

W 2  
140  
FAI  
56  
1847



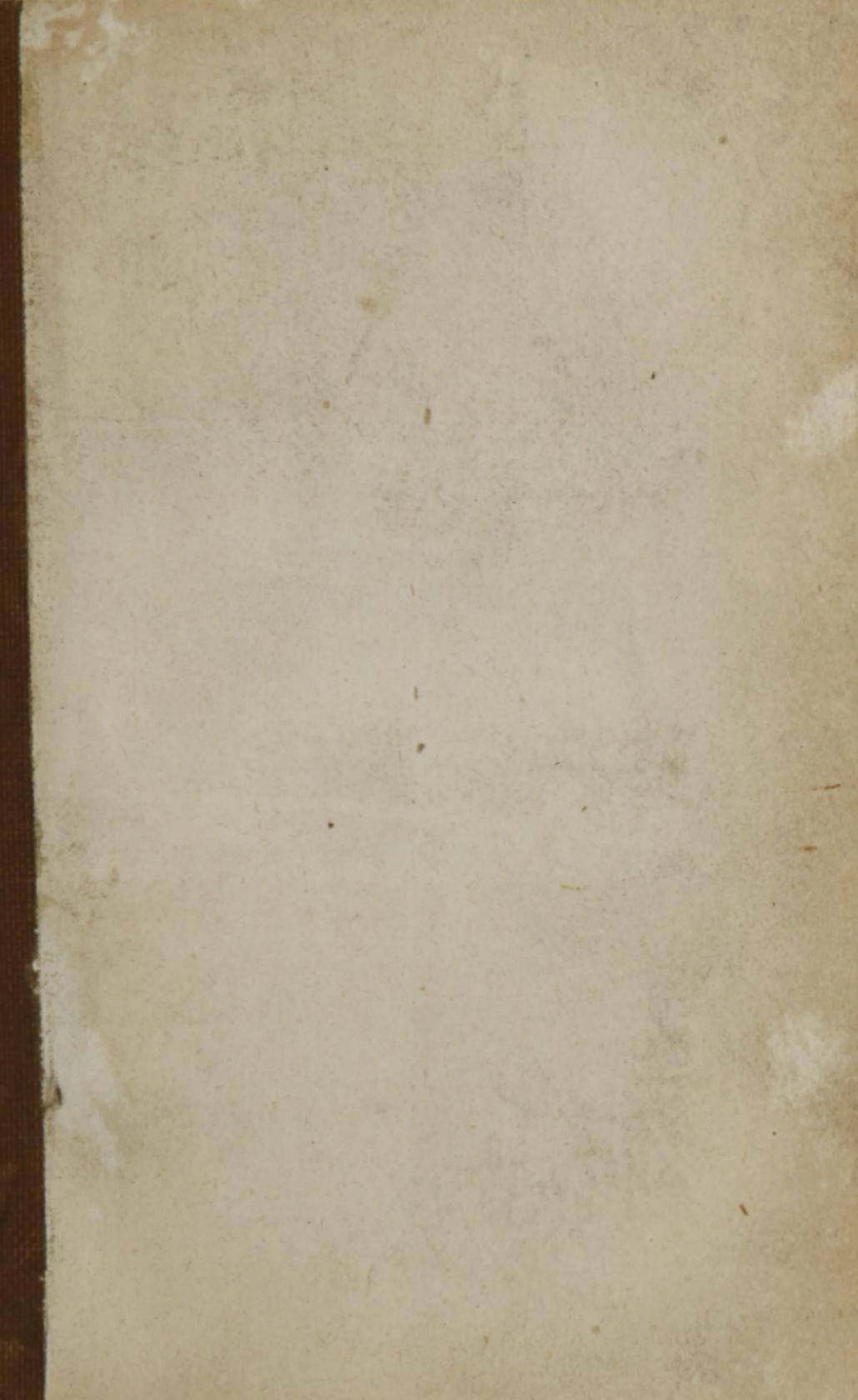
25-2

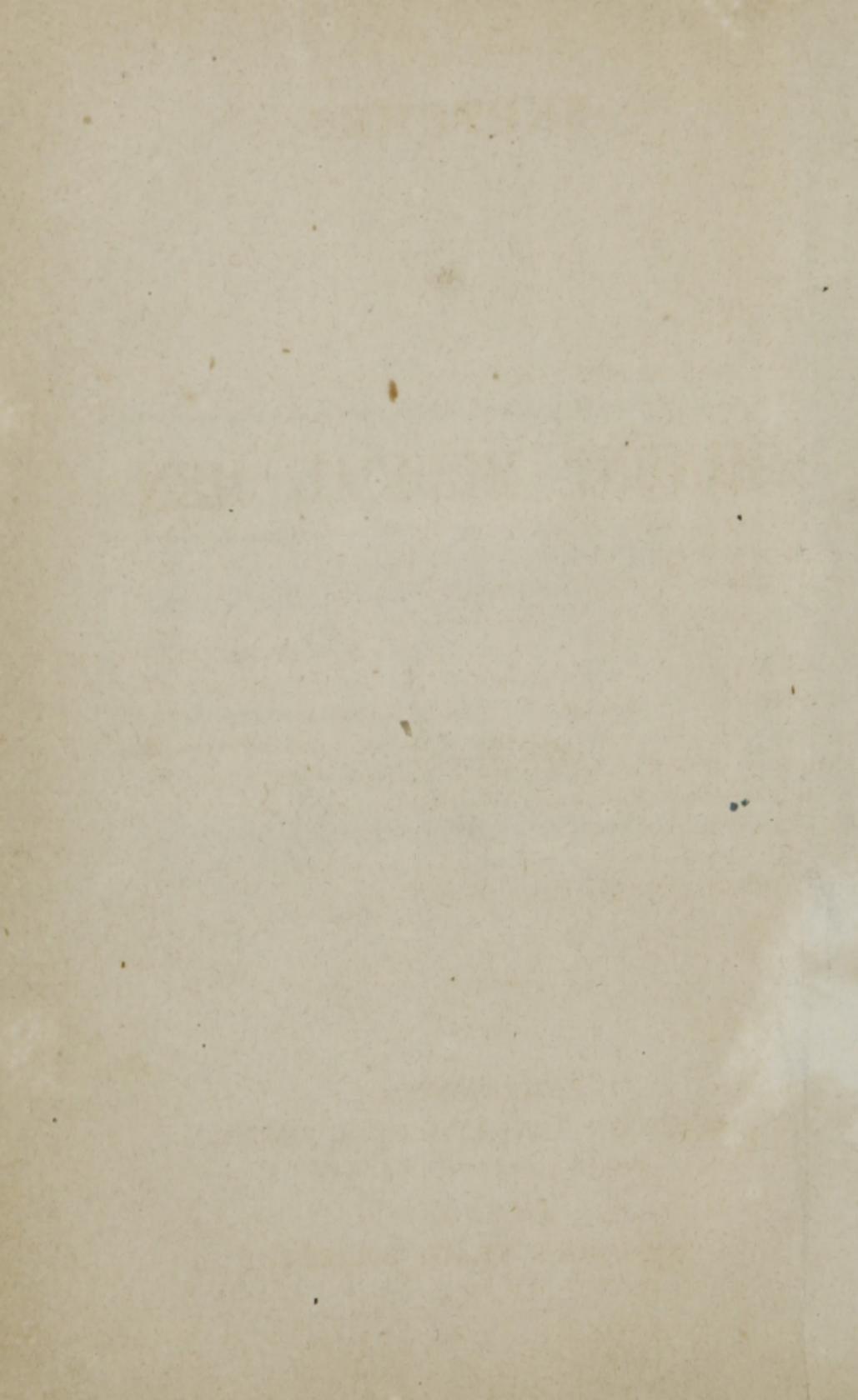
Surgeon General's Office

LIBRARY

Section, *Collective biography*

No. *68262*





# SKETCHES

OF

## EMINENT MEDICAL MEN.

Surgeon Genl's Office  
LIBRARY  
68262  
Washington, D. C.

PHILADELPHIA:  
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION,  
NO. 146 CHESTNUT STREET.

LONDON:  
RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

WZ  
140  
FAI  
SG  
1847

NOTE.—The *American Sunday-school Union* have made an arrangement with the *London Religious Tract Society*, to publish, concurrently with them, such of their valuable works as are best suited to our circulation. In making the selection, reference will be had to the general utility of the volumes and their sound moral tendency. They will occupy a distinct place on our catalogue, and will constitute a valuable addition to our stock of books for family and general reading.

As they will be, substantially, reprints of the London edition, the credit of their general character will belong to our English brethren and not to us; and we may add, that the republication of them, under our joint imprint, involves us in no responsibility beyond that of a judicious selection. We cheerfully avail ourselves of this arrangement for giving wider influence and value to the labours of a sister-institution so catholic in its character and so efficient in its operations as the *London Religious Tract Society*.

☞ The present volume is issued under the above arrangement.

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
Introduction . . . . .	5
William Harvey, M.D. . . . .	6
Thomas Sydenham, M.D. . . . .	17
Hermann Boerrhaave, M.D.: . . . . .	27
William Hey, esq. . . . .	35
Thomas Bateman, M.D. . . . .	60
Edward Jenner, M.D. . . . .	83
John Mason Good, M.D. . . . .	104
Robert Gooch, M.D. . . . .	126
Sir William Knighton, bart., M.D. . . . .	142
James Hope, M.D. . . . .	166



## EMINENT MEDICAL MEN.

---

IF there be any valid ground for an accusation sometimes brought against the medical profession—that scepticism and infidelity prevail amongst its members,—the biographical sketches of which this little work consists, furnish at least sufficient evidence that there is no necessary connexion between either the studies or the active duties of a medical man, and the denial or practical neglect of those great truths which have been brought to light by the gospel. All to whose lives and characters reference is here made, were men of distinguished professional talent—the guides and leaders of their brethren; and yet the greater part of them not only lived and died in the open avowal of the faith of Jesus, but were enabled, it will be seen, to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things:—and were thus, in the highest sense of all, ornaments to a profession which, more than any other, unfolds to the eye of the intelligent observer the wonderful works of God, which brings

before the mind in quick succession the awful realities of sickness, death, and a coming eternity; and which is, at the same time, second to one only, in the opportunities it affords to fulfil the apostolic maxim—"Let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

---

### WILLIAM HARVEY, M.D.

"THE wisdom of the Creator," it has been well said, "is in nothing seen more gloriously than in the heart and blood-vessels:"—the action of the latter is essential to the performance of every function, and diffusing life, health, and vigour, through the entire animal frame; the cessation of the former, for a short period, absolutely fatal; the whole, nevertheless, so constructed as to go on at the rate of a hundred thousand pulsations in every twenty-four hours, for a period of from seventy to eighty years without disorder, without interruption, and without weariness! And yet so simple is the contrivance by which all this is brought about, that the next thing which astonishes us is the fact, that so many years elapsed before it was at all accurately understood. The arteries were found empty after death; it was, therefore, concluded that they merely conveyed air or some kind of "animal spirits." The veins alone were supposed to

convey blood. By some it was propounded that the fluids moved along the vessels in one direction during the day, and in the contrary direction during the hours of sleep, with many other equally chimerical and unfounded hypotheses. In the sixteenth century, a little more light was thrown upon the subject. By the researches of Servetus and of the Italian anatomists, Colombo and Cesalpini, the lesser circulation through the lungs, the fact of the blood being acted upon by the air, the existence of valves in the veins, and a few other particulars, were made out. But it was reserved for our illustrious countryman, in the century before last, to connect the whole into one harmonious system; to announce to the world the great discovery of the true doctrine of the circulation of the blood; to open up a new era in medical science; and to introduce as great a revolution in the sciences of anatomy and physiology, as Newton afterwards did in those of astronomy and optics, by his theories of gravitation and light.

WILLIAM HARVEY was descended from a respectable family in Kent, and was born at Folkestone on the 1st of April, 1578. His education was conducted first at a grammar school in Canterbury, and afterwards at Gonville and Caius College at Cambridge. To minds of a certain order, some comparatively trivial event, carefully pondered, not unfrequently opens the path to dis-

coveries of the greatest magnitude. There seems, at first sight, little relation between the fall of an apple, and the splendid scientific achievements of Newton. Yet it was a train of thought, directed by this apparently trifling circumstance, which conducted him to the whole of them. Thus it was with Harvey. In the course of his travels, for the completion of his medical education, he settled for a short time at Padua. *Fabricius ab Aquapendente* was then at the height of his reputation as a professor of anatomy in the university of that place. The theatre, built at his expense, is still exhibited to visitors at Padua. Its circular seats, rising almost perpendicularly one above another, now nearly black with age, give to the small apartment, which is wainscoted with curiously carved oak, a solemn and venerable appearance. The lectures were given by candlelight, as, from the construction of the theatre, no other light could be admitted. Here it was that Harvey caught the first glimpse of the discovery which has since immortalized his name. Fabricius one day pointed out the existence of valves in the veins—not, however, that he had the slightest conception of their use, for the only conjecture that he could hazard was, that they might be designed to moderate the flow of blood from the trunks of the veins to their smaller branches, taking it for granted that such was the course of the circulation. This was enough for his intelligent pupil. There were valves

in the veins undoubtedly; but could this be the intention of them? He would not place implicit dependence upon any teacher, however celebrated, but would examine for himself. Valves opening towards the heart seemed calculated to impede altogether, rather than to retard merely, the flow of blood in a direction from that organ. Tie up a vein or compress it, as is done in the simple operation of bleeding, and that portion of the vessel which is at the greatest distance from the heart will swell and become distended. Whereas, he soon discovered that, if an artery were tied, just the contrary happened; that part became enlarged which was nearest to the heart. Hence he was led by various experiments, step by step, till he clearly demonstrated that the heart is first of all excited to contract by the stimulus of the blood, that this fluid is impelled through the arteries, and, after having served every purpose of secretion and nourishment, returns by the veins to recommence the circulation.

Great, however, as the discovery undoubtedly was—immense as was its practical advantage—simple and easily demonstrable as it now appears, Harvey durst not for many years even drop a hint upon the subject in his comparatively private lectures, and it was not until nearly thirty years had elapsed that he ventured to publish to the world, not in his own country, but at Frankfort, the results of his experiments. And then nothing could

exceed the contempt and ridicule with which it was received. Had he lived in a country unblest with the light of the Reformation, he would probably have shared the fate of Galileo. As it was, he was accused of propagating doctrines tending to subvert the authority of Holy Scripture, the epithet circulator, in its Latin invidious signification, (quack,) was applied to him, it was given out that he was "crack-brained," and his practice as a physician sensibly declined. In a quarter of a century more, his system was received in all the universities of the world, and Harvey lived to enjoy the reputation he so justly merited.

The date of the first promulgation of his then novel views has not been accurately ascertained. Thus much is certain,—Harvey graduated at Padua and afterwards at Cambridge in the year 1602, soon after which he settled in the practice of his profession in London. In 1607, he was elected Fellow of the College of Physicians, and in 1615, he was appointed reader of the anatomical and surgical lectures founded by lord Lumley and Dr. Caldwell. In the British Museum, there is an original ms. of his lectures of the date of April, 1616, which contains the propositions on which his doctrine is founded. But it was not till 1628, when he was in his fiftieth year, that he published the great work already referred to. Some curious preparations, rude enough, but, under the circumstances of the

case, highly interesting, which he either himself made at Padua, or procured from that celebrated school, and very probably exhibited during his course of lectures, were not very long since presented to the College of Physicians by the earl of Winchelsea—a direct descendant of lord chancellor Nottingham, who married Harvey's niece. They consist of six tables or boards, upon which are nerves and blood-vessels, carefully dissected out of the body; in one of them the semilunar valves of the aorta are distinctly to be seen. These valves placed at the origin of the arteries, must, doubtless, together with the valves of the veins, have furnished the most striking and conclusive arguments in favour of the true system.

The talent and discoveries of Harvey soon recommended him to the notice of the court. From a letter of James I., dated February 3, 1623, it appears that he had then for some time been physician extraordinary to his majesty. In 1632, he was appointed physician to Charles I., who always treated him with much regard, and was an interested spectator of many of his experiments. About this time, he appears to have accompanied the earl of Arundel and Surrey, lord high marshal of England, as his physician, in his embassy to the emperor. Aubrey states, that one of his excellency's attendants on this occasion told him that, in his journey to Vienna, Harvey would always be making excursions into the

woods, in order to investigate "strange trees and plants, earths," etc., and sometimes was in danger of being lost, "so that," adds he, "my lord ambassador would be really angry with him, for there was not only danger of thieves, but also of wild beasts." In the following year, Harvey accompanied the king in his visit to his northern dominions, and when the civil war broke out, he still followed the fortunes of his royal master, attended him when he left London, and was present at the battle of Edge Hill. On this occasion, the prince, afterwards Charles II., and the duke of York, were committed to his charge. While the fight was going on, he had not a mind to forego pursuits more congenial to his taste; accordingly, he withdrew with the young princes under a hedge, and took out of his pocket a book, which he began to read. He had not, however, pursued his studies long, before a cannon-ball grazed on the ground near him, which soon compelled him to remove his station. After an arduous struggle, both sides claimed the victory; but one result of the battle was favourable to the inclinations and designs of Harvey. The king continued his march, and took possession of Oxford, the only town in his dominions which was altogether at his devotion. Hither, with the rest of the royal household, his physician retired, and here he had abundant leisure to pursue his favourite studies; although under the disadvantage of having lost many most valuable notes of experiments, which he

had previously made; for, at the beginning of the rebellion, his lodgings at Whitehall had been plundered, and many papers containing curious observations upon the dissections of animals had totally disappeared. This was a loss which he never ceased to lament, saying, that "for love or money he could neither retrieve or obtain them." He remained at Oxford about three years, during which time—in 1645—he was made warden of Merton College, by the king's mandate. It is related of him, that, during his stay there, he was in habits of intimacy with a kindred mind, Dr. Bathurst, of Trinity College. This gentleman kept a hen to hatch eggs in his chamber, which they opened daily to understand the whole process and results of incubation. "Eggs," says Harvey, "were a cheap merchandise, and were at hand at all times and in all places; and it was an easy matter to observe out of them what are the first evident and distinct marks of generation; what progress nature makes in formation, and with what wonderful providence she governs the whole work." This was a favourite study with Harvey, and forms the subject of his other great work, second only in importance to his "Treatise on the Motion of the Heart and the Blood." Dr. Charles Scarborough, afterwards knighted by Charles II., was another associate in whose society he at this time much delighted; except that he considered him in danger, under the contagion of those troublous times, of neglecting his medical

studies for the more brilliant profession of arms. To check his military ardour, he accommodated the young doctor with a lodging in his own apartment, saying, "Prithee leave off thy gunning, and stay here; I will bring thee into practice." But in the year 1646, Charles was persuaded to put himself in the power of the Scottish army at Newark, and orders were issued for the surrender of Oxford. Consequently Harvey was obliged to relinquish his short-lived appointment of warden to Merton College, and to return to London, where for some time he lived with his brother Eliab, a rich merchant, who resided opposite to St. Mildred, in the Poultry. How long he remained with his brother does not appear, but it is certain, that, not very long after this period, he withdrew very much from the world, and passed his time in retirement, in a house which he possessed at Combe, in Surrey. Here he had the advantages of a good air and a pleasing prospect, but to indulge a whim he had of delighting in being in the dark, he caused caves to be made in the earth, in which, in summer time, he was accustomed to meditate. In this seclusion he was visited, in the year 1651, by his friend Dr. Ent. "I found him," says Ent, "in his retirement, not far from town, with a sprightly and cheerful countenance, investigating, like Democritus, the nature of things. Asking if all were well with him,—'How can that be,' he replied, 'when the state is so agitated with storms, and I, myself, am yet in the open

sea! And indeed,' added he, 'were not my mind solaced by my studies, and the recollection of the observations I have formerly made, there is nothing which should make me desirous of a longer continuance. But, thus employed, this obscure life, and vacation from public cares, which disquiet other minds, is the medicine of mine.'" Ent goes on to relate a philosophical conversation between them, the result of which was the determination on the part of Harvey to publish his second great work just alluded to.

In the year 1653, Harvey presented the College of Physicians with a library and museum, erected in a munificent manner, entirely at his own expense. It is described as a noble edifice of Roman architecture (of rustic work, with Corinthian pilasters,) and consisted of an elegantly furnished convocation room, or parlour, below, and a library, filled with choice books and surgical instruments, above. And, we are told, it was erected in the garden of the College of Physicians, at that time situated in Amen Corner. This *garden*, it seems, was of an irregular form, but extended as far as the Old Bailey to the *west*, and towards the *south* reached the church of St. Martin, Ludgate Hill. In the following year, he was appointed president of the college, an office which he declined to accept on account of his advanced age and infirmities, but he testified his regard for its welfare still farther, by giving up his paternal estate of £56 per annum for its

benefit. The few remaining years of Harvey's life were much embittered by suffering from the gout and other bodily infirmities. He died on the 3rd of June, 1657.

There are many remarks, in the works of this distinguished physiologist, expressive of profound reverence for the great First Cause of all those wonders, into which it was his delight to pry with such curious research. He was accustomed to say, that he never dissected the body of an animal, without discovering something which he had not expected or conceived of, and in which he recognised the hand of an all-wise Creator. To His particular agency, and not merely to the operation of general laws, he ascribed all the phenomena of nature. It would have been gratifying to have traced the effect of the great truths of the Bible, as impressing his heart and regulating his conduct; but on this important question we can say nothing farther, as his biographers are silent.

In his person, Harvey was very small in stature, round faced, of an olive complexion, with small round black eyes, and hair black as a raven till within twenty years of his death, when it became quite white. His mind was furnished with an ample store of general knowledge. In early life, he is said to have been passionate, and apt to draw the dagger—which, after the manner of the times, he constantly wore—on very slight occasions. But when he grew up to manhood, and during his long life,

he had the character of being candid, cheerful, and upright, living on terms of harmony with his friends and brethren, and showing no spirit of rivalry and hostility. His visits to his patients he made, we are told, on horseback, with a footcloth, his man following on foot, in the same way in which the judges were then accustomed to ride to Westminster Hall. But in practice, he does not appear to have been particularly successful. The truth was, that the great physiologist not only disdained those arts of gaining the confidence of the public, by which many succeed, but was probably too intent on making discoveries in science, and of too speculative a turn of mind, to devote that attention to practical details, which is so essentially requisite in the art of medicine.

---

### THOMAS SYDENHAM, M.D.

THE mental characteristics of no two individuals differed more widely than those of Harvey and Sydenham, and yet it is doubtful to which of them the science of medicine has been most indebted. The triumphs of the latter were not those of an original and brilliant genius, bent on detecting the hidden operations of creative wisdom; but he possessed a fund of sagacity and practical good sense, which gave him an easy ascendant over the empty theory and vague hypothesis, and, we may add, the

inveterate prejudice likewise, which disgraced the period in which he lived. Unquestionably there exists in the animal body a most wonderful and beneficent provision for the spontaneous removal of injury and disease of every kind. To watch with an unwearied eye the ever-varying forms of disease—to detect the latent capabilities of the “restorative power”—to remove all impediments out of the way, and render every available assistance to its operation—these are the leading aims of every intelligent and really successful practitioner. Here lay the “great power” of Sydenham. In these respects it was that his practice was so much in advance of the age in which he lived, and thus, as far as the prejudices of the time would permit, did he accomplish a real and most satisfactory revolution in the entire art of medicine. For accurate descriptions of disease, his works are unrivalled, and in this respect may even now be consulted with advantage.

This justly celebrated physician was born in the year 1624. He was the son of William Sydenham, esq., a gentleman of considerable property in Dorsetshire, whose mansion at Wynford Eagle—now converted into a farmhouse—is still in existence, and stands on the property of the present lord Wynford. Of his childhood and early youth nothing is recorded. At the age of eighteen, he was entered a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, but he could have remained there but a short time, as we are told he left the university when it became

a garrison for king Charles, after the battle of Edge Hill. This occurred in October, 1642. Harvey, as we have already seen, was at Oxford at that time, but probably the young freshman had no intercourse with the great discoverer of the circulation. At all events, they espoused opposite sides on the spirit-stirring questions which then agitated the nation. Harvey was a devoted royalist, whilst Sydenham actually joined the parliamentary army, though he could have spent but few years in the camp, and never attained to a higher rank than that of captain. Sir Richard Blackmore asserts, that he entered the profession of medicine by accident, and from necessity, when a disbanded officer, and without any preparatory study or discipline.—“I one day asked Sydenham what books I should read to qualify me for practice. ‘Read Don Quixote,’ replied he, ‘it is a very good book ; I read it still.’” Whether this rejoinder were intended as a keen satire upon the medical literature of the age, or, as Dr. Johnson thinks, upon the talents and attainments of Blackmore himself, thus much is certain : Sydenham did return to Oxford, that he might have leisure and opportunity to pursue his medical studies ; and, after graduating as bachelor of physic, April 14, 1648, at which time he was likewise elected a fellow of All Souls College, he still remained at Oxford for several years studying his profession, before he entered to any extent into those practical inquiries to which he so

justly attached far greater importance than "to the vain pomp of nice speculations." He took his doctor's degree at Cambridge. On leaving the English universities he visited Montpellier, at that time a celebrated school of physic, and then settled at Westminster, and speedily rose to eminence as a practical physician.

Such was the caution and deliberation with which Sydenham entered upon the duties of his profession, that he is stated to have paid little regard to the time he bestowed in examining individual cases. "Well, I will consider of your case, and in a few days will order something for you." This was the utmost amount of benefit which many patients were able to elicit at a first visit. But he speedily discovered that patients thus received often forgot to come any more, and was, therefore, compelled to adopt a more expeditious and satisfactory mode of procedure. His first considerable work, on "The Method of Curing Fevers," was published in the year 1663, and the inroad which he made on ordinary practice and popular opinion is especially apparent in his then novel method of treating small pox.

