

Memories of eighty years / by John Beddoe M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

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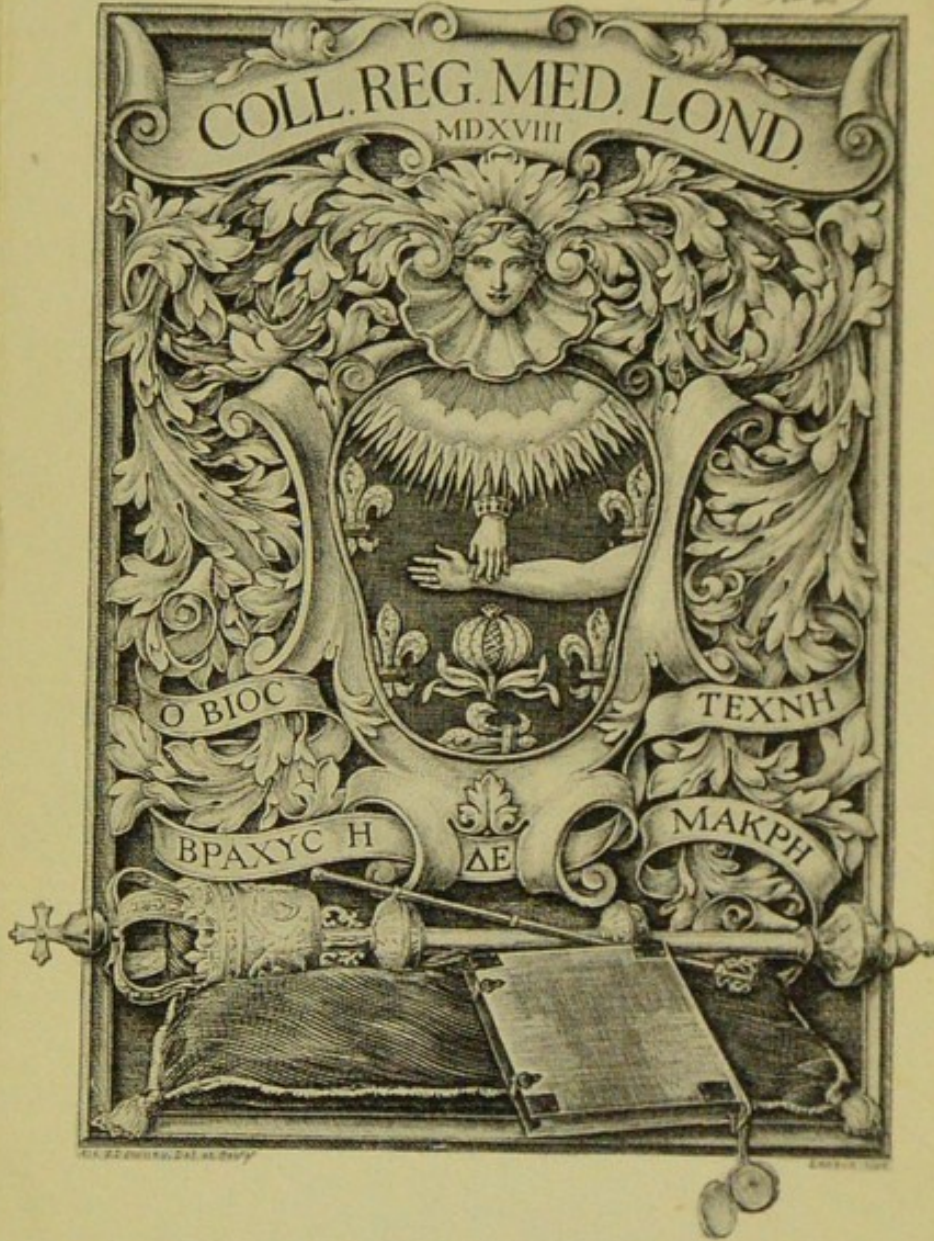
MEMORIES
OF EIGHTY YEARS

JOHN BEDDOE
M.D., F.R.S.

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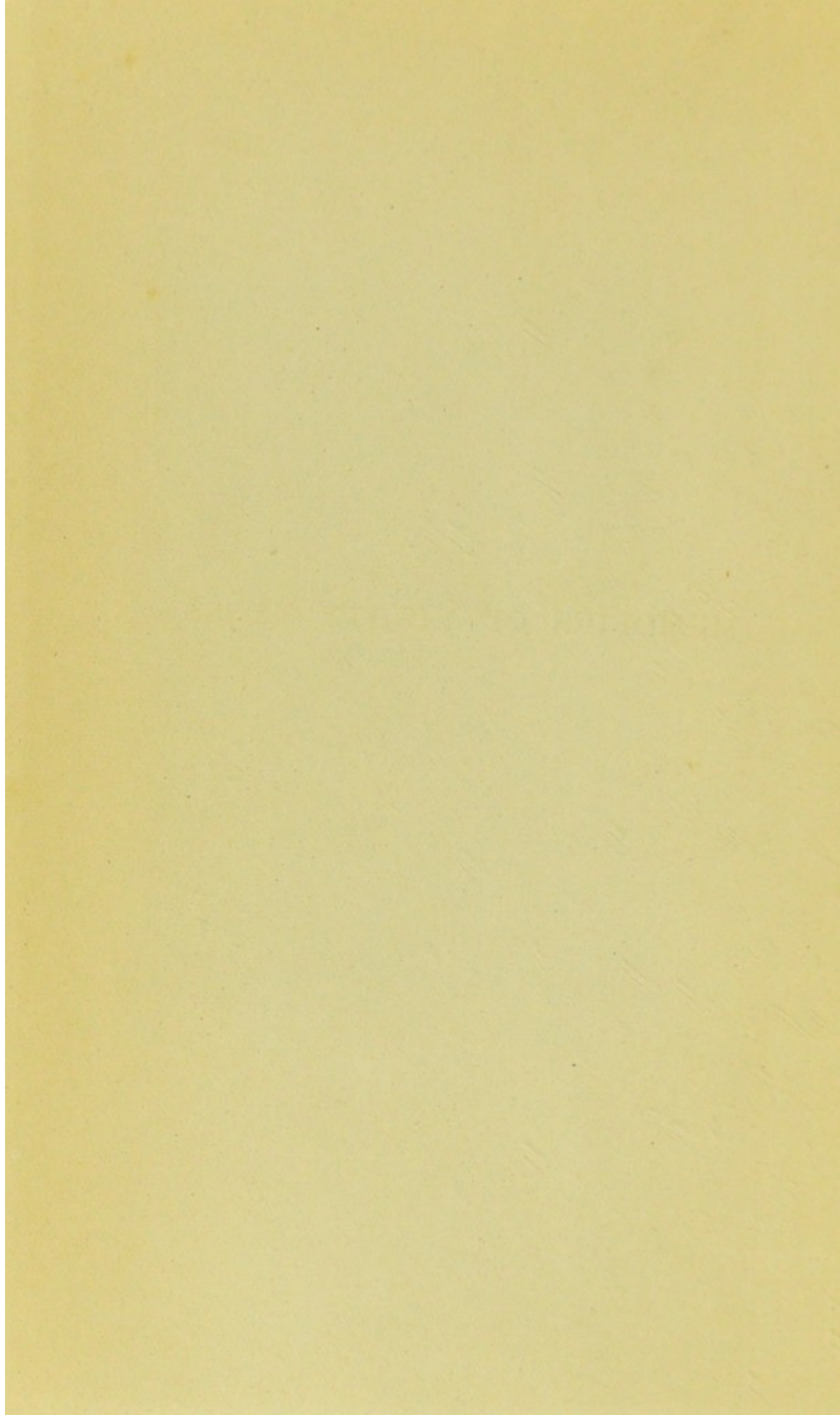
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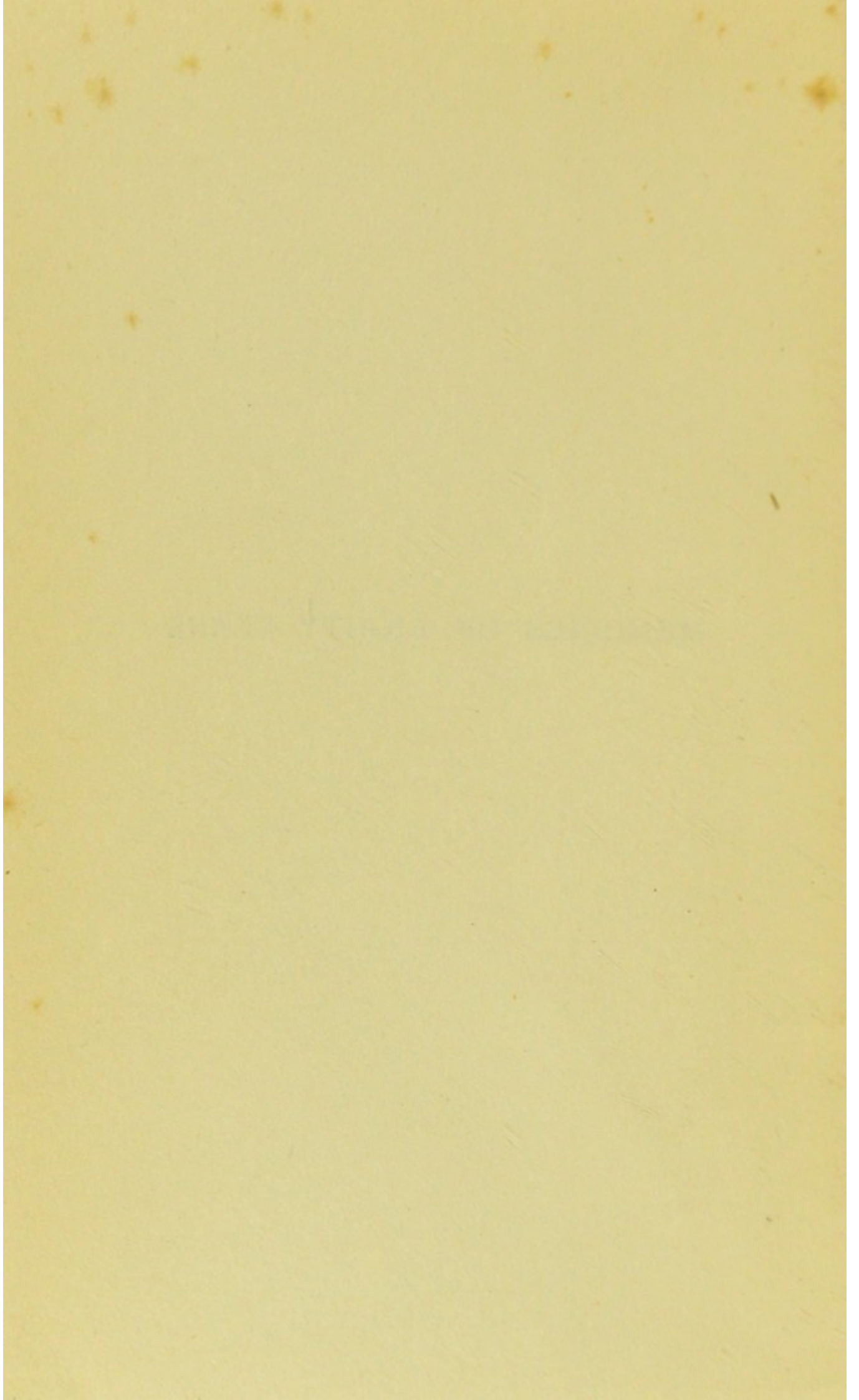


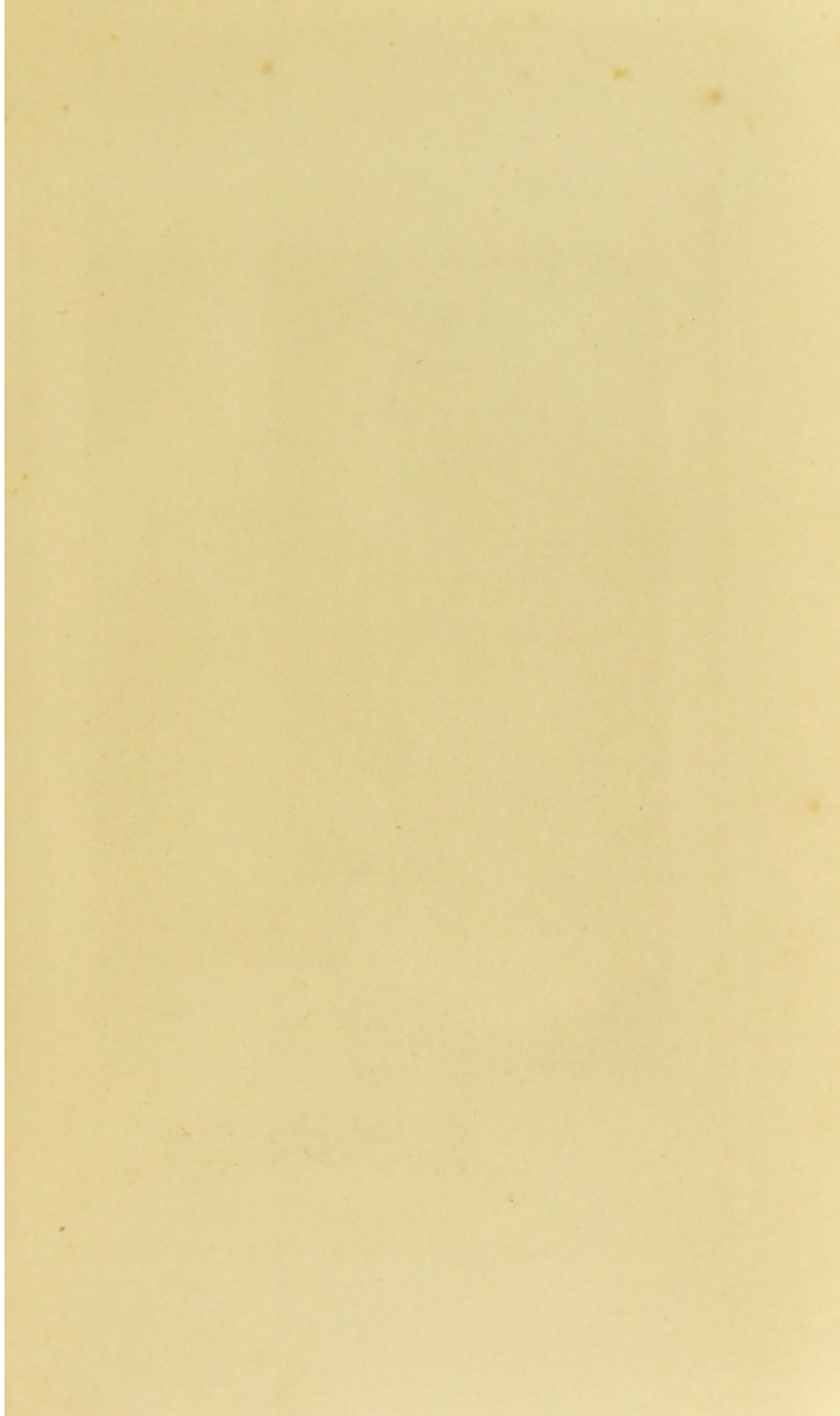
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MEMORIES OF EIGHTY YEARS







John Beddoe

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Memories of Eighty Years

BY

JOHN BEDDOE
M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.



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JOHN BEDDOE

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PREFACE.

MY publisher asks for a preface ; and I am glad of the opportunity his demand affords me of saying that these " Memories " are rightly so called, having scarcely any basis of journal or record. I have omitted as far as possible reference to purely domestic or family matters, except where they are necessary to the continuity or clearness of the narrative. I have also excluded, generally speaking, details relating to living personalities ; though the result of that rule has been omission to mention some of my best and even almost lifelong friends. It is usual, I apprehend, for an autobiographer to explain and apologise for his appearance in print ; but on that subject I really cannot think of anything to say.

STATE OF NEW YORK
IN SENATE

January 10, 1907.

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IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION
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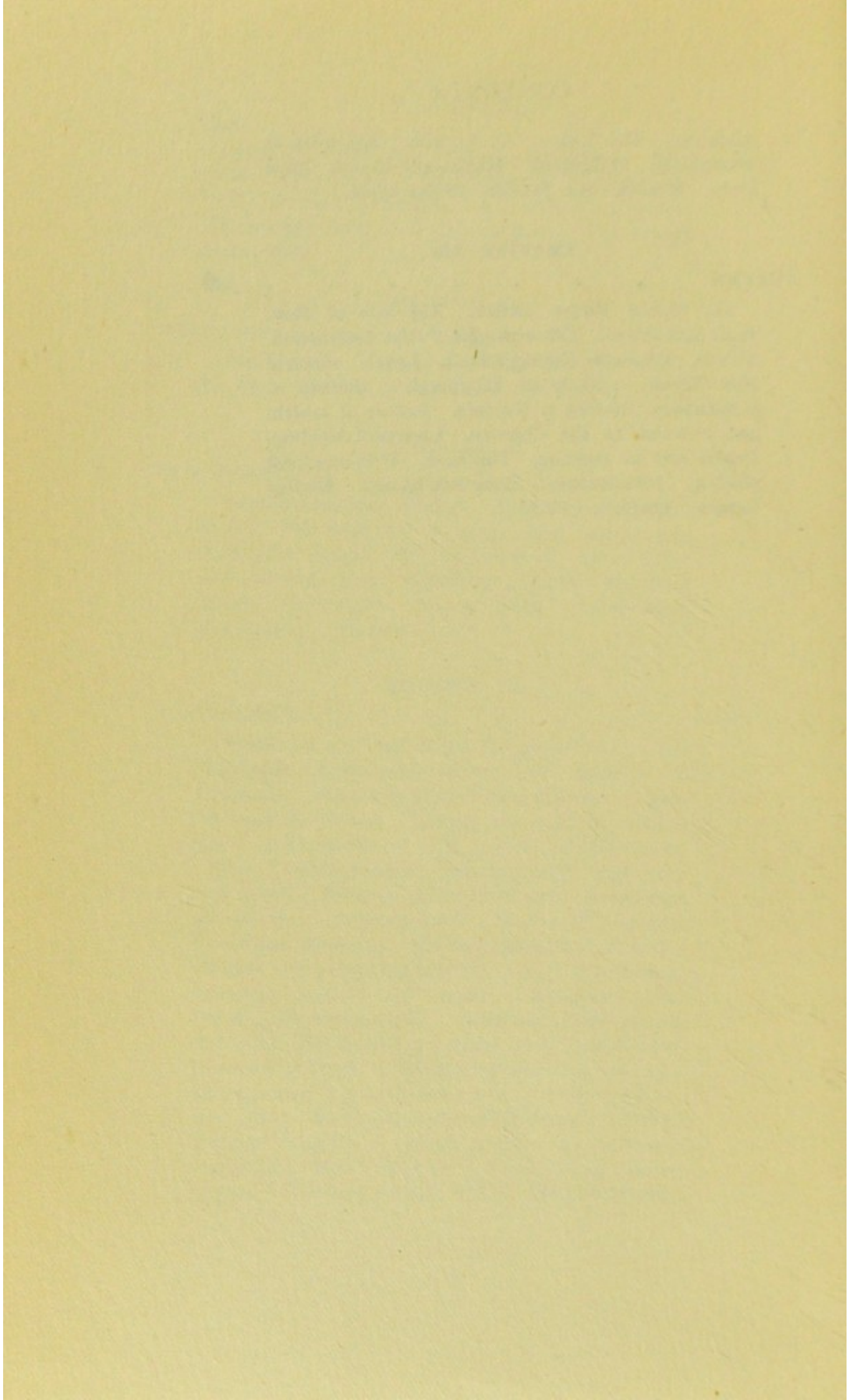
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Memories of Eighty Years.

CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD AND EDUCATION.

I THINK myself fortunate in having been born in the midst of lovely scenery, on the bank of a noble river, and close to an extensive forest, all which things I conceive tend to foster the love of poetry and art and the study of natural history.

The little borough of Bewdley (Beaulieu, beautiful place), which still gives name to the constituency of West Worcestershire, is close to the confines of Salopia and of Staffordshire, and formed during some ages a portion of the Welsh Marches ; its most western street is still known as the Welshgate. Its history is remarkably interesting ; but I need say nothing more about its annals, as they have been extremely well told by the Rev. J. Burton in his *History of Bewdley*.

My father was engaged in business of various kinds ; he was a native of Ledbury, in Herefordshire, and his mother was a sister of Dr. Edward Woodyatt, an eminent physician in Worcester and father-in-law of Sir Charles Hastings, the founder of the British Medical Association. But the Beddoes

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were an old yeoman stock in South Shropshire, probably derived from the same root as the Beddoeses of Church Stretton and those of Minton and Cheney Longville ; for the oldest of the name known to me, one Ricardus Bedos, gentleman, of Stretton, about the end of the sixteenth century spelt his name indifferently with or without the "s." Bedo is a Welsh proper name, said to signify the birch tree, which was an emblem of courtesy. The Christian names of the Beddoeses in Church Stretton churchyard are identical with those of my family, of whom several generations dwelt in Cleobury Mortimer parish. Of my great-grandfather, William Beddoe, of Withypool, who died in 1804, I have been told that he kept a pack of beagles, had a fine mellow voice, and on Christmas mornings always sat up in bed and sang that famous old carol—

" God rest ye, merry gentlemen !
Let nothing you dismay,"

to his assembled family and dependents.

Sir John Rhys tells me there was a famous Welsh bard of the name. The arms claimed are : " Gules, a lion rampant regardant or." The crest on our old seals is a stag's head and neck, pierced through the neck with an arrow, all proper.

There are plenty of Beddoes and Beddows in Shropshire, mostly farmers ; but I think it likely that we are all of one stock, and that one the fifth royal tribe of Wales, whose ancestor was Elystan Glodrydd, prince of Ferlys (Radnorshire).

Some of the Glamorgan Beddoes may possibly descend from one Bedo, *alias* Meredydd, who was ninth in descent from Jestyn ap Gwrgan, founder of

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the fourth tribe, and lord of Glamorgan in the eleventh century, who claimed descent from Caratacus, but lost the best part of his dominion to Robert Fitz-Hamon and the Normans. But a few others, located about Swansea and Llougwr, trace their origin to Shropshire, and claim to bear "Argent and sable, three boars' heads." The boars' heads are quartered with the lion rampant regardant by the Cadogans and the Powells of Nanteos, who both claim descent from the fifth royal tribe.

Two of our kin emigrated to America about 1750, and some of their descendents are now in Texas.

My mother, Emma Child, was the only daughter of Henry Barrar Child, of Northwoods; her mother was a Miss Pardoe, through whom I was related to the late Robert Etheridge, F.R.S., and his son, the Australian geologist. These families (Child and Pardoe) were at least as old in the parish of Kidderminster as the sixteenth century, as were also the Hills, ancestors of the gifted family of Davenport-Hill, and the Carpenters, whence came the divines and the physiologist of that name. All these seem to have sprung originally from South Shropshire. The Barrars were an armigerous family, bearing "Azure, a chevron between three lozenges or"; but they are, I think, extinct in the male line. Joyce Child, of Kidderminster parish (which extends to the Severn opposite Bewdley), was grandmother of the famous Chancellor, the first Lord Somers. But none of these Kidderminster families appear in the *Visitation of Worcestershire* as armigerous, though the Childs probably were so. The Dugards of

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Ombersley Court, one of whom married my great-grandfather's grandfather, were an old Worcestershire family, not altogether undistinguished.*

I was born at Bewdley on St. Matthew's Day, September 21st, 1826, the second of eight children, four of each sex. I was a sickly child, and my parents very wisely did not allow me to be taught to read or write, which accomplishments I somehow picked up for myself about my eighth year. My elder brother, Henry Child, and I, however, were fortunate in a mentor in our early years.

There was in the town a certain George Jordan, who was body-servant to an aged retired doctor, an occupation which left him much leisure. He was a man of a type much more common in Scotland than in England, the type to which Hugh Miller, for example, belonged; and his acquirements in natural history were very considerable. In botany, indeed, he was the correspondent of some of the leading professors in England and on the continent. The Forest of Wyre, also called Bewdley Forest, was a fertile field in the way of entomology and botany; and it was a great delight to us little boys to accompany George in his wanderings therein, and to learn to recognise plants, beetles and butterflies, of which some rare species inhabit the forest. Perhaps this may have given me a taste for exploration.

A brook, called Dowles Brook (Dowles = Dulas, a Welsh name little altered), runs through the forest

* They have left many descendants in the female line besides the Beddoes, e.g. Phillimore, Stothert, Bartram. In the *Visitation of Warwickshire* they appear bearing a fleur-de-lys, but no metal or tincture is mentioned.

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to the Severn, and I was ambitious to discover its source. So I started one fine summer morning, and after a long struggle emerged in a solitary tract beyond the forest, abounding in wild strawberries. After a good meal of these I went my way homewards, and arrived after sunset among a very anxious family.

I was often ailing in my childhood, and my earliest memories are of Malvern, whither I was sent for health's sake in 1830. Of the succeeding year I have many and pleasant recollections. In 1831 my father drove the whole family—there were then four children—into North Wales and as far as Beaumaris, where we sojourned a long time, and whence he ultimately fetched us home. I must early have developed a love of scenery and of architecture, for I have always had a distinct remembrance of Llangollen Bridge and river, of Castell Dinas Bran, and of my disappointment at not being allowed to climb up to it; of Conway Castle and bridge, of Carnarvon and Beaumaris Castles, and of Llanwrst Bridge, and of the downlook at the Menai Strait through the bars of the famous bridge, whence some alarmed custodian dragged me back unsatisfied.

