

Life of Sir William Broadbent... / edited by his daughter, M.E. Broadbent.

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Broadbent, W. H. Sir, 1835-1907.
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Publication/Creation

London : Murray, 1909.

Persistent URL

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THE LIFE OF
SIR WILLIAM BROADBENT
K.C.V.O., F.R.S.

BZP (Broadbent) Dupl. Coll.

W. Allen Daley.

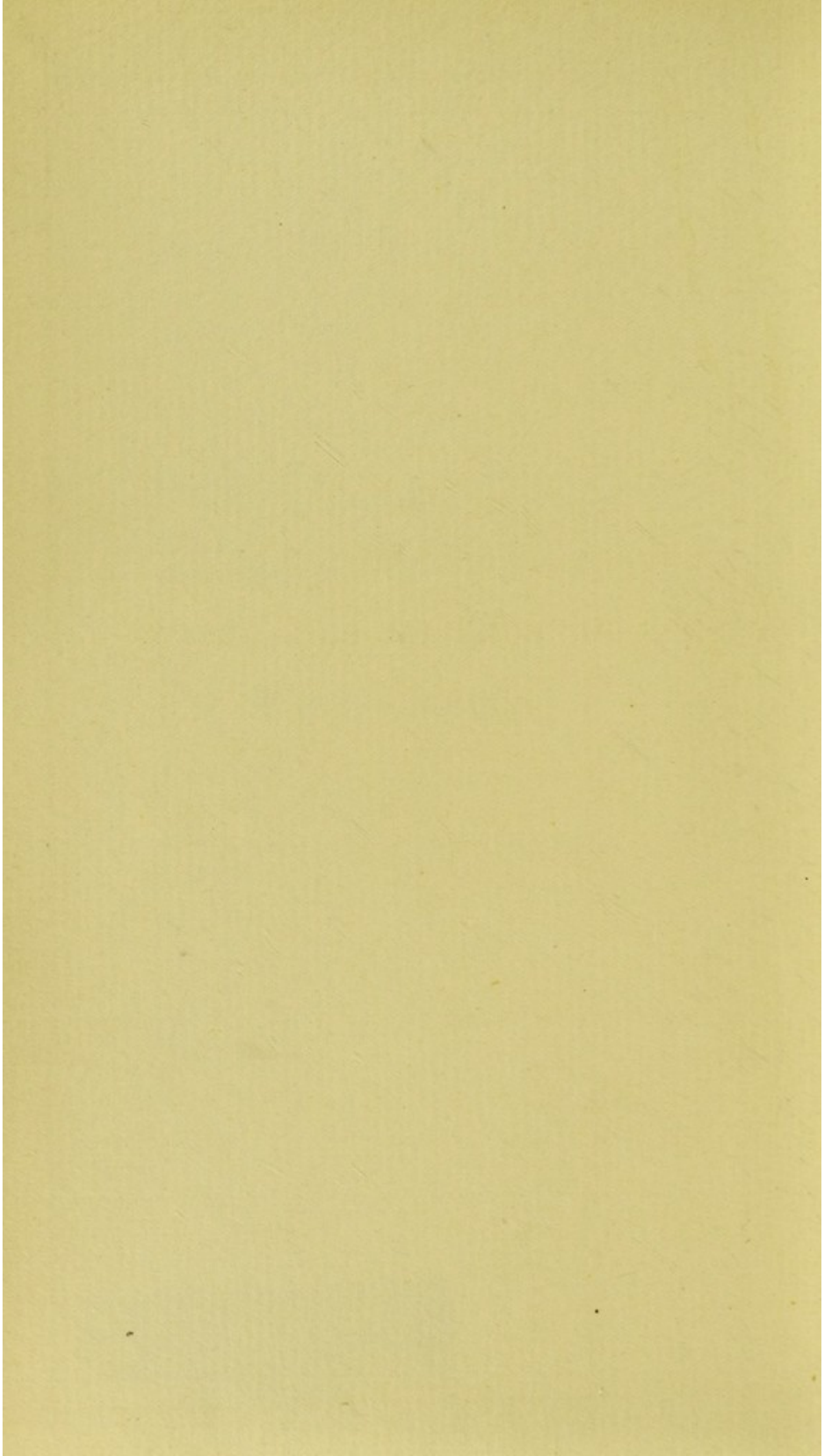


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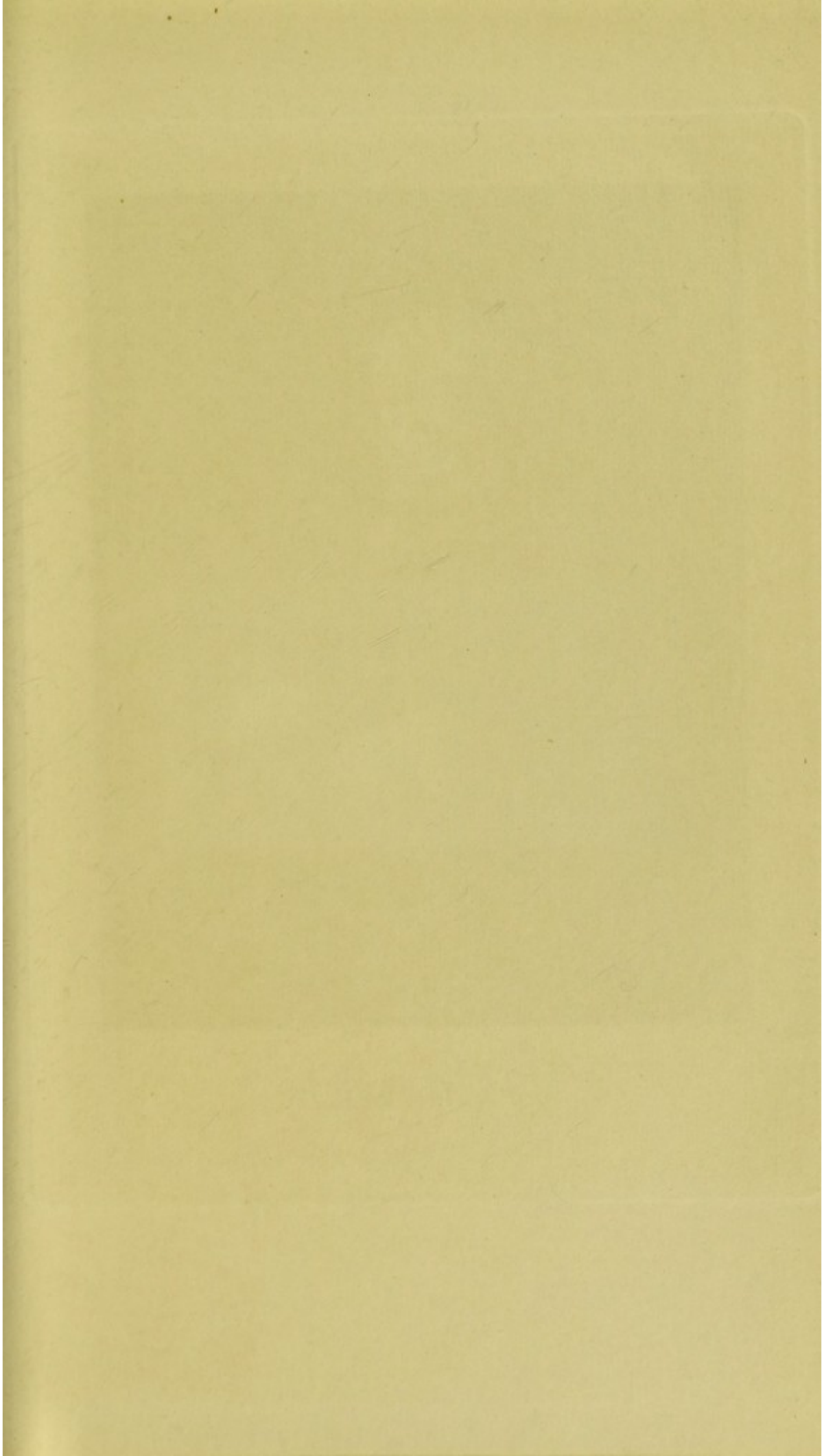
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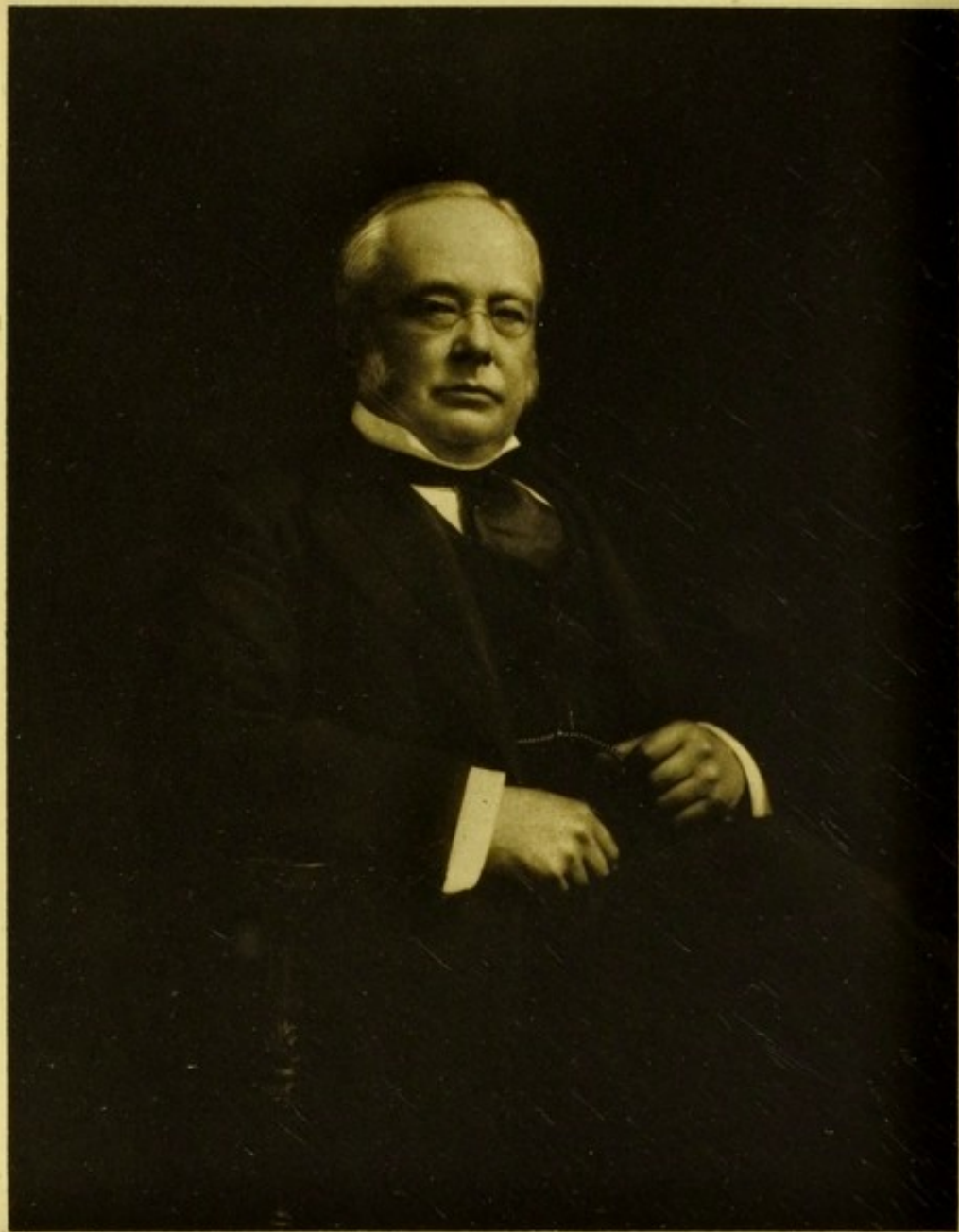
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LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM BROADBENT

LETTER OF MR. WILLIAM BROUGHTON

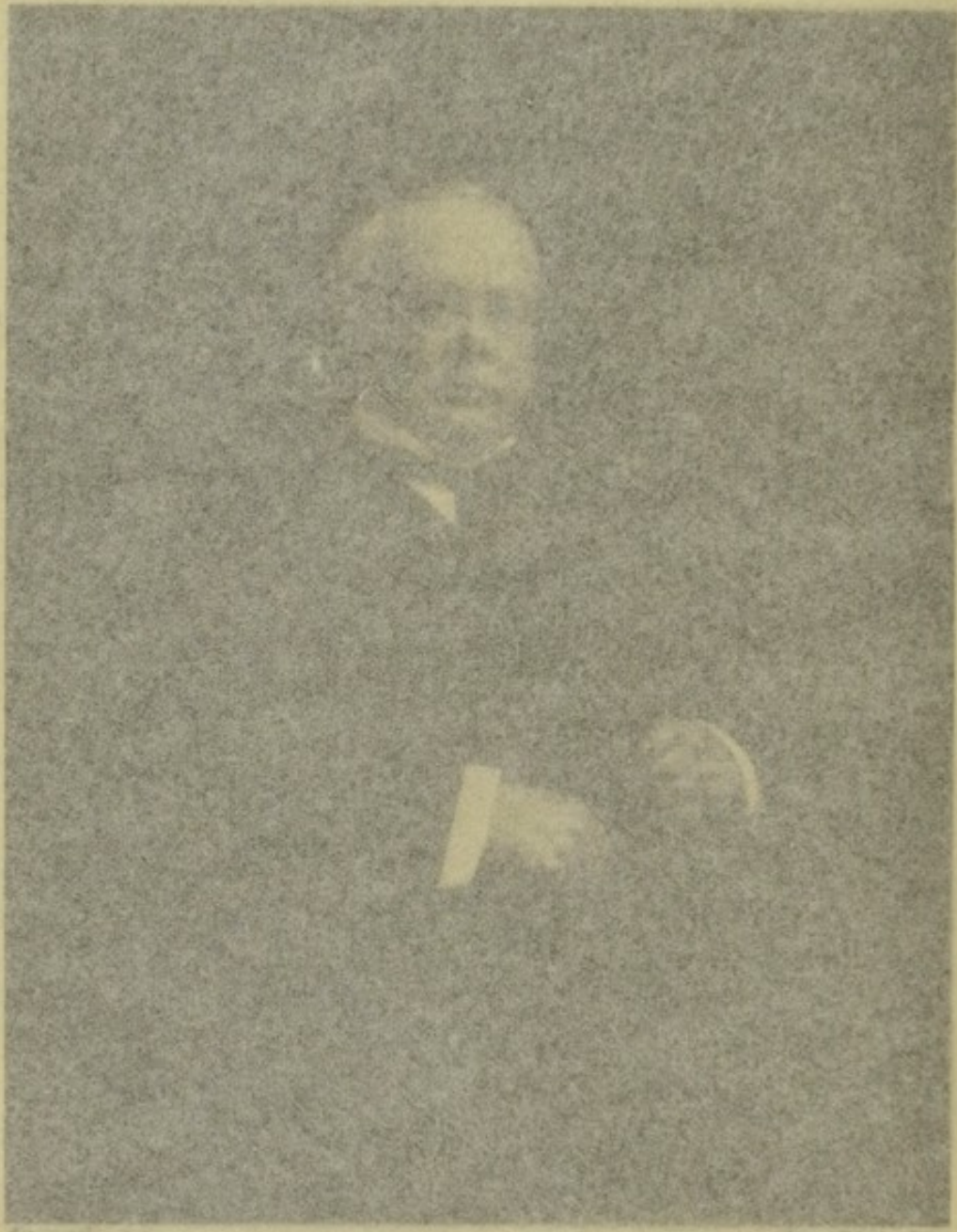




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W.H. Crockett

LIFE OF
SIR WILLIAM BROADBENT
BART., K.C.V.O.

PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY TO H.M. QUEEN VICTORIA
PHYSICIAN IN ORDINARY TO THE KING AND TO THE
PRINCE OF WALES

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER
M. E. BROADBENT

WITH PORTRAIT

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1909

BZP (Broadbent)



Dupl. Coll.

PREFACE

THIS Memoir of my father was at first intended only for private circulation, and although at the request of many friends it has been prepared for publication, and to some extent modified accordingly, it still retains many of the characteristics due to the original purpose.

So far as possible, the story of his life has been told in his own letters, linked together by brief explanatory notes, and for this reason more space has been given to the early years of struggle and hardship than to the period of success, when he was best known to the public.

The professional correspondence of a physician must, as a matter of course, be held sacred, and cannot be touched upon in any memoir, whether for private or public circulation, and the incessant calls of a large and active practice leave but little leisure for the writing of other letters, or for the discussion of subjects unconnected with his work.

To this extent the biography of a doctor must always be in some measure incomplete, but it is hoped that those who were personally acquainted

with Sir William Broadbent will be able to fill in the omissions for themselves, and that, in the example given of perseverance under difficulties, there remains sufficient to interest the general reader, and to justify compliance with the desire for publication.

Thanks are due to his sister, whose records of the family history have furnished the material for the greater part of this book, and to the friends of his early manhood, who have allowed the letters, which they preserved because of the affection which they bore to him, to be made use of.

No one can be more conscious than I myself of the deficiencies of this attempt to convey an impression of my father's life; but, as a sketch may sometimes be more suggestive than a finished picture, so it is hoped that the portrait of him which emerges from the record of his own words and actions may be one which those who knew him will recognise and welcome as adding to their understanding of his character, while those to whom he is but a name may accept it as faithful within its limitations.

M. E. B.

August 1909.

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REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES

THE SECOND VOLUME

1679

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard.

1679

LONDON

Printed by J. Streater, at the Sign of the Gun, in St. Dunstons Church-yard.

1679

LONDON

LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM BROADBENT

CHAPTER I

LONGWOOD EDGE

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WILLIAM HENRY BROADBENT was born at Lindley, a village near Huddersfield, about a mile from Longwood, on the 23rd of January 1835, in the old house where his great-grandfather had lived, which was occupied by his father and mother during the first five years of their married life, until, on the death of the grandfather, they succeeded him at Longwood Edge.

His grandfather, John Broadbent, was one of those small master manufacturers described by Arnold Toynbee,¹ who says: "They were entirely

¹ In *The Industrial Revolution*.

independent, having capital and land of their own, for they combined the culture of small freehold pasture-farms with their handicraft."

Defoe has left an interesting picture of their life:—

"The land near Halifax," he says, "was divided into small enclosures, from two acres to six or seven each, seldom more. Every three or four pieces of land had an house belonging to them, hardly an house standing out of speaking distance from another. We could see at every house a tenter, and on almost every tenter a piece of cloth. At every considerable house was a manufactory. Every clothier keeps one horse at least to carry his manufactures to the market; and every one, generally, keeps a cow or two, or more, for his family."¹

This fairly describes the grandfather's establishment at Longwood Edge.

The market-town is Huddersfield, three miles south-east of Longwood, now a manufacturing town, with a population of over 100,000, chiefly engaged in the woollen trade.

It is a place of considerable antiquity, being mentioned in Domesday Book as one of the manors of Yorkshire, that then belonged to the Norman Earl, Ilbert de Laci. "In Oderesfelt (before the Conquest) Godwin, a Saxon thane, had six carucates of land, being sufficient to employ eight ploughs. Now in 1084-1086 the same Godwin has or holds it of Ilbert de Laci, but it is waste."

¹ Defoe's *Tour*.

Daniel Defoe in 1727 described Huddersfield as already a considerable town, and the market of the whole surrounding country, even to the foot of the Lancashire hills; the trade chiefly consisting in the woollen goods which were produced in abundance in all the neighbouring villages, "by means of which industry the barren grounds in these parts be much inhabited," says an early writer.

But at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the population did not amount to more than 7268; the houses were poor and scattered, the streets narrow, crooked, and dirty, and the people, according to Mr Phillips,¹ debased and wild in their manners almost to savagery. Their favourite pastimes were bull-baiting and cock-fighting.

John Wesley records, "I preached near Huddersfield to the wildest congregation I have seen in Yorkshire," and again, "a wilder people I never saw in England."

Longwood itself is situated among the bare hills which compose the backbone of England—the Pennine Range, which divides Yorkshire from Lancashire—and it is almost the last village on the Yorkshire side. It derives its name from the dense forest which formerly covered the whole valley between Nettleton Hill and Longwood Edge, the latter being a bare, rocky ridge extending above the village towards the wide sweep of moorland, which rises mile after mile, until it reaches the highest point of this part of the range.

¹ *Walks Around Huddersfield.*

Traces of one of the longest Roman roads in Britain—the one connecting York with Manchester—have been found at various points, showing this to have been an important military pass; and it is at Slack, a little hamlet a mile and a half from Longwood, that the Roman station of Campodunum was situated, as is shown by the fact that the whole of this part abounds in relics of antiquity.

The hill opposite bears distinct traces of British occupation, and on the high tableland which extends along its summit, in a lonely and romantic spot, were, till recently, some huge rocks, one of which was known as the Rocking Stone, supposed to be connected with the worship of the Druids.

Only a remnant of the forest is now left in the upper part of the valley, from which a stream emerges and falls into a reservoir, which is a picturesque addition to the scenery; but the outlines of the hills are still unchanged and, though houses and mills have totally altered the character of the country, it is easy to imagine how wild and desolate it must have been in winter.

The village itself is not in the valley but on the hillside, and consists of one straggling street of irregularly built houses, many of them with the long range of windows which shows that they were once occupied by weavers. The rock of which the hills are formed lies very near the surface, and the houses and walls are all built of stone, grey and weatherbeaten, in harmony with the moorland which forms their background.

Longwood Edge, as Sir William's early home was called, is built against the steep hillside, about quarter of a mile from the village, under the Edge from which it derived its name. It is a homely, old-fashioned, long, low building, raised above the road on a sort of little terrace, and sheltered from the north by trees and the slope of the hill which rises above it. A little further up the road are the farm buildings, and, adjoining these, were formerly the workshops and manufactory, further still is a row of cottages called "Stoops"; at the beginning of the nineteenth century Longwood Edge was a very secluded spot, the private road, which runs past the house, being at that time apparently closed in with gates at each end of the property.

An old woman, whose father lived in one of the nearest cottages, tells how completely they were isolated from the outside world, and speaks with great affection and respect of Mr John Broadbent, Sir William's grandfather, who took the deepest interest in all their family concerns, encouraging the parents in the bringing up of their large family, and finding work for the children as they grew up, on the farm and in the manufactory. There was evidently a close personal tie between him and every man in his employ.

In the Luddite disturbances which broke out in the year 1812, his name was on the list of manufacturers who were to be shot for having introduced a frame instead of hand-work in one of the

processes, and the threat might have been carried out if one of his own men had not interposed.

He was a man of strict integrity, straightforward and honourable in all his transactions, and a shrewd and successful man of business. He and his household had always attended the church, and the old tombstones in the churchyard record their names ; but no account of the life of his grandson would be complete without some reference to the subsequent connection of the family with the Wesleyan Methodists, which began with Sir William's father.

At what period Wesley's preachers first penetrated into Longwood is not known, and the first striking testimony to the impression which they made on the life of the village was the abolition of bull-baiting.

Longwood "feast," or "the thump," as it was popularly called, was noted for its drunken revelry, and among the cruel sports of the time, the most popular was bull-baiting ; but the influence of Methodism touched the man who had always led the bull to the ring, the site of which still exists in the main street, and he, having been converted himself, was anxious for the same change to be brought about in his comrades. When the "feast" came round he went in search of a preacher, being determined that in the place where the people had formerly assembled to witness a degrading sport "they should now hear the words of life."

John Broadbent, the father of Sir William, was

born in 1796, and the last years of his school-life, which were spent at the Moravian school of Fulneck, left him with an eager thirst for knowledge. He read any books he could lay hands on, among these being Tom Paine's and Voltaire's works, which had a mischievous effect on him, and for some years induced an anti-religious attitude.

At the age of twenty-four a great change took place in his life, to which he often afterwards alluded :—

“ Before my conversion,” he says, “ I was easily provoked ; anger and pride and covetousness were my besetting sins, and I was aware would require a double guard. My first resolve was that, as the world so abounded in misery and wretchedness, my part should be to do all in my power to diminish it, and so to guard and watch my temper as not to let it rise in my breast, much less appear in my eyes or my actions.”

On another occasion he writes :—

“ In my first happy days of peaceful enjoyment I thought it would be well for me to leave this naughty world, supposing it almost impossible to be a man of business and a man of God, but I soon found out my mistake, for it was just the thing for me. It was a settled thing with me to be on the Lord's side under all circumstances, and I have proved godliness profitable unto all things.”

Moved probably by his first impressions of Methodism, strengthened by the manifest improvement which it was bringing about in the neighbourhood, he decided to join the Methodist

Society, of which he remained a firm supporter all his life, although he maintained his friendly relations with the church in the village.

It was eleven years after this that he met his wife, who was the second daughter of Benjamin Butterworth of Holmfirth, and had been educated at the Moravian school at Gomersal.

The marriage took place in the Parish Church at Almondbury, in 1832, and the young couple went first to live in the old house at Lindley, where they threw themselves heartily into the work of the Wesleyan Church. They so far influenced the father that after a time he began to attend the services at Lindley, riding over from Longwood Edge with his wife on a pillion, and spending his Sundays with his son and daughter-in-law. As he became convinced of the good work done by the Methodists in Longwood, where they had by this time begun a Sunday school in a cottage, he decided to help them and gave them land for a chapel, of which he laid the foundation stone in the spring of 1837. He was then, however, in failing health, and did not live to see it finished.

On his father's death, the five years spent by John Broadbent and his wife at Lindley came to an end; and it was not without regret that they broke up their happy little home, where three sons had been born to them, William being the eldest surviving, although the second by birth, and came to Longwood Edge.

The new chapel opened the way for the advance

of Methodism, and Mr Broadbent became the leader of a class and superintendent of the Sunday school, while his wife, in the midst of her domestic occupations and the claims of an increasing family, found time for visiting among the people and teaching in the Sunday school.

William was only two and a half years old when his grandfather died in the summer of 1837, but he distinctly remembered some of the incidents connected with the removal to Longwood. He had even so early attended the village school, and by his schoolmistress was regarded as a prodigy of infant learning; she was fond of recounting how he delighted an audience by the wonderful way in which he recited the Twenty-third Psalm, his clear diction and appropriate gesture and intense earnestness being remarkable in so young a child.

The first years in the new home were prosperous, and all the prospects for the future seemed bright; but there followed a long period of anxiety and stress, caused by the illness of both husband and wife, and by the necessity of readjusting business methods to meet the needs of the time. A transition had been gradually taking place, and the general application of steam to drive machinery struck the final blow at the small half-manufacturer and half-farmer, and made necessary the transfer of manufactures from quiet homesteads to factories. An old mill had been handed over to Mr Broadbent in part payment of a bad debt, and he hoped to be able to start work in it; but it turned out a bad

bargain, and had to be pulled down and rebuilt before any use could be made of it.

In after years he writes to one of his sons :—

“ Ever since my happy union to mother, I have never lived for myself but for her and hers ; and no self-denial was ever too great to contribute to your enjoyment and comfort, and I never grumbled at any expense that would contribute to future advantage. But you youngsters will never know the self-sacrifice it has cost father and mother to place you in the positions you now occupy ; the industry and economy I saw absolutely necessary to keep all right at the mills, and in the trade, and the family, has been no easy task.”

The home training was singularly judicious. No unnecessary restraint was put upon the children, and even ebullitions of temper were not too severely repressed ; but obedience and truthfulness were rigorously enforced. It was the mother's regular practice to gather her little ones round her on Sunday evening for religious instruction, and every day, morning and evening, they came together for family worship.

“ You are a consecrated family to God,” says the father in a letter to his son, “ from your birth. As soon as mother and I were able to kneel together we solemnly gave you all to the hands that had given you to us, and I think I might say that no day has passed from your birth without a prayer being presented to heaven on your behalf ; and the joy of believing that you are all on the happy way is a continual subject of thanksgiving.”

That which gave greatest effect to the father's and mother's teaching was the example of their own life. The children saw that their parents were guided by the same principles which were instilled into themselves, and that there was no contradiction between precept and example. Mr and Mrs Broadbent understood, too, at what point to relax parental control and change the bond into one of friendship and companionship, and, as their sons went forth one by one from the shelter of home to the wider experience of the world, there was no violent change; they carried with them principles which they had already learnt to act upon for themselves, and the freedom of their home-life, while conducive to the development of their strong individual characters, strengthened in them habits of self-control and of self-reliance.

The father and mother always impressed upon their children, as they grew up, the necessity of making a definite choice for themselves of the good part, and with most of them there was some particular time at which this new life in Christ consciously began; but it was not so with William. His mother always said of him that "he was one who feared the Lord from his youth"; and in his case there was no particular point at which his religious life could be said to begin, because from the first he grew up in the religious atmosphere of his home as naturally as he grew physically and mentally. Throughout his boyhood he never gave his parents a moment's anxiety, and he was thought-

ful and considerate beyond his years. To his younger sisters and brothers he was a model brother, feeling deeply his responsibility, and exercising over them the most loving care and protection.

A sister writes :—

“When I was born, my father had not recovered from his long illness, and my childhood would have been a forlorn one if it had not been for William. All my earliest recollections are of his love and tenderness, and I remember sitting on his knee when I first went to chapel. Later I remember well poring over *Uncle Tom's Cabin* together, and one day he found me reading *Jane Eyre*. I was thrilled and fascinated, but when William explained to me that it was not a book for little girls to read, I never read another word.

“I loved him with intense devotion, and used to hang about his chair ready to run any little errand or do anything for him, and wherever he went, if he possibly could, he took me with him.”

After attending a day school in Longwood for a time, William and his brother Butterworth went as weekly boarders to Huddersfield College, which was then a thoroughly good school, well up to the educational standard of the day. He was studious and made the most of his opportunities, winning some of the highest prizes in the school, and making some lifelong friendships, especially with Charles, Henry, and Fred Schwann.

He left school at the age of fifteen and a half, and was intended to go into business. For two years he continued learning the various processes of

manufacturing and assisting his father generally ; but as it became evident that he had no taste and no liking for business, and he had always wished to be a doctor, his father determined, as soon as his brother Butterworth was ready to take his place, to give him his choice.

It was accordingly arranged that he should go to an uncle related by marriage (his first wife having been Mrs Broadbent's sister), who was in practice in Manchester.

The deed of apprenticeship for five years was drawn up in July 1852, when William was seventeen years old. The premium paid was supposed to cover all the expenses of his medical course in Manchester, but it proved far otherwise. His uncle's practice, which had been a good one, was then deteriorating, and he himself too, and the sum paid had to be frequently supplemented.

During the two years in which William had been at home he had done a great deal of desultory reading, without pursuing any systematic study, and he now had to work hard to gather up the threads of his school education and to carry it forward. He had very little help, and any progress he made depended entirely on his own exertions.

In some of his early letters from Manchester, he says :—

“I always get up as soon as I can and cram a little, but I have not my books yet. Uncle recommends me to matriculate at the London University, and of course I shall do so. Please

pack up all the Greek and Latin books—also mathematical—indeed, all the school books.”

“I am rather lonely at present, but I am getting on all the faster with my work. Here is a little account of the money I have spent. Odyssey, 3s. ; Livy, 3s. ; Greek Lexicon, 14s. ; note-books, etc., 2s. 9d. ; gloves, 1s. 6d. ; stamps, 1s. ; umbrella, 3s. 6d. ; carriers, 10s.”

In July 1853, he writes from London:—

To his Mother

8th July 1853.

“The first examination is now over (Matriculation). My probability of success, as far as I can judge, may be estimated from the following. French, pretty good ; Algebra and Mathematics, good ; History, very bad ; Greek, very bad ; Chemistry, good ; Geometry, good ; Natural Philosophy, pretty good ; English Language, bad. This last, however, when compared with what the rest seemed to be doing, may be pretty good. I have now another labour to commence, with rather less chance of success.”

He had no definite allowance from home, and the amount which could be spared for his necessary expenses was small, so that on one occasion he writes, when he was in London for an examination:—

To his Brother B.

July 1853.

“I asked for money the other day, but matters are now coming to an extremity. By Friday I

shall not be able to pay for my dinner. You must not think I have been extravagant. I have not spent 5s. in indulgences of any kind, including occasional pottles of strawberries."

And later on :—

"I have again to make the oft-recurring request for money. To myself I seem to be always drawing on father, and yet I cannot help it, though of all things I have to write home for, the most unpleasant to me is when I have to ask for money. What causes my present necessity is that the London University requires me to attend more hospital medical practice than the Apothecaries' Hall, and as uncle only provides me with the opportunities for passing the College and Hall, of course the excess comes upon us. On this account I shall want £4, 13s.

"Then about Owen's College. I have been thinking of trying to do without, as there would be a constant dribble out of my pocket for chemicals, besides the £5 entrance fee. But the oftener I look at the calendar, the more I feel the necessity of this course, as the knowledge required is practical, such as cannot be obtained from books. Would it not be a pity to endanger my status for the sake of this £5, ill as we can spare it at present?"

In spite of all these difficulties he was brilliantly successful, and in 1855, writing after an examination at the Royal School of Medicine, Manchester, he says :—

"I have received many congratulations from the better class of fellow-students. The prizes secured are £5 Medal for Chemistry and £1 for Anatomy. I also consider myself sure of the £2 books for Clinical Notes, and with this concludes the list of

prizes for the first session, leaving for all the rest to share among them just nothing. I must work harder than ever, so as not to make a bad conclusion to so good a beginning.

“I have been highly complimented by Dr Browne on my success. And I value it the more as he is considered to be, and is, the most conscientious man about the infirmary or school.”

His father had become involved, along with the other mill-owners of the valley, in a troublesome lawsuit with the Huddersfield Waterworks Company about the water rights, which lasted for four years, and was a constant drain on his resources at a time when his increasing family and the expenses of their education were also making large demands upon him.

His eldest son writes in reference to it in November 1854. “Butterworth told me that the arbitrators’ ‘finding of facts’ was in our favour. I am very thankful that it is so.” This, however, did not end the matter, and in July 1855 he writes to his mother:—

“You may be sure that, though not with you and though engaged in very different pursuits, I share in the general concern which this dreadful lawsuit has brought upon us. I was extremely anxious till I heard from B., and now that it is protracted still further completely discourages me. Anything would have been better than suspense. I almost feel disheartened when I look forward and think what must become of us all if the judgment should go against us. But we are in the hands of a gracious Providence, and I often feel greatly

comforted when I reflect upon this. . . . We say we believe the Bible; if we really and practically believe it we shall not be overburdened with care.

“I have long been impressed that our family was destined to rise and not to go down in the world. I love my profession and, with God’s blessing and good health, I doubt not I shall make something out of it, though I must never expect wealth.”

The lawsuit went against the manufacturers, and he writes :—

To his Brother B.

January 1856.

“Your birthday comes round under very discouraging circumstances, but things are not so bad but that you may hope for ‘many happy returns of the day,’ which I sincerely wish you. I wish you would write soon, for I am anxious to know how father and mother and all of you bear the shock which the adverse decision has occasioned. I want to know the amount of the costs. I have been very much depressed since receiving your letter, but I work at my studies as well as I can, knowing that now there is all the more need for it. In a few days it will be my birthday and I shall attain my majority. I seem to enter upon manhood under a cloud of adverse circumstances, but I trust in time it will pass away. I have no heart to write much, but I long to hear from you.”

To his Sister M. J.

31st January.

“You will think it strange that I have not written before now, but I was prevented on Saturday,

and that is the only time I have. I thank you, my darling, for your kind wishes on my birthday. I could not expect any present after the tremendous loss we have suffered, and I was very much affected by the sight of your present, for I recognised it at once as a gift from father to you long since, which you have been treasuring up, and now, rather than let my twenty-first birthday pass without some mark of your love, you sacrifice it. I shall always keep it as one of my treasures, and, when in future years I look upon it, I shall remember the circumstances under which it was given, and think of the sisterly love which prompted the act."

His health was far from good throughout his five years at Manchester, and he suffered from frequent colds and coughs which gave rise to considerable apprehensions ; but it was not much wonder that he should feel the strain of his incessant work and, although at one time he was threatened with a complete breakdown, he possessed great powers of recuperation, and a few weeks at the seaside restored his strength and energy.

The distance between his uncle's residence at Higher Broughton and the surgery in the town was considerable, and, after leaving the house in the morning, he did not usually return till the evening, lunch and tea being sent to him at the surgery at very irregular hours and of uncertain quality—in fact his meals required supplementing by constant supplies from home.

His uncle at times gave way to intemperance, and, as he grew more and more careless about his practice, being often quite incapacitated from

attending to it, William was compelled to do much of the work, although he was still very young and ignorant of his profession. He used to relate in after years how he would go on his round to visit and examine the patients, and note down in his mind the symptoms of which they complained, and the signs which he could detect, returning home to search through his books till he could identify the ailment, for which he would then prescribe some remedy. He had to make up the medicines himself, and it was extraordinary that he found time to read at all, or to attend lectures; but, as he said himself, the practical experience was invaluable, and he attributed his powers of close observation and skill in diagnosis to this early training.

He had no separate study and shared his bedroom with a fellow-student, so that he was obliged to do his reading under very unfavourable conditions, and he formed the habit, to which he considered that he owed his wonderful gift of concentration, of ignoring all that was taking place in the room and, in his mind, "going over his bones," or recalling other points in the anatomy which he was studying.

He had also to take charge of the books and send out the accounts, and he writes :—

January 1856.

"I am working very hard now. I get up about seven; read till a quarter past eight; then go to the school and remain there, either attending lectures or dissecting till half-past two. I then go to the

surgery to dinner ; then back to the school till six, when I return to the surgery and work till ten. I then return to Broughton, and it is generally twelve before I get to bed."

2nd December 1856.

"I have had so much to do in the practice lately that I have had scarcely any time for study. Nearly every morning I have to walk four miles and see a patient before going to the hospital, and often when I should be working in an evening I have a long dismal round of five or six miles. To-day it has been snowing very fast ; the streets are consequently covered to a depth of several inches. I set out to see two patients immediately after the six o'clock lecture, when of course it was quite dark, the snow still falling fast. I walked along as fast as the slippery streets would allow me, and as I came to a low part of the city I had a foretaste of the treatment I was to expect, in the shape of a snow-ball. Soon after a second from a group of men standing at the door of a spirit vault took off my hat. The men set up a loud laugh and retreated into the shop.

"I had seen one patient and been hit several times more, when unfortunately I fell in with a regular mob of mill-hands. The cry was set up, 'Here's a hat,' and they began to pelt me with all their might. My hat went, and I was hit on every part at once and completely bewildered. Picking up my hat and holding it on with one hand and my spectacles with the other, I made my way from them. I was dreadfully vexed. Well, I got along till I came to another very bad part ; I was going down a street and was told I had better turn back. I soon came up to a group, but as they were engaged pelting a poor woman, I approached them unperceived. I saw what I had to expect, so when one had just

hit the poor woman on the head, I walked up to him, gave him a kick behind and a good cuff which sent him rolling in the snow. The rest I believe thought I was a policeman, for I walked quietly on, not heeding their shouts and threats, and not a snow-ball was thrown at me. I saw my other patient and reached Broughton tired and wet, but had to set off again to the surgery, and here I am writing this letter. Now is not this a long letter to write when I am so tired and weary?"

19th February 1857.

"I quite enjoyed the walking or driving to see the patients, but to-day Manchester has been like one huge wash-kitchen on a washing day with a smoky chimney. The fog positively feels sticky, and it makes my eyes smart to drive through it.

"We have had rather an eventful time since uncle and aunt left. A new coat of mine and my famous old study coat, with four teaspoons, have been stolen. Then our manservant roused me out of bed one night at about 1 A.M. to dress his wounds, as he had had a narrow escape from being murdered by a set of garotters. . . . I have been taking my tea and writing at the same time, and now I am going out to have another taste of the fog."

Letters written from Manchester to his sister Sarah, then aged nearly fourteen, show how in the midst of his heavy work, he yet found time to guide her thoughts and studies, and to mould her character, and all through his early manhood he continued to take a keen interest in the welfare of the younger members of the family, and gave evidence of a singularly clear insight in judging

their capacities and the careers for which they were best fitted.

The three eldest—himself, Butterworth, and Mary Jane—seemed to form a distinct group in the household, the next sister Sarah being eight years, and the next surviving brother, John Edward, ten years younger than he was. Then after an interval of three years came a girl Eliza (Leila), another boy Benjamin, and finally Arthur, between whom and William there was a difference in age of twenty years.

To his Sister Sarah

6th October 1856.

“We are just beginning real work once more. I am of course much congratulated, but I must not rest satisfied. Success or failure alike act as incentives to further exertion. If I succeed I must work to follow out my success; if I fail, to redeem failure.

“When the box next reaches home you may expect to find in it a book for your amusement and I hope instruction. You remember the condition on which I undertake to supply you with a few novels so-called, and you know my reasons. I think extensive and indiscriminate novel-reading a most injurious practice, and especially for young girls. It is to prevent this, and to have control over the quantity as well as a knowledge of the quality of such works that I have promised to send you some of those I have myself read. You in return promise to read none but such as I send you, or till you have asked my opinion on any that are thrown in your way. You have to write and tell me what you think of every one you read; what characters you like, and why. I shall just

glance over each work before I send it, and direct your attention to what I think worthy of it.

“Mrs L—— must prevent you from spending your leisure hours in reading. You must play a great deal, and with all your might, and when you receive the book, I shall be very angry if I know you sit hour after hour devouring it. Take it in moderation, read only a chapter at a time and you will enjoy the whole more.”

15th October.

“This book will arrive very opportunely for your birthday. . . . One of the chief characters introduced in this *Last of the Mohicans* is the scout. When you have read it you must take the map of America and follow as well as you can the localities mentioned, all of which you will find on or near the frontier between Canada and the United States. Then you must look over that part of history which relates to the struggle between the English and the French for the Canadas. . . . My reasons for choosing Fenimore Cooper are, first and foremost, because he is a great favourite of mine; because his narrative being full of thrilling incident pleases us most while young; because his style is clear and elegant, his descriptions graphic, and because there is a total absence of morbid sentiment of any kind.

“In my ideas the faculty of letter-writing is rather a gift than an acquirement and you have the gift. . . . Indeed you unconsciously praise yourself in saying that you write as if you were speaking to me, which is the very essence of a good letter. Of course this gift may be vastly improved by cultivation and care, and I am very glad that Miss Maria is giving you lessons, but when you write to me you must not think of rules.”

*In reply to a Birthday Letter**27th January 1857.*

“A great many important events have happened since the last; many will occur before the next birthday; all being well I shall be free from all legal obligations. My indentures will have expired, and I shall be in the world to seek or make my way. I may not, probably shall not, be in practice for myself, but I shall have begun to feel the stern responsibilities of life. I hope you will have a longer time at school than another year. As for your qualifying yourself as a governess, you may learn as much as you like—the more the better—and I shall be happy both to encourage and help you to acquire knowledge; but never will I see you exposed to the trials of a governess' life, so long as with all the labour of my hands and head, I can offer you food and shelter. But there is no fear of any such necessity arising.”

*To Butterworth**15th January.*

“By the time this reaches you, which I intend to be on the 19th, you will be twenty-one. You will have entered upon that period of life when the responsibilities of manhood are supposed to commence. As you have not made any mention, I conclude the event is not to be marked by any particular festivities. It will be better signalled by special reflection, no doubt, and, had I been at home, we should have had probably a prolonged chat before the fire—or rather a long period of quiet thought, interrupted now and then by conversation on events of the past and on hopes and plans for the future. Well, I shall be with you in thought and prayer.”

The lecturers at the Royal School of Medicine during the time of William Broadbent's attendance there were—Mr A. C. Heath on Midwifery, Mr William Smith on Anatomy and Physiology, Mr Arthur Dumville on Surgery, Mr Turner on Physiology, Mr Lund on Anatomy, and Dr J. Whitehead on Medicine.

At the Manchester Royal Infirmary he acted as clinical clerk to Dr Henry Browne for six months, and as dresser and clinical clerk to Mr Smith, and he worked under Mr George Southam. He received excellent testimonials from them all, and a quotation from that of Dr Browne will show the impression which he made on his teachers. He writes :—

“ In giving my testimony in favour of Mr W. H. Broadbent, it would be superfluous to speak of his abilities, as his remarkable success at the Medical School and the London University is abundant evidence of them. But I can testify that all this success has not been obtained without constant and untiring labour; and that his moral conduct has been equal to his perseverance and talents.”

During his three years' work at the Royal School of Medicine, he gained the first year's prize, and silver medals in the second and third year, for Anatomy and Physiology; the first and second year's medals for Surgery and for Medicine, medals for Chemistry, Materia Medica, Pathology, Midwifery, and Ophthalmic Surgery; and the first, second, and third year's scholarships for General

Proficiency, as well as the gold medals for Chemistry, and Anatomy and Physiology, and the highest honours in the examination for the first M.B. at the University of London.

At the end of July 1857, on completing his five years at Manchester, he went up to London and passed the examinations at the College of Physicians and the Apothecaries' Hall with his usual success. His intention was to take a post as house surgeon for a time, and then to begin practice in Huddersfield. Having distinguished himself and carried off the highest honours both at Manchester and in London, it was not expected that he would find any difficulty; but he failed in every application he made, and was greatly discouraged and perplexed by such a continued series of disappointments. He writes:—

LONGWOOD EDGE, 25th Nov. 1857.