The usual mode of dealing with this then fearfully virulent disorder, as with eruptive fevers generally, was as opposite as could well be imagined to the dictates either of nature or of common sense. The unhappy patient was loaded with bed-clothes; lest one refreshing breeze should fan his burning frame, the curtains were drawn closely round; whilst, under

the notion of the existence of a putrescency and dissolution in the blood, he was all the time plied with a round of stimulants and cordials—to say nothing of the perhaps less potent, but more disgusting ingredients with which good care was taken that they should be sufficiently charged, described altogether by a nearly contemporary physician as “ Venice treacle, Virginian snakeroot, zedoary, saffron, *volatile salt of hartshorn*, powder of viper’s flesh, and the like!” Now and then it appears the “restorative power” took extreme measures to vindicate its outraged potency. “ Luckily,” says Sydenham, “ it occurs occasionally that, from the preposterous application of external heat and inward cordials, the patient becomes delirious, and in a fit of frenzy, escaping from the cruel attention of his nurse, leaps out of bed, lies exposed for many hours to the cool night air, and so recovers.” One case of this kind in particular appears to have made a powerful impression on his mind. A young man at Bristol was seized with the small pox and became delirious. His nurse, having occasion to go out of town, left her patient in the care of others during her absence. Being detained somewhat longer than she expected, the sick person (as it seemed to those about him) gave up the ghost. As the weather was very hot, the body was placed upon a table, covered by a sheet only. The nurse, in the mean time, returned and heard the sad tidings, but, on removing the sheet and looking at the counte-

nance, she thought she could perceive some signs of life remaining ; and having placed the extended body in bed, the apparently dead man was soon restored, and in a few days recovered perfect health. The practice introduced by Sydenham was the plentiful admission of fresh air, cooling, acid, and diluting drinks in abundance, and in a word, the cool regimen carried into all its details. His own account of the matter is characterised by his accustomed simplicity. The following short sentence describes the grounds on which his judgment was founded, and lets us into the main secret of his success. " I never *observed* any mischief," says he, " from the other method, for *nature left to herself does her work in her own time*, and then expels the matter in the right way and manner." Rational, however, as was this mode of treatment, nothing could exceed the opposition it met with, not only from the prejudices of the friends of the sick, but from those of the profession, and a generation passed away before it came at all into repute ; and then it was forced upon the attention of the public by an unworthy successor to Sydenham's popularity, who thus advanced the art of medicine far more than by any discoveries of his own.—" Have you a mind to kill my grandson ? Is this the affection you have always expressed for his person ? His grandfather and I recovered without any such dangerous experiments as these !" said the Dowager duchess of Beaufort to Dr. Radcliffe, in the most violent consternation and passion ima-

ginable, when, upon visiting her grandson, the duke, in the small pox, he ordered the curtains of the bed to be drawn and light to be let into the room ; whereas the old lady had directed his grace's windows to be shut in such a manner as almost to deprive the unhappy patient of the means of respiration. The doctor assured her that she must instantly return to her house at Chelsea; on no other condition would he undertake the case, and she would then soon be visited by her son in perfect health. With much difficulty this great lady was persuaded to acquiesce; but she had the satisfaction of seeing her son within the time limited, and completely recovered. The cool regimen about that time came into vogue. The success was Radcliffe's—the merit belonged to Sydenham alone.

In the year 1665, occurred the memorable plague of London. Sydenham remained at his post till about the month of June, not neglecting to profit, we may well imagine, by his opportunities of observation. At this time, the pestilence began to rage so dreadfully that it destroyed, in seven days, as many thousands. In every house were to be heard either the ravings of delirium, the groans of the dying, or the lamentations of relatives, till at length the living were scarcely sufficient in number to perform the rites of burial. "Now," says a contemporary writer, in truly graphic language, "the cloud is very black, and the storm comes down very sharp. Death rides triumphant on

his pale horse through our streets, and breaks into almost every house where the inhabitants are to be found ; people fall as thick as leaves from the trees in autumn when shaken by a mighty wind. There is a dismal solitude in London streets ; every day looks with the face of a sabbath, observed with a greater solemnity than it used to be in the city. Shops are shut up ; people rare, and few that walk about, insomuch that grass begins to grow in some places, and a deep silence in almost every place, especially within the city walls."\* The practice which Sydenham adopted was to bleed very largely. For a short period, he removed his family into the country, and himself accompanied them, but he returned so soon, and when the plague still continued so violent, that it could not but be (he observes with his usual modesty) "that by reason of the scarcity of better physicians I should be called in to the assistance of those who had the disease." Thus he witnessed both the beginning and the end of this great distemper.

Sydenham's treatise on the gout has usually been considered a masterpiece of description. It was a disease with which he had an experimental acquaintance from the early age of twenty-five ; and he speaks of a fit with which he was seized in 1660, when he was only thirty-six, which was very violent, and continued longer than any preceding attack. Towards the close of life, he was at the same

\* "God's terrible Voice in the City."—*Vincent*.

time troubled with another equally painful complaint—the gravel. This complication of disorders made it necessary for him to be attentive to his diet, which he regulated, he informs us, after the following manner. “In the morning, when I rise, I drink a dish or two of tea, and then ride in my coach till noon: when I return I moderately refresh myself with any sort of meat of easy digestion, that I like (for moderation is necessary above all things); I drink somewhat more than a quarter of a pint of Canary wine, immediately after dinner, every day, to promote the digestion of the food in my stomach, and to drive the gout from my bowels. When I have dined I betake myself to my coach again, and, when business will permit, I ride into the country two or three miles for good air. A draught of small beer is to me instead of a supper, and I take another draught when I am in bed, and about to compose myself to sleep.” The treatise in which he gives us this little insight into his ordinary habits—not, it must be confessed, very consonant to the hours or manners of the present day—was the last published in his life-time, and he concludes it by observing that he has now given to the world the sum of all which he knew concerning the cure of diseases, up to the day on which he wrote it, namely, the 29th of September, 1686. His work entitled “*Processus Integri*,” the compendious result of all his practical experience, was published after his death. Sydenham is stated to have sup-

ported himself under his bodily infirmities and sufferings "by the reflections of philosophy, and the consolations of religion." He finally sunk on the 29th of December, 1689, at his house in Pall Mall, and was buried in the aisle near the south door of the church of St. James, Westminster. The epitaph that indicated the spot being nearly obliterated, the College of Physicians, in the year 1809, erected a monument within that church, as nearly as possible to the place of interment, with a Latin inscription.

Sydenham's practice was very considerable. He lived in the first degree of reputation, and enjoyed the friendship and acquaintance of many of the most eminent men of the day—amongst others, that of the celebrated Locke. He was not in favour with the court, but this might probably have been owing to the part he took in the civil wars, and the political opinions of his brother, William Sydenham, who, under the protectorate, obtained many high appointments, and was governor of the Isle of Wight. But he was never an eager candidate for popularity. To fulfil the duties of his profession in a conscientious and unostentatious manner appears to have been his principal aim; and the following sentence on the vanity of posthumous fame, in the epistle prefixed to his chapter on gout, was most likely the expression of the genuine feelings of his heart: "I do not much value public applause, and, indeed, if the matter be rightly

weighed, the providing for esteem (I being now an old man) will be, in a short time, the same as to provide for that which is not; for what advantage will it be to me after I am dead, that eight alphabetical elements, reduced into that order that will compose my name, shall be pronounced by those who come after me?"

---

### HERMANN BOERRHAAVE, M.D.

THIS illustrious physician and professor was born at Voorhoot, near Leyden, December 31, 1668. His father was a clergyman, and, delighted with his son's precocity and rapid advance in every branch of literature, it was his most anxious wish that he should be dedicated to his own profession. Accordingly, in his sixteenth year he was admitted into the University, and, in 1690, took a degree in philosophy, his thesis on that occasion being an able and argumentative confutation of the systems of Epicurus, Hobbes, and Spinoza. But he was one of a very numerous family, and, in order to defray the farther expense of his theological studies, was compelled to teach mathematics. This circumstance proved of lasting benefit to him. Not only did it tend to increase his reputation, but it was the occasion of an introduction to one who proved his intimate and most valuable friend. John Vandenburg, burgomaster of Leyden, speedily

perceived the amazing progress he had made in every branch of knowledge to which he had directed his attention, recommended him to the curators to compare the Vossian manuscripts purchased in England with the catalogue of sale, and advised him, in particular, to add the study of the sciences connected with medicine to those of which he was already master. Boerrhaave thought the suggestion worth attending to, but determined merely to look into these subjects occasionally as a relaxation from his severer studies. He did so; but so captivated was he, that what he first proposed as an amusement, speedily became a fixed pursuit. The interest he took in it did but increase with the advances which he made, and at length he resolved to take a degree in physic before his ordination. Anatomy was now his first object of attention. He speedily read over the principal authors, attended the public anatomical demonstrations, and frequently himself dissected. He next applied himself to the writings of Hippocrates, to whom he considered the older authors were principally indebted, and to our own illustrious countryman, whom he was in the habit of calling the "immortal Sydenham." He afterwards made himself acquainted with the chemistry of his age, and spent whole days and nights in the experimental study of that fascinating science. In botany, he made an equal proficiency. After this, he went to the University of Harderwick, in Guelder-

land, and graduated in medicine in the year 1693.

All this time, however, his intention of entering into the ministry was quite unaltered, and he returned to Leyden with the fixed purpose of commencing the sacred duties for which he had been destined, when, according to his biographer, he encountered, all at once, an invincible obstruction to the execution of it. In the passage-boat, some conversation was accidentally started about the doctrine of Spinoza, as subversive of all religion. One of the passengers—a man of a weak and ill-informed mind—attempted to refute it, opposing to this pretended philosopher's demonstrations, nothing more than "the invectives of a blind and misinformed zeal." Boerrhaave was always an enemy to triflers, and, somewhat imprudently but calmly, asked him whether he had ever read the works of the author he decried. The speaker was fired with resentment, upon which another passenger whispered to the person next him to ascertain Boerrhaave's name, took it down in his pocket-book, and, as soon as he arrived at Leyden, gave it out everywhere that Boerrhaave was become a Spinosist. Finding such prejudices gaining ground, "he now thought it imprudent," we are told, "to risk the refusal of a licence for the pulpit when he had so fair a prospect of rising by physic."

How far the young student of divinity was justified in this change of procedure, instead of

boldly declaring on whose side he was, and whom he wished to serve, we have not sufficient means of knowing. Nor does it appear what at this time was the extent of his religious perceptions. The accounts given of him by his contemporaries consist, after the manner of the times, of such a tissue of fulsome panegyric—as though the subject of them were something much more than an ordinary mortal—that it is difficult to arrive at the real traits of his character. Great, however, he undoubtedly became as a man of science, a scholar, and a physician. His reputation rapidly pervaded all Europe. Princes, ambassadors, and Peter the Great himself, were compelled to wait hours in his ante-chamber to obtain even an interview with him. And, we believe, it may with truth be added, that he was among the few of the wise of this world, who, amidst all their intellectual attainments, have not neglected that knowledge which “maketh wise” unto everlasting salvation.

It was his constant habit to devote the first hour of every day to prayer and meditation on the word of God—a practice which he recommended to others, declaring that he derived from it a vigour which carried him through all the toils of his profession. A friend, seeing him unmoved by great provocation, asked whether it was by nature or by art that he maintained such equanimity. He attributed the conquest to the above habit alone. Baron Haller speaks of him in the following language: “Fifty years are now elapsed since I was the

disciple of the immortal Boerrhaave, but his image is constantly present to my mind. I have always before my eyes the venerable simplicity of that great man, who possessed in an eminent degree the powers of persuasion. How often have I heard him say, when he spoke of the precepts of the gospel, that the Divine Teacher of it had much more knowledge of the human heart than Socrates! He particularly alluded to that sentence in the New Testament, 'Whosoever looketh upon a woman,' etc. Matt. v. 28; 'for,' added my illustrious master, 'the first attacks of vice are always feeble; reason has then some power over the mind. It is then in this very moment that such thoughts occur as have a tendency to withdraw us from our duty, that, if we with diligence suppress them, and turn our attention to something else, we may avoid the approaching danger, and not fall into the temptations of vice.'" Whether it be the fault of the disciple or the preceptor, the above sentiment, however just, is not clothed, it must be confessed, in language so forcible as the subject appears to demand. The direction with which it closes is especially feeble and inadequate, as containing no allusion to a strength superior to that of sinful humanity. But we have reason to hope, from one anecdote related by his biographer—far more frigid still as he is in his expressions with reference to religion—that Boerrhaave had deeper views of it than would seem to be implied in the above quotation, and other pas-

sages that might be transcribed:—"When he heard," says he, "of a criminal condemned to die, he inculcated the reflection, 'May not this be a better man than I? If otherwise, the praise is not due to me, but to the grace of God.'" His resignation to the will of God was likewise exemplary. A deviation from this state of submission, when he had been racked with incredible torture for fifteen hours successively, gave him, on one occasion, great concern. He had prayed earnestly that the disease might put a period to his life and misery. A friend suggested, by way of consolation, that a request, under such circumstances, was not only natural to human frailty, but preceded by the case of Job. But Boerrhaave checked himself by saying, "This maxim, however, I wish to abide by, living and dying, 'That only is best, and alone to be desired, which is perfectly agreeable to the Divine Goodness and Majesty.'"

In the year 1701, not very long after Boerrhaave had entered upon the duties of his profession, he became lecturer on the institutes of physic. In 1709, the professorship of medicine and botany was conferred upon him. In 1714, he arrived at the highest dignity in the university—the rectorship. No professor was ever attended, in public as well as private lectures, by so great a number of students, from such different and distant parts, for so many years successively. He indulged, it is true, in theories, many of which in the present day excite a smile; but the world was not then accustomed

to the Baconian method of deduction from facts only. In practice he was successful, and amassed great wealth; but he is reported to have been liberal to the distressed, though without ostentation; and his manner of obliging his friends was such, that they often knew not, unless by accident, to whom they were indebted. Music and gardening were his constant sources of amusement and relaxation. Having suffered several severe attacks of illness, he found himself under the necessity, in the year 1729, of resigning the professorships of botany and chemistry. Yet, in private labours he was not less assiduous, till the year 1737, when a difficulty of breathing first seized him, and afterwards gradually increased. In a letter written at this time to baron Bassaud, he writes thus of himself: "An imposthumation of the lungs, which has daily increased for the last three months, almost suffocates me on the least motion; if it should continue to increase without breaking, I must sink under it; if it should break, the event is still dubious: happen what may, why should I be concerned? since it cannot be but according to the will of the supreme Being, what else should I desire? God be praised! In the mean time, I am not wanting in the use of the most approved remedies, in order to mitigate the disease by maturation, but am no ways anxious about the success of them: I have lived to upwards of sixty-eight years and always cheerful." After this, from the unusual pulsations of the artery in the right

side of the neck, and intermissions of the pulse, he apprehended there were polypous concretions between the heart and lungs, and wrote an account of his case to Dr. Mortimer, secretary of the Royal Society. For some days, there were flattering hopes of his recovery, but they soon vanished, and he died on the 23rd of September, 1738.

Not long before he died, he told his friends that he had never doubted of the spiritual and immaterial nature of the soul; but that, in a very severe illness with which he was afflicted, he had a kind of experimental certainty of the distinction between corporeal and thinking substances, which mere reason and philosophy cannot supply, and had opportunities of contemplating the wonderful and inexplicable union of soul and body. This he illustrated by the effects which the infirmities of his body had upon his faculties, "which yet they did not so oppress and vanquish, but that his soul was always master of itself, and always resigned to the pleasure of its Author."

The works of Boerrhaave were both numerous and elaborate. Amongst these, his "Institutions" and "Aphorisms," his works on botany and chemistry, and his "Opuscula," were the most important.

---

## WILLIAM HEY, ESQ.

THIS venerable man was not more distinguished by eminent professional talent than by Christian integrity. With the most unfeigned truth may it be said of him, that he feared and served God in his youth; that he made a diligent use of the various talents with which he was intrusted throughout a long and chequered pilgrimage; and that his "hoary head was a crown of glory," because he was still "found in the way of righteousness."

Mr. Hey was born at the village of Pudsey, near Leeds, on the 23rd of August, 1736. At the age of four years, he received an irreparable injury. As he was cutting a piece of string, the edge of the penknife being directed upwards towards his face, on dividing the string, the point of the knife entered his right eye, and totally destroyed its power of vision. His father was much affected by the simplicity of his reply to a question respecting the sight of the injured eye. "He saw light," he said, "with one eye and darkness with the other." The sight of the left eye was, however, remarkably good even to a very late period of life—so much so, that he was always able to read small print without the aid of glasses. We may readily imagine that he speedily gave indications of that singular vivacity and mental vigour which added a charm even to his declining years.

Into every branch of science he made early inquiries, and some lectures which he heard at school on natural philosophy, are said to have riveted his attention in a particular manner. After the usual routine of a school education, he was placed, at the age of fourteen, as an apprentice with Mr. Dawson, a surgeon and apothecary, at Leeds.

The parents of Mr. Hey had carefully trained him, from his earliest years, in habits of strict attention to moral principle, and a regard to the outward duties of religion. From the commencement of his apprenticeship, he never omitted prayer on rising in the morning and retiring at night. This exposed him to the scoffs and ridicule of his fellow-apprentice, who would introduce the servant boy into the bedroom to join in his mockery of this religious service; but he was not to be thus intimidated, and his firmness and perseverance induced them at length to desist. As yet, however, he had acquired no correct notions of the leading doctrines of the Bible, for in conversation with a young friend, who was pressing on his attention the necessity of disclaiming all merit and relying solely on the mercy and grace of the Redeemer for salvation, he exclaimed, with some surprise, "What! are we not to do our duty?"—so little perception had he then of that inward change of mind, which the blessed doctrine of justification by faith only in the righteousness and atonement of the Lord Jesus invariably produces, if it be but simply and sincerely

embraced:—"With the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness." But this doubtful mental twilight was about to yield to the dawn of a brighter day: "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord." He was at this period in the habit also of retiring at convenient seasons to study the holy Scriptures; and on one of those occasions, while reading the 5th chapter of the 2nd Epistle to the Corinthians, his attention was forcibly arrested by the 17th verse, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." In reflecting on these words, a series of considerations arose in his mind, in the course of which, doubtless under the teaching of God's Holy Spirit, he was led to a right knowledge of himself as a sinner—of the only way of salvation—of the necessity of an entire renewal of the inward man. Scenes of worldly gaiety and amusement began forthwith to lose their accustomed attraction. His thoughts were now chiefly occupied, and his affections engaged, by invisible and eternal realities. At first, as he once remarked in conversation with an intimate friend, his mind was not so deeply impressed by a sense of the great evil of sin, as attracted by an apprehension of the beauty and excellence of holiness. What chiefly affected him was the love of God manifested in the redemption of a sinful world by Jesus Christ, and the Divine wisdom displayed in the dispensations of providence and grace. Certain it is, that, at this time, he entered

upon a course from which nothing afterwards ever induced him to turn aside. He became the willing and consistent and unflinching disciple of Divine truth, daily growing in grace and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour. His religious views and habits did not escape the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, who considered him unnecessarily precise, and suspected that the tenets he had adopted were not a little tinged with enthusiasm. On one occasion, Mrs. D. undertook to expostulate with him on the subject of his religious sentiments. The reply he made was calm and conciliating. He frankly avowed his views of the nature of true religion, and on this, as on many following occasions, referred to the Articles and Liturgy of the Church of England, as sufficient evidence that the principles he maintained were exactly those for which the reformers contended as the pure doctrines of the sacred writings. These conversations convinced Mrs. D. that his sentiments were not without foundation. He read to her several religious works, no book engaging more of their attention than the "Rise and Progress of Religion," by Dr. Doddridge; and Mrs. D. became finally, not only a convert to his opinions, but an imitator of his piety, and continued his steady and affectionate friend to the end of life.

In the autumn of 1757, Mr. Hey went to London to complete his professional education. Attached to his studies, actuated by an ardent thirst for knowledge, and steadily determined

to become master of every subject to which he applied, it was, at the same time, a matter of conscience with him, to acquire a thorough acquaintance with the profession he was to exercise. "I would spare no pains to qualify myself for that state of life to which the providence of God has called me, and then trust him with the success of my endeavours:"—Such was the maxim by which he was actuated. His first winter was devoted to anatomy, and seldom did he employ less than twelve hours daily in the lecture and dissecting-rooms. But this unwearied application qualified him for deriving many superior advantages from his subsequent attendance on hospital practice. His youthful companions in study would treat his seriousness with mockery, and sneer at the correctness of his conduct; yet they were constrained to allow the soundness of his understanding, and his superior attainments in professional knowledge. They frequently applied to him in matters of difficulty, and ever found him as cheerfully ready as he was able, to assist them in their inquiries, and to aid and encourage them in their several pursuits. "Remember," said he in a letter to his son, written forty years afterwards, "that one talent is to be improved as well as ten. When I was a student I always endeavoured to be at the head of my class. This diligence insured me the regard of my teachers, and preserved me from many rude attacks from my equals. This I experienced very much, when engaged in my

medical studies in London, where I could not meet with one religious young man in my own profession. But as I took such pains, that my fellow-students were obliged to consult me in their difficulties, I preserved a considerable check upon their conduct. A religious young man, who followed me, did not escape so well. His fellow-students, at St. George's Hospital, tossed him in a blanket."

It is said to have been during the period of his studies in London, that Mr. Hey undertook the very difficult task of systematically governing his thoughts, and laid the foundation of a valuable habit, which remained with him to the end of life. He determined that he would meditate on a given subject, while he was walking to a certain distance, and that *then* he would turn his attention to some other topic; and he was thus accustomed to pass through the streets of London, investigating the various subjects to which his thoughts had been directed by the lectures or other professional occupations. He found this acquirement of the greatest use, not only in preserving him from a swarm of vain thoughts, but in enabling him to form a correct judgment on many points of Divine and human knowledge. The same kind of accuracy was observed in his conversation. He would often discuss a subject with a friend as they rode in his carriage. In the midst of the conversation, Mr. Hey would alight to see a patient; and, although this circumstance occurred frequently, he never failed to resume the subject

at the very sentence where it had been broken off, and so continued the argument. While yet a student, Mr. Hey likewise accustomed himself to the observance of certain rules for the distribution of his several employments and the improvement of his time. He rose early, and so arranged his occupations that a particular portion of the day was appropriated to each. On the Sunday, he never went to the dissecting-room, nor would he accept any invitation to visit, that he might experience no interruption in the "holy duties" and "holy pleasures" of that "sacred rest." He has been often heard to say, that his sabbaths were the happiest of his days during his residence in London, and that the complete suspension of all secular pursuits prepared him to resume his studies with renewed ardour and activity. On leaving London he reflected, with emotions of gratitude, on the goodness of God. His health had suffered no interruption by constant and intense application to study. His religious principles had not been impaired; and he had been preserved from falling by the various temptations to which his situation had exposed him. Hence he was induced to express himself in the words of the psalmist, "He hath showed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city," Psa. xxxi. 21.

Shortly after Mr. Hey's return from London, he entered upon practice as a surgeon and apothecary at Leeds, and was united in marriage, on the 30th of July, 1761, to Miss Alice

Banks ; a connexion which was the source of a large amount of domestic happiness. From the time he first entered upon the duties of his profession, he treated the most serious accidents ; and, contrary to the custom of the medical practitioners of Leeds at that time, performed all surgical operations that were necessary, never declining any cases which presented themselves on account of their difficulty or danger. Yet he was no stranger to the usual struggles of early professional life ; his progress was very slow ; his range of practice narrowly circumscribed ; and nearly ten years elapsed before the regular emoluments of it were equal to the expenses of his family. Very little was he then disposed to anticipate the reputation which he afterwards acquired, and the long and successful career that awaited him. No public institution for the relief of the sick existed at that time at Leeds. In the year 1767, an infirmary was established, in the formation of which Mr. Hey took an active part, and of which he was immediately appointed one of the medical officers, and, in a few years, became the senior surgeon. This establishment opened a wide field for the exercise of his professional talent.

About the same time, a very friendly intercourse commenced between Mr. Hey and a man of very opposite religious sentiments. Dr. Joseph Priestley then resided in Leeds, and finding Mr. Hey possessed a congenial mind with his own on scientific subjects, and was

well acquainted with the chemistry of that period, he conferred much with him on the subject of the various pursuits in which he was engaged, and always imparted to him the discoveries he made in the properties of gases, to which his attention was at that time principally directed. Dr. Priestley was likewise induced to alter and correct his opinions on vision, light, and colours, in consequence of the facts and arguments suggested to him by Mr. Hey. The high opinion which Dr. P. entertained of the talents and acquirements of Mr. Hey, induced him to propose his name for admission to the Royal Society, of which he was elected fellow; and in a letter apprising him of that distinction, he remarks, "I wish I could say that one of the members in ten had equal pretensions to it." In the Memoirs of Dr. Priestley, the following notice occurs: "The only person in Leeds who gave much attention to my experiments was Mr. Hey, a surgeon. He was a zealous Methodist,\* and wrote answers to some of my theological tracts; but we always conversed with the greatest freedom on philosophical subjects, without mentioning anything relating to theology. When I left Leeds, he begged of me the earthen trough in which I had made all my experiments while I was

\* In whatever sense Dr. Priestley used this expression, it is strictly true that Mr. Hey was, in early life, for several years a member of the society of Wesleyan Methodists. After leaving them, he continued a member of the Established Church till his death.

there.\* The "answers to tracts," here referred to, were entitled "A Defence of the Divinity of Christ," and "A short Defence of the Doctrine of the Atonement." "The occasion of my writing the short defences," says Mr. Hey, in a letter written some years after, "was as follows. A large number of penny pamphlets against the leading doctrines of Christianity were published here, and were circulated with great industry." (These were written by Dr. Priestley, but without his name.) "A very zealous man, but a wild enthusiast, who lived here, then published an answer, which Dr. Priestley seemed to glory in. Indeed, it was most injudiciously written. Other short answers afterwards came out, but these were so defective in argument, as well as acrid in style, that they were clearly a matter of triumph to the Socinians." . . . "I first intended to have published three penny pamphlets on the subjects of the divinity of Christ, the atonement, and man's moral depravity. But the two first swelling out unavoidably beyond my design, I would not any further break in upon my professional studies. What I have said proceeded from the fullest conviction of my judgment. I wish it may do good."

In the year 1773, Mr. Hey received an injury in his knee by striking it against the stonework of a bath, the effects of which accident were aggravated soon after, by his horse falling with him. These injuries laid the foundation

\* Memoirs of Dr. Joseph Priestley, etc., p 63.

of a lameness which continued during the remainder of his life. But about three years afterwards he received a stroke upon the thigh of the weak limb, which, for a time, threatened to terminate his professional labours. He was now, when in the full tide of prosperity and reputation as a surgeon, totally disabled from using all bodily exertion, and it appeared probable that he would never regain the power of walking. Deeply was he affected by this afflictive dispensation, but he was enabled to sustain it with a meek acquiescence in the Divine will, and reliance upon the gracious declaration of his heavenly Father. "If it be the will of God," said he to an intimate friend, "that I should be confined to my sofa, and he command me to pick straws during the remainder of my life, I hope I should feel no repugnance to his good pleasure." After a long residence at Bath, he was, however, able once more to resume his practice, with the assistance of a carriage; but from this period he was never able to walk without a crutch, and could not bear the fatigue of standing more than a few minutes at a time.

