

result of this great operation was recorded on *three sheets of paper*. And Doctor Johnson, editor of the *London Medico-Chirurgical Review*, as that time refused to publish it, on account of the article being so short and illy written. Many voluminous writers have sneered at him because he wrote so little. The most colossal form of human conceit, probably, is that of the individual who thinks all other creatures inferior, who happen to be unlike himself. The reticence on the part of McDowell was, in fact, the grand emblem of his sincerity and the corner-stone of his imperishable renown. There is a better thing than the great man, who is always speaking, and that is the great man who only speaks when he has a great word to say. McDowell has left to posterity but little recorded literature; but his great operation was perfect at the time when it was performed, supreme and unapproachable. He did not test merit by reference to ill-informed and capricious public opinion, but wrought according to the highest standards of art which learning and taste could furnish. His operation forms an English classic. He was a man whose conduct of life would, first of all, purify, extend and adorn the temple of his own soul out of which should afterward flow, in their own free way, those choral harmonies that soothe and exalt the human race. He lived before he wrote? The soul of the operation was the soul of the man. His operation is the first of its kind recorded in history—it was his thought—which he has somewhere expressed in better words than these—that human beings are only worthy those feelings endured which are engendered when death has just taken from us the objects of our love. That was the point of view from which he habitually looked on the world; and no man who has learned the lessons of experience can doubt that he was right.

CONCERNING THE PATIENT.

It is but fitting justice in passing to notice the heroic character of the patient—Mrs. Crawford—living sixty miles southwest of Danville on Green River, in Green County, Kentucky. Dr. McDowell faced dangers from storm and flood, in clouds and darkness at night, at times lost in the dense forest. He was actuated by the higher principle of his profession. He feared neither man nor devil; he knew no fear except that of doing wrong and the fear of God. The degree of his happiness was determined by the magnitude of his undertaking.

As has been previously stated, Doctor McDowell was called in December, 1809, to attend a Mrs. Crawford, suffering from an ovarian tumor, and at once suggested its removal. But he stated to her that, so far as he knew the operation had never been done—that it would be an experi-