Alan Herbert, 1836-1907 : letters and memories / by his niece Lady Burghclere.

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BY HIS NIECE

LADY BURGHCLERE

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This is no biography, nor is it meant for the general public. Perhaps it may be described as marginal jottings that have strayed into the text. Perhaps it may figure as the thread on which the few records of an honoured and useful existence are strung. In any case, I do not fear the reproach of having included much trivial matter. It is a sketch only intended for friends, and to these, I verily believe, that anything recalling, or throwing light on, the making of so noble a character as Alan Herbert's cannot be unwelcome. His whole being was so free from any tincture of self-seeking that, save in the hearts of those who knew, and consequently loved him, he had no leisure to leave any memorial of himself and his doings. I should grieve if so precious an ensample did not remain to our children. It is, surely, not a possession to be lightly lost. Nor should I wish the next generation to think of Alan merely as the able physician or the devoted philanthropist. He should also be held in remembrance as the most lovable of men,

the born confidant of young people. If even dimly and from afar I can convey something of this, I shall be content. It is no easy task to set forth the life of one so dear and honoured. Yet it was not only the masterpieces of sculpture that claimed the reverence of the ancients. Though modelled by unskilful hands out of common clay, the Lares and Penates ofttimes embodied their most sacred pieties. For these humble images were the symbols of the Highest. This little book is but a poor shrine. But it is consecrated to the noblest ideal this earth holds, a life of pure honour and of ungrudging service to fellow-man.

Alan Percy Harty Molyneux Herbert, the second son of Henry, third Earl of Carnarvon, and Henrietta Anna, his wife, was born on November 21, 1836. Too young, fortunately, in 1839, to share his parents' disastrous journey to the East, he remained during their absence with his brother Auberon at Highclere. Despite the well-deserved confidence she reposed in the faithful old nurse "Morty," who watched over them, the long separation from her babes was no small trial to Lady Carnarvon. Nor was it lessened by the fact that Alan was a singularly attractive infant. Even at that early stage of his career, his sunny temper proved an irresistible magnet to draw all hearts to him. Moreover, it must be admitted that his good looks were a distinct source of pride to the family. Long did his abundant red-gold curls remain famous in the annals of the Highclere nursery—so famous, indeed, that their possessor could not be wholly unconscious of the distinction they conferred. In later years,

Dr. Herbert's supreme indifference to his personal appearance was a considerable amusement to his friends. Seldom, I fancy, can the Legion of Honour have adorned a more venerable frock-coat. But apparently the child was not father to the man. For when at this period Alan's locks fell beneath the ruthless shears, he burst into tears, exclaiming: "I shall never be the ladies' man again!"

On Lord and Lady Carnarvon's return to England, Alan passed from Morty's care to that of worthy Mademoiselle Fröhlich, the companion of their wanderings. Then came lessons with his brother's tutor, Mr. John Kent; while later, with Auberon and his cousin Edward Herbert, he was sent to school at Mr. Barter's, the Rector of Burghclere. This arrangement had at least one great merit in the boys' eyes. Burghclere is only two miles distant from Highclere, and every Saturday they left the Rectory to spend the Sunday at the Castle. Thus, until he went to Harrow in 1850, Alan was more continuously subjected to home influences than is usual with English boys. In many families this might have been attended with unfortunate results. But the mental atmosphere of Highclere was not calculated to foster self-indulgence or conceit. A deeply religious spirit pervaded the whole household. Lord and Lady Carnarvon's theological tenets might differ, but their several convictions found an equal expression in the rare courtesy and thoughtfulness which marked their intercourse with dependents. To Lady Carnarvon almsgiving was at once the delight and poetry

of existence. The ingenious delicacy which characterized Dr. Herbert's charitable ministrations will recur to those who knew him. In his case parental maxims had certainly not fallen on stony ground.

In later life, Alan was wont, half humorously, to declare that the two things he most regretted in his lost youth were the hearty appetite and undoubting faith of those early days. Yet Lady Carnarvon's was no facile creed. The daughter of Lord Henry Howard, a convert from Roman Catholicism, a pupil of Miss Teed, the celebrated Evangelical schoolmistress, Lady Carnarvon consistently made the Bible the corner-stone of her educational system, the supreme test of thought and action. In a charming preface she contributed to one of her mother's books,[1] Lady Portsmouth has laid great stress on this "intimacy" with the Bible. "By intimacy," she adds, "I mean the full sense of a constant application, a thorough acquaintance with the Bible, and a continual resort to its teaching. Some Frenchman, after a visit to England, and among the families of religious England, was reported to have said that it appeared to him the English child was reared as much on the words of the Bible as on its mother's milk; Bible lessons, Bible texts, Bible thoughts, seemed its daily food. . . . The religious life was, so to speak, bound up, held together, by this tie. No doubt it may sometimes have furnished a moral against

[1] "The Way that Christ Hath Gone," by Henrietta Anna, Countess of Carnarvon, with a preface by her daughter Eveline, Countess of Portsmouth.

the danger of the lips being near, while the spirit was absent—the words without the heart—but of those good men and women, who have entered into their rest now a quarter of a century ago, it will be remembered, by many who are yet on the road, how their daily lives were embellished, their lips were graced, their readings and teachings were ennobled, by this never-absent knowledge, this perfect familiarity, this ready handling of the Scriptures." Lady Portsmouth was testifying of what she had herself known and experienced, and, undoubtedly, the knowledge of the Scriptures possessed by the Herbert children would put to shame our own more degenerate age. In their case, at any rate, it achieved its end, for it would be difficult to imagine a more high-souled band of brothers and sisters than was the outcome of this education. That it had its humorous side was only natural, and perhaps healthy. One Ash Wednesday, Mademoiselle Fröhlich, although herself a fervent Roman Catholic, the honoured friend of this Protestant household, returned from chapel with the mark of the penitential cinders imprinted on her forehead. Alan, aged five, regarded her sternly, and remarked: "I thought it was written, 'When thou fastest, *wash* thy face.'"

But if dogma entered largely into the children's training, Lady Carnarvon was far too wise to exclude other interests. On the contrary, she threw herself whole-heartedly into their more secular learning and pursuits. To quote Lady Portsmouth, once more: "Although singularly unworldly, the natural cheerfulness of Lady Carnarvon's mind

asserted itself in many ways, and she took pleasure in seeing the young dance; she accompanied them on the piano while they sang songs and choruses of the day, and sometimes of her own composition."

No childhood in which the element of romance is lacking can approach perfection. Into the texture of the Herberts' daily life it was richly interwoven. During the thirteen years devoted to the restoration of Highclere Castle, Milford and a neighbouring farm became their somewhat straitened dwelling. Here the conditions were, perforce, simple to the verge of austerity. But, for that very reason, imagination played a more important part than is possible where every angle of existence is padded by a solicitous luxury. The little house, secluded in deep woods and mirrored in a lake, which Lord Carnarvon's anxious care had transformed into a sanctuary for hundreds of wild-birds, formed a lovely setting to the dreamlike aspirations of youth. A tale often related by Dr. Herbert to an audience of nephews and nieces witnesses to the romantic atmosphere of these early surroundings. One winter's day as he, in company with Auberon and their sister Eveline, stood idly watching the landscape from the windows at Milford, the trio became aware of a cloaked figure gliding silently along the path. It happened that a short time previously the parish generally, and the children in particular, had been much exercised in mind by the unaccountable disappearance of a young labourer. The vanished man, being the son of one of their chief cronies in the village, the children had fully shared

the father's grief. Now, with the unreasoning but passionate conviction pertaining to their age, it was suddenly borne in on them that the shrouded form could be none other than the missing villager. It seemed imperative that he should be at once secured and led back in triumph to his bereaved parent. Without losing a second, they therefore dashed out in pursuit, keeping the figure well in view. Round a corner, however, the unknown was momentarily lost to sight; and on reaching the spot they found that all trace of the mysterious being had abruptly ceased. Far and near nothing was to be descried. In vain they hunted around, breathlessly searching the thickets. The earth, it would seem, had engulfed their quarry. Only for a brief instant had the magic casement been set ajar, to be again inexorably shut in their faces.

Such was the spirit that pervaded the woodland home. For that band of brothers and sisters it possessed a matchless spell, but had it been otherwise their father would not have suffered them to ignore its witchery. A compound of the knight-errant and the scholar, an accomplished story-teller and a devout lover of Nature, so great was Lord Carnarvon's charm that, as his old bailiff said, "he could, an he would, have wheedled the bird from the bough." In society his popularity was unchallenged. But it was for his children that he reserved his most potent fascinations. Long, long afterwards they still thrilled at the memory of his wondrous tales. They never wearied of dwelling on the joys of a companionship tender and in-

spiring, which invested the smallest events of workaday existence with an incomparable warmth and glamour. More than forty years elapsed between the deaths of Lord Carnarvon and of his eldest son. Yet the anniversary never recurred without bringing back to the latter the memory of that day of desolation. An old, grey-haired man, Dr. Herbert still dwelt with genuine emotion on the recollection of his father's almost womanly solicitude, and how, when travelling abroad, Lord Carnarvon was careful that his little boy's cot should be placed in his own room, within touch, as it were, of his loving protection.

The radiance of those early days was not fated to be enduring. It was at a wild gallop that Lord Carnarvon had ever led the youthful cavalcade across the spacious downs that encircle Highclere. Even a boy of twelve like Alan realized that something must be seriously amiss with their adventurous father, when this headlong pace sank day by day, until a slow walk seemed too great an exertion. Nor were the boy's fears groundless. Lord Carnarvon was not fifty. But he was worn out, consumed by a prodigal exertion of unresting energies. On December 10, 1849, he died at Pusey, leaving memories alike beautiful and imperishable to his children.

I have dwelt at length on Alan Herbert's early associations, not merely because a happy childhood partakes of the idyll, but because I believe that the purity and grace of those first years left an enduring stamp on his character. Alan's path necessarily led him through scenes far remote from those

halcyon days. But, although destitute of the faintest tinge of Pharisaism, the limpid candour of his mind seemed incapable of retaining any ugly or debasing image. No man better deserved the blessing invoked on the pure of heart than the doctor, who, in his errands of mercy, had learnt all the dreary secrets of the Paris streets and alleys.

It was fortunate for Alan and his brethren that at their father's death the reins of government passed into Lady Carnarvon's hands. Her affection could not obscure her virile judgment and native good sense. She never faltered in the resolve to hold up the highest ideal of duty as the sole possible choice. And verily she had her reward. Few families offering individually so great a contrast in beliefs and occupations can yet, in all their several ways, have been more wholly self-dedicated to the service of others.

Alan did not share the literary gifts of his brothers and his sister, Lady Portsmouth. From boyhood, his ambitions were concentrated on the medical profession. Indeed, when a child of four or five he gave striking proof of the natural bent of his mind. He contrived, while playing with some fishing-tackle, to get a couple of stout steel hooks firmly embedded in his leg. The doctor had to be summoned. The age of anæsthetics was not yet, and the process of cutting out the hooks was neither brief nor painless. But the child's absorption in the task was so intense that he watched it without a tear, feeling himself amply compensated for the suffering he endured by being initiated into a surgical operation!