But other trials now awaited Mr. Hey, calculated yet more keenly to exercise his faith and patience, as a parent as well as a Christian. His eldest son, Mr. Richard Hey, had just completed his medical education, and commenced assisting his father in the anxieties and fatigues of his now very extensive practice, when he was attacked with symptoms of pulmonary consumption. The progress of the disease had

been so silent and insidious, that the day of his marriage had been fixed, and preparations made for its celebration, before the indications of actual danger were apparent to himself or others. The disease proceeded with unrelenting rapidity, and he fell a sacrifice to it, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Miss Alice Hey, Mr. Hey's third daughter, was, within a few years after, attacked by a pulmonic complaint, which terminated fatally. About this time, his two sons, John and Robert, both intended for the church, were pursuing their studies at Cambridge. John took a seventh wrangler's degree, and was elected fellow and tutor of Magdalen College. But his ministerial duties, to which he devoted himself with unwearied diligence, proved too much for his strength; the insidious approaches of consumption undermined his health, and, just when he was about to be united to the object of his early affection, it was but too apparent that he also must soon be summoned to relinquish every earthly connexion. He perceived his danger, and, adopting the language of his Saviour as the expression of his heart, "The cup which my Father hath given me shall I not drink it?" he died, deeply lamented by all who knew him, January 14th, 1801, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. Robert Hey was an amiable young man, and endowed with no mean talents; but a long series of ill health interrupted his progress in learning. He was but just able to support his examination in the senate-house, when he was seized

with spitting of blood, which terminated in a consumption, on May 14th, 1802, when in the twenty-fourth year of his age. Mr. Hey experienced all that a parent could feel under these successive disappointments of his hopes and expectations; but he was at the same time cheered and refreshed by the persuasion that to his children might be applied those consoling words heard from heaven, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord;" and he was wont to say, that his ultimate end respecting them was answered, inasmuch as he had trained them up to become inhabitants of that kingdom into which, he trusted, they had been mercifully received. On the gravestone, of John he inserted these words, "O death, where is thy sting?" On that of Robert, "O grave, where is thy victory?" The following extracts from a memorial, composed on the morning of the day on which the remains of his son Robert Hey were committed to the tomb, present a striking and affecting view of the state of Mr. Hey's mind under that affliction:—"O most holy and glorious Lord God, who hast declared thyself gracious and merciful, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, permit thy guilty creature to approach thee through the mediation of thy Son Jesus Christ. When I consider *myself*, I can draw near unto thee with no other language than that of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and with no other plea, than that Jesus hath died for my sins, and is risen again for my justification." . . . "But

at this time I would offer my most hearty and solemn thanksgiving for the mercies shown to my dear children. Four of them thou wast pleased to call out of this dangerous and sinful world during the state of infancy, and I humbly hope thou didst receive them to glory. Concerning other four, whom thou hast called hence in adult age, thou hast graciously given me the most solid hopes. Though by nature children of wrath even as others, thou wast pleased to awaken them to a sense of the odious nature of sin, and to grant them true repentance. They were early taught by thy grace to flee for refuge to the Friend of sinners: and thou didst prolong their lives till they had given clear proofs of a sound conversion. Though prepared, as I hoped, to glorify thee on earth, thou didst dispense with their services, and didst remove them hence in the beginning of their usefulness. But thy grace was with them. In their sickness and at the approach of death, they were enabled to rejoice in thy salvation. The last of them I am about to commit this day to the silent grave, but in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life. What shall I render to thee for all thy mercies? O that my future life might more abundantly show forth thy praise! I commit those of my children, who yet remain, to thy fatherly care. O Lord, watch over them, and preserve them from the evil that is in the world! Enable them to glorify thee in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. And whenever they

shall be called hence, may they join their deceased brothers and sisters in the world of holiness and bliss, there to magnify the wonders of redeeming love for ever!"

But Mr. Hey's cup of sorrow was not yet full. He was, not long after, deprived by death of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. William Hey, who left a young family to mourn their irreparable loss. And, to conclude the mournful detail, before many years more had passed, symptoms of consumption made their appearance in his daughter, Mrs. Jarratt, who was likewise removed from her afflicted husband and seven children, some of them very young. The following interesting and affecting letter, written to Mrs. Jarratt, very shortly before her death, forcibly depicts those sources of consolation which sustained his own mind as well as that of his beloved daughter:—

“ My dear Margaret,

“ Let not your heart be troubled, neither be afraid; your Redeemer is gone to prepare a place for you: and he will shortly take you to himself, that where he is there you may be also. In his presence is the fulness of joy, and at his right hand are pleasures for evermore. Take up the words of the prophet, and say, ‘ I will trust and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.’—‘ The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.’ You may, therefore, cheerfully join the psalmist in his song of praise: ‘ Though I walk

through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' The state into which it has pleased the all-wise Disposer of all events to bring you, calls for entire submission to his will, and a patient enduring of all that you may suffer. But the promise is faithful and sure, that all things shall 'work together for good to them that love God.' Whence comes the desire to please and the fear to offend him? Doubtless from love. Whence the desire to be assured of his favour? From love assuredly. We are careless about the favour of those for whom we have little regard, but dread the frown of a friend whom we most affectionately love. But let us remember, that often

'Behind a frowning providence,—He hides a smiling face.'

May the richest blessings of the Almighty be with you! May his everlasting arms surround and support you! Soon, I trust, it will be said of you, by the angelic host, She hath 'washed her robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb: therefore she is before the throne of God, and shall serve him day and night in his temple:—therefore shall she be led to living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from her eyes.' Your mother and sister join me in most affectionate regards; and assure yourself that you are daily remembered in our private addresses to the throne of grace. I remain your afflicted, but affectionate father,

"WILLIAM HEY."

It should here be added, that no parents

could be more impressed with the importance of early parental instruction and discipline, or more diligent in the discharge of that duty, than were both Mr. and Mrs. Hey. "Being one day with him in his study," says an intimate friend, "when Mrs. Hey had left the room, as she shut the door, Mr. Hey said with great feeling, 'What cause have I to bless God for that dear woman! She is now feeble and incapable of much exertion, but it is to her careful instruction of my dear children when they were young—and I was unable from professional engagements to attend to them as I could have wished—that I ascribe, through the blessing of God, their turning out so well.' When we were speaking about a friend who had much anxiety about his sons, he said, 'that nothing would more certainly have shortened his days than the grief of seeing any of his children living in a state of rebellion against God. I can cheerfully part with them by death, when they die in the Lord; but I could not support the sight of their living in open sin.'"

Mr. Hey was twice elected to fill the office of mayor of the town of Leeds; first in the year 1787, and again in 1802. The duties of such an office, in the midst of a very large manufacturing population, called forth all that energy of mind in the performance of them, which his hitherto more private pursuits had displayed to all who knew him. He had to encounter obstruction and opposition, obloquy and persecution, secret threats, public insults, and personal

dangers. But to all this he had made up his mind, and the integrity of his character, the uprightness of his intentions, the disinterestedness and benevolence of his conduct, were at length acknowledged and appreciated, and opened the way to a final triumph, not only over the malice, but the errors of his adversaries. Finding it requisite to obtain a competent share of information in those principles of jurisprudence by which he was to be directed, he gave himself up to the study of them with such assiduity, that he is said to have become "a good lawyer," and was often known to correct the errors of counsel, when, with great confidence, they were laying down the law to the magistrates at the sessions.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that Mr. Hey hailed with great delight the establishment of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and was a zealous supporter of the Church Missionary Society. He subscribed likewise to the Moravian, Baptist, and Wesleyan Missions. But it deserves to be noticed, that, upon the first establishment of Sunday schools, he not only promoted the introduction of those useful means of instruction upon a very extensive scale, in the town of Leeds, but himself superintended them, and even until the age of eighty years, continued to be a regular and diligent teacher; and the general intelligence and superior Scripture knowledge of his class, were a striking evidence of the judicious and successful mode of his instructions. On one

occasion, when a gentleman was detailing to a number of teachers the method adopted in another school, about which Mr. Hey felt a lively interest, the narrative was interrupted by his sudden indisposition. The company expressing much uneasiness at the occurrence, he remarked, "My spirits are just as buoyant as they were fifty years ago; but nature reminds me that I am an old man. I exerted my voice too much yesterday, while leading the singing of the scholars, and I am suffering for my imprudence."

With the exception of his lameness, and a serious illness of some weeks in the year 1808, Mr. Hey generally enjoyed good health till within two years of his death, when he sustained a most alarming attack of a very painful and dangerous disease in the bowels, from which it was scarcely expected that he would recover. The following extracts from notes made by one of his intimate friends, give an interesting view of his feelings and prospects during this affliction: "When the violence of the complaint had so much abated that Mr. Hey was able to speak a little, he said, 'I was perfectly sensible of my situation; my mind was as collected as it is now. I was fully persuaded, that, unless it should please God to check the violence of the disorder, I must in a very short time stand in judgment before his throne. I found no support or comfort but in believing views of the atonement made by Jesus. On this foundation alone

rested all my hopes. I had much consolation from regarding the Saviour as interceding for me. Oh! there is no support, no comfort, but in a reliance on the atonement and intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ.' He adverted to the corruption of nature; observing that, whatever men may say about the effects of the fall, there is no one truth in the Scripture more evident than this, that a complete and entire change must take place in us, before we can truly relish the holy and pure joys and employments of the heavenly world. This the apostle declares when he says, 'if any man be in Christ he is a new creature,' or a 'new creation.' We must be made different from what we were before. God alone can effect this great change in the soul. He then spoke, in most fervent and elevated strains, of the blessedness of the beatific vision. 'Oh!' said the venerable saint, 'who can conceive the happiness of seeing God, of beholding him who is infinite beauty, infinite perfection; and not only beholding him with a rectified and refined intellect, but in beholding to be transformed into his glorious image! Surely it is the highest bliss of heaven to see God as he is, and to be made like him! What poor low conceptions we have of that God who is all beauty and love! Who can conceive the blessedness of seeing him face to face!' When I next called upon him, 'Oh, what a blessed thing,' said he, 'is it to be looking unto Jesus, and resting upon the promises of God in him!

Where can a poor sinner look but unto Jesus? In him he finds all he wants. My prayer is that of the poor publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' This prayer ever was, and ever will be, graciously answered. I rest all my hopes on the promises of Christ. If this foundation sink, I am willing to sink with it; but,' added he, with a holy fervour, 'I am sure it cannot sink: it is firmer than earth or heaven! What a delightful declaration is that in the third chapter of the first Epistle of St. John! "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" But observe the connexion between the believer's hope of glory and its purifying effect. "Every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." He then recited this favourite text: 'These things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.' What a free offer is here made to the whole world! If we are not saved it is because we will not come to Christ, that we may have life. The fault lies in ourselves. Then, speaking on the blessedness of seeing God and being made like him, 'This, this,' said he, 'is heaven! I know no other. Oh, how I long to be like him!'"

It pleased God once more, however, to restore his servant, after a confinement of more

than three months, and although he never perfectly recovered from the injury inflicted on his constitution by this long and severe indisposition, his strength was not remarkably impaired nor his vigour abated. Hence he would often remark that he was obliged to bring in the aid of reason to tell him that he was an old man. At the advanced period of eighty-two, he moved about with much alertness and agility: the sight of his single eye was remarkably good, and his hand-writing was firm and distinct. When mentioning, in conversation, about six months before his death, the words of the psalmist—"The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow," he added with a smile, "But I have not found them either labour or sorrow." Much of this freshness and vigour may be ascribed, under the blessing of God, to his early rising, his strict habits of temperance, the equanimity of his temper, and that internal peace and composure which resulted from his humble but stedfast faith, and his habit of continual communion with God. Mr. Hey was enabled to live constantly in the spirit of prayer. "It is a very desirable thing," he says in a letter to Miss Hey, dated October 24, 1799, "to be enabled to hold a kind of secret communion with God in our minds, while engaged in the common scenes and duties of life. I can remember some seasons when I was young,

and had not a multitude of cares to distract me, that I have been enabled to keep my mind much occupied in the contemplation of Divine things. A multitude of important concerns now press upon me, yet I find much refreshment and strength from secret ejaculations. When this is neglected, my mind grows dry and uncomfortable." "The cheerful and happy state of Mr. Hey's mind in the latter years of his life," says one who knew him well, "may be easily accounted for. He had no time to be unhappy. His life was usefully employed, and he was conscious that he lived for valuable and useful purposes. His views of the gospel of Jesus Christ were remarkably clear and distinct. He was deeply sensible that his own righteousness could never justify him before God; but he had likewise learned that there is forgiveness with him, and that mercy is freely and fully bestowed on every repenting sinner who has fled for refuge to the hope set before him in the gospel. He did not esteem it presumptuous to believe that God was his reconciled Father in Christ Jesus; that all things under the direction of infinite wisdom and boundless goodness were contributing to the final salvation and everlasting happiness of himself and of all who truly loved and feared God. This assurance of hope he endeavoured to maintain firm to the end. Perhaps few persons lived under a more abiding sense of the Divine favour than Mr. Hey. He loved God, he delighted in his

service, he walked with him, and here was the prime source of all his happiness. The spirit of adoption, which was the prevailing temper of his mind, shed a bright lustre on the surrounding prospects of life, and opened a vista through which the eye of faith already caught some beams of that light which shall shortly pour an eternal day of joy and gladness on the people of God."

The illness by which this venerable servant of God was at length called to his eternal rest, was short, and not very painful, but still such as incapacitated him for any connected conversation. His end was emphatically "peace." The short expressions which he made use of were sufficient to show that the "rod and staff" of the good Shepherd did not fail him, and he lay occasionally ejaculating, "Glory, praise, glory," as if, wrapt up in holy meditation, he obtained by faith some bright glimpses of the heavenly Canaan to which he was approaching. Mr. Hey died on the evening of the 23rd of May, 1819. "Even to your old age I am he; and to hoar hairs will I carry you," Isa. xlvi. 4. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city," Rev. xxii. 14.

The more prominent features of Mr. Hey's character as a medical man, although not enlarged on, may be readily understood by the preceding account. To considerable intel-

lectual power he united a thirst for knowledge, a good acquaintance with the medical literature of his day, and much patient and experimental research, from which it was always his aim to deduce conclusions of practical usefulness. The spiritual as well as temporal health of his patients was always an object of his most anxious solicitude, and to promote it he seized every favourable opportunity. In the early part of life, his manner was thought to savour rather of austerity and reserve, but towards the close of it this is said to have very much worn away, and in the society of intimate friends he was always open, cheerful, and sometimes even loquacious. The great equanimity of mind that he manifested was, doubtless, the result of constant and simple dependence on that gracious, though unseen, Hand which conducted him through all the difficulties and perplexities of the present life to a city of everlasting habitation. The following short remarks which Mr. Hey made in conversation, on the Collect for the eighth Sunday after Trinity, will illustrate his views on this subject, and may form an appropriate conclusion to this brief memoir. Collect: "O God, whose never-failing providence ordereth all things both in heaven and earth, we humbly beseech thee to put away from us all hurtful things, and to give us those things which be profitable for us, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen." "I cannot conceive," said he, "a more elevated state

of devotion than that of a soul prostrating itself before the throne of the Almighty, and breathing out its desires in this beautiful prayer. It is the very spirit and disposition which becomes a frail, ignorant, short-sighted creature. We here acknowledge the overruling and never-failing providence of God, and present, as it were, a blank, to be filled up as Infinite Wisdom sees best for us. We beg of God to 'put away from us all hurtful things,' and to 'give us those things which be profitable for us.' We do not ask for riches, or honour, or ease, or health: these may be hurtful to us. We do not pray to be preserved from sickness, trials, or adversities; these may be profitable to us; we leave the disposal of all events to Him who is too wise to err, and too gracious to be unkind; and could we imbibe more of the spirit which breathes through these holy petitions, this would be the habitual language of our hearts."

---

### THOMAS BATEMAN, M.D.

DR. THOMAS BATEMAN was born at Whitby, in Yorkshire, on the 29th of April, 1778, at which place he died on the 9th of April, 1821. He was, from infancy, of a delicate constitution, and being naturally silent and reserved, manifested but little indication of the talent and ability which afterwards distinguished him.

When not at school it was a constant practice with him to sit on the top of a gate near the house, for great part of the day, lost in thought, without seeking either employment or amusement; so that his father, who was engaged in an extensive medical practice at Whitby, and had little time to spend with his family, used to lament continually to his mother, when he saw Thomas upon "his old seat at the gate," that "that boy would never be good for any thing"—"a very common prediction," it has been remarked by Mr. D'Israeli, in his Essay on Literary Characters, "of the friends of such men in their childhood, and which is soon falsified when they are placed in situations favourable to the development of their particular talent." So it was with young Bateman. In his twelfth year, he was placed in the school of the Rev. M. Mackereth, at Thornton, a village twenty miles from Whitby. Here, from the first, he distinguished himself, and took the lead in every branch of learning, with an ardour altogether different from his former habits. He pursued his studies even in his hours of leisure: and almost his only relaxations were music, drawing, and botany. Astronomy and electricity were also among his favourite pursuits; and without having seen either a planetarium, or an electrical machine, and with great disadvantage as to tools and materials, he made both, as well as an Æolian harp, from the descriptions in Chambers' Dictionary, cutting out all the

wheels of the former with his penknife. His teacher used to observe that his most remarkable faculty was a sound and penetrating judgment, that he was not so much distinguished by quickness, as by the unceasing energy and vigour with which every power of his mind was kept in full and active employment, and brought to bear at once upon every object presented to it.

At the age of fifteen, he lost his father. His profession had been already determined by his own choice; and, by the advice of Dr. Beckwith, who had commenced his career as a physician, at Whitby, but was then in practice at York, he was taken home that he might acquire a knowledge of pharmacy, whilst he completed his general education. At nineteen, he went to London, well furnished with the knowledge; classical and scientific, proper to his future profession, and trained to habits of industry, observation, and research, which he was subsequently enabled to direct to subjects of high practical value. It may be properly mentioned, as an instance of filial affection and attention, not perhaps very common, that, on his first leaving home, he asked his mother how often she would expect him to write to her. She replied, "Once a fortnight;" and from that time, through all the subsequent twenty years of his absence, and in the midst of his most active engagements, he never in one single instance exceeded the given period, even by a single day; each letter

containing a minute detail of everything which he thought would be interesting to his family. Being intended to graduate at Edinburgh, Mr. Bateman's chief objects, in London, were anatomy and the practice of physic. He entered, therefore, to the lectures at Windmill-street, and as physician's pupil at St. George's Hospital, for the winter of 1797-98. Thus prepared, he went to Edinburgh in the following winter, where, after having pursued his studies with the greatest assiduity and attention, he graduated in June, 1801.

Dr. Bateman was now to enter upon a new and important field. He settled in London for practice, being admitted as a licentiate of the College of Physicians. Here he diligently carried forward his pursuit of improvement, under Dr. Willan, whose high and merited reputation had induced many young physicians to enter as his pupils at the Public Dispensary. Dr. Bateman's assiduity at that institution, led to his being appointed assistant physician, under a temporary pressure of business, and, subsequently, to his becoming the colleague of Dr. Willan and Mr. Pearson in 1804; and he was elected physician to the Fever Hospital, in the same year. His ardour in these offices was unabated by any difficulties so long as his health enabled him to discharge their duties. Those of the latter very important charity were wholly committed to him, and he sustained them for many years without any assistance. He soon likewise

became a contributor to the diffusion of medical knowledge by his pen. His "Dispensary Reports" in the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, first introduced him to the notice of the public as a writer, to the establishment of which periodical he gave efficient support, by contributing a considerable number of very valuable articles. He wrote also most of the medical articles in the Edinburgh Cyclopædia, and the medical portion of the article on "Imagination" in that work, as well as most of the professional biographies. But he principally distinguished himself as an author, by his "Synopsis," and his "Delineations" of cutaneous diseases. In these he followed up the design which Dr. Willan had commenced. The plates are in part those of Dr. Willan, retouched and improved by the engraver, and partly original. Several characteristic representations among them are from Dr. Bateman's own pencil. Altogether they furnish a standard work of most essential importance in facilitating the acquisition of a discriminating, or what in technical language is called a *diagnostic*, tact in these diseases. Dr. Bateman now succeeded Dr. Willan, as the principal authority on all questions relating to affections of the skin. The "Synopsis" was soon translated into the French, German, and Italian languages, and was well received throughout the continent of Europe, of which Dr. Bateman had the gratification of receiving evidence

from the highest quarter. The emperor of Russia was pleased to desire that a copy might be sent to him, through the hands of the imperial ambassador in London. And on the command being carefully fulfilled, his majesty farther condescended to convey to Dr. B. by the same channel, a ring of a hundred guineas value, with an intimation of his pleasure, that any future works written by Dr. Bateman should be transmitted in like manner to St. Petersburg.

Dr. Bateman, as may well be imagined, was a great economist of time. In the intervals of professional duty his pen was always in his hand, and he was accustomed to write with great fluency. In preparing his manuscript upon any particular subject—as, for instance, more especially his articles for the Cyclopædia—he was in the habit of noting down on a scrap of paper the heads into which he thought of dividing his subject, of then reading all the books upon it which he had occasion to consult, after which he arranged in his mind all he proposed to say, so that when he began to write he considered his labour done. He wrote, indeed, as fast as his pen could move, and with so little necessity of correction or interlineation, that his first copy always went to the printer. Neither was any part of this process hastily or inconsiderately performed. He said that to prepare for the single article on “Imagination” above referred to, he

read the greater part of one-and-twenty volumes.

But amidst his various labours Dr. Bate-  
man's health, originally delicate, began to give  
way. To derangement of the digestive organs,  
and successive attacks of periodic headache,  
was superadded a gradual failure of the sight  
of his right eye, which was considered to be  
of the nature of amaurosis, and the vision of  
the left eye was to a certain degree likewise  
affected. It was thought requisite to have  
recourse to mercury, which unhappily pro-  
duced a most exhausting and distressing train  
of symptoms, known in the profession by the  
name of "mercurial erethism," of which he  
himself published an interesting sketch in  
the ninth volume of the "Medico-Chirurgical  
Transactions." From this time he no longer  
enjoyed good health, and derived little or no  
benefit from some journeys he was induced  
to take into the north. In the month of April,  
1817, he recommenced his attendance at the  
Fever Hospital, when scarce equal to the duties  
he had to perform. But an epidemic fever  
had then appeared in London, and his zeal  
was not to be restrained. From that time,  
till the beginning of the following February,  
he spent from an hour and a half to two hours  
and a half, daily, in the wards of that hospital,  
having under his care, during this period,  
nearly seven hundred patients. He was then  
himself attacked by fever, and, after his  
recovery, never gained any tolerable degree

of strength, but went on rather declining than improving, until in June, 1819, he was taken ill on the road from London to Middleton, in Durham; being again attacked with alarming languors, in which he was thought to be dying, by himself and by all around him, and which continually returned if he attempted to make the least exertion. Finding it impossible to proceed to Whitby, as he had intended, he removed to a temporary habitation at Bishop Burton. He now determined to give up his appointment to the Public Dispensary; he had already resigned the office of physician to the Fever Hospital, after having discharged it faithfully for fourteen years, and was, in consequence, appointed consulting physician. During the ensuing winter he gradually improved in strength so as to be able to take gentle exercise on a pony or in a gig almost daily; but on the return of warm weather, early in April, he had a severe attack of languor after a short ride, and ultimately became the subject of a progressive affection of the digestive organs, accompanied with great exhaustion of strength, without fever or any manifest structural disease, of the fatal tendency of which he had himself the strongest impression.

And now we arrive at the last eventful year of Dr. Bateman's life: the ever memorable era to him, of the commencement and development of the most momentous change which can possibly affect the human mind. This remarkable

event, and its attending circumstances, have been so faithfully and so well detailed by a near relative, that we cannot do better than relate them in the writer's own words. It may be sufficient only to premise, that although Dr. Bateman's moral character had been unimpeachable, and he had always retained a high sense of "honour," and a desire to avoid everything that the world esteems discreditable, he had hitherto not merely remained an utter stranger to the power of vital godliness, but had gradually become more and more confirmed in his leaning to the wretched doctrine of materialism. This lamentable tendency, first acquired during the course of his studies at Edinburgh, had been unhappily increased by the society of some men of considerable talent, who had espoused all its unphilosophical and unchristian tenets; and, although never able fully to embrace those opinions himself, he was sufficiently influenced by them to become sceptical respecting the truth of Divine revelation. Of course, he was a stranger to the hopes, as well as negligent of the duties of Christianity.

"It was on Sunday, the 9th of April," says the writer just referred to, "that he first spoke to me on the subject of religion. He had passed the whole of the day in a state of extraordinary suffering, from languor and a variety of nervous feelings, which he always said it was impossible to describe, further than that they were inconceivably painful and distressing; and he went to bed at night with a firm persuasion

that he should never again quit it; and, in fact, he did confine himself to it for the following three weeks, from the mere apprehension of the consequences of exertion. Religion was a subject which, for many reasons, had never been discussed between us. Though the tenor of his life had made me but too well acquainted with the state of his mind, he had always avoided any declaration of his opinions, knowing the pain it would give me to hear them. He was habitually fond of argument, and skilled in it; and I knew that I was quite incompetent to argue with him. I considered, too, that the habit of disputing in favour of any opinion, only serves, in general, to rivet it more firmly in the mind; men commonly finding their own arguments more convincing than those of their adversaries. And, above all, I knew that this was a case in which mere argument must always be insufficient,—for it is ‘with the heart that man believeth unto righteousness:’ and in most, if not all, cases of scepticism, the will and the affections need to be set right even more than the understanding; and upon these, argument can have no influence. On the evening of the day I have mentioned, Dr. Bateman had been expressing to me his conviction that he could not live much longer, and complaining of the dreadful nervous sensations which continually harassed him; and then he added, ‘But all these sufferings are a just punishment for my long scepticism, and neglect of God and religion.’ This led to

a conversation, in the course of which he observed, that medical men were very generally sceptical; and that the mischief arose from what he considered a natural tendency of some of their studies to lead to materialism. I replied, that the mischief appeared to me to originate rather in their neglect to examine into the evidences of the truth of the Bible, as an actual revelation from God; because, if a firm conviction of that were once established, the authority of the Scriptures must be paramount; and the tendency of all inferior studies, in opposition to their declarations, could have no weight. He said, he believed I was right, and that he had, in fact, been intending to examine fully into the subject, when the complaint in his eyes came on, and shut him out from reading. Our conversation ended in his permitting me to read to him the first of Scott's 'Essays on the most important Subjects in Religion,' which treats of 'The Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures.' He listened with intense earnestness; and when it was concluded, exclaimed, 'This is demonstration! complete demonstration!' He then asked me to read to him the account given in the New Testament of the resurrection of our Saviour; which I did from all the four evangelists. I read also many other passages of Scripture, with some of which he was extremely struck; especially with that declaration, that 'the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can

he know them, because they are spiritually discerned,' 1 Cor. ii. 14.