I have some political reminiscences of early days which may have a little interest. For example, I have a distinct recollection of encountering, in company with my nurse, on Bewdley Bridge a noisy mob of Reformers. This must doubtless have occurred in 1831 or 1832. They had two silken banners, which to my childish eyes looked very fine. On each was represented a goodly ship; but the one labelled "REFORM" rode proudly over the

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waves, while the other, "ANTI-REFORM," was sinking bow foremost. By the Reform Bill the new and somewhat Radical little town of Stourport, three miles from Bewdley, was tacked on to that ancient and comparatively aristocratic little borough, and a sort of balance of power was established, which led to several closely-contested elections, a good deal of bribery, and a little fighting. On several such occasions the Winnington family, who were hereditary champions of Whiggery, were successful, and this was the case in 1835. Our house fronted the High Street, and as my father's politics were Tory, our blinds had to be let down during the chairing of the member. But curiosity led me to lift the corner of the blind in my bedroom as the procession of the triumphant Whigs passed by; and I can still recall the figure of Sir Thomas Winnington, an elderly gentleman, obviously in mortal terror, gripping with all his power the arms of the chair as it wavered in the unsteady grasp of half a dozen drunken rascals.

As I grew up I came to see more of the inside of elections. One conclusion to which I came will probably be questioned. It was that the best of men would give a bribe under strong temptation, but that, except by reason of extreme poverty, only a scoundrel would take one. Kidnapping of doubtful or outlying voters was much in vogue; the victims were extremely well treated by their captors, and were in fact more or less consenting parties.

I still recollect with ungodly glee a skirmish of which I was a witness in the contest of 1847. Stourport was three miles distant, which, there being no telegraph in those days, meant nearly half an hour

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before information could be obtained. The poll closed at four o'clock, and after half-past three the numbers polled in both the towns were known to be in the aggregate about equally divided between the two parties. The enemy were suspected of having one or two voters in reserve. There was in Bewdley a voter of some standing believed to be inclined to our side, but who had declined to vote—had not been pressed. James Pardoe, of Kidderminster, said he thought he could influence him, and I went with him to point out the house. With difficulty we obtained admittance. We were assured that he was out of town; but on strict search, he was discovered in a cellar, and he apparently succumbed to Pardoe's persuasions. But as we issued from the door in company, lo! an active Whig leader with half a score of myrmidons! Pardoe was a man of 6 feet 3 inches and broad in proportion, and a proper man of his hands. "He that was neither kith nor kin might have seen a full fair sight." Every blow of that mighty arm laid an enemy low, and the leader and half of his company strewed the pavement. Meanwhile the voter escaped into the house and bolted the door. Almost immediately the clock struck four. The die was cast, and Pardoe and I departed, leaving what might have been the spoils of war to the vanquished. After all, however, when the express arrived from Stourport, we found that our side had won by a majority of two!

The following is a sample of legitimate influence. At the beginning of an election up comes Boraston, a very decent fellow, the captain of my father's barges, holding the card of Lord Mandeville, the

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Conservative candidate. "All I wants to know, sir, is, Be I to vote for this here mon, or be I not?"

These closely-contested elections led more than once to petitions from the beaten party and voiding of the return; the vanquished, conscious of equal guilt, did not claim the seat. The proceedings were amusing to read, partly from the ignorance displayed by the judges and advocates of the language and customs of the voters. There was, I remember, a wholly illiterate publican with the fine old Norman name of Venables, who said, "They do want me to teak oop my accounts to London! I s'pose I mun teak oop my zellar dure," on which was a long array of chalk scores. The same man, congratulated on the approaching marriage of his industrious daughter, replied, "Aye, aye, zur! her'll scrat along as well as here and there one on 'em."

A quiet, sickly boy, greedy of knowledge and not without originality, I was naturally a favourite with some of my seniors, and among these I had an especial friend in Mr. Christopher Bancks, a distant connection of our family. He was a man of fine and singular character, a descendant from the ancient stock of the Bankses of Bank-Newton in Craven. He had a brass foundry in Bewdley, and a small estate in the foreign (out-parish) of Kidderminster, called the Heath, where he lived and tried experiments in farming, and where in my childhood I often sojourned with him. He generally passed for a Unitarian, but his views were really materialistic. I must have been still quite a small boy when he confided to me the following story, which may

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have a little psychological interest, but which I kept secret till long after his death.

There was a sort of cottage *ornée* on his property, which he had occupied before he built the house he now lived in. This he had given, or rather lent, to an old gentleman and his daughter, named B——, who were in reduced circumstances. The history of the B—— family was peculiar and gruesome to the last degree. There had been twelve children, of whom eleven had perished—all, I believe, by violent deaths, including several by suicide.

Mr. B—— died in the cottage, and it became necessary for his daughter, who was left almost penniless, to seek some kind of employment. One evening she was taken ill. Christopher Bancks and his wife, who was herself at the time out of health, attended to her, and sent to Bewdley for a doctor, who also remained in attendance. Christopher thought the young lady had taken poison, but the doctor thought otherwise. Mrs. Bancks departed, retired to rest, and shortly afterwards sent to her husband, begging him to come to her. He did so, went to bed, and thought his wife had gone to sleep. Presently, as he lay awake, he heard three distinct taps on the wall, such as are attributed to the death-watch. Christopher lay quietly thinking to himself—

“Strange that a man of materialistic views should have his senses duped by a superstitious fancy!”

Just then his wife spoke—

“Christopher, did you hear that?”

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“Hear what?”

She described the sounds, and added—

“What do you think it means?”

“I don't know,” said he hastily. “I suppose Elizabeth B—— is dead.”

“Well then, go and see.”

He went at once. It might have been about five minutes before he reached the cottage, and Elizabeth had been dead for about that period. In the morning a bottle was found which had contained poison.

Young as I was, I greatly admired and loved my friend. He lived to an advanced age. He was a man of middle stature and size, of compact build, dark complexion, eyes and hair, placid and, I might almost say, saintly expression, enormous muscular power and endurance, and abstemious habits, eating scarcely anything but wholemeal bread. He was a man who should in the interest of eugenics have had a large family; but though thrice married, he had only one child, and that one was of the kind the gods love, and died early.

Of local superstitions I knew much, but remember little. I knew that the cows fell on their knees on Christmas Eve, and I used to hear the hell-hounds baying on windy nights; and there was the story attached to the Devil's Spittleful,¹ a curious, solitary, oval hummock of red-sandstone rock a mile away to the south-east, left there by the devil when, deceived as to the distance by a clever cobbler, he gave up his intention of drowning Bewdley by damming the

¹ Spittle = spade.

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Severn. This was, of course, the local version of the folk-tale of Ragnar Lodbrog on his way to Rome, and of the story of the Gibeonites. Our cobbler had a bundle or string of worn shoes to be mended for his customers, and professed to have worn them all out on his way from the devoted town. An object of awe was the tower of Ribbesford House, in which the last Lord Herbert of Chirbury hanged himself.

Christmas was a period of much jubilation, though Dickens had not yet given it his somewhat fleshly idealisation. Among the poor I fear the slaughter of the family pig was the leading feature. Carol singing was rife and much cultivated. Two native masons, I remember, who had emigrated into the "black country" (South Staffordshire), but visited their birthplace at Christmastide, came always on the evening of the great day, and in stentorian tones rendered to us "Lazarus and Diverus" and other good old mediæval carols. In one of these it was said of Herod, in connection with the massacre of the innocents—

"This wicked king, just like a Justice now,"

which comparison was a source of great amusement to us youngsters, seeing that our worthy father was a magistrate.

About 1835-6 there was what would now be called a boom in phrenology, which was a common subject of conversation and interest. An enthusiastic convert to the abortive science was one day sitting at meat in our house, and seized the opportunity of fingering my bumps.

"This boy," said he, "has a great talent and love for music. Now," triumphantly, "is that not so?"

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"All I can say," answered my father, "is, I have observed that whenever anybody touches the keys of the piano, Jack sticks his fingers into his ears and withdraws to the remotest part of the house."

"Ah, well," rejoined the phrenologist, "I feel certain that the music he has been accustomed to hear has been very inferior!"

Perhaps this may be the best place for the narration of two stories more or less related to this subject, and which have never, so far as I am aware, been published. The first of these was told me by Sir William Wilde.

When Spurzheim, the apostle of phrenology, visited Dublin and lectured there, he was entertained at one of the big dinner-parties which the Eblanians love. Wilde was one of about thirty guests. After dinner some of these began to press Spurzheim to give them an exhibition of his skill in character-reading. Spurzheim, who was quietly enjoying himself, evidently thought the request untimely or out of place; but at last he said, "No; I can't now do just what you ask of me, but I will show you something that may interest you."

With that he rose and walked slowly round the table, putting his hands in turn on the head of every one of his fellow-guests, and rapidly acquiring some idea of its shape, after which, and before handling the next subject, he gave a brief diagnosis of the racial pedigree. Thus: "Pretty purely English! English and Scottish mixed! Nearly pure native Irish! Irish, but perhaps some old Danish cross!

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Irish, pure! Mainly Scottish!" Wilde, who was himself a craniologist, and knew something of the pedigree of most of the men, said that Spurzheim was seldom wrong, so far as he could judge.

The other story I had from Sir Robert Christison; its date must have been somewhere in the twenties.

Spurzheim visited Edinburgh, and lectured to the Royal Society of that city. There had been a good attendance of members; and when the meeting broke up, the last to depart were Sir Walter Scott, Professor Christison, and a third person, whose name I have forgotten—it is not material. This man took up his hat, Christison took up his, and Sir Walter took up and put on the only remaining hat, which came down to the bridge of his nose. Taking it off again, he addressed the janitor in his native Doric: "Jone, that's no ma hat!" "But, Sir Walter, it maun be your hat, for there's nae ither." "Na, na, Jone, it canna be ma hat; it maun be the hat o' some great genius!"

It turned out to belong to a certain Professor Russell, a mathematician, and anything but a genius, as Christison said, who told me this story when we were visiting together an exhibition of Scottish national portraits, which included many of Sir Walter. Scott had, of course, a very lofty head, what the Germans call a towerhead (thurmkopf), and Sir Robert told me that all the artists who ever painted him, with but one exception (Raeburn, I think), seemed to have looked upon this great

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height as a kind of deformity, wherefore they razed it, cut it down, more or less. The brain was probably large, though the horizontal circumference of the head was small.

I have many recollections of the period 1834-6. Among these are some of a visit to my father's cousins in Bristol, during which occurred, on a beautiful cloudless day, an annular eclipse of the sun, observed by us from a garden with the usual rough aids of smoked or coloured glasses and tubs full of clear water. Of all this, and of the excitement and delight of the rare and beautiful spectacle, my recollection is perfect. So too it is of the appearance of Halley's comet in 1835, and of my childish wrath at the folly of the spectators in describing the tail as appearing about two or three or five yards long, according to their respective fancies, instead of reckoning its length by degrees of a great circle. I must doubtless have been regarded as a precocious young prig.

In 1836 I visited an elderly gentleman of the Bowley family, living at Cirencester, and I still possess a pocket-map of Gloucestershire which he gave me, inscribed, "To his friend and fellow-traveller in an unsuccessful attempt to discover the source of the mighty Thames." It was not altogether unsuccessful, however; we found the well-head, but not the Thames, which was perfectly dry.*

At Cirencester lived a retired employé of the Hudson Bay Company, named Howes, whose

* Owing, I believe, to the pumping operations of the Thames and Severn Canal. I saw it again lately, still dry.

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advanced station in the wilderness—somewhere, I think, on or near the Upper Saskatchewan—used to figure on maps of North America as Howes's House. The old gentleman was kindly describing to me one of his arduous journeys, when I said to him—

“ Why, you must have been somewhere near the River Saskatchewan ! ”

“ My dear child, how on earth come you to know anything about the Saskatchewan ? ”

“ Oh, I don't know, but I would much like to know about how broad it is. ”

My delight in geography, and especially in that of rivers and streams, was always great, and has remained with me till now in old age, when I enjoy in my garden the sight and sound and plash of a number of miniature waterfalls.

When about ten years old I was sent to a small school, kept by a clergyman named Wharton, at Mitton by Stourport. He was a kind, good man ; and I learned from him some Latin and a little Greek ; but after two years, in the Christmas holidays of 1838, I had a severe attack of continued fever, which brought his tuition to an untimely end. Whether it was typhus or typhoid I cannot tell, for in those days Sir W. Jenner had not arisen to teach us how to discriminate them ; but I knew nothing for about seventeen days except that a feeding cup was occasionally thrust between my jaws.

It was many weeks before I could walk, and more than twelve months elapsed before there was any thought of sending me to school again ; but meanwhile I read and assimilated to some extent a good deal of solid stuff. I can remember Prideaux's

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Connexion, Mosheim's *Ecclesiastical History*, Guthrie's *Geography*, Milman's *History of the Jews*, Hume's *History*, Segur's *Invasion of Russia*, and almost all of that admirable collection, Murray's Family Library, as having been my delight in those days. The *Waverleys* (especially *Old Mortality*), the *Minstrelsy of the Border*, and Percy's *Reliques* have been my comfort and refuge through life; but I think I discovered them rather later, and it must have been earlier when my father took in for me the *Penny Magazine* and *Penny Cyclopaedia*. I can recall the horror with which I discovered in the former an engraving of the Laocoön. I carefully noted the number of the page, and never afterwards, when turning over the leaves, allowed myself to come within a dozen pages of that nightmare. I shall have occasion to tell later on how it befell me to become the avenger of Laocoön.

In my fourteenth year I was sent to Bridgnorth Grammar School, of which the Rev. Thomas Rowley was head master. My elder brother was there already. The school was at that time in high repute; and there were usually from 100 to 120 boarders. Dr. Rowley had been a pupil of Arnold at Rugby, and he endeavoured to govern the school on Arnold's principles. He had had some promising pupils, who had done well at Oxford. Among them was R. Lingen, of the ancient Herefordshire family, who ultimately gained the belated peerage which perhaps some of his fighting ancestors had more conspicuously deserved.

Bridgnorth is one of the most picturesque towns in England, being in some respects a sort of miniature

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of Budapest, with its ancient High Town on the west and its modern Low Town on the east, divided by a beautiful green river, the warmly-coloured red sandstone cliffs on whose banks, as at Bewdley, are a delightful feature in the scenery. In the Norman period Bridgnorth was an important and stoutly-contested stronghold.

I stayed there between four and five years, but my schooldays were much broken into by illness: an attack of rheumatic fever kept me long at home, one of typhoid followed, and later on dysentery fastened upon me, and I left school finally. I had been head of the school a good while, but I fear a very inefficient one, as I had not strength for such a position. Games I abhorred, and in later days have been much of Sir G. Cornwall Lewis's opinion about them. Dr. Rowley looked to three of his pupils at that time to do him credit at Oxford: one made a brilliant start, but failed morally, and was soon "sent down"; one, a Welsh lad of the short, swarthy, big-headed Mongolian type, was accidentally drowned near Aberystwyth; and I broke down physically, and had to give up thoughts of the University. These various failures told against the school, which afterwards considerably declined. A great feature in Dr. Rowley's system was the occasional whole holidays, which were generally devoted to long excursions on foot in the beautiful country around Bridgnorth. These were useful in promoting health and fostering taste for natural history.

Early in the forties a strange phenomenon occurred in Bewdley and the neighbourhood late in the evening

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of a Sunday in July. It was a local hurricane or tornado, which affected a narrow strip of West Worcestershire perhaps a dozen miles long, but only a few hundred yards in width. It lasted only seven minutes, but levelled most of the trees it encountered, upset a heavy wagon full of hay, and perpetrated a good deal of damage. The air was so full of branches of trees, bundles of hay, and so forth, that one could scarcely see fifty yards. We were all so much taken up with the damage sustained by our neighbours that we took no thought about our little estate of Northwoods, nor indeed did we know that the path of the storm had included it. But early next morning I was awoke by a stone impinging on my window, and was hailed by my father's land-bailiff with—

“ Sir, I 've bad news. All the trees in the archat ” [orchard] “ be blown down, and all the grass in the meadows be laid as flat as if it had been rolled, and all them poplars along o' the river have got their heads twistled off.”

His tale was nowise exaggerated ; but we managed to shore up most of the apple trees, and ultimately they were not much the worse.

The period of which I have been speaking was in some parts of England, notably in Wiltshire, known long afterwards as “ the hungry forties,” but I do not believe that in Worcestershire and Shropshire it at all deserved that unpleasant title and reputation. I have little or no recollection as to the wages of the peasantry. Whatever they were, they were largely supplemented by gifts and perquisites ; and the truck system (which, however, was not much in vogue)

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did not always work badly. Many of the forty-shilling freeholders were labourers owning their own cottages ; gardens were usual appendages, the houses not being so generally aggregated into villages as in Somerset for example, but retaining the so-called Keltic isolation. The cottagers often had good old furniture ; a pig was kept, and a fitch hung from the rafters of the kitchen. It was notorious that our agricultural labourers west of Severn were better clad and had more the look of well-being than the Staffordshire colliers and iron-workers, whose wages were very much higher, but who dwelt in ill-furnished hovels, had no pigs or gardens, were prodigal in food and drink, and ate the green peas and young ducks that our people raised. I suppose *race* had somewhat to do with this : the Anglian predominated in Staffordshire, the Keltiberian in West Worcestershire.

The racial position of the dwellers in the Welsh Marches was curious. There must have been a time, say between the days of Offa and of Knut, when the land east of Offa's Dyke and of the Middle Wye was fairly well Saxonised ; but even then the old British element, though submerged, must have been considerable. Ever since then a counter-migration had been in progress, with occasional slackening in time of war ; and its extent or intensity is shown by the abundance of surnames of Welsh type. Notwithstanding this, the English-speaking Marchman did not recognise the connection, but regarded the Welshmen as utter foreigners. It was not, however, wholly language that marked the frontier or the ethnic difference. The East Radnorshire folk who

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came to help in gathering in our harvest, and thereafter returned to their own crofts among the hills, were quite English in speech, and some of them in physical type, but were counted Welshmen. The Archenfield men (in South-West Herefordshire) must be almost Welsh in blood, but would probably feel it an insult to be told that they are not genuine Englishmen ; they were privileged of old to lead the van in English armies.

In my time the English peasants used to mix bean-meal with their wheaten flour for bread, and the Welsh used barley-meal ; but the converse did not occur. The Welsh fed largely on porridge and butter-milk, which the English rejected ; the Mercian pork-pie, black-pudding and peas-porridge were English dishes. Both peoples baked their own bread and brewed their own ale ; bakers were few and brewers fewer.

CHAPTER II.

LAW AND MEDICINE.

IT was more than a year after my final breakdown before I could again attempt real work. During this time I recollect being invited to a scientific function at Worcester by Sir C. Hastings, whose wife was, as I have indicated, a cousin of my father's. On the platform was Lord Lyttelton, coarse-featured, ungainly, uncouth, until he opened his mouth, when his soft, judicious and tasteful speech made one forget these external things. At dinner I sat next Sir Roderic Murchison, who devoted himself to the amusement and instruction of his boy neighbour with singular kindness.

I spent the year 1845-6 in the office of Mr. Masefield, a solicitor and land agent at Ledbury, in Herefordshire, and a family friend, as a preparation for the study of the laws of property; for I thought of taking to chamber practice as a conveyancing barrister. This led to a very pleasant friendship.

Basil Montagu, who was the son of the Earl of Sandwich and the unfortunate Miss Ray, the victim of the yet more unfortunate Hackman, was an eminent bankruptcy lawyer, but is best known nowadays as the editor of the standard edition of Lord Bacon's works. At the time I am speaking of he was, though in the receipt of a good income, very

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impecunious, a condition which arose not from extravagance, but from generosity and unselfishness ; and as it was desirable to get him for a time out of the way of his creditors, his friend, Robert Pauncefote (elder brother of Julian, afterwards Lord Pauncefote), sent him down to Masefield, who was his agent, and thus it came to pass that he was consigned to my charge as treasurer and factotum. My chief duty was to keep a tight hold of his money, and protect him from beggars and impostors.

He had a remarkably fine head in size and form, so fine indeed that the *Zoist*, the accredited organ of phrenologists, made use of his portrait as its frontispiece, as being the nearest discoverable approach to perfection in cranial development. But he certainly lacked the organ of locality, for he was quite unable to find his way about the little town of Ledbury without my guidance. He had much to tell of the agitation for the mitigation of the penalty of death, and of that for the abolition of slavery, having been a very active worker in these causes with Romilly and Clarkson.

“ I have seen much of the Quakers,” he would say. “ They are excellent people : they eat twice as much as other folks, and live twice as long.”

Some arrangement was made with his creditors ; but meanwhile he retired to Boulogne, where Mrs. Montagu secured for him an apartment, “ with,” as she wrote to me, “ great happiness of cupboards.” He lived there some years, and died in 1851 an octogenarian.

I cannot forgive Carlyle his ungrateful comments on Mrs. Montagu. She was kind to everybody, and

had been extremely kind to him. He was caustically satirical about her dress, which he said entailed much waste of time, and the use of about one hundred pins. Mrs. Montagu had been a famous beauty—she was the subject of John Wilson's poem *The Widow*—and she was still beautiful in old age, with faultless, unwrinkled features, fine hazel eyes, and an ivory complexion. She never varied her black dress with its accessories of lawn, which concealed all but her face, and gave her the look of a venerable abbess.

The year 1846 was that of the great railway mania, when new railroads were projected in every part of England, with scarcely any consideration of the chances of their ever paying interest on their cost. We had to take the references for two of these projected lines, *i.e.* examine the surveyor's plans from the lawyer's point of view, and ascertain their accuracy on the spot, which involved much trampling over Herefordshire marl. The weather was bad, the requirements urgent; every part of the business had to be completed, and the papers lodged in London at the proper offices by the 30th November. We had to spend the last two or three days in Birmingham, which was the headquarters of the railways for which we were employed. I had broken down physically, and felt distressing heart symptoms. At last, on the 29th, my work was all passed, and I got away to Worcester, and in great alarm betook myself to Sir Charles Hastings. He quieted my fears, put me to bed, and after two or three days took me home to Bewdley, having a consultation in that neighbourhood. But it was a long time before my symptoms quite disappeared, and I began to regain strength.

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I was forbidden to study, but got through much desultory reading, and enjoyed the country life and idleness.

During the same period I made a long sojourn in the Isle of Man with my mother and sisters. At that time the Manx language was still very currently spoken; and I met with people who could speak no other. My eldest sister and I rambled over most of the island, and studied its history and Runic antiquities to some extent. Among my recollections (I have always had a fine memory for doggerel) is that of an inn sign on the road from Douglas to Castle Rushen. The legend ran thus:—

“ I ’m Abraham Low, just half-way up the hill,
And when I ’m at the top, what ’s funnier still,
I yet am Low. Come in and take a swill
Of Ale, Gin, Rum or Brandy, what you will!
Come in and take a drop! no further go!
My charges and myself are always low.”

At Rushen we inspected the castle, which was used as a jail. Having seen, as we thought, all the rooms in it, I asked the jailor where his prisoners were.

“ Oh,” he said “ we don’t have much crime in the island. I have no prisoner at present, but rather expect to have one shortly.”

My father having joined us for a short time, treated my sister Mary and me to a little tour in Scotland. On a fine summer night we went out from Ramsay in an open boat; when three or four miles out we lay on our oars and waited for the Liverpool and Glasgow packet, which in due course picked us up. This was my first visit to Glasgow,

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and the grim old cathedral much impressed me. Of the Necropolis I remember a good Scotch story.

A wealthy curmudgeon had erected for his last abode an uncommonly solid and ponderous pile, and proudly displayed it to the minister of his church.

"But there's one thing troubles me a wee bit, minister," said he. "Do ye think, when I hear the last trump, I'll be able to win through a' thae great stanes to heaven?"

"You needna fash yoursell about that, Sandy," replied the minister, "you'll just go doon the other way."

We proceeded to make the short round through Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, which is an epitome of the finest Scottish scenery. The weather was perfect for our purpose—sunshine with a few sharp rainstorms that filled the cataracts of Glenfalloch, and made the mountain-sides glisten. We foregathered with six Edinburgh students who had just passed for the M.D. degree, and were enjoying a holiday before the "capping." One of them was Dr. George Hugh Kidd, of Dublin, well known in after life as a leader of the profession in his native city. We put up at the inn at Callender, which was kept by a cateran named Macgregor, and arranged to have breakfast at nine, so as to be ready for the Stirling coach at ten, and to have time to visit the cataract at Bracklin Bridge in the early morning. When we returned from the moorland walk there was no sign of breakfast, and all our ringings and objurgations produced nothing but knives, salt-cellars, pats.

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of butter and the like, things incapable of consumption by themselves, until the coach arrived, when at the same moment appeared abundance of food and an imperative summons from the coachman. The reply was that nine of us were prepared to travel with him, but only on condition that he waited till we had finished our breakfast. The students were determined to punish the cheating host through his victuals; and I never saw men consume such enormous quantities of food.

After the first year had passed, I began to read up physiological chemistry in view of the dyspepsia from which I often suffered, and I hit upon a method of estimating the relative value of nutriments which was in advance of any plan known or used at that time. It was in effect the method of calories, though that word had not then been coined, nor, so far as I know, had the idea been conceived. About this time Dr. Robertson, long the leading physician in Buxton, published a book on diet, which I read, and thereupon sent some comments to the author, in the course of which my method of food-valuation was referred to.

One day our worthy family doctor, Mr. Cole, appeared at our house with a smiling face and with a copy of the *Lancet* in his hand.

"I didn't know, John, that a rival doctor had started in the place."

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Why, look here!" and he showed me an article by Robertson in the *Lancet*, wherein occurred the words, "Dr. Beddoe, of Bewdley in Worcestershire, writes me to this effect, etc., etc."

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"Now," said Mr. Cole, "this is a joke; but if I were you I would make it earnest. I think that you are now fit to begin work again, and that you are better qualified to succeed in medicine than in law,¹ and I advise you to enter your name at once at University College, London."

And I did so, but not until I had asked the advice of Sir Charles Hastings. I remember that he jocularly quoted to me the proverb that a physician does not get bread until he has no teeth wherewith to eat it. In my case it was literally fulfilled.