Incredible as it may appear, it is also recorded that the same zeal for science reconciled him to the periodical visits to the dentist, which, in the fifties, from all accounts, were truly formidable events. It cannot be said that in this respect Auberon shared his elder brother's tastes, though in all else they were staunch friends and allies. Perhaps, indeed, the sole scrape in which Auberon could not have commanded Alan's cordial co-operation was one that brought the former into collision with the local practitioner. The authorities having decreed that a tooth of Auberon's should be extracted, the Newbury dentist, Jordan by name, arrived at the Castle. But Auberon—probably quite sensibly, according to modern notions—declined to submit to the forceps, and Mr. Jordan was obliged to go in pursuit of his recalcitrant patient. He found, however, his match in Auberon. Active and resolute, the boy took up an excellent strategic position in a cupboard, which commanded a narrow winding stairs, where, whirling a stout life-preserver, he was manifestly so formidable that the man of torture took to his heels. As Mr. Kent observed, "Jordan was driven back." It was characteristic of the victor that, despite his triumph, on mature consideration, he adjudged himself in the wrong. Forthwith he walked six miles into Newbury, had the tooth taken out, and tramped the weary six miles home again.

It is possible that Alan's Harrow experiences would have been happier had he shared them with Auberon, who was sent to Eton. Certainly Alan

always numbered amongst his pleasantest recollections the months they both spent together at Freshwater under the charge of Mr. Isaacson, a preparatory tutor. Half a century later, he still waxed eloquent over the joys of nights passed in deep-sea fishing, and followed by feasts of mackerel broiled and eaten on the beach in the fresh stillness of the dawn. Or, again, he would recall the glorious excitement of perilous climbs along the great chalk cliffs, when life hinged almost equally on the strength of the adventurers' nerve and the rope, on which they hung suspended between sky and sea. Delicious as were these adventures, they brought, however, the brethren's stay at Freshwater to an abrupt end. Mr. Isaacson thought it his duty to tell Lady Carnarvon that he could not be responsible for her sons' lives if they persisted in these aerial revels. She came to Freshwater, inspected the scene of the feats, recognized the justice of Mr. Isaacson's warning, and promptly removed the boys from temptation. Her decision, which they knew to be irrevocable, was a great blow to the pair. But Pal, as Alan was generally called, was candid enough even then to acknowledge that her fashion of enforcing the verdict earned both his gratitude and respect. Unlike many of her sex, Lady Carnarvon never indulged in superfluous recriminations or useless homilies. Moreover, being herself a singularly fearless woman, it is probable that she secretly cherished some sympathy for exploits she was bound to repress.

Three years at Christ Church, Oxford, marked

the last stage of Alan's English education, and happy years they were, rich in new and valued friendships. Yet every month that passed made it abundantly clear that his whole heart and mind were bound up with medical science. His cousin, Sir Henry Acland, advocated study in England. But for a variety of reasons it was finally determined that Alan should transfer himself to Paris. Accordingly, in 1859 he took up his abode in the Quartier Latin, to follow courses at the Hôtel Dieu and the Charité.

The Rue des Beaux Arts must have formed a curious contrast to the great quad at Christ Church or the spacious cedar-shaded lawns of Highclere. But Alan Herbert was too cordial and sympathetic not to adapt himself easily to these altered conditions, and he was soon surrounded by fully as many friends as those he had made at Oxford. Through all the changes and chances of professional life, these student intimacies knew no declension in constancy and fervour; while, at his death, the pathetic tributes of the survivors testified to the place the Englishman had held in his old comrades' hearts.

It was characteristic of Alan that, having slightly overdrawn his allowance at Oxford, instead of having recourse to his mother, as most young men would have done, he resolutely restricted himself to a bare £200 a year until the debt was discharged. His reticence was not the outcome of shyness or pride, but of a deep and unselfish love. Lady Carnarvon had been an heiress, but she had a hard task to pay off the charges on a property,

which had been both neglected and mismanaged. Had it not been for the rare self-control shown by her sons, it would not have been possible for her to render so excellent an account of her stewardship as she eventually achieved.

Lady Carnarvon had given a whole-hearted approbation to Alan's choice of a career, and she followed his endeavours with the intelligent sympathy so precious to youthful enthusiasm. Twice during his student days she took up her abode for several months in Paris. Her stay there was a source of great pleasure, not only to Alan, but to Lady Gwendolen Herbert, then only emerging from childhood, but already her brother's chosen confidante. Those were gay and happy evenings when, the day's work done, Alan found a miniature edition of the old home circle awaiting him at the Hôtel Westminster. Nor was the family party restricted to his mother and sister. Three cousins —Agnes, Elizabeth, and Katharine Herbert—were then settled in Paris. They soon became Alan's closest friends. In their apartment he found the home, which was almost a necessity to a man of his domestic tastes; and although they were considerably older than he, they soon acquired the habit of relying on his sense and judgment. In his turn, the young student occasionally feasted his relations at his lodgings. Lady Carnarvon's appetite was of the smallest; while her chosen fare was equally simple and dainty. The grandchildren, who were admitted to a generous share of titbits from her meals, can never forget the extraordinary excellence of the wafer-like bread and butter, of the

morsel of fish, or the Parisian chocolate, on which she contrived to support a most active existence. Busy as he was, Alan never failed personally to cater for his mother's entertainment when she dined at the Rue des Beaux Arts; and he was filled with pride when he could discover some hitherto unknown dish, that commended itself to her fastidious taste. But he was less successful when endeavouring to impose silence on his devoted *bonne*, who had no rest until she could expound to the visitors the full costliness of the food set before them.

The next few years were dedicated to a series of medical examinations, and at this period Alan does not seem to have been much addicted to letter-writing The only letter I can discover bears date March 20, 1862, and is addressed to Lord Carnarvon:

"69, Rue de Seine,
"*March*, 20, 1862.

"All is quieter here for the moment, except a certain excitement, which is kept up by injudicious *avertissements* to papers. The last was a Protestant writer who was fined 2,000 francs (£80), and being unable to pay up, his library was put up for sale. The moment the report of the sale got about, subscriptions were hurriedly got up, and when the sale took place the first few worthless books were knocked down at enormous prices—£20, etc.—and the amount of his fine was then paid and a few of his least precious books. The room, I heard, was full of agents of the police, but

they could take no notice. The proceedings were perfectly legal. The names of the buyers were not given, but the money paid on the spot. The sums collected were so large that a fund has been formed to assist all persecuted authors, who may not choose to pander with unlimited praise to the Imperial tyranny. The best of the whole is, that the writer was only asking for the same liberty in France which exists in Austria, and this is France, which went to war to oppose Austrian tyranny and to give liberty to her neighbours. I could not help admiring the proceeding; there was a degree of passive resistance within lawful bounds, which was scarcely French."

In 1865, after severe competition, Alan won the position of interne of the Paris hospitals. His letters to Gwendolen describe these ordeals, in which from all accounts he acquitted himself brilliantly:

"10, Rue des Beaux Arts,
"*January* 3, 1864.

"I have had a great many congratulations on my place in the examinations, and am told that it will be of great use to me for the next. I am not sure about that, but only hope it may. I have got an excellent service with an old master—I mean a doctor under whom I have formerly studied. A. M. Guereau de Mussez, and his cousin, who is established in London, left France in the revolution of '48, and followed the family of Orleans, and has been ever since the doctor of the Queen Amélie.

He is one of the cleverest and one of the most agreeable of the doctors here, and I reckon myself very fortunate to have been able to get the place with him."

"10, Rue des Beaux Arts,
"*November* 22, 1867.

"My dear Gwendolen,

"I have not written to you for a long while, but I have been greatly occupied and had a great deal of my time taken up by the 'Concours,' which is now half over. I have had my turn at the Viva Voce question. I will describe to you how it is managed, as it may amuse you. The names of all the candidates are written each on a card and placed in a box. The President pulls them out, one by one, and reads out the name. When twenty have answered to their names, thus chosen by chance, they are placed all together and marched off to a large empty room, where there is no furniture but a table and stools, or benches. Then one by one they are called out and taken to another small room, where there is a table with writing materials and a strip of paper on which the question, or rather the two questions, that you are to answer are written.

"There is a man sitting in the same room with you to see that you make no use either of books or notes or anything else of the sort, and there you are for five minutes to collect your thoughts and put down any idea which may occur to you. The moment your five minutes are over you are ushered to the amphitheatre, a large room in which, at one

end, and on a dais, are placed your seven judges with a green table before them; beneath the dais is a small table and a chair and a lamp. Behind are the benches, on which your fellow-students, who are not to be executed that day, are ranged and listen to your answers. And now begins the real trial; in the space of five minutes you must treat your question, and squeeze into that time matter which would really require half an hour. At the expiration of the time your judge cuts you short, just in the midst of a sentence, just as you were beginning to feel that you had got accustomed to your new position. After all twenty have been executed, the judges retire to consult, and after a short time one comes out to read out the marks which have been given. The full mark is twenty. I got nineteen—and it appears they never give the full number. Another, who did very much better than I did, got also nineteen. So far, so good, but in a few days there will be a written question upon which the ultimate place in the list will depend.

"I am looking over all the points which I think likely to be given; this, however, is but the small examination. It is the one which will come off this time next year which is really difficult.

"Your affectionate brother,

"A. P. HERBERT."

The next two letters chronicle further steps in the medical profession which eventually culminated in Alan taking his medical degree and establishing himself for professional purposes in the Rue Chauveau Lagarde.

"10, Rue des Beaux Arts, Paris,
"*January* 10, 1869.

". . . I like my new hospital service very much, and do what I will, I appear fated to have to take care of children ; for this year also I have two large wards of children besides my grown-up men and women, and I am bound in justice to say that they give very little trouble, and I prefer them to those I had last year. The weather here has been very bad these last few days. The Seine is very high again, and people are beginning to dread inundation again. It will be a dreadful thing should it be so, and will bring complete ruin to thousands. Great preparations are being made for the Exhibition, but it does not prevent people talking about war."

"*November* 13, 1869.

"We have had some hard weather here, but it only lasted two or three days. It is still, however, very cold. . . . I dined the other day at the Embassy ; we had a pleasant party. I have been elected, I believe, at least, a member of the committee of the Paris Charitable Fund, which is the first step towards being given the hospital. I hear there will be little difficulty in my being able to get the place at the hospital, as the old surgeon is tired of it and wants help. I am glad to tell you the postage between England and France is likely to be diminished to 3d., so that we shall be able to use thicker and better paper. The change is to take place the 1st of January."