“For two or three days, he showed increasing interest in the subject of religion; and I read to him continually the Scriptures, and other books which seemed to me best calculated to give him the information he thirsted for. When I went into his room a few mornings after, he said, ‘It is quite impossible to describe to you the change which has taken place in my mind: I feel as if a new world were opened to me, and all the interests and pursuits of this have faded into nothing in comparison with it. They seem so mean, and paltry, and insignificant, that my blindness in living so long immersed in them, and devoted to them, is quite inconceivable and astonishing to myself.’ He often expressed in the strongest terms, and with many tears, his deep repentance, and his abhorrence of himself for his former sinful life and rebellion against God; but he seemed to have, from the first, so clear a view of the all-sufficiency of the Saviour’s atonement, and of the Christian scheme of salvation, as freed him at once from that distrust of forgiveness which is so apt to afflict persons at the first sight of their sins, and of the purity and holiness of Him ‘with whom they have to do.’ The self-abasing views which he entertained of himself, necessarily enhanced his sense of the pardoning love and mercy of God in Christ Jesus, thus graciously extended to him: and which he felt so strongly, that he was filled

with the liveliest emotions of gratitude and joy, and in this happy state continued for several days.

“He soon, however, experienced an afflicting reverse of feeling. One evening I left him to visit a near relative, at that time confined to her room in a precarious state of health; and his mother, who had been in attendance upon her, took my place at the bed-side of her son. Dr. Bateman told her, that I had been reading to him various detached portions of Scripture, and that he now wished to hear the New Testament read regularly through from the beginning. She consequently began to read, and had proceeded as far as the tenth chapter of St. Matthew, when he suddenly exclaimed, that he could not believe in the miracles of the Saviour, and that therefore he must perish for ever.\* This suggestion of his spiritual enemy threw him into a state of the most dreadful anguish, and I was immediately sent for to his bed-side. On my arrival, he had become a little more composed, but was still in great agitation; and was praying in agony to be saved, and not to be given up to this dreadful state of unbelief. To comfort his mind, we said what we could from Scripture, and from the experience of other Christians: and he was a little relieved by hearing some passages from an essay in the

\* It needs scarcely be pointed out, how much more properly this might be called temptation to unbelief, than unbelief itself. While the difficulty of believing was felt, the awful consequences of not believing were fully admitted; that is, were firmly believed.

volume before mentioned, .‘On the Warfare and Experience of Believers;’ finding that his was not, as he had supposed, a case of new occurrence; but that the author of that work was already acquainted with its symptoms, and augured favourably of them, as often accompanying the progress of religion in the soul. Still the idea that his death was fast approaching, and that there was no hope of his mind being convinced before it arrived, quite overwhelmed him. Feeling ourselves to be very inadequate guides and comforters in these afflicting circumstances, we gladly adopted the suggestion of a friend that we should request a neighbouring clergyman of piety and judgment to visit him. Dr. Bateman himself grasped eagerly at the proposal, and I wrote immediately to the clergyman in question; but he was from home, and was not expected to return for two or three weeks. A few days after this unwelcome intelligence, Dr. Bateman told me, he had no doubt this disappointment was for his good; and that it was better for him to be left to himself, as he did not think anything could have convinced him so fully of the efficacy of prayer, as the sensible relief which he experienced from it during those conflicts of doubt and unbelief with which his mind continued to be harassed. He added, that he now spent whole nights in prayer. He felt perfectly assured that these doubts were the suggestions of the great adversary of souls, and remarked, that they were vividly and mani-

festly darted, as it were, into his mind, instead of arising from his own reflections, or resulting from any train of reasoning; and the absurdity of them, in many instances, was so obvious, that his judgment detected it at once, though he still had not power to drive them from the hold they took on his imagination, or to banish them, for the time, from his thoughts.

“These paroxysms of distress and conflict, which sometimes lasted many hours, he continued subject to for about a fortnight: but they gradually became less long and violent, and he experienced increasingly great relief from prayer during their continuance; till at length they subsided entirely, and left his mind satisfied on all those points which had before presented so many obstacles to his belief.

“About this time he received an unexpected visit from a medical friend, whose piety and truly Christian character distinguish him still more than his eminent abilities and professional skill. This gentleman, with great difficulty, succeeded in persuading him that he was by no means in that state of danger and debility which he had apprehended, and that he had the power of taking exercise if he could but exert sufficient resolution to attempt it. Experiment convinced him that this opinion was correct: he was prevailed upon to leave his bed, and, in a very few days, was able to be some hours daily in the open air, and to take considerable exercise; and it is remarkable, that, from this time, he had no return of languor

after fatigue, except in one instance. Thus was he delivered, by the gracious providence of God, from those overwhelming apprehensions of immediate death which had been so instrumental in bringing him to Christ, as soon as they had effected that blessed purpose.

“He now rarely spoke of the state of his mind and feelings; for such was the extreme reserve of his character, that it could only be overcome by deep and powerful emotions; and when no longer agitated by these, he returned to his natural habits, and was silent on the subject that most deeply interested him. Still it was abundantly evident that it *did* interest him. The avidity with which he listened to the word of God—his eagerness to attend public worship, (which for many years he had entirely neglected,) and the heartfelt and devout interest which he obviously took in the service—his enlarged and active benevolence—the change which had taken place in his tastes, inclinations, and pursuits—all testified that he was indeed brought out of darkness into ‘marvellous light:’ old things had passed away, and all things had become new.

“In the course of the summer, his health and strength were considerably recruited: but towards the close of it, a little over-exertion in walking brought on an accession of fever, and a great aggravation of all the symptoms of his disorder; but still he continued able to take a little exercise. While he remained in the country, he had much leisure, which was de-

voted entirely to religious reading; for every other subject had now become insipid and uninteresting to him; and never did the pursuits of science and literature afford him such vivid enjoyment as he now received from these hallowed studies. In November, he removed to Whitby for the winter: and his health continued in much the same state till a short time before Christmas, when a walk, rather longer than usual, again produced increased fever and debility; and from that period his strength and appetite visibly declined, while his spirit was as visibly ripening for heaven. His faith and patience were strengthened; his hope was increased; his charity enlarged: yet he was naturally so extremely reserved in the expression of his feelings, that he rarely spoke of them till within the last month of his life, when he rejoiced 'with a joy unspeakable and full of glory,' which bore down all opposition; for he experienced a happiness to which all the accumulated enjoyments of his whole previous life could bear no proportion or comparison, even that 'peace of God which passeth all understanding,' and which must be felt, or, at least, witnessed, in order to form any just conception of its nature and effects. What a striking example did our dying friend now exhibit to us! From his early youth he had devoted himself with delight and industry to the acquisition of knowledge and the pursuits of literature and science; and he had 'had his

reward' in the honour and reputation which his success had procured for him,—a reward which he keenly enjoyed and very highly prized. Those who have known only the pleasures which arise from worldly gratifications, surely ought to recollect, that, being confessedly ignorant of the spiritual enjoyments which they despise, they cannot be competent to decide upon their reality or their value: it belongs only to those who have experienced *both*, to appreciate either. And how did Dr. Bateman appreciate them? In contrasting, as he frequently did, his present happiness with all that he had formerly enjoyed and *called* happiness, he seemed always at a loss to find words to express how poor, and mean, and despicable, all earthly gratifications appeared to him, when compared with that 'joy and peace in believing,' which now filled his soul: 'one particle of which,' he sometimes said, 'ten thousand worlds would not tempt him to part with.' And it should be remembered, that this was not the evidence of a man disappointed in his worldly pursuits: he had already, as before observed, 'had his reward' in this world—he had experienced the utmost success in the path which he had chosen—he had been keenly susceptible to intellectual pleasures; and of these, as well as of all inferior amusements, he had enjoyed more than a common portion; but when the only object that can satisfy the affections, and fill the capacities of a rational and immortal being, was

revealed to him—when he viewed by the eye of faith that life and immortality which are brought to light by the gospel—earthly fame, and honour, and pleasure, sank into the dust; and, in reflecting upon his past life, the only thing that gave him any satisfaction was the hope that his labours might have been beneficial to his fellow-creatures, for whom his charity had now become unbounded. He often said, that ‘the blessing of his conversion was never out of his mind day or night; that it was a theme of perpetual thanksgiving; and that he never awoke in the night without being overwhelmed with joy and gratitude in the recollection of it.’ He always spoke of his long bodily afflictions with the most devout thankfulness, as having been instrumental in bringing him to God; and considered his almost total blindness as an especial mercy, because, by shutting out external objects, it had enabled him to devote his mind more entirely to spiritual things. Often, latterly, he expressed an ardent desire to ‘depart and to be with Christ;’ but always added, that he was cheerfully willing to wait the Lord’s pleasure, certain that if he were continued in this world it was only for his own good, and to make him more meet to be a partaker ‘of the inheritance of the saints in light.’

“He bore his bodily afflictions with the most exemplary patience, and even cheerfulness, and continually expressed his thankfulness that they were not greater; sometimes saying, ‘What a

blessing it is to be allowed to slip gently and gradually out of life as I am doing!' He would not allow any one to speak of his *sufferings*, always saying, 'they did not deserve a stronger name than inconveniences.' He neither complained himself, nor would permit others to complain for him. Once, when the nurse who attended him said, 'Oh that cough! how troublesome it is!' he replied, 'Have a little patience, nurse: I shall soon be in a better world; and what a glorious change that will be!' Indeed, the joy of his mind seemed to have absorbed all sense of his physical sufferings. I once remarked to him, that he appeared to have experienced no intermission of these joyful feelings; and he answered, 'For some months past, *never*, and never the smallest rising of anything like impatience or complaint.' His mind, naturally active and ardent, retained all its powers in full vigour to the last moment of his life: and was never once clouded or debilitated, even in the most depressing nervous languors. Indeed, after the whole current of his tastes and affections had been turned into a new channel, its ardour and activity rather increased than diminished, from the deep conviction which he felt of the superiority of his present views and pursuits to all that had hitherto engrossed him. During the last week of his life, especially, the strength and clearness of his intellect and of his spiritual perceptions, were very remarkable; and on its being one day observed to him, that

as his bodily powers decayed, those of his soul seemed to become more vigorous, he replied, 'They do, exactly in an inverse ratio: I have been very sensible of it.'

"He conversed with the greatest animation all the day, and almost all the night, preceding his death, principally on the joys of heaven and the glorious change he was soon to experience; often exclaiming, 'What a happy hour will the hour of death be!' He dwelt much on the description of the new Jerusalem in the Revelation of St. John, and listened with great delight to several passages from Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,' and to some of Watts's hymns on the same subject. Once in the night he said to his mother, 'Surely you are not in tears! Mine is a case that calls for rejoicing, and not for sorrow. Only think what it will be to drop this poor, frail, perishing body, and to go to the glories that are set before me!' Not more than an hour before his death, when he had been expressing his faith and hope in very animated terms, I remarked to him, how striking the uniformity of faith and of feeling expressed by believers at every distance of time and place, and spoke of it as an indisputable evidence that these graces are wrought by 'one and the self-same Spirit,' and as a proof of the truth of the Bible, the promises and descriptions of which are thus so strikingly fulfilled and exemplified. He entered into the argument with his accustomed energy, and assented to its truth with delight. It seemed

remarkable, that though he had, during his whole illness, been very sensible of his increasing weakness, and had watched and marked accurately all its gradations, yet he spoke, in the last moments of his life, of going down stairs as usual, (he had been carried up and down for several days,) and said, 'it could not require more than a very few weeks now to wear him out;' not appearing to be at all aware that his end was so very near, till about half an hour before his death. Finding himself extremely languid, he took a little milk, and desired that air might be admitted into the room; and on being asked if he felt relieved at all, said, 'Very little: I can hardly distinguish, indeed, whether this is languor or drowsiness which has come over me; but it is a very *agreeable* feeling.' Soon after, he said suddenly, 'I surely must be going now, my strength sinks so fast;' and on my making some observation on the glorious prospect before him, he added, 'Oh, yes! I am GLAD to go, if it be the Lord's will.' He shut his eyes and lay quite composed, and by-and-by said, 'What glory! the angels are waiting for me!'—then, after another short interval of quiet, added, 'Lord Jesus, receive my soul!' and to those who were about him, 'Farewell!' These were the last words he spoke: he gradually and gently sunk away, and, in about ten minutes, breathed his last, calmly and without a struggle, at nine in the morning of the 9th of April, the very day on which, twelve months

before, his mind had first been awakened to the hopes and joys of the ever-blessed gospel !

“What a contrast did his actual departure form with what I had had reason to apprehend, when I watched over his couch in London, expecting that every moment would be his last ; and when, with a hard indifference and insensibility, he talked only of going to his ‘last sleep !’ And how can I worthily acknowledge the goodness of Almighty God, who effected such a change in his state !

“It appears that he preceded his revered, though unknown, instructor, Mr. Scott, exactly one week. He never ceased to remember, with the deepest gratitude, his obligations to that excellent man. It was only the evening before his death that he was recommending with great fervency, to a young friend, whose mother, under affliction, was first beginning to inquire after religious truth, to engage her to read ‘Scott’s Essays,’ acknowledging, with fervent gratitude, the benefit he had himself received from that work, and concluding an animated eulogium, by saying, ‘How have I prayed for that man !’ What a blessed meeting may we not suppose they have had in the world of glory !

“The medical friend before alluded to has most justly remarked, that ‘the entire simplicity and sincerity of Dr. Bateman’s natural character give additional value to all that fell from him. He never used a language that was *at all* at variance with his real feelings ; and

was in no degree given to vain imaginations.' This testimony is very true, and this remarkable simplicity and sobriety of his natural character remained unaltered in the great revolution which took place in his principles and dispositions: he went into no exaggerations of feelings, or excesses of enthusiasm. And surely the merciful Providence which preserved his sound understanding, in all its integrity, to the last moment of his life, must silence the gainsayer and "the disputer of this world," who might strive to attribute the sacred influence of religion on his mind to the errors of an intellect impaired by long disease and suffering."

---

### EDWARD JENNER, M.D.

IF it be the chief end of medical science to insure to the community the largest amount of health, and in the most successful manner possible to alleviate suffering and avert the stroke of death, then may the name of this illustrious individual be considered as justly entitled to rank highest among practitioners of the healing art. What discovery or improvement ever hitherto arrived at, in the annals of the profession, can bear a parallel with that which ministers, in every part of the globe, to the prevention of disease and deformity, and, in a great proportion of cases, to exemption from actual destruction? Into whatever corner of

the world the blessings of civilisation have been conducted, it has followed in their rear, and will doubtless be hailed by all future generations as one of the greatest temporal benefits ever conferred on mankind.

The father of Jenner was vicar of Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, a possessor of considerable landed property, and a member of a family of great antiquity in that county and Worcester-shire. The illustrious subject of this biographical sketch was his third son, and was born at the vicarage, on the 17th of May, 1749.

Before Edward Jenner was nine years of age he manifested a growing taste for natural history. He had already formed a collection of the nests of the dormouse ; and when at Dr. Washbourne's school, at Cirencester, he spent the hours devoted by other pupils to play, in searching for the fossils which abound in that neighbourhood. He was instructed in the elements of surgery and pharmacy by Mr. Ludlow, of Sudbury, near Bristol, a man of considerable eminence in his profession. After the completion of his apprenticeship, he proceeded to London to pursue his studies under the care of the celebrated John Hunter, in whose house he resided as a pupil for two years. Jenner was now in his twenty-first year, and John Hunter in his forty-second. This difference of age did not prevent the formation of a real friendship; a community of tastes and pursuits united them to the last. The pupil, like his patron and instructor, became an enthusiast in the pursuit

of natural history in its most extensive sense, and did not neglect to avail himself of the advantages he enjoyed. In the dissection of tender and delicate organs, he was unrivalled, and his minute injections were remarkable for the accuracy and elegance with which they were finished off. He bequeathed to Dr. Baron, of Gloucester, his able friend and biographer, a preparation which combines all these qualities. It represents the progress of the ovum in the domestic fowl, from its first development to its full and complete growth.

During the period of his residence with Hunter, captain Cook returned from his first voyage of discovery. The specimens of natural history which had been collected by sir Joseph Banks were principally arranged by Jenner, who was recommended by Hunter for that service. And so great was the science and dexterity evinced by him in the execution of this task, that he was offered the appointment of naturalist to the next expedition, which sailed in 1772. But neither this flattering offer nor any more enticing prospect, could divert him from his fixed purpose of establishing himself as a medical man in his beloved native county. He returned to Berkeley, and, taking up his residence with his eldest brother Stephen, who had been the guide of his orphan years, rapidly acquired a degree of reputation rarely attained at so early an age. Still he abstracted from the fatigues of a country practice, a sufficient portion of time to accumulate, within a short

period, a series of specimens, illustrative of comparative anatomy and natural history, enough to form no inconsiderable museum. His surgical attainments, his amiable and polished manners, and his very general information, secured a welcome reception from the most distinguished families of the district. His tenderness, kindness, and meekness were remarkable; an uncommon delicacy of feeling occasionally threw a pensive shade over his mind, but his lively disposition equally entered into the deepest sympathy with the saddest moments of his friends, or gaily participated in their happier hours. His humour is described by Dr. Baron as having been most enlivening and descriptive; and such was the charm of his conversation, that many were delighted to join him in his morning rides, and frequently even after midnight, to accompany him many miles on his road homewards from his professional avocations. His appearance and manners at this period of his life are well described by one of his early friends in the following graphic sketch. "His height was under the middle size; his person was robust, but active and well formed. In his dress, he was peculiarly neat; and everything about him showed the man intent and serious, and well prepared to meet the duties of his calling. When I first saw him, it was on Frampton Green. I was somewhat his junior in years, and had heard so much of Mr. Jenner, of Berkeley, that I had no small curiosity to see

him. He was dressed in a blue coat and yellow buttons, buckskins, well-polished jockey boots, with handsome silver spurs, and he carried a smart whip with a silver handle. His hair, after the fashion of the times, was done up in a club, and he wore a broad-brimmed hat. We were introduced on that occasion, and I was delighted and astonished. I was prepared to find an accomplished man, and all the country spoke of him as a skilful surgeon and a great naturalist ; but I did not expect to find him so much at home on other matters."

In March, 1788, Jenner added greatly to his happiness, by marrying Miss Catherine Kingscote, a lady of vigorous understanding, accomplished mind, and religious principle, in whose counsel and sympathy he found support in many of the future trials of his life. In the year 1792, oppressed by the fatigues of a general country practice, he resolved to confine himself to medicine, and obtained a degree of M.D. from the University of St. Andrews.

But we must hasten to give some outline of the great discovery which was so soon to bring him into public life, and has since immortalized his name.

It was at a very early period that he obtained the first glimpse of the engrossing object of the attention of his whole subsequent life. When pursuing his professional education, during the period of his apprenticeship at Sudbury, a young country woman applied for advice ; the subject of small-pox was casually mentioned

in her presence ; she immediately remarked, "I cannot take that disease, for I have had cow-pox." This, it appears, was a popular notion in that district. A pustular eruption derived from infection, and chiefly showing itself on the hands of milkers, who had milked cows similarly disordered, had already attracted notice, and been found to secure some persons from small-pox. Jenner's attention was now arrested. Young as he was, and insufficiently acquainted with any of the laws of physiology or pathology, he dwelt with the deepest interest upon this extraordinary fact, and speedily began to anticipate the vast consequences that might be involved in so remarkable a phenomenon. He was the more stimulated, by having frequently witnessed the ravages of small-pox ; he also vividly remembered the discipline to which he had been himself subjected, preparatory to his inoculation for that disease, which was bleeding, physicking, and starving, till the body was wasted to a skeleton. When residing with Mr. Hunter, he ventured to mention the circumstance to him, and the train of thought to which it had given rise in his mind. Mr. H. did not damp his ardour, but, as was usual with him on all occasions, when the matter in hand admitted of being brought to the test of experiment, advised that *trial* should be made, and that accuracy and faithfulness should guide the investigation. In cases of this kind, he would say, "Don't think, but try ; be patient ; be accurate;" and he was accus-

tomed to make known Jenner's opinion among his friends, and to mention it in his lectures. But many untoward circumstances arose to damp the ardent anticipations which the future benefactor of his race had begun so fondly to indulge. It was not till the year 1780, ten years after he first went to reside with Mr. Hunter, that Jenner was able, in any tolerable degree, to unravel the perplexing obscurity in which the subject was enveloped, and which had led those who knew the tradition of the country to think that it defied all satisfactory elucidation. When riding with his friend Edward Gardner, in that year, on the road between Gloucester and Bristol, he communicated to him, in the confidence of friendship, the plan he intended to pursue, and the success which he thought might possibly hereafter dawn upon him. He went over the natural history of cow-pox ; stated his opinion as to the origin of this affection from the heels of the horse ; specified the different sorts of disease that attacked the milkers when they handled affected cows ; dwelt on that variety which he conceived to afford protection against small-pox ; and then with deep and anxious emotion mentioned his confident hope of being able to propagate that variety from one human being to another, till he had disseminated the practice all over the globe, to the total extermination of small-pox : adding, "Gardner, I have entrusted a most important matter to you, which I firmly believe will prove a most essential

benefit to the human race. I know you, and should not wish what I have stated to be brought into conversation, for, should anything untoward turn up in my experiments, I should be made, particularly by my medical brethren, the subject of ridicule, for I am the mark they all aim at." But, by whatever passing emotion this caution was dictated, Jenner certainly himself soon made no secret of his discovery or his views. At the meetings of the Alveston Medical Club, of which he was a member, he often introduced his favourite theme; so frequently, indeed, that at length the topic was denounced as a nuisance, and his hearers to whom he failed to communicate his own enthusiasm, sportively threatened to expel the orator if he continued to harass them with this importunate discourse.

Sixteen more years elapsed after the conversation above alluded to, before the efficacy of vaccination was put to the test of actual experiment on the human subject. They were years of anxious suspense to Jenner; of patient and searching investigation. He discovered, from his own observations, as well as from those of others, that what was commonly called cow-pox was not a certain preventive of small-pox. This likewise moderated, but did not extinguish his ardour. He found that cows were subject to a variety of spontaneous eruptions on their teats, and that all were capable of communicating sores to the hands of the milkers, and that whatever

sore was so produced was called cow-pox. This again was satisfactory; he was now able to discriminate between what he termed the true and the spurious cow-pox: the former possessing a specific power over the constitution—the other not. Then a more formidable difficulty arose. He found that there were well-authenticated instances to prove that when the true cow-pox broke out among the cattle and was communicated to the milkers, even they had subsequently small-pox. Most men would have abandoned the subject in despair. But Jenner did not. By still prosecuting the inquiry he ascertained that it was only in a certain state of the pustule that virus was afforded capable of imparting to the constitution its protective power—that matter taken after this period might excite a local disease, but not of such a sort as to render the individual proof against the effect of variolous contagion. The causes of failure, in the casual dissemination of the disease, were now ascertained, and his chief care was to avoid them in attempting to propagate it by artificial means. He has left us an interesting picture of his feelings during this eventful period. “While the vaccine discovery was progressive, the joy I felt at the prospect before me, of being the instrument destined to take away from the world one of its greatest calamities, blended with the fond hope of enjoying independence, and domestic peace and happiness, were often so excessive, that in

pursuing my favourite subject among the meadows, I have sometimes found myself in a kind of reverie. It is pleasant to me to recollect that those reflections always ended in devout acknowledgments to that Being from whom this and all other blessings flow."

At length, on the 14th of May, 1796, an opportunity occurred of making a decisive trial.—(On the annual occurrence of this day a festival is held at Berlin to commemorate the event.)—Matter was taken from the hand of Sarah Nelmes, who had been infected by her master's cows, and inserted by two superficial incisions into the arms of James Phipps, a healthy boy of about eight years of age. He went through the disease apparently in a very satisfactory manner, but the most anxious part of the trial still remained to be performed. Was he secure against the contagion of small pox? This point was fully put to issue. Variolous matter immediately taken from a pustule was carefully inserted by several incisions, and the result is related by Jenner to his friend Gardner in the following language: "But now listen to the most delightful part of my story. The boy has since been inoculated for the small-pox, which, as I ventured to predict, produced no effect. I shall now pursue my studies with redoubled ardour."

After zealously multiplying his experiments, Jenner published his first memoir in June, 1798. He had originally intended, it appears, to have announced them to the world, in the

“Transactions of the Royal Society.” In Moore’s “History of Vaccination,” we find the true cause of their not appearing in that form. He had been seriously admonished, *not* to present his paper, lest it should *injure* the character he had acquired amongst scientific men by a paper he had already published in those “Transactions” on the “Cuckoo”! Before the publication of this work, Jenner went up to London for the purpose of exhibiting the cow-pox, and of demonstrating to his professional friends, the accuracy of his delineations and the truth of his assertions. All were received with the greatest distrust. During a residence of three months, he could not obtain permission to exhibit the vaccine disease upon one individual. Mr. Cline was almost the only professional man who was able to see at once what invaluable blessings were likely to result from the diffusion of the practice, and, with just regard for the welfare of the discoverer, wished his personal advantage to keep pace with the benefits he had it in his power to impart. He therefore advised him to quit the country, and to settle in Grosvenor-square, assuring him he might rely on an income of ten thousand a year as the fruits of his practice. Here was the tide in Jenner’s life to which he might probably have committed himself with the greatest temporal advantage. But even now nothing could induce him to leave Gloucestershire. “Shall I,” he writes in reply, “who, even in the

morning of my days, sought the lowly and sequestered paths of life, the valley and not the mountain,—shall I, now my evening is fast approaching, hold myself up as an object for fortune and for fame? Admitting it as a certainty that I obtain both, what stock shall I add to my little fund of happiness? And as for fame, what is it?—A gilded bait for ever pierced with the arrows of malignancy.”

But in spite of incredulity, apathy, and ridicule, the fruits of Jenner's study and patient research were not very long in manifesting themselves. We find an honourable tribute was paid to him, even so early as the summer of 1799, when no less than thirty-three of the leading physicians, and forty eminent surgeons of London, signed an expression of their confidence in the efficacy of vaccination. And the royal family began to exert themselves to encourage the great discovery. The duke of Clarence was very active in the cause in the early part of 1800; and in March of that year, its author was introduced successively to the duke of York, the king, the prince of Wales, and the queen. A reaction now ensued, and vaccination became rather suddenly a favourite practice with all ranks, and, in consequence, not always judiciously practised or carefully examined.