University College and its Hospital have always numbered among their teachers an unusual proportion of men of light and leading. The three whose names first occur to memory were singularly unlike personally. Graham, the great chemist, was a little, lean, nervous, black-a-vised man, whose ugliness was redeemed by a charming expression. Charles James Blasius Williams was known among his students as "Blazes," from the colour of his hair. Sharpey, the physiologist, secretary to the Royal Society, was a great man in every sense. I recollect his demonstrating to his class the working of a new spirometer, consisting of a number of cells which expanded one after another when breathed into. He took it up while speaking, made a hardly perceptible inspiration, blew into the bag till every cell seemed ready to burst, then, without a pause, and apparently with his superfluous breath, quietly remarked: "This instrument seems to have been designed for people of ordinary development."

I worked hard through the winter, and often sat

¹ I have ended by being Doctor in both medicine and law.

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up till a late hour ; and so it came about that in the spring I was alarmed by the onset of pulmonary symptoms. I went down into Worcestershire and spent the summer there, mostly at Lickhill Manor, near Stourport, where my brother George was tenant and farmer. It was a Georgian squire's house, with panelled and tapestried rooms, and the finest mulberry tree I have ever seen. Among my impedimenta was a box of bones for the study of anatomy ; and after I had departed my brother wrote asking me to remove them, as his servants said they " used to put themselves together and walk about the house o' nights."

In those days athletics were not supposed, as now, to be the worthiest object of youthful life, and the fact that he had leaped twenty-two feet did not elevate my brother to heroic rank.¹ Nevertheless, his house-keeper told me " she only wished the ghost would show hisself to the master ; she thought the master 'ould larn him better," so great was her confidence in his prowess.

I took a Welsh pony and made a little excursion along the Welsh border, from the Teme to the Wye. It is a delightful region, a land of hills and streams, of woods and fertile vales and orchards, of camps and castles. Some lay the scene of Milton's *Comus* here ; but I used to please myself with the fancy that it was in the Forest of Wyre. I traversed the field of Mortimer's Cross, where Edward IV

¹ Once upon a time he was following the hounds, when the fox took to the river, and, emerging exhausted, was killed by a labourer with a spade. It was January, and the Severn was bankfull. My brother, on coming up, quitted his horse, swam the river, and returned with the fox.

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routed the Welsh Lancastrians, and where Owen Tudor was made captive, a mere preliminary in those days to beheading. Poor old Owen! his handsome person and his royal marriage did him little good.

I found a schoolfellow, William Molyneux, installed as curate at Pembridge, where is a very curious detached tower of pyramidal form, constructed of enormous oaken beams.¹ In the morning, after breakfast, we were walking across a water-meadow with the vicar, a man of about fifty. We younger men hopped lightly over a wet ditch, but the vicar halted. I expressed surprise and disappointment.

"Ah!" he said, "I was champion jumper at Oxford in my day; thence it is that now my knees are useless."

I returned to London for the winter session of 1849-50, and got through it pretty well, though occasionally suffering from both pulmonary and cardiac troubles. Dr. Walter H. Walshe, who had succeeded Dr. Williams in the chair of medicine, was my friend in these matters. He was a man of singular rapidity and clearness of thought and diction, and all his senses were remarkably acute. It was commonly said among us that he and Garrod rolled into one would have made a perfect physician, Walshe diagnosing the disease, and Garrod supervising the treatment.

Though I worked as hard as my state of health would permit, and did not seek society, I had the advantage of occasionally meeting some men of distinction, either at Mrs. Montagu's house at

¹ Detached towers are common in the Welsh Marches. I know seven such towers in Herefordshire.

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Storey's Gate, where she still spent part of her time, or elsewhere. Thus I came to know Vambéry and Pulsky, and Count Revel, the Sardinian Ambassador, and Thomas Arnold and Lyon Playfair. And among those of my fellow-students with whom I founded a friendship were those who were to be known thereafter as Lord Lister, Sir William Roberts, Sir George Buchanan and Sir William Flower.

I have always liked, even when reading a novel, to know something of the personal appearance of the people in whom I am interested, and therefore I give the following particulars about myself, in the hope that they may interest some of my readers.

At this time, having arrived at manhood, I had a stature of 5 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and a weight of about 140 pounds, and was of fair complexion, with rather bright brown, wavy hair, a yellow beard, and blue eyes; a head rather large and lofty and of medium breadth, but the base small in proportion. I was ambidexter; and my senses were acute, rather beyond what is usual; but though very active, I was weak, my muscular development being poor.

CHAPTER III.

MEDICAL SCHOOLS.—LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

IN the summer of 1849 I made an expedition to the south of Ireland, going by steamer from London to Cork, and thence by the public cars to Killarney and Glengarriff. The effects of the famine were still very visible in the gaunt figures and pallid countenances of many of the peasantry. I saw a lean, long-legged, ragged young fellow sell for sixpence a hare, which he said he had "run down" on the mountain-side. At Glengarriff I spent a few days at Eccles's hotel, rambling on the hills and exploring the beautiful sea-caves of Bantry Bay. Old Lord Bantry¹ was kind to me, and showed me his half-breeds from the Indian buffalo and the Kerry cow, which seemed promising. Lord Bantry was dressed in a blue coat, a yellow waistcoat, breeches, and mahogany top-boots, a fine old and old-world figure.

I always ordered a steak or chop for dinner at the inn, but when it appeared it was sure to be accompanied by a joint and a couple of fowls, and two or three huge heaped dishes of potatoes. I feared all this would "confoundedly inflame the reckoning," but it turned out that Eccles had twelve

¹ This was the man who had earned his peerage in 1797, more than fifty years before, by his gallant exertions in repelling the French invasion of Bantry Bay.

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children and no other guest, and that I had the first show of the family dinner.

At Killarney the good deeds, or rather the good sayings, of Father Mathew were living after him. I had joined some tourists in taking a rowing boat on the lakes, and one of the party would press a dram from his whisky-flask on the oarsmen. Not one of them would taste a drop of it ; but I believe this happy state of things did not last many years longer.

About this time I attended the prelections of Professor Robert Grant, one of the most learned zoologists of his day. He was a dry, melancholic, disappointed, humorous man, devoted to his subject with a burning zeal, a *perfervidum ingenium* much commoner north than south of the Tweed. One day he was telling us of eight or ten hours of a sleety day in February which he had spent, cold and hungry, wading in the shallows of the Firth of Forth.

" I had no companion," he said, " I had nothing to eat or drink, I was wet through, my hands were half-frozen, and I was chilled to the marrow ; but, gentlemen, I was amply rewarded : I became the happy possessor of no less than *three* of these beautiful little creatures, these Dorises," and he held up a phial containing three hardly visible little bladder-like animals.

He was in poor circumstances ; his great merits were known, but his lectures were not a necessary part of the ordinary curriculum. He lodged in a poor street in Camden Town, which while he sojourned there gradually sank to be a slum of the

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worst description. Some friend pointed out the facts to the Professor, whose powers of observation were not directed to the human beings about him, and recommended him to migrate.

“ Why should I remove ? ” said Grant. “ I have found the world to be chiefly composed of knaves and harlots, and I would as lief live among the one as the other.”

The authorities cleared out the street, all except the abode of the cynical professor.

The autumn of 1850 was spent in Craven, Cumberland and Westmoreland, with a dear cousin little older than myself as companion. It was then I learned that slow, deliberate climbing would strengthen an irritable heart. I began by mounting two or three hundred feet in order to find a good sketching point for Dungeon Gill, when by slow degrees we made our way to the top of Harrison Stickle, over 2,400 feet in height. Thus encouraged, we made several other ascents, two of which involved circumstances perhaps worthy of mention. From Coniston Old Man, with our backs to the sun, and looking down on a sheet of cloud which covered the tarn on the north side of the peak, we saw a fine fogbow with our shadowy figures in its centre, the phenomenon, I apprehend, which constitutes the famous Spectre of the Brocken.

The other ascent was that of Scawfell Pike, the highest mountain in England. We left Wasdale Head on a fine sunny morning, but mist came upon us before we could gain the summit of Lingmell, the northern shoulder of the hill. Crossing a slight depression, we found ourselves at the bottom of a

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steep slope of scree, and by keeping our faces to the "brae"¹ we ultimately found our way to the summit, which we recognised by the meteorological instruments there. Now how to get down? The fog was thicker than ever; we had no compass. I let fly a handkerchief to get our bearings, but as we afterwards learned, the wind had unfortunately changed since the morning.

To cut my story short, we found ourselves later on in the following predicament. We were in the bed of a small stream between two cliffs of perhaps eighty or one hundred feet high, and of a rotten kind of clay-slaty consistence. Behind was a waterfall, down which we had dropped, but up which return was impossible. In front the stream, squeezed between the two crags, fell down a precipice invisible and not measurable to us, but from the aspect of the surroundings certainly quite impracticable. No one knew what our plans for the day had been, and even if searchers by some wonderful good luck found us on the morrow, it was doubtful whether we could have endured through the night. So we set ourselves to climb the western cheek of the ravine.

I was the leader, as being the better climber. After nearly an hour of struggle, during which masses of rock sometimes gave way under our feet and crashed into the water below, I made my way up a sort of a chimney, and paused on a rock table eighteen or twenty inches across, the best resting-place I had yet found. I could see that we must be very near the top of the cliff, but the rock bulged a little above my head, and appeared to me

¹ "Set a stout heart to a stey brae" (*Scottish proverb*).

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impracticable. My cousin was in the chimney, calling to me to make way for him. I made a vigorous effort, clinging like a fly to the rock face, as it seemed to me, and found myself—I hardly know how—on the top, and lay down to watch my cousin. He needed much encouragement before he would attempt the last stage. I had kept a hooked stick all the time, using it to test the solidity of prominent points, and wedging it in my coat collar when not required. I grasped the end firmly as I lay, and pushed the hook as far down as it would reach.

“Now grapple that firmly.”

“But you will let it slip.”

“No; if the stick goes, I will go too.”

He made his rush, just reached and grappled the hook, and in a trice was on the top with me.

It was late in the evening when we reached our quarters at John Ritson's farm. He gave us the name of our place of danger (Pease Ghyll), and told us a story about a herd who had fallen into it with some sheep in a time of deep snow, and been rescued by the dalesmen with long ropes. The oatcake and milk tasted very sweet at supper. We had a food-fellow, a Londoner lately arrived, who seemed vastly interested in our story, and prevailed on us, when it was finished, to go through it again. I did not see through him at the time; but a few months afterwards the whole adventure appeared at length in Dickens's *Household Words* as having happened to the narrator.

At Rydal, passing Wordsworth's house, we saw the aged poet at his garden gate bidding farewell to some American visitor. Despite his age, his figure was still erect and stately.

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Among many little adventures, one may be worth the telling. We had walked up the dale from Buttermere and Lorton, where we had seen the great yew tree which Wordsworth celebrated—

“Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands
Of Umfraville or Percy,”

and arrived about sunset at Gatesgarth, the highest farm at the head of the valley, near the west end of the Honister Pass, which we were not inclined to negotiate in the dark. So we asked the farmer's wife to take us in for the night, according to the custom then in vogue in the remoter dales, where there were no inns. No charge used to be made; but one left a moderate fee on the table in the morning. To our surprise, the housewife declined to receive us; but when we pressed our request, and pointed out the hardship she would inflict on us, her reason came out. We were gentlefolk from the town, she said, “an' ye'll be used to sleep in a bed wi' hangins to 't.”

She was a Tyson. It was said at that time that there was a Tyson on the farm at the head of every dale in the lake country; though how the descendants of the Conqueror's standard-bearer came to be there I know not. It is true that Gilbert Tyson had lands given him in the West Riding, but I do not think he is known to have founded a family.

The winter of 1850-1 passed satisfactorily, but owing to my illnesses I was not ready to take the first M.B. examination. However, either William Roberts, or G. Buchanan, suggested an alternative.

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It was thought that having attended two classes, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, which were common to the faculties of arts and medicine, we might go in for the Baccalaureate of Arts. The Senatus, in answer to a petition, confirmed our view. There was no time to spare, and I spent two or three weeks in "cramming" those subjects in which I felt weakest. My plan was to read for an hour, and then to divert my mind entirely from the subject for a quarter of an hour spent in a brisk walk in a lively thoroughfare. It seemed to answer my purpose admirably.

Three or four days before the examination was to begin I met William Roberts, and after some other talk about our prospects he asked me—

"How are you in trigonometry?"

"I don't know. I have never read any."¹

"Then you'll be plucked, for it is an obligatory subject."

"Well, we'll see about it."

I went down to Holywell Street and bought a second-hand copy of some book on the subject, and then carefully compared it with the examination questions for the last ten years. I made up my mind that there were four propositions which were favourites of the examiner, and of which one at least was always set. I learned these four perfectly, neglecting all beside them. When in due course the paper came before us there were in it three propositions, and two of those were two of my four.

I passed in the first division.

¹ That I had never read any trigonometry at school was no doubt owing to my frequent long absences through illness.

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Surely it was a disgrace to that examiner to allow his brains to be so easily picked.

In August, 1851, I went over to Paris to the Fête Napoleon with two companions. Our train was excessively crowded. When approaching Amiens, where there was a halt of half an hour, I told the others I should endeavour to get a sight of the cathedral, which is half a mile from the station. They laughed me to scorn, and said they were going to have something to eat. I ran to the cathedral, picking up a long-legged guide on the way, circumambulated the grand old church inside and out, paid off my guide, who could not keep pace with me, and swore we had *beaucoup de temps*, ran back again, and entered the carriage while the bell was ringing for departure, my comrades getting in at the same time with most lugubrious countenances, for the crowd had prevented their getting a mouthful. So I had my little triumph. But at the last moment in came a French fellow-traveller, with a fowl on a fork in his hand, a yard of bread under his arm, and a bottle of wine in his pocket. These he generously shared with my ravenous comrades; and all was joy and peace and eupepsy.

At the illuminations of the fête were conspicuous a number of gigantic letters "N" surmounted by imperial crowns. The supply of gas filled the "N's," but was insufficient to display the crowns. People near me drew auguries unfavourable to Louis Napoleon's future, but they were wrong, for his successful *coup d'état* soon followed.

In the next vacation I made a voyage to Glasgow round the Land's End, more for health than pleasure.

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I had an English friend for companion, who had never been in Scotland, and as we went up the Firth of Clyde he was loudly enthusiastic in his admiration of the scenery. A little knot of Scotchmen gathered round him to enjoy his praise of their beloved country, when he startled them by exclaiming—

“Ah, it's a great country! You have a deal of land here; you seem to have so much that you are obliged to throw it up in heaps.”

In 1852 it behoved me to pass the First M.B. of London; but not feeling confident of success I resolved to have two strings to my bow, and accordingly petitioned the governing body of the University of Edinburgh to be allowed to enter for their first examination. This was granted on condition that if successful I should follow up the course for the M.D. I also made a bid for the University College Student's Essay Prize.

Arriving in Edinburgh, I spent three days in the class of Dr. Wilkinson, a very clever “grinder,” who put me up to the characteristic peculiarities of my future examiners. Having got through the written examination satisfactorily, so far as one could judge, one had to face the oral one, generally more speculative or “chancy,” albeit less severe.

It was then customary for the undergraduates to be served up nightly in batches of ten to five professors, each with each having an interview of a quarter of an hour. Obviously only five could be devoured at once, and the fate of the remaining five had to be postponed until their comrades had been disposed of. Now my name was not in the first list of five, and I chanced during the preliminary wait

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before the first summons to have looked out of the window and seen the foreman of the dissecting rooms carry across the quadrangle the bones of the lower limb. So I retired to my lodgings and rapidly refreshed my memory on that part of the human anatomy. It hardly needs to be said that when my turn came Sir George Ballingall highly complimented my knowledge of anatomy. But there was yet Professor Hughes Bennett to be encountered. He was an Englishman, able, masterful, opinionated, perhaps a little coarse. Apparently I made a rather favourable impression by developing a little knowledge on a subject of which I had professed ignorance.

“ Why, I thought you said you knew nothing about it? ”

“ I don't think I do.”

He then proceeded, as I had been led by Dr. Wilkinson to expect, to question me on the mode of generation of the red blood-discs.

“ I believe,” I began, “ you think they are formed in such and such glands.”

“ I don't want to know what *I* think, I know that very well myself; but what do *you* think? ”

“ When great men differ, I don't presume to have an opinion of my own.”

“ If you won't say, tell me what somebody else thinks.”

“ I believe Wharton Jones says so-and-so, and Carpenter's opinion is so-and-so.”

“ What do you mean by calling it Carpenter's? It isn't his, he took it from Virchow.”

“ May be so. I mean that I found it in his book.”

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“ Aye, a very different thing.”

And he devoted the remainder of his quarter of an hour to proving to me that he was right and Carpenter was wrong.

This business being over, I went down to Leith, where, thinking that the marine air would do me good, I tried to get accepted as a passenger by the skipper of a little coasting brig which was on the point of sailing for London. He did not think a young English gentleman would be content with his fare of beef, bread and biscuit.

“ Would he mind laying in a good store of eggs ? ”

To this he readily agreed, and we soon came to terms. The vessel was a handy little craft, and with favourable winds we might have made the passage in three or four days ; but as it was, calms and contrary winds brought up the time to eight days. The weather was beautiful, and I lay on the deck and read Pereira's *Materia Medica*, when I was not consuming the eggs, of which the last was eaten in the mouth of the Thames. Off Whitby, and again off Yarmouth, we had more than two hundred sail in sight.

I arrived too late for entrance ; but the Senatus, on hearing of calms and contrary winds in the North Sea, admitted me.

Roberts and Buchanan were also among the candidates. We all passed and took honours in physiology, Roberts heading the list.

I forget whether it was on this occasion or on that of the arts examination in 1851 that Louis Kossuth made his public entry into London. The examination was going on in Somerset House, when his open

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carriage halted just opposite our windows, and the noble-looking man, with his great dark beard, stood up and addressed the enthusiastic multitude which tightly packed the Strand. The examinees all rushed to the windows, and the examiners, after a half-hearted and wholly ineffectual protest, did the same.

Having passed both the examinations and secured the Essay Prize, I felt able to go down to Worcestershire and face my friends with an easy mind. Part of the time was spent at Rochford Hilltop, where my cousin, William Cooke, owned six hundred acres, which he farmed himself. The views from the farm were lovely, and I often picture in my mind's eye the shadows of the clouds flying over Titterstone¹ and Hoar Edge, two of the Clee Hills, or rather mountains, across the Shropshire border. I mention Rochford now in order to bring in a little incident of political interest which belonged to my boyish days.

W. Cooke had been a Whig, and at the last election had polled on that side with nineteen of the other twenty-three voters in the parish, who were mostly forty-shilling freeholders. Circumstances had altered his views when I rode round the parish with him to canvass them for the next Parliament, and seventeen of the nineteen altered theirs with him. His influence was perfectly legitimate, and was well deserved.

In the autumn of 1852 I returned to Edinburgh in

¹ Titterstone, a fine truncated cone of basalt, 1,730 feet above the sea, is being rapidly destroyed to mend the roads of half the country.

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order to fulfil my *annus medicus* as arranged.¹ I had a companion in my lodging—Mr., afterwards Dr., Frederic Cock—and there was quite a little society of English senior students like us. Of the professors, Christison, Simpson and Traill took kindly notice of me. The April vacation was utilised in a trip to Aberdeen, Orkney and Shetland.

In Orkney I was kindly received by Mr. George Petrie, an accomplished local antiquary, who gave me a whole day, spent in digging into two round barrows near the famous Ring of Brogar, at Stennis; but we found nothing save some unctuous black earth. The Old Man of Hoy, and the other stupendous cliffs of that island, were still more surprising than the stone circle and other antiquities.

Orkney and Shetland are very different lands, the former mostly fertile and apt for agriculture, the latter all creeks, cliffs, moorland and bog; and the people, though nearly identical in race and speech, differ much in their occupations and manner of life. It seems hard that they are allowed only one Member of Parliament between them, while some big towns, with no great sectional differences, elect seven or eight. The present member is said to be the biggest man in the House of Commons; but there is small consolation in that—he is not fissiparous or divisible.

On my return I told Professor Traill where I had been, and what I had been doing. The old gentleman, who was of the family that Scott immortalised in *The Pirate* as the Troils, showed much excitement.

¹ On the voyage we encountered a white squall, and the large foresail we were carrying was literally blown to ribbons.

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“ You opened some barrows ? ”

“ Yes ! ”

“ You know Earl Hakon’s barrow ? ”

“ Surely ! ”

“ And you know I descend from him in the female line. I hope you didn’t open it.”

I naturally thought the old Professor was unwilling that his forefathers’ bones should be sacrilegiously disturbed.

“ No,” I said, “ we didn’t. Perhaps if we had been numerous and strong enough we might have attempted it.”

“ Ah, well,” he said, relapsing into his usual tranquil manner, “ I ’m glad you didn’t. I always nourish the hope of visiting my native land once more. I should like to dig up my illustrious ancestor myself, and I was afraid you had forestalled me.”

During this Orcadian expedition I seriously began the quest into hair and eye colour, which was to be my principal hobby through most of my after life. I had really begun it in 1846, while at Ledbury, but the first system I devised was not satisfactory, and I had dropped it. It was the perception of the discrepancy and consequent untrustworthiness of the statements made by different travellers on this subject which led me to think it would be a useful work to observe and classify the facts relating to it, as obtained by a single observer, myself. As commonly happens in such investigations, the more I worked the more necessary I felt it was to persevere. My plan was to carry a card in the hollow of my left hand, divided by horizontal and vertical lines into thirty spaces, for the two sexes, the three

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shades of eyes—light, neutral and dark—and the five colours of hair—red, fair, neutral brown, dark brown and coal-black—and to mark down each observation by a pencil-stroke in the proper category.

About this time I was doing dispensary work under Dr. Haldane. The Cowgate and part of the Canon-gate were my district, slums of the lowest description in my time, occupied by the worst sort of Irish, and by Scotch people who were even dirtier and more drunken than the Irish. It was a useful apprenticeship. These quarters were once occupied by the Scottish nobility and gentry. One house, along whose dark and grimy passages I have often groped my way, was that in which, on the eve of the skirmish known as "*Cleanse the Causeway*," Cardinal Beaton said to the Earl of Angus, "On my conscience I can't help what is going to happen." He clapped his hand to his heart, and the armour rattled under his cassock. "Your conscience sounds hollow, Lord Cardinal," said Angus.

On an idle day I crossed the Firth into Fife, and made out a long day's walk through the "lang town of Kirkcaldy" and a number of the smaller towns and villages along the coast, which some king of Scotland, in a gracious mood, likened to a string of pearls. I examined particularly the inhabitants of the fisher communities, Buckhaven and St. Monance, very fine people physically, especially the women, and mostly blond. There are traditions of immigration from the continent. The surnames, however, are generally Scotch. At Buckhaven two strange ones predominate, viz. Deas and Bonthron. Scott made use of the latter name in the *Fair Maid of Perth*.

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I found on the coast the ruin of a circular building which I took to have been a martello tower; but a native soon undeceived me, carefully explaining that it had been "a curious sort of a mill which went somehow by the motion of the air," and which he seemed to suppose had been unique. The fact is, there are now no windmills in Scotland; the hilly surface and the abundance of streams supply so much water-power that wind-power is not wanted.

On August 1st, 1853, I received my degree of M.D. I had some hopes of getting the gold medal for my graduation thesis *On the Geography of Phthisis*, but was disappointed. Simpson voted for me, I was told; but Hughes Bennett said my fundamental facts, which were chiefly drawn from Dr. Farr's statistics, were too unstable a foundation for my building. So I was only "highly commended." I forgot my chagrin in two pleasant pedestrian excursions, which enabled me to add a great store of ethnological observations to those I had already gathered in the north. The first of these was in Tweeddale and the Burns country and Galloway, and I accomplished most of it barefooted, a great economy of exertion to a pedestrian of no great muscular power.

"Traquair has ridden up Chapelhope
And sae he has down by the Grey Mare's Tail;"

and so did I, barring the horse. And I made my first acquaintance with the Yarrow, stream of more tragically poetic interest than Avon or Clyde or Doon, or even Rhine or Scamander.

I made an odd discovery at Cumnock in walking up the hill to the railway station. The road is cut down a little into the braeside; a low wall overhangs it on

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the left, above which appear the tops of some tombstones in the village graveyard. Casting my eyes that way, I read on one of them the name of Alexander Peden. I jumped over the wall and read the inscription: "*A.P., who died,*" etc., "*and was buried at Whithern in Galloway, and was raised up out of the Grawf after three days.*"

"Good heavens!" thought I, "I knew Peden wrought miracles; but I never dreamed of his perpetrating one on this scale."

Reading further, I found that he had been brought to Cumnock and reburied. No doubt, Peden being an outlaw, the temporary burial at Whithern was necessitated by the momentary conditions of the persecution.

Perhaps the most interesting place I visited during this expedition, and certainly so from a social point of view, was Wanlockhead, a lead-mining village perched up among the Lowther Hills, considerably more than one thousand feet above the sea. The inhabitants were, and I hope are still, a sober, God-fearing, laborious set of people, who managed out of their scanty means to maintain a good library, a great resource for them in the long, dark, cold nights of winter. As for the climate, Dr. Watson, the hospitable local medico, told me with a little pride that cherries sometimes ripened in his garden.

My next expedition was into the Western Highlands, with an English friend. At Dalmally, the inn being full, we were uncomfortably lodged in a garret. Talking our grievance over with an angler, an old habitué, who was in a similar plight, I happened

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to say that I was somewhat inured to that sort of thing, having slept, or tried to sleep, on the hardest bed in Scotland.

“ I ’ll wager I know where that was,” said the fisherman, “ it was at Mount Benger on the Yarrow.”

And so it was.

We crossed Loch Leven at the Ballachulish Ferry, where Campbell of Corrymonie met with his mishap. He fell into the water, and was rather ignominiously fished out by a boatman with a boathook in the scruff of his neck. As he stood disconsolately dripping on the deck, a bystander attempted to improve the occasion.

“ Aw ’m thinkin’, sorr, ye micht be thankin’ Goad for yer prêservâtion.”

“ Thank God ! ” says Corrymonie, “ thank God ! Faith, a think a was vara claver mysell.”