In 1870 Alan experienced a great sorrow. Mr. Edward Herbert, the sole surviving son of the third Earl of Carnarvon's only brother, had been brought up on terms of the closest intimacy with his Highclere cousins, Alan being his dearest and nearest friend. Edward was clever, strikingly good-looking, and gifted with singular charm. He had inherited a very pretty manor-house, Tetton, near Taunton, and could, had he chosen, have lived at ease in Somersetshire. Like his kindred, however, idleness did not appeal to him. He entered the diplomatic service, and in 1870 was stationed at Athens. The country was supposed to be in a fairly orderly condition at that period; and the authorities did not object to an expedition which Lord and Lady Muncaster, with another English visitor, Mr. Vyner, wished to make to Marathon. Mr. Edward Herbert was one of the party, which was duly accompanied by a military escort. It proved, however, a most disastrous expedition. The battle-field was scarcely reached, when the party was surrounded by brigands. The soldiers took to flight, and the English people were all made prisoners. After consultation, Lord and Lady Muncaster were released and sent back to Athens to obtain the others' ransoms, and an amnesty for the robbers, while Edward Herbert, Mr. Vyner and two others were carried off into the interior. His captors assessed Mr. Herbert's life at £10,000. It was a large sum. But on receiving the intelligence Lord Carnarvon at once rushed up to London, interviewed his bankers, Messrs. Herries and Farquhar, whose helpful co-operation he ever

gratefully remembered, and telegraphed out to Athens that the money would be instantly paid over. All would have been well if at this moment the incompetent and corrupt Government had not meddled. They refused to grant the amnesty, and despite entreaties and advice they despatched a body of troops in pursuit of the outlaws. From that hour the prisoners' doom was sealed. Captors and captives had sought refuge in a mountain fastness, where on Easter Sunday, 1870, as Edward noted in his journal, the robbers performed their devotions with edifying fervour. On Easter Monday the approach of the soldiers was signalled, and an abrupt transformation scene took place. Even in such untoward circumstances, Edward Herbert's great personal charm had not been without effect on his gaolers. They generously informed him that they would not proceed to extreme measures so long as he could keep up with them in their retreat. Unluckily, he was far from strong. His spirit, indeed, was gallant, but his body was weak. He ran as long as he could. When he fell he was cut to pieces.

A wave of passionate indignation swept over the whole country when the news of Mr. Herbert's and Mr. Vyner's death reached England. The funeral of the victims was an act of almost national mourning. To Edward Herbert's family the blow was terrible. In any case his loss would have been an intense grief. But in these circumstances of brutality it was invested with an almost indescribable horror. It is no exaggeration to say that a sense of consternation penetrated even to the

Highclere nursery. Years have passed since then. Those children have grown to maturity. But the remembrance of those days, overshadowed by a half-understood and wholly terrifying tragedy, can never be effaced from their memories.

When Edward Herbert's will was examined, it was discovered that he had left Tetton to his cousin Alan. It was now within Alan's power to dispense with a profession. But this was the last of his wishes. More than ever was he enamoured of his career, and before long public events provided him with all the work the most eager young man could ambition.

On July 15, 1870, war was declared between France and Germany, and Alan instantly offered his services to the civil hospitals in Paris. On August 8, and again on August 10, 1870, he wrote to his brother, Lord Carnarvon, to explain his own position, adding many little details on the state of popular feeling, which must have been of considerable interest to his correspondent.

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde, Paris,
"*August* 8, 1870.

"Dear Carnarvon,

". . . You will have heard of all that has passed, and will naturally conceive the state of excitement and alarm the whole of the Paris population is in. One feels much for a high-spirited people, who thought themselves almost certain of success, and find themselves suddenly defeated and the very

capital in danger. There is a look of sadness on everybody's face, and one cannot but help feeling a painful delicacy when one meets one's old friends, as, of course, a foreigner's (even though a friend) presence at such a moment is rather galling to them. But I must come to business. . . .

"I myself shall stay on, as I have offered my services for the civil hospitals here in Paris. This I felt bound in honour to do. All French securities are gone dreadfully down, and will continue to do so if there is not a great change."

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde,
"*August* 10, 1870.

"Do not be anxious about me, as there is no reason. My position in the hospitals is a guarantee of my safety, and I could not in honour leave. The accounts here are depressing for the French army. Mismanagement on all sides, and they add that Metz is not at all in a proper state of defence. There are some chances of a revolution, of which people are beginning to talk more and more. The papers are being muzzled, some suppressed. The present minority will be unpopular with all parties. But people are somewhat calmer than they were a few days ago. Everybody asks, What will Russia do? and then, What will England do? Do not be fidgety about me."

We do not possess Lord Carnarvon's answer to his letter, but the gist of it is evidently reflected in one, dated August 11, to Lady Carnarvon, enclosing

Pal's epistle, and again in another brief extract the following day.

From Lord Carnarvon to his Mother.

"*August* 11, 1870.

"I enclose you a letter from Pal, as you will like to see what he says. I had previously written to him to beg him to be careful, and I doubt not that he will be. His offer of service in the civil hospital at Paris is, I think, right. By this he will set free some other doctor to go to the army."

On August 12, 1870, Lord Carnarvon sends on another letter, remarking:

"All that he [Alan] says is, like himself, sensible and right-minded, and I hope that all is and will go well in Paris."

On August 14, Alan wrote to Lady Gwendolen Herbert describing the ebb and flow of hopes and fears in Paris.

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde, Paris,
"*August* 14, 1870.

"I wish you could have seen *your* Paris during the last few days, as it would have been a new place to you. And, in fact, the scene is one one can never forget, but most painful. On the whole the people have come well out of it. Everybody is volunteering and willing to do work quietly and well. There is a good deal of singing and noise in the streets, and the Prussians are ill-used every now and then, when a real one happens to

appear, or when some ignorant or malicious person pretends to find one, who generally turns out to be a pure Parisian. At present the general tone of feeling is towards a degree of confidence, which, perhaps, is as exaggerated as were the fears they expressed after the announcement of the losses. We have heard nothing here all day about Strasbourg, although we believe it to be invested, and perhaps taken, or a Prussian defeat taken place near there. To me, one of the disagreeables of the war is the fact that it will put off your and dear Muddy's visit to Paris, but I hope not for long."

It must also have been about this time that he addressed the following undated communication to Lord Carnarvon :

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde, Paris,
1870.

"Dear Carnarvon,

"Very many thanks for your second letter received this morning. Things have calmed down for the moment, and I hope that we shall not have any trouble in corresponding with England. . . . The general impression that the Emperor's dynasty is at an end is gaining ground, and the return of the Orleanists is expected. But people are much calmer than they were, and that peculiar look of consternation and dejection, which was on everybody's face, has disappeared. In fact, I believe that they are now inclined to underrate as much as they formerly were to overrate the advantages gained by the Prussians."

Dr. Herbert's first patient outside his hospital

practice was the Comte de Flahault, the father of Lady Lansdowne and Madame de la Valette, a man who had played a considerable part in the First and also the Second Empire. He was already dying when his medical attendant, being forced to quit Paris, committed him to Dr. Herbert's care; and the fall of the Bonapartes and the death of their devoted adherent took place almost simultaneously. Comte de Flahault was Chancellor of the Legion of Honour at the time of his death. The new Government allowed the old man's coffin to remain in the official residence, but the portraits of the Emperor and Empress were summarily removed from the walls of the building. Four days before Paris was isolated from the outer world, Dr. Herbert and Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice followed Comte de Flahault's remains to the grave. The next morning Lord Edmond literally fought his way into one of the last trains that left the Paris *enceinte*. If any rumour of his subsequent adventures, and the narrow escapes he ran of being arrested as a spy, reached England, Lady Carnarvon cannot have been so reassured at hearing that Auberon was with him as her thoughtful correspondent evidently hoped.

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde,
"*September* 18, 1870.

"Dear Mother,

"I do not know whether there will be a post to England to-day or not. Anyhow, I write to tell you I am well and in good spirits, and that you and Gee must not allow yourselves to be

fidgety about me. I think Auberon must be all right. I wrote to the Hôtel de la Couronne, Geneva, where he was to go, to tell him of your having put the money to his account. Also I made him take £10 of me before starting, so I do not think he can be in immediate want of money. Also he is with Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, which would no doubt advance him a little. You might hear of him through the Howards. . . . Never be low-spirited if you do not hear *for a long while.* All Lord Lyons' horses and carriages gone to Rouen instead of Tours."

The condition of the British citizens domiciled in Paris early became a source of anxiety to their fellow-citizens. Relief was distributed by the committee of the British Charitable Fund, of which Dr. Herbert soon proved himself one of the most active and efficient members. Lord Carnarvon had not opposed Alan's intention of remaining in Paris, when war was declared. But, when the investment of the capital became imminent, he evidently grew somewhat uneasy, and probably asked for explanations to which the following letters are the answers. I should add that, as soon as Lord Carnarvon understood that Alan's mind was fully made up on the subject, he did all in his power to help his brother to carry out his intentions with the minimum of inconvenience to himself. Dr. Herbert always said that, if he did not experience many of the disagreeables from which his friends suffered during the blockade, it was mainly owing to Lord Carnarvon's thoughtful despatch of £100

in sovereigns. But if Alan was determined not to abandon his post, he was equally desirous to persuade all non-combatants, over whom he possessed any influence, to transport themselves elsewhere. By his advice the Misses Herbert removed to Dieppe. And even with Mademoiselle Lombart—an ancient governess of his sister-in-law, Lady Carnarvon—his diplomacy proved eventually more successful than, judging from the following letter, he at first anticipated. Mademoiselle Lombart reached England in safety, and established herself at Highclere, where she devoted her energies—when not in hysterics—to making lint for the wounded and organizing, for the benefit of the children, strange games representative of the trials of her townsfolk in distant Paris.

". . . I could not," Alan wrote, "leave Paris at present without incurring charges of dereliction of duty, and, in fact, to a great degree deserving them, for Belgians, Swiss, even Prussians, are continuing to live here. . . . People who have no call of duty are leaving, especially women and children, and to-day there is an article in the half-official press which practically advises them to do so. I shall try to get them off. If not, like me, they must take in a stock of provisions. I shall tell them to do so to-day. About Miss Lombart I am more positive. She ought to leave, but it is not easy to do; but, if she will not consent, I shall make one attempt more, and tell her, if she has a wounded man at all to take care of, it will be a Prussian, which, perhaps, will make her less decided. But I fear her charity

will even then get the upper hand. What I am afraid of is that she is not in a fit state of health to undertake such a charge.

"*August* 24, 1870."

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde,
"*September* 7, 1870.

"Dear Carnarvon,

"Many thanks for yours. You will hear soon what Auberon's plans are, but he will leave Paris, anyhow, and be safer than here. Not that there is any danger except that of being detained in Paris. I believe the Parisians will not allow a regular siege. The general impression is that it is not possible to support one. Ammunition is wanting, and the defences are not nearly strong enough; and that impression will gain ground, I am sure, and if only the Prussian demands are not too humiliating we shall be spared the useless butchery of a siege.

"Your affectionate
"A. P. Herbert."

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde,
"*September* 8, 1870.