“By another mysterious dispensation of Providence I am again disappointed. I have not obtained the appointment at the Infirmary. It has been a great blow to me, but I feel resigned. . . .

“What are all my prizes and testimonials worth now that they have been rejected at the very hospital where they were earned? Manchester testimonials are valueless at Manchester. What can they be worth elsewhere? I have felt before that my provincial education was a great drawback. Now I feel it more than ever and am more than ever convinced that, if I am to rise above mediocrity in my profession, it must be supplemented elsewhere, and I am firmly persuaded that the longer I am away from Paris the more time I lose. I had

hoped to aid in relieving father's embarrassments by supporting myself and placing something in his hands for my future use. That hope is swept away.

"I do not think it would be well to commence practice. This last blow would weigh so heavily on my mind, and for a time its consequences would meet me at every step. I must prepare at once to go to Paris. I am firmly persuaded that it will be for the best in the end, but I must lose no more time."

His mother says, in writing to a brother some years afterwards :—

"I remember how William was disappointed time after time; it felt hard to bear, and things looked very dark to him and to us when he tried for the house surgeoncy at Lancaster and Manchester and other places, and all seemed shut up. William seemed to think all his labour had been in vain; but all was ordered by God and was working together for good, and how wonderfully God in His providence opened his way."

It had been decided that if he failed in his application to the Manchester Infirmary he should go to Paris and carry on his studies there for a few months, and (though it was now near Christmas and he had never been absent from home before at that season), he started without further delay.

Paris at that time held a foremost place among the Medical Schools of Europe, and it was no doubt the reputation of such men as Trousseau, Desmarres, Rayer, Ricord, and Piorry which determined his decision.

CHAPTER II

PARIS

Arrival at Paris. Sojourn with the Delilles. His Life at Paris—at the Hospitals. Progress in French. His Desire for Knowledge. A Christmas Letter. The Attempt to assassinate the Emperor. Sees the Emperor. Questions as to his Future. Leaves Paris. Friendship with the Delilles.

FRANCE in 1857 was under the rule of the Second Empire, Louis Bonaparte having been elected hereditary Emperor of the French in 1852, taking the title of Napoleon III. A man of no dignity of moral character, ambitious and unscrupulous, Louis Bonaparte was, nevertheless, better than the adventurers who surrounded him. As President of the Republic established in 1848, he had concealed his ambition and had waited his opportunity to become Emperor; but by the *coup d'état* of 1851, he had swept away the whole existing constitution, and, in order to prepare the way for the establishment of the empire, the Assembly itself was forcibly dissolved, universal suffrage was restored, and a *plébiscite* on the new form of government was appointed to follow at once. In the meantime the capital was placed in a state of siege, and the Council of State dismissed.

Outbursts of despairing resistance in Paris were sternly put down with brutal severities, which aimed at striking terror into the populace, and the men who had won their power by conspiracy did not hesitate to keep it by massacre.

After Napoleon became Emperor he did his utmost to develop the prosperity of the country, and although his government was almost incessantly involved in war, he was, no doubt, sincere in proclaiming his wish for peace.

At this time the ruins left by the revolution of 1848, and by the struggles which preceded the closing of the national workshops, were being repaired, and Paris was being rebuilt according to the plans of Haussmann, who devised the magnificent boulevards which were to open out and intersect the disaffected quarters of the north and east.

Napoleon had also interfered a good deal in the affairs of foreign countries. His action in regard to Italy had resulted in the overthrow of the Republic of Rome, and the restoration of Pope Pius IX. in 1849, and had left deep and lasting resentment in that country. In 1857 the Crimean War was just over, and the Peace of Paris had been signed, a peace which did little for the real good of France, and had created some irritation between her and England.

There were, therefore, ample reasons, both external and internal, for the uneasiness which prevailed generally throughout France, but more

especially in Paris, at this time, and this may account for the repeated attempts to assassinate the Emperor, of which the best known, that by Orsini, took place during William Broadbent's residence in Paris at this period.

Notwithstanding these disturbances the social life of Paris was, under the influence of the Empress, gay and frivolous; and in determining to go there the ardent young Wesleyan took steps to make sure that his immediate surroundings should be such as would be congenial to himself and satisfactory to his parents.

After a short description of the crossing from Newhaven to Dieppe and the slow journey to Paris, which was reached at midnight, he writes home:—

“Next morning I had my *café au lait* and set out to find the Methodist Chapel. On the chapel door I found the address of Mr Hocart; accordingly, I set out to seek him; being without map I had to trust entirely to inquiries, and I managed to find the place in a really wonderful way, seeing that I could not understand half what was said in reply. Mr Hocart referred me to a young man, the agent for the Wesleyan books, and he again to a young physician. We had great difficulty in understanding each other. With one circumstance of our interview I was greatly affected. He was asking me why I came to him. I was proceeding to explain that I was in search of a house where I should escape the temptations of this place. At last he said slowly in French. ‘Is it not that you love Jesus Christ?’ I saw at once his meaning. He grasped my arm warmly and seemed wishful to do anything for me. The same evening I called

upon M. Armand - Delille and arranged to come here to-day. Of course it will be very expensive, £2, 10s. a week, but I think my safest plan will be to stay here for at least a month."

He was singularly fortunate in the home in which he found himself.

M. Armand - Delille was a French Protestant clergyman, pastor of the church in the Rue Royale, a man of wide cultivation and great eloquence, known both in France and England as one of the leaders of the Reformed Church.

Madame possessed a very attractive and sympathetic personality, being a talented musician and artist, as well as a devoted wife, mother, and friend. Their home was a centre of social and religious life, and William Broadbent became intimate with the family, reading and studying French with Madame, and learning the language from the younger children, who, he said, taught him to speak as no older person could have done.

He writes :—

"As to my lodgings, I have told you I am *au sixième*. My room is comfortable, warm, well-ventilated and light, my two windows forming doors opening on to a balcony from which I can see an immense distance. I have my little basket of fire, tables, chairs, chest of drawers, and my enormous box. The windows and bed are tastefully curtained, and altogether I am very comfortable. I rise usually between six and seven, have some *café au lait* and bread, and go to the hospital till 10. At 10.15 *déjeuner*, really a sort of little dinner

—commencing often with potatoes—there is always meat, and we drink tea or *eau sucrée* according to taste. I then study French for a while, go to the *École de Médecine* to hear lectures from 3 to 4. At 5.30 we dine. After dinner we spend an hour or so in the *salon* talking bad French, but improving ourselves as well as we can. M. Delille has two sons—also five daughters—oldest 18 or 20, who appear to be very intelligent. Young ladies are never allowed to go out alone; they are guarded almost like Moslems. In Protestant families there is not such strictness in the household, though out of doors they must conform to the customs of the place. Accordingly, when we are in the *salon* Mademoiselle is present and may play the piano—a thing unknown in the Catholic family circles—but even here when visitors are present Mademoiselle disappears. At 9.30 again we assemble, drink tea, and M. Delille reads and comments upon a psalm, and prays.

“From what I have said before, you will judge that the *École de Médecine* is not likely to profit me very much professionally. The hospitals, on the contrary, offer a vast field for the acquirement of knowledge. I have been at three, and followed several very eminent men, Trousseau, Rayer, etc., but Trousseau is *the man*. I have presented my letter of introduction to him, and have been kindly received, henceforward I watch chiefly his practice, and already I have learnt much. M. Fabre, the student to whom Dr Roberts has given me an introduction, is *externe* to Rayer, and is capable of initiating me more fully into the ways of the hospitals, particularly of *La Charité*, at which he is a constant attendant.

“The wards are beautifully clean and neat; they are superintended by sisters of charity, whom the surgeons always address as *ma mère*. The

comportment of the medical men in the wards is very different from that of the English; they often address the patient as *ma petite fille, mon enfant*, and will joke with them and with some of the students.

"The quarter of Paris I am in is from time immemorial devoted to students of all grades, and it is not by any means the most pleasant. Still I am very near the gardens of the Luxembourg, which in summer will form a most agreeable retreat.

"I think it has been a providential occurrence that I have met with this family. The terms are certainly very high, but I have no trouble or anxiety, and I have been saved from the hands of those who might have taken advantage of my ignorance and have defrauded me. You can have no idea of the difficulties you meet with in a foreign land. At first I had the greatest difficulty in understanding anything at all. Now I understand nearly all that is said in the lectures and hospitals. I have still difficulty in colloquial conversation. I can take some share in it, but cannot catch all that is said.

"I believe I am in the way of obtaining much practical knowledge, though I may not succeed in procuring certificates from the professors here, as I had hoped. Well, it is the knowledge I want, not chiefly the appearance of it. I must try to make a name and reputation for myself, not build one up on the testimony and names of others. Thus far I have reason to consider my coming to Paris a step in the right direction. I am learning every day, and working up for my examination."

To his Sister S.

"It seems very strange to be away from you at Christmas. I shall not be roused to-night by the

singers, and hear 'Christians Awake' melodiously cleaving the night. I shall not join with you in the festivities of the season; no brawn, no pork pies, no roast beef and plum pudding, no football."

Christmas Day.

"Last night we went to a midnight mass at St Roch; at about 11.30 a venerable-looking old man addressed the assembled thousands. Then a beautiful *Chant de Noël* was sung, and, as the clock struck twelve, the first great chorus of the mass burst upon our ears. The service ended by a baritone voice singing the air of the Portuguese hymn, our love feast and tea meeting tune. The scenic effects, the candles surrounding the altar, the magnificent robes, the mystery thrown around the proceedings, the splendid music, all tended to divert the mind from spiritual worship to material ceremonial."

To his Eldest Sister

Christmas Day.

"I have been to the chapel, and in returning crossed the gardens of the Tuileries, my nearest way. You will remember what stormy scenes the Tuileries and its gardens have witnessed. I often think of them as I pass them now, devoted as they seem to pleasure and show. . . . There must have been hundreds of children and nurses, the *bonnes* all in white caps and neat dresses. I was particularly interested with a skipping party of little girls, most beautiful little children some of them were, and so richly dressed. What belles they will be should they live! Already they have the air of little coquettes, and were evidently pleased with the

admiration of the crowd, of which I for a time formed one.

"I have heard once, and intend to hear again, M. St Marc Girardin, Professor of Eloquence at the Sorbonne. He lectures on the poetry of the Middle Ages, speaks the most beautiful French, and seems to do what he can to stem the stream of immorality which pours like a torrent through French society, threatening to sap its foundations. The hall in which he lectures is crowded with men of every age, rank, and station. He does his best to put truth and right before them in its most attractive form; he exposes the vices of this age and country; tries to show their fearful consequences; endeavours to bring home the beautiful and truthful lessons he draws from his subject."

15th Jan. 1858.

"Last night there was an attempt to assassinate the Emperor. As his carriage stopped at the Opera House, three explosions were heard under the horses' feet, and several persons are said to have been wounded. The Emperor and Empress were in the carriage together; neither were touched. There is a great diversity of opinion in France, some are Imperialists, others Republicans, others Orleanists."

20th Jan.

"I saw the place where the assassination of the Emperor was attempted, and wondered more than ever at his escape. The street is narrow; the windows of the houses on one side were broken as high as the third story, the windows of the doors of the Opera House on the other; marks on the walls, pillars, doors, show the force of the projectiles. I saw him in the Jardin des Tuileries as I returned from chapel on Sunday. He was walking along

the front of the palace with another gentleman. He is rather an insignificant-looking person. His gait is not at all stately. The conspiracy was much more extensive than was at first supposed. There is much talk about the repressive policy the Emperor has initiated. The *Times* has been excluded from France for two days. I fear the Emperor is taking a wrong course, especially in religious intolerance. I have many discussions with M. Fabre, who feels deeply the state of his country."

26th Feb. 1858.

"The Carnival passed, we have settled down into our quiet habits; but considerable excitement is roused by the trial of the assassins who attempted the life of the Emperor. Still greater excitement had been caused by the defeat and resignation of Lord Palmerston. For my part I do not consider his bill to mean much one way or another; but I was rather vexed that he should be turned out by such a party ruse. Had Lord P. returned an answer as Parliament decided he ought to have done, it would have afforded the Opposition the best handle in the world. Either it would have been giving in to the Emperor, or it would have been set down as another attempt to embroil us with all Europe.

"It is true, as Mr Jessop says, that one has to be extremely careful as to the opinions expressed respecting the Emperor; but there is no danger in an Englishman saying pretty nearly what he chooses. The French are also infinitely more communicative to the English than to each other; they have some sort of confidence in our honour, and can feel sure that at least we are not police agents. In talking with them in the streets, or gardens, or hospitals, however, when they have anything to say against the Government, they

glance carefully around, or manœuvre one into a corner, and sometimes suddenly change the conversation when any suspicious-looking individual is near. As I am not so expert, and say what I have to say without all these precautions, I sometimes see an uneasy expression on their countenance, when of course I stop."

13th March.

"This morning Orsini and Pieri have expiated their crime on the scaffold. An eye-witness tells me that Pieri had to be carried to the guillotine, but that Orsini walked up with head erect and step firm. I feel glad that I did not allow my curiosity to conquer my horror and go to see the execution. Such scenes must harden the heart. Next to the excitement caused by this is that excited by the publication of a little brochure, entitled *Napoléon III. et L'Angleterre*. It is a defence of the Emperor's policy throughout. Altogether there is a great ferment here, and I am told that above 3000 persons have been arrested in Paris. The police are busy enough. Our Union Chrétienne became a suspected society. Everyone was placed under surveillance, and I suppose I amongst the rest have been the subject of the solicitude of the police. However, the result has been a very satisfactory report that if all the young men were like the members of the Union Chrétienne, Paris would be tranquil enough."

Some time afterwards he made the acquaintance of an official high in the police service, who laughingly told him that his name was very familiar to him, and subsequently allowed him to see the *dossier*, in which he found that every movement for many weeks had been recorded.

His time in Paris was drawing to a close, and

he was very undecided as to what should be the next step in his career. One suggestion being that he should settle in Huddersfield, various proposals of buying a partnership, or of starting as an assistant were debated, and many letters passed between William and his father and brother on the subject.

In one of them he says :—

May 1858.

“ I wonder if father ever thinks that he has very near at hand a hole into which a lot of capital will sink without a chance of interest for some time. I mean his son William and his launch into life. Well I must not go in at the large end of the trumpet. Little by little I hope to get on; patience, perseverance, trust in God, will I hope carry me through the first trying years of my career, and release father from the burden I have been.”

Writing on 4th June, he ends :—

“ Above all, Butterworth, we must make this a matter of prayer. . . . I think we shall all be agreed in thinking that perhaps the safer course will be to let me commence alone and struggle my way up.

“ At present I am engaged in special study of diseases of the eye under M. Desmarres. I pay only 10 francs a month, and go to his clinique three times a week. I am also following a course of percussion under Piorry and his *internes*, and without good reasons I do not wish to give them up. Should you wish me to return, decide if possible soon after the 14th.”

The decision was that he should try to make his own way, and it was at first thought that he should take rooms with one of his sisters to keep house for him ; but this project was only carried out two years later, the intervening time being spent by him as resident at St Mary's Hospital.

On his return from Paris in July, the rest of the summer was passed at home in working for the examination for the M.B. of the London University.

The friendship begun in Paris with the Delille family was one which endured for the remainder of their lives, and for many years a close and intimate correspondence was maintained between Madame Armand-Delille and the young physician, in whom she had recognised a kindred soul. French was the language employed, since Madame's acquaintance with English was limited, and she wrote to him as to one of her own sons, taking a keen interest in every event of his life, and confiding to him all her own sorrows and anxieties, sure of a sympathy which never failed in heart, although, as years went on, pressure of work on his side, and the weight of advancing age on hers, caused the letters to become gradually less frequent. She was godmother to his eldest child, and the youngest was called after one of her daughters, Madeleine, who died as a result of the hardships endured during the siege of Paris.

An extract from one of her letters shows the impression which she received of his character :—

14 *Mars* 1859.

“ Plus que jamais, ma pensée vous suit. Êtes-vous bien? A mon tour j'étudie votre dernière lettre. N'y a-t-il qu'une influence physique qui agit sur vous? Ne s'y joint-il point quelque préoccupation morale, peut-être même à votre insu? Sur une nature comme la vôtre, la plus légère impression peut produire un ébranlement. Il y a en vous un étonnant mélange de fermeté et de sensibilité. Je me rappelle qu'ici, quand je commençais sans m'en bien rendre compte, à chercher à vous deviner, il y eu deux ou trois périodes où j'ai cru que la fermeté était ce qu'il y avait de plus saillant en vous. Maintenant je connais l'autre côté.”

CHAPTER III

ST MARY'S HOSPITAL

London. Examination for London M.B. Obstetric Officer at St Mary's. Life at St Mary's in 1859. A Sister's Stories. Other Appointments. His Appointment at St Mary's extended. Walter Coulson. Appointed Resident Medical Officer at St Mary's. Appointed Registrar at St Mary's. Refused Admission to the College of Physicians without Examination. Appointed Curator at St Mary's, and starts practice in London at No. 23 Upper Seymour Street, with his sister as housekeeper.

IT seems as if the disappointments and perplexities with regard to his future career had deepened his spiritual life, and it is possible that his prolonged absence from home and the consciousness of being in a foreign country led to a fuller expression than was common with him of his feelings and aspirations. Be this as it may, his letters from Paris and the diary which he kept at this time contain frequent inquiries as to the growth of religious influence in the village, and constant references to his own attendance at services or meetings, to his own experience, and to the principles on which his actions were based.

His father and mother were among the most active supporters of Methodism, which was now spreading rapidly in Longwood, giving both time

and money to the work, in spite of the many claims upon them ; and those of their family who remained at home shared their enthusiasm, and as they grew up became members of the society, taking their places in the Sunday school and classes.

William had tried to do his part, but his innate reserve made even teaching difficult and distasteful to him, and it was only to the few with whom he was most intimate and most in sympathy that he ever revealed what was in truth the foundation of his character and life.

After three months spent at home in study, he came up to London for the examination for the London M.B. in October, and in referring to the results he says :—

To Miss J. (a friend of his Manchester days)

29th Nov. 1858.

“ I should have written at once on learning how ill you had been, but I thought I would wait so as to be able to tell you about these ‘miserable honours,’ and really when I saw the lists, I felt inclined to adopt your expression. I have done very well and *very badly*. I am first in Comparative Anatomy and Physiology, and take the scholarship—first in Midwifery, but sixth in Surgery and nowhere in Medicine, whereas I had been flattering myself that I had done remarkably well in Medicine.”

Although far from satisfied himself with the results of the examination, he had, in fact, been so successful (taking first-class honours in Medicine, and

the gold medal in Obstetric Medicine, as well as the scholarship in Comparative Anatomy and Physiology), that he was told the distinctions which he had earned might possibly open his way to a post in one of the London hospitals, and hearing of one at St Mary's, he applied and was at once appointed Obstetric Officer, beginning his work there on the 10th of December 1858. In this most unexpected way began his life-long association with St Mary's Hospital.

Hospital life was rougher and less carefully organised than at the present day, and perhaps more freedom and responsibility were allowed to the residents than would now be the case. Certainly there seems to have been no lack of opportunities of work for those who were anxious to undertake it, and a few notes written many years later will give an idea of the life led by the resident Obstetric Officer during the first months of his appointment :—

“In those days the students of St Mary's might almost have been driven about in a four-wheel cab—certainly in a bus—and there was not the internal competition for these house appointments which I am happy to say exists now.

“I had at first not a single student to assist me, and I remember tramping through the night on the last day of the old year from one case to another, and hearing for the first time in my life the impressive pause of multitudinous bells as the old year expired, and the outburst which rang in the new.

“On one occasion I attended seven labours in twenty-four hours, and was hauled up before the

Board for not attending an eighth. My two chiefs left me very much to myself, and in the eleven months during which I held the appointment I had to deal single-handed with almost every complication incident to labour."

Letters written home at the time give a description of the work which he was expected to do and of the responsibility thrown upon him.

Christmas Day, 1858.

"I do not expect to be so busy as I have been. Had the work lasted I could not have stood it, but I am very well, better than when I left home. I shall now lose less time than I have done, as I see my out-patients at 9.30 instead of 11.30, which cut up the morning too much. After seeing my out-patients I go into the wards, then out into the districts, and I hope now to finish this by luncheon time. At 1.30 I must be prepared to meet Dr Tyler Smith or Mr Baker Brown, and to see their out-patients if they do not come. I then go round with them. I expect now if I can finish the outdoor work before luncheon, to get done the taking of notes, etc., and to have a little time to myself before dinner, which I shall partly spend going round with other physicians. After dinner I ought to have my time to myself, except a visit to the wards, but one thing and another have sadly interfered with this. I am deriving great benefit from the practice, but see at present no chance of the appointment leading to anything better. I shall be expected to make room for some student at the end of six months."

4th January.

"I have had another spell of tremendous work, beating the first out and out. Such a run of bad cases I should think scarcely

ever happened to anyone, causing me intense anxiety. I have now seen examples of nearly all the complications in midwifery. Happily I have as yet lost none. On the night of 30th December I was in bed about half an hour; 31st, about three hours; 1st January, not at all; and on 2nd January I was called out, but got back in two and a half hours. I seem to be no worse for it, when once I have had a good night's rest."

Hospital politics will hardly be of interest to readers of the present day; but St Mary's in its early years seems to have been anything but an abode of peace, and the letters home speak of the "quarrelling going on here," and of "the parties and cabals."

A sketch apparently intended for a friend gives an impression of some members of the staff, and notes of tales told by the Sister of one of the wards, convey some idea of the character of the nursing and discipline of those days:—

"I thought that in quitting our little country town I was quitting the region of little minds and little ways—that in the great Metropolis I should find great men, with great hearts, and grand designs. Especially you will remember how often I used to go over the list of names of the officers and lecturers of St Mary's Hospital, the school of my choice, the heir of the future, I used to call it, as it could not boast of being the child of a long past. You remember how I tried to find for what each man was famous, and how I caught up any word applied to my future teachers. Ye are gods, I thought to myself. So I thought, too, on the evening of the introductory. But they are men, Tom, only men. I cannot trace the process of

désillusionnement; indeed it was too sudden and sharp to be called a process. But as we have together gone over their names, and I have proudly dilated on what I supposed they were, let me now take them one by one and tell you what they are. Physicians first.

“The senior physician, as you know, is Alderson, F.R.S., of high standing in the College of Physicians, of some renown, and formerly Fellow of St John's. A man who has taught mathematics at Cambridge must have something in him, and old A. is a very shrewd fellow; evidently no great hand at physical diagnosis, *i.e.*, finding out what's wrong inside a man, but with an eye that goes through his patients; and, so far as I can see, he generally knows as much about a case when he has stood at the foot of the bed for a minute, and touched a man's pulse, as some other physicians after twenty minutes' hitting and fumbling.

“But you know I had pictured him a grave and reverend signor, with white hair and majestic mien, and, would you believe it, he wears a cut-away coat just like mine and a blue neckerchief; moves about as briskly as a boy, and talks as rapidly as a woman. I like him very much, though he does not take much notice of us students, except now and then when he turns round and makes a joke.

“Next comes T. King Chambers, Thomas Rex, and upon my word his godfathers and godmother must have been clever people to fit him so exactly with a name. Rex every inch of him in his own estimation evidently—a good reason why he did not get on with the prince. He comes into the hospital looking straight before him, passing by the group of students as if they were so much empty space, or acknowledging their respectful salutation by a nod, as may happen

to be his lordly pleasure. At times, even, he will address an inquiry to some individual, but usually manages to leave the impression on the mind of the individual thus honoured, that he would have spoken much in the same words and tones had he been his servant or a policeman. He is slightly short-sighted, which may to some extent account for his way of knowing you one day and cutting you the next, but this defect appears singularly to accord with his natural disposition.

“He is tall, rather good-looking, slightly bald, always well dressed, a great swell in fact in his way, and he has the fashionable inability to fairly pronounce his ‘r’s.’ ‘How vewy odd’ is an expression often in his mouth. Well, when he gets to the wards he maintains his character; he is king of his cases. After a few questions he makes his diagnosis, and then goes through the form of an examination. To show that this diagnosis is true, the necessary physical signs declare themselves, the proper symptoms appear at the bidding of leading questions, and then His Royal Highness proceeds to dictate the treatment as unhesitatingly as he formed the diagnosis, and, mind you, he is not one who deals with disease on the expectant plan; he handles the most powerful remedies in the most fearless way, and, whatever the result may be, he certainly goes shares with nature in its production. He ought to be infallible—I hope he is. It is said he is so well satisfied with himself that he rarely takes the trouble to seek the aid of the researches of others.

“And now comes Sibson. ‘Well, dear Smith, I’m glad to see you. How are all my patients?’ And away he bolts along the corridor to the office of the secretary, or up the steps, by twos and threes, towards the wards, unless some idea has got possession of him, when he knits his brows, purses

his lips, and moves in a fitful way here and there till he has shaken it off. He is always in a hurry; his sanguine temper leads him to take on himself more work than any mortal man could get through, and then the work in hand always occupies his mind so fully that he forgets everything else."

In referring to these men in after years he said :—

"I learnt much from all three physicians—most from Dr Sibson, whose infinite capacity for taking pains was a life-long lesson to me. To say nothing of the time he spent in the wards, he would often be in the post-mortem room at 6 A.M."

William Broadbent not unfrequently assisted him on these occasions, and in the hospital lost no opportunity of listening to clinical teaching which, at any rate in relation to diseases of the chest, was at that time not to be equalled in London.

The following are notes of stories told by the Sister of one of the wards :—

"You remember that patient Emma D. She was Dr Sibson's patient when you were his house-surgeon and I was night nurse. Well, every night she used to eat my supper; bread and cheese, or bread and meat, or whatever it was. She would eat nothing in the day, but at night I used to take her my bread. I saved some for myself in the morning. I daren't give her all the cheese, cause I was feared it might make her ill. I used to give her a bit and say, 'There now, there's all my bread; you see they don't give us too much cheese.' She

always stayed awake till I came on, and then, as soon as she had eaten my supper, she went off to sleep as fast as possible. I remember the night she died. I saw as soon as ever I got into the ward, she was worse. 'You are not so well to-night I'm sure, my dear,' I said; 'do you think you can eat a bit of supper?' She wanted it, and so I gave it her, poor thing, but she could not manage it. She sat up in bed trying to get down a mouthful, and then she wandered rather. She kept on saying, 'Eat the cheese yourself, my dear; eat the cheese yourself, my dear; eat—the—cheese—yourself—my—dear—my—dear' . . . well so she went on. I wanted to fetch you, but I daren't. I was afraid you would find me out, and then I knew I should catch it. When she had been at it for about an hour, I said, 'Well it's no use, I must go for Dr B.' And so I came down to you. Would you believe it? She stopped saying it, and all the time you were with her she never said it once. I stood by all in a shake, and when you were gone I said, 'There, Dr B.'s been and gone; I am thankful for that'; and the minute you left she began again, 'Eat the cheese yourself, my dear; eat the—cheese—yourself—my dear—my dear—my dear.' And these were the last words she said. She got on slowly, 'Eat the cheese,' and there she stopped. She breathed a few times after that, but only gasping. What would Dr S. have said if he had known I gave her my supper every night?

"I am obliged to be very careful with Dr S., but do you know I have never had a word from him since last summer, nearly nine months, and then I had it all round the ward.

"Ever since then I have minded what I am about with Dr S.'s cases. When they ask me for anything I say, 'Ah! you are Dr S.'s patient, I cannot give you anything unless it's ordered.'

Sometimes when I see them suffering I must do something for them, but I always take good care to put it down. I run after the house-surgeon to every part of the house, and then perhaps I do not find him, and so I give what I know will do them good myself; but then I can never rest till I have seen the house-surgeon, for fear Dr S. should come in and find me out before I have it put on the card.

“The other day a patient of Dr S. was very bad. She would eat nothing, and was dying as fast as she could. One night I said to her, ‘Don’t you think, now, you could take a little arrowroot and brandy if you had it?’ She waited a little bit, and then she said, ‘I think perhaps I could, Sister.’ ‘So you shall, then,’ I said, and I got it ready directly, and she drank it all. I took good care to get Mr R., who was Dr S.’s house-surgeon, to sign for it, and it was very well I did. When Dr S. came to see her, he looked at her in the smiling way he has when a troublesome patient is beginning to mend. ‘Well, Mrs H., I am glad to find you so much better to-day.’ ‘Yes, sir,’ she said, ‘but it isn’t your physic; it was that arrowroot and brandy Sister gave me.’ You should have seen him. He took the card, and began to look if it was ordered; but he was too angry to see whether it was or not. He was just going to begin, but I saw what was up, and so I just said, ‘It is on the other side, sir,’ and stopped him. ‘Oh, Mr R. has ordered it. Very good, very good. You shall have some every night, my good woman, and I hope you will soon be quite well.’

“There is such a difference between the doctors. Dr Alderson will let his patients have anything they ask for, and he never grumbles, whatever we do for them. The other day, that poor girl of his in consumption—he was asking her what she fancied to eat. She answered, ‘Nothing, sir, but

a cold bone and a lettuce.' 'Has she had it, Sister?' he says, turning round to me. 'Yes, sir,' I said. 'That's right, Sister. Take care of her.' She had had it every day for a week. Dr A. is such a kind gentleman, and I am sure many a patient's life is saved by letting them have their fancies. When there is anyone very ill and she has a great wish for anything, I always try to get it unless it is something very bad. You remember Smith, that girl that had the fever so bad when you and Mr F. were house-surgeons. She was your case, and under Dr Sibson. Just when she was at the worst, I was having half a pound of sausages to my supper. I had been out in the afternoon, and bought them for a treat for myself, and when I had got my women all settled for the night, I went behind the screen and began to cook my sausages. I held them to the fire on a toasting-fork one by one, so as to disturb no one, but when I had just done one I heard somebody, 'Sister, Sister.' I knew the voice; it was Smith; she was so weak that she could hardly speak. I went up to her. 'Well, my dear, what is it?' 'I should so like a bit of sausage,' she said. 'Sausage,' I said, 'who ever heard of such a thing?' 'I know you have some,' she said, 'I smell the cooking, do give me a little bit. I am sure it will do me no harm.' She begged and prayed so hard, I was obliged to give her some; and would you believe it, she ate half of my half-pound of sausages. The best of it is, she got well straight away after it, and she has been strong and hearty ever since.

"I never like to say to a patient, 'Don't tell,' because if you teach them to cheat others, it's likely enough they'll cheat you. I did to poor Smith, though, and I don't think anyone but yourself knows from that day to this."

The office of resident obstetric physician, which William Broadbent was holding, was for six months only, and his next step was a subject for anxious thought.

Various posts were offered to him ; an appointment as surgeon to the Danube Railway in Turkey at £300 a year ; that of medical attendant to an old insane gentleman at a salary of a guinea a day.

Both offers were declined, and it is evident that he had thrown himself with his whole heart into the work at the hospital.

To his Brother B.

28th Feb. 1859.

“ You will have learnt that I had come to the same conclusion with respect to this offer as you had. The inactive life would not have suited me, and I should have been doing no good to anyone, just rusting away. I cannot do much studying here. There are so many interruptions and distractions, and living in a hospital makes one feel a disinclination to hard work, it is so very depressing. I am, however, learning a great deal practically, and I think making original observations. I have a paper written out, but I hesitate about sending it to the *Medical Journal*: first, because I have not read all the works on clinical midwifery, and again, because the proper place would be the Obstetrical Society, and I have a case to communicate to that Society for Dr Tyler Smith. I contemplate, too, a paper of my own on a more important subject, and it will not do to be always before the Society.

“ I am setting myself to the improvement of my department. It has been rather neglected. I am

sure it is one of the most useful departments of the hospital, in which most good is done at least expense, and I want to extend its benefits."

March.

"There is one department I am pushing especially, *i.e.*, the seeing of children every morning. They are brought without recommendation, and are under my treatment altogether. The number has greatly increased since I came. I only fear they may be taken from me, as there is at present a great jealousy of the resident medical officer on the part of the Governors. However, I have good grounds for a stand, and I shall be able to show them that they cannot interfere with me without doing great harm."

7th March 1859.

"As to my future and that of all of us, we must leave it entirely in the hands of our heavenly Father. I feel utterly unable to choose for myself. London offers great attractions to me with my position and tastes. I feel myself better fitted for practice here than in a provincial town, where I should be alone in my profession, for I should look in vain for anyone with whom I could act, and, in discussion of different points of medical practice, 'Iron sharpeneth iron' wonderfully."

As the period for which his appointment was made drew to a close, he grew more and more anxious; but in spite of the difficulties at home and the certainty, which he fully realised, that it would be many years before he could hope to support himself in London, he felt the attractions of the life, with its opportunities of congenial work, and his

father and mother were prepared to make any sacrifices in their power to assist him.

All immediate anxiety as to his future was, however, set at rest by an unexpected offer of the Hospital Board to extend his appointment to twelve months, so that it was not until the autumn that it again became a pressing question.

He was gradually settling down into the ways of London life, and beginning to make friends. He became a member of the Obstetrical Society, and registered as a medical practitioner under the new Act, keenly on the watch for any professional opening which might present itself, while in the meantime working hard at the hospital.

In October a totally unforeseen occurrence led to his term there being extended for another six months. Mr A., the resident medical officer, having left very abruptly, the Medical Committee appointed William Broadbent to take his place.

To Miss J.

ST MARY'S HOSPITAL, 23rd Nov. 1859.

“I have been very long in answering your last, but when you know how hardworked I have been you will forgive me. More than a month ago Mr A. suddenly resigned, or rather deserted. There was no student of the hospital to take his place, and there was nothing but the humiliating expedient of advertising to which to resort for his successor. This post was one which would suit me extremely well, provided I were not compelled to pledge myself to remain in it longer than I wished,

so at the last moment I offered my services under certain conditions. All the staff and the Board of Governors were delighted, so I obtained what I very much desired on my own terms, and at the same time obtained the credit of relieving the hospital from a disagreeable fix. But a successor had to be provided for my old post. His appointment was a work of three weeks, and during that time I had on my hands the duties of both. I was nearly knocked up before it was over. My successor is my old friend Lawrence, and I have left the women's and children's department to become resident medical officer and apothecary. *N.B.*—Apothecary does not imply that I have anything to do with dispensing, but that I have charge of the medical department. The conditions under which I took the appointment were that I should be formally appointed till 21st May 1860; but my appointment may be continued longer, or I have permission to resign sooner if I wish it. I get on very well with my new work, and love it.

“After the special practice in the diseases of women and children, this more general work will be of great use. I want particularly to study diseases of the chest, and to compare the results of the various methods of treatment.”

To B.

6th Dec. 1859.

“I shall be very glad to get home once again for a few days, for I am rather knocked up. Indoor work tells on me sooner than when exercise is part of the work. Night after night I have been in the wards till after ten, and frequently I have to make visits into one or other, and remain twenty minutes or half an hour after midnight.”

The short Christmas holiday was spent at home, and on his return to London, he applied for the post of Registrar at St Mary's Hospital, which seemed to him, in its influence on his future, the most important office which he had tried to obtain.

The weekly Board, which was the real electing body, was in his favour, and he was supported in his candidature by Drs Alderson and Chambers; but Dr Sibson and Mr Spencer Smith wished to exclude him altogether, and when Dr Murchison withdrew his application for the post, they went so far as to invite another man to take his place. They found, however, at a very full meeting, that they were alone against all the rest of the Medical Committee, and finally had to give way.

He succeeded in obtaining the registrarship, and this seemed to make it clear that he should remain in London; but as the time approached for the long-delayed decisive step to be taken, he was often greatly disheartened at the prospect before him.

To S.

2nd Jan. 1860.

“It would never do for me to come home often. You do not know what longings a visit home sets up in my heart. Not only do I always receive good to my soul, but it rouses all my domestic instincts, which are very strong. I feel a sort of dissatisfaction at being deprived of those ties and relationships which constitute my highest earthly

happiness. I have a sensation of something missing, which is only gradually and slowly quelled by hard work. Mere worldly success would not tempt me to make the sacrifice I shall have to do if I pursue the path which seems to lie before me now. But then I have undoubtedly been placed in my present position by Providence. It is the hand of God which seems to be preparing my way, and which at this critical period of my life seems to point it out with especial clearness. I shrink from the difficulties which are before me, but it would be cowardly and wrong to be daunted by them. All I can do is to put my trust in God and go forward."

His next step was to try to get admitted a member of the Royal College of Physicians under the old rules, in which he was unsuccessful, as he writes :—

To M. J.

Feb. 1860.

"I have not been admitted member of the College of Physicians without examination and at the reduced fee of £10, so I shall have to wait, undergo an examination, and pay £30. The delay and the money are what I care about, though I shall have the advantage of making myself better known to the Censors, and of holding myself more at liberty during the next few months than if I were already a member of the College of Physicians. I do not know the exact reason why I was not admitted in the year of Grace, as it has been called. I suppose it was partly my age, or rather my youth, as I was only a few days over 25, the lowest age of admission, and partly the fact that I have some surgical duties at St Mary's."

His time as resident medical officer at St Mary's expired on the 21st of May, and he had been most anxious before he left the hospital to have it settled where he was to live, and had spent hours in looking at houses or rooms that might be suitable.

But in spite of all his efforts he had failed to secure rooms, and this, together with an offer which came to him at this particular juncture, made it seem as if his intention of settling in London were after all to be frustrated.

To Miss J.

22 LONDON STREET,
PADDINGTON, 21st June 1860.

"It is true I left the hospital on the 22nd of May, and since then I have been home for a short time, not, however, to return in better health and spirits, but to get one soaking after another till I was regularly ill.

"Since my return to town I have had a very busy and agitated time of it. I have not been successful in finding a suitable residence yet, and I am losing valuable time on this account—then I am trying for the curatorship of the school here and I think I shall obtain it. I am already registrar at the hospital, and that decided me to begin practice in London as a physician. But the most agitating matter of all has been an offer of the post of Vice-Consul at Japan, which was made when I was at home, but not communicated to me till four days after my return. I did not want to go, but I should have felt it my duty to accept the post; but fortunately during the delay while I was out of town,

and while I waited an answer from home on the subject, it was offered to another gentleman. It was a great relief to hear this, for though the salary was good and the opportunities of distinction great, I did not like the idea of leaving England for so long a time as would have been necessary. I only entertained the idea at all because of the vast opportunities for usefulness which would have been open to me."

The next important step in his career was his application for the office of curator at St Mary's Hospital, and again he had to meet determined opposition on the part of some members of the staff, although, again, the weekly Board was in his favour.

Mr Walter Coulson, who had been holding the post, was one of his closest friends, and through all the early days of his life in London was of the greatest assistance to him, obtaining for him an introduction to his uncle, who had a large practice in the city, and supporting him in every way at the hospital.

Speaking of him many years later, he said :—

"First in my recollection stands Walter Coulson, resident medical officer and then curator and pathologist. He had the reputation of being rather wild, and I was disposed to avoid him, but there was no resisting his frank, genial nature and fascinating personality. He was the most intimate friend I ever had ; to no one do I owe so much. Nothing about him was small—great faults, still greater redeeming virtues, brilliant qualities, and the kindest of hearts."

He obtained the appointment, entering upon his work at the end of June 1860, and it was finally decided that he should begin practice in London; but for many weeks he had one disappointment after another in his efforts to find suitable rooms, and he was at last compelled to take a house, 23 Upper Seymour Street (afterwards altered to 44 Seymour Street), where he lived for the next twelve years, his eldest sister coming up to town to be with him.

He was now reading for the examination for the membership of the College of Physicians as well as for the M.D. of the London University, and this, together with the work involved in fulfilling the duties of his appointments at St Mary's Hospital, and in coaching, gave little time for letter-writing. He was also beginning to get some practice, principally in midwifery cases, and to make a little money by giving chloroform for Mr Coulson and by taking pupils, of whom he mentions two. These sources of income, added to his scholarship and to the £50 a year which he received as curator, made him less dependent on help from home.

His life was a strenuous one, and he appears even then to have been as indifferent to regular hours for food and sleep as he certainly was in later years. He was not fond of early rising when in London, and often complains of the difficulty of getting up in the mornings; but on two days in the week for five or six years he was at the Old Jewry

by 6.30 o'clock, sometimes dining with Mr Coulson and sleeping at his house the night before, but more frequently going in the early morning, either by bus or walking the whole way, in order to attend a sort of out-patient department for working men, held from 6.30 to 8 A.M., which had been started by old Mr Coulson in connection with his hospital.

When Dr Broadbent first came to London he for a time attended a Methodist chapel, but he found the Church of England service more congenial, and not long after he settled in Seymour Street he definitely joined the congregation of Quebec Chapel. The Rev. Francis Holland (afterwards Canon of Canterbury), who became a life-long friend, was the incumbent, and many references to his sermons and to the influence which he exercised occur in the letters written home.

To Miss J.

23 UPPER SEYMOUR STREET, W.,
19th Sept. 1860.

“At last I am settled in a house of which I am supposed to be master, and of which I am expected to pay the rent. I have to solve the problem of meeting an expenditure of £300 or £400 a year out of very unsubstantial expectations.

“My chances of making money are curtailed by the tremendous demands made on my time by the offices of curator and registrar at St Mary's, and by my ambitious step of going in at once for pure practice, so that altogether I am in a state of glorious uncertainty. Seriously speaking, I have taken a bold step, and I look forward with consider-

able anxiety to the results of it. I took rooms in this house in the first instance, found that the house suited my purposes and that the people did not, so I bought the furniture, took the house, and have installed my sister Mary Jane as housekeeper *pro tem*. Do not suppose that when I say *pro tem*. I have another housekeeper in view—if I had I should soon tell you. Without presumption I may say that my prospects are ultimately good, but the first few years will be very trying, and my father cannot afford to supply me with money *ad lib*. He is building another mill, which will require all he can spare just at the time when I may need it. However, I have everything to encourage me—a larger measure of present success than I could have expected, and good friends. I have plenty of work in my offices and that occupies my mind. I am also taking the work of one of the physicians to the Brompton Consumption Hospital.

“I am seeing more of the world, becoming more mixed up with it, getting more knocked about in it, entering more into the excitement of making way in it, but I do not forget our quiet chats—our friendly, open-hearted talk, and I sigh for them again.”

He passed the examination for the degree of M.D. at the University of London in 1860, and also became a member of the Royal College of Physicians.

CHAPTER IV

FAMILY TIES

His Interest in Longwood. Butterworth Broadbent. Lecturer on "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology." Fever Hospital. Early Struggles. Offered a Professorship at Melbourne. His Engagement to Eliza Harpin. Canvasses for Appointment to Western General Dispensary. Marriage. Sister's Illness. Her Death.

IT may seem unnecessary, now that he was fairly launched in London, and had practically decided to make it the sphere of his work, to refer again to the old home at Longwood, or to the other members of the family ; but his life for many years was still so closely interwoven with that of his brothers and sisters, especially as regards the two eldest, and he continued at all times to take such a constant interest in the welfare of his native village, that it would be impossible to give a true view of his character without some further reference to the conditions which influenced its development.

There must, too, be many homes in England where the family ties are as close, and where the obligations of relationship and neighbourhood are still felt to be binding ; and in these days of restless energy and often superficial display of feeling, it may, perhaps, not be out of place to unfold in some

detail another view of life, where stress is laid on the deepening of the channels of the affections and on the mutual benefits to be derived from the loyal acceptance of duties in connection with those related by blood or birthplace, even though it should occasionally seem that the sacrifice of time and strength involved is a heavy one.

William Broadbent considered that he owed much to his parents, and the consciousness of the interdependence of human lives, seldom expressed aloud, occurs in letters throughout his life.

He writes :—

“Father was one of the best of men, and I dwell on his memory with reverence, love, and pride. It is to the unexpended blessing carried on from him and mother to the third and fourth generation, that I owe and attribute my own good fortune and the good qualities which I see in my children.”

And again :—

“You divine exactly the thoughts which have been uppermost in my mind since the death of my dear and good old father—especially the desire to hand down to my children the inestimable blessings I have inherited from God-fearing and God-serving parents. I have always felt that a shield of unceasing prayer was over me while my father and mother lived, and that my path in life has been opened out by their faith.”

And during his last illness he wrote to his youngest brother, who still remained in the old home :—

“The reflection which gives me the greatest satisfaction is that we have carried on the family

tradition of usefulness in our day and generation—you, in particular, have borne the burden and heat of the day, and have, by your self-denying exertions and single-minded devotion to the family, been the foundation on which our power and influence for good have been built.”

Butterworth, the second son, nearest to William in age, was his constant companion in boyhood, and his intimate friend as they grew up to manhood. He was naturally full of life and spirits: his broad forehead, from which the curly hair fell back in waves, and his open face, with its singularly bright smile, were indications of a disposition and character which attracted all who came in contact with him.

He left school early to help his father in the business, thus setting William free to pursue his medical studies, and he threw himself heart and soul into the work, taking a keen interest in its prosperity, not so much for his own sake—although his livelihood depended upon it—as because by its success or failure must be decided the future prospects of his brothers.

In later years, after passing through a period of anxiety and stress due to continued bad trade, he writes:—

“For myself I thank God and take courage. Having food and raiment and a reasonable prospect of a continuance thereof, I am quite content. I accept my mission; it is to take the management of our family financial concerns, and the best recompense I can have will be to see our family rise and prosper—secondary of course to the highest of all

rewards, the approval of God and the conscious sense of duty discharged to the best of my ability."