We met with Campbell of Monzie, then proprietor of Glen Nevis, and by his advice penetrated to the head of that beautiful glen. I should probably have admired it still more, if possible, had I known that I was destined to marry a descendent of the chiefs of the Camerons of Glen Nevis. We climbed Ben Nevis on a fine clear day, walking through snow when near the summit. I felt rather proud of the achievement until I espied an elegant, dapper-girdled ¹ damsel calmly seated on the cairn, looking as if she had done nothing particular in making herself the foreground to one hundred miles of vista.

We afterwards made our way to Skye through

¹ This was Francis Newman’s translation of *ευζωνη*, applied by Homer to Briseis and other slender-waisted damsels.

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Glenmoriston, crossed the Cuchullin Hills,¹ and looked greedily at the dangerous peak of Scur-na-Gillean, saw the four hundred-feet falls of the Glomak, and toiled across the central bogs into Strath Affrick, sleeping in a shepherd's hut at Annamulloch among a population of seven very wise dogs.

Having made our way to Inverness, we travelled thence by four-horse coach to Aberdeen, a delightful way of journeying in fine weather, but destined soon to be out of date. A drawback was, of course, the inability to do what the happy motor owner can do now to his heart's content, that is to halt and examine the antiquarian treasures that we passed. It was tantalising to behold from afar the field of Culloden and the Stone of Sweno. From Aberdeen we made our way to Castleton of Braemar, and then walked down Glentilt to Blair in Athol, the Tarff and Tilt being fordable at the time. There had been a greater obstacle than the Tarff in the way until very lately in the person of the Duke of Athol, who claimed the right of closing the path, as it interfered with his forestal rights or doings. It was a monstrous claim, this being the only practicable pass through that part of the Grampians. Professor J. Hutton Balfour, of Edinburgh (known to his many friends as "Woody Fibre"), challenged it, and led his botanical class through the glen in despite of the Duke's keepers and gillies. A lawsuit followed, and the way was found to be of public right, a little while before our arrival. We had got through the greater part of our twenty-

¹ The peculiarly rough and jagged forms of the Cuchullins are due to the qualities of the hypersthene rock of which they consist. The Quaenanger Fiord mountains in Norway are similarly constituted, and present almost identical outlines.

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five or thirty-mile walk when there met us a groom of the Duke's, with rugs and a courteous message, asking us to pause, as a "drive" of deer was in progress, and might be spoilt by our intrusion. The man had orders to conduct us to a suitable point for witnessing the sport.

I spent the late autumn in University College Hospital, chiefly under Quain, an able, gruff old surgeon with a feeling, sympathetic heart, which displayed itself chiefly by increased acerbity towards his subordinates when things were going wrong. I recollect two striking instances of contrasted chances that occurred during this period. One day I met a friend who was doing duty for an absent house-surgeon, and was, of course, anxious to get experience of some severe or difficult cases. "My dear fellow," said he, "sympathise with me! Here have seven Irishmen tumbled off a scaffold thirty feet high, and not one of them is hurt." Within a few days an unfortunate milkman, with both hands occupied in holding his pails, was walking along the street outside the hospital doors. He slipped on a bit of orange-peel, fell on the back of his head, and was dead before he could be carried in.

Another Irishman, a fine, hearty, good fellow, fell forty feet and lit on a wheelbarrow. He broke both his thigh bones and split one of them into the knee-joint, broke a leg and several small bones of the feet, broke both knee-pans and ground one almost to powder. Quain lectured on him.

"Gentlemen, if I followed the rules I should amputate through both thighs. If I did, he would

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die. He 'll probably do so in any case ; but I 'll give Nature a chance."

The man walked away with a stick in a few months.

Before leaving Edinburgh I had the good fortune to secure the reversion of a clerkship or house-physician's post in the Infirmary under Dr. Andrew. Getting notice of its impending vacancy, I returned thither accordingly. Concurrently with my settlement in warm quarters in the thickly-walled Infirmary, where I always had a fire in my room, my pulmonary symptoms finally vanished. This fact does not very obviously square with some modern theories and practices. But both now and previously I usually slept with a window not quite closed.

When I entered my rooms I naturally walked to the window and looked out. Below was a sort of court in which a number of ragged urchins were playing. They stopped their game, and yelled out something which with difficulty I made out to be : "Power oot burnt hapennies !" My predecessor it seemed was given to the rather cruel amusement of heating pence and half-pence in the fire, and throwing them out to become the prize of the boldest or hardiest of these unfortunate children.

Now began fifteen months of an almost ideal life. Regular work and plenty of it, work useful both to myself and others, a moderate degree of discipline and responsibility, the congenial society of one's equals—there were seven of us—excellent plain food, with plenty of milk and cream—what better could have been desired ? Joseph Lister followed me up from University College, and became house-

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x surgeon under (Sir) James Syme; and our comrades were Watson, afterwards Sir Patrick Heron Watson, and David Christison, every way accomplished, but best known as an archæologist. Then there were Alexander Struthers, brother of Sir John Struthers the anatomist, and George Pringle, both men of extraordinary promise, but who died prematurely, the former at Scutari, the latter in Australia. A little later John Kirk, afterwards of Zanzibar, and G.C.M.G., and J. D. Maclaren, of Glasgow, joined our company. We had all been appointed by our immediate superiors, the visiting physicians and surgeons. The Infirmary Committee had tried the plan of *concours*, but did not find it gave so good results, and it was the interest of the visiting men to appoint the best men they could get. Similarly we appointed our own assistants.

Our seniors were a brilliant galaxy of stars. That of Alison was setting; but those of Christison, Simpson and Syme formed a wonderful trio. I have before this¹ described the last interview I had with Alison. It was after his resignation. A patient of his had been struggling doubtfully through an attack of typhoid, but after his departure disappointed our hopes by dying suddenly from an imprudent exertion, undertaken against orders, to save trouble to the nurse. A few weeks afterwards I met Dr. Alison painfully dragging his huge but feeble frame up the Infirmary stair.

“Dr. Beddoe!” he said, “you can save me this labour. I only want to know how Monro has got on.”

¹ In the inaugural Long Fox Lecture.

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I told him the mournful fact. His countenance fell, and without a word he turned and hobbled down the stair. I never saw him again ; I doubt whether he ever again left his house.

William Gairdner, afterwards Sir William Tennant Gairdner, who has but lately left us full of years and honours, was among the friends I made at this time ; and other two were Yellowlees and Sir John Sibbald, both of whom rose to the top of the alienist branch of the profession. Gifted as Sibbald was mentally and morally, he had a very Mongoloid physiognomy, and I recollect how he once laughingly appealed to me to contradict one of his alienist colleagues, who had said that with such a skull he ought to be an idiot. A Mongoloid type is not uncommon among British idiots ; but China and Japan might have taught the colleague better.

I imagine that, whatever may be the case in Glasgow and Dundee, in Edinburgh there has been a great diminution in the consumption of ardent spirits, and in the disease resulting therefrom. In my time *delirium tremens* was very common. We had a ward called the D.T. ward, and of this I was long in charge. I recollect one day admitting a tall, stalwart Irishman, who had a patch of pneumonia in one lung, and who seemed very nervous. Two or three hours afterwards a nurse came to tell me that Marr, the man in question, had suddenly become mad or delirious, and had possessed himself of a poker. I went to see him presently, accompanied by my assistant, Menzies, of Pitnacree, a valiant little Highlander. We found him brandishing the poker, and challenging all and sundry. Feeling

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decidedly uncomfortable, I nevertheless advanced towards him, and when I was within a couple of yards he fell on his knees, and besought me, for the love of God, and for the sake of his motherless children, only to spare his life.

“Give me that poker, Marr! Now, if you will obey me cheerfully, and do whatever I tell you, I’ll consider what you have said, and perhaps I’ll spare your life.”

I took one arm and Menzies the other, and we marched him off to the D.T. ward and tied him down, as was the practice in those days. I think, indeed, that we have carried too far the abolition of mechanical restraint, and that a moderate degree of it is less irritating to many insane patients than continually struggling with attendants.

The Torbanehill mineral question was in everybody’s thoughts and talk next summer (1854). Hundreds of thousands of pounds depended upon it, and all sorts of eagles—legal, geological, chemical and botanical—were gathered together about it.

The question was whether a certain kind of richly-bituminous shale, more valuable than ordinary coal, was conveyed by a lease of the coal on a certain property. In Scotland it was ultimately decided that it was; but in Germany I believe it was deemed not to be coal, and therefore not liable to duty, so that the lessee, a wealthy capitalist named Russell, got the advantage in both ways.

John Kirk and I had but lately become acquainted, but “we had looked at each other between the eyes, and there had found no fault,” and we were friends for life. One day he came to me.

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“ Professor Bennett,” said he, “ is reading a paper on the Torbanehill mineral to-day at the Pathological Society. Now he has no business to meddle with the subject, for though he is a good microscopist, he knows nothing of botany, or of the carboniferous flora, which is really the crucial matter. I mean to oppose him. Will you come and support me ? ”

“ I can be of no use. I am no botanist, and have not looked into the subject.”

“ Never mind that. I should like to feel that I had a friend behind me.”

So I went. Bennett, who was chairman and convener of the Society, which, indeed, he had founded, read his paper, which by the way was quite unsuitable in nature for a *Pathological Society*. Then Kirk rose up in the back of the room, and in quite a few modest but clear and firm sentences so completely demolished the Professor and his paper, that the former, making some lame and hasty excuse about other engagements, dissolved the meeting without attempting to reply. He never called the Society together again, and we all said that Kirk had destroyed the Society. Such a complete collapse I never witnessed.

“ What great events, etc., etc.” If I had killed my friend Lister that summer, which I went near to doing, how much would have been lost to the world and to millions of its denizens. Everybody who has ever been in Edinburgh has seen the long line of cliff called Salisbury Crags. It is like a crescentic tiara, highest in the middle, where it may rise to seventy or eighty feet, and there, oddly enough, is the only place where it is climbable by anybody but

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an Alpinist. A broad fissure cuts back into the rock from top to bottom, and is called the Cat's (? Wild Cat's) Nick. I had often ascended by it, and I persuaded Lister that Walter Scott had climbed there (which I believe he had done), and Robbie Burns, and Christopher North, and that in fact it was a feat not to be left undone. So we went thither one day to attempt it. Lister had been overworking himself, and before I, who was leading, had accomplished more than half the ascent, he said to me—

“ Beddoe, I feel giddy ; would it not be foolish in me to persevere to-day ? ”

“ Certainly ! ” I replied. “ Let us postpone it till you are in good condition,” and I began to descend.

I suppose much experience of the place had made me careless. A large fragment came away in my hands, and the stone and I both fell upon Lister. He was looking up at the time, and squeezed himself cleverly against the face of the cliff ; but the huge stone struck him on the thigh with a grazing blow, and then whirled down the talus below with leaps and bounds, and passed harmless through the middle of a group of children who were playing hopscotch at the bottom right in its way.

Lister was badly bruised, but no bone was broken. I went off at once to the Infirmary and procured a litter and four men, wherewith I returned to Lister. As our melancholy procession entered the courtyard of the surgical hospital, there met us Mrs. Porter, the head nurse then and for many years after. She wept and wrung her hands, for Lister was a universal favourite.

“ Eh, Docketur Bedie ! Docketur Bedie ! A kent

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weel hoo it wad be. Ye Englishmen are aye sae fülish, gaeing aboot fustlin upo' Sawbath."

I do not suppose Lister ever whistled on Sunday. I am certain I did not, for I never could whistle in all my life ; but we had suffered for the national offence. We were both in bed for a fortnight, at the end of which time, on a Saturday afternoon, up came one of my nurses.

"Eh, Docketur, can ye no coom doon? Here's Maggie Dixon's taen a appleplectic fit, and there's naebody in the hoose tae bleed her."

I descended and bled the woman accordingly, and she gained consciousness before I had finished, and made a good recovery. Bleeding is undervalued nowadays. Of course, it was grossly overvalued formerly.

Recovered from my bruises, which had been many, though at first unfelt, I recognised that I had entirely lost my nerve. It was some little time ere I hit upon the right plan for regaining it. I went to the scene of the accident, and again attempted the climb, and with much shaking and shivering and sweating arrived at the top. Then I undertook the downward climb, which was perhaps worse than the upward one ; but that accomplished, the cure was complete.

In the course of the autumn I spent a few days with Mr. Pringle, father of my colleague, George Pringle, at Hyndlee on the Rule Water, in the territory of the old Turnbells, now dispersed or extinct. Mr. Pringle had a large sheep farm extending to the English border.

Hyndlee is thought by some to have been the place Scott had in mind as the original of "Charlieshope"

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in his *Guy Mannering*, though it seems to me that some place in Liddesdale or on the Slitrig would suit better topographically. My host told me that once when he had himself answered a knock at the house door, he beheld a tall English gentleman with a knapsack, who thus addressed him—

“ Pray, sir, will you have the kindness to tell me whether I have been correctly informed that you are the veritable Dandie Dinmont ? ”

An incident occurred during my stay that might fitly have been reported in the *Spectator*. Mr. Pringle called me out to the lawn to see a blind man and his dog. The man was not, strictly speaking, quite blind, nor did he pretend to be so, but his sight was extremely imperfect. The dog was a mongrel of some sort.

“ Now,” said Pringle to the man, “ put the dog through his paces.”

The man said to the animal—

“ Show us Jedburgh ! ”

The dog shook himself, and swerved a little, as a compass does before settling, and then pointed steadily, and so far as we could judge correctly.

“ Now Hawick ! ” said the man, and again the dog pointed rightly.

“ Now Melrose ! ” Right again. I asked whether the dog could do as well for me. His master thought he could ; I might try. I did so with apparent success. Then I asked for Wooler, across the Cheviots, and the dog pointed as usual. I was inclined to think he erred a little towards the north, but Pringle backed the dog ; and on consulting a map and compass, it appeared that the dog was more

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correct than I was. The animal always wavered and vacillated before finally pointing, and I suppose that during that process he received some suggestion from his master ; but neither I nor Pringle, who had often seen the performance, could detect anything of the sort. The man, it seemed, wandered about Teviotdale picking up his living by this kind of performance ; and even setting aside the dog business, his knowledge of topography must have been wonderfully accurate. Hyndlee lies in a hollow, and has no distant view.

My ethnological hobby had brought me the acquaintance, which ripened into lifelong friendship, of Dr. Daniel Wilson, afterwards Sir Daniel, and Principal of the University of Toronto. Before my departure for the south, he had told me that he was building himself a house out Lauriston way, and asked me to visit him there on my return. On the first convenient afternoon I started to fulfil the engagement. Having no clear idea of the situation of the new house, I entered St. Margaret's Lane, which I conceived must lead in the right direction, and meeting a gentleman just about to issue therefrom, asked whether he could direct me to Dr. Wilson's new house. He looked hard at me and inquired—

“ Do you know Daniel Wilson ? ”

“ I do.”

“ Intimately ? ”

“ Yes, intimately.”

“ Then follow this lane till you see a house that looks as if it belonged to Daniel Wilson, and that will be it.”

I thanked him, and following his advice, had no

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difficulty in identifying the house. It had a window which contained some tracery of a pattern which I knew Wilson considered peculiarly Scottish. I told him of my encounter, but he could not identify his humorous friend.

He prospered and was popular in the land of his adoption, of which he became the intellectual leader; but privately he told me he always felt himself an exile, and "in his dreams beheld the Hebrides."

CHAPTER IV.

ASIA MINOR AND THE CRIMEA.

DURING the winter of 1854 we were as usual muddling through our war with much unnecessary expenditure of blood and treasure, much as we did in our last, and shall do doubtless in our next war. The medical service was undermanned and overworked, and the suggestions of its more enlightened members generally overlooked or scouted. I do not know to whom, unless to Sir James Clark, the suggestion of an independent civil medical staff was due, but it was made, and Sir James himself in London and Professors Christison and Simpson in Edinburgh were much interested in it. The idea was to send out a number of young physicians and surgeons, who were holding or had held hospital appointments, and give to them hospital work, thus releasing the regular surgeons for service in the field. About fifty appointments were ultimately made, for which there were, I believe, about 700 applications.

John Kirk and I agreed to send in applications. Sir James Clark offered me a commission in the Turkish Contingent. He knew me as an anthropologist, and thought that service might have suited me better as to scientific opportunities; but David Christison having also applied, I preferred to be the colleague of my friends.

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Meanwhile occurred the happiest event in my life, to wit, my betrothal to Agnes Montgomerie, niece of Sir Robert Christison and eldest daughter of his twin-brother Alexander, minister of Foulden, in Berwickshire. One of the minor benefits resulting has been a continuance of my connection with a beautiful district, which is fuller of history, romance and poetry than any other part of these islands.

Besides the three already mentioned and Dr. James Duncan Maclaren, three other Scotchmen obtained places on our staff, namely Professors J. B. Cowan and George Buchanan, of Glasgow, and W. Reid, a Fifeman. Dr. W. Robertson, a man of great though unobtrusive ability, was one of four in the superior rank, in which were also Spencer Wells and Holmes Coote, surgeons, and Dr. Henry Hurry Goodeve, of Indian fame, afterwards an excellent friend of mine. The superintendent was Dr. Edmund Alexander Parkes, of University College Hospital, a man endowed with "every virtue under heaven," but unhappily weighted with the delicate health which so often accompanies great beauty and delicacy of features and of mind.

The Civil Hospital Staff, as it was called, being a new departure, its organisation no doubt required some little time and trouble, but the apparently unnecessary detention in London and all the trouble, worry and mistakes which were entailed were extremely annoying. Part of these were due to the indefinite divisions and the unpardonable jealousies between the various official departments concerned, but a large part of the matter was summed up in our minds thus: That things relating to the war

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would never go on rightly till the War Office was burnt down, and that if a few of the clerks were inside at the time it would be ever so much the better. I never fully appreciated the phrase "Red Tape" till I had crept through the passages of the War Office, between piles of dusty papers heaped up higher than one's head, all tied with red tape. Once we wasted hours in searching for a document which was thought absolutely indispensable by the officials, and which was ultimately discovered in a wastebasket between the legs of the chief.

But there came an end even to the delays of the War Office, and we got our passages in the *Candia*, a P. & O. steamer, hired by the Government to convey a battery of artillery to the Crimea, and us to Constantinople. The voyage would have been agreeable but for the unfortunate horses, of which we had about 180, whose smell and restlessness at night made them very unpleasant fellow-passengers. The *Candia* was of 1,600 tons, considered a large tonnage in those days; and at Malta we saw in harbour the *Himalaya*, which may have been double that size or more, and was regarded as the very perfection of ship building. She reminded me of the high-mettled racer when, forty years later, I saw her lying in the Hamoaze, an old hulk, just about to be broken up.

Valetta Harbour was full of ships of war and transports, not British only, but French and Sardinian, mostly full of troops going out to the war. We stayed in harbour one night, and next day issued on our way, being one of several vessels which cleared out in turn. The ships' decks were crowded with

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soldiers and seamen, the many salient angles of the fortifications with civilians; and as we ran the gauntlet of all these the most vociferous and enthusiastic cheering issued from them all, and was heartily responded to from the departing vessels as each in its turn passed slowly by. All seemed overflowing with hope and confidence. It was the most inspiring scene in which I have ever taken part.

How many or how few of those cheery young fellows were destined to return triumphant. I can only say that a few months afterwards I met at Sevastopol the captain of our battery, and he told me he had not many left of his command.

Early one morning we found ourselves swinging at anchor in the hub of the universe, betwixt Stambul, Pera and Scutari, the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn, and the Sea of Marmora, surrounded by caiques, which as far excel the gondola in the beauty of their lines as the silken-shirted, red-capped caikji outshines the gondolier in colour.

We crossed the Bosphorus to Scutari, and duly marvelled at the strength and endurance of the porters (hamals). I saw a grizzled veteran hardly five feet high carry a box that weighed more than 300 pounds up a steeper hill than any to be found in London. He was an Osmanli, but most of the Constantinople hamals were in those days Armenians. Many of the poor fellows are said to have perished in the great massacres. The Smyrna hamals of my time were mostly Turks from Konia (Iconium).

We got a small and very dirty house assigned to us by the British authorities. Maclaren and I,

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without mentioning our reasons, elected to sleep on a landing where were many broken windows. Unlike our comrades, we got some sleep. Next day our remonstrances obtained for us from the authorities a really excellent house, hired from some Turkish effendi, with a pretty rose garden and a view of Stambul across the Bosphorus. Here we abode some weeks, awaiting instructions from Dr. Parkes, who was seeking a site for the wooden hospital we were to erect. The great barrack hospitals at Scutari and Haidarpasha were full of patients, but had by this time been gotten into excellent order, and we were not wanted there. There was much jealousy about our appointment among the military medicos, as was but natural. Our pay and conditions of service were much better than theirs,¹ and they smarted under the slur which they thought was unjustly cast upon them. They had been overwrought; they had suffered for shortcomings which were not theirs, but those of a stupid bureaucratic system, such as our race seems to have a natural tendency to lapse into.

The principal medical officer (P.M.O.) at Scutari was a rough, old, reddish-grey Scot named Cumming, and was in the state of mind I have described. He was not a bad old fellow by any means, but beyond giving us quarters and rations he refused to recognise us. There had been two severe earthquakes at Brusa, which is one of the four earthly paradises of the Moslem; and some 2,000 people had been killed. I wished to go thither and see the results, and accord-

¹ Twenty-five shillings a day, free quarters and table, and a six months' gratuity at the close of the war.

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ingly called on the P.M.O. and asked his leave for self and three comrades.

“ I have nothing to do with you, Dr. Beddoe. You may go to the devil if you like ! ”

“ Thank you, Dr. Cumming ; I don't want to go quite so far as that, only to Brusa.”

So I departed, and next day with Christison, Kirk and Maclaren set out via Moudania for Brusa. As we approached it towards sunset a violent thunderstorm broke upon us, and clearing rapidly westwards, left the city and the huge mountain behind all suffused with rosy light. We abode some days in a booth in a mulberry plantation, people being afraid to sleep in houses, as shocks were still occasionally felt. It was a strange and impressive sight to see several thousands of Moslems worshipping in the open air in the space in front of the (roofless) great mosque. Every minaret that I could see, with one exception, had been ruined, or at the least had had its terminal spirelet shaken down. There were said to have been 360 of them, one for every day in the Moslem year ; but I suppose one might take that to signify merely that there were too many to be counted. The mosque and tomb of the great conqueror, Sultan Murad, however, had escaped better than most of them. The famous hot springs of Brusa had been destroyed or diverted, and new ones had broken out in their stead. On our arrival we encountered Edward Armitage, the painter, whose brother Thomas, afterwards known for the great things he did for the blind, was one of our staff. He (the artist) had been beetle catching on Mount Olympus, that being one of his hobbies.

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Our party made the ascent of the mountain, riding a good part of the way. This, the Bithynian Olympus (in Turkish, Keshish Dag), is of course not the true abode of the old gods, which is between Thessaly and Macedonia ; but it is a noble mountain, and retains snow in some of its upper hollows throughout the year. Above the chestnut forest that clothes its flanks we encountered several shepherds with their enormous white, shaggy and formidable-looking dogs, whose deep bass bark was almost like thunder. It was by some of these shepherds or their fellows and successors that poor Macmillan, straggling from his escort, was murdered. We bivouacked for the night on an upland pasture ground, where there was good store of dwarf junipers to feed our fire, and enjoyed an excellent *pilaff*. While we were thus engaged a smart shock of earthquake occurred. The rumbling noise distinctly preceded the quiver or quaking of the earth. The whole affair reminded me of the passage of an express train close by one, though of course the shaking was greater. The Brusa folk told me the dogs were the first to apprehend the advent of a shock.

Next morning we completed the ascent of the highest snow-clad peak, but the view was not so fine or clear as it might have been. During the descent Christison sprained an ankle, but Maclaren's six feet four of Highland bone and muscle enabled him to carry Christison on his back until we again encountered our ponies.

My plan had been to return to Scutari by way of those two famous old cities, Isnik (Nicea) and

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Isnikmid (Nicomedia) ; but this accident disarranged my scheme, and we resolved to ride to Ghemlik and there catch the boat for Stambul, Christison being conveyed in a takhteravàn or horse-litter.

Ghemlik is an old port, at one time a kind of colony of the Varangians. There was a pier there which was entered from the dimly-lighted street through an old gateway ; the pier itself was not lighted, and the night was dark. Kirk, with an American missionary who had joined our party, had preceded me, and was standing by a boat which waited to convey us to the steamboat.

In the darkness I did not see a large hole in the pier, into which I fell ; but fortunately a revolver and a large game-bag swelled me out at the middle to such a size that I stuck in the hole instead of going through it and sinking to the bottom, which, carrying weight as I was doing, I must have done. I picked myself up and walked forward along the pier ; but the shock had thoroughly demented me for the time, and I should have walked off the end into the water had not Kirk, seeing by the light of a torch my white, expressionless face, seized me and laid me down at length on the bottom of the boat, where I soon recovered full consciousness.

Our return to Scutari was duly reported to the wrathful Dr. Cumming. We remained in the same quarters some time longer, until Dr. Parkes, having visited and condemned Sinope as a hospital site, finally fixed on a promontory on the Asiatic side of the Hellespont, and sent us orders to join him there. Meanwhile we explored Stambul, its mosques and bazaars and its neighbourhood, and every evening

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rejoiced in the splendid sunsets that gilded its minarets and domes and towers.

One day a handsome blond caikji ferried me across. He turned out to be a Laz from Batoum, and introduced me to a boat-station wholly manned by his countrymen, mostly handsome men and in some instances of old Grecian type. They came from various parts of the coast between Batoum and Trebizond inclusive.

The oath of British commerce was growing familiar to the Greek caikjis. One of them once addressed me thus: "Me speak ver' good Englees, sarr." Then followed a volley of the foulest and most injurious curses ever coined in Wapping, directed at an uncomprehending neighbour. Then to me again, with a sweet smile, "Ver' good Englees, sarr."