We may here well pause for a moment, to call to mind the nature and extent of the boon that was thus offered to the world. We are now apt to forget that not half a century has

elapsed since small-pox constituted the most dreadful scourge of the human race; more extensive and more insidious than the plague. A family blighted in its fairest prospects was an every-day occurrence. Whole towns were occasionally half-depopulated by its ravages. In the Russian empire, it is said to have swept away two millions in a single year. Dr. Letson calculated that two hundred and ten thousand fell victims to it annually in Europe. Of persons of every age taken ill, one in five or six died, while, of those who recovered, traces often remained in the habit only inferior in severity to the evil itself: it appears from the records of the London Asylum for the Indigent Blind, that three-fourths of the objects there relieved, had lost their sight through small-pox; many were permanently disfigured; in some, other diseases—such as scrofula, chronic ophthalmia, pulmonary consumption, etc.—were called forth. And the practice of inoculation, the greatest improvement ever introduced in its treatment, however beneficial to the individual, was generally detrimental, by keeping up a constant source of infection which more than overbalanced the advantage of individual recovery. It appears by a document compiled from the bills of mortality, that in the period of forty-two years preceding the introduction of inoculation (from 1680 to 1722) the number of deaths from small-pox was, to the population, as seventy-two in one thousand, or about one in fourteen; but

that in forty-two years subsequent to that event (from 1730 to 1772) they were as eighty-nine to one thousand, or a little more than one in eleven. Dr. Heberden also states the number who died of small-pox in the first thirty years of the last century to have been seventy in one thousand, whereas, in the last thirty years of the century, it was as many as ninety-five in one thousand.

The discovery of the properties of the vaccine lymph has put an end to all this suffering and mortality. The affection produced by it is exceedingly mild in its nature; it affords, when it has regularly passed through all its stages, as complete immunity from the small-pox as the disease itself does; and no dangerous or destructive influence is communicated by its effluvia.

The late professor Gregory had the merit of introducing vaccination into Scotland, in which he was aided by sir Matthew Tierney. Dr. Waterhouse succeeded, about the year 1800, in establishing the practice in America. Dr. Sacco, of Milan, distinguished himself by active co-operation on the continent of Europe; and Dr. De Cano, at that period settled at Vienna, deserves particular mention for his successful exertions in communicating this antidote to Asia. Most of the governments of Europe have since enjoined the practice by various enactments, with more or less of compulsion, the results of which, whatever may be thought of such coercion of the liberty of

the subject, have been more favourable than even in our own country.\*

From the time of the publication of his "Inquiry," Dr. Jenner consulted everything but private interest in all he did. He not only relinquished all exclusive benefit by disclosing, in the most unreserved manner, the grand result of his labours, but incurred much expense, as well as spent a great deal of time, in enabling others to profit by his discovery. He was all this time by no means in independent circumstances. He had a family and many relations who looked to him for support, and his ordinary practice as a physician had been greatly interrupted. After much deliberation among his friends, it was determined that his claims should be brought before the House of Commons by petition. A committee was appointed, who reported that he was entitled to a reward of £20,000. It detracts from the gratitude and honour of our nation, to record that Jenner did not, on this occasion, meet with the dis-

\* In Sweden the number of deaths from small-pox in the following years was as follows:

In 1779	. . . . .	15,000
1784	. . . . .	12,000
1800	. . . . .	12,000
1801	. . . . .	6,000
1822	. . . . .	11
1823	. . . . .	37
In Copenhagen, between		
1752—1762	the deaths were	2644
1762—1772	. . . . .	2116
1772—1782	. . . . .	2233
1782—1792	. . . . .	2785
1802—1818	. . . . .	153

tion he merited. By a majority of three only, the smaller sum of £10,000 was voted to him by the house. But in 1807, parliament displayed more justice, and awarded to him an additional grant of £20,000—a sum certainly not too munificent, when the magnitude of the achievement is considered in connexion with the fact that Jenner had spent several thousands in bringing it to perfection. In 1803, the “Royal Jennerian Society” was formed, “for the extermination of small-pox.” Thirteen stations were appointed in different parts of the metropolis, and in eighteen months the society was able to announce that twelve thousand two hundred and eighty-eight inoculations had taken place, and nineteen thousand three hundred and fifty-two charges of vaccine virus had been supplied from the central house to most parts of the British empire, and to foreign countries. A striking diminution in the number of deaths was soon perceptible within the bills of mortality. In 1803, they amounted to eleven hundred and seventy-three; in 1804, to six hundred and twenty-two only; whereas in the year 1800, they had been two thousand four hundred and nine, and the average annual amount of the preceding fifty years, had been two thousand and eighteen.

The life of Jenner becomes henceforth identified with the history of vaccination—an interesting subject, but a bare outline of which would lead us beyond the limit of this memoir.

We will, therefore, now take a glance at the account left us of the character and private life of this remarkable man.

If he had much to elate him—and applause certainly fell to his lot more than most men could have borne—his sensitive mind had, on the other hand, much to endure, during the whole course of the inquiries and transactions in which he was engaged. Severe and unmerited reproaches were cast upon him by enemies, and he was perpetually wounded by the desertion of friends. Attempts were made to injure his reputation, and even to impeach his moral character, and to interfere with that distinction and reward which his country conferred upon him. “The persecutors of Galileo,” says Dr. Baron, “would, I believe, have been eclipsed in their monstrous and outrageous hostility to the splendid discoveries of that illustrious man, by some of the opponents of vaccination, had the spirit of the age, or their own power, enabled them to carry their designs into execution.” It is to the honour of Jenner, that it may with truth be recorded, that he not only bore success and prosperity with a singular humility of mind, but that he ever exercised the utmost composure and forbearance, and always manifested a forgiving disposition towards his calumniators.

His general habits were in perfect accordance with the native and unaffected simplicity of his mind. Whilst he well knew how to comport himself with men of elevated rank, he

loved to visit and converse with his inferiors, and to take a benevolent interest in their domestic concerns. "If the reader could in imagination accompany me with him," says his biographer, "to the dwellings of the poor of his native village, and see him kindly and heartily inquiring into their wants, and entering into all the little details of their domestic economy, or if he could have witnessed him listening with perfect patience and good-humour to the history of their maladies, he would have seen an engaging instance of untiring benevolence." He was particularly fond of conversing with people in the lower ranks of life who were of a religious character. The general cast of his mind is said to have exhibited a happy union of great solemnity and seriousness with extraordinary playfulness, amounting at times to the height of mirth and jocularitv;—yet so, that no one ever had to complain that these latter qualities were misplaced, or obtruded themselves unseasonably. He was accustomed, frequently, especially towards the close of life, to express his regret that mankind were so little alive to the value of vaccination. Amongst the last words which he addressed to his friend, Dr. Baron, not many days before his fatal seizure, were, "I am not surprised that men are not thankful to me; but I wonder that they are not grateful to God for the good which he has made me the instrument of conveying to my fellow-creatures." Incomparably great, however, as was the temporal blessing which

Jenner was enabled to confer, he knew its comparative importance ; he was well aware that there was an instrumentality in operation of a higher order, because it respects that imperishable part of man's nature, concerning which, He who could look through the destinies of a coming eternity Himself declared, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Of this the following interesting anecdote, in the "Life of the late Rev. Rowland Hill," furnishes evidence. It is well known, that that somewhat eccentric, but excellent man, warmly espoused the Jennerian discovery, and frequently offered his services from the pulpit to carry it into effect. He is said to have vaccinated 10,000 individuals with his own hands. A warm friendship subsisted between him and Jenner. Although the latter did not fully participate in his venerable friend's religious views and feelings, he had the greatest reverence for his character, was a frequent attendant on his ministry at Cheltenham, and was at times forcibly struck with the deep tone of his piety, and glowing anticipations of happiness in a future state. Mr. Hill once introduced his friend to a nobleman in these terms: "Allow me to present to your lordship my friend Dr. Jenner, who has been the means of saving more lives than any other man." "Ah!" replied Jenner, "would I, like you, could say, souls!"

It was Jenner's happiness to be blest with a "helpmeet," who not only herself experienced

“peace” from the best of all sources, but was enabled to extend to all around the influence of that spirit which sustained and comforted her. “I do not mean to affirm,” says Dr. Baron, “that Dr. Jenner at all times, or during the whole course of his life, participated in the deep and inexhaustible sources of strength and consolation, which so manifestly nourished the heart, and guided the understanding of his partner, but I should act unjustly by that principle that directed her, were I not to avow it as my firm conviction, that it is to her devout and holy life, and her meek and firm and consistent conduct, that we are in some measure enabled to dwell with so much pleasure on the memory of her husband. I remember, when discussing with him certain questions, touching the condition of man in this life, and when dwelling on the deformity of the heart, our blindness, our ignorance, the evils connected with our physical structure, our crimes, our calamities, and our unfathomable capacity both for suffering and enjoyment, he observed, ‘Mrs. Jenner can explain all these things, they cause no difficulty to her.’” For many years before her death, this excellent woman was chiefly confined to her own apartments. During this trying period, the tenderness and delicacy with which Jenner superintended everything that could be thought of for her comfort, the administration of her medicine, and the preparation of her food, (which a difficult deglutition rendered neces-

sary,) all indicated the warmest attachment and the kindest feelings. The unaffected cheerfulness and thankfulness with which, amidst her pain, she received such offices, was truly instructive. This temper was conspicuous at all times—in the day of comparative health as at the hour of death. She was removed from this world to a better in the month of September, 1815.

The susceptible mind of Jenner was deeply affected by this severe trial, and with it his public life may be said to have terminated. He never again left Berkley except for a day or two. But he did not waste time in unavailing grief. As soon as he had in some measure recovered the buoyancy of his feelings, he spent the remainder of his life, though darkened by domestic affliction, in that cheerful devotion to useful knowledge which distinguished his earlier years. Another event of a mournful character, which happened not very long before his own death, rendered his condition still more desolate. His only daughter, Catherine, who had married J. G. Bedford, esq. of Edgbaston, near Birmingham, died a few days after giving birth to her first child.

Dr. Jenner was himself removed by death in consequence of a sudden attack of apoplexy, in February 1823, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

The following statement is worthy of notice, as having been found on the back of a letter, written apparently only a few days before his

death, and as being, in all probability, the last sentence which he ever wrote upon the subject; "My opinion of vaccination is precisely as it was when I first promulgated the discovery. It is not in the least strengthened by any event that has happened, for it could gain no strength; it is not in the least weakened, for if the failures you speak of had not happened, the truth of my assertions respecting those coincidences which occasioned them would not have been made out."

A statue was erected to his memory in his native county; but it is matter of surprise and regret, that neither in Westminster Abbey nor in any other public building, has any national monument been raised to him.

---

### JOHN MASON GOOD, M.D.

JOHN MASON GOOD was the son of the rev. Peter Good, and on his mother's side, was nearly related to John Mason, author of the well-known "Treatise on Self-Knowledge"—a grandson of the rev. John Mason, rector of Water Stratford, in Buckinghamshire, whose "Select Remains" have likewise had a deservedly wide circulation. He received the rudiments of education in a seminary conducted by his father, and early evinced those mental feelings and capabilities which contributed to the ultimate development of a no ordinary

character. Delighting in intellectual pursuits of every kind—blessed throughout life with corporeal vigour, and the highest degree of mental elasticity—endowed with a memory extraordinarily retentive, from the ample stores of which he could draw at any time with the greatest promptness, he excelled alike in acquiring, retaining, and imparting knowledge. Combining the opposite attributes of contemplation and activity, he attained unusual eminence, not only in his profession, but as a man of general science—not in one department of literature merely, but in many at the same time. Benevolent, communicative, and habitually cheerful, there was a charm in his society which delighted all who were privileged to enjoy it, and in every relation of life he was esteemed and beloved in no ordinary degree.

At the age of fifteen, young Good was apprenticed to a general practitioner at Gosport, in whose employ his time was necessarily much occupied, but he still found leisure to increase his already ample literary and scientific store of knowledge, as well as to exercise his powers in original composition. At this early age, he wrote many poems, and his taste as well as diligence were exemplified by a volume of extracts, in which he laid nearly one hundred authors—Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English—under contribution. The winter of 1783-4 was spent in London. He was now in his twentieth year, and, meeting with a few associates of kindred minds, we may readily

imagine how ardently he would pursue his professional and scientific inquiries. No sooner was the session finished, than we find him, with strong recommendation from his hospital friends, entering at once into partnership with Mr. Deeks, a respectable surgeon at Sudbury, in Suffolk; and, within the short space of a few months, that gentleman left the entire business in his hands.

At this juncture, Mr. Good appeared to have reached the very summit of earthly happiness. Engaged in pursuits congenial to his taste, and possessing cheerful and engaging manners, combined with a disposition ready to evince the liveliest sympathy in cases where it was most needed, many proofs of his surgical skill soon were given, which imparted a solidity and extent to his reputation, beyond what could have been anticipated. He was, moreover, united to a highly accomplished and amiable young lady, to whom he was affectionately attached. But alas! there was a worm at the root of this felicity. In little more than six months after their marriage, his youthful bride died of consumption, and it was his bitter lot to experience that

“Cords which vibrate sweetest pleasure,  
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.”

After Mr. Good had remained for four years a widower, endeavouring, by professional avocations, scientific pursuits, and the soothing influence of society, to recover his native

cheerfulness, he again married, and the object of his choice was a daughter of Thomas Fenn, esq., a highly respectable banker at Sudbury.

In the year 1792, either by becoming legally bound for some friends, or by advancing them a large sum of money, as to the expected repayment of which he was disappointed, Mr. Good was brought into circumstances of considerable pecuniary embarrassment. Mr. Fenn cheerfully stepped forward to remove his difficulties, and would have rendered him more effectual aid, had not Mr. Good resolved that perplexities, resulting from his own want of caution, should be removed principally by his own exertions; and he forthwith entered upon a course of literary activity, which, though interrupted by repeated disappointments, did ultimately issue in the desired end. He forwarded numerous contributions to periodical publications; he wrote plays; he composed poems; he prepared a series of philosophical essays; and at length determined on removing to London, where, in the early part of the following year, he accepted a proposal to go into partnership with a Mr. W——, a surgeon and apothecary in extensive practice, and who had likewise an official connexion with one of the prisons. But in this connexion he met with nothing but perplexity and trial. Mr. W. became jealous of his talents and rising popularity, and had recourse to the basest means to injure his reputation; the business

failed; the partnership was dissolved, and Mr. W. died in the Fleet prison. All these circumstances, however,—the defeat of projects on which his hopes had been fondly fixed, and an increasing family,—did but supply Mr. Good with fresh incentives to professional activity and extended literary research. Again he shrank from a full reception of the aid once more offered to him by his kind relative at Sudbury, and, concealing his anxieties from those he most loved, still continued to rely upon his own exertions for success, till he was at length placed by them, under God's blessing, in reputable and easy circumstances.

It was not long before he was enabled to obtain that distinction amongst medical men which he eagerly sought. In February, 1795, he gained a prize—a premium of twenty guineas—from the “Medical Society,” for the best dissertation upon the question, “What are the diseases most frequent in workhouses, poor-houses, and similar institutions; and what are the best means of cure and of prevention?” which he was requested to publish immediately. And he also became an active member of a society, formed in the year 1794, under the title of the “General Pharmaceutic Association,” the object of which was to preserve the distinction between the apothecary and the druggist, which it was feared, unless some special efforts were adopted, would soon be altogether lost. Not only in London, but throughout Great Britain, men of the most

illiterate character, and grossly ignorant of the science of medicine, did not hesitate to combine the practice of it with the business of retailing drugs, to which, in the country, the department of "grocer" was occasionally added. Some of these drug-dealing grocers, at Marlow, had substituted, for want of better knowledge, arsenic for cream of tartar, tinctures of opium and jalap for those of senna and rhubarb, and nitre for Glauber's salts. A physician at Worcester had prescribed for a patient "*Decoct. CASCARILLÆ*," to which he added "*Tinct. EJUSDEM*" (of the same.) This prescription was sent to a druggist in that city to be made up, but in vain was the shop searched by the principal assistant, for a bottle labelled "*Tinct. EJUSDEM*." An equally fruitless search was made through all the druggists' shops in that city. At length the conclusion was arrived at, that so scarce a tincture as the "*Tinct. EJUSDEM*" certainly must be, was not to be met with in Worcester, and the prescription was actually returned, with the request, that Dr. ——— would be so good as to substitute some other tincture instead of it. A mistake of more serious consequence had also occurred in the same city. Two drams of "*Tinct. Opii Camph.*" had been ordered in a draught for a boy of ten years of age. But the druggist's shopman, not being aware that this was the technical name for "paregoric elixir," made it up with two drams of *Tinct. Opii* (laudanum,) advising the mother to give the child only half

the draught, but that proved sufficiently strong to deprive him of life in twenty-four hours. These are a few only out of many instances of the numerous mistakes—sometimes ludicrous, sometimes truly horrible—which were at that time notoriously committed. Engaging very warmly in the objects of this association, at whose suggestion he drew up a “History of Medicine, as far as relates to the profession of the Apothecary,” and in others connected with his profession, Mr. Good still continued to pursue his literary inquiries, and, as heretofore, to soothe his mind by the delights of poetry. Translations from the poets of France and Italy now occupied much of his comparatively leisure hours. In a letter to his friend Dr. Drake, in October, 1799, he speaks of “having just begun the German language, after having gone with tolerable ease through the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese;” and, not very long after, he informs him he had been “sedulously studying Arabic and Persian.” About this time, he commenced, and, in two years, completed, a translation of Lucretius, “On the Nature of Things,” an undertaking in which he engaged, according to his own statement, that he might bring himself under a moral necessity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the utmost possible variety of subjects upon which men of science had been able to throw any light. This translation was carried on in a way not very usual with works of such magnitude—it was composed in the

streets of London, during the translator's extensive walks to visit his numerous patients. His practice was to take in his pocket two or three leaves of an octavo edition of the original; to read over a passage two or three times as he walked along, until he had engraven it upon his ready memory; then to translate the passage, meditate upon his translation, correct and elaborate it, until he had satisfied himself; and, after he had returned home, and disposed of all his professional business, he would go to his standing desk, and enter upon his manuscript so much of the translation as he had been able to prepare satisfactorily. During several following years, in addition to the task of compiling elaborate notes and a running commentary in connexion with the above translation, Mr. Good contributed largely to the Analytical and Critical Review, the British and Monthly Magazines, and, besides smaller pieces, published a "Memoir of the Life and Writings of Dr. Geddes." Nor was this all. In a letter to the friend above mentioned, dated January 29, 1803—when, notwithstanding these engagements, he was in the habit of walking from twelve to fourteen miles a day to visit his patients—adverting with thankfulness to the state of his practice as a surgeon, (which then produced more than 1400*l.* per annum,) he proceeds thus: "I have edited the Critical Review, besides writing several of its most elaborate articles. I have every week supplied a column of matter for the 'Sunday

Review,' and for some days have had the great weight of the 'British Press' upon my hands; the committee for conducting which having applied to me lately, in the utmost consternation, in consequence of a trick put upon them by the proprietors of other newspapers, and which stopped abruptly the exertions of their editor, and several of their most valuable hands." It should also be mentioned, that a work which Mr. Good undertook, in conjunction with Dr. Olinthus Gregory and Mr. Newton Bosworth, entitled "Pantologia; or, a Universal Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Words," and which was published in twelve thick and closely-printed volumes, royal octavo, occupied much of his time between the years 1804 and 1812. It seems difficult to imagine how he could, with any degree of efficiency, have pursued such a variety of occupations; but such, it is said, was the "energy of his mind, and such his habits of activity and order, that he carried them all forward simultaneously, suffering none to be neglected, left in arrear, or inadequately executed."

Hitherto it might emphatically be said of Mr. Good, "But one thing thou lackest;" that one, however, by far the most momentous of all. But the early dawn of a brighter day was now approaching. At first, an almost imperceptible, but gradual, change took place in his religious views and prospects. The "day-spring from on high" visited him, enabled him to emerge from the darkness even of Socinian

heresy; guided his feet into the "way of peace;" and shone with increasing brightness upon his latter years, till it conducted his happy spirit to that city which "the glory of God" doth lighten, "and the Lamb is the light thereof."

In consequence, probably, of early associations, Mr. Good always expressed, and no doubt felt, a high respect for religion and religious men, and appears never to have called in question the genuineness and Divine authority of the sacred Scriptures; but before he left Sudbury, he avowed his belief in materialism, and the doctrine of Universalists with regard to future punishment, and selected for his principal associates some gentlemen who maintained the soul-destroying tenets of modern Socinianism. On his removal to London, he was, unhappily, induced to join the most celebrated Unitarian congregation of the day, and he continued in connexion with it for fourteen years. During all this time, the Bible was always a favourite book with him, but it is to be feared he turned to it rather as a source of literary amusement or critical speculation, than for any higher purposes. But his mind, as he afterwards confessed, was ill at ease. Early recollections of better sentiments often assailed him. Numerous engagements, and the delights of the literary society into which he was introduced soon after his removal to town, enabled him, in a great measure, to stifle such convictions, but without the possession of inward serenity or peace. Still he was, in a measure,

preserved from some of the worst tendencies of the system; and when his teacher, the notorious Mr. Belsham, used language in the pulpit which Mr. Good regarded as equivalent to the recommendation of scepticism, he at once wrote a note to him, stating that he felt compelled, with much reluctance, to discontinue attendance at his chapel, and to break off connexion with his society. This circumstance led him to a re-examination of all the sentiments held by them in common, and the consequence was, a gradual surrender of all the leading tenets of the Socinian creed, and a corresponding adoption of sentiments more and more in unison with the great fundamental doctrines of scriptural Christianity. As yet, however, he looked upon them as little more than speculative opinions, simply preferable to those he had just abandoned. It was still a considerable time before they assumed the character of principles of action, and issued, by the teaching and blessing of the Spirit of God, in the transformation of his heart and affections. This great change was brought about in so very imperceptible a manner, that the precise epoch of it was not known to his nearest friends—probably not to Mr. Good himself; but its reality was indisputable. One thing was evident to all, that whereas he “was once blind,” he subsequently obtained the sense of spiritual sight; and it was with no small emotions of joy, that some who had mourned over the midnight darkness of such a mind, now witnessed the light which

was in him, shining "more and more unto the perfect day." "When you are weighing things in the balance," says Baxter, "you may add grain after grain and it makes no turning or motion at all, till you come to the very last grain, and then suddenly that end which was downward is turned upward. So is it (not unfrequently) in the change of a sinner's heart and life; he is not changed (but preparing towards it) while he is but deliberating whether he should choose Christ or the world. But the last reason which comes in and determineth his will to Christ, and maketh him resolve and enter a firm covenant with him, this makes the greatest change that ever is made by any work in the world. For how can there be a greater than the turning of a soul from the creature to the Creator? so distant are the terms of this change. After this one turning act, Christ hath that heart, and the main bent and endeavours of the life, which the world had before. The man hath a new end, a new rule, a new guide, and a new Master." Thus it was with Mr. Good; furnishing one instance among many of that striking diversity of operations wherewith the same Spirit worketh all in all. However long there might continue an uncertain suspense, the "last grain" was at length mercifully applied, and the indications of the balance were no longer doubtful. In accomplishing and confirming this change, several afflicting dispensations of Providence seem to have been in a great measure instrumental.

For a considerable period Mrs. Good's health was very indifferent, and at a season when she had been longer than usual well, both their daughters were afflicted, almost simultaneously, with protracted and dangerous indispositions. The family were then on a visit to Mr. Good's son-in-law at South End, and Mr. G. was for six or seven weeks in succession, engaged during the day in his professional pursuits, and during the night most sedulously and solicitously watching the sick beds of his afflicted children. At this season of parental anxiety he scarcely got any sleep, except as he travelled from South End to his house in town. But he seems to have heard "the rod, and who hath appointed it," deriving from these afflictions a deeper sense of the uncertainty of life and its enjoyments; of the sovereignty of God; the efficacy of faith; and the delight of resignation upon those Christian principles the reality of which he now felt. In the year 1823, he met with a farther trial in the loss of his beloved son-in-law, the rev. Cornelius Neale.\* "The conflict is now over," he writes to Dr. Drake on August 18th in that year; "he has entered into his rest, as you may have probably seen by the newspapers, on Friday the 8th inst. He suffered much at times, and the pain alone

\* Mr. Neale was a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, in which university he was Senior Wrangler, Chancellor's Second Medallist, and obtained Dr. Smith's first mathematical prize. His "Literary Remains" were published in a small volume, edited by his friend, the rev. Wm. Jowett, to which is prefixed a most interesting memoir.

was sufficient—and especially towards the close of the struggle—to throw him into severe perspiration; but his remark was, ‘My Saviour sweated drops of blood for me,’ and this upheld him. It was a severe conflict to break off his strong attachment to his beloved children, and his still more beloved wife; and yet, at last, he was enabled to make a total surrender of himself to the will of God, and for months had his conversation in heaven far more than on earth. . . . During the night before his departure, it was observed by Mrs. Good, who sat up by him, that she was fearful the night had been tedious to him: he replied, ‘I shall have a long and glorious day.’ He spoke prophetically, and the prophecy was fulfilled. What, my dear friend, are all the splendour and the pageantry in the world, compared with the sublime and solemn scenes to which I have thus been an eye-witness? Surely these are foretastes of that ‘fulness of joy,’ and those ‘pleasures for evermore,’ which are reserved at the right hand of God, for those who are favoured with so beatific a vision. They give, if it were wanted, a fresh and energetic stamp of reality to the glorious manifestation of the gospel, and show us for what we were born, and the more important lesson how this high destiny may be obtained. My earnest prayer is, that the lesson may be lost on no one within its sphere; and, with the feeble powers of my own pen, I would enlarge that sphere, if possible, throughout the universe; and I would

address it to you, my dear friend, as unfortunately as to myself."

Mr. Good now earnestly cultivated the acquaintance of pious men. After the breach of his connexion with the Unitarian congregation before mentioned, he was, for some time, an attendant at the Temple Church, and afterwards at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street; and his private intercourse with Mr. Lloyd, the rector of the latter church, was of much use to him in the best of senses; but during the latter years of his life, a cordial esteem for the minister and his doctrines led him almost constantly to worship at St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, where he availed himself of the successive ministerial labours of the rev. D. Wilson, the present bishop of Calcutta, and the rev. C. Jerram, until he passed from all worshipping assemblies here, to join "the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven."

It should be mentioned, that, in the year 1820, by the advice of several medical friends, and the earnest entreaty of others, Mr. Good had entered upon the higher department of the profession. His diploma, which is dated July 10th of that year, was from the Marischal College, Aberdeen. In a letter to the friend already mentioned, dated February, 1821, after speaking of various professional topics, he adds: "I have now tried my new fortune for nearly six months, and only wish I had felt it prudent to have commenced earlier; for it has suc-

ceeded beyond my best expectations. All my old circle of patients are, in turn, patients still, without a single exception, so far as I know; and I have added very considerably to the number, as well as have to reply to a tolerably extensive range of advice from the country; so that my hands are pretty full still." From the period of Dr. Good's assuming the practice of a physician, he did not cease to study, but gave to his leading literary occupations an appropriate direction. At the close of the year 1820, he published his "System of Nosology," a work which had, more or less, occupied his attention, since he first laid down the plan of it in the year 1808. No sooner was this work issued from the press, than its indefatigable author commenced a still more extensive and elaborate performance, which was published in 1822, in four large octavo volumes, entitled, "The Study of Medicine." And in the spring of 1826, Dr. Good found time to publish some Lectures, which he had, several years before, delivered at the Surrey Institution. They are contained in three volumes, entitled "The Book of Nature." Other literary pursuits, which still more engaged his heart and affections, he carried on simultaneously; but the results of these he did not live to lay before the world.