William took his part in the life of the family, and by the opportunities which he gave to his younger brothers and sisters, showed his appreciation of, and, perhaps, to some extent repaid, the sacrifices which his father had made for him.

His house, as soon as he had one, was always open to them, and he was ever ready to urge that they should make use of it, never considering his own convenience, or hesitating to incur any trouble or expense if it was in his power to help them.

For Butterworth he could at this time do nothing beyond sharing the anxiety which the burden of the family affairs laid upon him ; but Leila, the youngest sister, came to London to attend school under the care of the eldest one, who was still acting as his housekeeper, and his letters to the sister at home and to a younger brother show the interest which he took in their work.

To his Sister S.

12th Feb. 1862.

"I have been very much interested by your two last letters, and I cannot imagine that anyone can have a word to say against your studying Latin and Greek when the desire to do so is so strong, and taking care, as I know you will, that the study does not interfere with your practical duties.

"As to the question of their probable usefulness to you, they will be as useful to you as to nine out of ten that ever learn these languages—much more

useful in all probability, since you take up the study from pure love of it. It will improve your mind in many ways. Even if you never get so far as to have the treasures of ancient literature opened to you, the very elements of the grammar will give you new ideas. It is almost impossible to understand the structure of our own language without comparison with that of others.

“I often wish I had been able to follow out classical studies more fully. Boys are very ready to say, ‘What is the use of learning Latin and Greek?’ but I am sure that it is real education to be well grounded in the classics, and I can see and feel now how I should have enjoyed a course at Oxford.”

To his Brother J. E.

“I was glad to hear from you, and especially that you are likely to get to work. I know it would not suit me to have any time on my hands, and there is enough of a family likeness in our minds to make me fear its effects on you. One retrogrades terribly when in a state of idleness, and, having enjoyed the sweets of self-indulgence, it is very difficult to nerve up the mind for an effort. You should never let slip the habit of work.”

To J. E.

“I hope you are attending to my recommendation about chewing the cud—it will improve your mental digestion wonderfully. Man is not naturally a ruminant animal, and you must expect to find it an effort at first, but I have my own experience to back me in saying that it pays.”

A letter to Miss Jackson gives an account of his work and circumstances :—

To Miss J.

23 UPPER SEYMOUR ST. W.,
17th July 1861.

“ My life is a busy one now, rather an anxious one too. . . . I have worked hard this spring and summer. My appointment to the lectureship on comparative anatomy was made only a few weeks before the opening of the session, and, as I was just at the time trying for the Fever Hospital, I had no time to prepare my lectures beforehand, and I have had to do it day by day. I have recently been appointed lecturer on physiology, so that all the recess will be fully employed in getting ready for the winter session. I was fortunate in succeeding at the Fever Hospital, and the position is all the more valuable from having been resigned by Dr Jenner on his appointment as Her Majesty’s physician.

“ My success is embittered, however, by the illness of my sister who was with me. She is in consumption. Up till Christmas she improved in health and strength in London. At home she took cold, and she was not well when she joined me about the end of January. She did not improve, and at length I examined her chest and found that already disease had made great progress—you may imagine the shock this was to me, and the distress it has caused in our family.

“ This life in London spoils one for any other part of the world. If I left it I feel as if I should like to wander all over the world without any fixed abode—not that I wish to leave it, or that I am dissatisfied, but there is so much excitement, so much

change, that only constant reckless wandering would supply its place. I sometimes wish I were married and done for, especially since my sister left me. I cannot bear to have to manage servants, or to have anything to do with making the arrangements for the house, and I see and feel the difference made by my sister's absence, though my housekeeper is one of the best servants I ever knew, and my little sister of 12, who came to live with us and to go to school, has remained till now and has really been a wonderful help. My brother of 16 and a cousin of the same age are now here for their matriculation examination, and have both passed. They all leave on Monday, and then I shall be quite alone."

As the summer advanced there were some signs of improvement in his sister's health, but another member of the family became ill, and in August William was sent for to see his brother Benjamin, who was suffering excruciating pain from inflammation of the knee-joint.

Troubles seemed to accumulate, for the anxiety involved in the building of the new mill had been greater even than had been anticipated, trade was dislocated, owing to the civil war in America, and for Butterworth the position was made more trying by the fact that he was engaged to be married, and had been looking forward to the possibility of buying a house and settling in it very shortly.

Quarter after quarter reports "a sad letting down to the prosperity of the mill." "Only half the machinery running, and that only four days a

week." "Money very scarce; things wearing a dreary aspect." And in the midst of these discouraging circumstances came a breakdown of the engine.

William writes to his brother, who was in Hull:—

To B.

21st Sept. 1861.

"I daresay you will to-day have received the same distressing intelligence as I have, that of the smash at the mill. I feel how the accident will affect your prospects and dislocate your plans, and bad as it seems to me, I know the blow will come with tenfold force on you. It is hard to see the fruits of months and years of toil and anxious thought swept away in a moment, to see your happiness deferred and your hopes frustrated. I know it will distress and discourage you, but do not give way. It is in such times as these, when calamity and distress come suddenly upon us, that Christianity and manhood are put to the test. 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' Let this be your watchword, and may God enable you to rise above misfortune and trial. I shall stand out for your marriage in October. I know your first thought will be that that hope is gone. If I live and am permitted to come home at Christmas, I will try and have it a settled thing. You are the stay of the family, and it is only right that you should have the happiness which God has placed within your reach, and the support which only a true-hearted wife can give. May God aid us all."

William threw himself into work, his usual

antidote to worry, and writes to his brother's future wife:—

To Julia

4th Oct. 1861.

“I had to begin my course of lectures yesterday morning, and as I was anxious to give rather an ambitious introduction, I have allowed it to give me more trouble perhaps than the result was worth. However, I got through with it, and to-day have given my second. Already I am getting into my subject, and am beginning to feel quite at home in the work.

“Yesterday I had an examination of the students. Some of them answered very well, but it is amazing to see what stuff the majority write—such abominable English and such utter confusion.”

In the meantime he was not doing well in his own practice, and through all the succeeding months the struggle was a hard and very discouraging one.

To B.

18th Oct. 1861.

“I have had very bad times, and more than once have been on the point of having to send home for money. For a day and a half I think I had only 3d. or 4d., and did not know when or how I was to get more.

“Before the turn I had never had such a prolonged bad season. A midwifery case of £10, 10s. set me on my legs just as I was on the point of yielding and sending home.”

He notes the illness of Prince Albert and his death in December, but for himself the next twelve months were uneventful, and he pursued the even tenor of his way, working hard at the hospital and gaining ground a little in his practice.

Still the struggle was so incessant that the offer of an appointment at Melbourne came as a great temptation.

To B.

June 1862.

“A professor of anatomy and physiology is wanted at the Melbourne University in Australia, and £1000 a year and house are the terms offered. What do you say to my going in for it? It would be pleasant to pour in £500 a year instead of withdrawing constantly, to say nothing of the freedom from anxiety. The great objection is Mary J.’s illness.”

Eventually the idea was given up.

He was making friends in London, and the names of many whose attachment to him continued to the end of their lives, begin to appear in his letters. Reading was his principal recreation, and he could at all times find relief from fatigue or worry in a book.

After a Christmas spent at home he writes :—

To Julia

31st Dec. 1861.

“My chains gall me a little when I first put them on, and I cannot help looking forward, back-

ward, to this side or the other, to see if there is not something in store for me better than this never-ceasing round of work. I used to think so—and the thought comes back with every visit home, but after a while the harness fits itself to me again, and it is jostled out of my head by competitors nearer and more pressing. After all I enjoy life, after a fashion, very much. One side of my nature is satisfied, and that is more than most people can say.

“I cannot really enjoy New Year’s Day except amid associations which cling round the heart itself. I might go out and spend a very pleasant day, or evening, but it would be very unsatisfactory, it would be like offering acid drops to a man dying of thirst. This, I trust, is to be *the* happy New Year for you, and, as I said, I am prepared to be very jubilant.”

Butterworth had been engaged for about three years to Julia, a daughter of John Harpin, of Birks House, Holmfirth, a small town seven miles from Longwood, and he had hoped to be married in the summer of 1862; but the depression of trade was worse than ever, and the new mill was still making large demands on his father’s resources, so that there were many alternations of hope and fear before the time was finally fixed for December.

The wedding took place on the 10th, and on William’s return to London he wrote to his father and mother expressing his wish to become engaged to Julia Harpin’s sister, Eliza, and asking their consent and approval. It was no sudden thought, but he had waited to give expression to it till his younger brother was married.

His father replied on 19th December 1862 :—

“I have not had time to write since yours arrived till to-day. I can only say that my fixed principle has been that I would neither choose a life occupation nor life partner for my children. I would advise but not dictate. . . . But every avoidable expense at present ought to be prevented, as the expenses incurred by Butterworth will place us for the coming year in much the same position as we were last, and it is absolutely necessary that we should have our pecuniary affairs in an altered position. Don't misunderstand me ; with our habits of economy I have no fear for the future, if spared myself for a few years longer ; but my affairs ought to assume a very altered position before I am called from the stage of action. There are unavoidable expenses before us ; if all take their part and you are tolerably successful, we may do very well. I can say that no personal sacrifice has been too great on the part of mother and myself for the welfare of our family, and we shall no doubt continue. . . .

“When you come home we must talk the matter over, and should you feel desirous, and Eliza and you resolve to be united, I will endeavour to furnish the means.”

William wrote in the meantime :—

To his Mother

18th Dec. 1862.

“I was sure I should give you great anxiety. I had gone through a good deal before I wrote. When I came home, and even when I left, I had no idea that I should write as I did, and when I did.

“I have been so much in the habit of dismissing marriage from my thoughts, or, I am sorry to say, thinking of it as a means to secure success, that I really did not know the hold E. had on my affections. Of course, whenever I have been home and have seen her, I have come back unsettled and unhappy, and, if at any time a match which might have been satisfactory in a worldly point of view has suggested itself to me, the thought of E. has interfered. Many and many a time, especially when my better feelings have been moved and I have felt there was something else to do in the world besides gaining fortune and fame, I have felt that with her obscurity and poverty would be better than anything the world could give. Many and many a time have I gone over the old process of putting down my feelings, beginning by considering my duty to father and the younger children, finishing up in hours, or days, or weeks, perhaps, by finding ambition for worldly success predominating over everything.

“I do not think I had any prior right over Butterworth, and had I thought so, he had been engaged so long that I could not have used it. Butterworth had claims over me from having remained in the business and from not having been such an expense. . . . I have every confidence that he will work hard and unselfishly for the good of the younger members of the family.

“I have lived ages in the last few days; my self-restraint once broken down, I have thought of nothing else.

“I see all the difficulties you can see. I know it would be a great responsibility, and, if Providence be put out of the question, a great risk. It would be folly in me to say *I* would run the risk, because I bring it on the heads of others more than incur it myself. It is only the conviction that all will be over-ruled for good, and that it is not merely

happiness here which is concerned that induces me still, when calmer and cooler, to say I believe it would be for the best.

“But I would rather that you and father would tell me just what you feel.”

Butterworth and his wife were to return from the Isle of Wight, where their honeymoon had been spent, on Christmas Eve, and William was to come on with them from London, which he was the more anxious to do, as Eliza Harpin was staying at Longwood to meet them. He was, however, detained in London by a patient, and he writes:—

To his Sister

24th Dec. 1862.

“How true it is, *l'homme propose, Dieu dispose*. I thought to have spent this evening in happy talk at home, to take my part in the glorious Christmas hymn; to hear once more the scraping of feet and the muffled voices, and start up in my comfortable bed with the exclamation ‘The Singers’; to listen to the old familiar strains, which somehow seem never to lose their freshness, and to catch them again coming more faintly, and perhaps more sweetly, through the cold night air from a distance. Well, one more disappointment; another day or two of feverish anxiety and restlessness. I hope not more, for I expect to get away to-morrow or Sunday. My patient is decidedly better, but nothing must tempt me away from the call of duty.”

To Miss J.

23 UPPER SEYMOUR STREET,
31st Dec. 1862.

“I only got home by the last train on Christmas day, and I returned by the night train on Monday. It has been an unfortunate absence, in that I have missed most important cases; most fortunate in that I return an engaged man, happy in the affection of the best and truest-hearted girl in the world—Eliza Harpin, sister of my brother’s wife. It has been a mutual thing for the last two years or more. I could not make known my love till I saw some prospect of being able to marry, and would not even let her or anyone else suspect its existence, and she, poor child, has been all this time cherishing an affection she believed to be hopeless, refusing offer after offer, and silently resolved to a life of perpetual maidenhood. I trust next Christmas will find her already well settled in her new position as my wife.”

The months before his marriage were sufficiently harassing ones, and only the strength of will and tenacity of purpose which characterised him enabled him to face the difficulties and triumph over the obstacles which lay in his path. His belief in his own powers, provided that he had health, was strong, and it was shared by others, who gave him help and encouragement, although his mother, as was perhaps natural enough, grew anxious and perplexed about his future.

He had at this time one or two students living in the house, and through all the earlier years of his married life he was obliged to continue this

arrangement, as he could not otherwise have met his household expenses.

In May 1863, he tried for an appointment as physician to the Western General Dispensary.

The elections for almost every appointment in those days were decided by the votes of the subscribers or governors of an institution, and they involved not only the sending out of printed testimonials to a large number of people, but personal canvassing by the candidate or his friends, which was extremely distasteful to men of any refinement of character.

He notes in his diary :—

“On Thursday tried canvassing in afternoon; wrong time for ladies—result discouraging. I was very much disgusted and depressed.

“Better success attended efforts in St John's Wood; but I was extremely depressed, and only continued working, and that languidly, from sense of duty to father, as I had spent so much money already.”

Finally he notes :—

“This election has taught me: (1) To be prompt, especially with ladies, who vote for first comers mostly; (2) Canvassing is expected; on the whole one may anticipate gentlemanly treatment; (3) Ladies to be seen before 2 P.M., (4) Gentlemen before 10 A.M.”

He was appointed physician to the Western General Dispensary on 1st June, obtaining 272 votes against 231, 134, 96, and 76 given to his opponents.

He writes :—

“ I obtained the appointment which has cost me so much trouble and anxiety, and had a very large majority. I had not the remotest idea it would be so large, and I might have spared myself much trouble.”

William Broadbent was married on the 5th of August 1863, at St John's Church, Holmfirth, the wedding party, as on the occasion of his brother's marriage, consisting only of members of the two families now doubly united.

The honeymoon was spent in Paris and Switzerland, and on their return home, William and his wife persuaded his sister, Mary Jane, who had been losing ground for several months, to come to London, and she remained with them till December, when they all returned to Longwood for Christmas.

It was the last which found them a complete family circle, and it was a happiness to them all to recognise that the marriage of the two eldest sons had in no way interfered with the family unity ; while Butterworth's baby, the first grandchild, born at Snowlea in September, formed a new interest in the Christmas gathering.

The sister who had become gradually worse while in Yorkshire, where the winter months were very trying, yielded to William's urgent entreaties and returned to London in February, although she felt herself that little benefit could be expected from the visit, which was, indeed, a sad one, as the

disease was now making steady progress, and there was no further probability of arresting its course.

There is a short description of Garibaldi on his way to receive the freedom of the city, in a letter to her :—

To M. J.

23rd April 1864.

“We got a capital sight of Garibaldi on Wednesday. Through Mr Keith we had a window in Cheapside, from which we could watch him from the moment he turned the corner out of St Paul’s Churchyard to near Bow Church. He was dressed as usual, a grey cloak over a red flannel shirt. There was a great crowd, and as he passed, the people broke through the lines of policemen and rushed up to the carriage determined to shake hands with him. Very few got up to him, however, but the street behind the carriage was like a raging sea of heads.”

Mary Jane remained in London for some months, but after her return home she grew rapidly worse, and, although William went to see her as often as possible, the long journey and the claims on him in London made it out of the question for him to spend as much time in Yorkshire as he wished.

A little daughter was born on the 31st of May and called after his sister, and in July he writes :—

To S.

6th July.

“Often and often the picture of Mary J. in her sufferings, and of you in your distress, breaks in

upon the occupations of my life, here far from you ; and many a time when I am seated at the bedside of a poor patient, my mind has flown home, and I have remained there abstracted and lost in thoughts of the grief which has fallen on us."

25th July.

"It is one of the hardest trials to have to put my duty to my patients here, considerations of expense, and of my own career, against the dictates of affection. Could I choose, I should never leave Mary J., and my distress is aggravated by the circumstances which keep me from her side."

The business which detained him in London was an attempt on the part of some members of the hospital staff and school to alter the terms of his appointment, and it was the climax of an opposition which had grown in intensity with every struggle in which he had been successful.

He was, however, able to be with his sister during the last few days of her life, and on his return to London after her death, he writes :—

To S.

9th Aug. 1864.

"Sitting here alone I begin to feel something of what you will feel now that the reaction after those few terrible days is past and the excitement and work of the funeral is over, and the house is being emptied of us all. A sense of our great loss came over me as home receded yesterday. One object of great love and of constant thought gone for ever, so far as this world is concerned—

home no longer quite the same—the family circle no longer complete. There seems to be a great blank in everything.”

27th Aug.

“I can quite understand your feelings. In some degree I have had them myself and still have them. My evenings at Maidenhead, by compressing my work into a few hours, and by providing me with healthful occupation and cheerful society, have prevented the sense of desolation coming upon me in all its force, but I have always the feeling as of a great void in my heart and a great blank in the world. When I have a little leisure I cannot take to real work. I have no heart for it.

“Time is sometimes called the great healer, but wounds such as ours would be long in yielding, were it not that we look higher, to no mere passive agent, but to Him who so richly poured in the oil and wine of His grace at first, who robbed death of his sting, so far as our darling sister was concerned; yes, and for us too, for no pain but only sorrow has been left by his visit to our family.”

CHAPTER V

1864

Continued difficulties ; his views regarding his career. His brother Benjamin. Appointed on the staff of St Mary's. Contributions to the Transactions of Medical Societies. Study of the Brain and Nervous System. "Broadbent's Hypothesis." Treatment of Cancer. British Medical Benevolent Fund. Ruskin's *Ethics of the Dust*. Riot in Hyde Park (24th July 1866). Birth and Death of Child.

WHEN he returned to town after his sister's death, he could not afford to take any regular holiday, but his wife and child remained in Yorkshire, while he himself spent his nights, and as much of the day as he could spare, at Maidenhead, with his friend, Walter Coulson, to whose kindness he owed for many years these opportunities of getting fresh air and exercise. He became a good oarsman and an excellent swimmer, often bathing in the Thames or the Serpentine throughout the winter, even when the ice had to be broken ; and it was with this same friend that he made his first climbing expedition to Switzerland. His father had taught him to ride, but, excepting when staying with Mr Coulson, he had no opportunity of indulging this taste, and all through his life his principal recreation was

walking, or, when he was fortunate enough to be among the mountains, climbing, of which he was passionately fond.

In 1864 he had still to face the problem of making both ends meet in London and, though the little household was managed with extreme economy, he was obliged to ask for some help from home.

In explaining his position he writes :—

To S.

Oct. 1864.

“The usual remarks about living within one’s income do not quite apply to me. I am confessedly expending labour and money now for a reward only to be looked for in the future. I am not supposed to be making my living. I do not think anyone could be more careful or self-denying, or more anxious to cease being a burden on father.

“If I could come down from my present position—give up all my aspirations and take some country practice, where I could maintain myself and make a small provision for the future, the sacrifice would be more than made up for by the pleasure I should have in the freedom from anxiety and the power to help you at home. It is by no means certain, however, that I should have been successful in a country practice. Many a man with a thousand times less knowledge and skill, but more assurance and push, would pass me in the race, where there was no room for scientific acquirements and for the higher qualifications which the public cannot judge of. Many a time where my acuter observation would detect sources of uncertainty, which in conscience I could not altogether conceal, a rash, half-educated man would pronounce confidently and,

right or wrong, would in the eyes of many—of most, I may say—be deemed the better practitioner.

“Only by degrees have I gained the confidence necessary to meet such men, and to uphold my own views in the face of opposition from others whether my superiors or inferiors.

“As I have repeatedly said, God has placed me where I am. I have done some good in my time. I hope, please God, to do more. I indulge no lofty ambition; I trust in God from day to day, seeking and asking for nothing beyond the happy mean—neither poverty nor riches, but food convenient for me, and for grace to serve Him and do the work He has given me to do.”

Himself the first of the family to launch out into the world, having experienced the difficulties of turning aside from the ordinary track, conscious of the benefits of education, and looking forward to the wider field of action which opened before him, he sympathised with his younger brothers in their ambitions, and it was due to him that the third son, John Edward, was at last allowed to follow his bent and study for the army. He spent some time in London with William, and passed successfully into Woolwich, working so hard while there that he eventually came out head of the list.

Of the fourth son, Benjamin, William writes :—

To S.

18th Oct. 1864.

“I should be glad of anything which would relieve father of some of this work; else I should

be very much against the idea of Ben's leaving school.

"Real education is only just commencing at his age—at no time of life is so much knowledge obtained for the same amount of money, and in the same time as from 14 to 17 or 18; and besides this, I do not believe that Ben will ultimately remain in the business. I do not say, as I might once have said, that he has too much talent for it, but that his talents are not of the right kind, and that they are associated with certain qualities of mind, in the nature of defects, which will be against his success in business.

"I judge in a great measure from myself. I believe Ben to be possessed of higher natural mental endowments than myself, but associated with those particular qualities which would have made me more or less a failure in business, also in a more marked degree. My impression is that he will enter the Church.

"I should like him to continue to work at home and to make up his mind at least to pass the matriculation examination at the London University. I think it would be an interesting task for you to help him in this resolve and study with him in some of the subjects. My idea would be to have him up to London to one of the schools here."

William Broadbent had now been connected with St Mary's Hospital for six years, first as resident medical officer, then as curator, registrar, and lecturer on physiology, and he was naturally looking forward to a place on the staff when the next vacancy occurred.

He writes :—

To B.

12th Nov. 1864.

“Most unexpectedly Dr Chambers has sent in his resignation, and the time has come when I must contend for my ultimate position at St Mary’s. I am thankful to say that the entire staff will support me, even those who have often opposed me before, and I consequently have every probability of getting on without any very serious opposition. This of course is a very important thing. A contest would be very expensive, and I am very anxious to avoid all expense. Under the most favourable circumstances I shall have to spend some money, and as it is a crisis in my career I know you will not begrudge it. Will you some time next week send me £5. I hope that will be all I shall want. A judicious show of strength early may prevent opposition and thus be a great saving. I have been literally running about all the morning to the different members of the staff, and I shall let no grass grow under my feet.

“Thus far all seems favourable.

“There is one point which gives me a little anxiety, and that is that I am not 30, and there is a rule that all physicians must be that age. However, I think this will not apply to me.”

The election did not take place till the end of January, and the two months which intervened were occupied with a desperate struggle to secure the post. There was unexpected opposition on the part especially of two of the surgeons, who, he says, “are working against me might and main, threaten-

ing to employ paid canvassers and swamp me in that way, and to keep me out of the hospital altogether, and get me out of the school."

He was, however, ultimately successful, and took up his new work early in 1865, retaining also his position at the Western General Dispensary, at the express request of the directors, who had been so good in aiding him to get into St Mary's that he felt he could not at once resign, although the work, added to that of the Fever Hospital, was too heavy, and for a time he felt severely the strain of the election.

To Dr Felce

23 UPPER SEYMOUR ST.,
9th March 1865.

"The last event in my life has been my election at St Mary's. I had a tremendous contest for it. At first all seemed to go smoothly: the entire staff promised me support; nearly all the general practitioners in the neighbourhood gave me promises, but I knew too well how ill I stood with one party in the hospital, and how little I could rely on their support if there was a possibility of keeping me out, to relax in my exertions. A formidable opponent was in the field as soon as I was, and it was not long before I found that he was receiving aid and encouragement from S. S. and Co. This was, as you will have seen, I daresay, Dr Edward Smith, who is F.R.S., and a very big gun just now—a man of tremendous energy too, and determined to win. His supporters left no stone unturned, and several who had promised me their vote and influence withdrew their promises and worked with them against me. All the physicians stood by me, and

though they did not work much, their countenance was valuable.

“The day of election was very exciting, but there was never much doubt as to who would win.

“The secretary said 150 would carry the day—I polled 238, Dr. Ed. Smith 171. The result was received with loud cheers, and I had to go through one of those boisterous scenes of congratulation which seem very absurd when thought of in cold blood. I had some noted people on my side, and Mrs Thistlethwayte was in the passage a great part of the afternoon soliciting votes for me. The contest was a good thing for me, only it cost a good deal more money than I could well afford; however this is beginning to return through patients it has brought me.”

Of his home life at this time he writes:—

To his Brother J. E.

June 1865.

“We must bear patiently this trying lack of this world's goods. Enforced self-denial, endured with firmness and without murmuring or grumbling fortifies and strengthens the mind. We may not see it now, but it is none the less true, that all things work together for good. I do not know when I have been so much discouraged, or when I have had such good reason for it. It has almost taken all the work out of me sometimes, but I try to face difficulties manfully and thank God my trust in Him does not waver.”

To S.

12th August 1865.

“If anything could have induced me to let Baby remain with you, your letter would, but I really

cannot do without her. It is a great source of happiness to me that you have such unbounded affection for her, and such a desire to have her with you, but, loving her as you do, you will see what self-denial it has required to be separated from her so long. Seven weeks' growth of love is a precious thing. This I have foregone, but I cannot bring myself to any further sacrifice. We must have our little treasure with us.

"How happy I am that Mary J. saw her and is her godmother. Nothing is needed to keep her memory green in my heart, but it is a satisfaction that my child, instead of tending to dim it, will always be one more occasion of recalling it."

A letter written after the birth of his second child, a boy, shows the simple and laborious life which he and his wife were content to lead :—

To his Mother

2nd Dec. 1865.

"My first object will be to do my duty to the children given me; to train them up for God, and next to that, to provide for them in this world's necessities and comforts so far as I can. E. and myself have no need to seek happiness out of doors. Our little ones are our all. We keep no company, frequent no society beyond what is actually necessary, and, for the position in which, by God's providence I am placed, our expenses are comparatively small. E. works like any servant, or rather as few servants would, and even our evenings are fully occupied, I with my writing and books, she with her needle."

Ever since he had been in London he had

been making observations and publishing papers, the titles of which indicate the direction of the work on which he was engaged. At first they were contributions to the *Transactions of the Obstetrical Society*, but in 1861, out of seven articles appearing in the *Transactions of the Pathological Society*, four were concerned with investigations into the results of damage to the brain, and in the three following years papers were written on the same or allied subjects, thus showing that his interest for some time had been concentrated on the study of the brain and nervous system.

In 1907 Dr Hughlings Jackson wrote of him in an obituary notice:—

“More than forty years ago Broadbent published an article on the bilateral association of the nerve nuclei to the higher centres. The value of what he did towards the elucidation of different problems presented by cases of aphasia is universally acknowledged. I shall limit remarks to the wide bearings of a great principle he established, to what is known as ‘Broadbent’s Hypothesis.’ This principle has brought method into the analysis of complex symptomatologies of some very different nervous maladies.

“This basic contribution to neurology has lasted forty years, and is still not only valuable for the explanation of certain neural symptomatologies, but is also fruitful in its indications for further research in medical neurology. Moreover I think that it, and deductions from it, will be found of great value in the study of still larger problems than those dealt with in the foregoing—of great value in the investigations into the physiology of

the organism when that physiology is considered as especially corresponding to psychology, both to the psychology of the sane and that of the insane.

“I, as one of his disciples, heartily acknowledge great indebtedness to this distinguished physician for the help his writings have for very many years given me in my medico-neurological studies.”

The paper to which Dr Hughlings Jackson refers was entitled “An Attempt to remove the Difficulties attending the Application of Dr Carpenter’s Theory of the Function of the Sensorimotor Ganglia to the Common Form of Hemiplegia”; and its author writes of it in December 1865:—

“I have just finished a long medical paper which I am to read at the Medical Society on Monday evening, and at which I have been at work for more than a month till after 12 every night.”

And later:—

9th December.

“I have made a little discovery which throws considerable light on the physiology of the nervous system.

“I read the paper at the Medical Society, but there was not a soul present who could understand it. It will be some time before I get much of either credit or benefit. I am about to write another paper, in which I shall try to keep at the level of my audience. Those who are capable of judging think highly of my discovery, and facts are already turning up in support of it and on which it throws light.

“I have other investigations which, when I have

time and money to carry them out, will, I believe, be of great importance. In the meantime I have to struggle hard to gain daily bread, but this is only what all in my circumstances have to do."

He did not, however, confine his attention to diseases of the nervous system, and had for some time been making a special study of cancer, having good reason to think that he had discovered a method of treatment by means of injections of acetic acid, which promised to procure alleviation, if not cure, of the disease.

At the meeting of the British Medical Association which took place at Chester in 1866, he read a paper on the subject, and in September he writes :—

28th Sept. 1866.

"I have taken my first guinea for cancer to-day, and have been written to about another case. It is a great responsibility starting a new treatment in such a terrible disease. God grant I may not disappoint the hopes it will raise, but that I may be the means of doing real and extensive good."

The method attracted so much attention and was so well received, that in October he writes :—

18th Oct. 1866.

"I hope to get on without further help from home, and I think my fortunes have, with God's blessing, seen their lowest point.

"My treatment of cancer is bringing me fame, and must, I should think, bring also money. On Friday evening, at a crowded meeting of the Patho-

logical Society, I had quite a little ovation. A cancer which had been treated by my method, and afterwards removed, was exhibited, and successful cases were related by Mr Moore and Mr Power. The applause, which is an unusual thing, was very considerable, and when I stood up to say a few words the silence and concentration of attention were quite embarrassing. My feelings at the moment were those of thankfulness and a sense of unworthiness."

1st Nov. 1866.

"I was sure it would give you pleasure to see that my treatment was recognised as valuable by the profession. This must have its effect on the public, and I am thankful to say I am already beginning to find this."

13th Feb. 1867.

"Last week I had to go to C—— to see a cancer case. Fee 40 guineas, which left nearly as many pounds for my day's work. The week before I received my first hundred guineas from Mr S., so that, though money melts away very fast, I am well off just now. I have a lady from Belgium and a lady from Yorkshire at present under my care."

He had, however, from the beginning recognised that the method would not be applicable to all cases, writing in one of his letters home.

"And yet it is a responsibility which seems to me terrible at times. I have increased confidence in the treatment, but there will be many cases in which it will raise hopes only to deceive. Cancer will still remain one of the most formidable maladies we have to cope with.

“The method is attracting great attention in Paris as well as here.”

Later on, finding that recurrences took place in spite of temporary improvement, realising the difficulty of convincing the public of the need for discrimination, and dreading the possibility of becoming a “Cancer Specialist,” he quietly dropped the treatment, and the only other reference to it occurs early in 1871, when he says:—

“I cannot with any confidence recommend the injection of acetic acid, with a view to diminishing the size of the tumour, or even to checking its growth. It would depend so much on the nature and seat of its growth, whether acetic acid would make any impression on it or not, and whether it would be of any use, even supposing it did, that I cannot advise a trial.”

Letters refer to books which he was reading, to the Hyde Park Riots, and also to his connection with the British Medical Benevolent Fund, which had been founded by Dr Baron of Cheltenham in 1836. A committee was formed in London in 1851, and as Mr Newnham and Mr Toynbee, both belonging to St Mary's Hospital, acted in succession as treasurers, it was probably due to their influence that William Broadbent in 1864 took up the work of Hon. Secretary, becoming Treasurer in 1873, a post which he retained till 1900, when he was elected President of the Fund on the death of Sir James Paget.

He writes :—

To a Medical Friend

Mar. 1865.

“I am glad to see your name as a subscriber to the British Medical Benevolent Fund. Six months ago I became Hon. Secretary, and by my work I save to the Fund £30 a year previously paid to a very inefficient secretary. It gives me trouble, but I am very happy to accept this when I see how much distress is relieved by the charity. I wish you would let me propose your name to the committee as hon. local secretary. You might collect us a little money, and induce your brother practitioners to subscribe.”

To S.

4th April 1866.

“I have not yet read Ruskin's *Ethics of the Dust*, but I had heard of it, and I intend to get hold of it as soon as I can and I will tell you what I think of it. The question about books is a difficult one. There can be no doubt that some are injurious and dangerous, and the line of danger is different for different minds and at different stages of development of the same mind. Anything which enlarges our views without perverting them, which removes prejudice without shaking faith, which adds to our knowledge of what is good without presenting to our imagination evil, can only be useful. But we must be content with gradual advances. Climbing the hill little by little and going round all its sides gives us a truer idea of the country at its foot, than if we were taken up to near the summit and then planted so that we

could see only in one direction. The little garden plot of ideas, from which we set out, may look very small, but to know its true value is better than to imagine that it is a royal park.

“The good old bishop of *Les Misérables* and *Port Royal* will do you no harm. It rejoices me to know that so much good exists in Roman Catholicism, and to believe that so many may reach heaven through that Church, but I am not a bit nearer being a Roman Catholic. We meet with many things in life to shake our belief in the goodness of man and men, of systems, of religion and professors thereof. . . . What a blessing that we also find good where we did not expect it, and are able to embrace in love and charity those we thought to be foes.

“I do not know that it is particularly useful or profitable to pursue all kinds of difficult questions. It is certainly not wise to seek them out; but once they have presented themselves they ought to be faced and resolved, if capable of resolution, which some are not. These last are altogether vain and profitless.”

12th May 1866.

“I have read Ruskin's *Ethics of the Dust*. There is much instruction in it conveyed in a pleasant way, but it is a little too fanciful for me. It seems to me just on the boundary line which separates brilliant allegory from what might be deemed fantastic, and according to the mind and imagination of the reader will be almost passionately admired, or tossed aside as absurd. I go a long way with him when he says that girls should dance, and dress, and be merry. The mirth and happiness of children is praise to God, and I have no doubt is acceptable in His sight as it is pleasant in ours. Out of the mouths of babes He has perfected praise in this as in a higher sense. There is truth, too,

in what he says about reading the Bible as the hedgehog steals grapes, but he is carried too far in the reaction against the gloomy views of human nature which are sometimes taught to children. Perhaps even father and mother hold tenets verging in that direction, but their life and example, by which precept is always interpreted by children, have taught us a milder lesson."

The Reform Bill introduced by Lord Russell and Mr Gladstone was thrown out in June 1866, and demonstrations were being held in many parts of the country and in London in favour of Reform.

The action of the Conservative Ministry, which had just come into office, in forbidding one such meeting, arranged for the 23rd of July, to take place in Hyde Park, resulted in an attack, said to be unpremeditated, on the Park railings, which were so weak that the people pulled them down and walked over them, ignoring altogether the locked and guarded gates.

To S.

24th July 1866.

"I have no doubt you have been startled and shocked at the doings in London last evening. I was eye-witness to much of them, and wrote an account of what I saw to B. From the moment that the Ministry forbade the meeting, I foresaw what would come of it. Right or wrong, the people imagined they had a right to meet in Hyde Park, and a high-handed threatening proclamation could have no other effect on Englishmen than to fire their blood and make them resolute in their purpose. The right course would have been to throw open

the Park and have abundance of police to keep order; the whole thing would have gone off quietly and peaceably. Instead of this, the gates were closed at five o'clock and guarded by a powerful force of police. Such folly I never heard of, and the results prove it. Scarcely a hundred yards of railing standing round the Park; law and order set at nought, and the mob reigning supreme. Last evening the mass of the people were working men and respectable tradesmen—largely sprinkled of course with the lowest classes, and, having had a taste of license, as I expected, these last mean to have more. And they are in the Park now by thousands. It is said that another meeting is to be called for next Monday. If so, I trust they will not attempt to stop it. If they do there will be bloodshed, and surely the most bigoted Conservative cannot think it worth that. In the meantime we shall have the Park occupied by roughs every evening, who will be sneered at as the champions of reform, whereas they are only the dregs of the people let loose by the folly of Government.

“I consider Government entirely responsible for the row and for all that follows. You would be astonished at the small amount of actual mischief done. Where the rushes and fighting took place, of course the flowers are trampled, but, though the people had unrestrained access to every part, they did not steal the flowers, and anyone attempting it was made to desist.”

The year 1867 was marked by the birth of a second boy, who lived only a few weeks.

To Mrs C.

10th April 1867.

“I do not know what kind or degree of entertainment you promise yourself from this note. I

have just been at an entertainment upstairs in which an entirely new performer was introduced, name, as yet, unknown. The old, old story of the little stranger, of course. I cannot say it loses much of its interest, in spite of repetition.

"May at first regarded the new-comer with eyes full of wonder, and for a time her little chatter was quelled. Her theory on the subject is that he is her property to replace her doll which the boy smashed utterly yesterday. Said boy does not trouble himself much about the matter, but he gave a kiss very heartily, declining, however, peremptorily to take his little brother's hand. To my great satisfaction 'it's a boy,' and he has positively got a nose, only I have no confidence in this feature, as boy senior's promised to be something, and instead of growing, has almost undergone retrograde metamorphosis.

"As to your banter, I have quite come to the conclusion, that when I dine with you and Mrs A., one of the *entremets* will be a *réchauffée de vieilles reproches*, and as acids and bitters are supposed to be good for digestion, I shall make believe to relish the familiar dish."

To Mrs C.

17th May 1867.

"You will already know that our little one is taken from us. The flowers you brought to grace his christening, will serve to deck his little coffin. It is hard to have to part with a child, though so short a time with us, and, poor little fellow, it seems sad that his life should have been cut short.

"You will not expect us to-morrow. The old and now unfashionable expression, *Deo Volente*, had after all, not lost its application. I rarely omit to supply it mentally, and did not forget it when

writing to you ; indeed, the terms I used suggested it with greater force than usual, but little did I think that the fell destroyer would put his veto on our expedition.

“It is a solemn thing to have a little spotless one gone on before us. So soon after baptism.

“It seems as if Christ had taken us at our word when we thus dedicated him to Him.”

CHAPTER VI

ORIGINAL RESEARCH

A Continental Holiday. Paris—The Rhine—Switzerland. Climbing. Introductory Lecture. Christmas Letter to his Brother (1868). 1868 Oxford Meeting. George Henry Lewes. Original Research. Study of the Brain, etc. F.R.C.P. British Medical Association at Leeds. At Llanfairfechan, 1869. Miscellaneous Letters.

IN June 1867, a few days were spent in Rouen and Paris with his sister, and later in the year he paid a visit to Switzerland with his friend Walter Coulson.

His letters bear witness to the restless energy which distinguished him during his early manhood, and to the physical strength and indifference to fatigue which made it possible for him to get through the amount of work which he accomplished :—

PARIS, *7th June 1867.*

“We arrived here this morning at four o'clock and have already seen nearly all Paris. It was a lovely morning, and we started on our travels. Unfortunately the left luggage office was not open, and I had to carry the bag. We walked all the way—first to the Madeleine, then to the

Place de la Concorde, over the bridge, up the quay, back towards the garden of the Tuileries, over the next bridge. These not being open at that hour, we went along by the Tuileries to the gate into the square between the Tuileries and the Louvre—(Place du Carrousel, Place du Louvre)—on to the Palais de Justice and Notre Dame, by which time we found a café open and had our breakfast and a rest. Then along the Rue de Rivoli for a short distance—next to the fruit market—larger and busier than Covent Garden—and into the Church of St Eustache.

“Finally we returned to the station by way of the Place Vendôme, and after a good deal of trouble got our luggage and came on here (Mme Armand-Delille’s), arriving at about 10.30. We have had breakfast and a rest, and are thinking of taking a drive to the Bois de Boulogne, the only thing we are up to.”

In August of the same year he went to Switzerland with Mr Coulson, and writes:—

To S.

3rd Sept. 1867.

“I find it very difficult to turn to serious work, and while the scenes I have just visited are fresh in my memory, I have come to the conclusion that I cannot do better than put down some of my impressions for your benefit. As you know, we first arrived at Bâle, through which town runs the Rhine, broad, deep, and extremely rapid. We did little here but examine the Cathedral or Münster, which is built of red sandstone, and occupies an elevated platform, round the base of which the river sweeps, and from which a good

view of the hills of the Black Forest is obtained. We crossed the river in a peculiar ferry boat, which is propelled entirely by the force of the current. A wire rope stretches from one bank to the other, along this glides another rope on a sort of carriage or pulley, this last being attached to the bow of the boat. All that has to be done is to place the helm in a certain position, and away starts the boat across the stream. It is an interesting case of resolution of forces.

“We went to Zurich the same day, the railway for the greater part of the way passing through magnificent valleys. Zurich we did not see much of, but we had a swim in the lake, our second bath that day, for we had a dip in the Rhine at Bâle. Next morning we were up very early to take the first boat along the lake. It started soon after 5, and we had first the clear transparence which precedes sunrise, then the haze which rises from water under the early rays, and again a clear bright atmosphere. About half way down the lake we quitted the steamer, and after a delay of about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour mounted the post omnibus for Zug. It was intended that passsengers should go inside only, but it did not suit us to be shut up in a close musty box, so we got the driver to make us a seat of hay, bags, and luggage on the top, and then we thoroughly enjoyed our ride. We had magnificent views all along the road, first of the lake and surrounding scenery, later of the Rigi, Pilatus, and distant mountains. We were able also to observe the very primitive postal arrangements. Letters were lying about under our feet, and the driver tossed up another, or groped for one he had to deliver, as occasion required.”

To Mrs C.

3rd Sept. 1867.

“Monday morning was full of promise. Mont Blanc was visible from base to summit. We started about 7 with no very definite object, taking the direction towards the Pierre Pointue. We got there in very quick time, our guide (one of the Balmats) taking a pleasure in doing up an Oberland guide with Mr H. who joined us in this expedition. Coulson and I were in favour of going on to the Grands Mulets, but Mr H. did not wish, so we turned aside towards the Glacier des Pelerins. We soon had to take to the rope, and after some pretty crevasse work and snow climbing, we made up our minds to scale one of the spurs of the Aiguille du Midi. It was a stiff piece of work we had set ourselves, but we were up to anything, and Mr H., who is an experienced Alpine man, required a good deal more help than either Mr Coulson or myself. I was last in the string—the post of danger, and therefore the post of honour. The only thing I really did not like was being kept standing on a snow bridge over crevasses, which was my lot over and over again; but I confess I was not sorry to get down again to solid earth. Rain came on and we got thoroughly drenched.

“On Tuesday we went to the ‘Jardin,’ starting from Chamounix at about 5.30 and breakfasting at Montanvert. You have done that, and so will be able to appreciate the condition we were in, when I tell you that from Montanvert to the Jardin we did in seven minutes under three hours. The return between the same points in one hour and a quarter.”

His nature was singularly many-sided, and his extraordinary energy and capacity for endurance

made him throw himself into pleasure and work alike with an enjoyment and thoroughness which seemed to ignore fatigue.

At the same time he had a tenderness for weakness, and a profound sympathy with suffering, which throughout his life were a dominant note in his character, and were illustrated by the closing remarks of the Introductory Lecture which he gave to the students of St Mary's Hospital in 1867, when he was thirty-two years old:—

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE AT ST MARY'S HOSPITAL

“They, as medical men, would enter a household at all times and seasons. When anxiety had overthrown caution, or gratitude had overflowed reticence, its inner life would be exposed to their view, and in many ways they would become the repositories of secrets involving the honour and happiness of individuals and families. No one would be so base as to use these for his own profit. But, further, peculiar delicacy was required of them. They must shut their eyes to everything which did not concern the safety of the patient, and repress imprudent revelations. Even the small matters which under other circumstances might be thought subject of harmless gossip must be regarded as under the seal of confession.”

He goes on:—

“Again, we come into relation with our fellow-man in his hour of weakness. Disarmed by personal suffering or domestic affliction, he lies

defenceless under our eyes ; the smaller aims and objects which give colour to his outward life are submerged ; the lesser motives and passions which inspire his daily actions are in abeyance ; the deeper strata of the character are bared ; the real man stands before us in his true dimensions. And what noble self-abnegation do we sometimes see, and what hideous selfishness ! What unsuspected qualities of mind and heart come out, and how many apparent virtues and graces of character are found to be fictitious ! To few is it given to see, as we do, human nature in its majesty and in its meanness.

“What attitude of mind then becomes us who are thus privileged to look into the fire of the great Refiner ? Is it not that of humility and charity ? We, of all others, should know ourselves, and knowing ourselves we shall feel that in us there dwells all too little of what is exalted, all too much of what is mean. We shall be ready to see moral greatness wherever it exists, and give it our homage and admiration ; and we shall look on littleness with pity, not with contempt. I think it is Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of our own profession, who says : ‘ When you see into a man, you despise him ; when you see through him, you do so no longer.’ Yes, vices are often the result of a faulty organisation or of unpropitious circumstances. Cherish always, then, a reverence for man as man, however abject the individual.

