

CHAUVINISM\* IN MEDICINE.

THE ADDRESS IN MEDICINE, CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION,  
MONTREAL, SEPT. 17TH, 1902.

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A rare and precious gift is the Art of Detachment, by which a man may so separate himself from a life-long environment as to take a panoramic view of the conditions under which he has lived and moved, and that frees him from Plato's den long enough to see the realities as they really are, the shadows as they appear. Could a physician attain to such an art he would find in the state of his profession a theme calling as well for the exercise of the highest faculties of description and imagination as for the deepest philosophic insight. With wisdom of the den only and of my fellow-prisoners, such a task is beyond my ambition and my powers, but to emphasize only the subject that I wish to bring home to your hearts I must first refer to certain distinctive features of our profession:—

I. FOUR GREAT FEATURES OF THE GUILD.

*Its noble ancestry.*—Like everything else that is good and durable in this world, modern medicine is a product of the Greek intellect, and had its origin when that wonderful people created positive or rational science, and no small credit is due to the physicians who, as Professor Gomperz remarks (in his brilliant chapter "On the Age of Enlightenment," *Greek Thinkers*, Vol. 1), very early brought to bear the spirit of criticism on the arbitrary and superstitious views of the phenomena of life. If science was ever to acquire "steady and accurate habits instead of losing itself in a maze of phantasies, it must be by quiet methodical research." "It is the undying glory of the school of Cos that it introduced this innovation into the domain of its Art, and thus exercised the most beneficial influence on the whole intellectual life of mankind. Fiction to the right! Reality to the left! was the battle cry of this school in the war it was the first to wage against the excesses and defects of the nature philosophy" (Gomperz). The critical sense and skeptical attitude of the Hippocratic school laid the foundations of modern medicine on broad lines, and we owe to it: *first*, the emancipation of medicine

\* Definition: A narrow, illiberal spirit in matters national, provincial, collegiate or personal.

from the shackles of priestcraft and of caste; *secondly*, the conception of medicine as an art based on accurate observation, and as a science, an integral part of the science of man and of nature; *thirdly*, the high moral ideals, expressed in that most "memorable of human documents" (Gomperz), the Hippocratic oath; and *fourthly*, the conception and realization of medicine as the profession of a cultivated gentleman.\* No other profession can boast of the same unbroken continuity of methods and of ideals. We may indeed be justly proud of our apostolic succession. Schools and systems have flourished and gone, schools which have swayed for generations the thought of our guild, and systems that have died before their founders; the philosophies of one age have become the absurdities of the next, and the foolishness of yesterday has become the wisdom of to-morrow; through long ages which were slowly learning what we are hurrying to forget; amid all the changes and chances of twenty-five centuries, the profession has never lacked men who have lived up to these Greek ideals. They were those of Galen and of Aretæus, of the men of the Alexandrian and Byzantine schools, of the best of the Arabians, of the men of the Renaissance, and they are ours to-day.

A second distinctive feature is the *remarkable solidarity*. Of no other profession is the word universal applicable in the same sense. The celebrated phrase used of the Catholic Church is in truth much more appropriate when applied to medicine. It is not the prevalence of disease or the existence everywhere of special groups of men to treat it that betokens this solidarity, but it is the identity throughout the civilized world of our ambitions, our methods and our work. To wrest from nature the secrets which have perplexed philosophers in all ages, to track to their sources the causes of disease, to correlate the vast stores of knowledge, that they may be quickly available for the prevention and cure of disease—these are our ambitions. To carefully observe the phenomena of life in all its phases, normal and perverted, to make perfect that most difficult of all arts, the art of observation, to call to aid the science of experimentation, to cultivate the reasoning faculty, so as to be able to know the true from the false—these are our methods. To prevent disease, to relieve suffering and to heal the sick—this is our work. The profession in truth is a sort of guild or brotherhood, any member of which can take up his calling in any part of the world and find brethren whose language and methods and whose aims and ways are identical with his own.

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\* Nowhere in literature do we have such a charming picture illustrating the position of a cultivated physician in society as that given in Plato's Dialogues of Eryximachus, himself the son of a physician, Acumenus. In that most brilliant age the physician was the companion and friend, and in intellectual intercourse the peer of its choicest spirits.

