as well as body—and what was that first of the many inventions he found out, when he took of the tree of the knowledge of good as well as of evil, and did eat.

Then we would move on to a wild mountain in Arabia, standing at this day as it did on that, and, joining the multitude of that peculiar people—whom we still see in the midst of us in our busy world, and unchanged, the breed still unmixed—and out of the bickering flame, the darkness and the splendour, and “as it were the very body of heaven in its clearness”—we might hear those ten commandments, which all of us have by heart, fewer in their hearts. Lest we should fail with fear, we would go on into the sunlight of Canaan, and forward many centuries, and in the “Sermon on the Mount,” sitting down among the multitudes, hear our code of laws revised and re-issued by their Giver, and find its summary easily carried away,—love to God, love to man, loving our neighbours as ourselves.

Then might we go back and visit the Shepherd King, and carry off his 104th, 105th, and 119th Psalms, and being there, we would take a lesson in morals from his son's life—that wisest and foolishlest of men—and carry off with us his pithy “Proverbs.”

Next we would intercept Paul's letter to his friends at Rome, and make an extract of its 1st chapter, and its 12th and 13th, and end by copying it all; and having called on James the Greater, we would get his entire epistle by heart, and shut up this, our visit to the Holy Land, with the sound of the last verse of the second last chapter of the Apocalypse ringing in our ears.

We would then find Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, and all those noble fellows, busy at their work, showing us how little and how much man, with the finest organisation, and the best discipline, can do for himself in the way of lifting himself from the ground, and erecting himself above himself, by his sheer strength; and we would not fail to admire the courage, and the deep moral intensity and desire, the amazing beauty and energy of expression, the amplitude and depth of their ideas, as if minds were once giant as well as bodies. But we would not tarry with them, we would wish rather to take them with us, and get Socrates to study the Sermon on the Mount, and Plato the Pauline Epistles, where he would meet his fellow, and more than his match,

in subtlety and in sense, in solid living thought, in clear and passionate utterance, in everything that makes thought felt, and feeling understood, and both motive and effectual. Then would we hurry over the dreary interval of the middle passage of the deserts of sand—where Aristotle's blind children of the mist might be seen spinning ropes, not out of themselves, like the more intelligent and practical spider, but out of the weary sand—ropes, signifying nothing; and we might see how, having parted with their senses, they had lost themselves, and were *vox et præterea nihil*.

But we must shorten our trip. We would cool ourselves, and visit old Hobbes of Malmesbury, in his arctic cave, and see him sitting like a polar bear, muttering protests against the universe, nursing his wrath as the only thing with which to warm and cheer that sullen heart, and proclaiming that self-love is every kind of love, and all that in man is good. We would wonder at that palace of ice, symmetrical, beautiful, strong—but below zero. We would come away before we were benumbed, admiring much his intrepid air, his keen and clean teeth, his clear eye, his matchless vigour of grip, his redeeming love for his cubs, his dreary mistake of absolute cold for heat,—frozen mercury burning as well as molten gold. Leaving him, after trying to get him to give up his cold fishy diet, his long winters of splendid darkness, and come and live with us like a Christian, we would go to an English country-house, to Lady Masham's, at the Oates, the abode of comfort, cheerfulness, and thoughtful virtue; and we would there find John Locke “communing with the man within the breast,” and listening reverently, but like a man; and we would carry off from her table her ladyship's father's huge magazine of learning, strong intellect, and lofty morality—his treatise “concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality.” Then we might call for Locke's pupil, Lord Shaftesbury, the great man and the courtier, but the philosopher too, having glimpses of better things, and coming very close to what we are in search of—a *special moral faculty*; and we would find our friend, Dr Henry More, in his laboratory, dreaming in his odd Platonic way, of a “*boniform faculty*.”

Next, we would set sail across the Atlantic, and reach in the evening, the mild skies of the “vex't Bermoothes,” and there find the beautiful-souled Berkeley dreaming of ideal universities in the far west—of a new world, peopled with myriads as happy, as intelligent, as virtuous as himself; dreaming, too, of his pancratic “Tar Water,” and in his “Siris” ascending from it, by a Jacob's ladder of easy grade, to Plato's heaven. And, being in the neighbourhood, we might as well visit New England, and among its hedge-rows and elms, and quiet old villages, forget we are in New Hampshire—not in Old—and see in his study a country clergyman, with a thoughtful, contented look, and an eye rich with a grave enthusiasm—Jonathan Edwards—“whose power of subtle argument, perhaps unmatched, certainly unsurpassed, among men, was joined