“But not in sickness only and pain—in nature’s last extremity we are called to stand and look on ; and the approach of death is impressive even when the mind is confused by delirium or obscured by coma, still more when it is awake and clear. One man meets death in the spirit of the old warrior, who bade them array him in complete armour and place him upright on his feet ; he looks the last enemy in the face with undaunted eyes. Another

so fears his approach that when his hand is on every limb, and his mark on every feature, he dare not admit to himself the truth, and the last breath is a whispered 'to-morrow.' One takes what is to him the first 'leap in the dark' without quailing, another with fearful misgiving; while for others, happily, it is no unknown bourne to which they go, but a long-looked-for haven of peace and joy.

"Are these solemn lessons to be lightly regarded by us because more than once repeated? Shall it be said truly of us that we are familiar with pain and death, and insensible to suffering and sorrow? Familiar—yes! Insensible—no! We must keep our minds unperturbed and calm in the presence even of the fiercest agony, but it need not be that sympathy is extinguished within us. If death is in our experience an everyday event, we need not therefore forget that to the dying man, whose flagging pulse we tell, it is the supreme moment when, all alone, he goes to meet his God; to his friends, the tearing asunder of ties close woven round the heart; and though we must, as men of science, note with cool eye the throes of expiring nature, and register the phenomena of dissolution, we need not therefore forget that it is the passing away of a human soul. Keep alive, then, sympathy with suffering, and tenderness for weakness, and never steel your hearts against the wholesome sentiment of awe.

"And, gentlemen, we owe it to our profession to contribute, so far as in us lies, to the common stock of knowledge. The particular stone we have picked up may be small, and the cairn thrown up by thousands who have passed by the same way has reached the dimensions of a mountain. Our pebble may be indistinguishable on the heap, but, so it be our very own, let us add it.

"We are leaves on a stately tree. We cannot

all be differentiated into flower and fruit, but each of us is responsible for the few fibres of wood he must lay down before he drops off; and it is only by the healthy action of every leaf that the vigour and symmetry of the trunk are maintained.

“ May we all, in the autumn of our lives, enjoy the respect and regard earned by an upright and honourable career; may we have the inward consciousness of duty faithfully discharged; and may our work then, near its end, receive the approval of God.”

His brother John, after joining the Royal Engineers, went out to India in the autumn of 1868, and many of the letters which follow are written to him :—

To J. E.

Christmas, 1868.

“ This season, holy in what it commemorates, and hallowed by so many associations, naturally brings you much to our minds—not that you are ever forgotten, for our thoughts and prayers follow you daily—but we have been accustomed to meet always round the home fireside, our meetings have refreshed us for our work, made us young again, and bound us together more closely in affection. I hope they are not altogether over, and look forward to others in the future; but whether over or not, they have coloured our lives, and left their mark on our characters, they are never to be forgotten, or thought of without emotion, and wherever one of us may be on this earth, to that point will turn the minds of all the rest with love and greetings. The usual terms of Christmas greeting we find inappropriate for use among us who remain here, and

although you may possibly be surrounded by festivities, we hardly think you will be 'merry.'

"One thing I wanted to say to you in my first letter is to beware of letting your aversion to Popery and Romanising tendencies carry you too far. Remember that Roman Catholicism is after all a form of Christianity, and in the presence of heathenism all Christians should be brethren. Tens of thousands go to heaven through the Romish Church—it has its thousands of devoted honest servants who, though involved in many errors and superstitions, are servants of Christ. You fear that Popery may regain its supremacy here. I have no such fear, and, if it should, it would be displacing not the pure truth held by Protestant churches, but infidelity. In India, at any rate, it must do more good than harm, and if you find yourself side by side with some priest who is living a pure, upright, devoted life, do not let your disapproval of many of his tenets prevent you from giving him your friendship and support.

"Again, as to Ritualists, who, as I hear are numerous and extravagant in India, be charitable towards them. Give them all the credit you can for sincerity, and do not think that by active opposition and strongly expressed dislike you are doing your duty. Ritualism is not the disease itself, it is only a symptom; it can flourish only in a corrupt state of society, such as I suppose Indian society is on the whole; it is a sort of compromise with conscience. It is the state of society to which you may do good by the exhibition of an upright Christian walk and conversation, but, if they can fix upon you the charge of intolerance or bigotry, your influence will be greatly diminished. Even Ritualists may have good points; do not be blind to them. You can never be wrong in exercising charity and putting a charitable construction on

the actions and motives of others, especially in matters of religion.

“I feel rather inclined to go on sermonising now I have begun. I have thought, of course, a good deal about your career and your character; and to what errors you are constitutionally liable, but I know you carry right motives, and they will not let you get far wrong.

“Practically your first duty is towards the natives, over whom, in God’s providence, we are set as rulers for their good. This constitutes our only right to be in India. You will never look upon them as brute beasts, but as fellow-creatures whose material and moral welfare it is your business to promote. It is in this way you will best serve your Queen and country.

“The only thing I feel inclined to warn you against is taking too professional a view of some of the questions which will be constantly brought before you.

“You must have patience, too, with us Liberals in politics. Most men come back from India extreme Conservatives. I think the development of your mind will carry you in a contrary direction. Always be ready to give us credit for good intentions at least, even when we seem to be pulling down what are in your idea the bulwarks of the throne.”

The letters written during these years contain many references to the experiments upon which he was engaged, and his accounts of the meetings of the British Medical Association, which were held at Oxford and Leeds in successive years, show that the quality of his scientific work was being recognised by his professional brethren:—

To B.

Aug. 1868.

"The meeting at Oxford was a great success. I considered it very important that I should be there, and, as I was invited to Magdalen College, I expected to enjoy myself. The result surpassed my expectations in both respects.

"I think I took a long step forward in the profession, and I do not know when I had so much enjoyment in the same time. I left London at 6.30, and reached Magdalen in time for breakfast. It is a grand old college. All the time I was there I was regretting that I had not been sent to Oxford. I think I should have spent my life there.

"I saw some Honorary Degrees conferred, and heard an address, and then had lunch at Dr Acland's, then more addresses and papers; but the great charm was meeting clever and distinguished men and old acquaintances, teachers, fellow-students, and pupils.

"One address, however, that of Professor Haughton of Dublin, was the greatest treat in its way I ever heard—so much Irish wit and humour introduced into a subject which seemed about the most unpromising and unlikely one could imagine. He fairly carried away the meeting. I was unfortunate in not seeing him afterwards. He was one of the few men I should have liked to know to whom I did not get introduced.

"Among the acquaintances I made was George Henry Lewes, husband of George Eliot. He took to me very much, and invited me to join a little party at dinner. (He is a great physiologist.) Our talk was literary and scientific, but anything but dry. It was one of those treats which happen rarely. I am to be introduced to George Eliot,

and, in fact, am invited to their very selectest gatherings. Next day I took part in one of the grand discussions. I had the opportunity of expounding my views to some of the advanced men, and they are received with something like enthusiasm. I had looked forward to many years of hard work before any impression could be made on the profession, but I think my ideas will make way faster than I imagined. An abstract of my paper has come out in the *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, and I am now engaged on a paper for the *Journal of Anatomy and Physiology*."

He often spoke of George Eliot's Sunday gatherings, and of the original of *Daniel Deronda*, whom he met there, but no reference to them occurs in the letters which have been preserved.

7th Aug. 1868.

"My holiday for the year is gone. I have Dr Murchison's work at the Fever Hospital for this month, Dr Sibson's at St Mary's till late in September; and for once I have something which will bring in a little money. I take Dr Chambers' place at an insurance office for five weeks, which gives me £3 a week."

He again turned his attention to scientific investigation, and continued his experiments on the therapeutic effects of drugs, work which did not bring in money, and was difficult enough to carry on in a house where there were young children and students, and in which leisure time was scarce and space was very limited. He was making use of frogs, and, as there were no facilities for the

prosecution of original research at the hospital, all his work had to be done at home in a small back room which served as his study and laboratory, and the frogs occasionally escaped and were to be met with all over the house.

The other line of investigation with which he was still occupied was a continuation of his close study of the brain.

In describing the work on which he was engaged, he says :—

“The tracings were made by the following method practised with great success by Dr Sibson, from whom I learnt it, in figuring the fibres of the heart.

“A sheet of glass is placed over the brain as close to it as possible. The fissures and sulci are traced upon the glass in Indian ink, or some other pigment, by means of a camel hair brush pencil, the eye being carefully maintained perpendicularly over the point to be represented. The tracing is then transcribed on thin paper placed over the glass and held up to the light, and is afterwards carefully compared with the brain, so as to eliminate accidental and unimportant markings, and to give due relative importance to the different fissures and sulci.”

To B.

Christmas, 1868.

“I am working very hard. I have just read a paper on Chorea, which was a success, and I have promised a series on the subject peculiarly my own, ‘Chemical Properties and Therapeutical Action,’

to the *British Medical Journal*. All being well, I wish to give the three years which must elapse before I become full physician to science, and then having, as I hope, established a scientific reputation, I shall be prepared to try for practice, which one cannot do till after a certain age.

"I hope Ben and Arthur are looking out for frogs for me, and that Ben will bring them.

"I am working away at my experiments. The same time and labour spent on other work, such as concocting a book on some disease or other, would pay sooner and perhaps better, but I look forward. I know it is work of the most valuable kind, which will be doing good long after I am gone.

"It is clearly my mission, too, and I could not carry on the severe and close thinking if I were making money now. I hope, however, to be doing better in this respect."

A letter of the same date describes the conditions under which this "severe and close thinking" was carried on:—

To S.

23rd Dec. 1868.

"But really for the last three months we have been more like a boarding-house than a family, and the little money gain that we shall have by two students is more than counterbalanced by the loss of comfort. We must endure it till the end of March, but I shall not be tempted to try it again. Perhaps an insufficient holiday has been partly the cause also, but I think it has been the succession of little worries of one kind and another which has seemed to take all the elasticity out of me. I have done my work and have worked hard in a dogged

sort of way, but I have had no heart for letter-writing and for many other little things which gild life and make it bright. However, I hope things will be better soon. The relief which the prospect of a few days to ourselves gives us is greater than you can understand."

To his Brother J. E. in India

27th Feb. 1869.

"I think I have been working harder than ever this year. I had long contemplated a thorough investigation of the arrangement of fibres in the brain, at which I worked a little some years ago, and I began it early in the year. I never was so fascinated with a study, and the new facts I have made out exceed in number and importance all I had anticipated. We know really very little of the structure of the brain. I am not yet in a position to publish my results, because there are many points yet to settle, and what will be most troublesome, I must have drawings and specimens to illustrate and demonstrate my discoveries. Some of my old work is gaining recognition. The other day, in the Gulstonian Lectures at the College of Physicians, a discovery of mine in the physiology of the nervous system formed the subject of a considerable part of the lecture, very much to the astonishment, I believe, of some of the old fogies who had never heard of it."

15th Ap. 1869.

"We have had mid-summer weather since Saturday, and I have taken to early rising. It is quite delightful to have an hour's work before breakfast.

"I have nearly finished my final dissection of the

brain, but I find I have several points which I cannot yet settle. I think I shall have to leave them for another paper, especially as I have received a cargo of frogs (50 or 60), and must go on with my experiments on them.

"I think I enjoy work more than ever, and can get through more of it."

To J. E.

23rd June 1869.

"My work not only takes all my time, but occupies my thoughts and claims my attention in a very exclusive way.

"I have just finished and sent in to the Royal Society a long paper on the brain. What amount of attention it will obtain at once I do not know, but I am satisfied that it adds very much to our knowledge of the structure of the brain, and that some day or other it must be acknowledged to have some value.

"I myself have been astonished at the number and importance of new facts left for me to discover, and I think I see my way to a very considerable degree of comprehension of the brain as the instrument of the intellectual operations."

"Besides my paper on the brain, I have this year written a review on Carpenter's *Physiology*, edited by Mr Power; a paper 'On the Function of the Blood in Muscular Work,' another on the 'Selective Absorption by the Lymphatics and Lacteals,' explaining this by simple physical laws; and I have on hand different papers relating to the brain.

"I want, too, to get back to my old subject, the action of medicines and poisons. Altogether, if all is well and I am able to get on with my work, I

shall have turned out a tolerable amount during the year. Whether all my work will one day bring me patients and money, I do not know. It is clearly my mission to do it, and I am thankful that God uses me to add to the stock of human knowledge."

5th Oct. 1869.

"I have not yet got fairly to work, but I have laid my plans, and hope, all being well, to complete, or at least to add, to my researches on the brain; and I am beginning an investigation of relapsing fever, which is epidemic in London just now, by which I hope to obtain light on the subject of fever generally."

"I told you I was full physician to the Fever Hospital now, which brings £100 a year. Another source of income is, however, suspended *pro tem*. I should not object were it finally, *i.e.*, from students."

"You may have heard from home that I was elected Fellow of the College of Physicians in July; an expensive honour, £56, 10s., which, however, I could not afford to decline, and I hope to recoup myself one day or other by being made examiner, etc.

"I might possibly have done something towards this at once, but unfortunately the meeting of the College for the admission of new Fellows took place while we were in Wales, and after learning from the registrar that it was not incumbent on me to attend that particular meeting, I did not come.

"I find no meeting at which I can be formally admitted will be held till November, and in the meantime the Gulstonian Lectures, which are always given to one of the new batch of fellows, have been assigned to Dr Maudsley. I knew I

had had a good chance of being appointed Gulstonian Lecturer, and since my return to London I find it amounted to little less than a certainty, so that through ignorance I have missed at the same time a great distinction, a great opportunity of setting forth my views on the action of remedies, and a money payment which would have diminished the pressure of the heavy fee one has to pay for the Fellowship.

“I propose to work hard at scientific questions for another year or two, when it is not unlikely I may be made F.R.S. Judging by what others have done, I have earned it already, but there is a good deal of private interest even in the Royal Society elections. Afterwards I hope to turn my attention to strictly medical questions, upon which, however, all my work bears in the most direct manner.

“But I have not told you of my visit to Leeds. The meeting of the British Medical Association was held there this summer, and I was invited by Dr Clifford Allbutt to stay with him. Among his guests were Dr Bastian, Lockhart Clarke, Gairdner, and others, all first-rate men, and our discussions on questions in which we are all interested, and at which we are all working, were most delightful. The meetings of the Association were quite secondary in importance and interest to these evenings after all public work was over.”

Miscellaneous letters of this period follow :—

To Mrs C.

LLANFAIRFECHAN,
9th Aug. 1869.

“Behold me in the ‘buzzum of my family’—only they are all just gone out—a very small

'buzzum,' to speak figuratively, and a very large family, for my brother is off to Yorkshire for a short time on business, leaving me with two wives and a large small family of 6 children.

"We reached the place on Monday last, and up to this morning have been in all respects most fortunate. We have a little cottage to ourselves close to the sea and just under the hills; a profusion of flowers in the garden, in the porch, and in our rooms; everything clean and comfortable, nothing wanting except perhaps a little more space. Oh yes—a continuation of fine weather. We are not at all grand and should not exactly come up to Walter's notions, but we are so perfectly independent and so utterly regardless of the rest of the world *pro tem.*, that it is for once easy to bring one's mind to one's circumstances.

"And now about the youngsters; they are off to the other house. They have lived out of doors. Baby is the best little fellow that ever lived. He persecutes his papa a little now that he is within reach, but I rather like it, and I can have a roll on the grass with him and take him to the beach, regardless of Mrs Grundy.

"May is getting fat and brown, and is as charming and happy as ever. I am afraid she is in the way of evil communications.

"Johnny finds some mischief still for his busy hands to do, without, as I believe, any need of Satanic suggestions, and in fact there is nothing Satanic in his mischief.

"I have had to give him and May their first lesson in Radicalism. Some little Welsh children came to the gate to look at them in the garden. Master Johnny ordered them off, and, as they disobeyed, and probably did not understand his mandate, proceeded to enforce it by throwing a pailful of gravel at them. He was in such earnest

that he threw his pail as well, and he was dreadfully afraid they would run off with it before he could get to it. He shook his fist and shouted, 'Don't pick it up,' and dashed to the gate, putting the youngsters to flight. I did not see this, but May, later in the day, was adopting the same measures for dispersing other children, and I gave them a lecture. I am bound to say I did not succeed in making much impression on Johnny, but he will grow up a good Radical after all."

To Mrs C.

44 SEYMOUR ST.,
13th July 1870.

"Mr H.'s programme and my own plans are so different that they afford no basis for negotiation, and I must consequently 'gae my own gait.' I usually find myself very good company (though I say it who shouldn't) in the presence of Nature in any of her manifestations; or to put it less offensively and egotistically, I find Nature very kind and very entertaining, and we have most interesting conversations, not always silent ones by any means, Nature and myself, that is, or my two personalities, or two cerebral hemispheres—whichever you like—so that I do not despair of a pleasant journey, if I should not obtain any better companion than myself.

"It seems very doubtful, though, whether I shall be able to go by the Rhine, as things look very warlike again, and I am not sure whether that would not lead to an entire change of plan."

To Mrs C.

44 SEYMOUR ST.,
23rd Aug. 1870.

"When this morning I found myself in a linen shirt and stand-up collar, in a long coat and tall

hat, with various minor indications about me of an attempt to assume the outward conventional marks of respectability and civilisation, I felt I was quite another individual from the one whose chief pre-occupation for the last three weeks had been to get over a certain amount of ground, climb a given set of hills, see fine scenery and enjoy himself promiscuously, as the Americans say.

“Curious, is it not, how large a proportion of a person and of a character is constituted by clothes. Here let me make a distinction and indicate a difference: by person I mean an individual human being in relation to others; by character, the man or woman (necessary to specify both nowadays) in relation to self. (*N.B.*—This is not exact, and comes very near being rubbish.) But the fact which lies at the bottom of the reflection is that I feel as if I had simply woke up from a three weeks’ dream—appetite better, it is true, and sleep sounder; face browner and step more elastic; mind, as well as body, braced up, and work easier; but otherwise (these are mere trifles of course), so completely do I drop into routine ways and work, that I might never have stirred from the spot, and all my experiences seem to have happened to somebody else. There are two threads, however, which establish my personal identity, the identity of the individual who left London three weeks ago, more or less, who now sits writing to you, with that of the one who in the meantime has been strolling about in big boots (not his own, by the way) and ‘indescribable’ costume. These are constantly recurring thoughts of a little group in Yorkshire, and the most intense interest in the war.

“I have never seen the Rhine, and so cannot make ‘odious’ comparisons between it and the Wye; but I certainly could not have had more

pleasure from a trip up the Rhine, than I had from my walks and drives near Chepstow.

“Tintern it is impossible to speak of without apparent extravagance. I thought nothing could compare with the exquisite proportions and incomparable grace of the west window, till I was fascinated with the simple majesty and daring grandeur of the east window. But turn which way one will in that abbey, and there is something to strike the imagination.”

To Mrs C.

44 SEYMOUR ST.,
23rd Dec. 1870.

“. . . Curiously enough, we have read the *Newcomes*, and we are now reading *Pendennis*. You astonish me when you say you do not care for the old Colonel. The ‘register’ of your heart must be different from mine, if it has no strings which vibrate in unison with such a character; but so it is. We mortals who call ourselves men and women are different, more different than we imagine, till a reagent, as the chemists say, is dropped into us, a mild one, such as a book, or a powerful one, in the form of an event, when, behold, a totally different precipitate shows itself. Blue light will not pass through yellow glass, and *vice versâ*. When I find myself among tropes, and similes, and metaphors derived from physical science—when, in fact, I draw upon the poetry of the future, I am almost as bad as Sancho Panza with his proverbs. I should be quite, if I were sure I should be understood and appreciated. By the way, I wonder if you like Don Quixote? But I must go back to the dear old Colonel, whom I love, *voyez-vous*, as if I had known him; whose sufferings give me so much pain that for years I have not ventured to read the book. I

like him now as when I first was introduced to him, and I could take the book again to-morrow, and read it through before I ate or slept. And if I read it twenty times, I should enjoy it to the last.

“The children are very busy with a Christmas tree which affords them endless amusement. Can you give me any idea as to the market price of innocent pleasure? I have tried to estimate approximately the relative quantivalence of nerve force, but I cannot get a basis for calculation in the case of pleasure; the equation would be one of at least three dimensions.”

To J. E.

16th Feb. 1871.

“You say I am getting quite an old fellow, and you have found it out just a year later than I did. I had quite a bad quarter of an hour the day I was 35; there was really no possibility of any longer imagining myself a boy. It is painful to think how little one has done. I ought to have made my mark in the world before now, and perhaps I have sown some seeds which will germinate one day or other. But how much there is that I feel I can do, and have not yet done, and how time slips away, and how slowly thought is matured and put into shape. Well, I do not intend to have another *mauvais quart d'heure* of the same sort till I am 40, should I be spared so long. I do work after a fashion, and I hope I shall do good to the world in general, and for myself and my own household in particular.”

CHAPTER VII

FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR

Franco-Prussian War. Interest in Military Matters. Letters from Paris during the Siege.

THE outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870 gave a new turn to his thoughts, and he made arrangements to go to Paris, intending to offer his services with the ambulances. He was, however, detained in London, and could only show his sympathy with his personal friends by urging them to take refuge in England, and inviting them to stay with him. All through the war he was in constant correspondence with them, and even during the siege of Paris he received letters by pigeon or balloon post, some few of which are inserted here for the picture which they give of the sufferings endured by the inhabitants during that terrible time.

Immediately after the capitulation he sent a box of provisions which reached its destination while food was still at famine prices ; and after the conclusion of the Commune, hearing that one of Madame Armand - Delille's daughters was dangerously ill, he went to Paris to see her. He

had always taken an extraordinary interest in military matters, saying that if he had not been a doctor he should have entered the army, and during this short visit he spent much of his time in going over the battlefields in the immediate vicinity of Paris. Later on, in 1872, he devoted part of his summer holiday to studying the course of the war in Alsace and Lorraine, and wrote home long accounts of what he saw and heard in the course of his walks.

He writes :—

To J. E.

16th Feb. 1871.

“You will easily understand that the war has been a subject of absorbing interest to me. It has cost me 6 months’ work. I had almost weaned myself from newspapers, but when such tremendous events were in progress it was impossible to keep cool, and I have eagerly devoured every scrap of information. My sympathies have been warmly German throughout, and I have not seen reason, as so many have, to change my opinions during the later stage of the war. Of course my interest was intensified as the struggle rolled up to the walls of Paris, when the fighting was going on over ground I knew perfectly well, and when personal friends were actually engaged, or shut up in the place.

“When I say that I have sympathised with the Germans, you will understand that no one has felt more deeply the sufferings of the French, whether national, or as falling on individuals. My intention of going to the seat of war was inspired by the wish to relieve them. It fell through because

on arriving here I found Dr T., who had my Fever Hospital work, ill with scarlet fever; and at St Mary's three of the physicians had arranged to leave me in charge of their patients."

From Madame Armand-Delille

I H. DU MATIN,
4 Sept. 1870.

"Nous savons notre malheur actuel; que notre pauvre MacMahon a lutté en vain, et même qu'il est blessé. Tout semble vraiment bien perdu pour nous. Cependant soyez averti qu'il ne faut pas toujours croire votre *Times*; il y a quelques tems je l'ai vu annoncer une révolution dans Paris, quand il n'y avait rien; une charge de cuirassiers contre le peuple, quand ces braves militaires paradaient paisiblement. Oui; il y a des camps en présence, des visées diverses, des sentimens opposés les uns aux autres, dans notre capitale, mais en ce moment Paris est électrisé par la sublime défense de l'héroïque Strasbourg, tous voudraient marcher à son secours, et tous veulent se défendre ici. Je ne sais pas encore ce qu'on aura décidé à la Chambre aujourd'hui; j'attendrai à demain pour fermer ma lettre."

De chez mon Frère

I H. DE L'APRÈS-MIDI,
4 Sept. 1870.

"À minuit sont arrivées les dépêches qui nous apprennent la défaite complète, la capitulation, l'Empereur prisonnier, enfin toute l'horreur de ces lamentables journées. Ce matin à 8 h. nous l'avons su par le journal. Paris semble calme, sombre, solitaire dans la stupeur. C'est incroyable l'état dans lequel nous sommes. J'apprends à

l'instant la mort de MacMahon; la fuite de l'Impératrice . . . ceci peu importe . . . mais point de gouvernement; rien. Comme nous avons besoin du gouvernement de Celui qui permet cette effroyable malheur, cette humiliation nationale, méritée sans doute, mais terrible."

9 H. DU SOIR,
4 Sept. 1870.

"Et cependant je ne me rends pas à votre pressante invitation; mais j'espère que ce soir déjà vous êtes rassuré sur nous. Le télégraphe vous a déjà appris que ce jour si sombre lorsque je finissais ma lettre de ce matin se termine dans une joie nationale dont vous ne pouvez vous faire d'idée. Jamais pareils contrastes n'ont eu lieu en quelques heures. Mais je suis si brisée par tant d'émotions que je ne puis vous en dire davantage. Je ne pouvais non plus rester dans le silence avec vous, après ces nouvelles lignes reçues à 5 h. lorsque je rentrais, venant de traverser Paris, de voir ces visages radieux, cette joie qui illuminait tout; ces aigles qu'on arrachait partout; cette statue de Strasbourg, couronnée de fleurs sur la Place de la Concorde, et les épées des sergents de ville brisées et jetées à ses pieds; cette cour intérieure des Tuileries, où nous sommes entrés avec une foule paisible et heureuse. Il semble qu'un souffle de bonheur anime tout. On oublie la Prusse, l'ennemi sur le territoire, les désastres, les humiliations, les douleurs de toutes sortes. Il faudra bien y penser encore, mais l'espoir est rentré dans toutes les âmes. Dans quelques jours je vous écrirai encore."

9 Sept. 1870.

"Et sans doute encore vous êtes *anxious about me*, car notre position n'est guère plus rassurante. Mardi le 6 en passant à St Sulpice

je lisais la dernière affiche du gouvernement : 'L'ennemi se rapproche de plus en plus.'—C'était tout. Ces seules paroles étaient sinistres dans leur brièveté. La foule, qui entoure sans cesse la mairie, lisait et s'en allait en silence. J'ai fait de même. En suite, passant le long de la grille du Luxembourg, je me suis arrêtée à contempler l'océan de moutons qui y parquent depuis une douzaine de jours. La vue de ces bonnes bêtes inoffensives, ces bêlements, cette odeur de troupeau m'ont donné un instant de soulagement. Il me semblait voir la montagne, le châlet, les frais pâturages, et respirer l'air de la Suisse, et des hauteurs. Hélas.

"Ce qui concerne l'histoire du tems, les évènements extérieurs, vous les trouvez dans les journaux, plus ou moins fidèlement ; c'est donc de nous surtout que je vous parlerai, de nos incidens particuliers, ou plutôt je vous parlerai de tout ce qui viendra sous ma plume sans choix. Je suis incapable de suivre un plan. Donc, mardi j'avais vu l'affiche sur la mairie. Mercredi en m'éveillant, j'ai ruminé ma journée. J'ai cherché nos sacs de voyage les plus portatifs. Je les ai distribués à mon mari, et mes trois filles, sans m'oublier moi-même, pour que chacun mette dans le sien propre, les objets les plus nécessaires à son usage personnel. Ces sacs maintenant sont tout prêts, dans nos chambres ; nous les avons sous la main. Cela donne du sang-froid dans le cas, non pas probable, mais possible, d'une fuite précipitée.

"Jeudi j'ai employé ma journée à placer et classer méthodiquement toutes nos provisions pour le siège. Je suis prête. Je n'attends plus qu'un sac de riz de 100 kilogr., qui doit nous arriver de Marseille ; j'espère qu'il n'est pas destiné à la soupe des Prussiens. Vendredi hier j'ai préparé les chambres des mobiles. Amélie en a un ; les Monod deux. Nous, point encore ; il paraît qu'ils

ne sont pas encore logés dans notre quartier. Alfred L. en a rencontré deux dans la rue qui erraient, cherchant la mairie pour aller prendre leurs billets de logement ; il leur a offert de les conduire ; peu à peu, d'autres se sont joints à eux, et il est arrivé à la mairie à la tête d'une bande. Il y en a qui sont enchantés de voir Paris ; des Bretons, des Picards, et bien d'autres. Les paysans vont surtout se promener au Jardin des Plantes.

“ Nous avons été enthousiasmés, et vous aussi j'espère, du manifeste de Jules Favre . . . et ensuite de la lettre de Victor Hugo adressée aux Allemands. Vous avez, peut-être, vu qu'une grande manifestation s'est portée jeudi à l'ambassade américaine à propos de la prompte reconnaissance de notre République par les États Unis, annoncée par M. Washburn en termes chaleureux pour la France.

“ C'est Alfred avec ses deux frères qui a entraîné des amis à la Bourse pour commencer cette manifestation ; ils sont partis six de la Bourse, et le long de la route ils annonçaient tout haut leur dessein ; peu à peu le cortège grossissait ; ils l'ont affirmé en achetant chez Giroult, le drapeau américain et le drapeau français, qu'ils ont mis à leur tête portés par deux francs tireurs. Ils sont arrivés plus de 2000 devant l'ambassade.

“ Ce matin à midi toutes les fontaines de notre quartier ont été arrêtées. On nous a promis de l'eau pour demain à 8 h. J'ai été moi-même recueillir de l'eau de pluie dans les rigoles de la terrasse. On prend l'eau de la ville pour inonder autour des fortifications devant les pas de l'ennemi.

“ Ma plus grande inquiétude personnelle est Ernst, qui ne rêve qu'embûches, coups de mains, surprises à faire, sorties. . . . Il est capable de tout. Adieu.”

7 RUE PORTALIS, 23 *Décembre* 1870.

“ Cette lettre partira comme autrefois la veille de Noël mais vous arrivera-t-elle? Ou êtes-vous? Que pensez-vous? Comment vous portez-vous tous? Hélas! quand aurai-je la réponse? Ce que je sais bien c'est que votre coeur est bien tourmenté pour nous, vous si bon, si anxieux pour nous, et qui me l'avez témoigné par une si touchante sollicitude. Deux coups de canon déjà. Trois, maintenant—quatre—cinq. Je ne compte plus—viennent de retentir au fort St Ouen depuis que je vous écris. À présent c'est le formidable Mont Valerien . . . des coups plus lointains éclatent et se succèdent. Nous connaissons maintenant toute cette terrible gamme. C'est notre seule musique, et les clairons et le tambour. Depuis plus de trois mois dans Paris on n'entend plus des pianos, plus d'autre chant que la Marseillaise, ou le chant du départ, qui éclatent souvent dans nos compagnies de guerre quand elles s'ébranlent pour une campagne.

“ O, mon ami, quelle vie nous fait cette guerre inique. J'aurai des volumes à vous écrire. Ma grande angoisse du moment c'est mon Ernst, parti le 20 pour sa seconde campagne; caporal au 132^e bataillon de guerre, compagnie des carabiniers de Levallois. Je vous le dis dans le cas où vous lisez des journaux français. Depuis le commencement de l'investissement il a fait son service à Levallois, sous les forts, en différents endroits; une nuit il était de garde aux Tuileries; vous voyez que c'est varié. Une angine l'a retenu dans sa chambre 15 jours; à peine levé, encore tout pâle et maigri, il est parti pour 10 jours, pour la défense du Fort d'Issy. Pendant qu'il était aux avants postes, leur sentinelle a été attaquée, et ils ont eu un petit combat qu'a

mis en fuite les Prussiens. Le bruit a couru que leur bataillon avait été écharpé. Heureusement nous ne l'avons su que le lendemain du jour où nous avons un mot de lui. Il est revenu encore plus maigre, et le 4^e jour le bataillon est reparti. Tous, en famille, nous étions douze et une bonne qui poussait la petite voiture de son enfant, et Blanche qui poussait celle de l'enfant d'Amélie, nous marchions à côté de lui et du bataillon au pas des clairons et du tambour, tout le long des boulevards, au milieu de la haie incessante de la foule; nous avons marché ainsi de midi, jusqu' à deux heures et demi, jusqu' à la porte de la Villette. Ensuite il a fallu le voir disparaître sans savoir . . . je n'ai pas le courage d'achever. En m'embrassant à la hâte, ainsi que son Edith, pendant une courte halte, il m'a dit 'Il faut avoir du nerf.' Je lui ai dit que j'en aurai, et je veux en avoir. Le lendemain, après plusieurs démarches, nous avons fini par savoir que son bataillon campait à Pantin sous le fort de Romainville; puis notre Louis, qui est chirurgien Major, ayant accepté ce jour là d'accompagner une des ambulances pour aller ramasser les blessés sur le champ de bataille nous a rapporté de ses nouvelles. Ils ont eu le grand bonheur pour tous deux de se rencontrer et de pouvoir échanger quelques paroles.

"Un peu plus tard notre cher Louis, avec ses compagnons, n'échappait que par une fuite précipitée à une pluie d'obus qui éclatait tout à coup sur le lieu où ils s'étaient un peu trop aventurés. Ce même jour à l'ambulance Chaptal je voyais apporté un blessé inerte tout sanglant avec une partie du crâne emportée par un éclat d'obus. J'aidais à délayer ses souliers et ses pauvres pieds me semblaient tout à fait sans vie. Je pensais à sa mère. Ce que j'ai senti est impossible à dire. Était-ce la douleur ou la

rage qui l'emportait dans mon coeur? Je me suis demandée si je voyais Bismarck en cet état, si j'aurais pitié de lui. Eh bien, non. Je me serais baissée vers lui, et je lui aurais crié qu'il est un infame."

26 Décembre.

"Ah! son châtement est déjà commencé. Ou sont ces forts qu'il comptait prendre en 2 jours? Ou sont ces arbres de Noël que Fritz promettait à ses soldats d'allumer à Paris? Ce grand Paris qui s'est dressé si sublime devant l'invasion.

"Notre France est désolée, *my friend*, le sang et les larmes y coulent à flots; il y a des ruines partout, et des tombes. Mais qu'elle est grande et superbe. Son héroïsme est à la hauteur de ses désastres. Elle sera invincible. La province et Paris se tiennent les mains serrées et, du même regard fier et exaspéré, jettent leur défi à la face de la Prusse. Moi, mère, je déclare que je ne veux céder ni un pouce de terrain ni une pierre de nos forteresses à ces hordes barbares. Non, non, nous attendons nos armées de la Loire; nous sommes résignés, patients, nous regardons en haut; nous ne sommes qu'un coeur avec notre paternel Gouvernement de la Défense nationale.

"Puisse le ballon vous porter fidèlement tous mes voeux."

13 Février 1871.

"Ernst enfin, le plus exposé de tous, et qui a eu le plus de fatigues et de privations, a été gardé dans ses campagnes en avant des forts; aux avant-postes, au milieu des obus qui pleuvaient sur eux comme la grêle; dans ces nuits glacées aussi, où, défense faite d'allumer des feux trop près de l'armée ennemie, sur la terre durcie ils s'entassaient

les uns sur les autres, six dans une tente pour quatre, pour essayer de dormir sans geler.

“ Louise et moi nous avons été gardées aussi, quand le 5 Janvier nous avons reçu le baptême du feu, nous trouvant dans la Rue St Jacques et au Val de Grace tout justement à l'heure où les premiers obus qui atteignaient Paris tombaient tout autour et tout près de nous. Demain nous mangerons notre dernière ration de cheval dit-on ; et c'est avec plaisir, je vous assure, que nous retrouverons notre 'vieux bœuf,' et notre 'vieux mouton,' comme nous le disons en famille. Si vos boîtes arrivent vite c'est par vous que premièrement nous les retrouverons, à l'exception unique de deux côtelettes qu' Ernst nous a apportées hier à l'occasion de l'anniversaire de son père. Il m'a dit que c'était une occasion qu'il avait trouvée, mais il n'a jamais voulu m'avouer combien il les avait payées. Amélie lui a fait cadeau de trois oranges, Louise d'un quart de livre de fromage Roquefort, Louis d'une livre et demi de lard. Ses filles lui ont donné des boules de gomme pour sa toux, et moi j'ai cuisiné au coin de mon feu pour lui faire un gâteau de riz, mais sans lait, et sans œufs. Ces détails, très droles en un autre temps, vous donneront une idée de la vie Parisienne en 1871, et vous feront comprendre doublement combien votre envoi sera le bien venu, afin que votre cœur en soit tout à fait réjoui. Madeleine, Jane et notre cuisinière ont passé la matinée du 12 à la Halle, et sont revenues transies de froid sans avoir rien pu acheter. Dames et messieurs, tout le monde y court ; on se jette sur ce qui arrive et on fait monter les prix follement. Mais ne vous inquiétez plus pour nous, cela ne peut durer longtemps ainsi, et un peu plus de confort s'introduit déjà chaque jour dans notre vie. Le pain surtout est redevenu bon, et la boucherie libre quoique très

chère encore. Mais nous avons encore droit à nos rations taxées.”

After the Commune, she writes :—

3 Juin 1871.

“ Votre chère lettre m’a été un rayon de bonheur dans nos affreuses ténèbres. Oui, votre cher père peut dire *poor France*. Tout ce qu’on peut exprimer serait tellement au-dessous de la désolation et du découragement qu’on ressent, que je renonce à vous en parler. Et pourtant, on ne peut parler d’autre chose. Notre beau Paris d’autrefois, nous ne le reverrons plus. Ruines, cendres, cadavres amoncelés, nous ne marcherons plus que sur des morts égorgés ; quelle horreur profonde. Et tant de haines non assouvies se cachent encore dans l’ombre. Pourtant il faut y retourner. Mes pauvres petits-enfants, que je n’ai pas vus depuis plus de 9 mois, et qui vont se trouver au milieu de ces dévastations, et dans cette atmosphère lugubre et souillée. Dans quelle époque vivons-nous ?

CHAPTER VIII

THE BATTLEFIELDS

Madeleine Delille's Illness. Starts for Paris. Rouen, and some Reflections. On the Battlefields. (1872) Luxembourg. The Battlefield of Gravelotte. Chats with a Soldier. A Town Crier. Sedan. Saarbrück. The Rhine. General Views of German Government.

EARLY in July he heard from Madame Armand-Delille that one of her daughters was dying from consumption, and, knowing that it would be a comfort to her, he went over to France as soon as possible, calling at Rouen for a few hours on the way and arriving in Paris on Sunday morning. He remained until Wednesday, and during his short stay saw something of the ruin which had been wrought in Paris and its neighbourhood by the war and the Commune which followed it.

To S.

21st July 1871.

“E. will have told you how very ill Madeleine Armand-Delille is; poor girl, she has not many weeks to live. I am very glad I went to see her. I have been able to do something for her relief, and it has been a great comfort to them all. She never

was very strong, and the privations of the siege, and more particularly the cold they had to endure for want of firewood or coal, set up disease which has progressed with fearful rapidity. All the others are pretty well.

“My journey has been a very interesting one, though very sad on more accounts than one. My thoughts were perpetually occupied with the question how it was that France as a nation has fallen so low. I should think that intellectually the French are the first nation in the world; nowhere do you meet with so large a proportion of fine heads and faces as in Paris, heads expressive of intellect and faces full of energy. It can only be the lack of the great moral qualities, and loss of regard for religion and negation of God, which have made their splendid mental endowments a curse to themselves and to the world.

“I went by Newhaven and Dieppe, partly on account of the expense of the short sea route, and partly because I wanted to see Rouen again. I spent a few hours in Rouen, walking about the streets where the Prussian soldiers were quietly promenading with their pipes in their mouths, looking the quietest and least fierce of soldiers you could conceive in their undress and in parties of two or three, or sitting at the doors of the houses in which they were billeted; but on guard in helmet and full dress they were military looking enough. In a few days the Germans are to withdraw from Rouen. Their guns were parked on the large square in front of the Hotel de Ville, close to that beautiful church of St Ouen. The sentries did not quite know what to make of me, as I wandered about at 11 o'clock at night round the church and near the guns. I should have liked a chat with them, but that Prussian discipline would not permit. I sat down on the pedestal of the statue of Napoleon

III., making my nocturnal reflections on the events which had brought the guns and sentries there, and apparently occasioning some reflections to the sentries themselves, as they had a good stare at me, and finally one took up his position at the corner nearest me till I retired. I found another beautiful church—that of St Maclou.

“I got to Paris at 4 A.M., and saw nearly the whole of the main features before breakfast time—the Madeleine, with its beautiful columns chipped by bombs and balls, the Rue Royale, half burnt to the ground—the Rue du Faubourg St Honoré, along which shot and shell and ball must have poured like hail; the Arc de Triomphe, Place de la Concorde, Tuileries, Louvre, Palais Royal, etc.

“This was Sunday morning, and I spent the rest of the day with the Delilles. All the family were at M. Armand-Delille’s to dinner—Ernst, his wife and two children, the last a baby born a week before the Communal insurrection broke out; L. M., Louise and their three boys, from whom they were separated for 9 months; Amélie, her husband and baby of 11 months, the baby a great, strong, fat, healthy child, born on the day of the battle (as they call it) of Saarbrück, and not a bit worse for the siege, during which, however, he sucked his mother to a shadow.

“Ernst’s wife behaved heroically during the siege, never complaining when Ernst had to go to the outposts, and she would hear nothing of him for a fortnight, but encouraging him to do what he thought to be his duty. He was not compelled to go outside the fortifications, but he went as a volunteer, and, although, as he says, he has to regret that he did not, so far as he knew, kill a single Prussian, the event might have been different if his spirit had animated the mass of Parisians.

“When the Commune insurrection began, his

battalion declared for the Commune and wanted to make him first Captain, then Major, but he refused. He could not get away on account of his wife's confinement, and he had to fight, or rather pretend to fight, on the side of the Commune for a fortnight; but when the baby was 3 weeks' old, his wife got away, and then he followed, running some risk as he dodged the outposts, and having to seek refuge among the Prussians at St Denis.

"There was much wild talk of a speedy revenge, at the dinner table; L. M. is the only sensible man among them. I told them the first thing to be thought of was to make the nation over again; but in two or three years, they say, some complication will arise between Prussia and Russia, or some other Power, and then they will go in and repay Prussia.

"On the Monday afternoon I went by rail to Champigny, the scene of the first great sortie. On the suburban railway you can ride on the top of the carriages; and accordingly I took my seat there, map in hand, studying the French positions, the route by which they marched out to the sortie, and marking the batteries and forts by the fire of which they were supported. On arriving at Champigny, I found the station to be on what had been the French side of the River Marne, and I had to cross by a bridge of boats, the beautiful bridge having, with scores and scores of others, been blown up on the approach of the Prussians. It was guarded by Bavarian soldiers, still in possession hereabouts.

"Champigny is a little village of the common type of French houses, with a number of detached houses and gardens of the better sort. It lies quite near the Marne, on a steepish slope, and extends naturally rather along the course of the river than

away from it. On the top of the slope you come to a sort of tableland, which is cultivated and slopes gently up to other villages, Villiers and Cornilly. The Prussians held the tableland with its villages, and their outposts were in Champigny and all along the river bank, separated from the French outposts by the river. Well, the French collected 50,000 or 60,000 men quietly on their side, which they could do quite unknown to the Prussians, threw bridges of boats across the Marne, and crossed. Of course there was nothing for the Prussians (or rather Saxons and Würtembergers) to do but to retire from Champigny itself, fighting as well as they could. They could not have any guns in the village, and could not bring guns to bear upon it from above, because the plateau was commanded by the French forts and the great redoubt of La Faisanderie.

“The difficulties of the French really commenced when they got out upon the plateau, because then their own big guns in the distant forts had to cease firing, for fear of injuring their own men, and they came under the fire of the Prussian guns in their redoubts, while the Prussian infantry could also venture out to meet them in the open. The result was that the French took Champigny easily enough, but when they attempted to force the position on the tableland, they failed, losing great numbers of men in the attempt. The worst of the matter for the Prussians was that they could not afford to allow the French to remain in Champigny, because that would give them the opportunity of concentrating on that side of the river and of attacking during a fog in some unexpected quarter, and accordingly they drove them out next morning; but now it was their turn to suffer, exposed as they were to fire from distant big guns in the forts, to field-

guns from the opposite bank, and to infantry fire. This game went on for three days, causing great losses to both sides. Champigny, as you may imagine, was in a dreadfully battered state, many houses burnt down, others torn to pieces almost by shells, garden walls levelled, others loop-holed, marks of musket balls in all directions, often telling exactly what had been the progress of the fight at some particular moment.

“After looking through the village, I took the road leading out of it to the right, which went obliquely upwards along the edge of the steep overhanging the river, to the top of the plateau, and I could see how the Prussians had met the skirmishers who climbed up the steep, wooded bank. In a place like that, all the advantages are with the attacking party coming up the hill, because they can hide behind trees and in inequalities of the ground, while defenders, in trying to catch sight of them, are exposed fully to view. But the Prussians, instead of disputing the ascent, seem to have constructed little sheltered spots a little way back from the edge, whence they would shoot down the French as they attempted to emerge from the top. Where the road came out on the plateau stood a single house, which, no doubt held in turn by each side, had been riddled with shell. Here, too I first noticed graves—mounds of earth of varying size, surmounted by a wooden cross on which was the inscription, ‘Hier ruhen 2 Preussen Pioneer,’ or ‘Sachsen,’ and then, ‘Sachsen und Würtembürger’ and 50 or 60 ‘Französischer’; but wherever practicable the numbers of the French had been painted out, and the crosses were covered with writing in pencil threatening vengeance, or abusing Napoleon or King William, etc.

“I wandered about, gradually making my way

towards Villiers, studying the way in which the Prussian positions mutually supported each other, and thinking how hot they must have made it for the French when they got up there, looking at the inscriptions on the trenches and mounds that came in my way, and noting the many scattered about in the cultivated fields.