Thirdly, *its progressive character*.—Based on science, medicine has followed and partaken of its fortunes, so that in the great awakening which has made the nineteenth memorable among centuries, the profession received a quickening impulse more powerful than at any period in its history. With the sole exception of the mechanical sciences, no other department of human knowledge has undergone such a profound change—a change so profound that we who have grown up in it have but slight appreciation of its momentous character. And not only in what has been actually accomplished in unravelling the causes of disease, in perfecting methods of prevention and in wholesale relief of suffering, but also in the unloading of old formulæ and in the substitution of the scientific spirit of free enquiry for cast-iron dogmas we see a promise of still greater achievement and of a more glorious future.

And lastly, the profession of medicine is distinguished from all others by *its singular beneficence*. It alone does the work of charity in a Jovian or God-like way, dispensing with free hand truly Promethean gifts. There are those who listen to me who have seen three of the most benign endowments granted to the race since the great Titan stole fire from the heavens. Search the scriptures of human achievement and you cannot parallel in beneficence Anæsthesia, Sanitation, with all that it includes, and Asepsis—a short half-century's contribution towards the practical solution of the problems of human suffering, regarded as eternal and insoluble. We form almost a monopoly or trust in this business. Nobody else comes into active competition with us, certainly not the other learned professions which continue along the old lines. Every few years sees some new conquest, so that we have ceased to wonder. The work of half-a-dozen men, headed by Laveran, has made waste places of the earth habitable and the wilderness to blossom as the rose. The work of Walter Reed and his associates will probably make Yellow Fever as scarce in the Spanish Main as is typhus fever with us. There seems to be no limit to the possibilities of scientific medicine, and while philanthropists are turning to it as to the hope of humanity, philosophers see, as in some far-off vision, a science from which may come in the prophetic words of the Son of Sirach, "Peace over all the earth."

Never has the outlook for the profession been brighter. Everywhere the physician is better trained and better equipped than he was twenty-five years ago. Disease is understood more thoroughly, studied more carefully and treated more skilfully. The average sum of human suffering has been reduced in a way to make the angels rejoice. Diseases familiar to our fathers and grandfathers have disappeared, the death rate from others is falling to the vanishing point, and public health measures have lessened the sorrows and brightened the lives of millions. The

vagaries and whims, lay and medical, may neither have diminished in number nor lessened in their capacity to distress the faint hearted who do not appreciate that to the end of time people must imagine vain things, but in the light of the colossal advances of the past fifty years, what are they but flies on the wheels of progress?

So vast, however, and composite has the profession become, that the physiological separation, in which dependent parts are fitly joined together, tends to become pathological, and while some parts suffer necrosis and degeneration, others, passing the normal limits, become disfiguring and dangerous outgrowths on the body medical. The dangers and evils which threaten harmony among the units, are internal, not external. And yet, more than in any other profession, owing to the circumstances of which I have spoken, is complete organic unity possible. Of the many hindrances in the way time would fail me to speak, but there is one aspect of the question to which I would direct your attention in the hope that I may speak a word in season.

Perhaps no sin so easily besets us as a sense of self-satisfied superiority to others. It cannot always be called pride, that master sin, but more often it is an attitude of mind which either leads to bigotry and prejudice or to such a vaunting conceit in the truth of one's own beliefs and positions, that there is no room for tolerance of ways and thoughts which are not as ours are. To avoid some smirch of this vice is beyond human power; we are all dipped in it, some lightly, others deeply grained. Partaking of the nature of uncharitableness, it has not the intensity of envy, hatred and malice, but it shades off in fine degrees from them. It may be a perfectly harmless, even an amusing trait in both nations and individuals, and so well was it depicted by MM. Cogniard in their play, *La Cocarde Tricolore*, 1831, one character in which was the young recruit Chauvin, that the name Chauvinism has become a by-word, expressing a bigoted, intolerant spirit.\* The significance of the word has been widened, and it may be used as a synonym for a certain type of nationalism, for a narrow provincialism or for a petty parochialism. It does not express the blatant loudness of Jingoism, which is of the tongue, while Chauvinism is a condition of mind, an aspect of character much more subtle and dangerous. The one is more apt to be found in the educated classes, while the other is pandemic in the fool multitude—"that numerous piece of monstrosity which, taken asunder, seem men and reasonable creatures of God, but confused together, make but one great beast, and a monstrosity more prodigious than Hydra" (*Religio Medici*). Wherever found, and in whatever form, Chauvinism is a great

\* It is by no means easy to see, after reading the play, how the name could have arisen. The nationalism displayed is of a most harmless type. In the sense here employed it has been used by standard writers, as for example, Huxley.

enemy of progress and of peace and concord among the units. I have not the time, nor had I, have I the ability to portray this failing in all its varieties; I can but touch upon some of its aspects, national, provincial and parochial.