"Dear Carnarvon,

"Your letter was forwarded to me from the Embassy to-day. I cannot leave Paris, and for the following reasons: The work of the fund is far from being terminated, and will not be till the siege of Paris actually takes place, or the present state of things entirely changes; and also because my work at the hospital is still in full force, and I could not leave it. I do not myself apprehend any

great danger from the Prussians. I do not believe that there will be any serious defence of Paris. I hope none, for I feel convinced that it will be useless and a mere loss of life and treasure. I do not, either, believe that there will be any serious international disturbances, as long as the war is actually going on ; but, when that danger is passed, we shall very likely have a revolution more or less bloody. These are of course but suppositions, and crude ones, but, joined with the fact that I could not leave my hospital service without exciting disagreeable remarks, will I think appear valid reasons to you. The time has not been without use to me. It has brought me forward and made me known better than I could have hoped for under the circumstances.

"*September* 9, 1870.

"To-day we have hopes of peace, and I hope they will be realized, as the position will be worse if they are not, the French being more and more aggravated and strengthened in their desire to resist. Also they are, foolishly enough, perhaps, inclined to put the willingness of Prussia to treat down to a fear of the ultimate consequences of the war, and a hesitation on seeing the arming of Paris."

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde, Paris,
"*September* 10, 1870.

"Dear Carnarvon,

"The work of the British Charitable Fund, far from finishing, is probably only beginning ; and despite all that has been done to send the English poor to England, there will remain a great

number who must be sent to England by some special means. They propose a steamer up the Seine to Rouen, permission being obtained to pass the Prussian lines. Also, probably, there will remain a great number who are provided with no means of living, and whom we must try to do something for. I cannot, consequently, leave, and could never show my face again here, or probably in England, if I did. . . ."

Dr. Herbert's injunction to his sister "never to be low-spirited if you do not hear for a long time" was not superfluous. It was almost a month before a lucky chance enabled him to communicate with Lord Carnarvon. This letter is dated October 4. It will be seen that, like the following one, it is rather concerned with the needs of others than his own fortunes. Work in the ambulances, and at the Charitable Fund, was, indeed, absorbing all his time and thoughts. His position on the committee enabled him to give effect to his instinctive benevolence, and in distributing the fund he found full scope for his natural gift of organization. In Paris, that winter, devotion and intelligence were at a premium, and Dr. Herbert gave both unsparingly in the service of the poor.

The distress amongst the English, then inhabiting Paris in far larger numbers than nowadays, was terrible; and had it not been for Mr. Wallace's munificent charity, and Dr. Herbert's untiring labours the death-roll would probably have been heavy. Early in January, 1871, during the worst period of the siege,[1] Mr. Wallace opened

[1] *Lancet*, March, 1907.

two wards, adjoining his hospital in the Rue d'Agnesseau, for the reception of the British poor, and also a dispensary, where out-patients could daily receive gratuitous medicines and advice. In all these undertakings, Dr. Herbert played a conspicuous part. Nor was it only his skill and knowledge that made his assistance so useful. In matters small and great, his high standard, as his fellow-workers subsequently testified, was of untold value. An instance in point occurred in the canteen arrangements. The staff of Mr. Wallace's hospital were entitled to a good and sufficient meal. At the close of a long and exhausting day this was no little boon. Dr. Herbert, however, considered that such wholesome and nutritious food as could then be procured should be exclusively reserved for the sick and wounded. And, rather to the sorrow of those who felt themselves obliged to follow his example, he resolutely restricted himself to the very unappetising rations furnished by Government. I will, however, let him tell the story of those days in his own words:

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde, Paris,
"*October* 4, 1870.

"I have the chance of sending your letter by the kindness of Mr. Lawley. . . . I may not have such a chance again, so of course I take it immediately. I have written several times by balloons, sometimes on cards, and sometimes on thin paper, but I am doubtful whether any of my letters have safely arrived. There is a great deal to do here, especially through the British Charitable Fund, which is now

beginning to get into better order; but there is an immense amount of distress, and, were it not for the sums sent from England, I believe that many English families would be literally starving. The French authorities, who are generous towards foreigners in peaceful times, have, of course, now more to do than they can attend to, and the French workmen are in as great distress as our own countrymen."

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde, Paris,
"*October* 11, 1870.

"Dear Carnarvon,

"I shall probably be able to send this by the Embassy, and wish to tell you that I am in good health and all going on well. We have still plenty to eat, and thanks to your provisions and other preparations I have made I hope that I shall not seriously want, whatever happens. We are otherwise quiet enough, but of course dull. There is no eight or nine o'clock bell, but the streets are at best only half lit, and at nine or ten there is scarcely a soul to be seen; but Paris is very safe. and there are no rumours, even, of outrages in this part of the town. We are, in fact, getting on pretty well, and, with the King of Prussia's promise not to destroy unnecessarily, we hope to get through pretty well. The most painful of the affair is the want of news of all sorts, both public and private. I do not allow my mind to dwell on it, as I know it is necessary, and am happy to feel that all my own people were in good health, when I heard last of them, and there is no reason they should not

be so now. . . . We are able to do a great deal of good with the funds at our disposal from the British Charitable Fund. We are helping to keep alive 502 people at this moment, and the number increases at each meeting, and will do so, I fear. I am very glad we have these sums, not only on account of the poor people, but also because it keeps them quiet; and the English population are able to be independent of the French, at a moment when they have more on their hands, naturally, than they can deal with. . . ."

When the normal means of communication ceased, Lord Carnarvon endeavoured to obtain news of Alan through other channels. Auberon, to whom he appealed in the beginning of November, could tell him little. He could only say that he "believed that Alan was still helping in the children's hospital, but he could not be sure." A friend, who had carried despatches to Lord Lyons, was, however, more fortunate, and his letter must have been of some comfort to the anxious family in England. Moreover, in November another Englishman—Mr. Wodehouse—contrived to transmit a message from the doctor to his brother. But after these two communications, which I subjoin, and another to which Lord Carnarvon refers, but which is not forthcoming, the *ballon monté* and carrier pigeons[1] were the only

[1] "LETTERS FOR PARIS BY CARRIER PIGEONS.—The Director-General of the French Post-Office has informed this department that a special despatch, by means of carrier pigeons, of correspondence addressed to Paris has been established at

medium whereby Alan Herbert could assure his relatives of his comparative well-being.

"Tours,
"*Sunday evening, November* 11, 1870.

"My dear Carnarvon,

"I have been to see Lord Lyons and present my despatch, which I could not give up last night, as I arrived so late. Lord Lyons says that he has sent several letters and communications to Alan, and he has good reason to believe that some, if not all of them, have been received by him. He says

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Tours, and that such despatch may be made use of for brief letters or notes originating in the United Kingdom and forwarded by post to Tours. Persons desirous of availing themselves of this mode of transmission must observe the following conditions: Every letter must be posted open—that is, without any cover or envelope, and without any seal—and it must be registered. No letter must consist of more than twenty words, including the address and signature of the sender; but the name of the addressee, the place of his abode, and the name of the sender, although composed of more than one word, will each be counted as one word only. No figures must be used; the number of the house of the addressee must be given in words. Combined words joined together by hyphens or apostrophes will be counted according to the number of words making up the combined word. The letters must be written entirely in French, in clear, intelligible language. They must relate solely to private affairs, and no political allusion or reference to the war will be permitted. The charge for these letters is 5d. for every word, and this charge must be prepaid in addition to the postage of 6d. for a single registered letter addressed to France. The Director-General of the French Post-Office, in notifying this arrangement, has stated that his office cannot guarantee the safe delivery of this correspondence, and will not be in any way responsible for it.—General Post-Office, *November* 16."

that he is doing a great deal of good in Paris, and that, under the circumstances, he would not wish to urge his departure. Besides this, it is the general opinion that the armistice is settled for twenty-five days, and that peace will certainly ensue. Meanwhile France is arming and drilling. I fear, however, that men and arms will not make an army, and that the French are usually defeated before they actually meet the Prussians on the field of battle.

"Reilly and I were walking by the river side to-day, when we were arrested as spies and taken off to the police bureau. All was civilly done, and, as I requested them to walk in front and behind me whilst I talked to them, we had no crowd following us, we suffered *no* annoyance. The general opinion, as far as one can gather it from conversation, is that peace should now be made at any price, and that France should devote all her energies to reconstruct her army, etc., with a view to the reconquest of her military prestige and any provinces which the Prussians may now insist on taking. We had a long, tedious journey, occupying thirty-eight hours, the trains being fearfully long, and consequently slow and unpunctual. Lots of troops on the move towards the enemy, and some few wounded going to the rear. This place is full to repletion, and we were some hours before we could find even the attic with beds, which we occupied last night. I shall make my headquarters here, and make excursions here all along the French front. A letter to the care of Lord Lyons here will reach me in due time.

"My cousinly greeting to Lady Carnarvon, and believe me most sincerely yours. . . ."

Copy of memorandum from Alan Herbert, left by H. Wodehouse, November 21, 1870:

"Please inform Carnarvon that state of my health is excellent. Good stock of provisions; enough, if necessary, to last till end of January. Plenty of occupation with British Charitable Fund.

"If there should be an amnesty, beg Fortnum and Mason to send immediately hams, tongues, potted meat, and *cheese*. Messages to all members of family. A thousand congratulations on birth of a daughter."

". . . When at Versailles H. Wodehouse found with Colonel Walker a letter believed to be from you, and tried to get Bismarck to send it into Paris. He would not have it at all. H. W., however, sent a business paper in, with the letter tacked into it, and added that Alan Herbert's family was well. There is reason to suppose that it went into Paris and reached Alan."

One *ballon monté* message was fated to pass through many hands before it reached Lord Carnarvon. Alan's epistle, written on a card, was picked out of the post-box of a balloon, seized at Meudon by its captor, who politely handed it over to Colonel Beauchamp Walker, a staff officer attached to the German headquarters at Versailles,

and Colonel Walker finally forwarded it to its destination.

"DEAR CARNARVON," ran the missive,

"I am well and comfortable. Please send on card to mother and Eveline P. I hope all are well, and especially Evelyn. Best love to all. Please answer in this way. It may reach by balloon. Are Gérards in England?

"Best remembrances.

"Your affectionate

"A. P. HERBERT."

Par Ballon Monté.
Madame Comtesse Douairière de Carnarvon.

"*December* 6, 1870.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"You will have received news of me, I hope, by Colonel Claremont, who left Paris on Sunday last. We are now without any recognized representative of our Government, which has been a cause of considerable annoyance to some of the English residents here; but we appear to get on pretty well. They seemed surprised that a Consul should not be left; but one cannot help recognizing that the commercial interests between England and France are not great. Mr. Blount, the banker, and, I imagine, some distant relation of yours, is in charge of the Embassy, and in some way, unofficially, represents English interest here. The Charitable Fund is still hard at work. We have now nearly 1,000 persons to feed. We have got little by little into managing it better. I have got

a system of tickets, which saves much time. Please give my best love to all at home and all the family. I am well and much occupied, though less than I was a few days ago.

"Provisions are abundant."

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde,
"1870.