During the greater part of his life, Dr. Good had enjoyed excellent health. His constitution, as already intimated, was naturally robust, and the cheerfulness of his disposition, and activity of his habits, contributed to its

preservation. But, about this time, his friends began to notice, with concern, that the corporeal vigour which had carried him, almost unconscious of fatigue, through so much labour, was now beginning to give way, and, during the three last months of his life, his strength declined rapidly. On the arrival of Christmas, 1826, he expressed much anxiety to visit his daughter, Mrs. Neale, and her children, then residing at Shepperton, in Middlesex. This journey he accomplished; but it was to enter the chamber of death. His illness—inflammation in the bladder—was short, but exceedingly severe. From Sunday, Dec. 24th, to Thursday, the 28th, it was found requisite to administer frequent doses of opium, which produced occasional confusion of thought—of which he was fully aware; but this was temporary. All the statements which he gave of his views and feelings, during his illness, were made when entirely collected and self-possessed. A very interesting account of these is contained in a letter from a member of his family to Dr. Olinthus Gregory, of which the following is an abstract:—

“On the evening of Saturday, Dec. 30th, the rev. W. Russell, rector of Shepperton, was sent for. On his entrance, Dr. Good put out his hand, saying, ‘You are the very person whom, next to my own family, I am most anxious to see.’ Mr. Russell replied, ‘I am come for the purpose of imploring the blessing of the Redeemer upon you.’ Dr. Good then

inquired, mentioning their names individually, if all his family were present? And each answering, he said, in almost his usual tone of voice, and with much composure of manner, 'I cannot say I feel those triumphs which some Christians have experienced; but I have taken what, unfortunately, the generality of Christians too much take—I have taken the middle walk of Christianity; I have endeavoured to live up to its duties and doctrines, but I have lived below its privileges. I most firmly believe all the doctrines of Scripture, as declared by our church. I have endeavoured to take God for my Father and my Saviour; but I want more spirituality, more humility; I want to be humbled.' Here he became much agitated, but yet went on: 'I have resigned myself to the will of God. If I know myself, I neither despair nor presume: but my constitution is by nature sanguine in all things, so that I am afraid of trusting to myself.' Some remarks being made about the righteousness of Christ, Dr. Good replied, 'No man living can be more sensible than I am, that there is nothing in ourselves; and of the absolute necessity of relying only upon the merits of Jesus Christ: I know there is a sense in which that expression of St. Paul's, "of whom I am chief," is applicable to all; but there are some to whom it is peculiarly appropriate, and I fear I am one. I have not improved the opportunities given me; I have had large opportunities given me, and I have not improved them as I might; I have

been led astray by the vanity of human learning, and the love of human applause.' Mr. Russell asked, 'But is there anything in particular that you wish me to pray for?' Dr. Good answered, 'No, I have endeavoured to give you, not as a matter of form, but in the sight of God, a transcript of my feelings.' 'But,' repeated Mr. R., 'is there nothing in particular that you wish me to pray for?' The reply was, 'I want to be more humble under a sense of sin; I want more spirituality, more humility.' Mr. Russell accordingly knelt down to pray, but after this testimony to the truth—this statement of his feelings, in which all the powers of his soul and body seemed summoned up and concentrated, nature was exhausted.

"Sunday, Dec. 31st, was a day of intense agony and frequent wanderings of mind; but, in the intervals of composure, and when not suffering from extreme exacerbations of pain, some of Dr. G.'s family endeavoured to repeat occasionally short texts of Scripture, to which he always listened with pleasure; appearing, however, much more struck with some than with others. On one occasion, without any suggestion or leading remark from those around, he was heard to repeat distinctly, with quivering, convulsive lips, 'All the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus.' What words for dying lips to rest upon! At another time, as one of his family was sitting by, he uttered some expression, not accurately remembered, of deep sorrow for sin. This text was

then mentioned: 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just.'—He repeated, 'Faithful—yes, nothing can be more suitable!'

"Everything that medical skill could suggest was attempted for Dr. Good's relief, by his friends, Mr. Cooper, Dr. Hooper, and Mr. B. Travers, but in vain; and on Monday, Jan. 1st, it was but too evident that life was ebbing fast away. He still listened with manifest pleasure to texts which were repeated at intervals throughout the day, and his quivering lips were continually re-uttering the words of Scripture, at times, when intense agony occasioned such convulsive motions that the bed shook under him. His youngest daughter, who was holding his cold hands, said to him, 'Do you remember your favourite hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood?"' etc.' He had repeated it in the earlier part of his illness, and told Mr. Russell, that, sometimes when walking through the streets of London, he used to repeat it to himself. In one instance, he altered it unintentionally, but still strictly preserving the sense, in a manner which showed that his mental powers were yet vigorous. Instead of,

'When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
Lies silent in the grave,'

He substituted,

'When this decaying, mouldering frame  
Lies crumbling in the dust.'

And a text on which he dwelt with much earnestness and delight, was, 'Jesus Christ,

the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever;’ circumstances which evinced, in no slight degree, how totally changed were his religious views and feelings from those that he formerly possessed. Another text, which, without any suggestion or leading remark, he repeated several times, was—‘Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain; and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it’—dwelling with peculiar emphasis upon the words, ‘Grace, grace unto it.’ He also listened with much apparent comfort to that portion of the *Te Deum*, ‘When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.’ On the afternoon of this day he was constantly convulsed, and uttered but one or two connected sentences. But his power of comprehension appeared to last much longer than his power of articulation or expression. His hearing now became greatly affected. Mr. Russell called to him with a loud voice, ‘Jesus Christ the Saviour.’ He was not insensible to that sound. His valued clerical friend then repeated to him, in the same elevated tone, ‘Behold the Lamb of God.’ This roused him, and with energy—the energy of a dying believer—he terminated the sentence, ‘which taketh away the sin of the world;’ and these were the last words he intelligibly uttered, being about three hours before his death. Mr. Russell twice commended the departing

spirit into the hands of Him who gave it. The last time was about one o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, the 2nd of Jan. 1827; and at four o'clock the same morning, the breath, which had gradually become shorter and shorter, ceased entirely."

Amongst Dr. Good's papers was found the following, which we here transcribe, as evincing the spirit of prayer in which, during the latter years of life, his practice was conducted:—

"July 27, 1823. Form of prayer, which I purpose to use among others, so long as it may please God that I shall continue in the exercise of my profession; and which is here copied out, not so much to assist my own memory, as to give a hint to many who may perhaps feel thankful for it when I am removed to a state where personal vanity can have no access, and the opinion of the world can be no longer of any importance. I should wish it to close the subsequent editions of my 'Study of Medicine.'"

"O thou great Bestower of health, strength, and comfort, grant thy blessing upon the professional duties in which this day I may engage. Give me judgment to discern disease, and skill to treat it; and crown with thy favour the means that may be devised for recovery; for with thine assistance the humblest instrument may succeed, as, without it, the ablest must prove unavailing. Save me from all sordid motives, and endow me with a spirit of pity and liberality towards the poor, and of tender-

ness and sympathy towards all, that I may enter into the various feelings by which they are respectively tried, may weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice.

“And sanctify their souls, as well as heal their bodies. Let faith and patience and every Christian virtue they are called upon to exercise have their perfect work ; so that in the gracious dealings of thy Spirit and thy providence, they may find in the end, whatever that end may be, that it has been good for them to have been afflicted.

“Grant this, O heavenly Father, for the love of that adorable Redeemer, who while on earth went about doing good, and now ever liveth to make intercession in heaven. Amen.”

---

### ROBERT GOOCH, M.D.

DR. GOOCH was a native of Yarmouth, in Norfolk, at which place he was born in June, 1784. His father commanded a vessel in the merchant service, but his circumstances were limited, and it was not in his power to give his son a classical education. At the age of fifteen, he was apprenticed to Mr. Borrett, a surgeon and apothecary in his native town. Without any assistance from others, he now began the study of Latin, and persevered till he was able to read that language with tolerable facility.

Possessed of a highly imaginative mind,

Gooch was not only in the habit of indulging many a waking reverie, but was accustomed to attach much importance to dreaming, as we shall have again occasion to notice. The following extract from one of his loose papers gives us some insight into his habit of reverie and is interesting as descriptive of his habits at a very early period.

“From the age of fifteen to twenty-one I was an apprentice to a country surgeon; and when I had nothing else to do, no pills to roll, nor mixtures to compose, I used, by the advice of my master, to go up into my bed-room, and there with Cheselden before me, learn the anatomy of the bones, by the aid of some loose ones, together with a whole articulated skeleton, which hung up in a box at the foot of my bed. It was some time before I overcame the awe with which I used to approach this formidable personage. At first, even by daylight, I liked to have some one in the room during my interviews with him; and at night, when I lay down in my bed and beheld the painted door which inclosed him, I was often obliged to make an effort to think of something else. One summer night, at my usual hour of retiring to rest, I went up to my bed-room—it was in the attic story, and overlooked the sea, not a quarter of a mile off. It was a bright moonlight night, the air was sultry, and after undressing I stood for some time at my window, looking out on the moonlit sea, and watching a white sail which now and then passed. I shall never

have such another bed-room, so high up, so airy, and commanding such a prospect ; or, probably, even if I had, it would never look so beautiful, for then was the spring-time of my life, when the gloss of novelty was fresh on all the objects that surrounded me, and I looked with unmingled hope upon the distant world. Now—but I am rambling from my story. I went to bed ; the moonlight, which fell bright into my room, showed me distinctly the panelled door behind which hung my silent acquaintance—I could not help thinking of him. I tried to think of something else, but in vain. I shut my eyes, and began to forget myself, when, whether I was awake or asleep, or between both, I cannot tell, but suddenly I felt two bony hands grasp my ankles, and pull me down the bed ; if it had been real, it could not have been more distinct. For some time, how long I cannot tell, I almost fainted with terror, but when I came to myself, I began to observe how I was placed ; if what I had felt had been a reality, I must have been pulled halfway out of bed, but I found myself lying with my head on my pillow, and my body in the same place and attitude as when I shut my eyes to go to sleep. At this moment this is the only proof which I have that it was not a reality, but a dream.”

During the period of his apprenticeship, an event took place at Yarmouth, highly interesting to young Gooch, and which was the means of introducing him to useful connexions in after

life. Lord Nelson arrived from Copenhagen, with his victorious fleet, and the wounded were placed in the Naval Hospital at that place. "I was at the Naval Hospital," he says, in a letter written long afterwards, "on the morning when Nelson, after the battle at Copenhagen, (having sent the wounded before him,) arrived at the roads, and landed on the jetty. The populace soon surrounded him, and the military were drawn up in the market-place, ready to receive him; but making his way through the dust, and the crowd, and the clamour, he went straight to the hospital. I went round the wards with him, and was much interested in observing his demeanour to the sailors; he stopped at every bed, and to every man he had something kind and cheering to say; at length he stopped opposite a bed on which a sailor was lying, who had lost his right arm close to the shoulder joint, and the following short dialogue passed between them. Nelson:—'Well, Jack, what's the matter with you?' Sailor:—'Lost my right arm, your honour.' Nelson paused, looked down at his own empty sleeve, then at the sailor, and said playfully, 'Well, Jack, then you and I are spoiled for fishermen—cheer up, my brave fellow!' and he passed briskly on to the next bed; but these few words had a magical effect upon the poor fellow, for I saw his eyes sparkle with delight as Nelson turned away and pursued his course through the wards." Gooch speedily formed an acquaintance with some of the

junior surgeons, and, though but a boy, was not unfrequently at the hospital. Mr. Jupper, since an eminent surgeon in London, was one of the number, and, being more advanced in education, having attended the Borough hospitals, happened to possess a manuscript copy of sir Astley Cooper's lectures. These he lent to his young friend, by whom they were speedily transcribed. Little did he then anticipate the probability of his coming in contact, at no distant period, with the leading practitioners of his age, and taking his place among them, on an equal footing. His father's difficulties had been augmented in consequence of his detention in a French prison. Great sacrifices were, however, made by his mother, and an aunt, advanced in years, in order to send him to Edinburgh, and with scanty means he arrived there, landing from a Leith smack, in October, 1804. At this time Gooch was remarkably shy; it was, in fact, his first flight from home, everything around him was new and strange, and he was known only to one individual in the university, Mr. Henry Southey, a fellow-townsmen, who was about one year his senior. But a few weeks reconciled him to his new situation, and no one ever entered upon his studies with a more fixed determination to profit by the advantages which the place afforded. During the first season, he rarely, if ever, missed a lecture; he attended the Royal Infirmary, and became a member of the Medical and Speculative Societies. In these societies he soon acquired the power of

expressing himself with tolerable facility, and before the end of the third session, became even a formidable debater. He did not affect to declaim, but was always a close reasoner, and usually a most unsparing opponent. In May, most of the students leave Edinburgh; and the following summer proved an eventful one to Gooch. He returned to Norfolk, and spent part of the vacation at Norwich, with his friend Mr. William Taylor, with whose assistance he began the study of German. At this time he became acquainted with Miss Emily Bolingbroke, and soon formed an attachment which became mutual. Highly accomplished, but sensitive and delicate, she was one of those beings who shrink from notice, and can be appreciated only by those who know them intimately. To a man of Gooch's temperament, disposed to take a gloomy view of his own prospects, an engagement, the accomplishment of which was to depend on his success, did not contribute much to his immediate happiness; but the friends of the young lady entertained more confidence in the probability of that success than himself, and allowed a correspondence to continue between them. When he returned to Edinburgh, in the ensuing autumn, he first evinced that marked disposition to melancholy which never afterwards wholly left him. At times he was as cheerful as any man, but the habitual tendency of his mind was to despondency, especially with respect to his future course in life, and the real or supposed

difficulties he had to encounter. In the course of this year he became acquainted with his future friend and patron, sir William Knighton. Gooch knew well how to appreciate the great sagacity and power over other minds which characterized that remarkable man, and, through the whole of his future life, he was accustomed to apply to sir William for advice in all matters of importance.

The summer of 1806 was passed in Norfolk, nearly in the same manner as the former had been, in the society of Miss Bolingbroke, and the study of modern languages. While he was at Yarmouth, the French frigate, *La Guerrière*, was captured, and brought into the roads by the Clyde, and the number of the sick and wounded in both vessels was so great, that Gooch's assistance was requested by the medical attendants. In a letter to a friend, he relates an anecdote, which not only evinces his humanity, but gives us some insight into the secret of his future professional success. A poor sailor, who had undergone amputation, in consequence of a splinter wound in the knee, as the only expedient calculated to save his life, was suffering from mortification spreading extensively from his lying long on the back. With a great deal of care and contrivance and repeated turning, when the posture began to get uneasy, Gooch at length contrived to take off all pressure from the sloughing surfaces, and soon had the pleasure of seeing the wound become healthy, florid, and beginning to heal. But the time

was now come for him to leave and deliver up his patients to another attendant. At the end of a fortnight, however, he returned to Yarmouth, to take ship for Edinburgh, and walked down to the hospital to see how Pierre, the poor Frenchman, and his other patients were going on. "His eye," said he, "happened to be on the door as I entered the ward; he immediately caught sight of me, and clasping his hands with a cry of joy, turned his face upon the pillow and burst into tears. . . . He had not been neglected, in the common acceptation of the term amongst hospital surgeons; he had had the ordinary attention of a naval hospital, but his situation required more; his new attendant, I dare say, knew as much of surgery as I did, but he felt less interest about him, and had not given him that thought and attention that I had. He had been suffered to lie continually upon his back; the wounds on the loins, which I had left clean and florid, were covered with new and extensive sloughs, and his constitution had sunk rapidly. He was wasted to a skeleton, had become irritable and low-spirited, and did nothing but complain of neglect, cry over his sufferings, and regret the loss of my attendance. I am glad that I came back when I did, for the poor fellow died the night after my return. The affair affected me a good deal; I shall never forget it. His constitution was so reduced that he might possibly have died under the most careful attendance: but I have often regretted that I did not defer my journey in order to

see him fairly through the dangers of his illness."

Gooch finished his academical career, and graduated in 1807; and, after taking a tour to the highlands, he resolved to pass the winter in the study of anatomy and surgery in London. He, therefore, became a pupil of Mr. Astley Cooper, at the Borough hospitals, and dissected diligently. Early in the following year, he entered into partnership with Mr. James, a general practitioner, of Croydon, and soon became a favourite in the families he attended. He was now married to the lady to whom he had so long been engaged, and had a fair prospect of success in his profession. Still he was unhappy, and continued to indulge a gloomy presentiment as to the future. Nor, in one respect, was he, in this instance, mistaken. The lady of his choice had scarcely recovered from her first confinement, when decided consumptive symptoms made their appearance, under which she lingered for about fifteen months, and died on the 21st of January, 1811. The infant survived its mother about six months, and was buried in the same grave with her. Dr. Gooch felt this affliction most severely, but he did not sink under it. What at this time was the character, and what the extent, of his religious perceptions, we have no means of correctly ascertaining, but it is so far satisfactory to find that he sought for consolation from a higher source than any which this world has to offer. As soon as he had recovered his

spirits, he resolved to enter upon a new scene of professional action. Being now in better circumstances, he took a house in Aldermanbury, and endeavoured to establish himself as an accoucheur physician, considering that to be a line of practice in which his friends could most easily assist him, which they did with the greatest promptitude, especially Dr. Babington and sir William Knighton, to the latter of whom, then in full practice at the west end of the town, more than to any other individual, he owed his early success. In the following year, Dr. Gooch was elected physician to the Westminster Lying-in Hospital; and, in a letter to a friend, written shortly after, he speaks thus cheerfully of his prospects: "You will be glad to hear that practice is coming in upon me, in a way and with a rapidity which surprise me; if its after progress is at all proportionate to its commencement, (of which I feel no doubt,) it will soon carry me out of the reach of pecuniary cares." In the same year, he was elected joint lecturer on midwifery at St. Bartholomew's Hospital with Dr. Thynne, whose death, which occurred shortly afterwards, gave him the whole profit of those lectures. But though a source of emolument, they proved also a source of much anxiety to him. It was impossible to write each lecture, and he often found himself compelled to go to the hospital with scanty notes, and not fully possessed of all that was known on the subject. In one of his letters, he says, "I am going down to lecture with a

palsied mind and palpitating heart." Such was his anxiety, that it affected his health, and laid the foundation of that disorder of his stomach, from which he was never after entirely free. But he was a severe critic of himself—in a few years he became one of the best lecturers in London, and used to go into the class-room with perfect confidence and without any notes, able to teach clearly and impressively that which he himself thoroughly understood.

In January, 1814, Gooch was again married; the object of his choice being a sister of his friend Mr. Travers. Not long after this, he removed from Aldermanbury to Berners-street, where he profited by the overflowings of the practice of sir William Knighton. He was introduced by the same kind friend to the marquis of Wellesley; and, towards the close of the year, he paid a professional visit to the marquis at Ramsgate. Here he was taken alarmingly ill; his stomach became so irritable as to reject all aliment, and although he regained strength enough to resume his professional duties, he was subject at intervals to the same formidable disorder throughout the remainder of his life. In 1820, he lost his eldest son—an interesting child of five years of age; no calamity which he had ever experienced affected him so deeply as the death of this boy. In a letter, written shortly after this event, he thus expresses himself: "There is only one object I can talk to you about, and that is my boy; he is always in our thoughts. Southey, in Roderick, gives the re-

cipe for grief,—religion and strenuous exertion. Whoever says that the latter is chief, says false, for the former affords support when the mind is incapable of exertion, and is not only not the least, but the best of the two. When we went down to Croydon to deposit my dear boy in our little tenement there, you will easily believe that I approached the town and entered the churchyard with strange feelings: ten years back I had visited this spot to lay a wife and a child in the same tomb; since then I had recovered from my grief, had formed new affections, had had them wounded as bitterly as the former, and was now approaching the same spot again, on a similar and as poignant an occasion. The scene was singularly instructive; it cried out with a voice, which I heard to my centre, of the endurableness and curability of grief—of the insecurity of everything—the transience of life—the rapid and inevitable current with which we are all hurrying on: and it asked me how I could fear to submit to that state, into which so many that I dearly loved had already passed before me. . . I added my beloved boy to its former inhabitants, and then asked myself who goes next?" Within ten years, he was himself deposited in the same spot.

We are informed by his biographer, that Dr. Gooch's thoughts were at this time directed "more and more to the subject of religion"—that he "read a good deal of theology, and his letters and conversation showed how much his

mind was occupied with this subject;" but that, "like many wise and truly pious men, he had, at times, misgivings with regard to the efficacy of his own faith." It is matter of great regret, that this important topic has been thus cursorily passed over. It would have been highly interesting to have met with more satisfactory evidence of what this short notice gives us reasonable ground for hoping was the fact, that Gooch did indeed seek and derive comfort in his affliction from the only source of satisfying and abiding consolation. The following circumstance is added to the above very brief notice of his religious character:—"One night, soon after the funeral, when he was harassed with doubts, praying fervently for their removal, and in a very excited state of mind, longing for the apparition of his boy, he fell asleep, thinking that, if such a vision should be vouchsafed him, he could never doubt again. The dream which followed is not the less striking, because it may be reasonably explained by the state of his mind and body at the time. He thought his child appeared, and told him that, although his prayers had been heard, and a spirit was allowed to visit him, still, that he would not be satisfied, but would consider it merely as a dream; adding 'he who will not believe Moses and the prophets, will not believe, though one comes from the dead.' Here he awoke, and afterwards related the dream to several of his friends."

The state of Dr. Gooch's health was now

such that he was compelled to restrict himself in the number of his daily visits, and every summer was obliged to quit London altogether for some weeks. In 1822, he visited Paris, and in the following autumn, made a tour through North Wales. It was on his return from the latter excursion, that he passed a day at Warwick, in the company of Dr. Parr, whom he had previously met in London, of both which interviews he has given a lively account in a paper in Blackwood's Magazine, entitled, "Two Days with Dr. Parr." When speaking on the latter occasion, on the advantages and disadvantages of the different professions, Parr said the most desirable was that of physic, which was equally favourable to a man's moral sentiments and intellectual faculties.—One of the party reminded him of his first interview with Dr. Johnson. "I remember it well," said Parr, "I gave him no quarter,—the subject of our dispute was the liberty of the press. Dr. Johnson was very great; whilst he was arguing, I observed that he stamped; upon this I stamped. Dr. Johnson said, 'Why do you stamp, Dr. Parr?' I replied, 'Sir, because you stamped, and I was resolved not to give you the advantage even of a stamp in the argument.'"

Towards the close of 1824, Gooch took a lively interest in the question of altering the quarantine laws, which was then agitated, fearing, as he expresses himself, lest "a set of half-educated, wrong-headed, medical ad-

venturers should succeed in persuading the government that the plague was not contagious, and that there was no need of any precautions to keep it out of the country." He placed in Mr. Peel's hands the evidence he had collected on the subject, and wrote a valuable article for the Quarterly Review, on "the Contagious Nature of the Plague." During the whole of this year, he suffered much from illness. He went to the continent in search of health, in company with Mrs. Gooch and his friend, Dr. Robert Fergusson, but he was confined to his bed three days at Calais, and three weeks at Bruges, and returned weaker than he went. When at Ghent, ill as he was, he contrived to visit the Beguinage there, of which he gives the following account in one of his letters:—

"When we entered, it was nearly dark; the only lights were a few tall tapers before the altar, and as many at the opposite extremity of the chapel before the organ; the rest of the building was in deep gloom, having no other light than what it received from these few and distant tapers. There were a few people of the town kneeling on straw chairs in the open space before the altar, but the rest of the chapel was filled on each side, from end to end, by the Beguine nuns, amounting to several hundreds, all in their dark russet gowns and white stiff hoods; and all in twilight and deep silence, and motionless, and the silence interrupted only by the occasional tinkling of a bell, or by a nun starting up with out-

stretched arms, in the attitude of the crucifixion, in which she remained fixed and silent for a good many minutes. It was the strangest and most unearthly scene I ever beheld." The Beguines, like the *Sœurs de Charité*, act as nurses to the sick poor in hospitals, but are bound by no permanent vow, and have the power of returning to the world when they please. It was a favourite scheme of Gooch's that a superior class of nurses might be formed for the London hospitals, by a religious association, of course on purely Protestant principles. The letters on this subject in the Appendix to Mr. Southey's Colloquies, were from his pen.

On his return from Flanders, he transferred as much of his midwifery practice as possible to Dr. Locock, and henceforth confined himself to the prescribing part of his profession. Still he always found that he had more patients on his list than he could visit. On the promotion of Dr. C. R. Sumner to a bishopric, in April, 1826, he was appointed principal librarian to the king—an office which delighted him, on account of his fondness for general literature, and was especially honourable, from its being the first instance, we believe, in which it was ever held by a medical man.

In the summer of 1829, Dr. Gooch corrected the last sheets of the most important work he wrote—and which had occupied his attention many years—that "On the Diseases of Women." It was the result of a very ex-

tensive experience, and in no degree disappointed the highest expectation of his friends. It is an interesting fact, that nearly all his writings were composed whilst confined to his bed by sickness, and often, when too feeble to hold his pen, he would dictate page by page with a mind as active and powerful as ever. His bodily powers now began to fail progressively, and on the 16th of February, 1830, he breathed his last.

With regard to personal appearance, Dr. Gooch was rather below the ordinary height, and always thin: his dark full eyes were remarkably fine—the habitual expression of his countenance was made up of sagacity and melancholy, though no features could exhibit occasionally a more happy play of humour. As a physician, he was eminently successful, particularly excelling in the tact with which he seized the symptoms of obscure diseases. His manners were singularly well adapted to a sick room, and the kindness of his heart led him to sympathise readily with the feelings of others, and rarely failed to attach his patients strongly.