## II. NATIONALISM IN MEDICINE.

Nationalism has been the great curse of humanity. In no other shape has the Demon of Ignorance assumed more hideous proportions; to no other obsession do we yield ourselves more readily. For whom do the Hosannas ring higher than for the successful butcher of tens of thousands of poor fellows who have been made to pass through the fire to this Moloch of nationalism? A vice of the blood, of the plasm rather, it runs riot in the race, and rages to-day as of yore in spite of the precepts of religion and the practice of democracy. Nor is there any hope of change; the pulpit is dumb, the press fans the flames, literature panders to it and the people love to have it so. Not that all aspects of nationalism are bad. Breathes there a man with soul so dead that it does not glow at the thought of what the men of his blood have done and suffered to make his country what it is? There is room, plenty of room, for proper pride of land and birth. What I inveigh against is a cursed spirit of intolerance, conceived in distrust and bred in ignorance, that makes the mental attitude perennially antagonistic, even bitterly antagonistic to everything foreign, that subordinates everywhere the race to the nation, forgetting the higher claims of human brotherhood.

While medicine is everywhere tinctured with national characteristics, the wider aspects of the profession, to which I have alluded—our common lineage and the community of interests—should always save us from the more vicious aspects of this sin, if it cannot prevent it altogether. And yet I cannot say, as I wish I could, that we are wholly free from this form of Chauvinism. Can we say, as English, French, German or American physicians, that our culture is always cosmopolitan, not national, that our attitude of mind is always as frankly open and friendly to the French as to the English, to the American as to the German, and that we are free at all times and in all places from prejudice, at all times free from a self-satisfied feeling of superiority the one over the other? There has been of late years a closer union of the profession of the different countries through the International Congress and through the international meetings of the special societies; but this is not enough, and the hostile attitude has by no means disappeared. Ignorance is at the root. When a man talks slightly of the position and work of his profession in any country, or when a teacher tells you that he fails to find inspiration in the work of his foreign colleagues, in the words of the Arabian proverb—he is a fool, shun him! Full know-

ledge, which alone disperses the mists of ignorance, can only be obtained by travel or by a thorough acquaintance with the literature of the different countries. Personal, first-hand intercourse with men of different lands, when the mind is young and plastic, is the best vaccination against the disease. The man who has sat at the feet of Virchow, or has listened to Traube, or Helmetz, or Cohnheim, can never look with unfriendly eyes at German medicine or German methods. Who ever met with an English or American pupil of Louis or of Charcot, who did not love French medicine, if not for its own sake, for the reverence he bore his great master? Let our young men, particularly those who aspire to teaching positions, go abroad. They can find at home laboratories and hospitals as well equipped as any in the world, but they may find abroad more than they knew they sought—widened sympathies, heightened ideals and something perhaps of a *Welt-cultur* which will remain through life as the best protection against the vice of nationalism.

Next to a personal knowledge of men, a knowledge of the literature of the profession of different countries will do much to counteract intolerance and Chauvinism. The great works in the department of medicine in which a man is interested, are not so many that he cannot know their contents, though they be in three or four languages. Think of the impetus French medicine gave to the profession in the first half of the last century, of the debt we all owe to German science in the latter half, and of the lesson of the practical application by the English of sanitation and asepsis! It is one of our chief glories and one of the unique features of the profession that no matter where the work is done in the world, if of any value it is quickly utilized. Nothing has contributed more to the denationalization of the profession of this continent than, on the one hand, the ready reception of the good men from the old countries who have cast in their lot with us, and, on the other, the influence of our young men who have returned from Europe with sympathies as wide as the profession itself. There is abroad among us a proper spirit of eclecticism, a willingness to take the good wherever found, that augurs well for the future. It helps a man immensely to be a bit of a hero-worshipper, and the stories of the lives of the masters of medicine do much to stimulate our ambition and rouse our sympathies. If the life and work of such men as Bichat and Laennec will not stir the blood of a young man and make him feel proud of France and of Frenchmen, he must be a dull and muddy mettled rascal. In reading the life of Hunter, of Jenner, who thinks of the nationality which is merged and lost in our interest in the man and in his work? In the halcyon days of the Renaissance there was no nationalism in medicine, but a fine catholic spirit made great leaders like Vesalius, Eustachius, Stensen and others



at home in every country in Europe. While this is impossible to-day, a great teacher of any country may have a world-wide audience in our journal literature, which has done so much to make medicine cosmopolitan.