"I could not walk fast on account of the heat, which was terrible, and indeed it was no part of my plan to get over the ground hurriedly, as I wanted not merely to see, but to understand. At Villiers I met with evidence that the French had got very close up.

"I was now frightfully hungry and almost fainting, so I hunted about the little town for a restaurant, and went into the first I met with, and asked if they could let me have something to eat. The woman who was serving looked at me not very kindly, and said they had nothing, and repeated this answer to my further inquiries. However I was famished and could not afford to be put off in that way, so I pointed to some bread and eggs and cheese, and said that at any rate they had these, and I must have some. By this time, too, I think the woman had begun to find out that I was not a Prussian, and so she set about getting me something. I accordingly dined off bread and cheese with a pint of their best wine, for which altogether I paid the sum of 9d.

"I had still to look over the ground between Villiers and Brie, where there had also been fighting during this sortie, but on my way I came across a Bavarian officer sauntering along the road. I thought there could be no harm in bowing to him, so I took off my hat and he returned the compliment, whereupon I spoke to him, and, as it turned out after a trial of our respective linguistic acquirements, that we both spoke French

better than he spoke English or I German, we had a long conversation in French on all sorts of topics connected with the war. He confirmed my inferences as to the nature of the battle which had taken place on the ground on which we stood, and added many incidents, more particularly such as illustrated the want of discipline of the French, for whom he had the greatest contempt. A battalion was advancing towards Villiers, across the fields at the roadside along which we were strolling. 'We sent them,' he said, 'a few boxes of grape shot from a battery in the garden of my château' (said château, which he called *his*, being a magnificent country house of which he held possession as Commandant of Villiers), 'but the boxes were not good and did not explode soon enough, passing through three or four companies, and only bursting among those in the rear instead of striking the head of the column. However, the French hearing these explosions behind them and seeing men fall there, took it into their heads that they were betrayed, that Trochu was firing into them from behind, and disbanded the whole battalion, giving themselves up as prisoners.'

"This officer's personal adventures were remarkable: he had fought at Woerth, at Gravelotte, at Sedan, and at various other points. He had a scar from a sabre cut extending across from one side of the forehead to the other cheek. At Sedan he had his leg shattered by a ball, but was on horseback in a month, and altogether he had eleven wounds. He was particularly severe on the French talk of speedy revenge, and said that if they tried it on, what they had done in the past war was a joke to what they would do then. We had among other matters a sharp discussion on the supply of arms the French got from England, and I rather shut him up. We parted

very good friends just in time for me to catch the last train to Paris.

“Next day my excursion was in the other direction. I went down the Seine, in a little steamboat to the Point du Jour, the south-west corner of Paris, where the river emerges from the city, looking towards Meudon and St Cloud. Here again I was lucky, as I met with an Englishman who came in at this point with the Versailles troops when they overcame the Communists; this made the journey down the river interesting. All round the Point du Jour has been terribly battered, first by the Prussians, but more by the French; but the viaduct of the railway round the interior of Paris, which here crosses the river, remains uninjured to any serious extent. The Prussians tried hard to bring it down, but in vain, though they knocked it about a good deal. After looking about here, I took the road by the river side towards Meudon. I was unable to distinguish what had been done during the war from what had been done during the Commune, but I could see that the rifle pits along the roadside had been dug early in the first siege. At Bas Meudon, however, I came upon unmistakable evidences of the Prussians in the shape of German writing on walls and doors, saying how many men were to be there. I was astonished to find they had been so near. Another thing which astonished me was the great extent of the forts.

“My aim was the Château of Meudon, the country seat of Prince Napoleon, and the terrace in front of it, from which a magnificent view of Paris is obtained. I overshot my mark at first, and got to Bellevue, but as I got a more extensive and clear knowledge of the parts occupied by the Prussians, I did not regret it. Eventually I found the Château, which has been terribly knocked about and partly burnt, and I spent

some time on the terrace, enjoying the view which is beautiful beyond description. Near here were two great Prussian batteries, one now removed, the other partially. I wished very much to go over the one in course of demolition, and especially to get a view from it of Fort Issy, which it had used very badly; but, though I marched in with all the appearance of innocence and unconsciousness of transgression I could assume, I was turned back by the sentinels. The Prussians retired from this part immediately peace was made, and it is in possession of the French.

“From the Château de Meudon I went to Bellevue, part of the way along what had been a splendid avenue of trees, all sacrificed to Prussian tactics. From the terrace of Bellevue again is a grand sight of Paris and the river. I continued my walk to Sèvres, and as it was now 1 o'clock, I had some lunch or breakfast, and what was equally necessary, a rest and a nap. At Sèvres again were siege works, which filled one with admiration of the engineering skill of the Prussians. (I believe the waiter took me for one, he was so surly, and so unlike French *garçons* in general.)

“After breakfast I had a look at the bridge, and then entered the Park of St Cloud, passing through an encampment of French cavalry. Ascending the hill, which is covered with fine trees, I managed to get into a battery in course of demolition, and I also saw how the Prussians had thrown obstacles in the way of the French in their final sortie by felling trees on each side of the road, in such a way that they lay across each other, and across the road, with their branches pointing in the direction the French would have to come.

“After this I went to the Château of St Cloud, the Emperor's summer palace, which with its surroundings is a complete wreck. It was

occupied by the Prussians, but Valerien set fire to it by shells, and I think from all appearances the Prussians, as they were not allowed to live in it quietly, helped to make its destruction as thorough as possible. At any rate they acted on this principle with regard to the town of St Cloud. Experience of the final sortie showed that in the hands of the French it might be a source of danger. Accordingly the word went forth for its destruction, and anything more complete is not to be imagined. Every single house is burnt, petroleum having been largely used to make the work sure. This occurred within a day or two of the Armistice. I could not go over the whole of the ground. Of course, the French look upon the destruction of St Cloud as wanton and unnecessary, and a woman I talked with there was furious, but there is no doubt it was a legitimate act of war.

"I shall always understand battles and military operations generally much better for this excursion. The destruction of property of all kinds can only be realised when it is actually seen, and I speak now of that done by regular war. At two places, Asnières and Argenteuil, five broken bridges were to be seen at once. As for the wreck done by the Commune, it is still more fearful to see.

"To describe in detail the mischief I came across in my walks within Paris would be impossible. During the Commune M. Armand-Delille's house was struck several times by shells; one carried away about three yards of a strong iron balcony, one fragment entering the window of M. Delille's study, embedding itself bodily in some large books which it carried with it through a door. Another shell took off a chimney."

The following letters were written more than a

year later, after a visit to the battlefields of Gravelotte and Sedan :—

To S.

19th September 1872.

“Luxembourg is worth a few lines, on account of its extraordinary situation and the use to which this has been turned in fortifications. Approaching it by rail from Belgium one is conscious of getting upon high ground, as part of the way is among beautiful hills, and the line gradually reaches a watershed, but afterwards there is a smooth, gently sloping or undulating plain for miles and miles, which made me suppose for a time that we must have got imperceptibly to a lower level, only it struck me that the vegetation was not quite what I should have expected in that latitude. Up to the station at Luxembourg there was nothing to undeceive me, but walking from the station to the town, I was astonished to find myself crossing a ravine 300 or 400 feet deep at least on a viaduct.

“This roused my curiosity, but I could not make out much that evening as it was already growing dark, though I found roads into the valley on two sides, and saw something of the old fortifications, which are on a gigantic scale. Next morning I turned out early, and got information before starting. I went first to a point from which one looked down a perpendicular cliff, faced by a thick wall at least 200 feet high, below the foot of which the ground fell rapidly to the bottom of the valley below. The morning mist was writhing and boiling in the valley as one sees it from Alpine summits. The edge of this precipice had not the least protection, and I almost trembled to think how near I had been in the darkness of the night before.

“Apparently the town stands on a plateau surrounded by these ravines, and the whole has been made stronger by walls such as I thought none but Egyptians had ever built, and in the zig-zags which lead up from below there are gates and towers, and complications of walls and defences, which seem multiplied to an almost ridiculously unnecessary extent. Luxembourg, you may remember, was the subject of a quarrel some years ago between France and Prussia, and was neutralised by the intermediation of Lord Stanley. It is now being dismantled and the walls are being pulled down.

“Arrived at Metz about 10 A.M., I simply secured a room at the hotel, got a map of the town, and off I set to the battlefield of Gravelotte, the last of the three which resulted in the French being shut up in Metz. It was the only pitched battle, the others, though quite as bloody, having come on little by little as Prussians and French could be brought up. You may imagine what an affair it was when I tell you that the French line of battle was about eight miles from end to end, and that before the end of the day, the Prussians overlapped them at each extremity.

“My course was on this first day to Amanvillers and St Privat, north-west of Metz, and eight or nine miles from the town. The road took me up a high steep hill between the two great forts of St Quentin and Plappeville, to both of which the Prussians are adding largely. Plappeville was quite in my way, and so I made for the works in course of construction, relying on my nationality to get me out of any scrape if I were doing wrong. I went right in among the workmen, as if I had as much business there as any of them, took no notice of the officers who were riding about superintending, and, as I expected, no one meddled with me.

“Leaving Plappeville, I found myself on a high tableland with a wooded valley on each hand—Metz behind me and a limitless plain beyond the city to eastward, with the Moselle winding through it—not a soul to be seen one way or another, a very doubtful track for road, but I was sure of my direction.

“After a while I saw a man far on my right going in a direction which would bring his path and mine together, so I timed my walk to be at the point of junction, some two miles off or more, at the same moment. It was a lucky hit. I began by inquiring my way to Amanvillers, following this up by a series of questions, answered civilly but coldly. I made it known that I was English, and pursued my questions till the evident sullenness was overcome, and then I got most interesting information.

“This man had been in the 3ième Chasseurs—had fought at Forbach, Borny, and Gravelotte, been shut up in Metz, and gone with the rest prisoner to Germany. He was very intelligent—showed the position of the French and Germans with perfect accuracy—showed me where he was posted in the distance, and described his part in the battle without any bombast, and indeed with the simplicity of a brave man who had only done his duty.

“Very soon the subject came up which I found was uppermost in everybody’s thoughts about Metz. By October 1st, all the inhabitants have to become Germans or leave the country, and this poor fellow, a native of a neighbouring village, was debating what to do. He was making a comfortable living where he was, but to stay and live under the Germans and be a German was out of the question. . . .

“I went on to St Privat. A stronger position than that held by the French here is not conceivable. For one or two miles or more the ground slopes

gently down without obstruction or shelter of any kind—no hedge, no fence, no cover for a single man except the poplars along each side of the road. Along the top was a road slightly hollowed; or, when this was not quite in the line for the French, a shallow trench was dug, in which the men could lie down and shoot the Prussians as they came, in almost perfect safety, while their own artillery could fire over them from behind, showing nothing but the muzzles of the guns. No living soul ought to have got up that slope, and how the Prussians fell in trying is shown by the graves, which were positively appalling. All those dead, and a corresponding number of wounded—the ground must literally have been covered. And yet it was at this end of the line that the French were defeated—not from want of bravery on the part of the soldiers, but from sheer incapacity and neglect on the part of the generals. They allowed the Saxons to get round the end of their line along a distant valley—come up on the high ground, and take them in flank—and it could so easily have been prevented. Once there, the execution among the French was fearful.

“While I was walking in the fields here, an old fellow shouted to me from the road, whom I took to be an aggrieved farmer, but it turned out to be the town-crier of Briey, who was bursting with information. He could name every village in sight, pointed out the exact route of the Saxons, and the spot by which they emerged. Finding in me a sympathetic and appreciative audience, he added to his description of places a highly imaginative account of events; and when he had made 300 Frenchmen kill 10,000 Germans, who lay a yard thick of dead round the château the French were defending, I bid him good-morning and walked towards a monument in course

of erection to the Prussian Guard, where I saw a priest and some workmen.

“His parish comprised the villages St Marie aux Chênes, Batilly, and another from which the Prussian advance up the slope started, and he dwelt with pleasure on their losses.

“They made three distinct attempts, which all failed till the flanking movement had taken effect.

“From this point I crossed the battlefield obliquely towards the south. At one point the graves were even thicker than below St Privat. These graves are marked by large square mounds, with a white cross on which is an inscription to the effect that ‘Here rest in God brave soldiers, faithful to the death.’ These crosses are new, and have replaced the rough ones which gave the number of dead there lying. The numbers, French and German, would have made it more interesting, but it is only here and there in remote parts that the old crosses remain. I found my way across country to a ruin above Chatel-St-Germain—thence down a steep vine-clad hill to the valley at a point six or seven miles from Metz, part of which I got over on an omnibus driven by a woman, next to whom I sat. Her husband was gone into France out of the way of October 1st, leaving her with two children and five horses, and so she had to take to driving the bus herself.

“Next morning I was out betimes on my way to Gravelotte, nearly at the southern end of the battlefield and about six miles west of Metz. I had to walk along the flat, dusty road in the valley for $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles or so, then I turned to my right and got up through the vineyards to the high ground on which the mass of the French left was stationed. Here I had a splendid view of this part of the position. I could not give any adequate idea of it, and must be content with describing a small

portion near Gravelotte, where the main fighting took place.

“At the right of the French position, as I told you, the ground falls in an even, gentle slope, but about opposite their centre a stream begins, which gets gradually nearer the French line and rapidly cuts a valley which is steep and wooded. At Gravelotte this valley is a good depth and comes close up to the French position, and, in fact, it separated the French and Prussians during a great part of the day.

“Gravelotte is on the Prussian side of the ravine, 200 or 300 yards from the margin. On the French edge was a farmhouse and little inn called St Hubert. The task the Prussians had here was to carry the position of St Hubert, and time after time they descended from Gravelotte and tried to rush up the opposite side. The French had mitrailleuses and guns so placed as to sweep the cutting along which they had to come—their infantry were hid from the fire, by which the Prussians tried to clear their way, in the valley which runs down by Rozeriélles to Metz, which ends just at this point, and were ready to come up at the proper moment. Every attempt was foiled, and at 6.30 P.M. so far were the Prussians from succeeding here, that the French had actually crossed the ravine in the face of the Prussians, and had driven them out of Gravelotte. This I have from a German officer who was with the King, and who pointed out the only house they still held, a little beyond the rest of the village. The King had to be dragged into the woods out of the way of the shells.

“I was not able to make out the exact state of matters here at 9 or 9.30 P.M., when the firing ceased, the accounts being so contradictory. Of course the Prussians had not only tried to force

their way along the road, but they had pushed on through the woods, in which somehow they always got the better of the French ; but when they tried to get out of the woods upon the open ground beyond, they always failed, at any rate till late on in the evening, when an entire new Prussian division of nearly 30,000 Pomeranians, under Fransecky, pushed through the Bois de Vaux to the French left of the contested road, and weakened their hold upon it very seriously. Some Uhlans, too, managed to get through the wood on the French right of the road, where the valley was not so deep, and they charged for the mitrailleuses and guns, which had done so much mischief, taking them in flank, or rather thinking to do so ; but a more unlucky charge never was, for, while galloping across at the guns, they were edged off to their right by the fire of infantry, and so, without knowing it, forced to cross the road where the cutting was, instead of above it, as they intended, and two entire squadrons went headlong into the cutting. Of course, those who fell into the cutting were all killed—some got across above it.

“There are many Prussian graves and some monuments behind St Hubert, and, no doubt, many got so far and fell there ; but whether the monuments are intended to signify that they held that ground at the end of the battle or not, I cannot tell. I do not think they did, but that they expected to have to fight for it next day.

“However, the French evacuated the entire position in the night, and were never good for much in the way of fighting afterwards. They had completely lost confidence in their officers and generals. It would not have been so difficult to break out of Metz afterwards as I had supposed, and I am quite sure the French could have done it ; but the point was not whether they

could pierce the lines of investment, but whether they could hold together afterwards long enough to reach a place of safety, notwithstanding the Prussian pursuit. This they could not have done, but it would have been better to try and fail, and be taken prisoners, than to remain and consume the provisions of the fortress, which, but for this, could have held out, I was going to say, till now.

“To return to my personal proceedings, I went from Gravelotte northwards, by Malmaison where the Prussian guns had stood, which the Chasseur talked about, just to the west of the wooded ravine, towards Vernéville, from which the Prussians had advanced to the attack on Montigny-la-Grange and Amanvillers, the French centre. Then I crossed the little valley, now no longer wooded, and only very shallow, to the French position, meeting my previous day's work and completing my study of the battlefield.

“There is a large farm establishment in the valley, the garden walls of which were just as they had been left after the battle, loop-holed for musketry, and with great jagged chasms made by shells. The farmhouse and buildings which had been battered down were rebuilt.

“My principal conversations this day were one with an old woman whom I found digging potatoes on the high ground above Rozerieulles, who told me that the French had encamped on that very spot, and had completely eaten up her potatoes and oats. She was chiefly concerned as to the question of the indemnity she was to receive, which had been promised to all, whether their property had been destroyed by French or German troops. Next to that came the date of their restoration to France, and whether the Prussian rule was so very dreadful. She was a pleasant, shrewd old soul.

“Another was with a couple of children—a boy and girl of 12 or 14—the boy was going to France, but in his case a journey of three or four miles was all that was necessary, the frontier being very near. They were both in the village during the battle.

“I got down to Chatel-St-Germain, and had my evening ride on the bus and very entertaining talk with my fellow-travellers. I had another day at Metz on my return from Sedan. I took the train to Ars sur Moselle, a few miles south of Metz, and walked thence towards Gravelotte, in order to see what the Prussians had had to do in order to head the French and prevent their getting away. The French were beginning to withdraw to Verdun, and had a good and straight road before them—the Prussians wanted to prevent it, but were compelled to go round Metz, and to cross the Moselle, 12, 15, or 20 miles south. Of course, this gave the French a great start. However, on the 14th August, a large mass of the French were still east of Metz—so near as not to dream of being attacked—but the Prussians with one army went at them furiously, simply for the purpose of retarding their march, while another army, Prince Frederick Charles', was pushing on to intercept them. The purpose was attained, though not so effectually as the Prussians hoped, for, on the 16th, the French were at Gravelotte, Rezonville, and Vionville on their way to Verdun, while only a small part of Prince Frederick Charles' army was on their path. Attack them they must, however, at any cost, if they were to be prevented from effecting their escape, and thus came about the battle of the 16th, called by the French Gravelotte, by the Germans Rezonville. Here the French, superior in numbers, more than held their ground—the Prussian left going into action tired by a long

march, were really badly beaten, but a tremendous cavalry charge was made to divert the French, and another attack by the Prussian right, which, with such generals as the French had, succeeded in their object, and the French did not push their advantage. Then, to crown all, there was no food to be had for the poor soldiers after a long day's fighting, and they had to be withdrawn nearer Metz to the position of St Privat-Gravelotte, leaving their dead and wounded on the ground.

"I wanted then to see through what sort of country and by what kind of roads the Prussians had come up. It was really astonishing. Two or three hundred men might have delayed them for days. Of course, the cavalry have to ascertain that the way is clear. Well, almost every road is along a deep valley, with steep, wooded sides, where a few men, in perfect safety from pursuit, might have been concealed, and have picked off the horse-soldiers as they cautiously advanced along the road below. A few were so shot, and in those particular valleys the Prussians did not advance till some days after they had flooded all the others, and emerged on the open plateau beyond.

"That cavalry charge on the 16th must have been magnificent—the ground level for miles—the very place for cavalry. It was splendidly delivered and carried out, but it cost the Prussians very dear.

"On this visit I returned to Metz with two Germans who would insist on my taking a seat in their carriage.

"But I must get on to Sedan, which, though fortified, is a woollen manufacturing town. It was intended, when fortified, to protect or prevent the passage of the Meuse, and lies across the river, and therefore low. There are hills all round—on the north, the fortifications extend to the high

ground—on the south and east and west there is an alluvial plain of some extent, but modern artillery can reach any part of the town or works across this from the hills on the south.

“MacMahon, on his way to the relief of Metz, hoped he was walking round the Prussians marching on Paris, by his *détour* to the north, but here found himself confronted, and prepared to cut his way through the opposing army. His direction was eastward, but the Prussians having got between him and the Belgian frontier, he had to face north-east, and everything was against him—his troops ill-disciplined, the ground unfavourable—so that his task was hopeless, putting out of the question the second Prussian army which was closing in upon him from the south. He went at the enemy in front, and while he was fighting them, the other army occupied all the elevations south and east, and sent masses of men against both his flanks.

“Beaten in front, his men rushed into the town; some who had been kept together tried to get away south or west, but found the Prussians in position everywhere. Then there was a scene such as I suppose the world has rarely ever witnessed—the town was the common refuge, and the streets were seething masses of desperate men, shouting, cursing, drinking, plundering, while all the time the Prussians were pouring in shells from every side. After the surrender it took several days to restore order or anything like it.

“My first walk was across the plain to the south towards Donchery, which took me past the Château of Belle Vue, where the Emperor and the King of Prussia had their interview, and past the weaver's cottage—uncommonly like one of those at ‘Stoops,’ only a little way back from the road—

where Bismarck met the Emperor ; then at Donchery I turned up the hill from which the King of Prussia had watched the battle. Here I could follow the entire scene of the fighting, and I spent an hour or more studying the ground by the aid of my map and glass.

“Afterwards I had a long walk across country to another spot more immediately overlooking Bazeilles. The country is not so wild as I had expected from what I had heard and read of the Ardennes. There are magnificent views and a great deal of wood. Wolves and wild boars are still found, and had, I heard, been very troublesome this year. I saw nothing more formidable than a wild cat.

“I was forcibly reminded of Longwood in the outskirts of Sedan by a woman, neither neat nor clean, who came out of a weaver’s house and screamed out for a child, as I have heard them at New Row or Stoops. They have a fearful dialect, too, about Sedan. Manufacturers and screaming women and uncouth dialects seem to go together.

“In another walk I took the north side of the town, having, on my way, a regular wander over the Citadel. It was forbidden, of course, and everything but the joists of a sort of bridge had been removed to render it impossible, but I walked along a joist and encountered nothing worse than a stare. One grateful recollection of Sedan is of two pleasant swims in the Meuse.

“The only other battlefield I went over was that of Forbach, as the French call it, Saarbrück according to the Germans. The battle was on August 6th, the same day as Woerth, but further north. Saarbrück was the only German town the French entered, and was the scene of the Emperor and his son’s exploit. Lulu is the German nick-

name for the Prince Imperial, and they have erected a stone on the spot from which he fired a gun at the Saarbrück Railway Station, which they call the 'Lulu Stein.' After occupying Saarbrück for a few days, the French withdrew on the approach of the Germans, and took up a position on the heights of Spicheren, which the latter attacked and stormed, though in inferior numbers.

"These heights are a range of hills which look extremely formidable, and, at first sight, it would seem madness to attempt to climb any part in face of an enemy. The very steepness, however, is a disadvantage to defenders, and there were one or two elements of weakness which the Germans at once saw and took advantage of. One was that a spur of the hill in the French centre projected considerably beyond the rest, and its slope could not well be commanded from other parts of the hill, especially as on one side the hills were wooded, and so artillery could not be employed—then this projection permitted a number of batteries in the plain around its base to converge their fire upon it, while, as I have said before, its sides were steep and irregular.

"Irregularities on a steep hill permit the assailants to find shelter from time to time as they climb up—then when a hill is very steep, there is a region just about its base which is almost quite safe. Artillery fire goes over the heads of the men who have arrived here, while the foot-soldiers on the summit are too busy with those men at hand to attend to them, so that they can stand there and fire at the defenders. This is what the Prussians did, but they would not have succeeded if they had not also found a way through the wood on the French right, and dragged up a couple of guns. There was another battle on the tableland at the summit after the steep had been climbed. The graves on the summit and around

the base of the spur I have mentioned show where the fiercest fighting was.

“The rest of my journey was to Strasburg, where I arrived late at night and had to go wandering about the streets in search of an hotel, the one I intended going to being full. I had some amusing talks with the half-tipsy porter who acted as my guide, and who had had three ribs broken during the siege.

“I was greatly pleased with the Cathedral, and went to the top of the spire, the highest in the world. Just at the top, before going into the lantern, one has to go quite outside of everything, standing on a stone about the size of a hat crown and holding on to an iron bar.

“From Strasburg I went to Heidelberg, thence to Mannheim, where I took the steamer down the Rhine to Cologne, spending a night at Bingen. I was charmed with Heidelberg and had a beautiful walk near Bingen. There is no single spot equal to the Wye near Chepstow.

“I had time for a short visit to the Cathedral of Mayence, which I like very much, but my admiration is entirely monopolised by that of Cologne; I do not know when I have been so impressed by a work of human hands and brain. It is stupendous in its proportions and surpassingly beautiful.

“My ideas on the war have been greatly modified—the French soldiers fought as well as ever, their generals were utterly incapable. I have better hopes of the nation if they can but agree on some form of government and take a salutary lesson from their overthrow. Frenchmen seem universally to put their party before their country.

“It was very distressing to see the suffering caused by the change of nationality in the annexed provinces. Thousands upon thousands are submitting to utter ruin, rather than be accounted

Germans, and see their sons in the German army. Metz, a sort of petty capital, rich, gay, cheerful, and busy, will be almost deserted. Property of all kinds is selling for next to nothing—nearly all the houses and shops were to let, and everybody seemed depressed and sad. It is a cruel thing. Altogether, the Prussian rule is too hard. It would be unendurable to us, and must become so to the Germans. Either it will have to be relaxed, or there will be, sooner or later, an upheaval in Germany which will overturn King and Kaiser, and perhaps uproot society. There are some terrible elements in Germany."

To J. E.

17th April 1873.

"You will have heard of my little excursion to Sedan, Metz, Strasburg, and the Rhine last autumn.

"I had come to the conclusion that the French defeats were almost as much due to the demoralisation of the men as to negligence and bad generalship in the officers—that, in fact, the corruption of the Empire had got down to the people. I do not even now understand how the French were beaten at Saarbrück, where they had superior numbers and a splendid position; but at Gravelotte they fought splendidly, and the battle was lost by sheer imbecility.

"What interested me as much as anything and engaged my sympathies, was the option of exile or Prussian citizenship forced upon the Lorrainers and Alsacians. The sufferings and sacrifices of which I heard were terrible. The Prussians have a brutal way with them somehow or other, and the most intolerable specimen of human being I have ever met is the small Prussian official.

“I cannot understand how men can stand the meddlesome Prussian Government, and the domineering Prussian officials. In South Germany things are different, and in my opinion Prussia will have to be Germanised, or there will be an explosion there some day which will shame the French Revolution.”

CHAPTER IX

34 SEYMOUR STREET

Removes to No. 34 Seymour Street. Full Physician at St Mary's and Lecturer on Medicine. Income and Prospects. Re-edits Tanner's *Practice of Medicine*. Death of Butterworth Broadbent. Progress in his Profession. His Children. Letters to them.

IN 1872 he moved into a larger and more convenient house, 34 Seymour Street, which became his home for the next twenty years. It was his deliberate choice to remain in a neighbourhood which was not recognised as the proper habitat for a consulting physician, and it is evident that he thought little of his own comfort, and did not foresee the future development of his practice, for his consulting room was very small and inconvenient, and the house was chosen more for the light and sunshine in the upper rooms than with any special regard to his own accommodation, although it was, no doubt, much superior to that in which he had spent the first twelve years of his life in London.

He had given the time he proposed to strictly scientific work, and, as he had anticipated, his practice began to increase, and he was soon free

from serious anxiety as to his future success, provided that his health remained good.

In his own immediate family circle life was uneventful, but the year 1873 was saddened by the death of his favourite brother, Butterworth, and from that time onwards he shared in the trials and anxieties of his sisters at Longwood caused by the failing health of his father and mother.

For months at a time he took the journey to Yorkshire every week, leaving London on Saturday evening, and returning on Sunday night, a heavy tax on his time and strength during a period when he was working at high pressure, and was preparing lectures and pamphlets, as well as engaged in bringing out a new edition of Tanner's *Practice of Medicine*, a task which he welcomed at first as a means of making money, but would have refused had he known how rapidly his practice would increase.

The letters are still written for the most part to his brother in India :—

July 1871.

“To return to matters personal to ourselves—the principal one is the impending change of house. The lease for this expires at Christmas, and besides the expense of removing, I shall have to face a much higher rent. My choice wavers between one at £200 a year, between this and Edgware Road, and another nearer Portman Square, larger, much better looking, but less comfortably arranged, at £210 a year, with a premium of £500 on entrance. Appearance is, of course, of some importance—not

that I care for it in itself—but it has a higher commercial value in my profession, and the better appearance and position of the more expensive house make it really the cheaper.

“Dr Turnbull has retired from the Huddersfield Infirmary, and many Huddersfield men of influence were wishful for me to go there. I could have begun to make £1500 a year at once, and it was a question with me whether I should not do better for the children to forgo my London career and take to making money. It seemed to me probable also that I should save a greater number of lives at Huddersfield, and make a greater present difference to the community there than here, but I hope my work will have an influence long after I am dead.

“My decision was made on what I believe were proper and sufficient grounds, and with a sincere looking for direction from above. Father’s unhesitating advice to continue the struggle in London was an important element in it.

“I ought to tell you that I am now full physician at St Mary’s, and Lecturer on Medicine instead of on Physiology.”

April 1873.

“Last year I made over £1000; it will take all that and more to keep straight, even without a carriage, which has now become a necessity.

“However, I have got some literary work to do which will pay for the first year of the carriage, and after that I hope there will be no serious difficulty. This literary work is to re-edit Tanner’s *Practice of Medicine*. I had never even looked into it when the proposal was made to me. It involves no end of work, but the pay is good, and the work is what I ought to do but never should have done—that is, to go over carefully the whole range of medical science and practice, and read all the more important

monographs which have been published within the last few years. It involves a considerable amount of labour, but I do not allow it to monopolise my energies. I have written various papers lately.

"I have also been nominated Lettsomian Professor of the Medical Society for the next year. I have to give a few lectures, and they will furnish a favourable opportunity of bringing out my views and observations on certain diseases of the nervous system.

"I should like to hear that you are working at native languages. Some of the best careers may be closed to you unless you are something of a linguist, and in any position you must get your knowledge of native affairs and native feelings at second hand.

"I should have liked a little holiday this Easter, and should have been all the better for it, as I always feel rather done up at this time of the year, but there were various small obstacles, so that I have not been away.

"The effects of overwork with me are chiefly sleeplessness and a feeling of irritability. Just now, too, I am having a slack time which worries me. I very rarely undertake a letter when in this mood, and congratulate myself on overcoming the inertia which attends it so far as to write this. My refuge from worry and anxiety is dogged work."

To J. E.

23rd July 1873.

"I am relieved to think that my letter will not be the first to bring you the sad tidings of Butterworth's death. The best among us to be taken first! The very centre and pivot of the family.

"We have had the privilege of watching at his bedside during his last hours, and witnessing his

triumph over death and the grave, and, agonising as it was, there is no one privilege of our lives past and to come which we would not rather have lost, and we must tell you all we can. Looking back for some little time, it seems as if everything had been converging to this—to us—terrible event, and preparing for it. In my own mental history there are phases which this alone interprets.

“I was sent for on Friday afternoon.” . . .
[Then follows a description of the illness.]

“I left only just to take sufficient rest to enable me to go on nursing him. It will always be a subject of thankfulness that I was with him—the tender affection hid in both our hearts was brought out anew; we reverted to the terms of endearment and affection used in boyhood, almost forgotten since then; he reminded me that it was nearly twenty years since I had nursed him through typhoid fever. His fortitude under all his sufferings was superhuman, not a single murmur—not a sign of giving way—courage undaunted and incapable of being daunted; in this respect alone, if there had been none other, he was an honour to human nature.

“On Tuesday night there was another delusive gleam of hope. But during the night his strength began to ebb so fast that I felt I dare not conceal from him any longer my fears. How I ever had the courage to tell him that I could hope for his recovery no longer, I cannot tell, and I cannot now recollect the words in which I did so. I know I was kneeling at his bedside—our hands locked, as they mostly were. For some minutes there was silence—I could hear both our hearts beating, but there was no change of countenance, no inquiring look to see what I really meant, as I had expected, and after a time I commanded myself so far as to say, ‘Did you understand me, lad?’ ‘Oh yes, quite,’ he

answered. At length he began, thinking as usual of our interests first, 'About the mills, I think the best thing will be—' But this was more than I could stand. . . .

"We loved Butterworth, but we little knew what a brother we had till his pure, self-denying life was proved by his noble death.

"To go down to the edge of the river with one like Butterworth clears one's ideas as to the realities of our existence, and shifts one's point of view considerably of things present and future."

To Mrs C.

"I do not think I gave you any particulars of my brother's last days and hours, and I do not think that now I ever can. Such fortitude in suffering, such prompt and unhesitating and even cheerful acceptance of God's will when he knew that the end was near, and this so much against his expectations—such thought, not only for his own, but for the Sunday School and the many young men in whom he was religiously interested, and such an absolute triumph over all that was death-like in death, I had never seen or imagined. His funeral was a poem. Carried—his coffin covered with flowers—from the house to the chapel by young men who owed under God whatever of good was in them to his example and teaching—followed by an uninvited crowd of men of all ages drawn together by regard and respect—met at the little chapel by another crowd—the hard Yorkshire faces disturbed by unwonted emotion—such a testimony few receive or earn. Hearts get nearer together in little country places, and we pay dearly for our culture in the centres of civilisation at the expense of the grand elementary feelings of humanity."

The letters continue to his brother in India :—

Dec. 1873.

“Arthur has astonished me. In the three or four weeks which followed Butterworth’s death, he grew from boyhood into manhood. His firmness and strength of character and the maturity of his judgment are wonderful.

“I am glad to say I am getting on. My receipts this year, up to the present date, come to about £1000. I expected when I definitely started my brougham in May, that the first year or two would show a deficit, but I shall quite meet the additional expense at once. It would have been a great mistake to postpone the carriage—indeed, I could not have got on without it. Mandham is my coachman, and we get on very well together. I have been appointed consulting physician to a new Assurance Company at an annual fee of £105.”

Mandham Spendlove had been with him as page boy when he first set up house in London, and came back to him as coachman when he began to keep a carriage, remaining in his service till 1898, when an attack of bronchitis, aggravated by the old man’s determination to allow no one but himself to drive his master, carried him off after a very short illness.

To J. E.

2nd September 1874.

“I have been long in replying to your letter, but you would not blame me if you knew the state of prostration to which I was reduced by overwork. I told you that I had undertaken to re-edit a large

book. It was a formidable task and took all my time, so that I could not have the kind of rest which change of occupation affords.

"The result was a state of the nervous system in which truly the grasshopper was a burden, and to do anything which could by any possibility be left undone was beyond my power. I struggled through my task and got off for a holiday to Switzerland, which I am thankful to say has completely reinstated me in health.

"You will no doubt hear from home the details of our visit. It was resolved upon rather suddenly, very much on Arthur's account, who has more work and care and anxiety than are good for him. I urged it strongly, knowing what a help a Swiss tour is.

"We were just the right number—five." [His wife, two sisters, and his youngest brother accompanied him.] "Sarah and Arthur went by Grimsby and Antwerp, the rest of us by Dover and Ostend, our rendezvous being Brussels. We met on Friday, July 31st, saw Brussels and Waterloo; Sunday, Cologne; Monday, up the Rhine to Bingen; Tuesday, a walk in the Niederwald, then on to Heidelberg; Wednesday, to Schaffhausen through the Black Forest; Thursday, by Zug and Arth to the top of the Rigi—not much view that night, but next morning a glorious sunrise."

To S.

30th October 1874.

"Distance and multitudinous occupations seem to keep our lives a good deal apart, but notwithstanding the infrequency of occasions calling for the manifestation of our family affection, and in spite of the old maxim, *De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio*, I know it is there on both sides.

“Our little out together in the summer was delightful, and I hope it will not be the last of the kind. It seemed quite to freshen up the old brotherly and sisterly relationships.

“We had a grand battle on Tuesday in our Medical School Committee on the question of the connection of some of our lecturers with the Medical School for Women. I do not lecture there, but I am on the Council. The majority of the Committee were against the Ladies Medical School, and we were asked to reconsider our connection with it. Of course we shall not abandon it. For a wonder, the debate was carried on without loss of temper.

“On Wednesday evening I assisted at another interesting discussion about the Hospital Saturday Fund. There has been a good deal of talk about hospital abuse and the way in which hospitals encourage improvidence in the working classes, and Mr Hamilton Hoare invited a few representative men to dinner to discuss the matter.”

To J. E.

24th October 1874.

“I confess that I am remiss in correspondence, and I dare not make big promises of amendment. I am hoping for the day when I shall only have to reap the fruits of my work. At present, though the harvest has begun, the seed-time is not over. I am thankful to say that in reputation and prospects I stand abreast with the best of my contemporaries, and in front of most. I am far from attributing this to my own exertions or merits. No one says more sincerely *non nobis Domine, non nobis*, but still my continued exertions are a condition of my continued success, and I feel I have also something to say which will be of use to my generation: like Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, I have a tale to tell.

“Then in a few years, if years be granted me, I hope to give the social element in my character a chance of development, and to show what I have never failed to feel an undiminished family affection and love.

“My edition of Tanner’s *Medicine* appears to be very well received. The sale is almost unexampled for the time. I have another book to edit for the same publisher which will require about one-tenth the work, and brings one-half the payment, namely, £150. I hoped and intended to devote myself to strictly original and scientific work for some time, but I could not quite afford to refuse this.”

The next few letters touch on his feeling with regard to children:—

To J. E.

5th December 1873.

“I sincerely wish you both every happiness in your little girl. An old German lady, whose grandchildren I was attending, said one day, ‘Children bring always cares—little cares when they are little—great cares when they are bigger,’ and there is an Italian saying, that they give headaches when they are small, heartaches when they are grown up; but in my experience the pleasure and happiness have far outweighed the cares and anxieties, and I hope and believe this will be the case with you.

“I have sometimes said that the common reflection, how much children owe to their parents is, in one sense, unfounded, since they pay as they go along for all the trouble expended upon them. Of course this does not apply to the debt of gratitude and love we owe to our parents, but is merely a sort

of protest against the notion that children are nothing but trouble. Life is incomplete without them, and the purest and most unselfish form of love unknown; better have them to love if we lose them in infancy, or childhood, or when the blow is heaviest—in their prime, than never know that love at all.

“When one comes to have five of them running about the house one gets a little case-hardened and does not think so much of a new advent, but I can even yet sympathise with the flutter your little girl appears to have set up in your breast.

“I prefer boys, theoretically; they are an outlet for ambition and a kind of ground-plan for schemes, which girls are not. Besides, girls only tell on the world, as a rule, in the next generation but one, and there is need for workers in the present and immediate future.

“Vanity of vanities, I must add—as if I, or mine, could hope to make any appreciable difference to the world’s condition.

“But to come back to the point, I think it is good for the first child to be a girl; she becomes a civilising influence, and an aide-de-camp to the mother. All this would naturally be a prelude to an account of each of our youngsters, but I am afraid their praises would fall flat on Dora’s and your ears now that you have baby.”

During these earlier years before the pressure of professional work became so heavy as to allow no time for recreation, he had his children with him whenever it was possible, and even in London tried to imbue them with his own keen love for nature, and with the habits of close and accurate observation which gave an added interest to the holidays in

the country, and made the walks in the parks a constant pleasure to them and to him.

He always felt that it was a deprivation to them that they could not be brought up among the hills and woods which he loved so well, and he made it a practice to show them the beautiful surroundings of London, and to give them every opportunity of becoming acquainted with trees and plants and animals.

Every spring there was an expedition to Richmond and Bushey Park to see the chestnuts in flower, and to Kew Gardens when the azaleas and rhododendrons were a blaze of colour, or when the wild hyacinths recalled the blue mist of the woodland so familiar to the country child. Another annual excursion was to Greenwich by steamboat, and here an interest in history was roused by the visits to the Naval Museum with its relics of Nelson.

Although there was never a scrap of garden attached to any of the houses in which he lived in London, the children were allowed to have an extraordinary variety of pets, and their affection for animals was encouraged to have full play. There was, of course, a long succession of dogs; but, in addition, almost every possible kind of creature was at some time or other an inhabitant of the nursery, and many of them developed a wonderful degree of intelligence. Guinea-pigs, dormice, squirrels, birds of many kinds, frogs, a hen which cleared the kitchen of black beetles and laid excellent eggs, and a monkey, which had at

last to be transferred to the Zoo, were among the companions of the children, who were also taught to watch the habits of spiders, found in the park, and the transformation of caterpillars into chrysalis and butterfly.

Letters to his children in these early years show the way in which he entered into their feelings and shared their point of view :—

34 SEYMOUR STREET,
22nd July 1875.

“MY DEAREST MAY,—I do not think you have quite forgotten papa and you know there is no fear of his forgetting you, but if we never write to each other when we are separated we might almost as well be forgotten.

“John is very quiet and all his wild buoyant spirits seem to be gone—poor boy. I see as much of him as I can, but he pines for the country and misses you and the other children.

“I know I have no need to tell my May to be good. Papa is very happy in being always sure that you will not be troublesome ; but I want you to be good in all ways, trying to be useful to grand-mamma and aunties, thinking always how you can save them trouble, and do things for them, even if it prevents you from reading an interesting book. Then I wish you to improve your mind as well as enjoy yourself while you are in the country, learning something every day of flowers and plants, about insects and birds. You can read books in London ; you must read nature while at Longwood.”

31st July 1877.

“I hope you are also obtaining knowledge ; there must be many plants in the woods and fields

of which you do not know the names, and the stone in Uncle H.'s quarries will teach you a good deal if you take notice how it is arranged and ask questions. You remember all those rocks once formed a sea beach or a sea bottom, and I have seen on the flags dug out the marks of birds' feet, or of raindrops made when it was soft sand. Layer after layer was deposited, and there it remained till covered up by a great thickness and compressed into solid rock.

"G. and M. are very good and very happy.

"Both Sundays I have taken them in the afternoon to the Botanical Gardens, and on the Saturdays they have been to the Zoo.

"Yesterday I had to go to Battersea, and so I took them to see the sub-tropical garden in Battersea Park. You must go sometime. It is very beautiful."

34 SEYMOUR STREET,
28th July 1878.

"MY DARLING MAY,—You will like to hear news of Tiny and your other pets. The squirrels, I believe, are in existence; so at least I am told, and I have heard the rapid vibration of their scratching, but they are gone from your room I know not whither. The birds, too, I hear; and as Walter is busy winding silk, I both see and hear a good deal about silkworms. Tiny is really distinguishing herself. Now that everybody else is away she attaches herself to me and, as a patient said the other morning, assists at the consultations. On Saturday morning she looked so unhappy as I was going out, that I took her with me in the victoria to the Fever Hospital. It was not much of my *Times* that I was able to read, for she would stand as near the edge as she possibly could, stretching her neck to see everything, sometimes slipping and nearly falling out, and at others sorely tempted, as I could

see, to jump out. My whole time was taken up warning and scolding her. At the hospital, of course, she went round the wards with me, amusing the patients very much by her inquiries. She had an adventure with a cat, too. Ti. was trotting along meaning no mischief and rather going aside to pass the cat, but the cat did not see her till they were quite near each other, and so was startled. It did not simply put up its back and remain on the defensive, but made all the warlike noises a cat is capable of, and darted off past Ti., jumped upon a bed and then up a smooth wall, coming down on the floor again with a bang. Poor Ti., who thought all this splutter meant an attack, was by this time at the other end of the ward with her tail between her legs, and it was only when the cat was safely perched on a high shelf, that she cautiously ventured past, finishing with a rush to the door.

"In returning, I thought she might as well run a little where the streets were not crowded. She followed very nicely, but at King's Cross I stopped and took her in. Nothing, however, would induce her to remain in, and out she jumped. She is wonderfully clever in the streets. She always runs on the right-hand side of the carriage—never on the left—and when we meet another carriage or vehicle of any kind, which of course we pass on this side, she dodges behind some time before it is necessary.

"As she displayed such a remarkable talent for following, I allowed her to come in the afternoon with Walter and me, first to St John's Wood and then to St George's Square and Battersea Park. It was a very long run, 14 miles at least, but though we made her the offer repeatedly she would not stop in the carriage a moment, and she reprov'd little boys and people on horseback just as if we were only walking. At St John's Wood I carefully

kept her from following me through the garden door, but when I was going upstairs to see the patient, to my dismay, she rushed on before me. Of course we had to turn her out.

“The only other adventure worth relating was that Walter, after remarking that Ti. did not know how to jump out of a carriage in motion, as she nearly rolled over, tried it on himself and rolled over completely.

“Well now, I shall expect as long a letter as this in answer. Do not read much, and never when the light is failing.”

CHAPTER X

LETTERS, 1875-1880

Fortieth Birthday. Work and Lectures in 1876. Illness of Mr Broadbent, senior. Income. Havre and Paris. Professor Charcot. Salpêtrière. Congress at Geneva. Bulgaria. Opinion of Disraeli. Death of his Mother.

To Mrs C.

4th Feb. 1875.