"Dear Claremont,

". . . I called too late, unfortunately, at the Embassy to-day, having been detained longer than I expected *en route*. If you see any of my family, will you tell them that I am well, and manage the eating department very well? As regards the British Charitable Fund, will you, if you can, impress on the mind of the public that we are truly grateful to it for its subscriptions, but grateful to it in Talleyrand's sense? Upwards of 1,000 English mouths are grateful for the means of living, which they have supplied them with. And with the £500 Wodehouse left we shall get through, even if the siege lasts a month more; but we apprehend a dreadful time after the siege, when there will be no work yet for the poor people, and provisions nearly as expensive as now. So our gratitude extends forwards as well as backwards, and embraces their future subscriptions as well as their past ones. You will remember Wallace's magnificent £200 a month.

"Yours sincerely,
"A. P. Herbert.

"P.S.—Please tell Carnarvon, if you see him, I have received two letters from him."

Lord Carnarvon evidently did his utmost to further his brother's wishes regarding the British Charitable Fund. On October 25, 1870, he wrote to the Dowager Lady Carnarvon:

"I have had a long letter from Alan, the substance of which you will probably see in the *Times* of Monday, and I have sent to the British Charitable Fund £20 more; £10 from you if you think well to join me in it. I believe it to be a real charity, and, though I know how many your claims and charities are, I suggest this, for once against my usual rule."

On New Year's Eve Alan Herbert could no longer send a reassuring report of the stock of provisions in Paris. He said afterwards that a good meal could always be obtained at Voisin's famous restaurant. But the price charged was practically prohibitory. Specie was wellnigh as rare as nourishing food. And the little store of sovereigns, which Lord Carnarvon's foresight had provided, proved almost as precious as the tinned provisions which Alan had prudently accumulated at the Rue Chauveau Lagarde—most of which, however, found their way to the homes of the sick and indigent. He had also some live-stock—amongst others a hen, which became so tame that he would not allow her to be sacrificed. In his rare moments of leisure, Una sat on his knee, or on the arm of his chair, acquiring the privilege of a favourite cat or dog. At the end of the siege

she accompanied her master to England, driving about with Lady Gwendolen to the houses of friends. During one of these visits, she espied a dinner-table adorned with flowers and leaves. It was the first greenery poor Una had seen for many a long month, and she flung herself upon them, greedily gobbling up the floral decorations. She was finally presented to Mrs. Howard of Greystoke, and lived to venerable old age at Thornbury Castle.

"Paris, 1870.

"My dear Gwendolen,

"I must run the risk of this letter not reaching, to have the pleasure, at least, of knowing that I have wished you a happy New Year. Do you remember Paris on New Year's Day? It will be all different this year. No shops along the boulevards, no *étalage* of pretty things for New Year's gifts. And, above all, the pastrycooks' shops and such-like form a marked contrast to their general appearance at this time of the year. As a New Year's gift, we have the information that the bread in Paris may last two months more, but that only by mixing bran and pounded rice in it, half of each. I know your liking for these culinary details. I spent Christmas Day *garde* at the Hôpital de la Charité. We doctors are in very low spirits, as our poor wounded soldiers almost all slip through our hands—at least, those who are injured in the lowest extremities, especially when there is any fracture of the large bones. The best hospital by far appears to be the American Ambulance. It is a new system, tents which admit of good ventila-

tion and of being well warmed. The American Ambulance is one of the shows of to-day. I ate some camel the other day; it came from the Jardin des Plantes, and was excellent, but very dear."

Camel was not the only curious fare called into being by the stress of the moment. As Alan told his brother, less inviting viands were made palatable by the skill of the Parisian chefs.

"2, Chauveau Lagarde,
"1870.

". . . I have not as yet tried any curious dishes. Rats are declared to be a great luxury. The other day a fat old friend of mine was expatiating on the delightful quarter of lamb he had, only 20 francs. When a friend asked whether he was sure it was lamb, 'Of course; I could not mistake a beautiful white meat.' 'Oh, *that* was dog! The meat exactly resembles lamb, and is white; it is difficult even to judge of the carcass whether it is dog or lamb,' was the reply. I thought my poor old friend would have had a fit of indigestion on the spot."

Dr. Herbert was uniformly cheerful in his letters to all his family, but, as a rule, the minute regulations governing the weight and size of letters, and his incessant work, left him little opportunity to describe the humours of the situation. And after this brief excursion into the gastronomic chronicle of Paris he instantly reverts to his main preoccupations, the condition of the hungry English and the unhappy wounded.

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde,
"*December* 30, 1870.

"Dear Carnarvon,

"I was surprised and delighted last night at seeing your handwriting. I could not understand, and in fact do not now. At first I thought you were in Paris, but saw immediately, on reading the letter, that it was written more as a memorandum than a letter. I believe I am almost the only person who has had a letter in Paris for a long while. Several people have been receiving despatches, but few letters. There has been a good deal of fighting lately, as you will have seen by the papers, so we have plenty to do. Yesterday ten wounded, almost all very severely so, came into the hospital, and to-day will be amputations. Before the siege began I half looked forward to a time when one would have some quiet moments to oneself, and have dreaded the fearful dulness it would bring. But I have never been more occupied in all my life, and it is often difficult to find time to do all one has necessarily to do. . . .

"Love to all, not forgetting my youngest niece."

Par Ballon Monté.

"Dear Carnarvon,

"I find Colonel Lloyd Lindsay is returning and will kindly take charge of open letters. He brings a most handsome present of £20,000 for the International Society. I am very glad of it, as it shows a kindly feeling for this people at a moment of great distress and trouble. There is much to be done in Paris at this moment to help all classes,

and I really believe that none are in greater distress than the English poor. Dr. Smyth, who made a round of those who were receiving relief, told me he never had seen so great distress. All their usual sources of income are cut off, and that after a period of unparalleled slackness in trade. We have now on our books about 600 mouths, and I believe that almost all of them have no regular means of living except that which we supply them. Every time the committee meets there are new applications, many of them families, and often most respectable people, who have been living for many years in Paris without ever once applying for relief to us. All the English now in Paris are doing their best; Mr. Wallace has given us a second donation of £200 a short time ago. Our soup-kitchen is gratuitously worked, but there is still a fearful amount of misery, and if the siege lasts long and prices increase it will be awful. I cannot feel too grateful under these circumstances for this very handsome subscription we have received from England, which enables us to make head in some way against this mass of misery. We can get along at present, but if numbers increase as they are doing, and the siege lasts, as it threatens to do, our resources will be exhausted, and it is horrible to contemplate."

Courage is probably the most necessary qualification for the medical profession. And to their honour, be it said, no class of men habitually respond with more alacrity to the call. But as a rule it is rather the passive form of that virtue

they are required to practise. Dr. Herbert had abundance of this latter order of bravery. But the love of danger, which gave so great a zest to his boyish exploits at Freshwater, had not been entirely exorcised by long years of study. It is doubtful whether he enjoyed any single episode of the war more keenly than the one recounted in the following letter. He certainly always loved to repeat it, marvelling retrospectively at the soundness of his slumbers at that period. Another anecdote of a totally different nature was also a perpetual subject of amusement to him and his family. On one occasion during the siege, Dr. Herbert—himself the most pacific and conciliatory of mortals—was invited to attend an acquaintance, bent on settling an affair of honour in the recognized fashion. He could not well refuse his medical services, and the little party set forth to find a suitable spot for the encounter. After much wandering to and fro, a square was at last discovered, where the bombardment had destroyed every house but one. Here the needful seclusion seemed attained. The seconds arranged their principals at a proper distance from one another, and the signal to fire was about to be given, when an unexpected interruption took place. Unluckily it was a sunny morning. The old lady inhabiting the unique mansion, which still boasted a roof, took it into her head to occupy her balcony, and the meeting had to be abruptly broken up. The quest began anew. But the duellists' ardour was quenched by the untimely hindrance, and the contest was hardly commenced before they agreed to shake hands and make friends.

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde,
"*January* 9, 1871.

"Dear Gwendolen,

"I have to-day received two telegrams, one signed with your name and one signed with yours and Auberon's. The one with your name was dated November 29; the one which was Auberon-Gwendolen was dated from Dieppe, December 20. I think they must be the same, and the 29th a mistake for December. Anyhow, no Christmas presents could be so welcome to me as news of you all, and I accept the date of December 21, thanking you both most cordially for your kind thought of me.

"We have been bombarded these last few days, but I cannot say that it has done us much harm. I speak for others as well as myself. I live in a part of Paris where the bombs have never as yet fallen, and which they cannot, they say, reach; but, generally, I do not think it has made a great impression on people. Those who are most exposed to it are beginning to be able to sleep through it, and bombs make a great deal more noise than they do harm. There have been very few accidents, and the Prussians are, in fact, very good-natured; they only begin the bombardment at about 10 p.m. People do, however, say that it is not pure philanthropy, but that they only fire their guns during the night as they mask them during the day. I have experienced once the effects of the bombardment. The old woman—mine, you remember—sent me word to say she was bombarded, and said she saw 'une bombe

toute rouge' pass before her window. I sent to tell her to come to this part of the town, but my messenger did not find her; so, later in the evening, I went to her house myself. The new Sergeant de Ville told me to make haste to get into the street, as the bombs were falling. I hurried on, and was talking to the old lady and persuading her to come, when up rushed the concierge and told her to descend to the cellar, as the bombardment was beginning. Down she went to the cellar, and I went towards home; but, as I had long wished to feel the effect of a bombardment, and found on my way home an hotel which I knew to be clean, I took a room. I was fortunate: a bomb struck the house. It is not very horrible; there is a good deal of noise and a shock, and women crying, but no great harm done. I shall not make the attempt again—tell mother so."

Meantime, while Alan was blockaded in Paris, Auberon, who had followed the earlier stages of the war as a newspaper correspondent with the German army, was impatiently awaiting the moment when he could rejoin his brother. The capitulation took place on January 28, 1871, but, from General Walker's letter, it is evident that it was no easy matter to slip through the outposts. Auberon's resolution and personal charm had, however, often triumphed over seemingly more hopeless obstacles. As usual, he now won through, and he seems to have been the first unofficial Englishman to enter the capital, where he arrived carrying a piece of beef in his knapsack, for his brother's consumption. He afterwards told his sister that

he had been chiefly impressed by the fact that, until he reached the Place Vendôme, during the whole way from the gates to the Rue Chauveau Lagarde he did not see a single child. The rigours of *l'année terrible* seemed to have swept them out of existence. Another incident brought vividly home to him the sufferings of the poor beleaguered folk. He was eating some bread, as he strode along the street, when a man came up and begged a piece for his wife. She was dying, he said, and longed, with the intense craving of the sick, for a little white bread. Auberon naturally gave him all he had, but it was an episode impossible to forget. The following letters relate to these exciting days and to the meeting of the brothers. It would seem as if Alan's epistle took longer in reaching Versailles than Auberon did in penetrating to him.

"*February* 1.

"DEAR LORD CARNARVON,

"I enclose you a letter just received. I fear Mr. Auberon Herbert has found great difficulties in getting into Paris, and, unfortunately, I could not help him, as my official position prevented my assisting him to evade the outposts, which was his intention when I last saw him at half-past twelve yesterday.

"Very faithfully yours,

"BEAUCHAMP WALKER."