### III. PROVINCIALISM IN MEDICINE.

We may congratulate ourselves that the worst aspects of nationalism in medicine are disappearing before the broader culture and the more intimate knowledge brought by ever-increasing intercourse, yet conditions have favoured in English-speaking countries the growth of a very unpleasant sub-variety, which may be called provincialism or sectionalism. In one sense the profession of this continent is singularly homogeneous. A young man may be prepared for his medical course in Louisiana and enter McGill College, or he may enter Dalhousie College, Halifax, from the State of Oregon, and in either case he will not feel strange or among strangers so soon as he has got accustomed to his environment. In collegiate life there is a frequent interchange of teachers and professors between all parts of the country. To better his brains the scholar goes freely where he wishes—to Harvard, McGill, Yale, or Johns Hopkins; there are no restrictions. The various medical societies of the two countries are, without exception, open to the members of the profession at large. The President of the Association of American Physicians this year (Dr. James Stewart), is a resident of this city, which gave also last year, I believe, presidents to two of the special societies. The chief journals are supported by men of all sections. The text-books and manuals are everywhere in common; there is, in fact, a remarkable homogeneity in the English-speaking profession, not only on this Continent but throughout the world. Naturally, in widely scattered communities, sectionalism—a feeling or conviction that the part is greater than the whole—does exist, but it is diminishing, and one great function of the national associations is to foster a spirit of harmony and brotherhood among the scattered units of these broad lands. But we suffer sadly from a provincialism which has gradually enthralled us, and which sprang originally from an attempt to relieve conditions insupportable in themselves. I have praised the unity of the profession of this continent, in so many respects remarkable, and yet in another respect it is the most heterogeneous ever known. Democracy in full circle touches tyranny, and as Milton remarks, the greatest proclaimers of liberty may become its greatest engrossers (or enslavers). The tyranny of labour unions, of trusts and of an irresponsible press may bear as heavily on the people as imperialism in its worst form. And, strange irony of fate! the democracy of Provincial and State Boards has imposed in a few years a yoke more grievous than that which afflicts our brethren in Great Britain, which took generations to forge.

The delightful freedom of intercourse of which I spoke, while wide and generous, is limited to intellectual and social life, and on the practical side, not only are genial and courteous facilities lacking, but the bars of a rigid provincialism are put up, fencing each state as with a Chinese wall. In the Dominion of Canada there are eight portal entries to the profession, in the United States almost as many as there are States, in the United Kingdom nineteen, I believe, but in the latter the license of any one of these bodies entitled a man to registration anywhere in the kingdom. Democracy in full circle has reached on this hemisphere, a much worse condition than that in which the conservatism of many generations has entangled the profession of Great Britain. Upon the origin and growth of the Provincial and State Boards I do not propose to touch. The ideal has been reached so far as organization is concerned, when the profession elects its own Parliament, to which is committed the control of all matters relating to the license. The recognition, in some form, of this democratic principle, has been one of the great factors in elevating the standard of medical education, and in a majority of the States of the Union it has secured a minimum period of four years of study, and a State Examination for License to Practice. All this is as it should be. But it is high time that the profession realized the anomaly of eight boards in the Dominion and some scores in the United States. One can condone the iniquity in the latter country more readily than in this, in which the boards have existed for a longer period, and where there has been a greater uniformity in the medical curriculum. After all these years that a young man, a graduate of Toronto and a registered practitioner in Ontario, cannot practice in the Province of Quebec, his own country, without submitting to vexatious penalties of mind and pocket, or that a graduate from Montreal and a registered practitioner of this province cannot go to Manitoba, his own country again, and take up his life's work without additional payments and penalties, is, I maintain, an outrage; it is provincialism run riot. That this pestiferous condition should exist through the various provinces of this Dominion and so many States of the Union, illustrates what I have said of the tyranny of democracy and how great enslavers of liberty its chief proclaimers may be.