“By the way, I have passed through a critical period of my personal history since I last wrote. My 40th birthday. When I woke up on the morning of my 39th I had a *mauvais quart d'heure*. Entering my 40th year, it was impossible to conceal from myself that my youth was gone. The best part of my life spent. No new thing worth doing is begun after the age of 40, so that I could form a tolerable opinion of my life's work and of the sort of mark I am likely to leave. But I could not half tell you the ideas with which I persecuted myself; and after all one becomes reconciled to the inevitable, whatever form it may take—even to being 40 years of age—and on the whole I put a cheerful countenance upon it. I have put down at least one stepping-stone in the physiology of the nervous system which everybody must make use of, and have been a pioneer in investigations which will one day make medicine scientific. I could push on some steps farther, too,

but I live again in the children, and to immortality in this form must sacrifice a possible immortality of scientific reputation. From time to time the spirit moves me and I long to go back to my experiments, but the flesh is weak. No, I am mistaken. It is too strong."

To J. E.

16th January 1876.

"At length I find myself trying to carry out a good intention of very long standing, for you are more in my thoughts than would appear from my acts.

"One of Disraeli's sayings is, that 'Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret.' I can answer for the truth that manhood is a struggle. One gets caught in the whirl of events; every day seems to bring more than a day's work, the long-desired leisure is always to be to-morrow, unless it recedes still further, and so life goes on. I have been overworked for some time—ever since, in fact, I undertook the editing of *Tanner*.

"I was, unknown to myself, just on the point of beginning to reap the fruits of my labours. Had I known it, I should have declined the task, but struggling as I was, it would have been wrong to refuse work which would bring in so much money.

"I have suffered a good deal from sleeplessness, and this is followed by such lassitude that everything I am not compelled to do is put off. This year—last summer I mean—my holiday was again cut short. I had to come from Scotland a week sooner than I intended, and go straight to Havre to see and bring back to England the son of a patient.

"Then in October I was invited to give the

address at Dr Crichton Browne's Annual Conversation at the Wakefield Asylum.

"It was too great an honour and too good an opportunity to refuse, and, being a great opportunity, demanded adequate preparation.

"I took for my subject "The Theory of the Construction of the Nervous System," and for the first time in my life gave a long address without notes. It was a success, except that the reporters were puzzled by the names. This address was a serious addition to my work. Then I had to make my presidential address on retiring from the Harveian Society, which was another important matter.

"Finally, I have had to prepare the balance-sheet and report of the Medical Benevolent Fund, of which I am, much against my will, Treasurer, and I have at this moment before me the task of writing the report of the Fever Hospital; while I have undertaken to write the articles on Chorea, on Typhoid Fever, and on Fever in general, for a new medical encyclopedia, and have on my hands papers on Ingravescient Apoplexy and on the Constriction of the Mitral Valve of the Heart, and ought to publish a clinical lecture on Pericarditis.

"On Ingravescient Apoplexy and Mitral Constriction I have new and important matter to contribute, and indeed I have never yet written for the sake of writing or for the sake of practice. Much indeed that I have done and written has been so much in advance of existing knowledge as rather to get me the reputation of a theorist.

"Happily I do not forfeit my good name as a practical physician. Already, with God's blessing, my success is assured, and I have indeed a fair chance of being, not only among the first dozen,

but among the first two or three. Of course this fires my ambition: it is a chance I must not let slip past me for want of a little extra exertion. A few weeks ago Sir W. Gull designated me as his probable successor.

“Father is wonderfully well. I trust he will be spared to see you and yours, after which he will be ready to sing *Nunc dimittis*. Mother also is well. Arthur looks more like Butterworth every time I see him, and develops much of his business talent. Ben also is better.

“Mills and business have both prospered during the past year. Julia and the children have spent Christmas with us: the house was a regular hive; unfortunately the bees had not the instinct of order—quite the contrary.”

These next years were shadowed by the long illness of his father, who in October 1875 had a bad attack of rheumatic gout, from which he was recovering, when in the spring of 1876, on his eightieth birthday, he overbalanced himself and fell heavily in his room, an accident resulting in shock and injury which left him almost completely paralysed, and brought on constant returns of pain and fever which for some time placed his life in danger.

For nearly three months William went to Longwood every week, his father depending on him so much that a letter from a sister describes him as saying, “I’m like a schoolboy counting the days to Saturday.”

William, in writing to his brother in India, says:—

To J. E.

22nd March 1876.

“I got home about 8.30 on Saturday evening, and my mere presence seemed to do father good, and he had a capital night's rest. He also took his food better, so that on Sunday he was quite himself in a way—that is, freedom from pain and prostration allowed his cheerfulness to come out, and we had many a good laugh at his sayings.

“He quite expects to be restored, but as far as he personally is concerned, it is quite the same to him whether he is or not. He speaks of heaven exactly as if it were next door—no rapture, no longing, indeed he seems to belong to heaven quite as much as to earth.

“Even accidental circumstances contribute to throw a poetic halo round him, for over his head hangs—surrounded by a garland of ferns—the motto, ‘At evening tide it shall be light.’

“Old age, as a rule, seen closely is unbeautiful, and my experience of the world and of men is that, as a rule, as men grow older, they deteriorate both in body, mind, and character; but to this there are striking exceptions, and none more remarkable than father.”

28th April.

“All last week he was very ill, and I went by an early train on this account. On Sunday, however, he rallied wonderfully, and I was full of hope again; but the last news from home is worse than ever, and I cannot but fear that his time with us is very short. He himself is weary of the long struggle and anxious to depart, though he has clung to the hope of seeing you again with Dora and the children. Last Sunday he was saying he thought

they would come to look at him after one of his sleeps and find him gone.

“I told him, after all, I hoped he would still live to see you, and he said, ‘Yes, I should be thankful to see John again. If you can relieve me of the pain and raise me up, I have no objections—that is, to live a little longer—but if not, I had rather go quietly.’”

From the middle of May the pain and fever gradually abated, and in course of time he was able to be lifted to a couch for an hour or two each day, but he never regained the use of his limbs and could not assist himself in the least.

In this condition, with slight variations, he remained for the next four years: his mental faculties continuing wonderfully alert to the end.

In spite of the time occupied by the visits to Longwood, Dr Broadbent’s practice continued to increase, and he writes:—

To J. E.

Sept. 1876.

“In the first half of the year I only just made my £1000, which was not keeping up to my rate of progress, but July made amends, for I took £450 in that one month, and then my call to Weston paid for our holiday.

“I found also another high compliment awaiting me—an invitation to act as *rapporteur* to the International Congress to be held at Geneva next September. It is an honour and also an opportunity.

“Father keeps wonderfully sound and clear in mind, but his frame will never be good for much,

and he will never be much out of his bed any more.

“Our children will, I suppose, be giants compared with yours, but yours will soon shoot up in Yorkshire. I think one of the chief results of my holiday has been to increase my love and veneration for the children—a result which some of my friends consider unnecessary, to say the least of it, if not undesirable.”

The *rapport* which he had to give at Geneva determined his plans for the next summer, and he combined work and pleasure by attending the Congresses at Havre and Geneva, finishing up with a short walking tour in the Swiss mountains.

To Mrs C.

NEUFCHATEL, 2nd Sept. 1877.

“My week at Havre was exceedingly pleasant. I was the guest there of Mrs Yung, an old patient. The house is on the top of the *Côte*, the high ground which overlooks Havre, and the view from my window looked over the town and across the Seine to Trouville and Honfleur; up the river also for some distance and out to sea, where an ironclad squadron was at anchor in honour of the Congress. The atmospheric effects were a constant source of pleasure.

“The mornings I usually spent at the Congress, where I met several distinguished men whom I wanted to know, and learnt a good deal.

“My day at Paris was most interesting. I had written to Professor Charcot saying that I proposed to be at his hospital, ‘La Salpêtrière,’ at 9 o’clock on Friday, asking him to let me know if he would not be there. I found at the hotel a note

saying he would call for me, and accordingly he drove me to the hospital. He was not on duty, but came from the country expressly.

“At Salpêtrière there are about 5000 women, aged, insane, or ill, and Charcot has from among them a perfect museum of nervous diseases. All the most interesting cases were brought together for my inspection, and you can imagine (or perhaps you *cannot*) what a pleasure it was to see them and discuss them with Charcot. Then I went with him to *déjeuner*, and, as I am not indifferent to a good meal and good wine, I enjoyed this.

“What you really would appreciate is the exquisite furnishing of M. Charcot’s apartments—the old tapestry, bronzes, cabinets, chairs, etc. I remained till after 3 o’clock, and nearly all the time we were talking science, or shop, according to the view taken of it. I could not have had a greater reward for the work I have done, or a greater stimulus to further exertion, than the appreciation of a man like Charcot.

“I must confess also to a certain amount of pleasure at the degree to which my name and work were already known by men whom I met at Havre. We have all our weak points, as you well know.”

To Mrs C.

19th Sept. 1877.

“The Congress at Geneva opened with speeches which were of no great interest to me, having, as was the case, my own unfinished *rapport* on my mind. All the evening, and on Monday morning, I slaved away at the final re-arrangement.

“My great difficulty was that my subject was too big for the time at my disposal, so that I could not anticipate objections, and I knew my conclusions

were to be attacked by Schiff, whose name you will remember as the great vivisectionist.

“Well, the eventful moment came at 3 P.M. I had an audience of 300 or 400, and of course was frightfully nervous, but once on my feet I was all right. I got through pretty well. Then came Schiff's attack, which after all was not really against my conclusions, but very largely against conclusions of others, which I had myself rejected. He had prepared his speech, and could not spoil it by taking notice of mine. My reply was necessarily very imperfect.

“Once my own trouble off my mind, I could enter into what was going on, and really it was extremely pleasant. I made the acquaintance of many men whose names and work I knew well, and with some found a sympathy of mind and pursuits which made us not acquaintances merely, but friends at once.

“I was really astonished to find my own name and work so generally known, and cannot tell how to account for it. I positively felt rather like an impostor, and one thing is imperative—since I have the reputation, I must work harder than ever to make myself worthy of it in some degree. Iron does sharpen iron with a vengeance.”

A few extracts may be given, illustrating his political opinions during the years from 1876 to 1879:—

To J. E.

July 1876.

“I hope we shall not have war, I do not want England to be found fighting for the maintenance of Turkish dominion over the Slav races, and to be

accountable for the atrocities the Turks commit. I confess I have no confidence in our present government. Disraeli is a mountebank, without any principles of conduct; Lord Derby, intellectually clear and cool, but with a twist in his mental organisation; Lord Carnarvon, a weakling. There is a certain narrow force and intensity about Lord Salisbury, and luckily he does not readily fall under the influence of Disraeli.

“Fortunately Russia is crippled for want of money. The interests of Austria are antagonistic to those of Russia, and Germany, having possibly to fight either or both at some time or other, has no desire to see either gain an increase of power.

“All this gives England a grand opportunity; what I fear is, that Disraeli may not look beyond the triumph of the present. He is essentially a hand-to-mouth politician—shrewd and adroit in dealing with existing circumstances, vain and self-seeking, reckless of remote consequences. I have the most profound distrust of him; but all you soldiers are Conservatives, and, I am afraid, will have little sympathy with my political views. Still, the estimate I have given is a result of a study of the men as men, and not a piece of partisan abuse.”

8th Sept.

“I am afraid if you had been at home, we should have had some hot discussions on the Turkish question, and on the way in which our Ministry has made the nation unwilling accomplices in the atrocities committed in Bulgaria. It has moved me more than I can tell, and my contempt for Disraeli has deepened into abhorrence.

“You will, if you have read and considered dispassionately the evidence, have seen that the Bulgarian Christians were a quiet, peaceful, and industrious race, seeking education, and obtaining

it in spite of difficulties. There was, no doubt, a local attempt at insurrection, and high time too. I do not at all believe that Russia stirred it up. But it is too late to potter about for causes, it must be for ever put out of the power of Turkey to perpetrate these crimes again.

“You say that wicked things are done in Indian countries under our control, but two wrongs do not make a right, and we may, by our unfaithfulness to the trust committed to us as a nation, have deserved the Mutiny, and be preparing the way for our own expulsion.

“I suppose you are all in a ferment about Lord Lytton’s minute on the Fuller and Leeds case. I do not agree with him. It is a high-handed proceeding to include in one sweeping censure so many officials of high character and long experience. But there *is* another side to the question.

“It would not occur to me to speak of the Sepoy’s throwing away his meat, because your shadow had rested upon it, as an insult. I should tell the man I was sorry I had spoilt his food, and take pains to give it a wide berth another time. I can understand that it is very trying to have to live with and manage natives of India. The thing is to try to understand them.”

To J. E.

7th April 1879.

“National affairs do not improve. Commercially, times are as bad as ever—politically, we are still led floundering through congenial mire by our will-o’-the-wisp Minister. You will know sooner and better than we do, what is doing in Afghanistan, where I am afraid our difficulties are only beginning; and you will have read with eager interest all about the frightful disaster in South

Africa. What oppresses me more even than misfortune is the feeling that we are in the wrong—that all this bloodshed was unnecessary; it is a frightful responsibility.

“We are accomplices, too, in the oppression of the poor Egyptian fellaheen, who are dying by thousands of famine, the direct result of over taxation; and finally, we are to take part in a mixed occupation of Roumelia, to aid in keeping Christians, such as they are, under the Turkish Government, such as it is. To what base uses may we come.

“Fortunately Mr Aitchison is at Burmah, or the Viceroy would make a diversion in that direction to draw away attention from the North-West. Peace with honour. What next?”

His mother, who for some time had been in failing health, developed cancer of the breast early in 1878, and, although she came up to London, where an operation was performed by Mr Joseph, now Lord, Lister, under the advice of Sir James Paget, the disease soon recurred in a more malignant form, and she suffered intensely, the physical pain being aggravated by her inability to nurse her husband, or, for months before her death, even to be moved into his room.

Her son thus describes her death :—

To Mrs C.

LONGWOOD EDGE,
12th Oct. 1879.

“My poor mother was released from her sufferings last evening, more speedily than I had expected.

“I did not get here till after 2 P.M., by which

time she was scarcely capable of giving any manifestation of consciousness and had long been unable to speak. All they could see was that her eyes turned constantly to the door in evident expectation, and all I received of recognition was a feeble look.

“Up to this time, although they had told father she was worse, he had not realised it, and I had to tell him that she was dying. It was a great shock to him. When I had gone back to mother's bedside, he said to a cousin of ours who was sitting with him: ‘You will find a warm coat of mine in the other room; bring it here. Then tell William I want to see him.’ When I got to him he said, ‘Is mother unconscious? Will she know me? I want to kiss her once more.’ I said of course that we would take him to her; he replied, ‘That's right,’ and then said not another word while we were making preparations. I will not trust myself to say anything about the interview, and indeed I will only add that she lingered till 7 o'clock and then passed peacefully and quietly away, her mode of death realising literally the words in which she used to speak of it: ‘the weary wheels of life stand still.’

“We cannot but be glad that it is so.”

Throughout the winter it seemed as if her husband would quickly follow her. It was pitiful to see his weariness and restlessness, and his intense yearning to be gone. His one desire was to rejoin her.

The increasing tension of all the muscles was giving him great pain, and after his years of patient suffering it was hard to see him so heavily afflicted as he was now.

But as the spring came round he rallied beyond

all expectations. He became more restful and regained something of his former cheerfulness, and during the summer was as well as he had ever been during the last four years.

To J. E.

7th June 1880.

“Father is wonderfully well, notwithstanding increasing contraction and deformity of all his limbs, which has now reached a degree unexampled in my experience, and he remains a happy old man — ‘a right happy old man,’ he is fond of saying. Although extreme deafness is now added to his afflictions, he must put up with it he says. I did not think at one time that he would survive the winter.”

He lingered on till September.

CHAPTER XI

DEATH OF HIS FATHER

Death of Mr Broadbent, senior. His Funeral. Growth of Practice.
Dines with Ruskin.

To Mrs C.

12th Sept. 1880.

“My dear old father has at length attained his long-desired haven. He died yesterday.

“This death leaves a great void in our hearts, though we cannot be sorry that he is released from weariness and suffering, and for myself it is rather a feeling of great solemnity and seriousness than of grief and sadness that has come over me.

“He was a good man—the best man I have ever known, and I cannot but feel how far short of his standard I come. I do not hesitate to say that he was a great man too. There was something in his character which commanded respect, and he had an influence altogether unaccounted for by his means or position. There was an entire absence of self assertion, but his equals all gave way to him, and among his workmen his word was law. He always had his choice of the best men, and men would work for him as they would for no one else.

“He has left his mark on the world—a real, if not a conspicuous one. The moral and religious tone of the whole neighbourhood was raised by his

influence, and who can estimate the value of this throughout so long a life? Materially, too, he has been a benefactor. Driving up the village the other day, my brother pointed out house after house, good, substantial, comfortable stone houses, built for themselves and occupied by our work-people. Some, indeed, have become manufacturers and have made fortunes, but I think more of the comfort of the many.

“Intellectually he was an undeveloped poet, not that there was anything brilliant about him. It was, indeed, only in his prayers that the poetic element appeared, and that not in any excitement or vehemence, but in the quiet family prayers, which were always extemporaneous.

“Well. He is gone. Day by day since my mother’s death he has said, ‘How long is it since mother left us?’ Naturally he lost count of time, sleeping half the day and waking half the night. When my sister told him, he usually answered, ‘So long, is it? I shall soon join her.’

“Out of a full heart the mouth speaketh. I feel sure of your sympathy, and so have let my pen run on.

“He is to be buried on Wednesday. It will be a simple, old-fashioned Methodist funeral, more of triumph than of mourning on the surface; but there will be a depth and intensity of feeling in many a rugged heart, which only those who know the Yorkshire men of our district could imagine.”

To Mrs C.

17th Sept. 1880.

“I feel moved to continue my letter about my dear old father and to tell you about his funeral, which seemed to belong to another age and

generation altogether, more simple and natural than our own, and to be more like a tribe following an old patriarch to the grave than a modern burial.

“I think I told you how he had arranged every detail of his own funeral long since; he had seen the village carpenter and given him instructions about the coffin, had had our head mason up to his room and told him exactly how the vault was to be constructed, so that he and my mother should lie side by side, and how it was to be closed, and he had made my brother write down all particulars with regard to the proceedings of the day itself. Sometimes after a restless night, when asked how he had slept, he would say, ‘Well, not very well, but I have been superintending my own funeral.’ All this was before my mother’s death and in the anticipation of her surviving him; when she died he had not the heart to give a single direction or to express a wish, and when we asked if he would like so and so done, he would only say he left it all to us. So far as I know, he has never said a word about his own funeral since.

“People often give instructions about their funeral ceremonies out of vanity, but anything like vanity was absolutely foreign to my father’s character. He knew the relation in which he stood to so many neighbours, and that numbers would come to stand by his graveside, invited or not, or would learn too late with infinite regret that he was buried, and he simply thought for others at his death as during his life. He was so much accustomed also to look forward almost eagerly to death as the entrance into everlasting life, that it seemed natural to him that there should be more of triumph than of sadness when his mortal remains were committed to the dust, and this he wished to secure.

“According to his wishes, then, our near

relations and a very few intimate friends came to the house. All others assembled at the school-room connected with the chapel, where breakfast was provided for those who came from a distance before the funeral; for those living in or near the village, after it.

“At about half-past ten the coffin was brought down from the bedroom and placed in the passage unclosed, and while the minister who had charge of the service read a chapter and prayed with ourselves and the friends, the people, who had by this time come up from the school-room, filed past to have a final look at my father’s face, entering by one door and leaving by another.

“My father had chosen the chapter to be read, as he had the hymns, and even the tunes to be sung. You would never guess what the chapter was, and you could not without knowing him intimately, at all understand his choice.

“The minister seemed puzzled at first, and one could see that he thought there must have been some mistake; but, as he read on, a gleam of light seemed to fall upon his understanding, his intonation changed, and it was to him a revelation of my father’s mind. The chapter was Isaiah 54.

“The Methodist burial service is that of the Church of England without, or, as in my father’s case, with the interpolation of one or two hymns and a short address and prayer. After the psalms we had over again the first hymn, and sung as it was heartily and with feeling, with all the parts well given and especially the bass, one felt that there was not only music in the tune but poetry. Poetry in the tune itself as well as in the words, which, indeed, usually is the case in my father’s favourite tunes, only you must have a singing congregation to do them justice.

“The second hymn is one of the grandest ever

written, and to it again the tune was a worthy match. I think my dear old father would be satisfied if really there in spirit, superintending, as he said, in his playfulness, his own funeral.

“The last solemn and hopeful words were said, and we returned home, leaving the chapel-yard full of people waiting respectfully till we had gone, before they too had a last look into the grave.

“Well, I must conclude. I do not feel that the solemn impression made on my mind by my father’s death wears off, or that serious thoughts become fewer.

“He was the last of his family, and now that he has fallen, I seem to be moved forward into the front rank of combatants. It is for me now—not to take his place in the world, that can never be—not even to prove myself worthy to be his son and successor, that too is beyond me—but I must at least try to take inspiration from his example. What I feel most of all is my responsibility with regard to the children. My father and mother have earned for us the blessing promised to the children of those who have loved and served God. How can we pass it on to our children?”

To J. E.

26th December 1880.

“Dear old father, the marks of age had increased greatly in the last year of his life, and his face had lost much of its characteristic expression; but time itself could not impair the dignity of head and forehead, and to the last his heart retained its kindness; and gleams of his old shrewd penetrating humour showed his mental powers were only obscured and not really failing. You will find it more easy than I do to go back to the time before

his long illness, and picture him as he was before the infirmities of age had taken any real hold upon him.

“My frequent visits and our intense anxiety make his illness subtend a large angle in my experience, and throw back all antecedent impressions and events. Who would have thought that mother, young as she looked and active and energetic as she was, would have been the first to go? How the time comes back of the operation, and again, of her later sufferings. Poor mother! she was sorely tried.”

To A.

29th December.

“I propose, all being well, to go to Longwood on the 31st, to spend New Year’s Day and Sunday there. By father’s death the centre of gravity of the family is displaced for all of us who are no longer there, but perhaps more for me than for you and Ben, and our respective homes will become new centres.

“I shall still go from time to time, when I can, and we shall be glad to send the children when they can do with them. I should like the house to be kept up as a family property, Sarah and Leila living there as long as they choose.”

To J. E.

13th January 1881.

“Each day brings some imperative task to clear off which carries me late into the night. I went to Longwood on New Year’s Eve, spent New Year’s Day and Sunday there, enjoying it extremely. We are all of one mind, I think, about the old house.

“Another event was Sancho’s death (a big black retriever) on the last day of the old year. He had developed wonderful intelligence; had got over his youthful combative follies, or rather, I think, had established his superiority over all the dogs in the neighbourhood, so that, like the Spanish marshal on his deathbed, who, when asked if he forgave all his enemies, answered, ‘I have none, I have shot them all,’ old Sancho might have said he had beaten all his. His heart only got bigger and kinder and more tender as he got older.

“I am still getting on. My receipts in 1880 just reached £3400. Unfortunately I cannot save as much as I should like or as much as I ought to do out of so good an income, and I hesitate to add to my insurance in case I should break down in health and be unable to pay the premiums. I do not think I shall make as much in the coming year as last year. I had two exceptionally good cases, but a good feature in my practice is, that my morning work at home is growing.”

Two letters to his sister give his impressions of a meeting with Mr Ruskin :—

To S.

Dec. 1880.

“Last evening I at last met Ruskin at dinner at Mr Searle’s. There was another gentleman staying in the house, and Madame Searle’s sister; but I was the only invited guest, except, of course, Mr and Mrs Severn, so that the party was quite a small one, and no one was out of reach of conversation.

“Ruskin was quite at home, perfectly natural and happy, so that I really saw the man himself. I was much more charmed and struck with him

than I expected, not that the talk was unusually brilliant, although all through the evening it was animated and general and interesting, but because he is evidently so simple-minded and good, and so entirely free from vanity or desire to shine. His laugh is remarkably sweet and genuine; I could not give you an idea of the subjects talked about.

"We passed from one to another; his recent visit to France, Amiens Cathedral, the expulsion of the monastic orders, Coniston, Yorkshire, etc. A little personal matter which interested me was that he said he should enjoy railway travelling, the rapid changes of scenes, etc., if it were not that he was so frightened. He stuck to it that he was really frightened and shrunk into himself, felt miserable and ill, could not look at anything, and the next day was quite prostrated.

"I was very much struck with the beautiful form and outlines of his brow, especially as seen from the side.

"Mr Ruskin's niece is a friend of the Searles, and she has a room at her house always ready for him. It was indeed his nursery as a child. Mrs Searle is a lively little Frenchwoman, and whenever Ruskin is at Herne Hill he is very fond of running in to see them. On Saturday week he dined with them; there was a small dinner party and he had enjoyed the evening, and was among the last to go down from the drawing-room. While he was in the hall, and Mrs Searle was assisting him to put on his coat and wrap, her sister struck up a lively bit of music on the piano, when to the astonishment of everybody, Ruskin rushed upstairs, threw his topcoat upon a chair, and invited Mrs Searle to dance a minuet. She threw herself into it with spirit. He was quite like a boy."

CHAPTER XII

PROFESSIONAL WORK

President of the Medical Society. Reminiscences of a Former Student. Vice-President of the Clinical Society. Patient at Egham. Rome and Michael Angelo. Romanism. International Medical Congress. Member of Royal Commission.

THE next ten were years of fruition, and were marked perhaps even more by the rapidly growing recognition of the value of his work, and of the strength of his personality on the part of his professional brethren than by the appreciation of the public, although his practice increased steadily, and he speaks of his income as rising to £4000 and £5000 per annum.

He was made President of the Medical Society, and was called upon to take a leading part in the International Medical Congress, which was held in London in 1881, and in the same year he was appointed a member of the Royal Commission on Fever Hospitals, while his letters to his eldest daughter, who was in Rome, show what was the pressure of his professional work.

The consciousness of success gave a new impetus to his life, and he responded to every fresh

call on his time and energy in a way which would have been impossible, had he not been endowed by nature with an exceptionally vigorous constitution, and braced by the discipline of his early life to the habit of strenuous and unremitting exertion. It would seem impossible that he should have had any time for writing or study, but no year passed without the publication of papers on various subjects, and in 1884 he gave the Harveian Lectures on "Prognosis in Heart Disease," and in 1887 the Croonian Lectures on "The Pulse," which, later on, formed the basis of a book which he published in 1890.

He was never able to dictate with any degree of success, and his manuscript was often revised and rearranged to an extent which sometimes rendered it almost illegible, due, perhaps, to the fact that for many years country journeys furnished almost the only opportunities of recording his thoughts and experience on paper, and much of his writing was done in the train.

He had resigned his post at the Fever Hospital, but he was still on the staff of St Mary's Hospital, and it is characteristic of him that he did not confine himself only to the professional side of his work, but, being appealed to by some of the resident medical officers to uphold their cause against the matron and medical superintendent, whom he characterises as tyrannical, he did not hesitate to "fight their battles," although, as he says, "it is hateful work, and the attendance at the Board

meetings will probably cost me some hundreds a year."

The struggle which lasted for nearly eighteen months ended in the resignation of the matron, of which he writes :—" This has been a great deal my doing, and through it I have incurred much odium, and some loss, and have risked much, but it became my duty to stand between her and those whom she would have injured. I ought really to have interposed sooner, but I might not have had the same success."

One of his former students writes of his " quickness of perception, the alertness to catch and fix the fleeting impression, the undercurrent of serious earnestness, yet withal the sunny cheeriness," and says :—

" Medical students as a body are not overburdened with a sense of respectful deference to their seniors, and adverse criticism was wont to come trippingly on the tongue to the tribe of us ; but such criticism never once found its expression in my hearing with regard to Dr Broadbent. His carefulness as a diagnostician, his consideration equally for the requirements of the student and the well-being of the patient, the pains he would take to see that the point under consideration was fully comprehended, his willingness at all times to place himself at the disposition of his students, so far as the multifarious calls upon him made by his busy life permitted, the personal courtesies and hospitality he extended to them, and above all the high-mindedness and noble purpose of his character, all tended to endear him to those brought into contact with him in their student days.

“Nor did the friendly interest excited during a student career lapse with its termination. Those who kept in touch with him could always be sure of kindly and wise counsel for the asking, whether the matter were one as to a career, a perplexing case, or personal or domestic illness. In the first two of these contingencies I have myself repeatedly experienced his unfailing kindness; in the last, I have known of instances where all the engagements of a busy life have been put aside to make time to give freely his aid in consultation at the bedside of some former pupil, not only in or near London, but at distances involving a railway journey of many hours each way.

“Two cases of his professional advice by letter to me, when in the early eighties I was a general practitioner in country practice, stand out clearly in my memory. In the first, a country gentleman under my care had what appeared to be a most obstinate and serious attack of typical tertian ague. Quinine and arsenic, as well as everything else I could think of, proved unavailing. A letter to Dr Broadbent brought back the valuable suggestion that, though I had described nothing specifically pointing in that direction, symptoms closely resembling malarial disease, even in periodicity, were not infrequently caused by gall-stone. The result justified the suggested diagnosis.

“On another occasion I drove on my rounds through a certain village, and spoke to a peasant's healthy little child, some nine years of age, playing joyously and vigorously on a bright summer day. This was between 10 and 11 A.M. When I returned from my round between 2 and 3 P.M. I found the father in my surgery waiting anxiously to take me back to see this little child, who was then at death's door. Death ensued within an hour after my arrival, with nothing that I could discover pointing

to the source of the mischief. I wrote a description of the case and of my perplexity to Dr Broadbent, who replied by return, suggesting that I should make rigid inquiry as to the existence in the neighbourhood of scarlet fever, which in a malignant form at times made a sudden onslaught such as I had described, causing death before any distinguishing mark of any kind had time to manifest itself.

"Inquiry elicited the fact that the child had recently played with another one who had been sick with 'a bad sore throat,' and the diagnosis was promptly confirmed by the outbreak of scarlet fever among other inmates of the dead child's household."

Letters to his Daughter

30th Jany. 1881.

"We are very sorry to hear of the unfavourable weather. The Riviera appeared to me to present a combination of lovely scenery scarcely to be equalled, and it is with something like pain that I find you flying from it. To have felt one's entire being penetrated and saturated by the unimaginable blue of the Mediterranean; to have seen from those hills, clothed with fragrant herbs and shrubs behind Cannes, the curves of the coast and the snow-covered Maritime Alps is to me a joy for ever, and I hoped you would have had like enjoyment."

10th Feb. 1881.

"The present year promises, if I live and all is well, to be a very busy and exciting one for me. I have just returned from a dinner given by the President of the Medical Society whom I am to succeed, and very soon I shall have to attend the dinner of the Society, and I suppose make a speech as President-elect. A satisfaction in connection

with this office is that Edmund Owen is to be one of the secretaries.

"I am also a Vice-President of the Clinical Society, which will compel some degree of regularity in my attendance there, in addition to the weekly meetings of the Medical Society. Finally, I have to take the chair at the St Mary's dinner in October, so that with the fuss of the Medical Congress I shall have a time of it altogether."

13th Feb. 1881.

"I do not like to let Sunday evening pass without writing at any rate a few lines, though I am rather tired from an unusually hard day's work yesterday.

"I had arranged to go to Crawley, but in the morning I received a summons to Turvey, near Bedford, and I had scarcely sent word to say by what train I would go when I had another telegram from Egham. To the latter I could only reply that if it would do, I would go down after my return from Bedfordshire, which would be at 9.35 P.M., and when I got back from this visit, which was at 9.55, I found Mother at the station to send me off from Waterloo at 10.10. Old Kildare, however, could not do it in the time, and I missed the train by about half a minute. I had then to wait till 12 and to go to Staines instead of Egham, which involved a long drive at the other end. Of course I came home and had a cup of tea in the meantime. I got to the patient's house before 2 o'clock, but it was nearer 4 than 3 before I went to bed, and I was called between 7 and 8. I did not at all dislike it, but naturally I am tired this evening, especially as I had several patients to see in the afternoon instead of having a nap. The weather was fine, though cold, and the country pretty in both journeys, and the night drive

was made pleasant by a beautiful moon almost at the full."

Thursday, 3rd March 1881.

"It took me all last week nearly to write to you, and this week my habit of at any rate beginning a letter on Sunday evening was dislocated by a call to Sutton to see a doctor who was very ill. I had to go again on Tuesday, which was another evening lost. Ann" (an old servant who had married and gone to live at Peckham) "died in spite of all we could do for her. I wish she had been nearer, so that I might have watched the illness more closely and dealt with the changing phases more promptly. Mother was with her a great part of the day on which she died; her gratitude and her simple piety and trustfulness and her love for little Jimmy were very touching."

13th March 1881.

"It seems to make you even farther away than you are, when I cannot write to you, and all last week I was occupied from morning to night. On Sunday evening I was sent for by the most long-winded of the many tedious doctors who call me to their cases, and before he could tell me about the patient, he entertained me with a long account of a carriage accident he had had the day before. On Monday I had to go to Sutton and then to spend the remainder of the evening at the Medical Society, as I was elected President that night. On Tuesday I was under obligation to attend the dinner of the Society in the capacity of President-elect, and I arrived at said dinner at 8 o'clock instead of 7, finding myself between the President, whose conversational power, such as it is, was in abeyance, as his brain was charged with the speeches he had to deliver, and the President of the College of Physicians, about whose social

qualifications it would not be respectful to speak the truth. On Thursday I had to go to Hayes, on Friday to Sydenham after the regular day's work, while I ought to have had every moment of my time for the preparation of my address on taking the chair as President to-morrow evening.

"Occupied as I have been, I do not realise in imagination so distinctly your little group, or follow your proceedings, and this is quite painful. I wish I had a better idea of what your rooms are like. If you could send a photograph of the hotel or of the street, it would form a background for the pictures I try to form of you all, which would be really a comfort.

"I never realised before what a wonderful place Rome is. That Last Judgment of Michael Angelo is one of the pictures I should most like to see; I think the power displayed in it would compensate for anything uncongenial in the subject. Michael Angelo is one of the men I admire most. His versatility is astounding when one considers how great he was in everything to which he turned his hand—painter, sculptor, architect, engineer, soldier, poet. He would have left a name in any one of these departments, and his letters display an almost child-like nature.

"To hear of the Laocoon, the Apollo, the Dying Gladiator, and of so many paintings familiar by name and by engravings from you, and to think how much I should enjoy seeing them with you, and how even more, I should enjoy the visits to the ruins, makes me long to join you."

17th April, 1881 (Easter Sunday).

"I am very glad you saw the Pope, after all. I consider him as interesting as the other ruins by which he is surrounded. He is a great potentate—greater than our Protestant minds easily com-

prehend—and probably his sway is greater now that he has lost the temporal power and can say with more truth, ‘My kingdom is not of this world.’ It is not very long since the Pope exercised command over kings and emperors, but it is a mightier thing to rule the minds of men, and that he still does. Romanism has exhibited extraordinary vitality, some would say in virtue of its wonderful organisation, others because of the kernel of truth which it holds wrapped in so many errors.

“I should be disposed to hope that it is preserved for some great end, like unworthy Israel, and that it may be purified and not destroyed.

“Romanism may seem to make progress in England and America, but the world is more and more slipping away from the grasp of the Papacy. There must, however, be something very human, if not very good—and that is not quite the same thing—in the Roman system for it to have held the sway it did for so many centuries, and to retain the hold it still does on so many millions of minds.”

24th April 1881.

“Lord Beaconsfield is dead after all. His has been a marvellous career. Perhaps I judged him too harshly, but I fear his influence on political morality and on the national welfare has been disastrous.”

The chronicle of his life again goes on in letters to his brother in India :—

To J. E.

KESWICK, Aug. 1881.

“I continue to make visible progress, not merely as this is measured by money, but in the esteem of

my professional brethren. My receipts before I left town amounted to over £2500, and the last week scarcely counted as I was almost off work in consequence of the International Medical Congress. I was elected President of the Medical Society of London in March, a good deal because of the coming Congress, as it was supposed I should represent the Society favourably in the eyes of foreigners. Of course this imposed responsibility upon me, but in any case I should have exercised hospitality to the extent of my powers.

“The Congress lasted from Aug. 2nd to Aug. 9th. We had as guests Prof. Reverdin and his wife, from Geneva, and Dr and Mrs Dukes of Rugby. Besides these in the house we had about a dozen to lunch, and as many, or more, to dinner every day except when I had to dine out, *ex officio*. Every lunch and every dinner was a genuine success both as regards company and dishes. I invited none but foreigners, except on one evening when Prof. Charcot dined with us, and then I thought it would give pleasure to Englishmen to meet him, while it would also be more of a compliment to him. I never had such a busy week in my life. Except on the first evening I had the luncheon and dinner party to make up day by day, by inviting old friends, and new acquaintances, and, as I also laid myself out to be useful to French-speaking foreigners, I soon became for them a sort of *Deus ex machina* to whom they applied for information. The afternoon was divided between the private picture galleries and the general addresses or sectional meetings. Buckingham Palace, Apsley House, Sir R. Wallace's, Lord Dudley's, Earl Fitzwilliam's, the Dukes of Sutherland's and Westminster's, and Mr Holford's houses were all open to members of the Congress.

“On the Wednesday there was a conversation at the S. Kensington Museum, on Friday at the Guildhall, on Monday the 7th at the College of Surgeons. On the Thursday the Lord Mayor gave a banquet. On the Wednesday I dined with Sir Wm. Gull. He had the Crown Prince of Prussia on one hand and the Prince of Wales on the other: a rare honour for any man. On the last Friday there was an ‘informal dinner’ at the Crystal Palace. I secured a table for 20 in the best part of the room. About 1200 sat down. We had a rare good time: you can imagine the bustle and excitement, and then one table fraternised with another, and all sorts of incidents were taking place. The thing wound up with fireworks.

SEYMOUR STREET,
16th Sept.

“I must not quite finish without telling you something of my principal part in the Congress doings. The Medical Society had selected a number of distinguished foreign physicians and surgeons who were to be made Honorary Fellows, and we had a good deal of discussion as to the best way of giving a little *éclat* to the ceremony. Ultimately I offered to give a luncheon on the occasion. I invited the new Honorary Fellows, Charcot and Verneuil (French), Volkman and Halla, (German), Billings and Bigelow (American), such old Honorary and Corresponding Fellows as were at the Congress, some former presidents, the Council, and a few friends, and we sat down 56.

“The luncheon was a very good one: we were remarkably successful in arranging our guests. I had Virchow on one hand and Charcot on the other, and all through the eating and drinking part of the business it was evident that everybody was enjoying

himself. Then at the end I had to make a little speech about the Society, the Congress, and our new Honorary Fellows, concluding with the formal admission of each. Nothing could have gone off better. The whole meeting was roused to a pitch of enthusiasm which I have never seen equalled.

“The Congress has fairly stirred me up to new exertions. I have been astonished to see how my work has borne fruit, and what influence my ideas of the mechanism of the nervous system have had, and as these ideas have developed in my own mind into a really great and comprehensive theory of nervous action, I am constrained to do what I can to work it out. But life is short and practice now claims much of my time and strength, and self-indulgence is so seductive. I trust nevertheless that with God’s help I shall be able to contribute something to the further advancement of knowledge and to the relief of suffering.”

To J. E.

26th December 1881.

“I have not been very well for the last month or six weeks, and it seemed as if the last straw would be the Royal Commission, of which I have been appointed a member. We have been meeting twice a week on Saturdays and Mondays, from 1.30 till 4 P.M., in one of the Committee rooms of the House of Commons. It is of course a great honour, but it will bring a tremendous amount of work upon me, and will entail no inconsiderable amount of pecuniary sacrifice. The subject we have to consider is the amount of hospital accommodation for small-pox and fever in London. Everything depends on the medical element, and practically a very large proportion will devolve upon me.

“Besides two afternoons a week, perhaps three,

for probably six months, I have a great deal of work to do between meetings to be able to test and sift the evidence brought before us, and I find both the chairman, Lord Blachford, and the secretary look to me for guidance. Fortunately the mild winter has made my work easier than usual. From the way in which general practitioners have complained of having nothing to do, I wonder I have been as busy as I have. After Christmas I have only one lecture a week instead of three, which will be a great relief. I have given up half the course of medicine to Dr Cheadle. The general slackness has no doubt interfered with my receipts, but I shall just about make up £4000 for the year. I do not, however, look upon this as my natural income yet, so to speak, and do not expect to keep at that figure for a year or two. Still I may fairly look forward to £5000 a year by the time I am 50, all being well."

CHAPTER XIII

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES

Letter to his Brother. View of Politics. Domestic Affairs. Paper on "The Cause and Consequence of Undue Tension in the Arterial System." Harveian Lectures. Examiner at the College of Physicians. Mechanism of Speech and Thought. Mr Gladstone's Policy. Fiftieth Birthday.

To J. E.

Nov. 1882.

"You would be off on your travels before your letter reached me, and may now be back from Quetta. Your views of politics as they affect India are extremely interesting to me. I give you credit for independent judgment on matters which come under your own observation, and though I should not look upon official or general local opinion as infallible, I attach much importance to it, and am glad to have the reflex of a mind I know, under circumstances of which I know something, to correct impressions derived from newspapers.

"In general politics there are certain aims which I set before myself as desirable, and I follow men as I see them striving for them. These are the material well-being and moral and intellectual elevation of the lower classes (the better classes can take care of themselves). In foreign politics the main object to be held in view is deliverance from oppression, and in dealing

with other nations, I should not always be considering "British interests." It is an essentially shortsighted and mischievous policy to make our own interests the first object and sole guide. The only safe rule is to do what is morally right. I am a strong party man, but my admiration of Gladstone, and my contempt and detestation of Lord Beaconsfield, have been far more the cause than the consequence of my political opinions, and at this moment I should have far more confidence in a Conservative Government, under the guidance of Sir Stafford Northcote, without the malign Salisbury element, than in a Liberal Government with Mr Chamberlain as its leading spirit, although there are many objects in which I sympathise with Mr C.

"I have seen something of Mr Chamberlain, and I know Sir Stafford well, and I have been glad to find the opinions I had formed of them from their speeches and acts confirmed by the impressions derived from personal intercourse. I called at Pynes, Sir Stafford's place near Exeter, on my return from my holiday in Devonshire, and had a delightful half day with him and Lady Northcote.

"It is time to turn to domestic affairs, and happily here there is no striking incident to relate. We pursue the even tenor of our way, and there is so much happiness in seeing the progress and good conduct of the boys at school, in watching their bodily growth, and their intellectual and moral development, in studying May's clear mind, and sedate, self-contained character, and in ministering to and sharing the wonderfully joyous existence of the two children, that one would wish to arrest the steps of time, and stop just here indefinitely. It would seem as if the future could have nothing better to give, and as if any change must be for the worse.

“I cannot help recognising, in fact, that personally I have reached the central tableland and watershed of existence in this world, and am indeed near its farther edge, though I do not yet feel the detachment from its affairs which no doubt I ought to have felt long since. I am thankful to say that I am still prospering, and that, with God’s blessing, to which I owe everything, the future, as regards my prospects, is full of promise. I am still in the militant stage, and cannot afford to put off my harness, but if I live and am well, it seems clearer every year that when time removes the group of men who now stand at the head of the profession, I shall be among those who take their places, and not far from the top.

“We spent our holiday in Devonshire. We were fortunate in obtaining a cottage at Lee, about three miles from Ilfracombe, a very pretty place, out of the way of the mass of holiday makers. I think the younger children were never so happy in their lives. There was the endless interest of the sea, and of the creatures to be found in the pools: we could bathe *en famille*, without the nuisance of machines, and there were delightful walks. An immense addition to the enjoyment of the children was a donkey which they rode and drove at will, and they were also intensely interested in the fact that the cottage had been a smuggler’s house, and has caves under the garden.

“We had a dog, a beautiful St Bernard pup; he was great fun at times, but especially in the water, as he insisted on saving us.”

To J. E.

1st January 1884.

“If I had not made up my mind to write to you at this season, whatever else I might or might not

do, I should find ample reason for putting it off once more in my sense of fatigue and in the arrears by which I am surrounded.

"I cannot go farther back than the summer, when I was asked to give an address and open a discussion at the Liverpool Meeting of the British Medical Association, at the end of July. I accepted, I may say, almost jumped at, the invitation, as it is only by committing myself to some definite engagement that I can compel myself to sit down after a long day's work and undertake the serious labour of writing what shall not be unworthy of my reputation. Men read what I write, and attach importance to it, and this throws great responsibility upon me.

"I took for my subject 'The Cause and Consequences of undue Tension in the Arterial System,' a subject of immense importance in which I have led the profession. I had a packed audience, and have had ample evidence since of the impression my address made. It has already saved many lives.

"The Harveian Lectures of the Harveian Society had also been offered me, and those I took for the same reason: there were three lectures to be given in November; the subject for these was 'Prognosis in Heart Disease,' and I had planned to block them out roughly but fully during the comparative leisure of September, when, also, I had intended writing to you.

"I then hoped to put them into such shape that they might be published as soon as they were delivered.

"I got home on Tuesday, Sept. 4th, and on Wednesday I had to start for Switzerland to see Canon C., who had been taken very ill at Mürren. This turned out to be pleasant and profitable, but it knocked all my projects on the head. Work came

in with bewildering rapidity. I was appointed Examiner at the College of Physicians, work which I hate and abhor, but which I did not think it right to refuse. I was asked to preside at the annual dinner of the Victoria University, Owens College, and Royal School of Medicine.