with a personal character which raised his piety to fervour." We might watch him with his back to the wall of his room, his right heel turning diligently in a hole of its own making in the floor, and the whole man absorbed in thought;¹ and we would bring off what he thought of the "Nature of True Virtue, and God's chief end in the Creation;" and we would find that, by a mental process as steady as that of the heel—by his intrepid excogitation, his downright simplicity of purpose, and the keen temper of his instrument, he had, to borrow an exquisite illustration, pierced through the sub-soil—the gravel, the clay, and rocks—down to the fresh depths of our common nature, and brought up, as from an Artesian well, his rich reward and ours, in the full flow of the waters of virtue—not raised, *per saltum*, by pump or high-pressure, but flowing, *pleno-rivo*, by a force from within.

On our return, we might fall in with an ardent, but sensible Irishman,² teaching moral philosophy at Glasgow, and hitting, by a sort of felicity, on what had been before so often missed, and satisfying mankind, at least, with the name of a *moral sense*—as distinct as our sense of bitter and sweet, soft and hard, light and darkness. Then might we take a turn in his garden with the Bishop of Durham, and hear his wise and weighty, his simple and measured words. "Nations, like men, go at times deranged." "Everything is what it is, and not another thing." "Goodness is a fixed, steady, immoveable principle of action." "Reason, with self-love and conscience, are the chief or superior principles in the nature of man; and they, if we understand our true happiness, always lead us the same way." "Duty and interest are perfectly coincident, for the most part, in this world; and in every instance, if we take in the future and the whole." We would carry off all his sermons, and indeed everything he had written, and distribute his sermons on the "Love of God," on "Self-Deceit," "The Love of our Neighbour," and "The Ignorance of Man," all along our road, to small and great.

We would look in on the author of the "History of the Ethical Sciences," on his return, perhaps tired and dispirited, from a speech on the principles of natural and immutable law, in "the House," when all had been asleep but himself and the reporters; and we would listen for hours to his unfolding the meanings which others and which he himself, attached to that small word—ought; and hear him call it "*this most important of words*;" and we would come away charmed with the mild wisdom of his thoughts, and the *lactea ubertas* of his words.

We would merely leave our card at Jeremy Bentham's, that despiser

¹ Some years ago, an intelligent New England physician told us that this was the great metaphysician's habit and attitude of study, and that he had often seen the hole which the molar heel made during years of meditation.

² Hutcheson.

of humbug in others and unconscious example of it in himself, and we would bring off his "*Deontological Faculty*." Neither would we care to stay long with that hard-headed uncomfortable old man of Königsberg,—losing himself, from excess of strictness, in the midst of his metaphysics; and we would with pity and wonder hear him announce that dreadful "categorical imperative" of his, which has been said, with equal wit and truth, to be, "at its best, but a dark lantern, till it borrows a utilitarian farthing candle—a flaming sword that turns every way but drives no whither"—proclaiming a paradise lost, but in no wise pointing the way to a paradise to be regained.

And before settling at home, we would look in and pay our respects in our own town, to a beneficent, benevolent, enlightened, and upright man, with whom we could agree to differ in some things, and rejoice to agree in many; and we would bring away from him all that he could tell us of that "conscientiousness"—the bodily organ of the inward sense of personal right and wrong, upon the just direction of which,—no one knows better than he does,—depends the true safety, and dignity, and happiness of man.

But after all our travel we would be little the better or the wiser if we ourselves did not inwardly digest and appropriate, as "upon soul and conscience," all our knowledge. We would much better not have left home. For it is true, that not the light from heaven, not the riches from the earth, not the secrets of nature, not the minds of men, or of ourselves, can do us anything but evil, if our senses, our inward and outward senses, are not kept constantly exercised, so as to discern for ourselves what is good and evil in us, and for us. We must carry the lights of our own consciousness and conscience, into all our researches, or we will, in all likelihood, lose our pains.

As we have been, however, on our travels, *quâ medici*, as well as general tourists, we shall give the names of some of our best medical moralists:—The Oath and Law of Hippocrates, and above all, his personal character, and the whole spirit of his writings and practice—Stahl—Sydenham's warning and advice to those who purpose giving themselves to the work of medicine—the four things he would have them to weigh well; the two admirable academic sermons of Gaubius, "*De Regimine Mentis quod Medicorum est*"—Gregory on the "Duties of a Physician"—Dr Denman's Life, by his son, the Lord Chief Justice, and Dr Gooch's—not Dr Hope's, for reasons we might, but do not, give—Dr Baillie's character, personal and professional—Dr Abercrombie's, and the books we have put at the head of this paper.