That the cure of this vicious state has to be sought in Dominion bills and National examining boards, indicates into what debasing depths of narrow provincialism we have sunk. The solution seems so simple, particularly in this country, with its uniformity of methods of teaching and length of curriculum. A generous spirit that will give to local laws a liberal interpretation, that limits its hostility to ignorance and viciousness, that has regard as much or more for the good of the guild as a whole as for the profession of any province—could such a spirit brood



over the waters, the raging waves of discord would soon be stilled. With the attitude of mind of the general practitioner in each province rests the solution of the problem. Approach it in a friendly and gracious spirit and the difficulties which seem so hard will melt away. Approach it in a Chauvinistic mood, fully convinced that the superior and unparalleled conditions of your province will be jeopardized by reciprocity or by federal legislation, and the present antiquated and disgraceful system must await for its removal the awakening of a younger and more intelligent generation.

It would ill become me to pass from this subject—familiar to me from my student days from the interest taken in it by that far-sighted and noble-minded man, Dr. Palmer Howard—it would ill become me, I say, not to pay a tribute of words to Dr. Roddick for the zeal and persistence with which he has laboured to promote union in the compound, comminuted fracture of the profession of this Dominion. My feeling on the subject of international, intercolonial and interprovincial registration is this—a man who presents evidence of proper training, who is a registered practitioner in his own country and who brings credentials of good standing at the time of departure, should be welcomed as a brother, treated as such in any country and registered upon payment of the usual fee. The ungenerous treatment of English physicians in Switzerland, France and Italy, and the chaotic state of internecine warfare existing on this Continent, indicates how far a miserable Chauvinism can corrupt the great and gracious ways which should characterize a liberal profession.

Though not germane to the subject, may I be allowed to refer to one other point in connection with the State Boards—a misunderstanding, I believe, of their functions. The profession asks that the man applying for admission to its ranks shall be of good character and fit to practice the science and art of medicine. The latter is easily ascertained if practical men have the place and the equipment for practical examinations. Many of the boards have not kept pace with the times, and the questions set too often show a lack of appreciation of modern methods. This has, perhaps, been unavoidable since, in the appointment of examiners, it has not always been possible to select experts. The truth is, that however well organized and equipped, the state boards cannot examine properly in the scientific branches, nor is there need to burden the students with additional examinations in anatomy, physiology and chemistry. The Provincial and State Boards have done a great work for medical education on this continent, which they would crown and extend by doing away at once with all theoretical examinations and limiting the tests for the license to a rigid practical examination in medicine, surgery and midwifery, in which all minor subjects could be included.

## IV. PAROCHIALISM IN MEDICINE.

Of the parochial and more personal aspects of Chauvinism I hesitate to speak; all of us, unwittingly as a rule, illustrate its varieties. The conditions of life which round us and bound us, whether in town or country, in college or institution, give to the most liberal a smack of parochialism, just as surely as we catch the tie of tongue of the land in which we live. The dictum put into the mouth of Ulysses, "I am a part of all that I have met," expresses the truth of the influence upon us of the social environment, but it is not the whole truth, since the size of the parish, representing the number of points of contact, is of less moment than the mental fibre of the man. Who has not known lives of the greatest freshness and nobility hampered at every turn and bound in chains the most commonplace and sordid, lives which illustrate the liberty and freedom enjoyed by minds innocent and quiet, in spite of stone walls and iron bars. On the other hand, scan the history of progress in the profession, and men the most illiberal and narrow, reeking of the most pernicious type of Chauvinism, have been among the teachers and practitioners of the large cities and great medical centres; so true is it, that the mind is its own place and in itself can make a man independent of his environment.

There are shades and varieties which are by no means offensive. Many excellent features in a man's character may partake of its nature. What, for example, is more proper than the pride which we feel in our teachers, in the university from which we have graduated, in the hospital at which we have been trained? He is a "poor sort" who is free from such feelings, which only manifest a proper loyalty. But it easily degenerates into a base intolerance which looks with disdain on men of other schools and other ways. The pride, too, may be in inverse proportion to the justness of the claims. There is plenty of room for honest and friendly rivalry between schools and hospitals, only a blind Chauvinism puts a man into a hostile and intolerant attitude of mind at the mention of a name. Alumni and friends should remember that indiscriminate praise of institutions or men is apt to rouse the frame of mind illustrated by the ignorant Athenian who, so weary of hearing Aristides always called the Just, very gladly took up the oyster shell for his ostracism, and even asked Aristides himself, whom he did not know, to mark it.