“The lectures grew in my hands as the subject developed itself, and I really hardly know how I got them ready for delivery. I have still three months’ hard work before they will be in shape for the press, and when they are finished, I have, during the year, to write a book on the Pulse.

“In the midst of all this, I got two post-mortem examinations for which I have been looking for years, which make it incumbent on me to write papers for the Medico-Chirurgical Society. The last of these was just the one which was lacking to complete the evidence on my theory of ‘The Mechanism of Speech and Thought.’ The patient had, for five years, been able to say anything but nouns. The mischief in the brain was exactly where I expected to find it. I have published my specifications and the cases on which they are based, in fragments.

“As soon as I have got the Pulse off my hands I hope to bring out a complete account of the subject, that is, if life and health are spared me.”

29th April.

“I am thankful to say that my progress still continues. I took over £5000 last year, but what is more satisfactory is that my position in the profession is increasingly recognised. This time last year I was asked to become an Examiner in Medicine at the London University. I had not sent in my name as a candidate, feeling that I had not the time, and, as the Senate had expected me to do so, the unusual step was taken of inviting me

to accept the post, which, as it brings £150 a year, is much sought for.

“More recently I have been made Member of Council of the College of Physicians. The most astonishing thing to me is the amount of power and influence which I possess, having never sought either the one or the other.

“Politically, things look more serious every day. The issue of peace or war trembles in the balance with all the tremendous and far-reaching consequences. With regard to Gladstone, we must be content to think differently. As I have said before, in national and international affairs effects are so utterly unforeseeable, that the only safe rule of action is to endeavour to do what is right.

“It is because I recognise this motive in all Mr Gladstone’s policy that I follow him. The malignant falsehoods circulated about him in the corrupt society of London, and the shallow criticisms of newspaper writers, make no impression on me. I do not pretend to vindicate all he has done, but I do perceive in all a single-minded desire to do what is right.”

To S.

25th January 1885.

“I always look for a birthday letter from you, and value it when it comes. The last has been of special interest, for on reaching fifty there is no concealing from myself that I am far advanced on the tableland of middle life, if not on the downward slope of declining powers. I do not feel as if I were fifty, my interest in my pursuits is active, my feelings are fresh, and my spirits buoyant. But this, no doubt, is the universal experience, and I do not try to disguise from myself the truth.

“It has been a solemn season. My life has

been one unbroken series of mercies and providences. My early trials and difficulties were not the least among them; but for them my character would never have been braced up to the degree of firmness which has been so important an element in my success. I look back on my life humbly and thankfully, almost indeed with trembling when I remember how often my foot had well-nigh slipped.

“At fifty it is no longer the time for making vows and promises: all I dare do is to acknowledge and deplore my shortcomings, and place myself in God's keeping, to do with me as he sees fit. If I were disposed for self-congratulation (which I am not, for I hold good fortune with a trembling hand, and fear lest I have already had more than my share), if I were disposed to dwell on my prospects, there is much promise in them. My reputation grows and my practice increases.

“I am nominated for the Council of the Medico-Chirurgical Society, and for the Council of the College of Physicians, positions of honour and influence quite unsought and unexpected. I cannot say they give me any particular pleasure. Such personal ambition as survives is only for such distinctions as will reflect honour on those I love and give them pleasure, though I do wish to make my mark on medical science, and to contribute to the relief of human suffering through many generations.

“My great care is to secure the comfort and happiness of the children, but while working for them I am fully aware that their real welfare does not depend on me. The boys could not have a happier lot than to rise through struggles and difficulties as I have done.”

CHAPTER XIV

IN THE WARDS OF ST MARY'S HOSPITAL

Illness. At Aix. At Dalmeny Park. Mr and Mrs Gladstone.
Work at St Mary's Hospital.

To J. E.

HALTON, 20th May 1888.

“You will know long before now that I have been experiencing my first illness. It has come as a warning amid my work and success, and I trust I shall profit by it spiritually and in other ways.

“I have always had in my mind the possibility of being laid aside by sickness, and although I may have presumed on my strength and have been imprudent, I have not been reckless; and it has mostly been in work which I have looked upon as a duty or perhaps under the influence of ambition, of which I am little conscious, but which no doubt drives me more or less, that I have overtaxed my powers.

“To go back to the very beginning of my sciatica, I have no doubt it was the writing I did during the last vacation, when I often felt chilled and had rheumatic pains; but then I really ought to get out the two little books which will embody my chief contributions to medical science. I know they will do good, and, although my ideas have largely permeated the profession, and are being

introduced and acted upon in all parts of the world, the publication of these books would give a great impetus to them and would secure for me what I do not always get—the credit for my work.

“Well, the next stage in my overthrow was the illness of Mrs S., which, on the top of my winter work, took me time after time to Herne Hill after dinner, or from Vauxhall Station without dinner, during the cold snowy weather of March. I had some very sharp bouts of sciatic pain, but I went on with the hope that when Easter came, the few days holiday which we always try to take at this season would set me right.

“I seriously thought of going to Bath for treatment, but I could not bear the idea, so we went to Tunbridge Wells, where the attempt to walk, and, failing that, to drive off the sciatica precipitated an attack of inflammation of the nerve. I was ten days or more in bed, after which, I gradually began to work, but I am still very lame. A great hindrance to my recovery is that I cannot do any work at all without having to do too much.

“It may give you some idea of the pressure which comes upon me at times, when I tell you that yesterday I was simultaneously wanted at Hereford, Burton-on-Trent, and Ascot, and had I been in health I should have managed to see all these patients. I should probably have tried as I am, but I had promised Mr Rothschild to accompany him into the country for Whitsuntide, and it is at his place that I am now writing in bed at 5 A.M. on a most lovely morning, as I am unable to sleep. Mr Rothschild has been most wonderfully kind all through my attack.

“The boys carried me upstairs while they were at home for the Easter vacation, and at first I could only see patients, out of the house, where I could be carried upstairs, or on the ground floor.

"Last Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday I had the kind of rest which is afforded by change of occupation. I was examining for the final M.B. at Cambridge. I had to take Eliza with me to help in my dressing operations, and she took Gerty for company, which, with Walter, made a delightful party at lunch and dinner.

"Walter has now rooms in the main quadrangle of the College (Trinity), and I spent the greater part of the day in the window-seat looking out on the quadrangle, taking, however, my longest walk up to that time round the quadrangle, which is a quarter of a mile, and going to chapel in the evening, the first service I had been able to attend since Easter Sunday."

He did not entirely recover until after a visit to Switzerland, but a letter written during his holiday in the following year shows how completely his health had been restored, and gives a description of the way in which he spent the time devoted to rest and recreation :—

To J. E.

RIFFEL ALP,
5th September 1889.

"A wet day gives me the opportunity I have been seeking for some time, of writing to you. My work gets harder year by year, and almost month by month, but I have kept very well in health since I was set up by my holiday last year, and I did not feel to be particularly in need of rest at the end of the season.

"I was, however, anxious to finish my little book on the 'Pulse,' so I struck work on the 31st July, and writing for a few days at home,

then at Plymyard, and lastly at Longwood Edge, I got through all that remained to be done, and handed the manuscript—or rather the type of May's copying—to the publisher before starting for my real holiday on 20th August.

“Our holiday has consisted of a short week in Paris, where we had the house of the Armand-Delilles. Then, on the evening of Monday, the 26th, we came by the night train to Berne, and after breakfast and a couple of hours in seeing the town, we went on to Thun, where I have long wanted to spend a day or two. After two nights, we went to Interlaken, and, lunching there, proceeded straight to the Schynige-Platte, on the hill which looks along the Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald Valleys. I walked up (6400 feet), but it was too much for me.

“After two nights and two sunrises in a rudimentary hotel there, we came down to Spiez, on the Lake of Thun, for Sunday, and then started on Monday over the Gemmi to Leukerbad. Thence, on Tuesday, we easily made St Niklaus in the Zermatt Valley, and yesterday we came on to this place.

“All the walks I have described have been done by the girls and Walter. Eliza, of course, had a horse.

“We arrived in Switzerland with the fine weather, and, till last night, when a thunderstorm broke it, nothing could have been better. Our views were perfect.

“At Paris it was cool, windy, and showery, and remarkably clear, so that from the Tour Eiffel we could see the remotest horizon. The Exhibition was tiring, but I succumbed to the attractions of the Eiffel Tower.”

To S.

HALTON, 10th Sept. 1890.

"You have no doubt heard all about our journeyings and doings in Switzerland, but it will interest you to have some account of my adventures at Aix-les-Bains, where I was made such a fuss of as never before in my life.

"On arriving at Aix at 9.30 on Tuesday morning, I was met by Dr Brachet, and taken to his house, where I was to stay. Then I was shown over the baths and round the town by a junior colleague of his. I met patients and people whom I knew at every step, and almost the first—a Mr Maguire—said to me, 'Oh, I am going to meet you at dinner this evening at Lady Somers.'

"I knew I was to dine there, but this was the first intimation that there would be anything like a dinner party, and not only had I no dress clothes, but the frock coat I had taken was old and shabby.

"After luncheon Lady Sefton took me for a long drive, with most lovely views over the lake and mountains, landing me at Lady Somers' villa about an hour before dinner, which gave time for a chat with Lady Somers, and a walk in the garden.

"I think there were eighteen people to dinner, and among them four countesses. It was a very lively party, and we got back to Aix about 11 o'clock. Next day Lady Sefton again drove me out to the Villa Greycy—Lady Somers'—to lunch, and after lunch Lady Somers took me to the Cataract-de-Greycy, and there was a big dinner in the evening at Dr Brachet's.

"On the Wednesday I again lunched at Lady Somers, and sat next Mrs Benson, the wife of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Lady Somers then took me a very long drive, and at a final dinner

at the club, besides Ladies Somers and Sefton, there were Christine Nilsson and her step-daughter. Lady Somers insisted on going to the station to see me off. Lady Somers is the 'Virginia' of Thackeray's letters, and is the most charming lady I ever met.

"I sent her to Aix three years since, because she was killing herself with work among the vicious and poor of London, and she has remained there ever since. Her villa is the most original and pretty dwelling I ever saw, and she is the Lady Bountiful of all the villages round. I never had a more interesting drive than the one I had with her on the Thursday afternoon."

In October he was summoned to Dalmeny to see Lady Rosebery, who was dangerously ill with typhoid fever, and he remained there for over a fortnight.

To M.

DALMENY PARK,
19th Oct. 1890.

"Having been called up at 6 A.M., and the morning being splendidly fine, I had a walk before breakfast, round by the castle to a point on the Forth from which the bridge is seen. It was marvellously clear and bright, and every step was a new enjoyment. Some of the rooks were having breakfast on cockles, which they brought on to the grass to open, and I found lots of newly opened shells; there were gulls also feeding, and a few curlews stalking about on the sand, making a plaintive but very musical cry, and from time to time plunging their long beaks into the wet sand."

27th Oct. 1890.

“On Sunday morning when I woke up, the ground was white with what looked like a heavy hoar frost, but was really a light snow. The distant hills, which I learn are the Ochils, were more beautiful than ever covered with snow. They are round-backed, however, and not picturesque as mountains. Arthur’s Seat, near Edinburgh, on the other hand, looked like a real mountain—all the more that its base was in mist, from which it seemed to emerge.

“No time, as undergrads. say in exams.”

DALMENY PARK,
23rd Oct. 1890.

“I met Lord R. on my return, and he asked me to wait with him for Mr and Mrs Gladstone, who were coming over, and to have tea with them and him at the castle, which, as you know, is at the water’s edge, two or three hundred yards from the house. It is built on the site, and very much on the model of the old castle, which had been allowed to fall into ruins; the main rooms are very fine. On a large stone in the outer wall is the sentence from Proverbs: ‘Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set up.’

“Mrs G. drove out from Edinburgh and arrived first, and we met her, and walked with her towards the castle. Just as we got to the gate of the grounds round the building, Mr Gladstone came up, having driven from the Forth Bridge, which he had crossed on foot, and was very full of. He was accompanied by Herbert Gladstone, Sir Jas. Carmichael, whom I knew, and a Mr Campbell, and a carriage load of reporters had followed them. The latter were following into the grounds, but were sharply ordered back by Lord R. Both Mr and

Mrs G. questioned me about Lady R. But the first business was that Mr G. should plant a tree, and then a little boy born on the day of his visit here on the occasion of the first Midlothian campaign, and named after him, was presented.

“Mr and Mrs G. then renewed their attack on me, so to speak, and we must have looked like three conspirators standing in the dusk, with our heads together, and speaking low on the damp lawn. Mrs G. was anxious, not only as to her illness, but as to what she was doing, and what consolation she was receiving in religious matters.

“We then went to the castle, at the door of which Lady Sybil and Lady Peggy received us, and conducted us to the tea, which was spread in a very small room, as no guests but Mr and Mrs G., and Lord R. and myself were expected. It was a very pretty sight—the two little girls at the end of the table, Mr G. on their right with Lord R. next him, Mrs G. on their left and I next her. I am bound to say that Mrs G. had most of the actual tea-making to do, but the little hesitations and mistakes added to the charm. Lady Sybil, in going round to hand cakes or something, whispered in my ear, ‘Is this the right side?’”

A reminiscence of his work at St Mary's Hospital, by a former House Physician, may be quoted here, as it refers to this period:—

ROUND THE WARDS

“It is a Thursday afternoon in the early nineties, shortly after 2 o'clock, and there is the usual group at the top of the stairs in the entrance hall of the hospital waiting for Dr Broadbent—for it was before he had been created a baronet. The group

consists of his House Physician and clinical clerks, an ex-house physician, some former clerks who have learned to appreciate their chief's erudition as a clinician, one or two 'qualified' men, and a French doctor, but comparatively few of the rank and file of the students, for he was in no sense a 'popular' teacher.

"It is 2.20 before the 'great man' enters in the staff attendance book his striking signature—so characteristic of his force of character—he shakes hands with his House Physician, goes straight to Victoria Ward without waiting to go to the staff room, gives his hat and coat to the Sister, and a minute later is standing by 'No. 13' bed (by the fireplace on the left-hand side of the ward); he exchanges a word or two with his House Physician, and then calls on the clerk of the case to read the notes.

"It is a case of Aortic Aneurysm—he listens intently to the notes, occasionally interrupting the clerk to clear up a doubtful point in the history, and while listening to the notes is examining first one, and then the other radial artery, with that careful and accurate touch which made possible the publication of his now classical work on 'The Pulse.' The clerk had failed to notice that there was slight prominence of the superficial veins, upon which Dr Broadbent points out the omission, and takes the opportunity of emphasising the importance of accurate inspection, and then mentions that, though the dulness and accentuated aortic second sound and systolic bruit had been duly noted, no mention had been made of a slight diastolic shock; he explains how important an evidence of aneurysm this is, at the same time indicating that the presence of a bruit is a merely accidental and inconstant sign. He gives no detailed exposition of all the possible signs

and symptoms of aneurysm in text-book style, which no doubt accounts for the remark of a third-year student that 'he is not a good teacher'; but he lucidly and impressively demonstrates the special features of the particular case, and those of his following, who had themselves penetrated beneath the surface of clinical medicine, notice that he is the first to detect a slight modification of air entry over the right front, indicative of commencing pressure on the right bronchus. Then follows a typical demonstration on the differential features of the 'aneurysm of physical signs' (1st part) and the 'aneurysm of symptoms' (2nd part).

"The next case is one of early phthisis. The clinical notes are detailed, but the clerk alludes to 'harsh breathing at the apex,' at which Dr Broadbent stops him, and asks what he means, pointing out, with a characteristic insistence on accuracy of description, that 'harsh breathing' may mean anything, from an exaggerated vesicular murmur to puerile or bronchial breathing; the diagnosis is clear, so he wastes no time over it, and passes on to consider the factors in prognosis with his usual breadth of view and clearness of insight.

"Then follows a case of bronchitis. The dyspnoea, the cough, the sputum, the inspiratory retraction of the intercostal spaces, and the presence of sibili and rhonchi are noted, but no reference is made to the impaired air entry at the base of the lungs. 'What you do not hear is often more important than what you do hear,' is his comment. He passes quickly by several beds, for his time is limited; but the remarks which pass between him and his House Physician on their occupants are to the point, and only those who have served as his House Physician can realise how searching and suggestive were those questions and quiet criticisms.

“The last patient to be seen in this ward is an abdominal case. There was much pain and abdominal distension, with occasional vomiting, and the diagnosis of ‘peritonitis’ had been made. After watching the action of the diaphragm, he gently palpates for muscular rigidity, and is surprised to find so little, but, while thus examining, slight intestinal peristalsis is detected, which paves the way for an altered diagnosis: the symptoms were referable to intestinal obstruction—not to peritonitis, as had been supposed.

“The clinique has now shifted to Albert Ward, and the centre of interest is a man suffering from right hemiplegia and aphasia. The condition of the nervous system is fully described in the notes, for the House Physician is anxious to leave as little as possible by way of hiatus for his master to fill in, and the clinical picture is complete. Broadbent does not touch upon the typical features of hemiplegia, but proceeds to examine the thoracic movements, and with evident pleasure once again confirms the clinical basis of his now celebrated hypothesis on the association of nerve nuclei in relation to bilaterally associated muscles. He then tells the patient to breathe deeply, gives a short nervous cough, by no means unfamiliar to his pupils, and proceeds to demonstrate the difference in the movement of the two sides when voluntary impulses come into play; before he leaves the bedside he shows the patient his watch, and produces from his pocket a penknife, some silver coins and a sovereign, to test the nature and degree of the speech defect.

“A typhoid patient is now approached. The case is doing well, but none the less the clerk is asked to read the last note, and a friendly thrust is his for not having included in his daily purview, besides the general condition of the patient, and the pulse, respiration, and temperature, a full description

of the abdominal signs, and details of the 24-hours diet.

“An old case of mitral stenosis is next seen, and the clerk shows Dr Broadbent some sphygmographic tracings of the radial pulse. He considers them good of their kind, but observes the defects of the instrument used in exaggerating the oscillations produced by the pulse wave, and takes the opportunity of dilating upon the advantages of the ‘educated’ finger over instrumental aids—possibly not himself realising how exquisitely his own tactile sense had been developed by years of constant training. Time does not allow of a systematic description of the symptoms and signs of the lesion, and the diagnosis is clear, so the clerk is questioned straight-away on the prognosis of the case—whether there is much or little stenosis?—how far there is efficient right heart compensation?

“The time is almost spent, but, before his chief leaves, the House Physician asks him to see a case of pneumonia which has been in some days. The patient is not ‘doing well,’ and there are symptoms of heart failure. Dr Broadbent cites this as an instance of heart failure being the special peril of pneumonia, and proceeds to estimate the relative importance of mechanical embarrassment of the right side of the heart, and of muscular weakness from the combined effects of the pyrexia and toxæmia, and in so doing to illustrate that quickness of grasp, breadth of view, soundness of clinical perspective, and practical good sense in discriminating between essentials and non-essentials, which were the basis of his great reputation as a scientific physician and practical therapist.

“The visit is at an end; with a cheery smile he leaves Cambridge Ward and hurries away—for at that time when his carriage drove off at 4 o'clock his working day was barely half over; at 12 o'clock

he might have been seen in his study still hard at work, grappling with the day's correspondence.

“One other reflection—with his unflagging keenness as a scientific observer, Sir William Broadbent combined the more humane qualities of the sympathetic physician; his quiet and somewhat grave bearing at the bedside, without a trace of affectation, inspired confidence, and one felt that his opinion was as sincere as his grasp of the case was thorough. Nor did he minimise the gravity of mortal illness; his demeanour in such a case well accorded with a life and death struggle, and his manner, and sometimes his words, showed that he recognised that more than material issues were involved.

“His work is done; he has added imperishable lustre to our Medical School, and has bequeathed to those who come after an ennobling tradition of fidelity to high clinical ideals. *Requiescat in pace!*”

“St Mary's will see him no more; but may the memory of his life-work and example long hallow the medical wards of the Hospital which he loved and served for close on fifty years.”

CHAPTER XV

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE

Illness of the Duke of York. Illness of the Duke of Clarence.
Death of the Duke. Interview with Queen Victoria. Letter
from the Prince of Wales.

DURING these years his reputation had been steadily growing, and the names of men and women famous in almost every walk of life begin to appear in his appointment books and in his letters. With many of them he was on terms of intimate friendship, and his advice and decisions may at times have influenced the destinies of the Empire. Men of every party in political life—authors, artists, soldiers, and clergy—all came to consult him, and although he held no Court appointment at the time when Prince George of Wales was attacked with typhoid fever in November 1891, he was called in in consultation, and was in daily attendance for more than a month.

On the 26th of December 1891, he writes:—

“I ought to have answered your note long since, but I have really time for nothing, and I get very much knocked up. The attendance on Prince George, besides adding to my ordinary work and

making me late every night, has robbed me of my Sundays out of town, and the time I spend at Marlborough House does not get less as he gets better.

“Perhaps the most interesting incident was a long interview with the Queen, when I saw four generations of Royalty, the Duchess of Fife’s baby being there at the same time.”

At the end of December Prince George was able to be moved to Sandringham, and on the 2nd of January 1892 Dr Broadbent, as he then was, was invited by the Prince of Wales to spend the week-end there, and much enjoyed the little visit, writing home :—

SANDRINGHAM, 3rd Jan. 1892.

“I have had a pleasant time here, and the weather to-day has been lovely. Last evening I sat at dinner between Herkomer and Sir Francis Knollys, and to-day at luncheon I was one of a party of six at a small round table, the Prince and Princess, the Duchess of Fife and Princess Victoria, and Herkomer.”

A week later he was again summoned to go down, though without any intimation of the cause, and on his arrival on Sunday morning found that the Duke of Clarence was suffering from an attack of influenza, complicated by a peculiarly dangerous form of pneumonia. On the 12th of January he wrote :—

To M.

“I shall be here for some days—unless, indeed, we have a catastrophe—and you must do your best

to satisfy people. This will, perhaps, be easier now that we are issuing bulletins, and you know that the less I hear about patients the better.

“The position here is difficult—much more difficult and anxious than at any time during Prince George’s illness. Everyone is extremely kind, which only adds to my own concern and anxiety.”

There were two days more of desperate struggle against the deadly power of the insidious disease, but on the 14th of January the end came, and England was left to lament the loss of a Prince, who even in his delirium had revealed how near to his heart was the welfare of the nation, and how earnestly he had tried to prepare himself for his future responsibilities.

Dr Broadbent remained at Sandringham until the next day, and then went to Osborne, as the Queen had expressed a wish to see him.

He writes :—

To S.

17th Jan. 1892.

“I was met by Dr Reid, and, as the Queen preferred seeing me after luncheon, I had an hour’s chat with him and perhaps quarter of an hour with the Princess Louise.

“The Queen sent for me about 3, and I had to tell her the whole story of the illness. She was sitting in an ordinary chair at a writing table, and of course I had to stand. I was there almost exactly an hour and a quarter.

“I was then told that Princess Christian

wanted to see me, and I was conducted to the Duchess of Connaught's room on the floor above. I could hardly crawl upstairs. I was kept standing another 15 or 20 minutes talking to them and Princess Beatrice. They were very pleasant and cordial, but I was glad when the interview was over.

"The Queen looked wonderfully well, and was greatly interested in my account. She is determined to go to the funeral on Wednesday."

The letters which have been quoted were written under stress of anxiety and exhaustion, and their very curtness bears witness to the depth of the feeling which could not be expressed.

Of the Princess' devotion to her son and of her unwearied and self-forgetful nursing he could never speak without emotion, and the recollection of the hours spent with her at the bedside of Prince Eddie, and of the interviews with her after his death, remained with him as a sacred memory.

The Prince of Wales wrote to him :—

OSBORNE, 7th February 1892.

"MY DEAR DR BROADBENT,—There is no one who stands higher in the medical profession in this country than you do, and I am most anxious to ask you to accept the appointment as my Physician-in-Ordinary, not only on account of the high position you hold, but as some mark of gratitude and appreciation of the services you rendered to our beloved sons during their dangerous illnesses.

“It pleased God to take away one and leave the other, but all that lay in your power, with the knowledge of science and skill which you possess, was done to save their lives.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

“ALBERT EDWARD.”

CHAPTER XVI

84 BROOK STREET

1892. Removes to No. 84 Brook Street. Baronetcy. The Duke of York's Wedding. Switzerland.

IN 1892 he at last decided to move, and, after many hesitations and delays, took possession of 84 Brook Street, a much larger house with ample accommodation on the ground floor, and a hall with an old Italian fireplace which made it unlike most London residences.

Many will remember the small uncomfortable consulting room at Seymour Street and the dining-room, which was often so crowded that patients had to be sent up to the drawing-room to wait their turn, and doctors held their consultations in the hall or on the staircase. It seems wonderful that his practice should have grown to what it was with so many drawbacks, and for years he had been urged to remove into what was considered to be a more professional neighbourhood; but he steadfastly refused to think of it till he had put by what he considered sufficient to provide for his children, and had settled on each of them a sum large enough to make them secure against actual poverty.

He returned from his summer holiday, which was spent in Switzerland as usual, to begin work in his new rooms in September.

To S.

HALTON, 11th Sept. 1892.

“You will have heard of our safe arrival at home—already the new house feels like home, and it has to me been very little of a wrench to leave the old one. We have been very happy there, and God has blessed us abundantly, but it is impossible to have as much affection for a number in a street as one has for a house in the country, and I trust that God’s blessing will go with us.

“Last week was an interesting and varied one, and indeed my life is full of interest and variety. The work is very hard, and I know no such thing as leisure, except on my holiday, and sometimes when I am here.”

To J. E.

Christmas Day, 1892.

“I generally try to write to you during my summer holiday, but this year I took some work abroad with me in the hope of finishing my book on Heart Disease, and, whenever I had time for any writing at all, I spent it on this, and on an introductory lecture that I had to deliver at Owen’s College, Manchester.

“I really did a good deal, but a task of this kind grows under one’s hand, and I returned from Switzerland apparently as far off the end as ever, since which, I have never even looked at my manuscript.

“It has been an eventful year, opening as it did

with the tragic illness and death of the Duke of Clarence. It is strange how short the years are as one gets older, and yet how distant events seem which have happened within the year.

“That time at Sandringham with all its pathetic incidents appears to belong to a quite remote period of my life.

“They have been very kind to me. You know, of course, that the Prince made me one of his Physicians-in-Ordinary, which among other things gives me the entrée at Court; and I have been able to be of great service to the hospital, the Duke of York having, at my request, become President, and the Prince of Wales having laid the foundation stone of the new wing. In connection with this, also, the Duke of York lunched with me on the 15th, which, of course, was a great honour.

“We afterwards drove—I in the carriage with His Royal Highness—to the hospital, which I showed him over. He was very much interested, and at the Victoria Ward not only went round the ward itself, but to the Sister’s room, and spent at least five minutes in it with her. She was one of his nurses. On Saturday again, when the Prince of Wales and Princess Maud went over part of the hospital after the ceremony, he took them into her little room.

“I am, of course, practically at the top of the tree in my profession for the time being. I could not conceal this from myself if I tried. But this gives me no feeling of elation; on the contrary, it impresses me seriously when I think of it at all, which is very rarely. So far as I know, I do my work exactly in the same spirit, trying always to be thorough and conscientious. My one concern is for the children, and here one can do so little. I can provide for them in some degree in a pecuniary sense, but even in this respect they will, in a way,

come down in the world at my death, and, however well off they might be, it would go but a small way towards happiness. I can only prayerfully commend them to the kind providence of God who has dealt so bountifully with me.

“Perhaps the most interesting event of the year has been our removal to Brook Street. It is really a beautiful house, a great deal too good from one point of view, *i.e.*, accustoming the children to appearances and comforts which they will scarcely be able to command later, and which therefore they may miss.

“I was compelled to move, however, by my work, and—as far as one can be justified in living in a fine house—was justified by my income and position in taking this house when it offered itself.

“I have taken a good deal over £13,000 during the year, but this cannot possibly be maintained, and while it lasts it is slavery. What I feel most is being away from Eliza and the children so frequently on Sundays, and again at Christmas.”

One letter, referring to the trial of Neil Cream, the poisoner, whose crime was brought home to him through a blackmailing letter which he had written to Dr Broadbent, may be inserted here on account of the interest which was roused in the case at the time :—

To S.

HALTON, 25th July 1892.

“I hear that people in the neighbourhood are excited about this dreadful poisoning case, in connection with which my name has again appeared in the papers, and you will no doubt be interested to hear the facts direct from me.

"I suppose I was selected as one of the victims because I was attending Prince George. This was at the end of November. I at once put the matter into the hands of the police, and a trap was laid for the writer. An advertisement was put in the *Chronicle*, as he directed, and he was told to come to the house, where we had two detectives in ambush for two or three days.

"However, he never turned up, or made any further sign, and I thought no more about it till the new case of blackmailing came out, and the man was caught, when, of course, I recognised the work of the same scoundrel. But I should not have taken the trouble to proceed against him, and should not have appeared in the case, had it not been that the girl he accused me of poisoning was not known to have been poisoned at all.

"When the police observed this, they began to make inquiries, and soon found that the certificate of death had been given by a medical man who had not seen the girl, and that the symptoms had been like those of strychnine poisoning; upon which an order to exhume the body was obtained, and it was ascertained that she had actually died from the effects of strychnine. It was, of course, at once clear that this man, who was the only person who knew that the wretched girl had been poisoned, was the man who had poisoned her. The letter to me was thus of cardinal importance; it pointed out the criminal, and, once having the right clue, other evidence has rapidly accumulated, and a perfect network of proof appears to have been thrown around him.

"When the Police Inspector explained this to me, I had no choice but to give evidence, first at the Police Court on Monday, then at the

inquest on Thursday, and I shall have to attend again, when the final trial comes on at the Old Bailey.

“It has cost me a good deal of time and caused me great inconvenience, so that the scoundrel has blackmailed me after all, though not exactly to his own advantage. He little thought that in writing to me he was putting his neck into the noose.”

A Baronetcy was conferred on Dr Broadbent in 1893, on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of York; but it seemed at one time as if his enjoyment of the honour would be short, for early in 1894 he had a very sharp attack of pneumonia and was dangerously ill. As soon as he could be moved he went with his family to Halton, the beautiful country house which Mr Alfred de Rothschild most kindly placed at his disposal, and from there his wife and daughters accompanied him to Cannes to complete his convalescence. While still away, they received a telegram calling them back to London, as the second son, who was acting as House Physician at St Mary's Hospital, had been attacked with diphtheria and was in extreme danger. Sir William's health was fortunately so far re-established as to enable him to stand the strain of the long journey and of the anxiety of the next few weeks, and a holiday in August in Switzerland completed his restoration to his normal strength and vigour.

He had for some years spent four or five weeks every summer among the Swiss mountains, usually selecting some place 5000 or 6000 feet high, among

his favourite resorts being the Eggishorn, Rieder Furka, and Bel Alp ; and this year he took not only his own children with him, but also Miss Field, to whom his eldest son was engaged, and the Rev. H. P. M. Lafone, to whom his second daughter was to be married.

A sorrow, which touched him almost as nearly as if it had affected one of his own sons, came to him during this same year, in the long illness of the only son of his dead brother, his nephew Arnold, who had been married little over a year and died in January 1895.

In his prosperity he had not forgotten his native village, and in 1892 had established at Longwood a District Nurse, the first in the whole neighbourhood, whose services were so much appreciated that when, after his death, it became necessary to make other arrangements, a meeting was held at which every shade of religious and political feeling was represented, for once combining in harmony, and the number of those who volunteered subscriptions to carry on the work exceeded nine hundred, the majority of the contributions being promised by the working men themselves.

Some years later he purchased an old quarry at the top of the Edge, which was in danger of being turned into a dust tip, and had the ground levelled and planted, making a beautiful playground for the children, and a sheltered walk which commands a fine view of the hills. This he presented to the town in commemoration of Queen Victoria's

Jubilee, and, since the rapid increase of building in the neighbourhood, it has become a valuable open space.

To S.

4th December 1892.

“I read over the regulations you have drawn up for the nurse, and I approve of them. I enclose £10, for preliminary expenses and a week or two's salary, also my £5 for the Longwood poor, which I was nearly forgetting. I shall be glad to send more if you can find employment for it in these bad times. I can very well afford it: I am making a great deal of money, and I have no use for it except to provide for the children, and to try and make the lot of those who are suffering a little easier. Of course the expense of coming to this house has been very great, and there will be expense in keeping it up, but I have paid everything out of the year's income and saved a fair amount besides.”

To S.

HALTON, 5th March 1893.

“I am glad to hear that Nurse is proving so useful and so acceptable. You must always let me know when you want money. I may not think of it in time. We must not let her usefulness be crippled for want of a little money, and Nurse must be made thoroughly comfortable.

“Three weeks since I was called to the Dean of Christchurch, Oxford, Sir James Paget's son. I went down on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—remaining over Sunday. I was of real service, first in relieving their minds, and next in directing the treatment.

“I think that of all my professional experiences, this was the most gratifying. I have always looked up to and revered Sir James Paget, and to have been privileged to render him a service, such as that of contributing to his favourite son's recovery, was an event in my life.

“I went to the Levée, as you would hear. It is a comfort to have the *entrée*. Instead of waiting an hour or two in a crowd and crush, I simply had fifteen or twenty minutes' chat with men whom it is a pleasure to meet—Sir James Paget, Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Abercorn, Mr Arnold Morley, and others.”

To S.

HALTON, 8th July 1893.

“I was sure you would be pleased to hear that the Queen had conferred a Baronetcy on me. I thought that probably the marriage of the Duke of York might be the occasion for this acknowledgment of my services during his illness, but I supposed that I should first be apprised of the intention, and as I had heard nothing of it till Wednesday, I had quite ceased to expect it. I was not at all disturbed in my mind, although I could not but see that the idea would enter the public mind that I had in some way lost the confidence of the Prince and Princess. It was sufficient for me that they were as kind and cordial as ever, and I was content to wait. The delay till the Royal Wedding was, in fact, as you will have seen, an act of thoughtful kindness.

“Dr Vivian Poore, who was medical attendant of the Duke of Albany, gave me a very positive hint, but I took no notice of it, and did not tell Eliza. Soon afterwards Dr Reid, the Queen's Resident Physician told me definitely that she had

mentioned it to him, and congratulated Eliza as Lady Broadbent. The first I heard was at the Garden Party at Marlborough House.

"We were dining that evening with Mr and Mrs Buxton, and after we had started in the carriage, we had to turn back.

"Just as we got to the house, a messenger arrived with a letter from Mr Gladstone's private secretary containing the official intimation.

"It is wonderful that from our dear modest home and simple ways I should have come to be on terms of intimacy with the Royal Family, and have placed our names on the list of hereditary titles. But 'there's dealins with us, there's dealins with us,' as Silas Marner says. It is not my merit but the Providence of God, and, as I like to think, the unexpended blessings promised to our dear father and mother which have brought me so much success and honour. God help me that I may not forfeit these blessings, but hand them down to our children.

"The Garden Party was very interesting. There must have been at least 2000 people there, so that we were very thick on the ground, and it was really quite difficult to get to see the Royal Personages. Lanes were made in the direction in which the Queen was expected to pass, but she only walked to and from a single tent not far from the gate.

"Almost the first person we met was Lord Dufferin. We very soon came across Sir James Paget and his son, the Dean of Christchurch, and Mrs Paget, who were very keen on seeing the Queen. We stood with them some time in one of the lanes of people.

"We saw, at different times, I think all the Queen's daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Fife, the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, the

Duke of Abercorn, the Marquis of Bath, and Lord Londonderry; Lady Dudley, who looks as young as the Princess; Lord Rosebery, who shook hands with me very cordially; the Russian and Austrian Ambassadors, Millais, Leighton, and a host of others.

"On the Wedding Day I had a seat in the Armoury. Also I saw the signatures of the witnesses of the marriage. After a time I went down into the hall, where the guests had begun to gather to witness the departures, and here I found myself sitting on a form next to Lord Dufferin, with whom I had a long chat. I also came across the Duke of Abercorn, who said, 'I congratulate you, Broadbent, I mean Sir William,' and I had a chat with him.

"One incident was a flutter of Royal grandchildren and great-grandchildren, all in white, going chattering upstairs with the bridesmaids, convoyed by nurses.

"As the time for the departure approached, the Prince of Wales, with the Duke of Edinburgh, Lord Lorne, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and Prince Christian formed a group at the door of a large room opening into the hall, and everybody expected the bride and the Duke of York to emerge by this door, so a lane was gradually formed: the Beef-eaters indeed took up their stations along this line.

"After a time they suddenly appeared coming down the Grand Staircase, which was at right angles. I happened to be standing exactly facing it, so that I saw them very well. She was leading, and he was laughing as if he had planned it for a joke. The carriage was, of course, waiting, and as they got into it they were pelted with rice, chiefly, I think, by Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the slipper was thrown.

“An enormous bundle of letters and telegrams were placed in the Equerries’ carriage which followed, and off they drove amid cheers.

“Another delay of some duration now followed. Nearly everybody who remained had gone outside, and here there was more conversation under the porch. Here I had quite a long talk with Mrs Gladstone—Mr Gladstone having gone to the House—and with Lord and Lady Breadalbane. Lord Breadalbane as Lord High Steward had had a great deal to do with the arrangements, and it was he who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom at the luncheon.

“The Prince also caught sight of me, and came up and congratulated me, and asked me various questions. Finally the Royal Family and guests drove off.”

To J. E.

EGGISHORN, 27th August 1893.

“We had already started for our holiday when your telegram arrived. It caught us up at Thun, where we spent three days by way of rest. Then on Monday the 14th we went to the Wengern Alp, which is now crossed by a Rigi railway—a great desecration, but I am bound to acknowledge in my advancing years, a great convenience.

“On Wednesday we descended by train to Grindelwald, and then went over the Scheideck on foot and horseback to Rosenloui. Thursday night we spent at Meiringen, Friday night at the Grimsel Hospice, and we reached the Eggishorn in time for dinner on Saturday.

“So far we have had splendid weather, and every day I have been able to take a good long walk. While here, I have twice been up the Eggishorn, which is still within my capacity,

though it takes me two hours. The weather, while very fine for us, has been rather too unsettled to allow the boys to do any very serious climbing; but on the way here John went from the Grimsel to the Oberaarjoch Hut, where he spent a short and uncomfortable night, and at 1 A.M. on Saturday started for the Finsteraarhorn, joining us here soon after we arrived. . . .

"It was strange that your first intimation of the Baronetcy was through the letters from home. Of course I am glad to have this recognition of my position in the profession, and it will be of service, inasmuch as the public run after a title. I look upon it as marking the end of the militant part of my career, and I shall have less hesitation in refusing work. My chief pleasure in the honour is the position it gives Eliza, and will, in the course of time, give John.

"Eliza had to put up with a good deal that was unpleasant and trying in the early part of our married life, and I am happy to make her some sort of return for her patience and self-denial. Then it gave intense pleasure to Arthur, and your telegram and letters testify to the satisfaction it has afforded you. Longwood takes credit to itself on the occasion.

"One point which gave me great pleasure was, that father's and mother's names will be associated with mine in the official records.

"I was glad also to bring in Longwood as part of my description. Nothing could have been more gratifying than the way in which the honour has been received by the profession. I was overwhelmed by letters of congratulation, some of them quite touching by their warmth and sincerity."

CHAPTER XVII

SOCIAL LIFE

Sandringham. R.A. Dinner. Lord Rosebery at the National Liberal Club. Queen's Birthday Dinner at the Prime Minister's. Retirement from St Mary's Hospital. Marriage of Princess Maud and Prince Charles.

HE had now reached what may be called, from one point of view, the most successful period of his career, and was reaping the reward of all the years of quiet work in public recognition of his position and in incessant demands on his time.

It is literally true to say that for many years, during the busiest months of the London season, he had every day to refuse at least twice as much work as he accepted, and his life was an unceasing rush, without even time for meals—lunch often consisting of a rice pudding eaten in the carriage, and dinner being on many evenings a chop and dry toast, which was his invariable choice when he could not return home from a long round of consultations or a country journey, at a reasonable hour.

He was of course urged to limit his work in London by raising his fees, and to a small extent he did so; but he did not wish that his attendance

should be confined to the rich only, as he felt very strongly that those who could not afford to pay large fees might often be the ones most in need of his services.

Many patients he saw without fee, as do all medical men, and many, even during the period of his hardest work, at a reduction ; but this was done only at the request of the medical man by whom the patient was introduced, and he was obliged to make a rule to refuse to consider any such suggestions unless they came from a doctor.

Kind-hearted and philanthropic ladies seem to forget that, in asking a man whose time is valuable to see their *protégées* for less than his usual fee, they are not asking him to give time and thought which would otherwise be unemployed, but are expecting him also to sacrifice work for which he would be paid ; and it was curious to note how many people, who were absolutely unknown to him, thought it a valid reason for appealing to him to give them a gratis consultation, to say that they had spent all they could afford on other doctors before coming to him.

In his eldest daughter he found a willing and efficient secretary, and it was possible for her to fill the post because he wrote all professional letters himself, and could never form the habit of dictating. When tired he was not a ready or fluent speaker, although he could write with less effort, and the only available hours for correspondence, from 10 o'clock P.M. (or later, if he was

dining out) till 12 or 1 A.M., would have made it difficult for anyone not living in the house to be of use to him.

To Miss J.

84 BROOK STREET,
15th Feb. 1893 (*Wednesday*).

“My only chance of seeing you at all is for you to come to lunch or dinner, and then I have not much time for chat. My life is one continual hurry—only this evening one of my daughters was reminding me that I had not dined at home since Thursday, and the very first chance of dining at home will be on Monday. To-morrow I go to Stevenage, on Friday to Devonshire, on Saturday to Tring. Friday or Tuesday would be the best day to come to lunch (I do not start for Devonshire till 3 P.M.), and by all means bring your friend to lunch also.”

To M.

SANDRINGHAM,
Sunday, 28th January 1894.

“The first person I met was Sir James Paget, whom I am always glad to see, and it was a great pleasure to find that he was coming. Then, when I got to the train, the equerry came up and told me that the Prince had given orders that I was to travel in his carriage together with Sir James Paget. We had therefore to wait till the Prince came, which was two or three minutes later. The other selected occupants were Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir Redvers Buller; the latter I had seen once before, and his name gradually dawned on me. Both are interesting men, and in the course of the

evening each was telling campaigning stories of the other, as both served in the Ashanti War. I sat between them at dinner. During dinner Gottlieb's band played in the next room, and after dinner in the hall. The music was excellent.

"Sir Evelyn Wood, who is very deaf, crept up as near as he could to the musicians, and in one of the pauses he said to me, 'Are you fond of music?' I answered, 'Yes.' 'Do you play anything?' I said, 'No.' 'Well,' he went on, 'I am so fond of it that, would you believe it, I began to practise scales at 24. But one day my sister came up and put her hand on my shoulder and said, "My dear boy, you had better give that up," and so I did.' He also told me that he began life as a sailor, then went to the bar, and finally entered the army. The only profession he had not tried was the Church, and his enemies say he would have tried that, only he did not know what Church to choose."

To J. E.

8th January 1895.

"I like to write to you when any event of importance happens in the family, and Arnold's death is certainly such. It is a calamity to the family and neighbourhood, second only to the death of Butterworth.

"The funeral was grand in its simplicity and in the deep emotion evinced on every side. I was not myself in the mood to be observant, but I could not help seeing the tearful faces of those who lined the path up the chapel yard.

"There was snow on the ground, and it had been snowing early in the day, but it was beautifully fine during and after the funeral. There was a purplish mist over Golcar flat, which hid the distant hills but softened the church spire and the

mill chimneys. A cloud projected over Golcar from the shoulder of Moleshead Hill, from under which the sun shone brightly, lighting up the mist and snow. The effect altogether was beautiful and poetical, and gave a tone not to be conveyed in words, to one's feelings. The lower end of the reservoir had snow-covered ice on it, the rest being unfrozen and in glittering waves.

"I have twice attended funerals in Westminster Abbey—Sir Andrew Clark's and Lord Coleridge's—but with all the accessories of venerable surroundings and splendid ceremonial and music, there was nothing that was so moving as the simple service in Longwood Chapel."

The marriage of Sir William's eldest son, John, took place in February 1895, and that of his daughter Gertrude in April of the same year.

He writes :—

To S.

11th May 1895.

"Gertie and Pownall have had a very happy honeymoon, and she returned quite radiant. Life cannot be all pitched in the same high key of happiness, and a toning down must come ; but it is always something to have had a moment of exultant joy and unalloyed pleasure, and I hope and pray that they may continue to walk in the light.

"I must tell you about the Academy dinner. It is held in the large room where all the principal pictures are. A long table runs along the side of the room, at which the Royalties, Ambassadors, Archbishops, Ministers and Ex-Ministers, and Dukes sit ; and eight or nine other tables stand perpendicularly to this for the Academicians and other guests.

"There were so many Royalties that even so distinguished a man as Lord Dufferin was placed at one of these. I was between Yeames and Marcus Stone, both very pleasant. Opposite to me was the Dean of St Paul's.

"The dinner was not particularly good, and, as was to be expected when there were so many to serve, the dishes were mostly cold, but of course the food was of secondary importance.

"Marcus Stone lived with Dickens for ten or twelve years, and told me a good deal about him. Millais was very hoarse; he has a tumour in the larynx, probably malignant, and proposed all the toasts, except one or two, without speeches.