---

#### SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART., M.D.

WILLIAM KNIGHTON was born at Beer Ferris, in the county of Devon, in the year 1776. He was the grandson of William Knighton, esq., of

Greenoven, in the same county. His father, in consequence of irregular conduct and an imprudent marriage, had been cut off from the family property; he died at the early age of twenty-nine, and his widow afterwards formed another alliance. The education of the subject of our memoir was not, however, neglected. He was placed at a respectable school, and at an early age was articled to his uncle, Mr. Bredall, a surgeon and apothecary at Tavistock, for the purpose of studying medicine. In his nineteenth year, he repaired to London, to complete his medical education, by the usual course of attendance at the hospitals and dissecting-rooms. But previously to this period, he had become known to Dr. Geach, chief surgeon of the Royal Naval Hospital at Plymouth, who early discovered in his youthful acquaintance an unusual degree of talent and ability, and, on his return to Devonshire, took him entirely under his own protection and roof; with the intention, as his own words expressed, "to model you as I like, introduce you into life and business, and make your talents known." In the year 1796, he procured him the appointment of assistant surgeon to the Royal Naval Hospital, and also obtained for him a diploma from Aberdeen, for an essay on "putrid fever." He had now the prospect of being introduced to most influential connexions, as well as of laying up an ample store of information from his patron's learning and experience. Of all these advantages he was at once deprived, in a

very short time, by the sudden death of Dr. Geach, and left without patron, guide, or money, and with the additional embarrassment of a lawsuit, which he had been obliged to undertake, to recover a small estate to which he was entitled as heir at law, and which he subsequently obtained. It was now necessary that Dr. Knighton should settle; and, at the end of 1797, he purchased a small house at Devonport, where he commenced his professional career, which, notwithstanding his age and inexperience—for he was then only twenty-one—was, by persevering industry, attended with remarkable success. He was soon received by some of the most respectable families in the town and country, by whom, and the occasional naval, military, and other visitants to the place, his time was completely occupied. In the year 1800, he married the youngest daughter of the late captain Hawker, of the Royal Navy.

About three years after this event, Dr. Knighton removed to London, with a fixed resolution of surmounting all difficulties that might lie in the way of establishing himself as a physician in the metropolis. Here he met at first with an unexpected embarrassment, from being unqualified by his Aberdeen diploma to obtain the college license. But nothing daunted, he resolved forthwith to go to Edinburgh, and there to remain, and take his doctor's degree according to the statutes. A house which had been purchased and furnished in Argyle-street was disposed of, and Dr. an

Mrs. K. repaired to Edinburgh, where his studies were pursued with the most unremitting zeal; volumes of notes and remarks were compiled by him from the various lectures of the professors; and thus was the theoretical knowledge of that science completed, which had already been practically learned by the bedside of the sick. "Few people, I believe," he observes, in a letter written at this time, "who are determined to carry any particular point, fail in its accomplishment; and mine I shall never give up but with my life." In 1806, after completing the requisite period of residence in Edinburgh, and passing his examination at the College of Physicians in London, he took a house, previously occupied by Dr. Halifax, in Hanover-square, and furnished it with that attention to economy, which the uncertainty of professional success, and the apprehension in an honest mind of incurring debts without the means of liquidating them, naturally excited. But the fears of his relatives and connexions in the country, by whom he was strongly urged to return to Devonshire, proved groundless, his own most sanguine expectations were realized; and, through the kind patronage and influence of a limited number of persons of rank, to whom he had become known in his former sphere of exertion, he speedily got into practice. In a short time, he was obliged to add a carriage to his establishment, and had no longer any appre-

hension of inability to meet the increased expenditure.

In the year 1809, Dr. Knighton had the honour of being chosen as medical attendant by the marquis Wellesley, to accompany him on his embassy to Spain. His absence on this occasion proved shorter than he had anticipated, and did not materially interfere with his medical practice. On his return, he was introduced and recommended by his noble patron to the prince of Wales, was eventually appointed one of his royal highness's physicians, and, in 1812, made a baronet. At this period, he had obtained extensive employment, and was in the receipt of a considerable income. In 1818, the prince regent appointed him to the auditorship of the duchy of Cornwall, after which his secession from medical avocations was gradual, till about the year 1822, when he altogether relinquished the hope he had entertained of rapidly obtaining an independence for his family by professional labour, and, yielding to the gratification so natural to the human heart, arising from the unbounded favour, kindness, and liberality of his sovereign, he became the devoted servant of George the Fourth. From the following short note written by his majesty in 1820, it is evident how much comfort, even at that period, he derived from having recourse to his judgment when under any difficulty and embarrassment.

“My dear Knighton,—Let me entreat of

you, if you possibly can, to call upon me to-morrow morning, if your health will in any way admit of it, *at latest by eleven o'clock*. I am so overburthened, that I must *absolutely* see you. Always most affectionately yours,—G. R.

“C. H., Friday night or rather Saturday morning, May 12-13, 1820.”

Sir William had been in close attendance during the dangerous illness under which the prince regent was suffering at the time of the death of his father; and on the night when the intelligence was brought from Windsor that George the Third had ceased to live, the fatal tidings, he says, were received by the prince with a burst of grief that was very affecting. How great was the attachment of George the Fourth to sir William, and how necessary he had become to his happiness, is forcibly expressed in a letter written from Holyhead, when the king was on his way to Ireland, in August, 1821. After alluding to the circumstances of peculiar trial in which he was then placed, he adds, “Continue, I conjure you, from time to time, and constantly if you can, to let me hear from you, be it only, that ‘all is well,’ for even this is a security and comfort to me that you cannot imagine; it is utterly impossible for me to tell you how uncomfortable and miserable I always feel when I have not you immediately at my elbow. You may then judge what I do now at this moment feel, and what I have gone through without you near me, during all these recent perplexities

and difficulties. You are too well acquainted with the warmth of my feelings towards you, to render it necessary for me to add a syllable more upon that head, dear and best of friends, except that I am always most affectionately yours—G. R.”

Sir William accompanied his majesty in his journeys to Hanover in the year 1821, and to Scotland in the year 1822. In the latter year, he was appointed keeper of the king's privy purse, a duty which he ever endeavoured to execute with the unshrinking firmness which its embarrassments required, and occasionally so much in opposition to the king's inclination, as would have displeased and alienated a heart less affectionately attached to him. But the king consented to second his servant's wishes when it was found necessary to put a stop to much unforeseen expenditure, and on one occasion in particular, by signing the following document :—“I hereby authorize and direct sir William Knighton, bart., keeper of my privy purse, to give notice to our several tradesmen, that they are not to receive orders or to furnish any articles of furniture, etc. etc. etc., or to incur any expense whatever from their different trades, where such expense is to be provided for from my privy purse, without receiving a specific order in writing for that purpose from the said sir W. K. bart. And I do also give my authority to the said sir W. K., bart., and order and direct him, during our will and pleasure, to undertake the

entire management of my private affairs, with a view to the observance of the most strict and rigid economy, that we may have the opportunity of relieving ourselves from certain embarrassments which it is not necessary to mention further in detail. We do therefore rely with confidence on the said sir Wm. Knighton for the strict performance and fulfilment of all our wishes on this head.

“Royal Lodge, Oct. 26th, 1822. G. R.”

Mr. Dickie, for many years a highly confidential clerk in the banking-house of Messrs. Coutts and Co., and latterly a partner in that extensive establishment, and who, from his position in the banking-house, was well known to several members of the royal family, is stated, when on his death-bed, to have expressed himself as follows:—“I thought it right to say to sir \* \* \* \* that no monarch, nor any man, had ever such a friend as sir Wm. Knighton was to George the Fourth. He managed and guarded his pecuniary concerns with an indefatigable care, and such a peculiar understanding, that, had I not myself been a witness, I could scarcely have credited it. There were times when sir William thought that he was getting over difficulties, when large accounts came in of which he was not aware, like thunder-claps. He has more than once, on such occasions, in my presence, most respectfully but firmly remonstrated with his majesty upon the impossibility of managing his affairs with any satisfaction, or indeed

propriety of conduct, if such unforeseen expenditure occurred. Sir William's words, tone, and manner, acted like magic upon the king. His majesty, like a sensible man, seemed obliged from his heart, his whole demeanour showed it; and I myself, at such a novel scene, was struck with astonishment. From such circumstances, therefore, the name of Knighton is very dear to me. I think it right," he added, addressing sir William, "to inform you of all this; and I say it on my death-bed, and will repeat, that no monarch ever had such a friend as George the Fourth had in your person."

The limit of this brief sketch will not allow us to enter into all the various negotiations in which sir William was engaged in his official capacity. Suffice it to say, that he continued, at much personal sacrifice of health and comfort, to be the faithful servant of his sovereign, during the remaining years of his life, and attended him indefatigably during his last illness; and it is deserving of remark, that, during that trying period, he anxiously embraced every opportunity of directing his majesty's attention to the great subject of religion.

The following extracts from letters written during this part of his life, relate to subjects interesting in themselves, and are highly characteristic of his mind.

To his eldest daughter.

"Royal Lodge, 20th Jan. 1827.

"It may make you comfortable to know that

I do not attend the funeral of his late royal highness the duke of York; but I remain with his majesty in the silence of his chamber. Two nights since, the king sent me to St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, for the purpose of descending into the vault, which contains the royal family who have died within these few years. One man preceded me down the ladder that leads to this gloomy abode, whilst another held the ladder above; the first man carried a lighted torch. We then traversed a subterranean passage, of about one hundred yards in length, at the end of which, looking to the east, was the coffin of king George the Third, elevated on a little block of marble. On one side was the late queen Charlotte; on the other, his majesty's daughter, the princess Amelia; next to the princess, prince Edward, who died early; and, on the other side of the queen, another prince, who died young. Then, by turning round, and looking in another direction, on the right, in a niche, was the princess Elizabeth, at whose birth I was present. In the next niche, the princess Charlotte and her baby, her heart in an urn: next to the princess Charlotte, the old duchess of Brunswick; and farther on in the vault, the duke of Kent. The object of this melancholy and memorable visit, was to fix on a desirable spot to place the remains of the duke of York, that his majesty may know, through my affectionate feelings to fulfil his wishes, that the duke was placed in a situation to be as near the late king as possible.

“It is quite out of my power to describe to you the imposing and solemn situation in which I found myself, in the dead of night, with a single torch in my hand, in the bowels of the earth, with my late king and queen, and their dead family, all of whom I believed had, at that moment, a spiritual existence. I felt as if the Almighty was present, and almost imagined that the spirits of the departed were also before me. I shall never forget this visit. I remained in the vault above a quarter of an hour. The hour at which I now write is four o'clock; the minute guns are firing; the remains of the duke of York will reach Windsor at about eight. I am obliged to write in a great hurry.

“Yours ever, etc.,

“W. K.”

“March 7, 1827.

— “What you have been told relative to the Jesuits, I am satisfied is perfectly true. The state of the world is very unsettled; but the ways of God are quite inscrutable to our poor understandings. When I look at the arguments on the Roman Catholic question in the House of Commons, the wonder that strikes me is the lightness with which it is argued. Ridicule or flippancy of language, to excite a vulgar or irreligious laugh, seem to be considered sufficient for the most awful purposes.”

“April, 1827.

— “My little drawing-room looks com-

fortable and companionable from my pictures. Every little specimen is a little history to me, and becomes a tale of time past. Ah! that quick passage of days leads rapidly to the grave! What then? What we must all hope for! something better. I have been reading to-night St. Paul's narrative, which I had in my hand for the morning portion of Scripture when at Blendworth. I have been much struck at his worldly management throughout the whole of that business which led to his journey and residence at Rome. Common sense is evident throughout; and that sense separates itself in a remarkable manner from his spiritual conduct. Remark how admirably he contrives the distinction in all his conduct, words, and actions; taking the world as it was for the circumstances of the moment, and the great and momentous future results. This separation of conduct, in relation to the words used, is truly marvellous. One of the great points to be observed in life is to go so far, and no farther, to stop at the right moment; in short, to be cautious of errors, and shun extremes."

To lady Knighton.

"Royal Lodge, 5th Dec. 1827.

—— "I made the king laugh heartily a few minutes since, at your anxiety lest his majesty and I had quarrelled. You do not know the newspaper tricks. That paragraph was manufactured for the purpose of mischief. All this is political.—No, no; there is nothing wrong

here. His majesty and myself were never on more happy terms of feeling. It is this knowledge that produces public abuse. I hope, with my own peculiar intellect, I need not fear a change. I have nothing to apprehend but my health, and the eternal wear and tear that my frame undergoes from my great exertions. The king was very kind towards you, and said, 'Poor little soul! I suppose she is in a fine fuss!' Kiss my dear children.

" Ever yours truly,  
" W. K."

To a Friend.

" Nov. 19th, 1828.

" I thank you, my very kind friend, for your letter, which was sensible, entertaining, and clever. Lord Bacon was a very intelligent observer of nature, in every form, but he wanted even the ordinary rules of the Christian creed, as connected with the moral principles. You may suppose, then, what must have been his state as to spiritual Christianity, which, in my opinion, is the only thing worth resting upon. Without this, human nature is, I believe, very much upon a level, as to what is called goodness or character, in this life. . . . To speak personally of myself, little occurrences or little things produce no excitement in my mind. Is this to be wondered at, when one knows certain things as truisms? such as, for example, that light travels at the rate of one hundred and seventy thousand miles per second.

Herschel thinks and mentions in his writings, that the light of some distant nebulae would be forty-eight thousand years in reaching us! After such contemplations, how can one go into the tattle of the drawing-room to be excited! So true is it, as St. Paul says, 'It is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent.' This morning I have to thank you for the inclosed, which I shall be glad to know that you have received. The letter is sensible, full of feeling, but imprudent. She is also mistaken in her religious progress. There must be no vanity, if the heart is to be fully occupied under the influence of spiritual grace. No; the thing is impossible; and why? because the Scripture denounces every species of idolatry: and what is vanity, or the anticipation of worldly fame, whether present or future, but idolatry? While we think we are advancing in fame, it is a deceptive progress we are making."

After the death of the king, sir William's health was, for a long time, in a most uncomfortable state; the slightest emotion produced violent palpitation of the heart, and great nervous debility. He now disposed of his house in town, and resided chiefly with his family in the country, where he rendered himself much beloved by his readiness on all occasions to give the benefit of his medical knowledge to the sick poor in his neighbourhood, as well as occasionally to the higher classes, if requested.

For several following years, his health became less frequently interrupted. The necessity of frequent visits to town, relieved that natural dullness which the change from a life of such great bodily and mental activity to one of extreme quiet might have produced; and his occasional excursions to the continent were beneficial to him. We will here insert a few more extracts from his correspondence during these absences, including some specimens of that graphic description of character in which sir William particularly excelled.

To lady Knighton.

“ London, Oct. 28, 1830.

\* \* \* “I began my day by walking to Bayswater to look after dear Mary’s picture. Linnell gave me a sight of Raphael’s wooden engravings of the history of the Bible. He finished by saying there were parts of these that constantly kept the mind on fire, and withdrew it from the grovelling contemplations of things connected with the common course of art. I then proceeded to the Duchy Office, where I met Mr. Dickie, and having settled some details, went on to the City, and determined to dine at Dolly’s chop house, in St. Paul’s Churchyard. It is a dark dismal place, and you pass through two alleys to get to it. I counted five persons on my entrance, one of whom was ———. We recognised each other by a simple nod of the head, which seemed to imply that we were too important to be there except *incog*. Such are

the many varieties of vanity. Vain of what? a lump of clay, that the slightest thing turns into the most loathsome state, which every living creature save the worm would shun. Very near me was a plain man in a carefully combed wig. His evident intention was to confine his age to fifty, but it would not do; threescore and ten crept through the deception. He directed, on sitting down, three veal cutlets to be brought in succession, hot and hot, half a pint of sherry, and a pint of porter. All this was uttered in a sonorous voice, and with a degree of self-consequence that developed much of the character of the individual. In short, it was evident that his had been, in a little or great way, a life of self; his own dear self was the great and leading object with him. From this place I crossed over to St. Paul's; it was nearly dark, but I paid my two-pence and was admitted. The monuments of the dead bring to one's thoughts another and a better world; but the question is important, when you inquire, What are the deeds done in the flesh by these men? I looked round and found the history of all I saw was blood and carnage—in other words, war. The accidental circumstance of being placed in a situation to be killed by a fellow-man, was the boasted memorial of the perishable marble. When I said all, there were three who required some skill to find, and who were exceptions to the general rule, Dr. Johnson, sir Joshua Reynolds, and the great Howard,—he who first taught the world

to separate captivity from cruelty—he who entered the loathsome dungeon for the purpose of dividing the weight due to the commission of particular crimes. From St. Paul's, I paid a visit to Mr. ——, a man clinging to the idolatry of wealth, who has not, I believe, many months to live.”

“ 8th May, 1832, Limmer's Hotel.

\* \* \* “I heard poor old Rowland Hill's last sermon, on Sunday morning. It was very affecting when he used the painful word, ‘Farewell!’ He reminded all those who were the true followers of Christ, that their separation was but temporary—that they should all meet again in heaven. The sobs in the chapel could then be heard, and they were very general. The good old man used this remark, ‘I do think,’ said he, ‘a young idle clergyman to be numbered among the most wicked upon earth; and, to tell you the truth, I should have been ashamed to have lived so long, (eighty-eight years,) if I had not worked hard, and done my utmost, and used all my strength in God's service. I am now in the valley, but in all my travels I could never see the top of the mountains till I got into the valley.’ I am more and more satisfied that to live a holy life is to be as much as you can in retirement, and constantly to contemplate that awful change that, sooner or later, must come upon us.”

To a Friend.

\* \* \* "I shall now tell you what I think concerning the resurrection. The sense in which we are to believe that the body will rise again, is sublimely conveyed to us by the great apostle as a mystery! "This mortal must put on immortality!" words as strongly implying as words can do the mysterious fact, that the very body we now inhabit, and which constitutes, in conjunction with the soul, one man, shall meet again in union with that Divine principle from which it had been separated for a time, and shall form with it, the very same intelligent and conscious being as before, though in a purer and higher state of existence. Some men will say, How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come? St. Paul returns a similitude in answer, which for cogency and application to his subject, could not be surpassed by the most renowned efforts of philosophical reasoning; 'That which thou sowest is not quickened,' etc. No illustration could more accurately convey or explain all we should aspire to know of the miraculous transformation which is implied in the notion of the resurrection of the body. It expresses that important point, a certain and fixed identity between the risen body and the body dead. It depicts the boundless possibilities of superior excellence in which the vivified substance may surpass its previous condition, just as the splendour of the oak in its highest glory infinitely surpasses that of the parent acorn, or the very

same tree in its death-like garb of winter. \* \* \* In the delineations of our future state, the use of our several corporeal senses is so distinctly alluded to, that if these are not restored at the resurrection, we cannot help at least expecting something greatly analogous to their exercise. We are to *hear* the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God. We are to *see* eye to eye when the Lord bringeth again Zion. \* \* \* It is pleasing to think that the soul that looks through eyes upon objects that please us here, will look through the same identical eyes in another world, and will produce the same feelings, 'though purified.'

“ June 10th, 1833.

\* \* \* “ We breakfasted at the Bush Inn, and then continued our journey by the Milford mail. We took up an intelligent man who had been till lately an innkeeper. He gave us some account of the Bristol riots, and more particularly of Davis, a man who had moved very respectably in life, as a waggon-office keeper, and who was much beloved by all who knew him. He had a wife, but no family. This person said, that in the course of a very short time after he was taken, his anxiety and painful state of mind brought upon him such an appearance of age, although not past the middle life, that those who had known him could not recognise him. A schoolfellow who saw him previously to his execution, found the change so complete, that there was no one point by

which to identify him. It is said of Marie Antoinette, queen of France, that in one night, during the perils of the frightful revolution, her hair turned grey. The influence of the mind on the structure of the frame is very remarkable, and serves to show the principle that God has given to us for purposes so very different from those ordinarily required by the natural man ; for who can help being struck with the power and grace of God, and that Divine influence of the Holy Spirit, when he contemplates the lives of those martyrs who were led to the burning stake ? No change was observed in them, in regard to the external man, whilst the power of spiritual holiness gave them strength and grace to die unflinchingly in the cause of their God and Redeemer. Such is the difference of living in the flesh, and dying unto the Lord."

"October 21st, 1833.

"The country from Geneva to Lyons is beautiful and picturesque in the extreme. We followed constantly the course of the Rhone ; on either side we were encompassed by lofty mountains, and every now and then the rich and cultivated ground below them gave a variety in the beauty of the scenery not easily imagined. The night was fine, the moon gave us her greatest beauty. We passed several lakes, and every now and then the sound of the rushing waters down the rocks gave additional delight to the mind fond of the beauties of nature. Our company in the diligence was good, but

the French have an unusual dread of much air, and would rather almost suffocate themselves by inhaling again and again their own corrupt atmosphere than admit the pure air, which is so essential to life, much more to health. We put up at the Hôtel de Milan, which, though not good, answered our purpose for the time. Our usual plan was to dine at the *table d'hôte* of the inn. Here we saw a variety of characters—the young, the coxcomb, the unexperienced, the cautious, the selfish, the soldier, the man of business, and the man of pleasure—each busy after his own manner—sensible or insipid, filthy or the contrary, pretending or the direct opposite. The most useful seemed to be to us the man of business, and one whose peculiarities interfered the least with the moral observances of our nature; he satisfied his wants with as little loss of time as possible, and away instantly to his vocation. The military man, with his paraphernalia of orders, we observed, always conducted his expenditure with economy, and with an indication that he expected attention from the domestics; whenever he sounded his wants, it was always in the form of a command, and with a demonstration of consequence.”

“ Athenæum, January 5th, 1836.

“ I write again to-day, contrary to my intention, for the purpose of acknowledging your letter, and saying, that I shall be happy to receive dear Mary on Thursday. I have just

returned from hearing old Mr. Wilkinson in the City. I think he must be above eighty—quite clear and distinct. A beautiful old church, thronged to fulness. I could only just get in and stand by the door. I was not in time for his text; I think it was on regeneration. The first words I heard from him were, ‘Remember that the day of death is, in effect, the day of judgment.’ He then said that there were three joyous periods in the history of the believer. The first was the day of conversion, when the finger of God, by his Holy Spirit, writes on the heart the comfortable assurance, ‘Thy sins are forgiven thee by the redeeming blood of thy Saviour Jesus Christ.’ Under such circumstances, the next joyous day is the day of our death, when all the miseries our mortal flesh is heir to will terminate; and then comes the third period of our joy, namely, our ascension into heaven. This gentleman has the most striking countenance you ever saw. What a beautiful picture might be made of him, and of the marvellous variety of strange, care-worn faces, by which his pulpit is surrounded! I mean this evening to hear Mr. E. This will be a good way of spending the evening of my birth. It is a long time ago, and when I see what has happened during the last year, it is not unlikely that I may never see another.”

The letters of sir William Knighton, about this time, were frequently filled with accounts of the sermons he heard, and of particular sentiments in them which had arrested his

attention. Towards the close of his life, those views of religion which he had gradually embraced became much clearer, and he rested upon them with more cordial acquiescence. Impressed with a deep sense of his own unworthiness, he appeared to be dying daily to the hopes and consolations of this world, and earnest in seeking those things which are above. He had been honoured with the friendship of princes and the favour of royalty. These high and flattering distinctions he gratefully acknowledged, but had now learned to estimate them at their true value, for he could contrast them with the far higher honour which cometh from God only, and the infinite blessedness arising from communion with Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords. He had investigated the truths of Christianity with all the powers of a strong mind, but, with simple dependence upon that scriptural promise, the fulfilment of which he experienced: "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;"—your heavenly Father will "give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."

He had for a long time suffered under symptoms of diseased heart, and much embarrassment in respiration, and was fully aware of the hopeless nature of his illness. He said to a kind relative who was frequently at his bedside, "I do not know what my medical friends think of me; but they need not fear to tell me their opinion. I have not left it to this hour to make

my peace with God.”—“When I was a young man,” he added, “I knew God; but I departed from him, and he has brought me back to himself again.” Speaking of prayer, he said, ‘I pray to God for the pardon of my sins, and that he will give me his Holy Spirit for the sake of Jesus Christ. I pray that my conversion may be a sincere one, and that all my thoughts may be purified in the blood of Christ.’ A friend, who visited him, prayed, “that if it were the Lord’s will, he might be raised up from his bed of sickness to glorify God; but if not, that God would give him a sense of sin, and of peace and joy in his Saviour, and that, at last, he would receive his spirit to himself.” He said, “That is my mind and desire exactly.” Prayer and meditation on the expiatory sacrifice and justifying righteousness of Christ seemed to alleviate his sufferings; in speaking of which, on one occasion, to his physician, he observed, “See what sin has brought into the world!”

He expressed a firm conviction that Christ was sustaining him, and requested, even on the night preceding his death, that his family might be assembled as usual to unite with him in family prayer, and in seeking that Divine support which his circumstances required. On this last occasion, he took an affectionate and solemn farewell of them, and soon after sank into a tranquil sleep, which, at about half-past two on the following morning, was exchanged, without the slightest apparent suffering, for the

sleep of death, his spirit having fled to God his Saviour. Sir William died on the 11th of October, 1836.

---

### JAMES HOPE, M.D.

DR. HOPE was the son of Thomas Hope, esq., of Prestbury Hall, Cheshire. He was born Feb. 23, 1801, and was the tenth child of a family of twelve. It is remarkable that he felt in early life an apparently almost invincible aversion to that profession in which, at a comparatively early period, he rapidly attained such distinction, and for which his naturally close and reflecting intellectual habits so well qualified him. It was his father's wish that he should be a merchant; his own to attain eminence at the bar. At length, after a period of much uncertainty, he yielded to the persuasion of a leading physician at Manchester, to make trial of the practice of physic, upon one condition only, that he should be allowed to practise in London—a wish prompted by a secret consciousness of his talents, and by that proud ambition which, till overruled by higher and better principles, seems to have been the master-spring of all his conduct, leading him to scorn success in every field except where he should have to compete with talent of the highest order.