A common type of collegiate Chauvinism is manifest in the narrow spirit too often displayed in filling appointments. The professoriate of the profession, the most mobile column of its great army, should be recruited with the most zealous regard to fitness, irrespective of local conditions that are apt to influence the selection. Inbreeding is as hurt-

ful to colleges as to cattle. The interchange of men, particularly of young men, is most stimulating, and the complete emancipation of the chairs which has taken place in most of our universities should extend to the medical schools. Nothing, perhaps, has done more to place German medicine in the forefront to-day than a peripatetic professoriate, owing allegiance only to the profession at large, regardless of civic sometimes, indeed, of national limitations and restrictions. We acknowledge the principle in the case of the scientific chairs, and with increasing frequency act upon it, but an attempt to extend it to other chairs may be the signal for display of rank parochialism.

Another unpleasant manifestation of collegiate Chauvinism is the outcome, perhaps, of the very keen competition which at present exists in scientific circles. Instead of a generous appreciation of the work done in other places, there is a settled hostility and a narrowness of judgment but little in keeping with the true spirit of science. Worse still is the "lock and key" laboratory in which suspicion and distrust reign, and everyone is jealous and fearful lest the other should know of or find out about his work. Thank God! this base and bastard spirit is not much seen, but it is about, and I would earnestly entreat any young man who unwittingly finds himself in a laboratory pervaded with this atmosphere, to get out ere the contagion sinks into his soul.

Chauvinism in the unit, in the general practitioner, is of much more interest and importance. It is amusing to read and hear of the passing of the family physician. There never was a time in our history in which he was so much in evidence, in which he was so prosperous, in which his prospects were so good or his power in the community more potent. The public has even begun to get sentimental over him! He still does the work; the consultants and the specialists do the talking and the writing—and take the fees! By the work, I mean that great mass of routine practice which brings the doctor into every household in the land and makes him, not alone the adviser, but the valued friend. He is the standard by which we are measured. What he is we are; and the estimate of the profession in the eyes of the public is their estimate of him. A well-trained sensible family doctor is one of the most valuable assets in a community, worth to-day, as in Homer's time, many another man. To make him efficient is our highest ambition as teachers, to save him from evil should be our constant care as a guild. I can only refer here to certain aspects in which he is apt to show a narrow Chauvinism hurtful to himself and to us.

In no single relation of life does the general practitioner show a more illiberal spirit than in the treatment of himself. I do not refer so much to careless habits of living, to lack of routine in work, or to failure

to pay due attention to the business side of the profession—sins which so easily beset him—but I would speak of his failure to realize, first, the need of a life-long progressive personal training, and secondly, the danger lest in the stress of practice he sacrifice that most precious of all possessions, his mental independence. Medicine is a most difficult art to acquire. All the college can do is to teach the student principles, based on facts in science, and give him good methods of work. These simply start him in the right direction, they do not make him a good practitioner—that is his own affair. To master the art requires sustained effort, like the bird's flight which depends on the incessant action of the wings, but this sustained effort is so hard that many give up the struggle in despair. And yet it is only by persistent intelligent study of disease upon a methodical plan of examination that a man gradually learns to correlate his daily lessons with the facts of his previous experience and with that of his fellows, and so acquires clinical wisdom. Nowadays it is really not a hard matter for a well-trained man to keep abreast of the best work of the day. He need not be very scientific so long as he has a true appreciation of the dependence of his Art on Science, for, in a way, it is true that a good doctor may have practice and no theory, art and no science. To keep up a familiarity with the use of instruments of precision is an all-important help in his art, and I am profoundly convinced that as much space should be given to the clinical laboratory as to the dispensary. One great difficulty is that while waiting for the years to bring the inevitable yoke, a young fellow gets stale and loses that practised familiarity with technique which gives confidence. I wish the older practitioners would remember how important it is to encourage and utilize the young men who settle near them. In every large practice there are a dozen or more cases requiring skilled aid in the diagnosis, and this the general practitioner can have at hand. It is his duty, and failing to do so he acts in a most illiberal and unjust way to himself and to the profession at large. Not only may the older man, if he has soft arteries in his grey cortex, pick up many points from the young fellow, but there is much clinical wisdom afloat in each parish which is now wasted or dies with the old doctor, because he and the young men have never been on friendly terms.

In the fight which we have to wage incessantly against ignorance and quackery among the masses and follies of all sorts among the classes, *diagnosis*, not *drugging*, is our chief weapon of offense. Lack of systematic personal training in the methods of the recognition of disease leads to the misapplication of remedies, to long courses of treatment when treatment is useless, and so directly to that lack of confidence in our methods which is apt to place us in the eyes of the public on a level with empirics and quacks.