Dr Percival's "Ethics" is a classical book, in its best sense; sensible, sound, temperate, clear thoughts, conveyed in natural, clear, persuasive language. Its title is somewhat of a blunder: at first it was "Medical Jurisprudence," and "Ethics" means at once more, and not so much, as what it is made by him to represent. "The Duties of a Physician" would have been less pedantic, and

more correct and homely. There is a good deal of the stiffness of the old school about the doctor; he speaks as if in knee breeches and buckles, with a powdered wig, and an interminable silk waistcoat, a gold-headed cane at his side, and his cocked hat not far to seek. To us, however, this is a great charm of the book, and of such books. There may be stiffness and some Johnsonian swell about them; some words bigger than the thoughts, like a boy in his father's coat; some sentences in which the meaning ends before its voice, and the *rummel* resounds after having parted company with the *gumption*; but with all this, there is a temperance and soundness of view—a good breeding, and good feeling, and a reticence and composure, which, in this vapouring, turbulent age of ours, is a refreshing pleasure, though too often one of memory.

We are truly glad to see, from a modest note by Dr Greenhill, the editor, that he is engaged on a work on medical morals. He will do it well and wisely, we have no doubt. The profession is deeply indebted to him for his edition of Sydenham—the worthiest monument the gratitude of his admiring followers could raise to that great man. His “Life of Hippocrates,” in Smith’s Dictionary, and other contributions to medical philosophy and biography, also do him much credit; more, we are sorry to say, than Dr R. G. Latham’s queer life of Sydenham does himself or the “Society.” What with his logical formulas, his gift at reposing on the certainty of doubt, his balancing of words and sentences against each other, and his left-handed, amorphous style, we may say that he has succeeded in taking the great physician’s life in a sense justiciary rather than literary. It has somewhat confirmed a notion we have that a man’s science is often too much for his art, and that it is sometimes easier to know what a thing is, than how to do it, when we find that the author of this very odd performance in the English tongue is also the author of the well-known and valuable treatises on “Grammar,” “Logic,” and “Language.” Analysis is not only different from, it may, if not watched against, unfit for, synthesis.

We have placed Fuller’s “Holy and Profane State” on our list, specifically on account of its chapters on “The Good Physician,” and the “The Life of Paracelsus,” the “True Gentleman,” and the “Degenerous,” and likewise that we might tempt our readers to enjoy the whole of this delightful little book, and as much else of its author, as they can get hold of. They will thank us for this, if they do not already know him, and excuse us if they do. Dr Fuller is a man who, like Dr South and Sydney Smith, is so intensely witty, that we forget, or do not notice, that he is not less eminently wise; and that his wit is the gay blossom of wisdom. Here are some of his *sententiolæ vibrantes*:—

“The Good Physician hantels not his new experiments on the bodies of his patients, letting loose mad *recipes* into the sick man’s body, to try how they

and nature will fight it out, while he stands by and enjoys the battle,—except in desperate cases, when death must be expelled by death. Lest his apothecary should oversee, he oversees his apothecary. He brings not news, like a false spy, that the coast is clear, till death surprises the sick man. I know physicians love to make the best of their patient's estate; first, say they, it is improper that *adjutores vitæ* should be *nuncii mortis*; secondly, none with their goodwill will tell bad news; thirdly, their fee may be the worse for it; fourthly, it is confessing their art beaten; fifthly, it will poison their patient's heart with grief. So far well; but they may so order it, that the party may be informed wisely, and not outed of this world before he is provided for another."

We give the last sentence of his "Life of Paracelsus," that renowned, but ill-understood, medley of evil and good, darkness and light, of quackery and skill:—

"In a word, he boasted of more than he could do; did more cures seemingly than really, more cures really than lawfully; of more parts than learning, of more fame than parts; a better physician than a man, a better surgeon than physician."

Here are the chief points of the "degenerous gentleman,"—they are like mottos to the chapters on the physiology of the noble rake in all ages:—

"He goes to school to learn in jest, and play in earnest. His brother's serving men, which he counts no mean preferment, admit him into their society; coming to the university, his study is to study nothing; at the inns of court, pretending to learn law, he learns to be lawless, and grows acquainted with the '*roaring boys*.' Through the mediation of a scrivener, he is introduced to some great usurer," &c. &c.

Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*, though full of true morality,—of subtle and profound thought, and most pathetic touches,—as well as instinct with his own peculiar, grave, antique humour, and quaint thought—as odd as the root of an orchis, and, in its expression, as richly emblazoned with colours, as queerly gibbous as its flower, has less to do with our immediate subject than his "Christian Morals," which are well worth the perusing. Here is a sample:—

"Live up to the dignity of thy nature; desert not thy title to a divine particle—have a glimpse of incomprehensibles, and thoughts of things that thoughts but tenderly touch. Lodge immaterials in thy head, ascend until invisibles fill thy spirit with spirituals, with the mysteries of faith, the magnalities of religion, and thy life with the honour of God."

This is good wholesome advice at any time, and not the least so now, when sensible things are cross-questioning us more keenly and urgently than ever, when matter is disclosing fresh wonders every day, and telling her secrets in crowds; and, when we are too apt to be absorbed in her—to forget that there is something else than this earth—that there is more than meets the eye and ear—that seeing is not believing—that it is pleasant, refreshing, and wholesome, after the hurry and heat and din of the day, its lights and its eager work, to cool the eye and the mind,

and rest them on the silent and clear depths of night—"sowed with stars thick as a field." Let us keep everything worth keeping, and add, not substitute; don't let us *lose ourselves* in seeking for our basic radical, or our primary cell; let us remember that the analytic spirit of the age may destroy as well as instruct, and may do harm as well as good; that while it quickens the pulse, strengthens the eye and the arm, and adds cunning to the fingers, it may, if carried to excess, or to overweening, confuse the vision, stupify and madden the brain; derange as well as direct, and have a madness, in its method.

We have no book in our language to compare with Simon's Deontology, in its largeness, earnestness, and power of treatment; it is admirable in substance and in form, and goes through the whole duty of the physician with rare intelligence, eloquence, and tact. It has what all first-rate French writers have—the charm of definite ideas and definite expressions, the "*manière incisive*" which we so much want. Had we room we would gladly have quoted his remarks on style—its nature and its value to the physician; he himself exemplifies what he teaches. On this subject we would direct attention likewise, to the able and lively article in the "British and Foreign Review."¹ We cannot help quoting Buffon's words—they illustrate themselves. They are from his "Remarques sur le Style."—"Les ouvrages bien écrits sont les seuls qui passeront à la postérité, la quantité des connaissances, la singularité des faits, la nouveauté même des découvertes, ne sont pas de sûrs garants de l'immortalité; si les ouvrages qui les contiennent ne roulent que sur de petits objets, s'ils sont écrits goût, sans noblesse, et sans génie, ils périront parce que les connaissances, les faits, les découvertes s'enlèvent aisément, se transportent, gagnent même à être mises en œuvre par des mains plus habiles. *Ces choses sont hors de l'homme, le style est l'homme, même.*" The turbid, slovenly style, constipated, or the reverse, by which much of our medical literature is characterised, is a disgrace to our age, and to the intelligence, good taste, and good breeding of our profession, and mars inconceivably the real good that lies concealed and bungled within it. No man has a right to speak without some

¹ On a very different, but by no means inconsiderable subject, we quote this cordial and wise passage from the same article. Speaking of the *odium medicum*, "the true remedy for professional jealousies is frequent intercommunication,—a good dinner at the Royal ('or at the Archers' Hall!'), would heal the professional feuds of a large town. The man of science who thinks he practises his profession for the sheer love of it, may smile at the sensualness of the means, and it may not be the remedy he requires ('he will be all the better of it, say we'); but most practitioners are men of the *métier*, and like a dinner of the craft as well as others. We wish there were a medical guild in every large town, with an ample dinner fund ('and a round of *carminatives* afterwards')—good fellowship would increase and abound, and with it unity of purpose, honour, public and personal esteem."

measure of preparation, orderliness, and selectness. As Butler says, "*Confusion and perplexity of writing is indeed without excuse, because any one, if he pleases, may know whether he understands and sees through what he is about; and it is unpardonable for a man to lay his thoughts before others, when he is conscious that he himself does not know whereabouts he is, or how the matter before him stands. It is coming abroad in disorder, which he ought to be ashamed to find himself in at home.*" Whately, in reply to a youth who asked him how to write clearly, answered, "think clearly." This is the secret.

We would, had space permitted, have wished to have gone more particularly into the higher moralities of physicians, and into some of the more miscellaneous conditions which interpenetrate morals, manners, and etiquette; for etiquette, with all its little-nesses and niceties, is founded upon a central idea of right and wrong; and on the rightness or wrongness of that idea, depends the true significance and worth of the merest punctilio.