He commenced his medical studies at Edin-

burgh in the autumn of 1820. From the extreme aversion he felt for practical anatomy, his first year was one of disgust and unhappiness. Still he determined to persevere. Having now made up his mind that the medical profession was the sphere in which all his ambitious dreams were to be realized, he relied on the power of habit to overcome his disgust. But he dissected in gloves and with forceps, so as never to touch the body; and so strongly rooted were his feelings, that it took two years to overcome them in any tolerable degree, and they continued to affect him slightly, even six or seven years afterwards. Dr. Baillie was at that time at the head of the profession in London, and he was the model which young Hope proposed for his own imitation. He soon discovered that that celebrated physician owed much of his eminence and success to his knowledge of morbid anatomy, and therefore at once determined to concentrate all his powers on this most essential, though least agreeable part of his studies, and he speedily planned a work on the morbid anatomy of the whole body, illustrated by engravings. At that time there was no similar work in existence. Before leaving Edinburgh, Dr. Hope successively filled the offices of house-surgeon and house-physician to the infirmary, and was one of the presidents of the Medical Society. The two years he spent in the Edinburgh Infirmary, he has been often heard to say, were the most valuable of his life—he literally

lived at the bed-side of his patients, and the sphere for observation was nearly unlimited. He graduated on the 1st of August, 1825. At the commencement of the following year, Dr. Hope went to London for the purpose of studying surgery, for although he restricted himself exclusively to the practice of medicine, he determined from the first to study the two branches equally, and was accustomed to observe that his knowledge of surgery was ever afterwards of the greatest use to him, and that it gave him a confidence which he could never otherwise have enjoyed. He therefore proceeded so far as to pass his examination before the College of Surgeons. Mr. Cline was his only examiner, and he soon dismissed him with the remark, "You know your profession, Sir; we need not detain you." The next year was spent at Paris, and it proved to be one of the most laborious of his life. A grand difficulty confronted him in the outset. Although he had a good knowledge of French and Italian, as far as mere reading went, he found it by no means so easy a thing as he imagined, to profit by the lessons of professors, or to converse with the natives of the country. Of this he soon met with a humiliating proof. He went to engage apartments at a private hotel, but after a pantomimic performance of some twenty minutes between himself and the landlady, it was found that neither could, in the slightest degree, understand the other; and after laughter and

reciprocal bows, he retired in despair. He now determined to devote twelve hours a day to the mere practice of speaking French. He engaged a master and made him go through the drudgery of reading three words at a time, while he mimicked them as closely as he could. He exercised himself by means of Wanostrocht's Grammar with a key to it. He went to dine daily at a small and crowded restaurant, frequented by the *garde-du-corps*, where the company was so closely packed, that he could not avoid overhearing the conversation of two or three contiguous tables. In this way his ear got familiarized with all the sounds of the French language, and having a fancy for the rooms of the private hotel, to which he had originally gone, he again waited on the landlady. On entering, he addressed her in fluent French, explained his wishes, etc. The landlady, meanwhile, with uplifted arms, and an air of utter amazement, exclaimed, "*Voilà, un miracle!*" "You cannot be the same gentleman who called here a month ago, and could not speak a single word of French!" "The same notwithstanding." The rooms were then duly taken, and he continued to occupy them during his residence in Paris. He now began his attendance at the hospitals at the early hour of five in the morning, visiting the most important, but settling at La Charité, where M. Chomel was professor of clinical medicine. Chomel soon singled out the diligent Englishman, and proposed to make him one of his

clinical clerks — an offer which was gladly accepted.

From his earliest childhood Dr. Hope had manifested an unusual facility in the use of the pencil and the brush. During his residence in Edinburgh he began to carry into execution his design, already alluded to, of a work on morbid anatomy embellished with plates, and he had now ample opportunities of prosecuting such a work. From specimens of morbid anatomy, procured from various sources, he compelled himself to make three or four drawings a week ; one of the most irksome tasks, he was accustomed to say, that he ever performed. His repugnance to anatomy was not totally subdued, and it was only by the strongest mental effort that he was able to proceed. Notwithstanding, he thus occupied himself five hours daily. On the 6th of June, 1827, Dr. Hope quitted Paris, and in company with a friend, took a delightful tour through Switzerland and Italy, making a stay of three weeks at Venice, in the family of the late estimable British consul, Mr. Money. His remarks on this family, in a letter to an intimate friend, considered in connexion with the subsequent change in his religious views, is worthy of mention. “The extreme kindness of this amiable and estimable family has almost domesticated us with them. The prominent feature in the character of the family is an ardent and sincere piety, and it is a most impressive lesson to see how happy

they are under the influence of such feelings. Whatever the world may say, my dear George, it is a clear case to me that the saints have the laugh on their side. If wishing would add me to their number, I would get enrolled to-morrow."

Preparatory to settling in his profession, Dr. Hope spent some months in visiting his family and friends in England and Scotland. His father had now nearly attained the eightieth year of his age. A series of afflictions had bowed down his naturally high spirit, and been the means of leading him to seek "that peace which the world cannot give." Having been himself blessed through life with excellent health, which he was in the habit of attributing to his having "always kept out of the doctor's hands," it so happened that he had a supreme contempt of medicine and of medical men. Being proud, however, of his son, he hoped he would prove an exception to the general rule, and to this end did not fail to recommend a book of no ordinary quack receipts, which was received with all deference. But, what was much better, he promised to give him a few words of good advice. This promise was often claimed, but never fulfilled, till the day before his departure, when the old gentleman invited him to take a walk in the neighbouring park, and suddenly stopping, he delivered himself to the following effect. "Now, James, I shall give you the advice that I promised, and if you follow it,

you will be sure to succeed in your profession. First: Never keep a patient ill longer than you can possibly help. Secondly: Never take a fee to which you do not feel yourself to be justly entitled. And, thirdly: Always *pray* for your patients." A short time before his death, Dr. Hope said that these maxims had been the rule of his conduct, and that he could testify to their success.

Fully aware of what was required to attain what he considered the sole object worthy of his ambition, to be at the head of the profession in London, he was now resolved not to shrink from the ordeal through which he had to pass. He turned a deaf ear to various solicitations that were made him to settle in other places where he had connexions, determining either to be nothing or to be the first physician in the first metropolis in the world. He lay under two disadvantages, which would alone have been sufficient to deter any one of less determined energy than himself. He had not taken his degree at an English university, and was, therefore, ineligible to a fellowship of the College of Physicians—a circumstance which was a serious obstacle to his obtaining those appointments to which he aspired; and he had no private connexion. The sole advantages which he possessed were his natural powers of mind and his superior education. To these alone he could look, under providence, for success, but they proved amply sufficient. He had

formed, however, it appears, much too favourable an estimate of his profession, and believed that the wealth which rewarded those who attained eminence in it, was both greater and more easily acquired than he afterwards found it to be. On arriving in London, Dr. Hope was led into the belief that the first twenty physicians in the metropolis divided about £80,000 annually between them, and that a successful physician might hope to be established in good practice in five years. To be one of so large a number as twenty seemed no difficult task, and, therefore, he ignorantly hoped that, if he succeeded at all, he should be receiving £4000 per annum. But he soon found that, notwithstanding the extraordinary reputation which, in a very short period, he acquired, his practice made very tardy approaches indeed towards anything like this amount. Often did he try to discover wherein lay his fault, (for such he thought it must be,) until he was relieved by the observations of two of the first physicians in London. Dr. Chambers told him that it was absolutely impossible for any man who did not keep a carriage to find time to obtain more than £500 per annum at the very most. Sir H. Halford, while congratulating him on being of the number of the successful few of his profession, told him that if he made £1000 per annum by the time he was forty, he might feel certain of attaining the first eminence that the profession could offer. Dr. Hope's career ter-

minated at this age, and he was then receiving more than four times as much as sir Henry had led him to expect. But he did not consider himself as a fair criterion of professional success, as he was universally considered to have attained very early eminence, and his own observation led him to believe that this opinion was not unfounded.

Dr. Hope had long assigned to himself the execution of two works—"A Treatise on Diseases of the Heart," and that already mentioned, on "Morbid Anatomy, illustrated by plates;" and, for the completion of them, he allotted seven years. The materials for the latter work were nearly prepared, and the only difficulty he had to encounter in its publication was the enormous expense of the engravings. But the subject of "Diseases of the Heart" was then not very well understood. He intended to introduce a good deal of original matter; and although he had bestowed much thought upon it, from the period of his medical studies at Edinburgh, there were many points on which his judgment was not fully formed. It appeared essential that he should continue his studies at some large hospital, and he selected St. George's as the one to which his ambition prompted him to hope he should one day be physician. Here he soon became conspicuous for his regular attendance and unvarying application. Never was he to be seen without his stethoscope, his book for taking notes of cases, and a small ink bottle attached

to his button. At that time there was much prejudice in England, and especially at St. George's, against "*auscultation*," (the use of the stethoscope,) in the examination of diseases of the chest. This Dr. Hope determined to remove, and he adopted the most judicious course, that, namely, of leaving facts to speak for themselves. He took the most minute notes of them all, wrote down the conclusions to which he was led in as great detail as possible, and, before proceeding to a post mortem examination, publicly placed his book on the table that it might be read by every one. He was invariably correct. Attention was soon drawn to him. His accuracy silenced every objection, and all intelligent and candid men became convinced of the utility of the stethoscope. In connexion with this subject, Dr. Hope entered upon a series of experiments relative to the various sounds of the heart in a healthy and morbid condition, and satisfied himself upon so many points that had remained unexplored, that he now felt justified in presenting his discoveries to the public. He accordingly set about his projected work, and wrote with such diligence that he completed it in one year, though it was an octavo volume of about six hundred pages. Being favoured with a good constitution, it had long been his custom to work, with little intermission, from seven in the morning till twelve at night. In consequence, his name is to be added to the list of victims who have ruined even

robust health, by over-tasking their powers of body and mind, till they have practically found, in the emphatic language of one of the most learned and accomplished of the human race, that "this also is vanity." Once thoroughly engaged in any work of interest, and not feeling at the time any extraordinary fatigue, he seemed not to know where to stop. When writing this book, he frequently sat up half the night. When completing it, he often rose at three in the morning. On one occasion, he rose at three, wrote without cessation till five the following morning, then went to bed, and at nine o'clock Mrs. Hope, to whom he had been married a few months before, was at his bed-side writing to his dictation while he breakfasted. The work met with a most favourable reception. He now directed his attention to publishing the "Morbid Anatomy." In the course of the summer of 1832, he persuaded Messrs. Whittaker and Co. to undertake it on terms which experience had taught him to consider advantageous. These were, that he was to provide all the drawings and lithography, and they were to be at the expense of the printing and the colouring of the plates. After having paid all their own expenses, Messrs. Whittaker agreed to divide the profits with him. After a lapse of three years Dr. Hope received between £60 and £70 for his share, a sum which would not have remunerated him for the expense of the lithography, if he had been compelled to employ a

regular artist, but much more than was mutually anticipated. No other respectable bookseller would hear of the publication, except on the stipulation of Dr. Hope's making himself responsible for the whole expense. This work met with a reception no less favourable than that on the "Heart."

The ruling principle in the mind of Dr. Hope, which had led him to use all this diligence and unwearying perseverance, to practise remarkable self-denial, and to control his natural tastes and feelings, was, as already hinted, what, in the phraseology of the world, would be called a laudable and truly noble ambition; but no feeling, it has been justly observed, which has self for its ultimate object, or which extends only to the brief space of this life, when viewed in the light of revelation, can be denominated either laudable or noble. It was Dr. Hope's happiness that this principle was, at first, almost imperceptibly, but gradually and certainly superseded, by a far higher and better one. He did not then leave the sphere in which Providence had placed him, but it henceforth became the first object of his life to glorify God by the use of every talent committed to his charge.

It was in Paris, 1826-7, that he was first led to hear evangelical preaching, being induced by his friend Dr. Nairne to attend at the chapel of the rev. Lewis Way, with whose sermons he was much interested. His judgment, now first exercised on this subject, and aided by

the guidance of the Spirit of truth, made him perceive that, if religion were anything, it must be everything. His progress was slow. He did not *say* much on the subject, for with the humility natural to him, he feared, by his unworthy conduct, to do injury to the pure religion which he professed. But the result was that religion gained a steady ascendancy over him, and his conduct answered to the scriptural definition of the kingdom of heaven, in the comparison of it to a little leaven which leaveneth the whole lump. A few days before his death, when referring to this early period, he spoke of the "craving" which he had then felt, and which never left him, "to be permitted to be Christ's soldier militant." An observation which he made to Mrs. Hope, very soon after their marriage, gives a clue to what was his mode of governing his feelings. Mrs. Hope was speaking of the difficulty of evangelical religion, because she believed that it required the feelings to be constantly worked up to love God. "Do not trouble yourself about that matter," answered he; "do not think whether you love him or not, but only endeavour to keep your thoughts fixed on the individual and collective blessings which he has bestowed on you, and then you will not be able to do otherwise than love him." On Dr. Hope's first arrival in town, he had been introduced to Dr. Burder, the son of the pious and well-known author of "Village Sermons." A similarity in mind and character drew these

two excellent men together, and when they discovered in each other a unison of religious opinion, these feelings kindled into warm affection. In death they were not long divided. With reference to the early period of their acquaintance, Dr. Burder observes, "Some years ago, before I was aware of Dr. Hope's religious principles, I had sometimes said to Mrs. Burder, after observing him narrowly, 'Well, if Dr. Hope is not a pious man, he is the most perfect man without religion that I ever met with.' But the more I knew of him, the more anxious was I to discover whether *any* principles short of those which teach repentance towards God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and an unreserved consecration of heart and life to his service, could have yielded such transparency of conduct, such humanity, disinterestedness, humility, guileless simplicity, and undeviating integrity, as I observed in him. At length I learned that he lived 'as seeing Him who is invisible.'" Some very valuable letters from Dr. Burder to Dr. Hope, entitled "Letters from a Senior to a Junior Physician on promoting the religious welfare of his Patients," were first published in a periodical work, and have since been appended to the interesting memoir of Dr. Hope, by his widow, from which we have drawn largely in the present sketch.

It should be mentioned that, not very long after Dr. Hope had settled in London, he obtained the appointment of physician to the

Marylebone Infirmary, which he retained till November, 1834. In order to lighten the duties of the physicians of St. George's, it was at that time proposed to create a new office, that of assistant physician, and, after an arduous struggle, Dr. Hope was elected. On this occasion, he gave a decided proof of the strength of his religious principles. After having canvassed for several days with little prospect of success, a party of very influential medical governors sent to offer him their support. The communication was made at ten o'clock on Saturday night, these gentlemen stipulating that he should canvass most actively under their guidance, and they proceeded to point out his work for the following day, Sunday. To observe the sabbath was a principle from which he could not swerve. He preferred risking the offered support to offending his God. He urged that, without the Divine blessing, his election could not prosper, and that he could not expect that blessing while acting in opposition to the Divine commands. It was in vain that his new friends argued, entreated, and even threatened to withdraw their support. Dr. Hope was inflexible, and they finally yielded the point.

In the year 1839, Dr. Chambers resigned the office of physician to St. George's. Dr. Hope had now discharged the very laborious duties of assistant physician for above four years. He had likewise succeeded Dr. Marshall Hall as lecturer on the practice of physic at the

Aldersgate-street school. Under the pressure of these and his other engagements, his health had seriously given way. On these accounts, the comparatively easy post of physician to the hospital was one of no small importance to him. As already hinted, it had been the object of his ambition from the first; and, inasmuch as it was the established custom at other hospitals, that the assistant physician should, as a matter of course, succeed to the higher post, on the occurrence of a vacancy, he expected to be appointed without any opposition, on this first vacancy which had occurred since the creation of his present office. But in this he was disappointed. He found that Dr. Williams was a candidate, not for the assistant physicianship, to be vacated by himself, but for the office of physician; and he received a communication from Dr. Seymour, to the effect that the medical committee had come to a resolution not to give their collective support to any candidate in particular. Nothing could exceed Dr. Hope's astonishment at this unexpected turn of affairs. He immediately imagined that some accusation was about to be brought against him before the board of governors, which, even if refuted, might leave a stain upon his reputation. He saw that to Dr. Williams a defeat would be merely the loss of an election; to himself he conceived it would be the loss of character, of fortune, and of fame—of all that he had worked so hard to attain. The shock was too much for his already enfeebled frame.

He was attacked with a spitting of blood, and while his family sat up through the night, occupied with preparations for the election, he himself was obliged to go to bed. Every imaginable exertion was, however, made by his friends and connexions, both in the profession and out of it. The students crowded to his house, and intreated, if they had not influence to canvass, they might write, transcribe, seal letters, act as clerks, etc. In five days, three thousand letters left the house, besides those sent privately by friends. On the 26th of June, Dr. Williams retired from the contest, and on the 5th of July Dr. Hope was elected without opposition. He reached the original goal of his ambition. He attained the post of honour upon which, as a Christian man, his mind had perhaps been far too inordinately set; his friends congratulated him at the result—but what was the price he had paid? it cost him no less than life! Well may we repeat the often iterated apothegm of “the preacher,” “This also was vanity and a sore evil.” The spitting of blood with which he had been attacked, the agitation and excitement of the ensuing week, the fatigue of the election, which caused him to work almost without cessation for five days and nights, were what he never could recover. From this time, he dated the final breaking up of his health, which thenceforth progressively and rapidly declined.

It now only remains to take a glance at the

state of Dr. Hope's mind during the remaining months of sickness and decay.

It was a remarkable circumstance in his moral history, that it was very much through the instrumentality of his reasoning powers that his heart became affected by religious subjects. He was slow in forming a conclusion on any subject, nor was ever disposed to do so till he had fathomed depths, and probably unravelled many intricacies, which, to a more superficial mind, would have been scarcely apparent. But, being once satisfied of the evidence on which any fact or doctrine rested, he received it as settled and acknowledged truth, as to which there was no room to doubt. With the same calm and deliberate investigation did he examine every religious doctrine; but, being satisfied of the evidence on which it rested, it henceforth formed part of his mind, and there, like a "tree planted by the rivers of water," it brought forth "its fruit in due season." He paid little attention to occasional feelings of depression, which he conceived to depend mainly on the physical temperament, and was backward to converse on the subject of religious feelings, or what is sometimes termed "Christian experience." Simple faith, and unwavering hope, formed a striking part of his religious character. He knew that Christ died for sinners; he acknowledged that he was a sinner; he read the invitation to all who were willing—he was willing—why, therefore, should he doubt? This confidence in the

word of truth was united to the deepest sense of his own unworthiness. Had he trusted, in the least, to himself, his unworthiness might have depressed him, but while resting exclusively on the righteousness and atonement of Jesus Christ, and on promises to which the Divine power and truth were pledged, no fear or doubt could shake him. It cannot, therefore, be matter of surprise, that, in the prospect of death, and its lingering approaches, Dr. Hope should have been greatly supported. Calculating from his medical experience, he concluded that he should not, in all probability, survive above nine months, after the abscesses in his lungs had burst; and requested Mrs. Hope not to mention to him the possibility of recovery, for such conversations tended to unsettle his mind, while his spirits were more cheerful when he took an opposite view of the subject. On his bed-room chimney-piece he kept a strip of paper, with which he used to measure the size of his leg; and as it diminished inch by inch, he used to smile, and to speculate on the probability of his going before or after the time he had first named.

His family could find no more appropriate manner of describing his conduct, throughout the last seven months of his life, than that it resembled that of a man who, expecting to set off on a journey, puts everything in order before his departure, and makes arrangements to supply his absence. His own preparations for the journey he was about to take had in-

deed been completed long before. When in health, he had frequently spoken of the folly of deferring preparation for death to a bed of sickness. Even supposing, he used to say, that a man could be sure of having a long illness, few have any idea how much illness disqualifies the mind for thought, how many diseases, even at an early stage, take away the senses, and how very commonly a stupor precedes death. This subject had long dwelt on his mind, and it was his intention to write a book on the different modes of death, illustrating this religious view of the matter. During his illness he often exclaimed, "How could I now prepare for death?" And yet his was a disease peculiarly fitted for such a preparation, and his mind was, to the last, so clear, that he, if any, could have done so.

One day, he met Dr. Chambers in consultation at the house of a patient, and, having alluded to his approaching death, Dr. Chambers endeavoured to cheer him by saying that there was no occasion to despond, for that he might do well yet. Dr. Hope stopped him with the assurance that he needed not to be thus cheered, for he was well aware of his condition; that, besides, the nature of Dr. Chambers's communication was not pleasing, for he should be sorry to be detained long from his heavenly inheritance, and to exchange its prospect for the toils of his profession.

The last time Dr. Latham saw him, he inquired if he felt quite happy. "Perfectly so,"

was Dr. Hope's answer; "I have always been a sober thinking man, and I could not have imagined the joy that I now feel. My only wish is to convey it to the minds of others, but that is impossible. It is such as I could not have conceived possible."

When asked whether he found that illness enabled him to realize spiritual things in a greater degree, he answered, "Yes, when we approach the invisible world, it is astonishing with what intensity of feeling we desire to be there." Adding, after an interval, "When we consider, too, what we now are; how continually we sin—pollution is in every thought. When we analyse our motives, we see sin in them. I did this from such a motive—that, from such another.—Charity is given with a feeling of self-complacency.—The only way is to bring the burden to the foot of the cross, and tumble it down there, saying, 'Here I am.' It is surprising how prominently the promises come out." Were a reprieve given me, I should acquiesce in the will of God, but I must confess it would be long before I could rejoice."

With all this joy and peace—this "desire to depart and to be with Christ"—there was no enthusiasm or excitement visible in his words and demeanour. Nothing, it is said, could have exceeded the sobriety of his mind. He drew his hopes and conclusions from the Bible alone. From that source he derived the sure and joyful belief, that, in another world, his renewed faculties and purified nature would

enable him to love God more singly, and to serve him more actively, than he had hitherto been enabled to do, and therefore he could not but rejoice.

During the early part of the last winter of his life, 1840-41, Dr. Hope still continued the practice of his profession. He saw patients at home from ten o'clock till twelve or one. After which he visited St. George's, and drove about seeing patients till five or six; and preferred this employment to the feverish restlessness of a day spent at home. In his carriage, he usually took some devotional work, or he selected some texts, which furnished him with ample meditation during his drive.

Towards the end of February, he listened to the solicitations of Mrs. Hope to retire altogether from practice, and, on the 30th of March, he left town for Hampstead, with the certain knowledge that he never should return. Thus ended his professional life. Such was the termination of all those dreams of wealth and honour in which he had once so ardently indulged. What, then, was the feeling with which he relinquished all? It is said; by one who knew him best, that the only feeling of which he was conscious was that of unalloyed pleasure. He was going to enjoy repose—imperfect indeed—but preparatory to that perfect rest to which he was hastening, and for the rapid approach of which he earnestly prayed. Did he not regret the change on account of his only son? The only remark that he appears

to have made as to this, was to the effect that his son, had he lived, would probably have been independent of a profession, adding, "But I am not sorry for the change, for then he would probably have been more a child of the world than I trust he may now prove to be." Yet this is the same individual who, filled from his earliest years with bright visions of fame, and wealth, and honour, had sacrificed every consideration to gain the treasures he now prizes so lightly. It is well observed by his biographer, that "the Christian alone can discover the cause of so extraordinary a change. In the book of God he finds, that, through the Divine agency, man becomes 'a new creature; old things pass away, and all things become new.' Joyfully did he resign the blessings of this world, because he found, within his grasp, 'richer treasures, surpassing honours, purer joys, which shall never fade, never cloy, but endure for ever and ever.'"

Mrs. Hope, who was the only witness of his last few days, wrote an account of them for his family; from which we cannot refrain transcribing a few extracts.

Sunday, May 9th—"On this subject"—that deep conviction of sin which alone can make a sinner prize Christ as a Saviour—"a painful doubt flashed across my mind; for though I had frequently heard him insist on the general depravity of human nature, I could not remember to have heard him speak of his own individual sins, and lament them; except on one

occasion, when he was indeed humbled. I explained how great would be my satisfaction at hearing him express his feelings on the subject. He looked up for one moment, and then casting down his eyes and his head, he remained silent for a few minutes, during which time deep, strong, and painful emotions apparently struggled in his breast. At length, in a voice scarcely articulate from agitation, he said, 'I always begin my prayers with the mention of my sins, and generally with tears. I always have a deep sense of my own unworthiness. Even now I find all sorts of worldly thoughts and feelings carrying me away from God, and polluting my mind. I cannot say what a grief this is to me; and it shows me more than ever, that all my righteousness is but a filthy rag. And when I think, on the one hand, of the numberless offences which I have committed; and, on the other, remember the blessings which I have enjoyed, oh, it is enough to bow one down to the earth!' These words are, in themselves, strong expressions; but the earnestness and deep feeling with which they were uttered made them doubly so. He added, 'I have often taken a practical chapter of the New Testament, and have determined to act up to it during the day; but alas! I have often forgotten it altogether; and when I did remember it, how miserably did I fall short of it! This, more than anything, showed me the original sin in my nature, and threw me on the promises of Christ. I found it was useless to

rest too much on details, but I took fast hold upon the grand leading truth, that Christ is an all-sufficient sacrifice for sin. I think, also, that I had a great fear of God, but I feared him as one fears a parent.' On hearing him speak so decidedly, I expressed the pleasure that I derived from it, adding, that when I remembered how fully he had looked to Christ, especially since Christmas, 1839, and what peace he had enjoyed in the anticipation of death, I could not think that Christ would have allowed him to remain in error on any vital point. He immediately answered, 'Long before the time you name, I think I was in the way of salvation, even so long as ten or twelve years ago. When I attended Mr. Howels' chapel, I learned the saving truths of the gospel; and although I was a most imperfect creature, I believe I might have come within the pale of salvation, because I had then the evidence of the Spirit working a change within me.' After some farther conversation, he added, 'I cannot express my grief and humiliation at not having been able to keep my attention fixed at church. If Satan had a malicious or wicked thought to suggest, he chose that time. An exciting sermon might, indeed, rouse my attention; but the prayers—oh! the prayers. And when I think of the blessings that I have enjoyed, is it not enough to grind me to the dust?' He then spoke with much warmth and gratitude of the many blessings that had been vouchsafed to him.

“On the evening before his death he said, ‘I will not make speeches, but I have two things to say.’ The first was an affectionate farewell to myself. In reply, I reminded him of the superior satisfaction which he possessed of having promoted my happiness, not only in this world, but also, as I trusted, in the world to come. He answered meekly, ‘It was not I.’ Here he was interrupted by coughing. When he was again quiet, I reminded him that he had another thing to say, and begged him to take the earliest opportunity of doing so. He then added, ‘The second is soon said. Christ is all in all to me, I have no hope except in him. He is, indeed, All in all.’ I quoted, ‘Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,—thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.’ He said, ‘They *do* comfort me. There is no darkness. I see Jordan and the heavenly Joshua passing over dry-shod.’ Throughout the night, when awake, he was perfectly calm and collected. At his request I read the 15th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, and, at a later period, he begged me to repeat texts, which I did from time to time. He frequently asked whether I was cold or tired, made inquiries as to whether I was adequately clothed, and proved, in various ways, that he retained his faculties and his characteristic solicitude for others. He also directed me what medicines to give him, how to prepare them, altering the quantities, and making medical observations from time to time on his state. . . . . Day

beginning to dawn, he looked out of the window, and I remarked, 'What a glorious day is dawning on you, my dearest!' He assented with a look of joy. I said, 'There will be no sun and no moon there, for the Lamb will be the light thereof.' Looking fixedly before him, he murmured, 'Christ! angels! beautiful! magnificent! delightful!' and then turning to me, with a look as if re-assuring me, 'Indeed, it is.' At one time he said, 'This suffering is little to what Christ suffered on the cross.' I quoted, 'But our light affliction,' etc. A few minutes after, he said, 'I thank God!' and these were the last connected words that he spoke. \* \* He continued to breathe till twenty-three minutes past four, (May 13, 1841,) when he slept in Jesus."