"2, RUE CHAUVEAU LAGARDE,

"*January* 30, 1871.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I do not know whether this letter will ever reach you, or, if it does, when, as all postal arrange-

ments between here and Versailles are still in a very unsettled state; but I do not wish to lose the first opportunity of thanking you for the kindness you have shown me in sending me information of my family, and letters. Should my brother, Mr. Auberon Herbert, be in Versailles, will you kindly tell him I shall be delighted to see him in Paris, as soon as possible, but that he will not come exactly into a land of plenty? With many thanks,

"Yours very truly,

"ALAN P. HERBERT."

"2, RUE CHAUVEAU LAGARDE, PARIS,

"*January* 31.

"DEAR MR. ODO RUSSELL,

"I have succeeded in getting in quite safely. I 'did' my German friends at the barrier by slipping through after Ellison and Mundy. I found my brother very well, and well provided with stores. There does not seem in Paris real distress except among the poorer classes; there it exists, and is likely to increase. My brother joins with me in our warmest thanks for all your great and untiring kindness in helping me to-day in getting to Versailles. He has received a letter to-day from Madame de * * *'s sister. Will you very kindly tell General Walker from her that she is quite well, and would be glad to let her sister know that she is so? If you can do so, will you kindly telegraph for me to Carnarvon that Alan is quite well, and that I am with him in Paris?

"Many, many thanks for your kindness.

"Always,

"AUBERON HERBERT."

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde,
"*January* 31.

"My dear Carnarvon,

"Pal is quite well. The greatest pleasure possible seeing the dear old boy again. I got in to-day, defeating the great German army—strictly against orders—but fortunately got a golden opportunity. Odo Russell most kind. I hope you will thank him when you have time to write him a line. Walker also good-natured, and helped me; but Russell was thoroughly good and untiring in what he did. Dear old Pal!—such a great pleasure. I believe I am the first in Paris, though not sure.

"Always,
"Auberon Herbert."

The stress of the situation did not cease with the capitulation of Paris. Alan's letters show how much remained to be done before he could bring himself to leave his work. Indeed, when writing on February 10, it is evident that he found his responsibilities rather increased than diminished:

"*February* 10, 1871.

"Dear Carnarvon,

"I have not written as often as I intended. . . . There is so much on hand at this moment—English Hospital, the Fund, which must be transferred from its present state to the old one, and, in addition to that, several societies dealing in food to be distributed either to ambulances (military hospitals) or sick or necessitous persons, all of whom have come to ask help or advice. All the people in charge of the ambulance's stores have shown

great energy in getting into Paris with stores, but of course they were underhanded. We have done our best to help them.

"The Lord Mayor's Fund has given us a distribution of food for our poor, and with the £50 which you have sent in to Paris, but has not arrived yet, I think we shall have sufficient, as prices are lowering here, and I hope will do so rapidly if this dreadful war is not to be continued. If we want more, I will telegraph to you through General Walker. A few days will show. I have kept Gleisner, as he makes himself useful for the distribution of food."

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde,
"*February* 19, 1871.

"Dear Carnarvon,

"Will you read the enclosed and forward it? I write to you specially to tell you that we are going to apply again to Government for a little help. We had hoped to have been able to cease the siege allowances given to the poor before this moment, but the *revictualling* of Paris has been a slow affair; and though fresh meat is to be had, the price is out of the means of the poor, and work is but slowly beginning, owing, first, to the general state of uncertainty, and also to the want of materials, and especially coals. All this will soon right itself, but for the moment we are still in great want. The people have been kept alive by the supplies we have given them, but things were at the end strained very hard; and there is much sickness now, resulting from the privations experienced during the winter, and a more generous

dietary is the only means of restoring to health, and preventing the invasion of chronic diseases, which might prove fatal some short time hence. It is with these ideas and views that we have asked for a little further Government aid. You will understand how a dish of rice and chocolate may keep people alive for some time, but, if not replaced at a later moment by better food, will, in the end, leave people so weak and so easy a prey to different diseases that they really die of starvation of a chronic kind. Your prison experiences will make you easily understand this. I have seen more scurvy since the capitulation than I did during the siege. We are, in fact, winding up our debts. Nevertheless, we are determined to diminish our grants whenever we can safely, and send to England when there is no chance of the applicants getting work. Unfortunately, we cannot now have our reduced fare."

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde,
"*March* 5, 1871.

"My dear Carnarvon,

"I still find it difficult to leave, but must do so. I am anxious on all grounds to get to England to see you all, and for business, and because, also, one really is tired of Paris after the long monotonous stay. It is more trying to the temper than the health, for I cannot complain on that account, having never been in better health. The last scene of the Paris tragedy was played out on Friday, and I was glad I saw it. The French population behaved well on the whole. Few showed themselves in that part of the city where the Prussians

were, and the few who were there were cold, and seemed scarcely to be curious. The German soldiers generally behaved well, as far as I know. The servant of one of my friends, who is in England, sent for me the day before, in doubt as to what he ought to do, as he was to have Prussian soldiers quartered on him. I advised his getting them some supper, a bottle of wine, and some cigars. He followed my advice, and all passed quietly; they did not attempt to injure his master's furniture. When they heard that peace was proclaimed, they sang, beautifully, one of their national songs, and appeared as pleased to get home as we were delighted to get rid of them. I have not time to write another letter to-day, so please show this to dear Muddy. I will write to her to-morrow."

It is needless to expatiate on the rejoicings of his family when Alan was at last restored to them. I have spoken of his love for Auberon and Gwendolen. But, indeed, it is difficult to express how strong were the bonds that united him to his elder brother and sister. Time and separation could never weaken his devotion to Eveline, Lady Portsmouth. In every crisis he turned to her with the same confident assurance of full understanding and sympathy as in the years they roamed the woods of Highclere together as boy and girl. From the shock of her death, which only anticipated his by a few months, he never rallied; and those brief days were embittered by the sense of a loss, that had emptied life of its most precious companionship. Only the nights, he confessed, were

kind. For they were haunted with visions of her beloved form, now, by a pathetic transformation, ever wearing the radiant aspect of her gracious girlhood. Alan's affection for Lord Carnarvon was almost equally compounded of love and respect. But the doctor was no prouder of that brother's Parliamentary and administrative successes than Lord Carnarvon was of Alan's skill in his chosen career. In truth, the only cause of difference between them was Alan's reluctance to grant himself what Lord Carnarvon considered an adequate holiday from his incessant labours. In these conditions it may well be imagined with what anxiety the home circle had followed the hazards of the siege. Something of this care, in fact, pervaded the entire household at Highclere; for my own childish recollections of *l'année terrible* suggest a winter of black and biting cold, and even more oppressive gloom. Our only relaxation was playing at the relief of Paris with Mademoiselle Lombart; when the snow, instead of being moulded into "snowmen," grew to represent the provisions of which the starving city stood in such urgent need. I must admit that, like the poor Frenchwoman herself, the game became almost cheerful. But when we re-entered the house Melancholy claimed us again for her own. My mother, who was devoted to Alan, was often in tears on his account; while explanations as to carrier pigeons —a subject naturally of thrilling interest—were frequently interrupted by earnest, and somewhat terrifying, admonitions to offer up prayers on our uncle's behalf. When he did reappear—dear,

kind man! having thoughtfully provided himself with the new Republic's five-franc coins for his young relations' benefit—the joy of reunion proved as brief as it was great. Dr. Herbert had not been many days in England before the outbreak of the Commune occurred. At that moment he was staying with his mother, and throughout the rest of his life he remained profoundly grateful to her for the manner in which she received his decision to return to Paris. She offered no single objection or remonstrance, but forthwith ordered the carriage and accompanied him to the station, bidding him farewell with the same serene courage. Nevertheless, in the days that followed, even her high faith and sense of duty must have been taxed to the uttermost. She may not have known the extent of her son's peril, but the news that filtered through was the reverse of reassuring.

On one occasion, during those awful weeks, a lady came to Dr. Herbert in great distress of mind about an old servant who lived in a distant and disorderly quarter of Paris. "Could Dr. Herbert ascertain what had befallen her?" In the actual condition of the capital, elementary prudence counselled abstention from long excursions. Indeed, the request was eminently selfish. But Dr. Herbert never declined an errand of kindness. He set forth on foot, and in due course safely reached his destination, only to find that the ancient dame refused to budge from her house. The return journey was effected with greater difficulty. He was captured by a squad of Communards, and ordered to assist in extinguishing a fire. They

were disagreeable, and even dangerous masters to serve. But Alan had no alternative, and perforce set to work. Happily, however, it was a brief experience, and he felt no little relief when, at last, he contrived to slip away unnoticed.

It was, however, characteristic of the man that, in recalling that time, he always declared that he ran the "greatest risk," not on that occasion, but when, having slipped outside the gates for some reason, he was very nearly refused readmittance. Not unnaturally, we considered that life would have been more comfortable without than within revolutionary Paris. But he judged otherwise. His work lay there.

During those days of murder and sudden death, Alan does not seem to have achieved any communication with his family. But when the Versaillais had possessed themselves of the town, he wrote his mother a vivid account of the culminating orgy of flame and blood:

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde, Paris,
"*May* 25, 1871.

"Dear Mother,

"You will have received, I hope, a telegram and a letter from me, but I had not then time to describe all we had gone through. We had almost given up the idea of the Versailles troops coming in, they had been so long about it, and I dined out quietly on Sunday evening after taking a walk into the country.

"During Sunday night I was awakened by shots fired. There had been so little cannonading that for a moment I asked myself whether it could be

the Versailles troops coming in; but, as I heard nothing, I concluded it was only a street row, and went to sleep again. In the morning my servant came into my room, and exclaimed, 'On se bat dans les rues,' and, going to the window, I saw several National Guards and dirty-looking fellows taking counsel together whether they should raise a barricade opposite my windows; and they were actually beginning it. However, Sir Charles Dilke, when he was in Paris with Auberon, came to see me here, and, the question being raised as to a barricade being placed opposite my windows, he decided[1] it could not be, as the only proper place for one would be some doors lower down, at the meeting of the three streets. This recollection was some consolation to me; and his opinion was quite correct, for an officer arrived, supposed to have been the General Dombrowski, who made them begin lower down.

"It was impossible to leave the house, as all who did so were compelled to assist in building the barricade, and mercilessly shot if they refused to do so. The concierge of my house was forced to assist them, and I know several others were the same.