"As the Queen's health was drunk, the gallery was suddenly lighted up, which had a striking effect. Millais' reference to Leighton was very simple and touching: besides this, Lord Rosebery's was the only really interesting speech.

"Before and after the dinner everybody stood about and chatted. The first person who spoke to me as I entered was the Duke of Teck: the Prince shook hands with me before dinner, and I had a long conversation after dinner with the Duke of York. Others with whom I chatted were the Russian and Austrian Ambassadors, Lord Rosebery, Lord Reay, Herkomer, and Sir Frank Lockwood. Lord Rosebery asked me to go to the Durdans next morning, and I had another pleasant Sunday there.

"You will have heard of Lord Rosebery breaking down in his speech at the National Liberal Club. The papers have made a great deal of it, but it was really very slight. He had had a very hard day, and had entertained twenty people at dinner. Then it was a disorderly sort of audience, and he had not prepared his speech but was thinking it out as he went along, when suddenly he lost the

thread, and had to ask someone what he had said last, after which he went on as if nothing had happened.

“I heard of it the same night at the Duchess of Devonshire’s party. There was a great crowd as usual at Devonshire House, and we saw a certain number of interesting people. The one I cared most about was Lady Dufferin, whom we came across just before we left. The Duke of Devonshire came up to her just at the same moment.

“On Friday I had to preside at the annual meeting of the Invalid Children’s Aid Association, held at Lord Brassey’s house in Park Lane—which I did not like, but May works for this Society, which is really one of the most useful I know.”

To S.

26th May 1895.

“I must give you a short account of the dinner last evening. It is not likely I shall dine again with the Prime Minister on the occasion of the Queen’s birthday: the distinction is the greatest I have ever had, and it was all the greater as Lord Rosebery had to entertain the Ambassadors, who would, under ordinary circumstances, have dined with Lord Kimberley, the Foreign Minister: this left room for fewer non-official guests.

“I arrived at Downing Street exactly at 8 o’clock, and found about ten people already there, mostly officials. The arrivals were then rapid, and there were soon collected in the room all the Ambassadors, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Tweedmouth, Lord Leigh, Lord Brassey, and others. I knew a sufficient number of them to make the time pass pleasantly till the Prince came.

"Lord Rosebery told me he had been to Newmarket and back that day, to see his horse which is to run in the Derby on Wednesday.

"The Prince, on his arrival, went round and shook hands with everybody, and, soon after, we filed in to dinner. I was between Mr Acland, the Minister of Education, and Mr Waterfield, and chatted first with one and then the other—with Mr Acland about the Opium Commission and Debate, and about appointments in his department. He said the Government would fall with dignity, but did not think it would be very soon.

"At the end of dinner, Lord Rosebery suddenly started to his feet, and said, 'The Queen,' upon which we all stood up, and the band played, 'God Save the Queen.'

"This was the only toast. Cigars were then handed round, and coffee, and after a short time we returned to the room in which we had assembled, where, again, we stood about and talked. As the Prince did not sit down, no one else could, except Count Hatzfeld, who appears to have heart disease, and Rustem Pasha, who looked as if he had got out of his coffin to come to the dinner. They asked to be excused after a short time.

"The Duke of York had come in, and I shook hands with him. Of course, in the presence of Ambassadors and Ministers, I kept in the background; but the Prince wanted to speak to me, so he sent Lord Rosebery, who, by way of pretext, said he wished to show me the portrait of a former Prime Minister, who had died of influenza, which was near the Prince.

"Finally, about 11.30, he left, and so did every one else. There was a reception at Lord Tweedmouth's, to which he and most of the guests were going, and it was evident that he had preferred to remain smoking his cigar in peace and quietness.

“As Lord Tweedmouth’s house is in Park Lane, I thought I might as well finish off there.”

In 1896 Sir William Broadbent’s time as physician to St Mary’s Hospital came to an end, although, by the unanimous wish of his colleagues, it had been extended for five years beyond the period which was supposed to be the limit of any appointment to the staff.

On his retirement he was presented with some beautiful silver, and on the evening of the day on which the meeting for the presentation had been held, he invited as many as possible of his old house physicians and residents to dinner. Thirty-eight of them managed to be present, their ages ranging from twenty-five to fifty, and, as many of them were country practitioners who had not met for years, the opportunity of comparing notes and seeing old friends was thoroughly enjoyed.

He had been Censor of the College of Physicians in 1889, and had served his year of office as Senior Censor in 1895, and at the election for President in 1896, he was second on the list, although at that time he did not desire the post, which would have meant a heavy pecuniary sacrifice, and a large amount of work of a kind which was irksome and uncongenial.

In the next year, 1897, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, an honour which he valued much, and owed to his early scientific work; and in 1898 the honorary degree of LL.D. was

conferred on him by the University of Edinburgh, and he was also appointed Physician Extraordinary to Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

In the following year he was made an Hon. LL.D. of St Andrews.

To S.

84 BROOK STREET,
22nd July 1896.

“On Monday I had a special invitation from the Princess to go and see the presents. She and Princess Maud took me round, and I was introduced to Prince Charles. For the wedding, I had a seat in the chapel, and an invitation to the luncheon.

“The altar rails did not extend across the chapel, but left a space for seats on each side. Chairs were placed ready for the Queen and Princess of Wales opposite the left of the altar rails, and for other members of the Royal Family and suite forming the Queen’s procession.

“It was a long time to wait, from 11.20 to 12.30, but I was between Sir Francis de Winton and Canon Dalton, and just behind Lady Knollys, all of whom I knew, and others whom I knew were within conversational reach, so that it was not very tedious.

“The first to appear were, of course, the clergy; the Archbishop and the two bishops went to the left of the altar, the other three clergymen to the right. Within a few minutes of the half-hour the Queen came in, everyone, of course, standing up. She walked better than I expected, supported (I think) by the Duke of Connaught, who let her down gently into her chair.

“The music, with which her entrance was accompanied, had quite finished, and there was a

rather long and awkward pause before the procession of the Princess of Wales made its appearance. The Court officials around me were looking at each other, and shaking their heads.

"However, the Princess soon arrived, and after bowing to the Queen, she took her seat to her left and slightly behind her. The Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and the Duke of Cambridge, as they passed the Queen, all bowed profoundly, and I noticed that the Duchess of Teck also bowed to the Archbishop.

"Then came the bridegroom's procession, making, of course, their bows, and taking their places opposite the Queen, Prince Charles close to the altar rail.

"Finally, Princess Maud was led in by the Prince of Wales, who stood behind her; Princess Victoria and the other bridesmaids followed and stood close up. The Archbishop performed the entire ceremony.

"The ceremony began at 12.55, and ended at 1.25. Princess Maud was kissed on both cheeks by the Prince and Princess and the Queen. The Princess also kissed Prince Charles, and then when he stooped to kiss the Queen's hand, she drew him to her and kissed him. It was all very natural and touching.

"They then left—the bride and bridegroom leading, the Queen going last. The Queen herself, before she left, made a graceful bow to the Archbishop and bishops.

"On leaving the chapel, we went down a flight of steps to a long gallery, on each side of which, separated by crimson cords, were people who had been admitted to the palace to see the processions. We were kept here for some time, while the signatures were being attached to the register of marriage, but it passed very pleasantly. Sir Walter

Parratt joined me, and I had chats with Mr and Mrs Chamberlain, the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Rosebery, Lord James, Canon Harvey, and various other people.

"At the Duke of York's wedding, we had to take luncheon standing, but on this occasion it was served on a number of round tables, seating ten or twelve people. You sat down anywhere. At my table were four Danish officers, old Admiral Keppel, two or three whom I did not know, and, seeing Sir Walter Parratt wandering round, I called to him to take a chair next to me.

"It was a good luncheon, and I was hungry, and the chat was pleasant. At neighbouring tables were seated the Archbishop, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Rosebery. A band was playing in a gallery at one end of the room.

"At the finish the health of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the King and Queen of Denmark, and the bride and bridegroom was drunk.

"Then came another long wait in, I think, the banqueting-hall, but this was even less tedious than the one before luncheon. I had quite a long talk with Mrs Chamberlain, and was with them when Sir W. Harcourt, who is an enormous man, bore down on Mr Chamberlain, who is rather slight and not very tall, and began to chaff him at the defeat of the Government, which had taken place during the wedding, telling him that he was neglecting his duties, etc., etc.

"I had seen a messenger with a despatch box hurrying about in search of someone.

"Finally, we had to run the gauntlet of all the Royalties (not the Queen), who stood in a long row, headed by the Princess and the Bride, and it was pleasant to see and feel that it was not a mere formal shake of the hand that was given by more

than one of them. The clasp of the Princess and her look were very cordial, and there was eagerness and sincerity in Princess Maud's thanks for my good wishes, while Prince Charles gave me a regular sailor's grip."

Sir William never underestimated the value of holidays, and it was probably partly due to the fact that he was able so completely to leave his work behind, and to enjoy the relaxation which comes from entire change of thought and scene, that he was so little affected by the incessant strain of his life in town, and so quickly recovered from it.

He did not take to any form of sport, and was perfectly satisfied to spend his time in long walks, finding sufficient satisfaction in the companionship of Nature in her various moods, or in the society of some member of his family, or a congenial friend, choosing always the mountains if possible, and for many years avoiding towns or the seaside, which seemed to have no attractions for him.

In the autumn of 1896 he went over to Dublin for the marriage of his second son, Walter, with Edith, only daughter of the Right Hon. John Monroe, formerly Judge of the High Court of Justice in Ireland, and stayed at the Judge's country house, overlooking Dalkey Bay.

Although Sir William Broadbent had many warm Irish friends, this was the first non-professional visit which he had paid to the country; and it was so much enjoyed that it was repeated two

years later, when he, with his wife and daughter, also went to Clandeboye, as the guests of Lord and Lady Dufferin, on which occasion he gave an address on Tuberculosis at Belfast.

Twice again he crossed to Ireland, but each time with a sorrowful heart. In September 1899, Judge Monroe, who had been ill for some time, suddenly became worse, and passed away before Sir William could be with him, while his widow, who never recovered from the shock, died a few days later.

It was in January 1902 that he paid his last visit to Lord Dufferin, for whom he always had the greatest admiration and affection, and he valued almost more than anything which he possessed "The Book of Helen's Tower," with its inscription in Lord Dufferin's own hand, dated 3rd February 1902 (perhaps the very last words which he wrote), which was sent to him after he returned to London.

In 1897 he spent a summer in England, taking a house in Hertfordshire in order to be within easy reach of Lady Salisbury, whom he was seeing frequently in consultation, and in the following spring he accompanied Lord Salisbury to the Riviera, and paid his first visit to Italy, spending a short time at Rome, Florence, and Naples, where, with his wife and two daughters, he enjoyed the hospitality of the late Mr George Rendel at his beautiful villa at Posilippo.

To J. E.

21st May 1898.

“Everything in Italy surpassed my expectations, and my juvenile faculty of wonder and admiration, which had been dormant for years, was quite re-awakened. Our stay at Rome was made extremely interesting by Dr Charles, who has been in practice in Rome for twelve years. He is a most enthusiastic antiquarian, and seems to know every stone in Rome. He gave us two hours daily, and took us to the Forum, or Palatine, and, one day each, to the Coliseum and the Baths of Caracalla. I learnt more of Old Rome from these visits, and was more penetrated by its spirit and history, than if I had read up books for months.”

To S.

6th May 1900.

“I have not written to you for a long time. From Christmas onwards my work was overwhelming, and I was looking forward to my rest at Easter with great longing. I thought I should just last out, but a late journey to Chislehurst on a very cold day, and only getting home to dinner at 9.30 or 9.45 was too much for me. My rest and change at Plymyard and Bettws-y-Coed have quite restored my health and have given me a good deal of strength, and I hope, with God’s blessing, to keep well. Whitsuntide is not far off, and I shall have another little holiday then.

“Since I got back the work has been tremendous. I never had five such days, but it will slacken off. I was at the great Empire League banquet on Monday evening, and at Lincoln’s Inn on Tuesday.

The banquet was a very interesting occasion, and Lord Salisbury's and Mr Chamberlain's speeches were important. I had little chats with the Prince, the Duke of York, Lord Salisbury, the Dukes of Devonshire and of Abercorn."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS

The Crusade against Tuberculosis. Formation of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption.

IT is hardly possible to omit some reference to the formation of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption, and to the part which was taken by Sir William Broadbent in the crusade against tuberculosis.

The growth of scientific knowledge, the discovery of the tubercle bacillus, and the evidence from the results of experiment and treatment, especially in Germany, that the disease was both preventable and capable of arrest, and that the agents in either case were such as would conduce to a high standard of general health, and were largely within the control of the patient himself, made many who were interested in the subject feel the necessity of making this knowledge common property.

The question was discussed in his own house; men were invited to meet one another and talk it over; Mr Malcolm Morris (now Sir Malcolm), devoted a special number of *The Practitioner*, of

which he was at that time editor, to the subject; a conference was summoned by a number of representatives of the medical profession, at which it was decided to form the association, and the work was inaugurated.

Sir William Broadbent was elected Chairman of the Organising Committee, and the movement was fortunate in enlisting the sympathy of His Majesty the King, then Prince of Wales, who called a private meeting at Marlborough House on the 20th of December 1898.

Sir William Broadbent placed before the meeting, on behalf of the Organising Committee of the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption, a brief statement of their objects and methods, and after referring to the loss of life caused by tuberculosis, and the knowledge which had been gained of the way in which infection might be spread, said:—

“It is the realisation of these facts which has called into existence the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption and other forms of Tuberculosis. The mission of the Association is to carry into every dwelling in the land an elementary knowledge of the mode in which consumption is propagated, and of the means by which its spread may be prevented, and thus to strengthen the hands of medical men throughout the country who are dealing with individual cases of this disease. To this end the public attention must be captured, the public imagination must be impressed, the defensive instincts of the general public must be aroused, and we do not hesitate to express our

belief that your Royal Highness will, by the single gracious act of calling together and presiding over this meeting, save thousands of lives.

“The objects of the Association can be stated in a few words. They are: 1. To educate the public as to the means of preventing the spread of consumption from those already suffering from the disease. 2. To extinguish tuberculosis in cattle. 3. To promote the erection of sanatoria for the open-air treatment of tuberculous disease.

“It is only necessary to indicate here the spirit in which the operations of the Society will be conducted. While making known the contagious character of consumption, it will endeavour to allay the panic which arises in some minds when it is known that consumption is catching. It does not advocate the compulsory notification of consumption, but it will urge on sanitary authorities the desirability of insisting on the disinfection of rooms in which consumptive people have died, when notification of the fact is made through the certificate of death.

“Its method is instruction and persuasion, not compulsion. In particular it will seek to enlist the co-operation of the sufferers themselves.

“The idea which animates the Association is that the prevention of consumption is a national duty, in which the medical profession and the public can co-operate, the medical profession leading and guiding the movement.”

Sir Grainger Stewart and Dr Andrew from Edinburgh, Dr Moore (now Sir John) from Ireland, Sir James Sawyer from Birmingham, and Professor McFadyean, Principal of the Royal Veterinary College, spoke in support of the work, and Lord Salisbury proposed the resolution that:—

“This meeting desires to express its approval

of the effort which is being made by the National Association for the Prevention of Consumption and other forms of Tuberculosis to check the spread of the diseases due to tubercle, and to promote the recovery of those suffering from consumption and tuberculous disease generally. It also commends the method adopted by the Association, of instructing public opinion and stimulating public interest, rather than the advocacy of measures of compulsion."

This was seconded by Sir Samuel Wilks, the President of the Royal College of Physicians, and His Royal Highness then put the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The Association was formally registered under the Board of Trade regulations in 1899, with the Prince of Wales as President and the late Earl of Derby as Chairman of Council.

The movement was enthusiastically taken up, and, looking at the way in which to-day so many of its objects have been realised and its methods adopted, it may be thought that there was no room for difference of opinion as to the wisdom of initiating such an Association for the purpose of instructing the general public in the methods by which the spread of tuberculosis could best be prevented or arrested.

It was not so, however, and perhaps the very difficulties of the position—the opposition of those who thought that a panic would be created by a recognition of the possibility of infection; the fear of compulsory notification and restrictive legislation;

the criticism of the Royal College of Physicians, of which Sir Samuel Wilks was no longer President—made Sir William Broadbent feel it necessary to throw himself more heartily into the struggle, to support with his name and authority action which might be unpopular, and to sacrifice not only time and money and strength, but what he felt far more, the approval of some of his professional brethren.

After his death one of them wrote of him:—

“There are differences of opinion as to whether he did not allow his judgment to be outreached in the crusade against consumption,” and, though it was added “but all crusaders are impulsive, and the sincerity and enthusiasm of his purpose was never questioned,” there is no doubt that during the early stages of the movement the feeling was strong, and he was aware of it and counted the cost.

As Sir Thomas Barlow said of him:—

“There was doubt in the minds of many as to the wisdom of taking the public into complete confidence, but Broadbent saw that it was imperative to secure a wide and enlightened public sympathy, and to his courage, perseverance, and self-sacrifice the fresh start in dealing with this disease in England is largely due. Though he valued the good opinions of his brethren he did not ask himself whether a given project would command universal professional approval, but, having satisfied himself that fundamentally it was sound and that it came within practical politics, he threw in his lot with it and did his best to make it a success.”

Branches were formed in many parts of England, and the next important piece of work undertaken by the Association was the organisation of the British Congress on Tuberculosis, which was to be held early in 1901, the Prince of Wales having graciously consented to preside and to open the Congress in person.

Sir William Broadbent was chairman of the meeting of delegates of branches which was summoned to consider the question, and was subsequently elected Chairman of the Organising Council, of which the late Earl of Derby was President.

The date of the Congress had originally been fixed for April, but, owing to the death of Queen Victoria, it was found necessary to postpone it till July, and His Majesty the King, who was unable himself to attend the inauguration, requested H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge to perform the ceremony in his place.

The meetings were attended by medical men from all parts of the world, and the Congress was made memorable by an address from Prof. Koch, in which he threw doubt on the intercommunicability of human and bovine tuberculosis. This gave rise to a discussion at the time, in which Lord Lister, Prof. Nocard, Prof. Bang, and Prof. Sims Woodhead took part, hesitating to adopt his conclusions, and it also necessitated prolonged investigations by a Royal Commission, the results of which prove that there

had been no sufficient foundation for Dr Koch's statements.

During the week of the Congress, Sir William Broadbent gave up almost his whole time to the guests who were staying with him, including Prof. Von Leyden and his wife, and to the duties of hospitality. His actual work in connection with the proceedings was confined to the preliminary organising and superintendence, and to the moving of certain resolutions, the most important of which was one proposing the appointment of a permanent International Committee, "to collect evidence and report on the measures which have been adopted for the prevention of tuberculosis in different countries."

Neither at this congress, nor at the one which was held in Paris in 1905, did he read any paper or profess to add to the scientific investigation of tuberculosis. His part was to obtain recognition of the work which was being done by men in England and all over the world; to organise means by which the public might be instructed and roused to support the efforts of Medical Officers of Health and Veterinary Inspectors interested in questions of public health; to co-ordinate the many and various agencies which were available, and to further such manifestoes as that on "the control of consumption," which was presented to the Metropolitan Asylums Board by the National Association in 1906.

Two letters written to Dr Philip of Edinburgh

illustrate his constant interest in the subject, and the trouble which he took to collect information :—

13th Oct. 1906.

“I have to open a discussion on the co-ordination of measures for the control of consumption on the 26th, and I am anxious to do you justice with regard to tuberculosis dispensaries.

“I should be glad to know your mature conclusions as to their value, and as to the organisation and working of them arrived at by your long experience.

“We have never thought it practicable to start them in London, where there are so many dispensaries, good, bad, and indifferent, and so many Out-Patient Departments of general and special hospitals. Possibly the O.P. departments of the consumptive hospitals might take on the functions of tuberculous dispensaries more efficiently than is the case at present.

“At Toronto there is a hospital for advanced and far advanced cases of consumption from a purely preventive point of view. The state and municipality provide 6 out of the 8 dollars which each patient is supposed to cost weekly.”

HALEFIELD, WENDOVER,
19th Jany. '07.

“MY DEAR DR PHILIP,

“Between my request for information about your work and your reply I was struck down by influenza and pneumonia, which resulted in inter-lobar empyema going down to the mediastinum.

“I am only just beginning to take up my ordinary interests, and among the arrears your letter and the enclosures came to my notice yesterday. What has happened with regard to

the meeting at which I was to have given the address on co-operation against tuberculosis I do not know even now.

“I must confess that I had not fully realised the importance of your work and, while I looked upon you as the pioneer in preventive measures against consumption, I did not know that your efforts went back 20 years; and I had not given sufficient attention to your dispensary system. With the number and variety of so-called dispensaries in London, I did not see how a tuberculous dispensary could be introduced and worked, more particularly as there were the Out-Patient Departments of the consumption hospitals. While recognising the great superiority of dispensaries organised on your plan, I am afraid it would be very difficult to obtain either public or municipal support for them. I shall, however, give attention to the question if I regain sufficient strength.

“Another fact I had overlooked is, that in connection with the Royal Victoria Hospital you have 50 beds for advanced cases. I attach the greatest importance to this as a preventive measure.”

CHAPTER XIX

A FULL LIFE

Organising Work. Appointments. Coronation of King Edward VII.
Grandchildren. Seventieth Birthday.

THE account given in the preceding pages will show how much of his time was now occupied with committee and other organising work, and, in addition to the special interest which he took in the crusade against tuberculosis, he helped to initiate the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, of which he was a Vice-President, and he was consulted on many other questions relating to the public health.

Sir William Broadbent had been appointed Physician Extraordinary to Queen Victoria, and on the death of Her Majesty, he was made Physician-in-Ordinary to His Majesty the King and to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

He was created a Knight Commander of the Victorian Order in 1901, and he was Chairman of the Advisory Committee appointed by His Majesty to draw up the plans for the construction of the King's Sanatorium at Midhurst, of which institution

he was later on a consulting physician, as well as of the King Edward VII. Hospital for Officers.

He was also an Honorary Member of many distinguished foreign medical societies; of the "Verein für Innere Medicin, Berlin," of the "Gesellschaft für Innere Medicin and Kinderheilkunde, Vienna," of the "Société Médicale de Genève," and of the "Imperial Society of Constantinople."

In 1904 the University of Leeds conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Science, and in 1906 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the Universities of Toronto and Montreal, on the occasion of his visit to Canada to attend the meeting of the British Medical Association at Toronto.

Extracts may be given from a letter describing the Coronation of King Edward VII. :—

To S.

August 1902.

"Our places were near the muniment room—just at the angle between the choir and the south transept—so that we could see the altar, King Edward's throne, and the two thrones on which the King and Queen sat most of the time, and the chairs at which they knelt to receive the Sacrament, everything, indeed, except the two chairs on which they sat on first entering, when the King took the oath. In the north transept were the peeresses, in the south the peers; in galleries thrown across the transepts further back, the Members of the House of Commons and their wives. All these were

within our view, and we watched them being gradually filled up.

"The first indication of the approaching ceremony, long before the arrival of the processions, was the singing of *Ein Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott*, without organ, accompanied only by trumpets. It was in the nave and reached us exquisitely soft and beautiful.

"After a time came the fanfare of trumpets announcing the arrival of the first of the processions. As each emerged from the nave into the choir the Westminster boys, who were stowed away in the triforium near the organ, burst out into an *Ave, ave, ave!* followed by a Latin verse, and ending with a *Vivat, vivat, vivat!* It was sung, or rather shouted, in quick time, and produced quite a startling effect.

"It was, I think, quite 11.15 before the King and Queen arrived. She looked most beautiful and stately as she moved to her chair; the King also bore himself with great dignity. They were out of our sight when the Archbishop of Canterbury asked the King the questions and administered the oath, but we could hear every word. After the coronation the King and Queen took their seat on the thrones, which were on a dais farther back from the altar than King Edward's chair, and here homage was rendered. . . .

"When the Archbishop, who was the first to do homage, tried to rise from his knees he could not, and had to be helped by the King and two bishops who were guiding him about. There was no fainting, and during the rest of the service his voice was as strong as ever. When the Prince of Wales did homage immediately afterwards the King put his right arm round his neck, kissed him on both cheeks and shook him warmly by

the hand. It was most touching and brought tears into a good many eyes."

Early in 1903 Sir William's youngest daughter was married, and in April he, with his wife and eldest daughter attended the International Medical Congress at Madrid. They subsequently extended their trip, in company with Sir Thomas and Lady Barlow, to Seville and Granada, calling at Cordova and Biarritz on the way home.

Of his family only the eldest daughter remained unmarried, and the grandchildren were a source of intense pleasure to him. For three years, until the death of his daughter Gertrude Lafone, his birthday was celebrated by a gathering of all his children, with a belated Christmas tree for the grandchildren, and the few intimate letters which he wrote refer to these occasions :—

To S.

25th Jan. 1903.

"Your affection and good wishes are always precious, and I thank you for your letter. We had a wonderful time with all the children, and all the eleven grandchildren. I had to be Father Christmas with my scarlet Doctor's gown trimmed with cotton-wool as a robe, and a mask with a long beard. The children enjoyed themselves as much, I think, as even children can. They get on extremely well together, and really like each other.

"On my birthday I had three of them out in the carriage with me, Ione and two of John's: they were a very noisy and disorderly party."

To S.

18th October 1903.

“Once more I wish you many happy returns of the day. Happiness does not consist in abundance of wealth or multitude of pleasures, but in the limitation and simplicity of needs and desires, and in the consciousness of duty discharged and service rendered to God and our fellow men.

“In this sense—the highest—you have enjoyed happiness, and in this sense, I wish you happiness.

“The grandchildren all enjoyed their visit to you, and I am glad that Longwood should have pleasant associations in their childish recollections.”

To S.

23rd January 1904.

“I thank you sincerely for your good wishes on my birthday. As I enter on my 70th year I cannot look for many more of them, but those which remain may be happy.

“My life has been crowned with tender mercies and loving kindness, and not the least of these is that I am surrounded as my years advance by such children and grandchildren. The grandchildren are a wonderfully fine lot, all so good-looking and intelligent.”

CHAPTER XX

CLOSING YEARS

Visit of French Doctors to London and of English Doctors to Paris. Commander of the Legion of Honour. Death of his Second Daughter. Attends Meeting of the British Medical Association at Toronto (1906). Letters from Canada. Illness. Death. Letters from Sir C. Ilbert and Sir Clifford Allbutt. Address to Students of St Mary's Hospital by Professor Osler.

SIR WILLIAM BROADBENT'S friendship with many French medical men, and his knowledge of the language made it natural that he should be approached when in 1904 the visit of a party of French doctors to London was proposed. He became Chairman of the Organising Committee, and during the three days of the visit, which took place in October, he was indefatigable, from the moment of meeting the guests at the station on Sunday evening till the concluding banquet at which he presided.

The visit was of real use, for the Englishman does not always show to the best advantage when out of his own country, and French professional men have hesitated to cross the Channel unless they were acquainted with the language. The heartiness of the reception and the genuine warmth

of the welcome extended to them came, therefore, as a surprise to the guests, as did also the excellence of the hospitals supported by voluntary contributions, and the standard of the nursing.

The French excel in turning a graceful compliment, but there was more than superficial politeness in the farewell speeches, which were marked by true feeling, and were the expression of mutual appreciation which has led to lasting friendships.

Prof. Poirier, in responding for the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, said :—

“ Je puis cependant citer les choses qui nous ont frappés particulièrement, d'abord le caractère si parfaitement pratique de vos institutions qui s'allient à leur grandeur et à leurs buts élevés. Les résultats grandioses de l'initiative individuel et collectif excitent notre admiration, mais c'est surtout cette entente passionnée qui vous caractérise, alliée au respect profond pour la religion et la tradition.”

And Prof. Chauffard in speaking of the hospitals said :—

“ L'Anglais est essentiellement pratique ; il cherche et il trouve le moyen le plus simple d'atteindre son but. Dans vos hôpitaux nous avons trouvé partout cette ingéniosité extrême, cette immense attention au détail. L'Anglais porte partout avec lui son admiration pour son *home*, et les malades dans vos hôpitaux paraissent jouer un rôle familial. Vous les considérez non pas comme des cas pathologiques mais comme des frères malheureux, comme si vous aviez un devoir double de les soigner et de les aimer en même temps. Quelles douces visions que vos salles, si propres, si intimes, avec la beauté des fleurs et le sourire de vos

nurses ; il doit être agréable d'être traité et guéri dans un tel milieu. Nous avons trouvé dans votre administration hospitalière la même liberté d'allures que dans votre vie politique, dans la manière dans laquelle vous construisez vos hôpitaux, que vous les agrandissez, et tout par l'initiative privée, par souscriptions individuelles."

Prof. Huchard, in replying for the guests, referred to Sir William Broadbent as *Le médecin partout aimé et partout respecté*, and went on to say :—

"Entre médecins, cette amitié procède souvent d'abord d'une certaine communauté de travaux, comme le démontre le fait suivant que vous me permettez de vous rappeler, mon cher Sir Broadbent, ne serait-ce que pour vous rendre la justice que vous vous refusez trop généreusement à vous-même. Il y a quelques semaines, sans avoir encore l'honneur d'être personnellement connu de vous, vous avez bien voulu m'écrire spontanément que vous partagiez mes idées sur le rôle considérable de l'hypertension artérielle dans la production de nombreuses maladies. Votre grande modestie, unie à trop de bienveillance, vous a fait commettre une erreur ; c'est nous qui partageons vos idées, et il y a plus de vingt années, alors que nous commençons nos recherches à ce sujet, vous nous aviez déjà révélé quelques uns des dangers de cette hypertension. Et c'est ainsi que, comme M. Jourdain faisait autrefois de la prose sans le savoir, nous avons fait ensemble de la bonne et scientifique diplomatie sans nous en douter, puisque l'entente cardiaque entre nous a de longtemps précédé l'entente cordiale."

The French doctors insisted upon a return visit, which was arranged to take place in May 1905, and

proved to be a much more highly organised entertainment than the English one ; for, while in London the only formal reception had been that at the Royal College of Surgeons, and, excepting for a telegram from the King, there had been no public recognition of the visit, in France the official welcomes began at Calais, and in Paris itself the heads of the Municipality, of the "Assistance Publique," and of the University of Paris vied with the Faculty of Medicine and private hospitality to make the occasion a memorable one.

Receptions were held at the University of Paris, at the Faculty of Medicine, at the Hôtel de Ville, and in the offices of the "Assistance Publique," and on every occasion there were speeches of introduction and welcome, involving always a response from Sir William Broadbent, amongst others, often without preparation or notes, as the English guests were quite unprepared for the importance which was attached to their visit, or for the ceremony which attended it.

A pilgrimage was made to the Pasteur Institute, where a wreath was placed on the tomb of Pasteur, and Dr Kingston Fowler referred, as M. Liard had previously done at the Sorbonne, to the fact that the importance of his work had been recognised in England earlier than in France, and to the friendship which existed between him and Lord Lister.

An invitation, which was without precedent, was given by the Institute of France to visit the

beautiful château at Chantilly, left to the Institute by the late Duc D'Aumale, special trains and carriages being provided, and on the same evening a wonderful entertainment was organised at the private theatre of the Automobile Club, where excellent performers from the "Comédie Française," the Grand Opera and the "Opéra Comique" lent their aid, and verses composed for the occasion by M. Jean Robiquet were recited. The final surprise was a cinematograph picture of the visitors and their hosts as they had appeared at Chantilly in the afternoon.

At the closing banquet over 400 guests were present, and Prof. Bouchard, who presided, after reading a telegram from M. Loubet, announced that he had been instructed by the President of the Republic to confer on Sir William Broadbent the Cross and Insignia of Commander of the Legion of Honour. He then invested Sir William with the Red Ribbon and Cross, and amid loud applause embraced the new knight of this, the greatest of French orders. According to the description of the scene in the Medical Journals of that date :—

"The band struck up the British National Anthem, the British physicians and surgeons gave vent to their feelings by singing, or rather shouting, at the top of their voices the well-known chorus of "For he's a jolly good fellow," and Prof. Bouchard seized the opportunity to invite all present to drink to the health of President Loubet and that of His Majesty King Edward, which was done with a fresh outburst of enthusiasm."

On the 1st of August 1905, just when Sir William was preparing to start for his usual holiday in Switzerland, he had to face the shock of his daughter Gertrude Lafone's death, which took place at Carlisle, from internal hæmorrhage after only a few hours warning. The telegram asking him to come at once was the first notice that anything was wrong, and before there was a train which he could catch the telephone message came that all was over :—

To S.

8th August 1905.

“I am only just beginning to be able to write letters. I managed to write a few lines to Arthur, but all the energy has been crushed out of me by Gertie's death. I have no wish to do anything, and no strength for it if I did. I am physically weak as well as mentally and morally prostrate, and, for the first time, feel the weight of my 70 years.

“When loss comes in the course of nature it is hard enough to bear, but the death of a beloved child, prematurely, as it seems to us in our short-sightedness, so young, so good, so useful, so necessary—the blow is terrible. At present only one aspect of Gertie's death presents itself to my mind, that of loss and sadness, and I cannot rise above it. I ought, however, to be thankful to have had such a child who exercised such an influence for good and for happiness, and so I am.

“‘We bless Thy Holy Name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear.’”

84 BROOK STREET,
10th *Jan*y, 1906.

"Death is the one certainty of life, and as years advance, the prayer 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom' becomes more applicable.

"We have six grandchildren in the house, five from Carlisle. They are a great joy, but there is an abiding element of sadness in the thought that their mother has not the pleasure of seeing them grow up, and that they have not her loving care."

In the autumn of 1905 he attended the International Congress on Tuberculosis, which was held in Paris, and visited many of the French hospitals and sanatoria.

His visit to Canada for the meeting of the British Medical Association in Toronto in 1906 was, perhaps, one of the incidents in his life most full of enjoyment and interest. Warm invitations and the kindest offers of hospitality had reached him before he left London, but the heartiness of the welcome extended to him exceeded anything that he could have expected, and from the beginning to the end of the six weeks which he spent in Canada he felt the most intense pleasure in the young fresh energy of the people, and in the wonderful resources and beauty of the country.

The whole atmosphere was congenial to him, and it seemed as if, in the freer and less conventional life of the newer world, he renewed his youth, and as if his nature responded to the affection and

to the appreciation of his work which were manifested on every side.

Through the generosity of some of the directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, a car was placed at the disposal of himself and Sir Thomas Barlow and their families, and they were thus able to travel in comfort across the whole of the continent to Victoria, a journey which he could not otherwise have attempted.

In Montreal, Sir William, with his wife and daughter, stayed with Prof. Adami, one of his old students and friends who had been largely instrumental in persuading him to go to Canada, and in Toronto they were the guests of Senator and Mrs Osler, who did all in their power to make the visit a happy one.

To S.

GLACIER HOUSE,
6th September 1906.

“Canada has surpassed all my imaginations; the distances, the vast extent of the corn-growing prairie, no hills to speak of, but one limitless plain, no trees and yet abundance of water. Then come the mountains; first the Rockies, afterwards the Selkirks, where we now are, the hills higher, the snow-fields and glaciers larger. A glacier comes down into this valley about an hour’s walk through pine woods from the hotel. Fortunately we went to see it yesterday morning, and just stood on the ice before the rain set in. On the path, or trail, as it is called, we found raspberries and huckleberries, a sort of glorified bilberry, growing on much taller and more straggling bushes under the trees. We

have mostly slept in the car, where we have a bright intelligent negro to make up and take down the beds and look after us generally.

"We had two days at Banff, two at Lake Louise, Laggan. The scenery was magnificent, and the weather perfect till we got here, where there is more to see and do than at the other places. We have met some very interesting men in Canada, and have learnt a great deal. The fusion of the French and English races of which we hear so much is merely nominal: they stand absolutely apart in feeling and interest as well as in language, and the French are ruled by the priests.

"The Roman Catholic Church is extremely rich in Lower Canada as far west as Montreal, and owns an enormous area of land. The loyalty to the Mother Country appears to be general and sincere, but the thinking men are uneasy, more particularly with regard to British Columbia, which is very accessible from the States, but cut off from Canada by the tremendous mountain ranges. There is no knowing what may be done by unscrupulous and clever men through financial or industrial wars or by tariff trickeries."

CHÂTEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC,
19th Sept. 1906.

"Our wonderful visit to Canada is coming to an end. We arrived here this evening, to be ready to sail in the *Empress of Britain*, which brought us.

"I hoped to find letters, but we have been completely cut off from England by our rapid journey west, and by the impossibility of giving any address. This is the one drawback to such a visit as ours has been, and I cannot help feeling nervous. You must have heard from May before we left Toronto, of our visit to Niagara. I am glad to have seen the Falls before I die. It was after this

that our real travelling began. The Canadian Pacific Railway placed a car at our disposal, which was taken off one train and put on to another as we wished.

“In going out we shared it with Sir Thomas and Lady Barlow and their son and daughter, and Dr and Mrs Rose Bradford, we having the drawing-room end, which was complete in itself. On the return journey we had it to ourselves, and were able to give comfortable places to Prof. and Mrs Sims Woodhead. But for this car I could not have stood the continuous day and night travelling.

“At first, after leaving Toronto, the land was under cultivation, but in many places the stumps of trees were seen in the fields. Then came primeval forest, glacier-worn rocks, close-set trees, and a continuous succession of lakes, big and little. After travelling through this for half a day or more, we went to bed, and in the morning it was still lakes, trees, and rocks. Here and there the woods were represented by poles for miles, where there had been great fires, accidental or intentional. The trees were of various kinds, tall but not large, very close together, with much undergrowth, so as to make an impassable thicket.

“After a time we skirted the north shore of Lake Superior, which was very beautiful. England might be set down in it without touching the shore. Then from Winnipeg came the prairie, an undulating, treeless, corn-growing plain, extending for hundreds of miles in every direction, which could feed the entire Empire. Most of the corn was cut, but here and there some was left, and the reaping machines were at work. They do not carry it, but thresh it on the spot, and, I think, burn the straw. We spent part of a day at Winnipeg, and were taken round the town in motors, and entertained at luncheon by the local doctors.

“The prairie was succeeded by the Rockies: our first stay was at Banff, for two days. Here I had my first walk, climbing the Sulphur Mountain by an easy path to the observatory—about 3000 feet. Our next stopping-place was Laggan, where Eliza did two good excursions to the Mirror Lake, and to a sort of col or saddle from which there was a splendid view. The waiters at Laggan were Chinese boys, who were very quick and efficient.

“There was a block in the line behind us from a collision between two luggage trains, which delayed us considerably; one train was cancelled altogether; others were eight to fourteen hours late. Glacier, where we next spent a couple of days, is in the Selkirks, where a glacier comes down into the valley from a snow-field said to be 200 miles in extent. We had a walk to it. Then the rain came on, preventing all further excursions, and flooding the river so as nearly to stop the electric-light turbines. I was sure this was dangerous for the railway, and the next train, on which we ought to have proceeded, was thrown off the line by a stream which had burst its bounds: the enormous engine demolished a snow shelter of strong timber, and nearly went over the edge of a ravine. The passengers were held up for nearly twelve hours, almost without food. We ought to have left about 2.45 P.M., but went to bed in our car about 9 o'clock, and were picked up about 4 A.M. by the next train.

“We reached Vancouver on Friday, went to church on Sunday morning, and then on to Vancouver Island and Victoria, a crossing of four or five hours in the afternoon.

“There were a great many islands, and it was a lovely day. The trip was most beautiful. The next day we lunched with the Lieut.-Governor and

Mrs Dunsmuir. The house is most beautifully situated, and we had a pleasant time.

“At Vancouver, on the mainland, we drove round the park, and saw some of the few really big trees which still remain. In the hollow of one a dogcart with three people in it was actually standing to be photographed. Another, still living, is 56 feet in circumference. At Victoria again, on Vancouver Island, we had some delightful excursions. Professor Sims Woodhead and I were entertained at dinner there.

“On the return journey we came by the Arrowhead Lakes and Crow’s Nest Pass, and called at Ottawa. We are now seeing Quebec, and I must leave details for another time.”

He was in excellent health and spirits on his return to London at the end of September, and started work with his usual vigour, but early in October he got cold and probably an attack of influenza, of which he took as usual little notice, and although he seemed to be recovering from it, he must have been more ill than he would acknowledge. He was seized with pleurisy, followed by pneumonia and heart failure, and, instead of any crisis bringing the disease to a conclusion, weeks of severe illness ensued, until an empyema was discovered and opened. After that his improvement was steady, and he was able at the beginning of January to go down to his small country-house at Wendover, where it seemed for a time as if his health would be entirely restored. A relapse, or a second attack of influenza, supervened on a move to Brighton, and from that time onwards there was

gradually increasing weakness and emaciation, without any definite cause which could be found to account for them. He returned to Wendover, where he could spend much of his time in the garden, and in spite of cold ungenial weather he had a drive almost every day, watching with pleasure, for the first time since he was a boy, the daily changes of an English spring and summer in the country.

All through his illness reading had been his great resource, and during these last months he seemed to live more in the world of books than in the weary details of daily life. He continued to take an interest in current events and in medical news and progress, and he enjoyed many new books ; but, for the most part, he turned to the old favourites, and went almost completely through the works of many authors with whom he had become familiar in earlier days.

Thackeray, George Eliot, Mrs Gaskell, and Oliver Wendell Holmes were among the writers to whom he turned for distraction.

At the end of June, as he was making no progress, it was decided to try a change to the seaside, and he went to Broadstairs, where for a few days there seemed to be some improvement, and he even began to look forward to the possibility of going to Switzerland to see once more the mountains which he loved.

Sudden and acute illness, however, came on, and he was moved back to his house in Brook

Street only two days before his death, which took place on the 10th of July 1907, from malignant endocarditis.

Sir Thomas Barlow and Mr Edmund Owen showed him the most devoted attention throughout all his illness, and he also greatly appreciated the visits of Professor Osler, who came from Oxford on several occasions to see him. His two sons were, of course, in constant attendance on him.

He was buried at Wendover, where he had spent so many of the last months of his life, and the first part of the service was held at the church of St Peter's, Vere Street, where he had been a regular attendant for some fifteen years. It was conducted by Canon Page Roberts, whose ministrations he had always valued very highly, assisted by the Rev. H. P. M. Lafone, Sir William's son-in-law.

In the crowded congregation which filled the church were, perhaps, many whose thoughts would find expression in the words of Sir Courtenay Ilbert, who wrote:—

July 1907.

“I could not help feeling, as I looked round at those who attended in Vere Street, how great and complete a life his had been; at how many points and in what various ways he had touched and influenced the lives of others; how many households, rich and poor, had been for years and years in the habit of looking to him for counsel and aid; how the whole of his exceptional energies and abilities had been devoted, un-

selfishly and unstintingly, to the advancement of science and the diminution of human suffering."

Sir Clifford Allbutt, one of his oldest friends, said of him :—

July 1907.

"To Sir William Broadbent's scientific merits and achievements, no private testimony is needed, but I cannot forbear some witness to the richness and variety of his professional mastery, and to his clinical and pathological knowledge and experience.

"It so happened that to certain fields of medicine he and I had been attracted alike, and on these subjects we often spoke together; on every such occasion, I will not say that I was surprised, but that I admired the wealth of illustration and interpretation which he would reveal, the wisdom and sagacity with which he used it, and his generous dispensing of it to his colleagues and fellow-workers. It must always be a matter of regret that the exigencies of an enormous practice deprived us of much of the scientific record of one of the ablest clinical observers of modern times.

"Admirable as this was, I am not sure but that his magnanimous and yet unpretentious independence of spirit and lofty sense of personal honour was still more admirable. If he saw that a certain course of action was right, he could not conceive himself as pursuing any other course, whatever murmurs occasionally might come from interested—or, more often—merely prejudiced observers.

"His was the sturdy, righteous temper which has been the making of England, and which we northern men are proud to think has been largely, though by no means only, ours."

Professor Osler, in speaking to the students of St Mary's Hospital, when giving the Introductory Address, in October 1907, said :—

“ Sir William Broadbent's career illustrates all that is best in a successful physician. For years he lived the self-denying life of the true student, and perhaps the most encouraging among the many lessons of his example is the circumstance that such distinguished success was won by a man who came to London without friends and with all his capital in Minerva's Tower. A special feature of all his work was thoroughness. His studies on the Nervous System were among the best of those memorable contributions made in the seventies by that remarkable group of London men who have stood for everything that is best in British Neurology.

“ Next, perhaps, to his capacity for thoroughness, we may attribute his success to a strong belief in his profession. Broadbent knew the great work which we have done, and can do, for humanity, and he spent his time willingly and lavishly in promoting its welfare. And he had a very special reward—in many ways the most satisfactory reward a man gets in life—the affection and regard of an extraordinarily wide circle of his brethren.

“ You knew him here as a staunch colleague, a devoted teacher, and an enthusiastic supporter of this School and Hospital. Such men leave a deeper and wider impress than we realise. To the generation which followed him, and who knew his work and worth, he was a bright example, and you cannot do better than to take him as a guide on the way. You may not reach so high in the mountains as he did, but your lives may be as satisfactory and as perfect, if lived, as was his, in the service of the profession and of his fellow-men.”

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PRINTED BY
OLIVER AND BOYD
EDINBURGH