On receipt of Dr. Parkes's summons, we made our way down to the site on which he had fixed. It was little more than a site as yet, the promontory being bare of everything except a shipload or two of timber and a few tents and an iron kitchen. Christison and I were the occupants of the first wooden hut erected: he had brought an ague from Brusa and I had dysentery. Our site was two miles from the large Greek village of Renkioi (*kioi* or *kewi* means a village) and nine or ten below the Dardanelles town of Chanak-kalési, or Pot-Castle, as the Turks call it from the pottery manufacture which they found flourishing there, and which still continues to thrive. By the way, I have yet in my possession a piece of Chanaki ware, as English collectors call it, of a pattern resembling some

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antique (prehistoric) specimens found in the Isle of Santorin, and some fragments found by Schliemann in one of the lower strata of his Troy. It seems probable, therefore, that the manufacture of pottery has persisted on the Hellespont not merely for the 500 years since the Ottoman conquest, but during the whole 3,000 years since Homer's Troy existed, and that one at least of the ancient patterns has survived. My jar has not the faintest resemblance to a human figure, but according to Lenormant it must have been developed by stages from some primitive idea of the sort.

Several thousands of irregular troops (Bashi-bazouks, literally broken-heads) were encamped a little way beyond Chanak-kalési under General Beatson. They were in British pay, which, as usual, was in arrear, and they had mutinied accordingly. There was a report that they were threatening to make a descent upon our camp and perhaps cut our throats; and although there was no real likelihood of anything of the sort, our commandant, Major Chads, thought it as well to give our English carpenters, of whom there were sixteen, a little musketry drill. Weapons were issued accordingly, and the only old soldier we had was appointed armourer. He one day showed me the results, which were not encouraging. Many of the cartridges were rammed in wrong end foremost, and in some cases two or three into one barrel. Some of these men struck work and went home to Gloucester because the paymaster deducted income-tax from their enormous wages.

It was under these circumstances that my hut

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comrade woke me up one night from a comfortable sleep to ask me where was my revolver.

"I don't know; probably at the bottom of that box."

"Should you not get it out? You know we are at the north-eastern boundary of the camp; and if those Bashis do really come, we will be the first to be attacked."

Like the sluggard, I felt "I must slumber again." So I replied—

"If these fellows come at all, which I don't in the least expect, they will come in hundreds, and any little resistance we could make would simply irritate them to violence, and be of no use whatever. Wherefore I propose that we go to sleep again."

He had to acknowledge the justice of the reasoning.

The site Dr. Parkes had selected was admirably adapted to its purpose. The winds on the Hellespont almost always blow in the trough of its channel either from N.E. or from S.W., and in either case they swept and ventilated the settlement. Brunton and Eassie, our engineer and contractor, were constructing a short pier on each of the lateral bays, and preparing a tramway to connect them. The water was fairly deep, and we could thus land stores, etc., in either state of the wind. Good water could be, and subsequently was, obtained from springs on the side of a hill behind us, which rose to about 1,300 feet. The timber for the future hospital came out from England ready squared for fitting, and we had the sixteen carpenters already mentioned and a large number of labourers from the Greek village.

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These were more intelligent than satisfactory. One day I heard Brunton sum up the situation.

"They are mostly drunk on Sunday," he said, "and on Monday I don't expect them. Tuesday they may put in a fair amount of work, but on Wednesday they're all getting ready for the feast-day on Thursday; and on the feast-day they get so drunk that they are of little use on Friday; and Saturday's a half-holiday."

But almost every man carried in his pocket a note-book, in which he inscribed every English word he heard that was new to him in the proper Greek characters. Thus *beef* appeared as $\mu\beta\iota\phi$ and *door* as $\nu\tau\omega\rho$.¹ Many of them made rapid progress in the language. Their personal names were magniloquent, some being derived from those of saints, as Georgi (pronounced Yoryi), Charolambo, Spiro (for Spiridion), but more from ancient heroes, as Themistokli, Aristidhi (who was my washerman), Alkiviadhi, and the like. I believe the Greeks of Europe are temperate in drink as a rule, but our Greeks were certainly quite otherwise; and I suppose it was partly owing to their intemperance and to the miserable character of their food during the long fasts of Lent and Advent, when it seemed to consist largely of small crabs and olives, that they were greatly inferior to their Turkish neighbours in

¹ β is pronounced *v* in Greek, as in Russian, and Δ as *dh* or soft *th*; $\mu\beta$ as English *b*, and $\nu\tau$ as English *d*. Thus the Germans, by abolishing the TH, have cut themselves off from pronouncing or spelling three important languages—English, Spanish and Greek—while they retain such abominations as *sch* and *tsch*.

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physique and in duration of life.¹ These latter had a village about three miles away called Kouzkoï (bird-village), and were friendly to us, but did not apply for work as the Greeks did. They were mostly stalwart men with broad faces and short heads, and looked as if they were a mixture chiefly of the primitive Osmanli Tatar and of the aboriginal Asiatic, whom Luschan has so well described as existing in Lycia, with a third element, which might be briefly described as European.

Gradually the hospital wards came into being, and the remainder of our staff arrived from England, including half a dozen lady nurses under Miss Parkes; and comforts accumulated, but small conveniences when amissing were not easy to procure. The neighbourhood was a cross between an old historical country and a raw colony. One day a new-comer presented an introduction to me (I was still in bed with dysentery).

“ Can I do aught for you ? ” said I.

“ Yes. Not knowing the crudity of things here, I have brought no drinking vessel. Can you kindly give me one ? ”

I had two glass ones bought at Brusa, and I gave him one. Next day he reappeared.

“ I beg your pardon for being so troublesome, but could you give me another cup or drinking vessel ? The one you gave me has disappeared, stolen I believe by the lady nurses ! ”

¹ It was said that there were more murders among the Christians during these fasts than during all the rest of the year. I heard nothing like that of the Moslem Ramazan, which is an absolute fast, and probably not so productive of dyspepsia. †

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“ My dear fellow, I gave thee all ; I can no more. I have but one left for all purposes.”

Gradually, too, we were acquiring horses or ponies. One day we had a visit from a squad of officers of the Bashi-bazouks, who came to lunch, a by no means sumptuous affair, which did, however, on that day include a pudding. The horses were mostly stallions, and savage accordingly ; and during the meal came in a breathless groom with tidings that the horses had broken loose and were having a free fight. Out rushed the Bashi-bazouk officers and those of our men who owned horses ; but when they returned victorious and hungry, like so many Lapithæ, the whole of the pudding had been devoured by the horseless churls.

I was taking a few lessons in Turkish from a Mullah, whom I found very helpful. One day he made a request which I found a little difficult to fulfil.

“ I would like to know,” said he, “ something about your Protestant religion. I think I understand the religions of these Greeks and Catholics, and I don't like them ; but yours is different, I apprehend.”

I expounded to him as well as I was able the tenets of evangelical Christianity ; and this was his comment.

“ It seems a very decent sort of religion. There are just two things about it that I don't like. One is that you pay no respect to our prophet, and don't reciprocate the honour which, as you are aware, we pay to yours ; the other is your doctrine of the Trinity, which you will excuse my saying is bosh.”

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“Bosh,” by the way, is a word we have borrowed from the Turkish; it means emptiness, and thence nonsense. Thus “bosh lakirdie seuilersen” = you speak empty words.

When fairly well and able to ride I borrowed a horse and rode up to see the Bashi-bazouks and their camp on the high ground beyond Chanakkalési and behind Abydos. There were several thousands of them. I was fortunate enough to come across Captain Burton, and had a long conversation with him. He had brought a number of Afghan horsemen across Persia and Anatolia. Fine, hardy-looking, swarthy fellows they were, and their commander looked very like them. I do not wonder that he chose to pass for an Afghan when he made his famous pilgrimage to Mecca. His talk was quiet, modest and full of value.

In the afternoon I passed a camp of Arabs from somewhere about Damascus. One of them came out and asked whether I was not coming to call upon the sheikh. I was nowise loth. The sheikh proved to be a remarkably tall and handsome man, with a long oval face, fine eyes, very delicate features, and an ivory complexion; his manners were dignified and courteous. We had pipes and coffee, of course; but his Turkish was as imperfect as mine, so that we could have little conversation.

The next camp was one of Koords. Here too a man came out to meet me, but with a different errand. He asked me to see one of his comrades who was very ill. The camp seemed crowded and the horses too close together, wherefore I left my animal outside. I found the invalid in a large tent

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in the middle of the camp surrounded by sympathising friends. After examining him—

“Your friend is very seriously ill,” I said; “it is typhus fever” (sitma), “and whether he will live or die God only knows” (Allah bilir); “but you know, I am far from home, and have not any drugs with me. What can I do?”

“Yes, we know that; but we are greatly obliged by your kindness in coming to see him all the same.”

“But have you no English doctor attached to your regiment?”

“Yes, we have; but he is of no use at all—oop—oop” (with a thumb applied to the lips), “always, always!”

Imagine how disgusted I felt at my brute of a countryman, an object of just contempt to these people whom we call barbarians!

Somewhat to my annoyance they had brought in my horse to the door of the tent. I mounted and “rode cannily,” like the Laird of Cockpen; but the animal swerved, and I got a heavy kick on the left knee. Riding home that night on a half-blind horse over a roadless country full of ditches and thorn bushes was a bit of a trial.

Among our staff Christison, Kirk, Reid and I were the only ones who took up Turkish at all seriously, but we began to find it very useful. To learn to read and write it, with its horrible Arabic alphabet, only fit for ornamenting the friezes of mosques,¹ is a laborious affair, but to gain a fair travelling aptitude in speaking is quite easy. The site of Troy was, of course, a frequent subject of discussion. We were

¹ In gold, on a blue ground.

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all followers of Rennell and Forchammer nad Chevallier, and believed in the Bunar-bashi (Spring-head) site, which is close to the so-called hot and cold springs of Scamander.

But none of us had hitherto visited Bunar-bashi, owing to the Mendereh, the great river of the Troad, having been continuously full or flooded; and at the mess one day it was generally agreed that the passage was impracticable. I rode thither next day. The river looked ugly, swirling in yellow eddies, like the Tiber at Rome, and about the same width; but the eddies were not of the kind that indicates depth. Some Turkish peasants pointed out a ford, which they assured me was practicable and safe, and on the strength of this assurance I promised to lead the infidels across on the first open day. Seven of them, though still sceptical, put in an appearance. I gave them a lead, and all got through.

"The water was great and mickle of spate,
But never a horse nor man we lost." ¹

And the return journey was equally fortunate.

Examination of the great springs convinced me that the idea of there being a hot and a cold one was a delusion. Indeed, it is not absolutely certain that such was the meaning of Homer's description, nor even that the Bunar-bashi springs were those he had in his mind's eye. But most visitors to the Troad have thought it incumbent on them to find a hot spring, and in that belief have succeeded, or thought they succeeded in finding one. Rennell was an exception, and gave a correct statement of the

¹ In "Kinmont Willie," said of the Eden.

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facts ; but at the period in question I had not seen, nor could see, Rennell's book.

There are thirty-seven springs altogether. The Turks call them Kirk Guz (the Forty Eyes), and all are within the space of less than a quarter-mile. The rock whence they rise seemed to me to be a reddish conglomerate. The volume of water discharged is so great as to form a stream navigable by boats.

At a later date during our stay I rode thither with a good thermometer and tested all the springs save one ; in every case the temperature was between 62 deg. and 64 deg. Fahrenheit, which is probably about the average yearly temperature of the air. The one exception, *i.e.* the spring I myself could not test, was omitted for a curious reason. It is a copious source, surrounded by tall thick bushes. When I approached it a fine stalwart young Turk withstood me.

“ Effendi, you must not come hither ! ”

“ Why not ? I particularly wish to do so. ”

“ Because my hareem is bathing there. ”

Hareem means, of course, the female members of a family. It is extremely unlikely that he had more than one wife. I gave him the thermometer, instructed him how to employ it, and told him to place the edge of his thumb-nail at the spot to which the mercury would rise, and then to run up to me as quickly as possible. He did so, and I found the mercury at 63 deg. just where the edge of his thumb-nail was resting.

About this time the Bashi-bazouk camp was broken up, and the irregular cavalry moved farther

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up towards the front ; but there were a number of sick among them who had to be left behind. These were quartered at Chanak-kalési in the coffee-houses of the town, and were left in the charge of Dr. Acton, one of the staff of the Turkish contingent. One day I had some business in Chanak-kalési, and intended afterwards to call on Acton. Passing along the street in which he lived on a second floor, I saw the leaves of his *porte-cochère* fly open, an English boot protrude, and a Greek fly across the narrow way and flatten himself like a spread-eagle against the opposite wall. My business finished, I returned, and told Acton what I had beheld.

“ Ah,” said he, “ it was one of those d—— cafedjis. They are always dunning me, though they know very well it's the fault of some Government department that they are not paid, as of course they ought to be. This particular rascal bothered me so much that I lost patience, and kicked him down the first flight of stairs ; then I saw him fumble in his sash for his knife, but luckily it wasn't there ; so I thought I might as well complete the operation, and you must have witnessed the final stage of it.”

About that time too, I suppose it was, that two of our comrades performed the Leander-Byron feat of swimming the Hellespont from Abydos to Sestos and back. They were Bader, an athletic Swabian from the Black Forest, formerly an ardent revolutionist, and later on famous in London as an oculist, and Stretton, still living at Droitwich, a well-made but delicate-looking blond, who once went on leave for a week to Assos, sleeping of course in native houses, and returned with 300 flea-bites on one of his hands.

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My account may give the impression that we had a good deal of idle time on our hands. This was indeed the case at first while our buildings were incomplete, and the hospitals at and near the front not full; moreover, many of the more severe and interesting cases, especially the surgical ones, were detained at the front, some because unfit to travel, others no doubt partly from motives personal to their medical attendants. But by this time we were pretty well occupied; and after the capture of Sevastopol many cases of wounds came down to our surgical comrades. Still Dr. Parkes, bound by no military red-tape, was always willing to give short leave for any good purpose to those whose services were not really required. Maclaren was recovering from a protracted attack of some form of malarial fever, through which I had attended him, and he and I both got leave to go up to the front soon after Sevastopol was taken. We first took a passage on board a little brig lying in our western bay; but the S.W. wind straightway began to blow with such violence that even in the Hellespont the conditions were unbearable, and I was obliged to take advantage of the first lull to get my patient ashore. We afterwards managed to board the *Imperador*, a fine passenger steamer on her way to Balaklava. Among our companions was Soyer, the famous French cook, sent out by the British Government to inspect and improve the culinary arrangements of the army. I don't know whether he really accomplished much. As *The Times* remarked about this period: "There is a limit to a man's capacity for pommelling a feather-bed," but doubtless he did his best. He

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was of a good southern French type, rather short and podgy, round-headed and dark, bright, gay, and good-humoured, and he was the life of the ship so long as he was on board. Some of the surplus of our staff and of that of our sister civil hospital at Smyrna had volunteered to serve awhile at the front with the Third Division, and by these we were received with open arms. Dr. George Scott, afterwards of Southampton, was especially our host; Maunder, of the London Hospital, and Cowan and Buchanan, both Professors in Glasgow, were also of the Renkioi staff. From Smyrna were George, afterwards Sir George, Macleod, of Glasgow, Hulke, the famous oculist, Lakin, and others. Our night quarters were in the operating-room, which sounds rather gruesome, but I do not think we had any bad dreams.

Macleod was a man of 6 feet 4 inches and remarkably handsome, of a Highland type, with blue eyes and dark hair; he was a brother of the famous preacher, and had come out to the East with excellent introductions, whence it came to pass that he was always dining out with the messes of crack regiments. Now we were entitled to wear the uniform of second-class staff surgeons; but being really civilians, and desirous to avoid giving any occasion for jealousy to our military brethren, we had agreed among ourselves to avoid doing so. When therefore a paragraph appeared in general orders confirming the right of civilian medical officers to wear uniform, and when a big box came up from Balaklava to Dr. Macleod's quarters, his colleagues knew what to think. He was to dine that day at the mess of one

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of the Guards regiments; and when the hour drew nigh the aforesaid colleagues assembled to give him a *charivari*. The plateau above Sevastopol is calcareous, and after rain the puddles churn up into a very unctuous kind of mud. There was a puddle of the sort just in front of Macleod's tent, where a groom was holding his horse ready accoutred. When the hero appeared in the doorway resplendent in scarlet and gold the men raised a cheer, and Macleod, blushing crimson, rushed at his horse, slipped, and fell like a spread eagle in the puddle of pipe-clay. Hastily retreating within his tent, he shouted to the groom to take away the horse. I believe the unfortunate uniform never again saw the light.

About this time (it was early in October, 1855) the town and the south side of the harbour were in our possession, but the Russians still held the northern side, and if a notable number of our men were collected anywhere in the town would train a gun upon them and have a little artillery practice. The town was therefore useful to us only as a quarry. Moreover, the enemy used to shell our camps in a lazy way; but though one watched with occasional anxiety the puffs of smoke sailing slowly overhead, I never heard of any damage being done.

The first visit I made was to the Redan, which had a tragic and disagreeable interest for us, owing to our failure to capture it when the French took the redoubt called the Malakoff. There will always, I suppose, be doubts and differences of opinion about the affair. Some thought the attack was not expected and hardly meant to succeed, as we could

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not have retained the Redan if the Malakoff had not been taken; nor could the Russians keep it unless they also held the Malakoff. The troops engaged on our side were young soldiers, accustomed to take cover; and some told me that they never climbed out of the ditch, and that the British corpses found inside the work were all those of officers or sergeants. Owing to the hardness of the ground (calcareous rock) our sap was still very far from the threatened works.

There was more satisfaction in inspecting the fields of Inkerman and Balaklava. One remark I would make on the latter action, viz. that I do not see how the Turks could reasonably have been expected to hold the slight works from which they were driven in the beginning of the action. They were immensely outnumbered, taken by surprise, and quite unsupported. The behaviour of the 93rd Highlanders, whose firm front kept the Russians out of Balaklava, was splendid, though their firing was said to have been wretchedly bad.¹ The cowardice of the Russian horsemen must have been great.

At Balaklava I was sitting one day in a small hut which belonged to Mr. Jenner, of the commissariat, a brother of Sir William Jenner, and Dr. Ivor Murray, a cheery little volunteer with a huge dark beard, said to be the second best in the camp. With the beard he looked quite formidable; but on his return to Scotland, I was told, his *fiancée* insisted on his shaving it off, whereupon poor Murray became so comparatively insignificant in appearance that the

¹ The current joke was that they fired three times and knocked off one Russian's cap. In truth, a few Russians were hit, but none were seen to fall.

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little traitress broke off the engagement, and her victim went into official exile at Hong-Kong.

“ How do you like this hut ? ” quoth Jenner.

“ It is the most comfortable-looking one I have seen,” said I.

“ Well, I am proud to say that the whole material of this hut, and the whole of its contents except two or three articles which I bought in Smyrna, with these hands I stole.”

What he described as stealing was simply the laying hands on things which by the regulations he was entitled to have issued to him, but the acquisition of which in the legitimate way would have involved so much trouble and writing and circumlocution that he preferred the simple plan.

Once, however, during his building operations Jenner had an annoying experience. Going to the public woodyard bent on rapine, he met and commandeered a Croat, who was straggling about with a horse and cart. Him he caused to load the cart with planks suitable for his purpose, and had begun to march away with the plunder, when old Admiral Boxer and an aide-de-camp of some kind hove in sight. Jenner abandoned his booty and his unconscious accomplice, and hastily absconded ; but looking back, saw the Admiral cross-examining the Croat, a proceeding not likely to lead to any result, as neither would understand a word of the other's language. Jenner went off rapidly to the look-out tower on the hill east of Balaklava, but was annoyed at seeing the Admiral slowly following. The fugitive ensconced himself within the tower, and heard the Admiral discoursing outside, apparently from a bench

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that was there, to his subordinate. The conversation ceased; but Jenner, having allowed a decent interval, looked out and beheld a pair of legs where no legs should be. Having waited awhile, he looked again. Still those legs! Weary and hungry, he determined to confront the Admiral and face it out, when lo! it was not the Admiral at all, and the alarming legs belonged to a sentry who had just been posted there.

The relations between the rank and file of the allied armies were generally cordial. Once, after an exploration towards Inkerman, I was returning home about dinner-time through a French camp, when I encountered a Zouave and a big Yorkshireman of the 68th, who evidently had been fraternising, with the usual result that both were a little drunk. Murgatroyd was saying to his friend—

“ Well, you ’re a jolly good fellow, and you ’re all jolly good fellows; but for all that, when we ’ve polished off these here Rooshians, I ’d dearly love to have a go in at you.”

The Zouave turned to me, and begged me to translate for him what his *cher ami* had been saying. I felt a little difficulty.

The Orientals had their own names for the different species of their allies, and would sometimes inquire whether a person was a Bono, or a Dis-Donc, or a Sardine.

Just at this time there was a scheme on foot for sending troops to Sukhum-Kalé to co-operate with Omar Pasha in an invasion of Circassia. Leared of the Smyrna staff conspired with me to see at least the start of this expedition, and we actually

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secured berths in one of the ships destined for the purpose ; but at the last moment the object of the squadron was diverted from Circassia to Kinburn ; and we gave up our projected share in the business as being no longer attractive. Scott, Buchanan and I now procured horses and made an incursion into the Baidar valley, a beautiful tract of country which had been abandoned to us by the Russians, and which was peopled with Tatars. These folk were of course interesting to me ethnologically. They spoke Turkish, and I was able to ingratiate myself with them, so that some of them showed us their houses and belongings and allowed me to sketch their features. It is in this region, I think, that traces of the old Tetraxite Goths might well be looked for, the Goths, that is, who on the break-up of the monarchy of Hermanric by the Huns retired into the southern parts of the Crimea. Their descendants ultimately became Moslems, and seem to have melted down among the Tatars ; but Busbequius, who saw one of them, said that he resembled a Fleming. One of the men whose portrait I sketched had brown hair and beard and a fair complexion, and if suitably dressed would have passed muster as an Englishman. I believe the Baidar men emigrated to the Dobrudsha after the war, thus following after 1,500 years the footsteps of their kindred the Visigoths.

On the way back to Renkioi I stayed a few days at Scutari with Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Aitken, the assistant pathologist, of the Netley Hospital. I improved my acquaintance with Stambul, and especially with its mosques and

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antiquities. The sacristan of the principal mosque at Scutari and I had been friends during my former stay, when it was the Ramazan fast, and he used to consult my taste as to the arrangement of the lamps for the nightly illumination, which he tried to vary every time. When the fast occurs during the long, hot days of summer it is a severe trial to the Moslems, as they may neither eat, drink, nor smoke from sunrise to sunset. I have seen caikjis, when asked to take a passenger, put out their parched and furred tongues and say "Ramadhan," by way of a polite refusal.

Calling on Dr. Cruickshank, now P.M.O., a Scot like Dr. Cumming, but of a different temper, I told him I thought of going to see the Sultan's new palace of Dolma-bagché, now nearing completion.

He said he would very much like to see it, but that he never went anywhither, owing partly to press of work, but mainly to ignorance of the languages. I, of course, offered to be his guide, and we boated up the Bosphorus accordingly.

The palace is a fine Palladian edifice of white stone and white marble. A notable feature is the arrangements of the harem (apartments for the females). Each of the Sultan's wives has her own rooms, laid out in such a manner that the Sultan can visit any one of them without the knowledge of the others. Dr. Cruickshank was amazingly delighted with the architecture of the building, and very desirous to know the name and nationality of the designer. Seeing a palpably German workman carving the capital of a pillar, I asked him the question, and received an unlooked-for reply.

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"Er ist ein Engländer," he said, "sein name ist Smit."

Fires used to occur frequently in Stambul, and the dry wooden houses burned like tinder. The best way of staying the ravages of the flames was to demolish the surrounding houses; and the native firemen accomplished this quickly and cleverly by means of long pole-axes. On one occasion I saw a space of about four acres entirely cleared by fire and pole-axe. A constant watch is kept from the Yanghin Koshk (fire-tower) in Stambul, and from the grand Tower of Galata; the view from either of these is superb. But the sunsets as beheld from Scutari were my greatest delight as a spectacle, with the Bosphorus in the foreground, and the many mosques and minarets of Stambul in the middle distance, backed by the orange and amber, or sometimes amber and purple sky. The mosques themselves, too, were a glory and a delight; and I never met with rudeness from any Mussulman when visiting them, except once in that of Sultan Achmet from an underling greedy of backsheesh.

The Achmetiyah (from *ἅγιος*, holy) is the one with six minarets, whereby hangs a tale. Sultan Achmet wished to excel all his predecessors in the number of his minarets; but the chief of the Ulema objected that the Kaaba at Mecca had only four.

The Sultan laid a heavy wager that it had six. The matter had to be settled by the dispatch of an embassy to the Shereef of Mecca; and much time was expended in the selection of a man of suitable dignity, in the organisation of his staff, and in a journey which required pomp and deliberation.

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Meanwhile a secret message had been transmitted by the swiftest of couriers and of dromedaries.

The ambassador at length arrived at Mecca, and returning with greater haste, reported truly that the Kaaba had six minarets.

There is the Suleimaniyah, too, to my eyes as fine in most respects as Santa Sofia (the church of the Holy Wisdom of God), though my taste may well be wrong ; and the one frequented by thousands of pigeons, which is either Osman's or Bayazid's, the latter I think. On the whole I cannot agree with those who say the beauty of Constantinople vanishes when one steps ashore. One may find slums as vile and stinks as foul in many an old European town, but nowhere more of beauty or interest.

I had my last bicker of porridge with that kindly Scot, my host, and made my way down to the Dardanelles, where by this time there was a fair amount of work to be done in the wards of our hospital. The contractors for the victualling department, the old house of Whittall, of Smyrna, were supplying us fairly well ; and we were never now reduced to the level of our early days, when I had dined on boiled rice without salt, and not enough of rice either. The only thing that I ever tried that I *could not* eat was fresh-water turtle from the Scamander (the river of the springs, not the great river). It had an absolutely forbidding amount of the musky smell and taste that seem to be present to a greater or less degree in all reptiles, including the aldermanic turtle itself. I never ate anything that *called itself* horseflesh ; but there was no doubt that we had it sometimes, and it was better and more tender than

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the tough and ancient beef we usually got. I do not think it is generally recognised that the prejudice against horseflesh as food is purely religious. It was meat offered to idols among our continental Saxon kindred before Charlemagne persecuted them into a sort of Christianity.