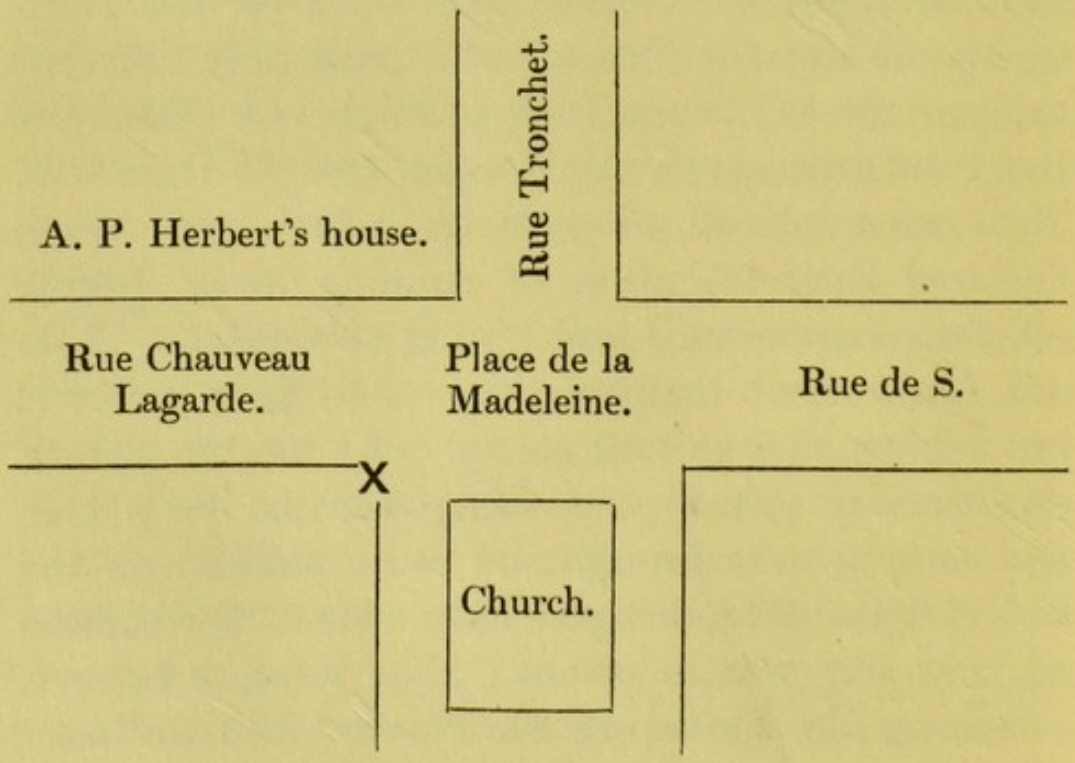
"They also raised a cry that the houses were to be searched for men to fight, but this threat they were unable to carry out, as events were too rapid to allow them to do so. Near my house is a market-place, and there they tried to make an ambulance. I offered my services, but nothing came of it. It

[1] Sir Charles Dilke's opinion was, of course, pure guess-work, but founded probably on a knowledge of strategics.

was only to have been *ambulance de rampart*—that is, destined to give the first care to the wounded, as we had none of the necessary materials for a regular hospital; but I believe the insurgents preferred sending their wounded to the central part of Paris, held by themselves. The proximity to the market-place was very useful, as I was able to get some food sent to me through a window in my house, which looks upon it. Some people were without food till Tuesday evening or Wednesday morning.

"Barricades were formed in all the different streets which give on the Place de la Madeleine, as I could see by looking through the bars of my outside shutters. I did not dare open them, as they might have fired on us; but by opening the windows behind one could hear what those opposite the house were saying, and we could see something of the movements of the insurgents in the Place. Several times we fancied they were on the point of evacuating the Place, but it was only different movements to change their position, etc. Many of the insurgents evidently fought against their will. Two men placed as sentries before my house declared their intention of running away, taking off their regimentals and hiding themselves. I do not know what happened to them, poor fellows! but I hope they got off safely. About ten o'clock on Monday (22nd) the firing became very bad, and cannon were brought up to be planted on the boulevards. The firing and the roar of the cannon all that day was incessant; they were, I believe, attacking the Faubourg St. Honoré, but we knew

nothing of what was going on. No one dared to stir out, and the sentries knew nothing. Towards the afternoon the fighting in the streets assumed another character. The troops had succeeded in taking possession of a house at the end of my street, Rue Chauveau Lagarde, and made their way from house to house by holes in the walls, till they arrived at the end of the street, and then they fired down on the barricade. The insurgents answered their fire from the Place de la Madeleine, but could not enter into the street. My house is situated on the north side of the Place itself, whereas the south side stops short to form one side of the square of the Place; and it was only at that point, just opposite my house and marked by a X, that the insurgents were able to get under cover. This they did by standing a little behind the corner house, and advancing their muskets round the corner. This plan will give some idea of the situation :



"The first who fired was a grey-headed, grey-bearded old man, who was the most bloodthirsty old fellow I ever saw. He hounded the others on, and had hot discussions, even with his own officers, so great was his determination to kill everyone he could see at the window, whether a soldier or not —so at least I interpreted the conversations I heard through the bars of my prison. There were in all about twenty or thirty firing, and it was a horrible sight. They quarrelled as to who should have the most shots, whose turn it was to shoot, and from time to time one heard such expressions as these: 'Oh, that caught him!' It was just like boys rabbit-shooting. I do not believe, however, they *killed* many, but it would not have been possible to pass into the street, so hot was the firing. I was expecting every moment that one party or the other would endeavour to take possession of my house, but it was too much exposed to the firing. This fighting continued till night; no gas was lighted, and it was a very dark night, so we had a short respite. The sentries watched all night just opposite my house, and at early dawn the firing recommenced on both sides, and lasted all the morning, but less violent than the day before. Nothing whatever was known of passing events; we only knew just what we saw through the bars of my window. The monotony and the suspense was very great, and we felt that the barricades ought to be taken, as the force defending them was evidently small. I began to think that the capture of these barricades would be much like the rest of the war, and last ten times longer than anyone anticipated.

"Towards evening, however, the firing became harder and harder, and after an hour and a half watching we saw the insurgents retreat from the different barricades and cross the Place. The troops then came in. A few scenes of horrid massacre and bloodshed, and then the streets were occupied by the regular troops, who were well received by the inhabitants, and looked upon as deliverers, which, in fact, they were; for the insurgents evidently regarded the inhabitants of our Quartier as enemies, and if we had again fallen into their hands, we should, I believe, have been treated as such.

"That evening we were not allowed to light any candles, and during a considerable part of the night the bombardment continued; some of the shells fell close by, bursting in the market-place and shaking us greatly. The market people retired to the cellars, but I determined to stay in my house, hoping it would not be worse; and since then we have had comparative quiet, but many houses are burning, and last night an appeal was made to all able-bodied men to assist in putting out the fires. I offered my services as a doctor, and was accompanied by an officer; but the fire had then ceased.

"You can well imagine how pleased we are to be free again. I fear there is a very revengeful disposition amongst the regular troops, which is much to be regretted; but the indignation at the wanton destruction of public buildings is intense, and the women, especially, are loud in their utterance of anger and their desire for blood. You will have

seen the story of the petroleum, which is generally believed, even by the authorities. Please to show this letter to E. C. and A. and G. I have written very hurriedly.

"Ever your affectionate son,

"A. P. HERBERT.

"The Herberts' furniture, of which I had charge, is all safe."

At the conclusion of the siege, the French Government shewed its appreciation of the young doctor's services by giving him the Legion of Honour. His work amongst the ambulances and the British poor[1] had another result, practically deciding the direction of his career. On August 1, 1871, such patients as were still under treatment in Sir Richard Wallace's[2] hospital were removed to a commodious house in the Rue Levallois Perret fitted up for their reception; and by November the 1st the doctors were able to report that only one wounded soldier remained under their care. Sir Richard Wallace had, however, decided to convert his siege hospital into a permanent institution for the benefit of the British community. On October 2 he called a meeting, composed of the British Consul, Sir John Rose Cormack, and Dr. Herbert, and formally announced his intentions to them. He had resolved, he said, to build a hospital for the medical and surgical treatment of indigent British

[1] *Lancet*, March, 1907.

[2] The British Government bestowed a well-earned baronetcy on Mr. Wallace at the conclusion of the siege in 187.

subjects resident in Paris, which he proposed to call the Hertford British Hospital, in memory of the late Marquis of Hertford. But as a considerable time must necessarily elapse before he could acquire a site and erect the buildings, he proposed meanwhile to continue his philanthropic work at 5, Route de la Révolte. For the management of this hospital Sir Richard appointed a small committee, consisting of himself, Mr. Atlee the British Consul, Sir John Cormack and Dr. Herbert. The two latter constituted the medical staff. Subsequently Monsieur Émile Levasseur joined the committee, and Dr. Charles Shrimpton was appointed honorary consulting physician.

It was not until 1877 that the foundation-stone of the permanent hospital was laid at Neuilly by Sir Richard and Lady Wallace. But in that interval Dr. Herbert had shown his whole-hearted devotion to the work of tending the sick and suffering. To his family, indeed, his zeal sometimes seemed almost overstrained, since he could never bring himself to leave the beloved institution for more than a couple of weeks in the year. But it must be said that his patients thoroughly appreciated his absorption in their interests. Occasionally, indeed, some poor creature would risk a grave illness by deferring his application for admittance into hospital until he could be assured that it was Dr. Herbert's week of office. Naturally very fond of children, Alan's advent always caused a flutter of delight amongst the babies' cots. In his private consulting-room, it was his custom to keep a bag of chocolates to reconcile the small people to his

examination of themselves and their ailments. But it was a superfluous precaution. Children, like dogs, seldom mistake their genuine well-wishers. No child was troubled with doubts regarding Dr. Herbert's ulterior motives. In fact, they took possession of him in a fashion which anyone but an enthusiastic child-lover might have considered overpowering. It was useless for the elders to strive to rescue him from an over-generous bestowal of their company. The force of mutual attraction was too strong for such well-meant efforts. If he happened to be making a long railway journey on the same day as a large batch of his young relatives, it was in vain that the parents carefully sent their offspring in a third-class compartment. Alan promptly took a third-class ticket, and, not content with dispensing cake and fruit to his own juvenile band, invited any other children, who could be enticed into the carriage, to share the cheerful feast.

Probably one of the reasons for the wide popularity of the Hertford Hospital was the fact that Dr. Herbert considered nothing affecting the comfort of its inmates below his attention. Sir William Gull—no mean observer—when he visited the hospital, declared that the dainty fashion in which he noticed that each patient's dish of spinach was prepared for the midday meal was proof conclusive of the excellence of the whole organization. Twenty years later, an English deputation making an official tour throughout the European capitals, to obtain information on hospital management, in less pictorial, but not less emphatic language brought back the

same laudatory report on the Hertford Hospital. A story Dr. Herbert often told against himself indirectly confirms the anxiety he ever showed to consult his charges' wishes. A baby brought for treatment to the hospital was evidently dying. There was no time to summon the parents, and Alan, aware of the feeling of the average French mother in such cases, instructed the Sister to baptize the infant. When the poor woman arrived, he sought to cheer her with the assurance that the sacred rites had, at least, been duly administered. But the consolation proved singularly ineffectual, for the bereaved parent, with some indignation, declared herself a Jewess.