We would likewise have wished to have said some few things of the public and professional religion of a doctor, and its relation to his personal; and something, also, of that *religiosity* which, besides its ancient endemic force, as old as our species, is at present dangerously epidemic—a pseudo-activity, which is not only not good, but virulently bad, being at once as like and as opposite to the true, as the deadly, stupifying, maddening hemlock is to the cheerful, wholesome, savoury parsley.

We would like, also, to have had a jocular hit at our pedantry and foolish parade of science, our ignorance of general literature, our contempt of the ancients, and a few more little odds and ends, on which we hold strong opinions; but we must draw to an end, if not to a conclusion.

We have, indeed, to ask pardon of the readers of such a journal as this, for such a paper, and for having led them such a ramble, but we were anxious to persuade our young friends, who, having "passed," and settled down, are waiting for practice, not merely to busy themselves for the next seven or eight barren years, in their own immediate circle—we are sure they will not suspect us of wishing them to keep from what is their highest duty and greatest pleasure—but to persuade them, when they have some leisure, and long evenings, and few cases, to read such books as Hobbes, Berkeley, Butler, Paley, Baxter, Mackintosh, &c.; to keep up their classical knowledge, and go over Horace's "Art of Poetry," Cicero's Epistles and Philosophical Treatises, Seneca, Marc Antonine, and such like—not to mention a more sacred book, which they ought to read all their lives, and use every day, as the perfect rule of duty, the lamp to their feet, the light to their eyes.

We may be thought to be making too much of these things. It would be difficult to do so, when we consider what we, as physicians, are supposed to profess—practising, as we do, not merely one of the arts of life, getting honourably a living—and not merely en-

abling our fellow-men to do the same—but constantly watching at the *janua vitæ et mortis*, our main duty being to keep men alive. Let us remember what is involved in the enjoyment and the loss of life—that perilous and inestimable something, which we all know how much we ourselves prize, and for which, as we have the word, long ago, of a personage¹ more distinguished for his talents than his virtues, and uttered in a presence where even he dared not tell a lie direct, that “all that a man hath he will give,” so let it be our urgent moral duty, as its conservators, to give all that *we* have, our knowledge, our affections, our energies, our virtue (*αρετη*, *virtus*, the very essence or pith of a man), in making our patients healthy, long-lived, and happy. We conclude with two quotations, the first from the mouth of one of the best men of our profession—one of the greatest public benefactors—one of the truest and most genial of friends—and of whose merits we would say more, were he not still, to our great comfort, in the midst of us, for we agree with the ancients in this, as in some other things, holding, as they did, that it was not becoming to sacrifice to their heroes till after sunset. “My religion, as it affects my life to God, to myself, to my fellow-men, consists mainly of *wonder and gratitude*.” This is the religion of paradise and of childhood. It will not be easy to find a better, even in our enlightened days; only it must be a rational wonder, a productive gratitude—the gratitude that rests not contented with the emotion, but goes at once into the motive—and a wonder which, in honouring God, knows him, and in honouring all men, respects its possessor.

The *next* is the admonition we have already referred to, by Sydenham. Our readers will find, at its close, the oldest and best kind of homœopathy—a kind which will survive disease and the doctors, and will never, as may be said of another, cure nothing except itself.

“He who gives himself to the study and work of medicine ought seriously to ponder these four things—1st, That he must, one day, give an account to the Supreme Judge of the lives of the sick committed to his care. 2dly, That whatsoever of art, or of science, he has by the Divine goodness attained, is to be directed mainly to the glory of the Almighty, and the safety of mankind, and that it is a dishonour to himself and them, to make these celestial gifts subservient to the vile lusts of avarice and ambition. Moreover, 3rdly, that he has undertaken the charge of no mean or ignoble creature, and that in order to his appreciating the true worth of the human race, he should not forget that the only-begotten Son of God became a man, and thus far ennobled, by his own dignity, the nature he assumed. And lastly, that as he is himself not exempted from the common lot, and is liable and exposed to the same laws of mortality, the same miseries and pains, as are all the rest; so he may endeavour the more diligently, and with a more tender affection, as being himself a fellow-sufferer (*συνσπασθης*) to help them who are sick.”

For to take a higher, the highest example, we must “be touched with a feeling of the infirmities” of our patients, else all our skill and knowledge, will go but half-way to relieve or cure.

¹ Job ii. 4.

Since closing the above, we have read "EVENING THOUGHTS, BY A PHYSICIAN," just published by Van Voorst. Let our readers lay out four-and-sixpence, and they will get their reward, and we our thanks, and the admirable author their gratitude. Who is he? Have we met him before in any other walk?



J. Tulgum

Abu deen

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