In the autumn of 1853 I had happened to be assisting Sir William Jenner in an experiment on the movements of the heart, which involved the anæsthetising and slaughter of a young donkey. Now, I had read in an old Arabian tale a discussion between two Saracen gourmets, in the course of which one of the disputants preferred to all other *plats* "the neck of a young ass carefully roasted." I accordingly smuggled a haunch of the victim into my lodgings, pretended that it came from a fawn, and invited half a score of students to sup upon it. In the course of the evening one who was in the secret, to the great astonishment of those who were not, proposed a toast "to the safe and speedy digestion of the donkey we had inside us." I did not agree with the Arab gourmet; the meat resembled ewe mutton, and was far inferior to good horseflesh.

Milk could not be gotten anyhow. This was a serious matter for our dysenteric and fever patients, and perhaps my own fondness for milk made me all the more wrath about its absence. There was a farmer at Halil Ali, five or six miles on the road to Troy, whose wife Ayesha was an acquaintance of mine, and had a cow that gave milk; and I sometimes rode thither in the afternoon to get a drink. In a primitive state of rural economy such as obtained

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in Asia Minor, everything grew or was produced in its natural season: calves were born and eggs superabounded in the spring; a little later, and in early summer, milk flowed copiously; then came a time when every child marched about munching a carrot; in autumn grapes and water-melons abounded for a short time, and so forth. I prevailed on Dr. Parkes to constitute a board, with myself for chairman, to sit on the contractor, and I fined the said contractor £20 for not supplying milk as stipulated; but this had no effect, and I was almost sorry I had done it, for there were evidently no cows in milk in the country except my friend Ayesha's. A serious fault occurred sometimes in the bread, viz. the presence of fine grit from millstones of too soft a quality. This was mischievous to our enteric patients; but fortunately we had plenty of good oatmeal, and all the staff took to porridge greedily except some of the Scotchmen, who said they had had too much of it in their youth! An analogous fact was that every one of the staff could swim except the only two who had been born on the seacoast.

Visitors appeared occasionally. One night a solitary horseman, who had probably lost his way, knocked at the door of our *Times* correspondent, who was supposed to moisten his communications rather freely, and asked for a "terjumaun" (interpreter). "I'll clergyman you," quoth the scribe in a panic, and fired point-blank at the wayfarer, who galloped off more frightened, let us hope, than hurt.

One day Kirk and I spied a dignified-looking, elderly Turk on horseback, attended by a "plump of spears." He was regarding our buildings with an

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air of uncertainty. We demonstrated everything to him, and then invited him into our quarters, while we feasted his henchmen under a great oak tree. He turned out to be Abdi Bey, the Mudir of Aivajik, a town and district on the way to Assos, and we became great friends.

Another time a Jewish merchant or pedlar appeared, and brought another Jew to take charge of his horses while he was engaged. I watched the latter with interest. He was a slender, graceful, fair young man, with auburn hair and a soft, pensive expression, and his lineaments were those of the Christ as conceived by Guido Reni. I would have liked to portray him, but on second thoughts knew my perfect incompetence to do justice to his extreme and pathetic beauty. Yet he was only a pedlar's assistant! I would he had been a carpenter!

Our position now was an almost ideal one. We were in a beautiful country, which had the advantages of both antiquity and freshness. It had been known through thousands of years in history and poetry; yet if you mounted your horse and rode an hour or two among the neighbouring wilds, you might any day make discovery of some classical or mediæval relics hitherto unknown. But we were in touch with civilisation—we received letters and newspapers, and books from Mudie's, and we had plenty of society, including that of lady nurses and of several married ladies, among them two of the most admirable of women, the wife of Dr. Goodeve and the sister of Dr. Parkes; and all this was quite free from the stiffness and ceremonial that hamper society at home.

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The winter turned out fairly well. The wind on the Hellespont, as I have said already, blows almost always either up or down the course of that great salt-water river. During the winter it was generally up-stream or south-westerly, and the weather was bright, clear, sunny and not cold. But five or six times during the season the wind chopped round to the opposite quarter, and for twenty-four or thirty-six hours we had driving snow. Then the wind reversed again, and the snowdrifts rapidly melted away. There was mud on the ground for a short time, and then and afterwards the same fine, bracing weather. These snowy spells brought fine additions to our bill of fare. Kirk was the only genuine sportsman or hunter among us, and he generally secured a big bustard or a wild swan or two, and some smaller game. Bustard is very good eating, much resembling pheasant; but wild boar's flesh was the best meat we ever got, and we came by it thus. A Turkish huntsman went to the woods, found and shot a boar, and then, not touching the unclean beast himself, would hire a Greek to bring a pony and hoist the carcass on its back. Then the two brought it down to the hospital, sold it, and halved the proceeds.

An attempt at a boar hunt on the part of some of us failed miserably. An east wind was blowing, and our Turkish beaters (the villagers of Chamji, in a forest tract on the way to Bairamich) whose pay depended on success, told us it was useless to attempt to find our game, and that in such weather the creatures all withdrew into undiscoverable recesses or impenetrable thickets. Certainly we could find

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nothing, either quadruped or winged, though we searched a large tract of forest.

On the next occasion when Dr. Parkes could spare Scott and me for a few days, we went to Smyrna in a coasting steamer. Negotiations for peace had begun; and the Smyrna hospital had been nearly broken up. It had been too far from the front, though otherwise eligible and manned by some excellent surgeons, such as Rolleston and Hulke. Smyrna is delightful in anything but torrid weather. The Moslems had the discredit of being a very haughty and intolerant crew. However, I took Scott into the great mosque. I divested myself of boots, but my comrade objected to the trouble, and went in booted. Presently a knot of respectable-looking Turks gathered near us, and I heard them making unpleasant remarks among themselves. Thereupon I addressed them thus—

“Effendis, you remark that my comrade has not doffed his boots. We are English medical officers. He does not know your language or customs; but I can assure you he intends no offence, and you see that I have complied with your custom.”

They smiled graciously.

“If no offence is meant, Chelebi” (Illustrious), “no offence is taken,” and the affair ended pleasantly.

We had resolved on a three-day excursion to Nimfi for the Sesostris figure (then so called), and to Maniséa for Niobe. A Count Königsmarck, whom we had encountered, volunteered to join us; and Baron Herbert, the Austrian consul, found us an Armenian surudji (horsekeeper, squire) and lent us weapons. The band of Greek brigands who had

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been so troublesome and dangerous, and had carried off and put to ransom an Irish doctor, had, however, been broken up, and sundry of them had been caught and beheaded.

Nimfi, of old the abode of nymphs, is a lovely place half a day's journey inland, where copious springs burst out from the Nif Dagh, the western prolongation of Mount Tmolus, and make a paradise of verdure. The population seemed to be mostly Greek, and I never had my hand kissed by so many lovely women. Some of them had a quite classical type of feature, which indeed is said to be commoner in Ionia than in European Greece. Now it is notorious that the portrait statues of Greek philosophers and politicians that have come down to us do not, as a rule, belong to the classic type, while many belong or approximate to types seen among our own men of light and leading. I think that the dominant people, Dorian or Hellenic or what not, among the early historic Greeks included a blond, long-headed element, and may have crossed, in Ionia especially, with the earliest known Asiatic breed, and that the resulting progeny, moderately brachycephalic as a rule, appealed by their beauty to the æsthetic faculties of the classical or historic Greeks, who educed from them their models.

So too, perhaps, with their costumes. In Crete, we know, the early Minoan lady of rank wore a corset and indulged in tight-lacing. So did Pallas, apparently, at Olympia,¹ while the males wore a tunic and cloak. I do not suppose that Nausicaa played tennis in a loose, flapping peplos. Achilles

¹ See Fürthwangler and Ripley (p. 494) after him.

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said the maidens he captured in Lesbos were well-girdled (*εὐζωναι*); so too was Briseis; while Hector, on the other hand, spoke of "Trojan women with their trailing shawls." The fashion of tight garments was European (north-western) that of loose wrappers Oriental.

A ride of an hour or more from Nimfi brought us to a station of rural police in a glen of the western Tmolus, a wooded range of most diversified and attractive outline. Thence a zapti accompanied us to the famous figure which Herodotus attributed to Sesostris, as having been graven to mark the boundary of his conquests. It is gigantic, but not colossal,¹ and has been carved on, or rather into and out of, a vertical slab of rock. It is certainly not Egyptian. I believe Professor Sayce considers it as Hittite, as do some other good authorities. A quiver on the back rises above the shoulders, and Count Königsmarck, who lay behind me smoking as I sketched, remarked, "Apparently this was the Punch of the period."

We adjourned to the police station, and were regaled there with coffee and chibouques. The sergeant gave me some interesting information; for example, he described an animal as existing in Tmolus which I took to be a leopard, though it is possible that it may have been an ounce. When we rose to depart, he proposed to accompany us a short distance on our road, and to show us something more, "for," said he, "I know you Franks like everything that is ancient." What he showed

¹ *Herodotus*, ii. 102-6. He says this figure was $4\frac{1}{2}$ cubits in height, which is probably correct.

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us was unmistakably a duplicate of the figure I had sketched. It was concealed by some thick bushes not far from the other one, and was much more decayed and worn away.

It was growing dusk, and I could not delay to sketch the relievo. I naturally supposed that it was well known, and not having *Herodotus* at hand, had a vague impression on my mind that he had spoken of more than one figure as being in this place.¹ At the time, therefore, I attached no importance to the incident; but apparently I was really the first of Europeans to see this duplicate figure. Seventeen years later it was shown to, or found out by, a German gentleman, who got much credit for the discovery. The cause of its being shown to me was not the desire of gain; for I had already given a moderate backsheesh. I do not doubt it came to pass because I had treated these men as gentlemen, and spoken to them in their own language, which they took as a compliment from a foreigner. We are too much accustomed to think that money is the sole ruling motive with people of this kind.

Next morning we left Nimfi for Magnesia; but Königsmarck returned to Smyrna. I was familiar with the portraits of some of his famous (or notorious?) ancestors; and he was a complete reproduction of the family type, with a tall and graceful figure, blue eyes, fair curly hair, and a roundish face rather prominent in the centre, with a winning smile. He was always cheerful and good-humoured, and excellent company. He was supposed to be an attaché to the German embassy

¹ He did mention two in Lydia, but not in the same place.

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at the Hague; but when I called upon him there several months later I was told "he had made the place too hot to hold him." I concluded that he was a chip of the old block.

Scott and I made our way to Magnesia (Maniséa) over the western shoulder of Mount Sipylus, seeing on the way some portions of an old Roman road, in good condition but disused. Magnesia is a large and handsome town, at the base of the bare, dry, cream-coloured dolomitic crags of Mount Sipylus, which are a great contrast to the beautifully-outlined and luxuriantly-wooded Tmolus. Magnesia and magnesian limestone (dolomite) derive their name from the city. We put up at a respectable khán, and I ordered a good dinner (a lamb stuffed with pistachio nuts), to Scott's great satisfaction. He and I were incongruous as comrades in but one respect. I could fast all day if necessary; but he wanted a good meal every two or three hours. Inquiring, I learned that Niobe, the object of our pilgrimage, was an hour and a half distant; it was necessary, therefore, to postpone the promised feast and to start immediately, so as to accomplish the to-and-fro ride by daylight. Scott was at my mercy, for he could speak no language but English. He reckoned himself to be an Englishman, though born in Naples of Scotch parents.¹ I heard his mournful

¹ I once had a fellow-student named Valleton De Boissiere. His remote ancestor, an Englishman named Walton, got lands in Gascony under the Edwards. His descendant became a Frenchman when Gascony was lost. His descendant escaped to Trinidad at the Revolution, and married a Spanish woman, and his son again an English creole. Their son got his preliminary education in France, his medical in England. He spoke both languages equally ill. What was he? He settled the question by going into the British army.

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grumbles behind me as we threaded the narrow winding streets, till, spying a baker's shop, I rode up to it and purchased a largish loaf of brown bread, which occupied and kept him quiet during much of the journey. We arrived duly at our goal, escorted by a rural policeman from a neighbouring station.

Niobe is not a mere representation of the daughter of the Phrygian Tantalus, who, Antigone said, "died horribly upon Mount Sipylus," but is Niobe herself, turned to stone by the vengeance of the jealous deities. She sits looking forwards (*caboshed* or *affrontée*, as heralds say), in a kind of cove or recess carved out of the dolomitic hillside, and she continually weeps, that is, the moisture trickling through the porous rock has run down her cheeks and blackened them. She is sitting, and may be about thirty feet high. The stone is so much worn that but for old Greek testimony one could not be quite positive as to the sex of the figure.¹

I asked my guide whether many Franks came to see it. "Yes! in summer they come, and they look and they say 'Mashallah'" (name of God, an

¹ I made a drawing of Niobe, of course; but some years later Mr. Hyde Clarke gave me copies of really excellent photographs of Niobe and "Sesostris," which he had taken. Texier's engravings of them are quite inaccurate. Mr. Sidney Hartland, writing to me about the figure, remarked: "With regard to its sex, Pausanias, who ought to have been well acquainted with it, makes no question about its being feminine. He speaks of having climbed the mountain, and of having seen it. But as Frazer translates him, he says, 'Close at hand it is merely a rock and a cliff, with no resemblance to a woman, mourning or otherwise; but if you stand further off; you will think you see a weeping woman bowed with grief.' And he only refers to the weeping as a matter of hearsay. Can he really have seen the figure?" I am disposed, with Mr. Hartland, to doubt whether Pausanias really had seen it. No one even now, after the dilapidation of more than two thousand years, could doubt the humanity of the figure.

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expression of wonder), "*and they write their names on the stone.*"

We grew so friendly that he insisted on my climbing up him and standing on his head, the better to see the upper part of the figure. I did not covet that bad eminence; but the decent Turk insisted. I was glad to be again on terra firma.

Returning to Magnesia, after Scott's heart had been gladdened with roast lamb, we went to call on Kara Osman Oglu (the son of Black Osman), the lord of Magnesia, who is the analog of the Duke of Norfolk or Northumberland at home. Some of his henchmen were splendid fellows; two, a white and a black man, were nearly seven feet high.

Next day we rode back to Smyrna, and visited the parade ground of the Levantine ladies at the Caravan Bridge. Many of them were good-looking, mostly in the Italian style, but with their slender waists and Parisian dresses they were in strong contrast to the much-beswathed beauties of Nimfi.

One of the most interesting spots in or near Smyrna is the tomb of Polycarp, under a single cypress, on a hill with a beautiful prospect. It is closely hemmed in by the tombs of Moslems, who have chosen to rest in the holy neighbourhood of the Christian saint.

On our return to the Dardanelles, not being able to find a packhorse, I had to leave my valise with a Levantine cafédji; and next day, when I sent an Armenian horsekeeper for it, he refused to give it up without an extortionate gratuity. This necessitated my riding up to Chanak-kalési myself, and hiring the Armenian and his packhorse a second time.

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I took away the portmanteau, and, as the man was impudent as well as extortionate, gave him all the abuse I could think of in several languages, calling him, among other opprobrious names, a foot-bath, which is the deadliest of insults in the Levant. It was the only occasion on which I ever saw a man literally dance with rage. He fingered his knife, but did not draw it. The next time I saw him he was perfectly civil and submissive.

Another expedition made in company with Dr. Scott was one to Troas and Assos. Alexandria Troas is where Paul preached, and Eutychus (well named Lucky) fell out of the window. There is a fine ruin, probably of baths, miscalled the Palace of Priam. Of course, wherever Troy may have been, it was not *there*. I got some sketches, and we rode on to the village of Kestambol for the night,¹ where Mikroditch, a worthy Armenian valonia merchant, gave us the hospitality which seems never to be wanting in this country. On our way we had seen the Yedi Tash (seven stones), which are seven huge monolithic columns, each fully thirty feet long, lying still in the ancient quarry whence they were hewn. Probably they were intended for erection at Alexandria Troas, but the coming of evil times caused their abandonment.

At supper, besides Mikroditch, we met a Turk and a Greek. It was a fasting day with the Christians, and they abstained from fleshmeat. The Turk might not drink wine, Scott could and did, and

¹ There is an old fountain here, built up of still older stones. On one of these is carved a lion devouring a stag: these represented respectively Genoa and Pisa.

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I might have drunk it if I had chosen to do so. The others all agreed that ours was the most convenient and comfortable religion.

The peasants there were very well to do, and were busy gathering their valonia. Balanos = an acorn: the B is pronounced V in Greek, as in Russian. The acorns themselves are usually burned, but are a poor dull fuel. A guide for Aivajik was found at last, a casual mulatto, but he proved useless. On our road we visited Kemalü, a decayed Turkish village, where are a hot spring and an ancient bath-house, which, as well as an old konak or mansion, probably dates from the time of the Seljuks, or at least from the advent of the Ottomans, when Kemal won this place by his sword and his bow. The land hereabouts was full of granitic hummocks like great bubbles, and of hollows where water lodged and dried after rains: accordingly there was much ague, and the children had swollen bellies and earthy complexions. I am not sure that all agues are musquito-bred, but the now dry puddles here may have harboured these pests. The Turks say, "Much mud, no fever," but expect fever when the mud has dried up.

Night fell. Our guide was useless; and I was steering as well as I could by the lie of the ground, for the clouds hid the stars. Suddenly Scott cried, "See, Beddoe! Isn't that the Pole-star?" Scott was very hasty and reckless in assertion, and I had contracted a habit of contradicting him at a venture, like Charles Lamb. So I replied, "No, it isn't!"

Presently came, in a very modest tone, "But, Beddoe! I really think—— Do, please, look at it!"

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I looked, and with shame confessed myself wrong : it *was* the Pole-star, and I trimmed my course by it. After several miles of this weary groping we at length clattered along the stony street of Aivajik, across which, a little way ahead, a broad ruddy glow was cast from an open gateway. Thence issued a joyful shout—

“ Hekimbashi guelior, hekimbashi ! ” Here comes the chief doctor !

Hassan, and Abdi Bey's other henchmen rushed out, and almost before we knew where we were we were pulled off our horses, and set upon an enormous tree-trunk in front of a fire made of not much smaller logs ; and incontinently coffee was being brewed and chibouques produced. One of the men ran to the Bey's selamlik at the other end of a court, and presently the Bey was shouting to know why they didn't bring us down thither. But the men cried, “ No, no, we don't let you go till you have tasted our coffee ! ” They wished us to know that they remembered their kind reception at the hospital.

Abdi Bey was a pleasant companion. He had once been attached to a diplomatic mission at Bucharest, then occupied by the Russians. He said the officers grievously cheated and starved their soldiers, and that some of the latter came to him and opened their greatcoats, showing that they had no underclothing of any kind, though snow lay on the ground.

“ They were my enemies,” he said, “ but I could not but pity and relieve them.”

Zara, his little blue-eyed nine-year-old daughter, whom I sketched, could read the Koran, I was told.

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As we strolled about in the early morning some of the natives, who had never before seen a revolver, begged me to put mine into action. I was rather reluctant. Though a fair shot with a rifle, I had never practised with a revolver; but some pigeons were circling overhead, and it occurred to me that it would be no disgrace to miss a flying shot: the Turks seldom shoot flying. I fired accordingly, and by great good luck knocked some feathers out of a bird's wing. Of course I took care not to make another experiment, but to retire on my laurels.

The Bey gave us Hassan as our escort to Assos. The road was rough, but the country beautiful, with copious, clear streams, which, however, I was told, dried up in the hot season. This was probably the way by which Paul was minded to go afoot from Troas to Assos. At Assos the tombs seemed to be the most interesting remains; but the situation is very beautiful, with views across the Gulf of Adramyttium to the sombre olive-woods of Lesbos. We could not explore much: evening came on, and we had to retrace our way as far as Pashakeui, a Turkish village, where the local squire was to entertain us. To do this we must cross the valley of the Satnioeis, a small river coming down from Mount Ida: the fog was rising from it, and I felt a chill and backache. I do not remember any mosquitos. On arriving at old Ali Bey's house I felt well, and we spent a pleasant enough evening, supped with our host, a fine old greybeard, and answered all sorts of questions from the notables of the village, who squatted and smoked around. What seemed to interest them most was some question about the

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flag (bandara), in connection with the expected peace, which I unfortunately could not understand nor answer. As we sat on the low divan, Hassan left me to myself, as being an initiate, but kept constant guard over Scott, who, as I have said, understood no language but his own. To sit on a floor, or even a thin cushion, with one's legs stretched out straight before one soon becomes tiresome, and even squatting in tailor-fashion, as Turks do, is preferable; but whenever Scott drew up his legs Hassan would pounce upon his boots and drag them out, saying—

“ Now do make yourself comfortable in your own English way ! ”

At last mattresses were brought, and we lay down to sleep in a rather stuffy and smoky atmosphere.

On our journey next day we were met by Charalambo, a Greek valonia merchant of Renkioi, who besought us to visit the cottage in which he way staying during the valonia harvest. We had scarcely arrived when I felt the approach of the fever, contracted doubtless on the previous evening. When coffee was brought I shivered too much to be able to carry the cup to my lips. If I was to be ill it would be better to be laid up in my friend Abdi Bey's comfortable house. I asked, therefore, that the horses might be brought out. Charalambo armed me down the stair, but as soon as he loosed me I fainted. Ultimately I was hoisted upon the saddle, and Hassan held me on by the leg. Aivajik was yet three miles away: when we arrived there I was passing into the hot stage. I was put to bed in the Bey's nightgown; the notables of Aivajik, of all

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religions and races, sat around me smoking, chatting and condoling, and Osman, the butler, kept continually brewing lemonade. After copious perspiration I at last went to sleep, and had a tolerably good night. Next morning early appeared Osman, saying, "I know how you Feringhees like your coffee, and I will make you some." He boiled the coffee and sugar in milk, and made a very fair sort of drink.¹ Then I dosed myself heavily with quinine, and we took leave of our kind host, and made our way home via Enae without further adventure.

There was no return of fever : whether this was due to quinine, or whether my attack was an ephemeral one, I do not know ; mosquitos were not in question, and the collective wisdom of Aivajik opined that I suffered from *suük*, not from *sitma*, *i.e.* from cold, not from fever.

In April a deplorable incident occurred. A sergeant named Powell was convalescent from some acute affection, and was just about to return to duty at the front. Despite his Welsh name, he was a Berkshire man of pure Saxon type, extremely handsome, considerably over six feet high, and splendidly made ; in fact, he was reputed one of the finest men in the British army. He went up one afternoon to the village, left it late in the evening full of liquor, straggled from the road, stumbled, and lay where he had fallen. In the morning a Greek found him, still breathing, and brought the

¹ The Bey and we fed ourselves at meals with a set of prettily inlaid knives and forks, which he had had made for him expressly by the cutlers of a Greek village on Cape Baba, the north-west point of the Gulf of Adramyttium.

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news to the hospital. We sent out a party, who brought him in, but he was dead. All his organs were perfectly healthy: he had died from exposure to a quite moderate degree of cold, with a heart depressed by the effects of intoxication. The night had been clear and rather chilly, but not sufficiently cold, we thought, to have harmed any healthy and sober man.

I had attended a wrestling match following a Turkish wedding at Chanak-kalési, and going home late in the evening had to cross the marshy delta of the Rhodius in the dark. The consequence was an ague-fit next day. Some of us, including Kirk, Armitage and myself, had obtained leave, and made arrangements for an expedition to Mount Ida, and we were to start on the morrow. Having finished my day's work before the onset of the fever, I went to bed and locked my door, hoping to hide my condition from my comrades. They found it out, however; but as I felt and seemed pretty well next day they allowed me to accompany them.

We made our way across the Thymbræus and through the pine-clad hills to Bairamitch on the Upper Menderèh, and there saw Achmet Bey, who gave us an escort of two stout fellows. He was hereditary governor of Bairamitch and Enae, including Mount Ida, and was one of the few surviving Derèh Beys, or feudal "Lords of the Valley." He was also one of the few Turks I ever knew or heard of who had more than one wife, and having two towns in his domain, he kept one wife in Bairamitch and the other in Enae. Having this personal interest in the matter, he had pointed out to the natives of

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the Menderèh valley the commercial advantage of a good road between the two towns, and they had made the only good road I ever saw in Asia Minor.

The scenery of the foothills of Ida is surpassingly lovely, and it was the season of green leaves and clear, rushing brooks and bright anemones ; but our escort would not permit any straggling in order to the better enjoyment of these beauties. I thought of the "vale in Ida, lovelier than all the valleys of Aonian hills." When we reached Evjilar (hunter's village) the inhabitants assigned to us for quarters an old mill upon the river. It was small enough to be hot and close, and in the morning Armitage and I cooled ourselves by crawling up the mill-stream, which, fed by the snows of Ida, was quite cold enough for refreshment. The Evjilaris looked on amazed with many Mashallahs.

"Delhi Franji ! mad Franks !" they cried, "to bathe in cold water when they might have warm for the asking."

We found that we could not visit both the summit of the mountain and the cave-source of the Menderèh in the one day we had available, and we chose the former. The ascent proved very trying, by reason of the abundance of dry pine-needles on the ground. One often slipped back half what one had gained in advance. When we reached the long ridgy back of the mountain I was exhausted, the late fever-fit telling upon me. I tried the effect of alcohol, but it only helped me forward a few yards, and I was obliged finally to halt a hundred feet or so below the summit while the others completed the ascent. The

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view yields to few mountain prospects in interest, but it was not very clear.

On reaching Bairamitch we separated, Armitage and I taking a western course while the others returned as they had come. The country was all carpeted with flowers, especially anemones, crimson, purple and blue; but this seems to be the case everywhere around the Mediterranean at the right season. I first saw the beautiful blue *A. Apennina* on Mount Ida.

We made our way to Chigri, an ancient Hellenic city, with Cyclopean walls in tolerably good condition surrounding the long, flat summit of a steep hill 1,700 feet in height. I believe nothing was known of its history at that time, but in a degree it told its own tale.¹ It must have been built there, several miles from the sea, and on the top of so formidable a hill, in an age when piracy was rampant. And the women it seemed must have gone daily to the bottom of the hill for water, and struggled up it again with their burden, as Andromache

Bore the water of Messeis home,
Or Hypereia, with unseemly toil,
Whilst heavy doom constrained her; and perchance
The folk might say, who saw her tears run down,
"This was the wife of Hector, best in fight
At Ilium, of horse-taming Trojan men."