Few men live lives of more devoted self-sacrifice than the family physician but he may become so completely absorbed in work that leisure is unknown; he has scarce time to eat or to sleep, and, as Dr. Drummond remarks, in one of his poems, "He's the only man, I know mem, dont get no holiday." There is danger in this treadmill life lest he lose more than health and time and rest—his intellectual independence. More than most men he feels the tragedy of isolation—that inner isolation, so well expressed in Mathew Arnold's line—"We mortal millions live *alone*." Even in populous districts the practice of medicine is a lonely road which winds up-hill all the way and a man may easily go astray and never reach the Delectable mountains unless he early finds those shepherd guides of which Bunyan tells, *Knowledge, Experience, Watchful and Sincere*. The circumstances of life mould him into a masterful, self-confident, self-centred man, whose worst faults often partake of his best qualities. The peril is that should he cease to think for himself he becomes a mere automaton, doing a penny-in-the-slot business which places him on a level with the chemist's clerk who can hand out specifics for every ill, from the "pip" to the pox. The salt of life for him is a judicious skepticism, not the coarse crude form, but the sober sense of honest doubt expressed in the maxim of the sly old Sicilian Epicharmus, "Be sober and distrustful; these are the sinews of the understanding." A great advantage too of a skeptical attitude of mind is, as Green the historian remarks, "one is never very surprised or angry to find that one's opponents are in the right." It may keep him from self-deception and from falling into that medical slumber into which so many drop, deep as the theological slumber so lashed by Erasmus, in which a man may write letters, debauch himself, get drunk, and even make money—a slumber so deep at times that no torpedo-touch can waken him.

It may keep the practitioner out of the clutches of the arch enemy of his professional independence—the pernicious literature of our camp-followers, a literature increasing in bulk, in meretricious attractiveness and in impudent audacity. To modern pharmacy we owe much and to pharmaceutical methods we shall owe much more in the future, but the profession has no more insidious foe than the large borderland pharmaceutical houses. No longer an honoured messmate, pharmacy in this form threatens to become a huge parasite, eating the vitals of the body medical. We all know only too well the bastard literature which floods the mail, every page of which illustrates the truth of the axiom, the greater the ignorance the greater the dogmatism. Much of it is advertisements of nostrums foisted on the profession by men who trade on the innocent credulity of the regular

physician, quite as much as any quack preys on the gullible public. Even the most respectable houses are not free from this sin of arrogance and ignorant dogmatism in their literature. A still more dangerous enemy to the mental virility of the general practitioner, is the "drummer" of the drug house. While many of them are good sensible fellows, there are others, voluble as Cassio, impudent as Autolycus and senseless as Caliban, who will tell you glibly of the virtues of extract of the coccygeal gland in promoting pineal metabolism, and are ready to express the most emphatic opinions on questions about which the greatest masters of our art are doubtful. No class of men with which we have to deal illustrate more fully that greatest of ignorance—the ignorance which is the conceit that a man knows what he does not know; but the enthrallment of the practitioner by the manufacturing chemist and the revival of a pseudo-scientific polypharmacy, are too large questions to be dealt with at the end of an address.

But there is a still greater sacrifice which many of us make, heedlessly and thoughtlessly forgetting that "Man does not live by bread alone." One cannot practice medicine alone and practice it early and late, as so many of us have to do, and hope to escape the malign influences of a routine life. The incessant concentration of thought upon one subject, however interesting, tethers a man's mind in a narrow field. The practitioner needs culture as well as learning. The earliest picture we have in literature of a scientific physician, in our sense of the term, is as a cultered Greek gentleman; and I care not whether the young man labors among the beautiful homes on Sherbrooke Street or in the slums of Caughnawaga, or in some sparsely settled country district, he cannot afford to have learning only. In no profession does culture count for so much as in medicine, and no man needs it more than the general practitioner, working among all sorts and conditions of men, many of whom are influenced quite as much by his general ability, which they can appreciate, as by his learning of what they have no measure. The day has passed for the "practiser of physic" to be like Mr. Robert Levet, Dr. Johnson's friend, "Obscurely wise and coarsely kind." The wider and freer the man's general education the better practitioner is he likely to be, particularly among the higher classes to whom the reassurance and sympathy of a cultivated gentleman of the type of Eryximachus, may mean much more than pills and potions. But what of the men of the type of Mr. Robert Levet or "Ole Docteur Fiset," whose virtues walk a narrow round, the men who do the hard general practices in the poorer districts of the large cities, in the factory towns and in the widely scattered rough agricultural regions—what, I hear you say has culture to do with him? Everything! It is the