The task of restoring Paris to its state of normal and festive prosperity was not more rapidly accomplished than the erection of the Hertford Hospital. Nor for a time did it appear that the vials of wrath were emptied. After being laid waste by fire and bombardment in 1870, the unhappy city suffered terribly from an inundation of the Seine in 1872. "I am not yet drowned," Alan wrote cheerily to his sister, "nor carried away by the inundations, nor even threatened to leave my abode. Even my wine and coals (a very important affair this winter) are in no danger, nor will they be, no doubt, as I am considerably raised above the level of the Seine. The river is most picturesque, especially at night. The water now comes right up to the upper quay-line, leaving no road by the water-side, and is so high that it reaches the spring of the arches, so that looking over the bridges it is close by; it runs with a great rapidity, and when on the banks a

most peculiar effect is produced by the gaslight on the water. Instead of seeing the reflection of each of the arches only, you see a dark shadow corresponding with the arch; and this arch is intersected by a great many smaller ones much lighter, but by their union giving a dark look to the whole stream, and you can imagine no other comparison for the stream than that of an angry, sulky, cruel beast ready to swallow one up, if one dared trust oneself to it for a moment.

"I send two boxes of eatables, one of chocolate, and the other dried fruit. There were no *bonbons à proprement parler*. Love to dear Muddy."

As the years went on, it became increasingly difficult for Alan to keep his family informed of his doings. Not only was he the most busy of men, but he was socially too popular to be allowed to use much of his leisure for correspondence. Such few letters as can be discovered during the next ten years, however, show that he was never too deeply engaged to deny himself whenever a good work of any kind was scheming. The English Church, to which he refers in one of these letters, eventually resolved itself into the very handsome building in the Rue Auguste Vacquerie. Dr. Herbert took a paternal interest in its fortunes, was a churchwarden, and was frequently to be seen on Sundays occupying a seat in one of the side-aisles. It is, indeed, at St. George's that Lady Gwendolen Herbert and some others of his family erected a tablet to his memory.

"2, Rue Chauveau Lagarde,
"1873.

"I am likely to be somewhat engaged in a committee for rebuilding one of the churches here. The history is curious. The land on which it is belongs to a Mr. Way, and he has already had to rebuild it once owing to the alteration in the streets of Paris. Since then the land on one side of the avenue, where it is built, has been raised up to construct a new and handsome street, and is almost buried now. The city of Paris offer to give another site—an excellent one—in lieu of the present one. The land will be given by the city of Paris, but Mr. Way will preserve the right of presentation. I will let you know how all goes on."

"*August* 13, 1875.

"Sunday I was out in the country, and I enjoyed it much. I went to call on an old friend and fellow-student, who, with two others, has purchased a large property, an old park on the outskirts of Paris, and has turned the château into a private asylum. We breakfasted with some of the quieter patients, and all I saw pleased me much. It is entirely on the new system of as gentle and tender a treatment as possible, and if, as I have no doubt, the food is as good every day as it was on Sunday, the patients have nothing to complain of. This is a most important point, as so often the owners of such establishments have been disposed to reduce the food of their patients to an unfortunate extent, and it has been one of the great reasons that such establishments have been dreaded by the insane.

It is true that the families of the insane are often unfairly stingy, and expect to have their relations kept as cheaply and well as if they were in an ordinary boarding-house, which, considering the medical care which has to be given, and the other expensive items of surveillance, etc., is impossible."

"21, Rue de Meroménil, Paris,
"*August* 19, 1875.

"I am in good spirits to-day, because I have been spending two or three hours with Sir Richard Wallace and his architect, a Mr. Samson, a Frenchman, and going over the plans of the new hospital. They are very satisfactory in all essential points, and his architect is apparently a very sensible and intelligent man; and he is willing to listen to hints, and to admit of the necessities of a hospital in his plans, and not to stick to preconceived architectural ideas."

"21, Rue de Meroménil, Paris,
"*February* 8, 1880.

"My dear Carnarvon,

". . . You have of course heard and seen in newspapers all the reports of war which have been current lately. . . . I was told the other day on fair authority that the Government here have given orders to arm the unfinished forts around Paris. People do not seem to be anxious, but there is an undercurrent of apprehension, and there have been some pointed articles in the official press; they were written with the apparent intention of relieving alarm. The general opinion appears to be that there may be war in a year or two or more, but

scarcely as soon as this summer. I have, however, as I tell you, been told that the danger is not imminent."

During the next thirty years, side by side with his hospital work, Dr. Herbert built up a large practice, and all sorts and conditions of men and women found their way to his little entresol. He had inherited an ample measure of his mother's love for the disinherited of the earth. Wherever else they might fail to obtain a hearing, they knew they could count on a courteous and kindly reception from Dr. Herbert. Indeed, he was more than the doctor of the poor. He was their almoner and their friend. Nor did he reserve his charity for the better advertised forms of destitution. Black-coated misery never failed to secure his sympathy. In such cases, as a distinguished colleague once told me, it was Alan's habit to seek out the man in question, saying that having ventured to mention the latter's difficulties to some friends, they hoped that they might be allowed to help to tide him over the present emergency. "The subscription," my informant dryly added, "was invariably collected out of Dr. Herbert's pockets."

Hitherto I have spoken only of his efforts to alleviate the lot of the poor. But I should be giving a wrong impression if I allowed it to appear that the absence of a bank balance was necessary to win his interest. The need of compassion for lives, seemingly lapped in prosperity and luxury, quickly becomes apparent to members of Dr. Herbert's profession. Alan's sympathies were eminently

catholic, and his rare discretion and kindliness inevitably attracted a love and confidence that are given to few. His apartment in the Rue Duphot overflowed with tokens of his patients' appreciation. The slippers and waistcoats manufactured by grateful ladies would have equipped a regiment. Paper-knives, cigarette-cases, and *bonbonnières*, were as thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa. Moreover, it should be said that these same rooms were the scene of many a pleasant little gathering. Almost culpably careless of his own individual comfort, no man was more hospitable. In order not to keep a patient waiting, he would lunch off a glass of milk and a bit of bread, or dine off a cup of bouillon. But his guests were feasted on the best of French bourgeois cooking—probably the most excellent cuisine in the world—and vintages, whose antiquity was reflected in the pompous tone wherewith they were announced by Dr. Herbert's old servant.

For many years, under Lord Lyons' genial rule, the English Embassy was a second home to Alan; and, in spite of a nature unassuming to a fault, he filled a unique position in the English society of Paris. Indeed, it would have been strange if he had not been everywhere a welcome guest. His mere entrance into a room must have brought comfort to the most nervous hostess. Before he had time to utter a word, it was evident how ready he was to be pleased and amused. Benevolence, indeed, radiated from him. Good-will towards men was writ large on every lineament. Rather above the average height, a sedentary life had lent embonpoint to his figure and a stoop to his shoulders. In

youth his hair had been both wavy and abundant, and when it grew white he wore it rather like an elderly Frenchman than one of his own countrymen. His clothes were generally venerable; and although he always assured us that they were made by a London tailor, they more nearly approximated to Gallic ideals of an unsensational type. At first sight, and in the street, he might almost have passed for a French savant. But, after a few minutes, the Englishman, and the Englishman of unmistakable distinction—that distinction which is the outcome of gentle breeding, unsought dignity, simplicity, and old-world courtesy—made himself apparent. He had looked on so many piteous scenes that the intense sympathy, which was the motive force of his nature, was reflected in an expression habitually grave, almost sad. But he had all the unexhausted powers of enjoyment of a healthy-minded schoolboy. In fact, the unaffected amusement he would find in a joke of the mildest sort was pathetic self-revelation. No man ever loved his profession more than Alan Herbert. But, formed as he was, it must have been a source of perpetual pain to his kind heart.

The Dowager-Countess of Carnarvon's death, in 1876, was an unspeakable grief to Alan. His brothers' and his eldest sister's lives were not conspicuous for leisure. Lord Carnarvon was plunged in work, political, literary and administrative. Lady Portsmouth's multifarious duties would have taxed the energies of a strong man. Therefore, despite the love that united them, had it not been for Lady Gwendolen, Dr. Herbert might insensibly have

become detached from his family. But, thanks to her faithful correspondence and devotion, his long absences never estranged him from his own people and his father's house.

Happily, also, it chanced that, when he fell ill of typhoid in 1880, he was at Highclere on a farewell visit to his eldest brother, who that winter was about to leave England for Madeira. Lord Carnarvon had departed before the nature of the malady was recognized. But Dr. Herbert was certainly better and more comfortable in the large, airy rooms of Highclere, with Lady Gwendolen in attendance, than he would have been in his own cramped and noisy flat. The illness ran its accustomed course. There were some days of great anxiety; but, the crisis passed, he rapidly regained strength, and the day came when he could dismiss his nurses. Before they departed, however, the housekeeper suggested that she should show them over the Castle. One room after another was visited. At last they reached Lord Carnarvon's sitting-room, and here the nurse came to a pause before a picture of the Dowager-Countess, exclaiming: "Why, that is the old lady who came into the doctor's room when he was so ill."

Inquiries elicited the explanation that at the most anxious moment, as she was watching by the patient's bedside, she suddenly became aware of an old lady, gazing fondly down on the sick man. The nurse concluded that it was some member of the family with whom she was unacquainted, and thought no more of the incident, except that she remarked that it was from this hour that he began to mend.

At the conclusion of his illness, Dr. Herbert returned to Paris and took up the threads of work again. Until, in July, 1900, the Hertford Hospital was formally made over by Lady Wallace to the British Government, he remained as physician in charge. After these arrangements were complete, he resigned. The French Government showed its appreciation of a lifetime's labours by promoting him from the dignity of Knight to that of Officer of the Legion of Honour.

In 1904, while on a visit to England, he hurt his foot; and although he recovered, and resumed his usual existence, his strength was visibly impaired. It subsequently transpired that he had been warned that, if he did not allow himself some respite, the consequences would be grave. But life apart from work was a prospect he could not face. Painfully lame as he now was, he would not even refuse to climb the steep, interminable stairs to a garret where he could bring relief. Thus to the end he remained at his post, at the service of his old friends, rich and poor, or those new ones, whom sorrow and suffering brought him. His final illness was brief. But nevertheless it gave time for the Quartier to show its attachment to the English doctor. During those days the churches were haunted by scores of humble folk offering up prayers and *ex votos* for his recovery.

On March 8, 1907, came the end; and on March 13, with all the pomp that attends the obsequies of an Officer of the Legion of Honour, Alan Herbert's coffin was laid at rest in the cemetery of Clichy, as he had wished, by the side of the two cousins,

Katharine and Elizabeth Herbert, who had filled so large a place in his existence. We who loved him were glad that the country of his adoption should thus acknowledge his worth. But amongst all the splendid wreaths, the many messages, there was one tribute that was specially precious in those dark hours. It was a letter from a poor servant-girl in the Antipodes, whom, like many another, Alan had befriended. She had heard of his illness, and in language of affecting simplicity, she wrote to express her passionate regret that she could not come herself, *pour soigner mon bon docteur*, beseeching him to get well for the sake of *tous vos pauvres*. To me that humble letter will always awaken much the same feelings as does the bit of ribbon or the medal on the soldier's breast. The medal may commemorate more dramatic deeds, but the impulse which prompted those actions is of a common essence. It has its being in the same Divine spirit, the God-given spirit of selfless devotion.

THE END

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