I forget the name of the village where we passed that night, but I remember that we rode into its centre and sat on our horses there waiting for some one to invite us. This is a usual course; but in many places in this hospitable country there

¹ Compare the prehistoric village on the top of Ingleboro'.

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is a room where every traveller can find shelter, firing and straw at the public expense ; anything beyond that he must purchase. While we sat a man approached, and sang out lustily, " Khōsh gueldiniz " (welcome), " Hekim Beddoe ! " It seemed that he had once travelled all the way to Renkioi to consult me about a skin disease. The squire of the village, we learned, kept open house, and we availed ourselves of his hospitality.

Our next stage was Bunar-bashi, or, as we used to call it, Troy. High on the crest of the hill there is a cairn which has long borne the great name of the Tomb of Hector. Among the stones of that cairn we surprised and slew two black snakes. According to my recollection, they were about three feet long, but nearly as thick as my wrist. We could not identify the species. I have always congratulated myself on having thus avenged Laocoön on the degenerate descendants of the serpents who murdered the Trojan patriot and his sons.

Then, fording the Menderèh, and crossing the hill of Shiblak (the site of Ilium Novum and of Schliemann's Troy), we arrived at Renkioi village. I entered the café there in order to " treat " some Armenian fellow-travellers, whence an uproar outside recalled me. A British naval officer, who had landed from a man-of-war in the Hellespont, was endeavouring to bestride my horse, and my Greek horse-holder was vigorously resisting. On my arrival the officer desisted and apologised, saying that from my Turkish saddle and accoutrements he had supposed the horse to belong to a native. I did not think this apology much improved the

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aspect of the case. At this moment came up an officer of a less thoughtless type : he appeared to be an ardent numismatist, and wanted information. His surprise and gratitude were great when I bestowed on him a small handful of ancient coins which I had in my pocket ; as, not being at all an expert in coins, I thought it well they should pass into better hands than mine.

All this must have occurred after Easter, probably early in May. The Easter ceremonial among our Greeks was more interesting than pleasant. Some of us spent the night in the Greek church of the village, which was crowded to suffocation and exceedingly malodorous. We all held candles ; and when the priest had produced a light with a certain air of mystery (not that there was any pretence of a miracle, as at Jerusalem), these were all lighted from his, and the fumes and odour, added to those produced by the firing of powder-laden pistols to kill Judas Iscariot, became almost unbearable. On our way home, about dawn, I halted two or three minutes in a dry gully to listen to the nightingales, felt a slight chill, and next day had a fit of ague, which after, and perhaps because of, a good dose of quinine did not recur. As I have already said, I do not see what mosquitos can have to do with this apparently ephemeral form of fever. There were none about, so far as I could tell ; but the fever distinctly followed a feeling of " chill."

In the church was a miracle-working picture of St. Georgius (pronounced Yoryi), which was visited, especially on feast days, by sick folk from far and near. The invalid prayed to the saint, whose

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portrait was sticky with varnish, and offered a coin, which he endeavoured to stick on the front of the picture. An English shilling was oftenest chosen for the purpose ; it was thought to be more adhesive. If the patient was a virtuous man, the coin stuck where it had been placed ; but if St. Yoryi was not propitious, it fell into the slit betwixt the painting and its frame. In either case the priest got it sooner or later ; and in either case, too, the patient often liked to have two strings to his bow, and therefore subsequently applied to the secular power at the hospital. Thus it came to pass that I had an opportunity to establish a *ξενία*, or guest-friendship, with a Samothracian, who had gotten a bullet among his ribs in the course of a difficulty with a compatriot. But of this I was never able to take advantage ; and the snowy peak of Samothrace stared at me, unvisited and tempting, till the end. Nearly the same might be said of Mount Athos, which, however, was only visible to us about sunset on fine evenings, being ninety miles distant. Still, its craggy outline was sometimes very sharply defined.

James Fawcus, of University College, London, and afterwards Inspector of Prisons in Bengal Presidency, had been taking charge of the Land-Transport Depot at Abydos,¹ and I took his place for a fortnight in the winter. The patients were Spanish, Italian and Maltese muleteers, and my

¹ The French had a hospital at Abydos. Towards the end of the war they were overcrowded with sick, and sadly in need of all sorts of medical necessaries ; but though we offered help of every kind they always refused to accept it, rather than be beholden to us.

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business consisted largely in determining whether men might be bled or not. As a rule, if there did not seem to be much, if anything, wrong, I gave the required permission to the barber; but if the man was really ill, I took him into my own hands. The language difficulty was sometimes serious. I usually issued orders in Turkish to a Greek who spoke the *Lingua franca*; but a second interpreter was often required for the Maltese and Spaniards. I lived in a house at Abydos,¹ a tumbledown, ramshackle old building, said (falsely I suppose) to have been occupied by Byron when writing the "Bride of Abydos." (I wonder who is the fortunate possessor of Leighton's masterpiece, of Hero forlornly gazing at the cruel Hellespont on the fatal morning.)

The rats in my ruinous abode were so obtrusive that I had to keep a thick, knotted cudgel on the bed, wherewith to lay about me when too many of them scampered across it in the dark.

That was in winter, but it was in spring that a fine handsome Turk named Abdallah came to Renkioi with a cargo of barley and some coffee-mills for sale. (Barley is the usual horse fodder.) I bought some barley from him; but a Turk of Kouzkoi, standing by, said to me—

"Do you know who he is?"

"Not at all."

"He is the most formidable brigand chief in this country."

Kirk and I invited him in to coffee, and I sketched his portrait. I asked him what he did besides dealing in barley, etc.

¹ See note on previous page.

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"Oh," he replied, "I am a yabanji" (a man of the desert, or, to quote a Perthshire Highlander, a man of incoherent transactions); "but I married a wife three years ago, and have her and two little children at Adramyttium; so latterly I don't do much in that line."

He was on the eve of journeying to Bérgamo (Pergamos), and offered to take Kirk and me with him and convoy us back.

"It shall cost you nothing, and I know you Franks are all daft upon old ruins."

It was a grand opportunity, but the trip would have lasted a fortnight, and, as I expected, good Dr. Parkes could not spare us.

"What about robbers on the road?" asked Kirk.

"Well, I don't think" (laughing) "that you'll meet with a bigger thief on the road than myself."

I do not doubt that he would have laid down his life in our defence if necessary; nor, on the other hand, would he have had any scruples about taking a shot at us from behind a tree or a boulder if we had not been his friends.

After a while he came back to us from the stables.

"I cannot," he said, "feel sure about it, but I suspect your Greek grooms are cheating me in the measurement of the barley. Will you come and see what you think?"

I went and discussed the matter with the Greeks, and came to the conclusion that they were right. I endeavoured to explain my ideas to him; but, of course, the language was a difficulty, and presently he said—

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"I can't see it, but never mind! if you are satisfied that's enough, and I am satisfied."

Abdallah was a gentleman though a brigand. About's Hajji Stavros, in the *Roi des Montagnes*, was a Greek; and the average Greek, though more intelligent, is less of a gentleman than the average Turk; but I dare say the Hajji is hardly exaggerated.

Brigandage did not seem to be regarded with any severity of condemnation, any more than the selfish extravagances of our own young men are by people of their own class. But an affair had happened in the Troad not long before our arrival which had very much alienated public sentiment. My friend Abdallah, however, I believe, was not at all implicated in it. When a young man of one village espouses a maiden of another, there is a stage in the proceedings when the women of the one, adorned with all their trinkets and strings of coins, are left at home in expectation of the arrival of the men of *both* villages, who are escorting the groom. A band of robbers took the opportunity to pounce upon the unprotected females and strip them of all their ornaments. So mean a proceeding I was told had never been heard of in that part of the world, and the whole raptorial profession was thought to have been discredited by it.

The Osmanli are, as a rule, extremely good-tempered people; though in our part of the country almost every Turk asserted his freeman's privilege by sticking an arsenal of deadly weapons into his sash or belt, there was only one murder in the whole district during the twelve months of our sojourn therein. No doubt they are capable of great

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atrocities when roused, but so are the French; yet the French have the repute of being the most amiable people in Europe. Our Christians were not supposed to carry arms; but every one of them had a long knife, which was certainly a lethal weapon. It was like King Arthur's sword—"when it had slain a Cheshire man, 'twould toast a Cheshire cheese."

The following incidents may possibly surprise some of those who regard the Turk as "unspeakable," especially in his marital relations.

Hassan Aga was what I should call the squire of the village of Dumbrek, the ancient Thymbra, on a stream which may have been the Simois of Homer. I had done some little professional service, I forget what, to the family. One afternoon, riding home from an excursion in the forest, I stopped at Hassan's door to have a little chat with him. While this was going on out came his wife, a very comely young matron, and presented me with a beautiful white-and-golden iris from her garden. I carried it home to our camp, where it was eagerly competed for by the ladies. "The Wife of Hassan Aga" was certainly much happier in her lot than her namesake in Goethe's famous ballad.

When the news of our impending departure had spread through the country, Hassan Aga rode over to see me. He brought a message from his wife: "She sends her compliments" (*selam*), "and we both wish you would come and see us before you go away. Please come and spend a day with us; the Sabbath" (*i.e.* Friday) "would be the most convenient day, for I am busy with the harvest on other

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days." Unfortunately, before the appointed day, a ship arrived in the bay to convey me to England.

Again, Abdi Bey rode over one day from Aivajik to say good-bye; in their almost identical phrase, to commend me to Allah. He said he heard we were selling off our goods, and he would like to buy an English saddle. Dr. Dixon, at my request, fixed a fair price on his, and the Bey bought it. Then he said he coveted my canteen. I declined to sell it, explaining that as it was not quite as good as new, I must charge him less than it cost me, and I should have to pay more for a new one in England. He asked us, by the way, what had been its cost price, and I named it. We went on with our talk till he rose to take leave, when, laying down the full price of the canteen on the table with a smile, he told Osman to carry it away and pack it up. The gentlemanliness of the Turk does not consist merely in courteous manners, but comes out in such little traits as I have been mentioning.

I have heard a Christian Levantine say, "The Turks don't lie nor steal; their religion forbids it." It did not seem to occur to him that the Christian religion did the same. It is not that I wish to depreciate the Greeks, Armenians or Jews; my experience of all of them was on the whole favourable.

The Armenians are hard bargainers, no doubt; but I knew one named Zakaria, a pack-horse-keeper, whom I had occasionally employed and found trustworthy. Early in the spring he came to me beseeching me to lend him five pounds, saying he thought he saw his way to a good speculation in

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barley, but had not quite enough money for it. Whether it was the everlasting difficulty of saying "No," or that my pocket was fuller than usual, or that there was something tempting in the experiment, I know not; but I gave him the money, and straight-way, not for the first time, wrote myself down an ass.

Twelve months later, when I was in England, Zakaria contrived to send me the money through some unknown channel; yet I think he must have lost by his speculation, for barley fell in price on rumours of peace, and I do not think there were any bears in Turkey, except four-footed ones.

There was a very general impression among the population, whether Moslem or Christian, that the English intended at the close of the war to annex at least the littoral portions of Asia Minor to their dominions; nor was this idea completely dispelled until we began to evacuate our camps and stations. The Christians professed to be ready and willing for such a change, nor did the Turks seem at all averse from it. The soldiers especially liked the idea. There was in the Turkish village of Kouzkoi a fine, stalwart fellow known as Achmet Chaoush, or Sergeant Achmet, who had seen service. I recollect his saying to me, "Give us some of your officers to command us, and you will find that our men will go anywhere and do anything" (those were his exact words); "but what can be expected from us while we have such wretched fellows to lead us, discharged coffee-boys" (pages) "of pashas, and such-like." He was right. The defence of Acre by Sidney Smith, that of Silistria by Butler and

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Nasmyth, and, later still, of the Shipka Pass by Campbell, showed what "the Ottomans could and would do under British guidance and encouragement."

There were other races or tribes in the Troad besides those already mentioned, to wit the Gypsies, Yuruks and Turcomans. The first seemed to me a mixed people; perhaps they may have received outcasts from other tribes. The Yuruks have been thought to be Gypsies, which I cannot believe. Our Yuruks were a pastoral tribe of Tartar-like physiognomy, but said to be bad Mussulmans. There was a camp or little horde of Turcomans in the forest to the south of us; and Kirk and I rode out to visit them once or twice, and partook of their hospitality, in the form of pancakes that looked and felt like chamois leather, which we were taught to dip into a frying-pan full of hot melted tallow from the broad tail of the native sheep. The old women wove beautiful carpets out of doors in a rude, upright loom; the maidens displayed their coquetry by the exhibition of their skill in sawing wood, which was evidently the womanly accomplishment most highly prized. Their features were unmistakably Turanian, the faces being broad and flat, often with narrow and sometimes with oblique eyes. The Turcomans, as well as the Yuruks, were hardly acknowledged to be Moslems by the sedentary Osmanli. I could not detect any peculiarities in their language, but that may have been due to my own very imperfect acquaintance with the tongue. The beards of the males were evidently late in development, but often grew to fine proportions in

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the older men ; the eyes were obliquely set in many instances. I saw no blonds among them. These occur, of course, pretty often among the Osmanli, who are a mixed race.

When I look back upon our year in Asia Minor, it is difficult to help feeling regret that we did little, if anything, in the way of archæological discovery during our sojourn in that surpassingly interesting country. The excavations of Schliemann at Shiblak, on the site of Ilium Novum, and, as I now believe, of old Troy, have increased that regret, but in truth the circumstances were not so favourable as they appeared. As Government servants we were hardly free agents ; moreover, the erection of our hospital had made labour dear and almost unprocurable. Dr. Goodeve, in some sort of collaboration with Consul Calvert, made some investigation of the site called Dardanus, a promontory stretching into the Hellespont between Renkioi and Chanak-kalési, and found an enormous amphora or jar containing the remains of a young child. The cranium is now in the museum of the College of Surgeons, and a red-and-black ware tazza and small vase are in my possession.

The barrow called the Tomb of Patroclus near to Yeni-shehr (Sigeum), to the west of the Menderèh, had been opened by some people from the fleet when it lay in Besika Bay before the war broke out. I cannot tell what they found there ; but when I visited the spot I saw some bones which had not been carried away. They certainly had not belonged to the hero, but to a small and youthful person, probably female. I saw no sign of cremation.

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I mention the following incident partly because it appears to have some little bearing on military education.

There is an old ruined castle on the River Rhodius, attributed by the natives to the Genoese, as indeed are most ancient remains in these parts, rightly or wrongly. It had been visited by some of our staff on one or two occasions, being a fine locality for a picnic ; but the distance via Chanak-Kalési was too great, probably sixteen or seventeen miles, and the way formed two sides of a triangle. The hypotenuse would not be more than ten miles probably, but it traversed a mass of very rough hills, and in a discussion on the subject one day at mess Mr. (afterwards Sir) Spencer Wells and others declared that way to be impracticable. I said I did not think so.

“ Why so ? Have you been to the castle by that way ? ”

“ No, I have never seen the castle at all, but I have been far enough among those hills to be confident that I can take you thither.”

Wells agreed to ride with me the next day when our work had been finished (which was pretty early, as we rose with the sun). Those hills were composed of alternate strata of conglomerate and a soft rock resembling greensand, deeply cut into by the action of water, and I felt sure they would prove to be penetrable, as they actually did. We explored the castle, which has quite the character of a mediæval European fortress, and returned by the same road.

Happening once, in after years, to express the

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opinion that many young men with the qualities that make good officers are kept out of the army by inability to learn mathematics, and that such a subject as, for example, rudimentary geology would be of more use to an officer in an infantry regiment,¹ I was told that Colonel Hume, the confidential adviser of Disraeli in military affairs, had expressed the same opinion. In a country not well surveyed or mapped, ability to predict approximately the lie of the ground on the other side of a hill might sometimes be of critical importance.

Towards the end of our stay in Turkey I made a dietetic experiment of some little interest. Milk there was none available; bread was gritty; I never attended the midday meal; and there was not enough meat left from it for supper. But my outside patients, mostly Turkish farmers, often brought little presents of the produce in season, which just then consisted chiefly of eggs. Of these I ate about twelve every day at my two meals, either cooked or beaten up with coffee and plenty of sugar. I took no other nourishment, except occasionally a minute fragment of bread, perhaps half an ounce in the day. I continued this diet six weeks, during which my health was excellent, except that during the last week I occasionally had slight "bilious" sensations, which induced me to discontinue the experiment. At the end of the six weeks my weight was 11 stone,

¹ Some excellent mathematicians are devoid of all military qualities. In a company of volunteers raised at Bombay during the mutiny were two Professors of Mathematics. One day the captain found his drill-sergeant in a state of wrathful despair. "There never were," he said, "two such idiots as those professors. It's utterly impossible to teach them their drill."

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more than ever it was before or since, and I was in fine hard condition.¹

The medical and general history of our hospital was admirably and tersely narrated by Dr. Parkes in his final report on the subject; and I shall only say of it that it was an entire success, so far as opportunity of success was afforded by the early termination of active operations and ultimately of the war.

While our hospital was being emptied the staff gradually dispersed. Two or three journeyed to Syria and Palestine. Fawcus (Jim-fowk, as the natives called him)² led his land-transport force away to Adrianople, where the mules were to be sold. He boasted to me afterwards that though two men died on that awful march through the sultry plain of Thrace, he never lost a mule.

At last came a small steamer with vacancies for the lady nurses and for Armitage and me, and we had to go. I do not know who was responsible for hiring the wretched tub, but it was the filthiest ship I ever boarded, and full of rats, cockroaches, and all manner of vermin. The skipper was an Irishman who had risen from before the mast, with all the faults of his countrymen and none of their virtues. The lot of our poor ladies was sad, as they could not avoid going downstairs for the night, but Armitage

¹ I estimate the constituents of my daily ration at 88 grammes of proteid, 65 of fat, and 80 or 90 of hydrocarbon. These are not large quantities, but the nutriment was easily digestible, the weather was warm, and I took no exercise except horse-riding.

² Most of us had our nicknames. Christison's was Daoud Hekim guzelseuiler = Dr. David, the sweet speaker; mine was Sarisakal Hekim = Dr. Yellowbeard; Armitage was Achmet Khojah; Kirk and Dixon, Kirk and Dōxan = Forty and Ninety.

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and I sat on the deck by day and lay on it by night. Fortunately the weather was good. There were no seats and no towels, no books, and nothing to do and very little to eat. We recited to each other over and over again all the ballads and poetry we knew—English, Scotch, German or Latin—and “when we came unto the end then we began again.” As a sample of the skipper’s incompetence, I may mention that early one morning, after we had had the hose turned on us as usual, and walked the deck in man’s primeval pride until we were dry, I observed that the vessel was heading for the low isthmus north of Gibraltar. I pointed this out to the skipper, who coolly replied that Gibraltar lay south of the strait! I said no more, but watching from a little distance saw him alter the course. The food, besides being insufficient, was of bad quality; but owing to the War Office’s complicated system of checks and counterchecks, it was not worth our while to waste time and money to bring him to book. Moreover, there was a combatant officer on board of superior rank to ours, and whom we believed to have been squared by his countryman the skipper. I will not mention his name: I suppose he did some good service in later years, for he died with a handle to it.

CHAPTER V.

HOLLAND, GERMANY, AUSTRIA, HUNGARY AND ITALY.

DURING the late summer and early autumn I enjoyed a delightful holiday, partly in Scotland with the Christisons and partly in Worcestershire. We "assisted" in the excavation of the Etin (? Jotun) Hall, the most south-eastern, I believe, of all brochs, and rambled in the Cheviot country and about Yetholm, a village whose social arrangements reminded me of Asia Minor, for there are, or were, in it an English or Anglo-Scottish, an Irish, and a gypsy quarter. The Irish colony had appeared there, I was told, after the great famine of 1848, and had lived chiefly, at first, by plucking the locks of wool torn off by briers on the moors. And we studied the sites of Flodden and Homildon (the Humbledown of Chevy Chase) and Halidon Hill, and many others that are crowded into that historic and romantic land.

Thereafter, returning to London, my friend Kirk and I besieged Sir James Clark, hoping he might find us more employment, as he was kindly willing to do; but he did not succeed. One day he told us that he had seen Dr. Hooker, and tried to enlist his help; but Hooker had told him he had had the gift of the medical appointment on the Russo-Turco-Persian Boundary Commission, but had had to put

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up with a man who said "he might perhaps collect a few plants if he had time."

"I suppose," said Sir James, "he thought the right man would tumble from heaven into Kew Gardens if he sat there waiting."

The appointment would have suited Kirk admirably and me very well. At last Kirk accepted what we medicos call a bear-leadership, and as his bear was quite amenable, took him to the most interesting parts of the Levant.

I resolved to have a winter's study in the Vienna hospitals, and by Sir James's advice to visit some of the Italian resorts, "for," said he, "as a physician, you will find it to be a casting of bread upon the waters, which you will find again in after days."

One fine sunny morning I was breakfasting with Sir James, when he rose and looked out of the window. It was the day of some great function which the Queen was to attend.

"Ah!" he said, "real Queen's weather! But it is curious that it is the weather she most dislikes, because her skin is so delicate that the sun burns her face and makes her very red."

Early in November I started, with some introductions from Sir James and from Barnard Davis, and crossed over to Rotterdam. Oddly enough, almost the first man I encountered there was one of the only two Hollanders with whom I was acquainted, an Amsterdam skipper, one of whose crew had fallen and broken his thigh while his ship was lying in the Dardanelles, and who had procured from me admission for the man into our hospital.

My next stage was the Hague, where I saw the

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best pictures and the Japanese collections. One of my objects was the carrying on of my observations on the colours of eyes and hair in different races and countries. So I went down to Scheveningen and observed the fair-haired fisherfolk there. Thence to Leyden, where I saw Professor Van der Hoeven, a delicate, amiable, scholarly man, then one of the leaders in anthropological science. And I gloated over the portrait of Pieter Adrianzoon Vanderwerf, the hero of the famous siege and defence of Leyden, a man obviously of great strength of body and of will, one who might well be imagined as saying to the starving townspeople—

“Take me! kill and eat me, if you will, but I will never surrender this town!”

At Amsterdam, where I sojourned at the old Bibel Hotel, I was received by Vrolik, the famous anatomist, a fine, hearty fellow, but not so much to my mind as Van der Hoeven.

Crossing the Zuyder Zee in a small steamer, I arrived at Harlingen, and thence proceeded to Leewarden, the capital of Friesland. I wished to see the country and the people, the descendants of the men who were thus characterised by an old English writer: “These men been high of body, stern of virtue, strong and fierce of heart; they be free and not subject to bondage of any man, and they put their lives in peril by cause of freedom, and had liever die than take the yoke of bondage.”

And it was my particular desire to forgather with the Saterlanders of Oldenburg, whose dialect is said to approach the Anglo-Saxon more nearly in some points than any other Frisian tongue.

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I had not counted on any difficulty of speech in making my way among them ; but at Leewarden I found, to my surprise, that neither English nor French was of the slightest use. I was reduced to steering a course as well as I could devise between English and German. Dutch bills, notices, train-books, etc., were easy enough.

From Leewarden to Groningen I took the diligence. The road was soft and dusty, the conveyance heavy and clumsy, and stoppages frequent, so that I walked most of the way. The road was bordered at regular intervals of perhaps a furlong or so by the farmhouses, all of one pattern, with a huge gable to the front, and all apparently new. The cowhouses, etc., were all under the one roof, the living rooms in front. Though the buildings were new, the pattern of them I apprehend is very ancient. I was told that the boors derived their wealth from the lucrative export of butter to England, that at least one piano was to be found in every house, and very often two. The inhabitants struck me as the most universally comely race I had ever seen, the prevailing type being tall with long face and slightly aquiline nose, pink and white complexion, and blue eyes, the head longish and rather flat, and the hair usually pale yellow. The women cover up this beautiful natural adornment with lace caps and plates of silver gilt, as is done in other parts of Holland.

I saw but one person among the Frisians with black or blackish hair, and *he* seemed to be a Jew.

At Groningen the race is thought to be Saxon rather than Frisian ; but the folk were largely

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occupied, with characteristic Dutch cleanliness, in washing the outsides of their houses with mops at the end of enormously long poles, in preparation for Sunday. My next stage was to Leer, across the Hanoverian frontier and the River Ems. The people there were still brilliantly fair, as they were in Friesland and Groningen ; but they struck me as of a shorter, sturdier build, showing, possibly, a Saxon strain mingled with the Frisian.

From Leer I had a long and dreary walk over the plains to the Saterland, which no wheeled carriages used to enter, for much of it is, or was, no better than a quaking bog almost cut off from intercourse with other districts, as was the Isle of Axholme in our own country. At the village of Ramsloh I found a hostelry, with an intelligent and genial host, who helped me to begin a vocabulary. The inn was close to the church, one of the ugliest barns conceivable, but which must have been erected at the cost of much pile-driving. In the churchyard a great tall crucifix puzzled me.

“ Did you not know,” said the landlord, “ that we Saterlanders were Catholics ? The district belonged to the Bishop of Münster before the French Revolution, and ‘ *cujus regio, ejus religio.* ’ ”

It seemed strange to find a Catholic community almost within sight of the North Sea.

Habitations were scattered and few people to be seen, and those seen did not impress one as having any racial peculiarity. They were mostly blond, but not strikingly so, and perhaps exhibited signs, if of anything, of the evil influence on the physique of their damp and depressing habitat.

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But my observations were speedily cut short. Next afternoon my host said to me—

“Is it really necessary for you to be in Berlin by the 17th?”

“Well!” I said, “it would cause me much inconvenience if I were not there.”

“Then,” said he, “I don’t wish to appear inhospitable, and it is against my interest, but I think I ought to tell you that the sooner you get out of this the better. You see it is beginning to rain, and if I have any skill in weather prognostic, it will rain for two or three days; all the causeways leading out of the Saterland will be under water, and perhaps be impassable for a week.”