bichloride which may prevent the infection and may keep a man sweet and whole amid the most debasing surroundings. Of very little direct value to him in his practice—though the poor have a pretty keen appreciation of a gentleman—it may serve to prevent the degeneration so apt to overtake the over-worked practitioner, whose nature is only too prone to be subdued like the dyer's hand to what it works in. If a man does not sell his soul, if he does not part with his birthright of independence for a mess of pottage to the Ishmaelites who harass our borders with their clubs and oppress us with their exactions, if he can only keep *free*, the conditions of practice are nowhere incompatible with St. Paul's noble Christian or Aristotle's true gentleman.\*

Whether a man will treat his professional brethren in a gentlemanly way or in a narrow illiberal spirit is partly a matter of temperament, partly a matter of training. If we had only to deal with one another the difficulties would be slight, but it must be confessed that the practice of medicine among our fellow creatures is often a testy and choleric business. When one has done his best or when a mistake has arisen through lack of special knowledge, but more particularly when, as so often happens, our heart's best sympathies have been engaged, to be misunderstood by the patient and his friends, to have evil imputed and to be maligned, is too much for human endurance and justifies a righteous indignation. Women, our greatest friends and our greatest enemies, are the chief sinners, and while one will exhaust the resources of the language in describing our mistakes and weaknesses, another will laud her pet doctor so indiscriminately that all others come under a sort of oblique condemnation. It is hard to say whether as a whole we do not suffer just as much from the indiscriminate praise. But against this evil we are helpless. Far otherwise, when we do not let the heard word die; not to listen is best, though that is not always possible, but silence is always possible, than which we have no better weapon in our armoury against evil-speaking, lying and slandering. The bitterness is when the tale is believed and a brother's good name is involved. Then begins the worst form of ill-treatment that the practitioner receives—and at his own hands! He allows the demon of resentment to take possession of his soul, when five minutes frank conversation might have gained a brother. What more joyful in a small or large community than to see the brethren dwelling together in unity. The bitterness, the rancour, the personal hostility which many of us remember in our younger days has been very largely replaced by a better feeling and while the golden rule is not always,

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\* Sir Thomas Browne.

as it should be, our code of ethics, we have certainly become more charitable the one towards the other.

To the senior man in our ranks we look for an example, and in the smaller towns and country districts if he would remember that it is his duty to receive and welcome the young fellow who settles near him, that he should be willing to act as his adviser and refuse to regard him as a rival, he may make a good friend and perhaps gain a brother. In speaking of professional harmony, it is hard to avoid the trite and commonplace, but neglecting the stale old chaps whose ways are set and addressing the young, to whom sympathy and encouragement is so dear, and whose way of life means so much to the profession we love, to them I would give the motto of St. Ambrose. It is told of St. Augustine, after having decided to become a Christian, that when he visited St. Ambrose, at dinner with the venerable father and his brethren, one motto above all others on the wall of the refectory caught his eye and heart, "If you cannot speak well of your brother, keep silence!"

With our History, Traditions, Achievements and Hopes, there is little room for Chauvinism in medicine. The open mind, the free spirit of science, the ready acceptance of the best from any and every source, the attitude of rational receptiveness rather than of antagonism to new ideas, the liberal and friendly relationship between different nations and different sections of the same nation, the brotherly feeling which should characterize members of the oldest, most beneficent and universal guild that the race has evolved in its upward progress—these should neutralize the tendencies upon which I have so lightly touched.

I began by speaking of the art of detachment as that rare and precious quality demanded of one who wished to take a philosophic view of the profession as a whole. In another way and in another sense this art may be still more precious. There is possible to each one of us a higher type of intellectual detachment, a sort of separation from the vegetative life of the work-a-day world—always too much with us—which may enable a man to gain a true knowledge of himself and of his relations to his fellows. Once attained, self-deception is impossible, and he may see himself even as he is seen—not always as he would like to be seen—and his own deeds and the deeds of others stand out in their true light. In such an atmosphere pity for himself is so commingled with sympathy and love for others that there is no place left for criticism or for a harsh judgment of his brother. "But these are Thoughts of things which Thoughts but tenderly touch," as that most liberal of men and most distinguished of general practitioners, Sir Thomas Browne, so beautifully remarks; and it may be sufficient to remind this audience, made up of practical men, *that the word of action is stronger than the word of speech.*