“Then,” said I, “find me a guide, pray, and I’ll be off.”

He did so, and we started; the waters were already rising, and by evening the way we took would I suppose have been impracticable.

Probably it was nearly twenty miles to Ihrhove, where we struck the Emden and Münster railway after a weary walk in the rain. At the station I encountered the burgomaster and two or three other sociable natives, and we all had tea together. When I had drained my first cup I found a lump of sugar-candy at the bottom, which I straightway devoured, and sent up my cup for more. More tea I got, but no more candy! The supply was evidently expected to last out the proceedings. I was reminded of Irving’s New York Dutchmen, and the arrangements about the sugar described by Knickerbocker.

Starting about midnight, I arrived early at Münster, where I spent the day. The contrast was

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striking between the fair Westphalians in the streets and markets and the mostly black-haired "drummers," as the Americans call them, who were the guests at the table-d'hôte. These bagmen were evidently Jews for the most part. No wonder! The intelligent, plausible, soft-mannered Jew would make anybody buy in spite of himself.

High up on the tower of the Lambertiskirche I saw the iron cage in which hung for ages the mouldering skeletons of John of Leyden and Knipperdolling, the Anabaptist leaders.

Next to Soest, a quaint old mediæval town. While the cities in North-West Germany were full of ancient buildings, it seemed to me that in whole districts of the open country there was not a single old farmhouse or cottage. The country had been swept with the besom of destruction in the French wars. It was enough to make one pray for the reunion of Germany.

Then across the Teutoburger Wald and by Minden, sacred to Arminius and the Marquis of Granby respectively, and by Hanover to Brunswick, a delightful old town, where the peasant women, of pure Saxon type, instead of hiding their flaxen hair, drag it out by the roots and exhibit, while still young, bare streaks of scalp sometimes an inch in width. Thence by Magdeburg, sadly reminiscent of Tilly and of massacre, across the Elbe, a noble river, though every way inferior to the Rhine, and on to Berlin.

Berlin was not then more than a rough sketch of what it is now. Of its outward aspect nothing remains in my memory but the Unter den Linden and the Brandenburger Thor; but its men were not so

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easily forgotten. There were Gräfe, the wonderfully skilful oculist ; Von Romberg, the first European authority in nervous diseases, and Johannes Müller in physiology ; and Virchow, destined to be the first in pathology and in anthropology. Of all these I made the acquaintance. Von Romberg, a courteous, venerable old gentleman, asked me to "assist" at his lecture. Oddly enough, I had never heard that phrase, and at first felt somewhat appalled at the idea of "assisting" the great man, much as I did when the verger at Lincoln Minster asked me to mount to the belfry and hear "Great Tom" ring twelve. On that occasion I concluded that he would not have invited me to suffer anything disagreeable, and I climbed the tower with him. To my surprise the sound of the huge bell was soft and by no means overpowering ; the really noticeable thing was that the noise of vibration continued *diminuendo* during several minutes.

So with Von Romberg. I knew he would not give me anything to do beyond my power, and so consented. Assisting, however, I found meant sitting on the right hand of the great man, and being introduced to about three hundred students as a distinguished foreigner fresh from the Crimean War.

I do not recollect meeting a single Englishman in all North Germany ; but in Berlin I encountered quite a coterie of Americans from the Southern States, or rather from *a* southern state, to wit South Carolina. There were about seven of them, grown men studying in the University in different lines— young, frank, manly fellows. They welcomed me as an Englishman, and rather surprised me by the

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open way in which they talked rank treason against the Union and the Stars and Stripes. They all allowed that they were going to shake themselves free of the Northerners, or Yankees, at the first convenient opportunity, and they wished we could and would give them our Prince of Wales to be their ruler. Poor fellows! I wonder how many of them perished when the opportunity they longed for came at last.

I heard of another American living solitary in lodgings, and went to call upon him in case I could be of any use. He was a Bostonian, a clever, cultivated young fellow from the Bay State, who welcomed me warmly, and confessed that he found Berlin dull in the absence of all English-speaking society (or Anglo-Saxon society perhaps I should say, for Berlin generally was not unwilling to talk English). I told him I could introduce him to several of his countrymen, South Carolinians.

"Ah," he said, "many thanks! I would like extremely to join their society, but you will find they will not admit me."

And so it proved: their hatred of the North was too strong.

I spent a few hours at Potsdam. The lake and island scenery must be very pretty in summer, but snow and sleet did not set it off to advantage. Then on to Wittemburg, where I arrived in the night, got some rest on a bench in the station, and, rising before the sun, routed the unwilling custos out of his bed to show me Luther's room and his great iron stove, and what little else remains of the Reformer's belongings.

Next to Halle on the Saale to see the Halloren,

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said to be a peculiar Slavonic race, who labour in the salt works. I could make out nothing worth speaking of, and only broke my shins over some object hidden in the deep snow, which put me in the mood to sing, "Oh, why left I my hame?" There is no doubt a strong tinge of Slavonic blood even in the folk farther west than the River Saale, and it is shown by, among other things, a distinct lowering of the stature.

Next was a long journey through Thuringia, by Gotha and Weimar and Erfurt, famous enough localities, but surrounded by a dull, bare, undulating country, and not much relieved by the rolling Thuringian hills to the southward, covered with uniformly dense masses of firwood. I halted at Eisenach, and having attended the market and scrutinised the peasants, walked out through the snow and up the hill to the Wartburg. The castle is on the top of a conical, I suppose volcanic, hill, and the surrounding wooded peaks, though not lofty, are picturesque enough to be the scene of Tannhäuser. In those days I had greater veneration for Luther than I have now, when the knowledge of some episodes in his later life has taken a little of the edge off my keen sympathy with his early struggles and achievements. The custos at the Wartburg had more sense of humour than is common among the northern Germans. I asked him to show me the ink-stain on the wall.

"All gone long ago," he said. "All scraped away by English travellers."

Another of my heroes was the Elector John Frederic, called the Magnanimous, the brave but

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unfortunate champion of Protestantism against Charles V. I stood in respectful veneration before his portrait, though it represented a huge, fat, bull-necked man with coarse features and dark complexion. The custos peered over my shoulder.

"Der Kerl muss ungeheuer viel Bayrischer bier getrunken," he remarked. (The fellow must have drunk a monstrous lot of Bavarian beer.)

It is generally believed that the armour of the Middle Ages is too small for men of the present day. If so, that of Künz von Kauffungen, who was beheaded for abducting the heirs of the Duke of Saxony, must have been very exceptional. It is preserved here, and indicates the unlucky Künz to have been something like seven feet high.

From Eisenach I went to Rühla, in a deep valley among the Thuringian hills. Rühla is renowned in Germany for meerschaum pipes and for beautiful brunettes. Why the Rühla folk should differ so much physically from the surrounding Thuringians I do not know; probably they are descended from some forgotten colony from the south or east, but I could not hear of any tradition thereanent. Quite half of the adults were dark-haired and nearly as many dark-eyed. The little town of four or five thousand people was wholly given over to the treatment of imported meerschaum and the moulding and carving of pipes. I was hospitably treated, especially by Mr. Lax, who exported pipes to Bristol and introduced me to sleigh-driving.

Sudden changes of temperature are not confined to England. Next day I was travelling to Leipsic in a third-class car with the windows open and

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without a coat. At Leipsic I made a point of visiting Auerbach's Cellar, in honour of Goethe, and I tried to get some idea of the topography of the great battle in 1813. The country, however, is flat, and the only marked features are the Rivers Elster and Pleiss, deep, narrow, sluggish streams. It was in the former, I think, that Poniatowski was drowned during the French retreat.

I made an excursion to Altenburg in order to observe the Wendish inhabitants, who at that time, and perhaps still, retained their Slavic tongue and their old costume, which in the case of the women included a kilt and high boots. Then I bade farewell to a kind friend, Dr. Erdmann, whom I had known in Edinburgh, and took the train to Dresden.

I *did* that beautiful city in the usual way; but there were two things I saw which were not in the ordinary programme. I visited the "Dresden" china works, which are not at Dresden at all, but a dozen miles or more down the Elbe, in the ancient city of Meissen, on a rocky hill that overhangs the stream. I found the handiwork of some of the artizans, especially of the flower-makers, wonderfully skilful, and well worth the long trudge back to Dresden in the dark through the soft snow. In the daylight the breaking-up of the ice on the Elbe and the piling up of its huge masses against the piers of the bridge was really a grand sight.

After a glimpse of the beautiful but ill-named Saxon Switzerland, I went on to Prague, and there, in one of the most strikingly picturesque and historically interesting cities in Europe, made the acquaintance of the Czechs. Whence they got their

marked features and swarthy complexions I do not know. The long and sanguinary religious wars might be thought capable of altering the prevailing types by what may be called martial selection ; but an early Arabian traveller, ages before those wars, was struck by the black hair of the Bohemians. On the other hand, the Slovaks, of whom I afterwards saw a number at Vienna, though they speak a Czech dialect, are a fair-complexioned tribe with lumpish features.

I duly gazed at the bulbous, oriental-looking steeples of Prague and the broad waters of the Moldau shimmering in the sunlight, from the window in the Hradschin, whence took place the "defenestration," so bitterly avenged, after the Battle of the White Mountain, by the destruction of the Bohemian nobility.¹

There is much in the history of Bohemia and its connection with Austria that reminds one of the relations of Ireland with England, and the parallel partially holds at the present day, the Slavonic and the so-called Keltic characters being much more alike to each other than to the German or English, which latter again are fundamentally similar. The north-west of Bohemia is its Ulster.

The prevailing headform of the Czechs differs from that of the Irish, being short and broad. In Vienna later on I knew the famous Rokitansky, who was, like many of the leading scientific men there, a

¹ The Catholic Commissioners, Martinitz and Slavata, fell ninety feet on to a soft dungheap, and escaped alive. Fabricius, their secretary, fell upon them, and had the presence of mind to apologise. Count Thurn, the leading defenestrator, escaped the revenge of Ferdinand.

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native of Bohemia. I happened to remark to him—

“Your countrymen, Professor, are mostly brachycephalic, are they not?”

Now long heads were rather in fashion in those days among anthropologists. The Professor was evidently somewhat nettled.

“But they are a very clever people,” said he, “for all that.”

They seem indeed to be intellectually as well as geographically the fuglemen or front-rankers of the Slavs. Years afterwards I was told by Professor Duns, of Edinburgh, that the most bright and rapidly apprehensive of his theological students were Bohemians, and that he had just awarded the first prize for an English essay to a Czech student who six months before had known hardly a word of the language. Since James Baker discovered Bohemia, and made it the scene of his novels, the country has been much more frequented by Englishmen; but when I was there most of us knew little more of the country than Shakespeare seems to have done.

It was a long journey from Prague to Vienna in those days, as one had to go all the way round by Pardubitz and Brünn. Frost had returned with sevenfold savageness, and third-class travelling was far from being luxurious. The Upper Elbe, which we skirted for many miles, was frozen solidly. It is of small volume compared with the Moldau, and one wonders that it should bear the name of Elbe rather than the latter, which is a noble river.

The cold was intense in the third-class carriages,

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but my companions therein had a not ineffectual way of keeping it at bay, and I followed their example. The stations were at considerable distances from each other, but at every one there was a blazing fire on the open platform and a huge caldron steaming above it, whence, as the train drew up, one saw a man with a trident extract a great mass of sausages like a Medusa's head, fizzing hot, which with bits of bread were very rapidly distributed among us. I think I never ate so much in my days or with more advantage.

On arriving at Vienna I was warmly received by my old comrade Dr. George Scott, and was speedily installed in a lodging in the Alservorstadt, which may be called the medical suburb, as it contains the general military, maternity, and children's hospitals, as well as the Findelhaus or foundling institution, and is, or was, naturally the dwelling-place of most of the students and many of the professors. At that time the Vienna medical school ranked as high as any in Europe. Skoda, Oppolzer, Hebra, Sigmund, Rokitansky, among the professors, were all men of the very highest rank and reputation, and several others were not much behind them. The material was enormous, there being more than 4,000 beds in the various hospitals. There was a great concourse of men like myself—graduates, to wit—desirous before settling down in practice to perfect themselves in special branches of their art, or to fill up lacunæ or gaps in their professional knowledge. I myself was acquainted with men who belonged to at least sixteen different European nations, not including Germans of various districts, besides

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Americans and Asiatics. Besides the lectures of the professors, private courses were given by their assistants, which were extremely useful, by reason of the vast mass of illustrative material to which these had access.

No man in Europe ranked higher in his way than Skoda. He was a podgy, round-faced little man, with small dark eyes and a somewhat Mongoloid aspect. He had the reputation of despising drugs, but that was not really the case; the fact was that he used them only when the indications for their employment were distinct, but not as a matter of routine. Thus, standing at the bedside of a fine, vigorous young peasant, he would say—

“Gentlemen, this patient from acute left pneumonia suffers. Some, in such a case, would mercury exhibit, others tartarised antimony would employ; but seeing that this man well constituted is, and well nursed and cared for will be, it is to be expected that he without any of these drugs perfectly well and that in short time will become. Wherefore” (to his assistant) “Herr Von Speckhausen, recipe, etc.,” and he would proceed to order a solatium of diluted raspberry syrup.

I was once spending the evening at the Vienna Medical Society's meeting, when somebody read a paper upon Koumiss (fermented mare's milk), and drew an enthusiastic picture of its virtues as a cure for pulmonary consumption. Several speakers followed, one alleging one probable cause for its efficacy and one another; but last of all Skoda rose up to the height of his little legs, and thus delivered himself—

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“Gentlemen, respecting these wretched Bashkirs, how that, owing to their of this fermented mare’s milk copiously drinking, from phthisis almost or altogether free they be, has this night very much been said ; but for my part I do most powerfully and constantly believe that, in addition to all the other miseries of their God-forgotten condition, from phthisis they not only as much as we, but even much more do suffer.” *Solvuntur risu tabulæ* : nothing more could be said.

Sigmund, a great authority on his own subject, was very friendly and agreeable. He was a Transylvanian Saxon, but offended my ethnological sense by being a tall, lean man with black hair and dark eyes.

Hebra produced the same effect upon me. He was, I was told, a baptised Jew, and his mental developments seemed to me to corroborate the statement ; but he was a fair, fat ruddy little man, with a nose like Hogarth’s or Gibbon’s. His lectures on skin diseases were very numerous attended. His exemplary or specimen patients used to be mounted naked on a table in the middle of the theatre, and Hebra would amuse himself and his audience by guessing the occupations of the subjects from their attitudes or slight deformities or blemishes. He was never wrong.

The Vienna of those days was like a big nut with a very small kernel, or, to the eye of a microscopist, like a cell with nucleus and cell-wall. The glacis has now been reduced by lofty and solid buildings to a Ringstrasse, an improved Boulevard or a curved Unter-den-linden ; but then it was a broad, bare

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expanse of grass or of snow, according to the season ; and outside of it was the huge ring of dull but populous suburbs. In the little city was almost everything of beauty or interest—churches, theatres, hotels, and the Graben, a glorified Piccadilly, with the Stock-im-Eisen standing ugly and obdurate in its corner. Even in my time almost the whole of a day was consumed by the journeyman smith, who strove to drive his nail into its iron mass. Then in the centre of everything towered the great bulk of St. Stephen's, with the finest spire in the world soaring above it.

The Glacis was so lonely in wintry nights that one provided a precautionary cudgel when one visited the Burg-Theater, where one would sometimes see *King Lear*, with old Anschütz as the King, and sometimes some other play of Shakespeare's admirably rendered, every character being thoroughly studied, and not sacrificed, as is so often the case with us, to the vanity and greed of some popular actress.

The Belvedere, with its fine collection of pictures, was one of the few notable things in the suburbs. I mention it on account of a curious portrait by Dobson of "Old Parr," which interested me as a doctor and a Shropshire man. There seemed to be no doubt of its authenticity. It represents a fair and "apple-faced" old man, whose skin is seen, on close inspection, to be seamed with absolutely innumerable wrinkles, most carefully painted. The subject may not have attained 150 years, but must certainly have been an extremely old man.

Vienna was in a parlous condition, financially, at that time. There was only one firm of bankers in

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which anybody had any confidence, that of Arnstein and Eskeles; and that one broke shortly after I left Austria. The currency was curious. When I was in Turkey one was very familiar with kreutzers and base-metal zwanzigers of Austrian coinage; the money-changers on Galata Bridge had sacks full of them. But in Vienna one saw very few, and of golden and silver coins few or none. Once I got a gold piece in exchanging a letter of credit. I carried it home to my landlady, who viewed it with interest, and said she had not seen such a thing for many years. The great bulk of the currency consisted of very dirty little bank-notes, many not worth more than fourpence.

The upper classes of Vienna are, or used to be, Germanic in type, and in feature and complexion very English, more often so than, for example, the Swiss or the Swabians: the lower orders are exceedingly mixed in race, with a large Slavic element. The ladies, from the beautiful Empress downwards, were supposed to have the finest figures and the slenderest waists in Europe, owing doubtless to early and severe training. The character of the middle and lower classes was eminently "lebhaft," easy, good-humoured, and careless. "Das ist alles eins" was their favourite saying. There was much beer drunk, but not so much as in Bavaria.

In München there was a story that an Englishman went into a suburban beerhouse there, and offered to pay for all the beer consumed by any and every man in excess of thirty seitels (tall tumbler glasses). The offer was said to have cost him quite a considerable sum. But there was little drunkenness in

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Vienna. Once, at a kind of music hall or carnival entertainment, I saw "an Englishman" introduced into a procession: he was clad in a large-patterned tweed suit, and was wheeled, helplessly drunk, in a barrow. One felt not a little ashamed.

The weakest point of the Viennese was of another kind. When the old Emperor Francis was asked by the town-council, in the interests of public health and morality, to consent to the establishment in the city of licensed houses, he replied, "Gentlemen, put a roof over the city, and the thing you wish will have been accomplished."

See the evil of too many laws, an evil from which we in England seem destined to suffer in the future! In Austria and Bavaria, at that time, people were not permitted to marry unless they could comply with certain well-meant conditions, such as that the man should prove his ability to maintain his wife. The result was that in Vienna the bulk of the working-men did not marry, but kept concubines. These, when necessary, went to the Gebärhaus (maternity hospital), whence the infants were removed to the Findelhaus, and thereafter boarded out in the country. The peasants were ready to accept the charge, especially of the male children, who ultimately went into the army, so that the peasant could keep his son, if he had one, at home. In my time, I think, 47 per cent. of the births in Vienna were illegitimate; and the proportion in Grätz was much larger.

These conditions must have largely increased the mortality, which at that time was enormous, especially from consumption, from puerperal fever,

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and in infancy. Things are vastly improved nowadays.

In cookery the Viennese favour mild-flavoured dishes and mehlspise (farinaceous puddings). Professor Sigmund told me the Hungarian national dish, paprika hendel (peppered fowl), would set up inflammation in a Viennese stomach.

The winter was severely cold. As one had to turn out early, usually in the dark, in order to make the best of the opportunities the hospitals afforded, it was quite usual to get one's beard frozen. My friend Scott and I used to take long walks into the country on Sundays, despite the snow; but we were singular in the practice. Nobody frequented the Prater, the famous Park of Vienna. Of Britons we had very few to associate with; but one of those few has since become deservedly famous as Sir Arthur Mitchell, alienist and archæologist.¹ Hedenius, a Swede, became before his death Rector Magnificus of the University of Upsala. Zacharin, a Russian, used to be among the company at our frugal dinner (it cost about eightpence), at the "White Hart" in the Alservorstadt, and scandalised my countrymen by his habits in feeding, which were more sensible than seemly. He was a big, heavy, earthy-complexioned Tatar-like man, with a large, conical head. He lived to be the leading physician in Moscow, where he accumulated, I believe, an enormous fortune, though he never postponed the claims of a poor to those of a rich or even princely man.

¹ Sir Arthur died soon after I wrote this. His book, *The Past in the Present*, will long survive him.

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But most of my friends were Hungarians, of whom Zsigmondy was my special favourite. The wounds of Hungary were then fresh and raw, and political feeling almost fierce. Once an endeavour was made to get up a national Magyar ball ; but the Government speedily prohibited it, to the great indignation of the promoters. Their time had not yet come.

Anthropology was in its infancy. But I made the acquaintance of Prof. Fitzinger, author of a fine paper on the deformed skulls, by some thought to be Avarian. When I entered his room, and before I had spoken, he addressed me thus—

“Come in ! I’m glad to see you. I don’t know who you are, but I’m certain you are a Briton, from the back of your head.”

Hedenius and I had agreed to make a short Italian tour together ; and Langell, a Swedish army doctor, Winter, a big, square, ruddy Finlander, and Percy Leslie, a Eurasian, were to join the party. We were to meet at Trieste on a certain day in the beginning of April ; but first I wished to visit Budapest. The route by the river was not yet open ; and I travelled by railway, halting at Waitzen to see the people, whom some folk think very typically Magyar, though my friend Dr. Otto Herman will not allow this. The prevailing type I found to be short, sturdy, dark of hair and skin, short-headed, and more reminiscent of the Turks than of any other people known to me. Budapest is now said to be one of the finest cities in Europe ; but fifty years ago it had not very much to boast of except the commanding position of Buda, the noble river about the size of the Rhine at Cologne, and the fine suspension bridge,

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which the inhabitants in their courtesy were always telling one had been built by an English engineer. The general aspect of things was picturesquely Oriental and irregular ; and the long-haired peasants drove their teams, with a mighty uproar, along the broad, unpaved, and deeply-rutted streets. A friend took me to see a public mineral-water bath in Buda, wherein I found perhaps 30 people of both sexes disporting themselves, the women wearing petticoats, but the men entirely raimentless.

I need hardly say that I was very hospitably treated : the Magyars have always been friendly to the English, individually and collectively. The most notable man I saw was Balassa (pronounced Ballashau), a famous surgeon, who died not long after, in the prime of life and reputation. I saw him operate. In the course of conversation he told me cancer and cataract were very prevalent among the peasantry of the Alföld (the great central plain), and he could not suggest any reason for this, " unless," said he, " it may be their diet, which consists chiefly of boiled flour and grease." He was a handsome man, tall and loosely made ; and when in after years I saw Sir W. McEwan, the great Glasgow surgeon, I was at once reminded of him.

Returning to Vienna, I at once left it for the south ; but on the first day could get no farther than Glognitz (or Glocknitz ?), a small town or long village at the foot of the Sömmering Pass, where the northernmost spur of the Alps, dividing Austria proper from Styria, is climbed by the railway in a succession of tunnels, viaducts, and inclines, at that

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time almost without example in the world, the whole ascent being, I think, as much as 2,000 feet.

I had with me an intelligent young workman, an engineer from North Germany, who told me he was leaving Vienna partly because he found himself, as a zealous Protestant, somewhat uncomfortable there. We entered the town, and sought quarters for the night. There were four inns in Gloggnitz. The host at the first one to which I applied told me the rekrutirung was going on, and his house was quite full; and we got the same answer at each of the other three. Then we tried them all a second time; and at last the host of the fourth inn, with a beaming smile, gave way.

“I’ve two lieutenants, my good sir, in a double-bedded room. I’ll turn them out, and give them shakedowns in the passage, and you and your friend shall have the beds.”

When we retired to bed, which we did in haste, lest worse might befall us, the whole house was almost as thick with tobacco-smoke as London air in a fog; and every corner was full of young conscripts consoling themselves with beer and song. And when we departed in the morning things had nowise altered, except that the young peasants had a rather more faded and dissipated look, having been up all night. They were rather poor in physique, I thought; and their costume, in which the jacket did not meet the breeches, and the breeches stopped short of the long boots, was not calculated to set off their figures.

We left Gloggnitz early, while the dispossessed officers were still lying in the passage. My engineer friend carried my bag, and we explored on foot the

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whole twenty miles of the Sömmering works. When we reached Grätz, he passed on by the night train, but I stayed there in order to see a sister of Bader's, the wife of Professor Weiss. It was dark, all shops were shut up, the streets were full of snow. My cabman and I searched in vain for Professor Weiss's abode. At last he asserted positively that he had found it; and I alighted, and was fool enough to pay him. He was off like the wind; and the porter of the big house "had never heard of Professor Weiss." Well, I persevered, almost hopelessly, and at length a porter gave a welcome affirmative to my inquiry. I entered the rooms of a courteous old gentleman, who on hearing my story said—

"It is true, I *am* Professor Weiss, but there are two Professors named Weiss in the University of Grätz, and I regret to say that I am the wrong one. I wish it were otherwise, so that I might have the pleasure of your visit. I can, however, direct you easily to the right man," and he did so.

The Weisses were in bed, but they got up and made me heartily welcome. We had a midnight supper, and the lady, a fine handsome woman, very like her brother, was rejoiced at hearing of him, whom she had not seen since the revolutionary days, when he had narrowly escaped hanging.

From Grätz I went on to Laybach in Carniola, a bleak-looking country, where one crosses the Save, here a much smaller river than either the Drave or the Mur, at the point where I had seen them. Here the railway ended; and I went on to Adelsberg inside a diligence. I had two companions, a sallow, black-haired, Europeanised young man, and his father, a

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stalwart, grizzled old veteran, a Turk, or at least a Moslem, from Servia. The latter and I became very friendly, talking Turkish together ; and he sang me a Turkish song, the burden of which was, " Sevastopol oldi " (Sevastopol has been).

" Now," said he, " can you explain me this ? When I was young there was always war going on, and for years I hardly ever slept in a bed, but on the ground or under a tree, in all weathers, and I never took cold. But now my son here, I sent him to the University at Vienna, and he never has slept but in a good soft bed all his life ; but in Vienna he has got a cough, and they say I must take him to Venice for the winter, or he may die. Can you explain that ? "

I thought perhaps I could, but I did not say so.

I stopped at Adelsberg, high up in a limestone country, and went some miles into the famous cave, with its huge halls and subterranean river, and peculiar fauna, compared to which what we in England have in that way, in Craven or the Peak or Mendip, is on a pigmy scale. And thence I went on to Trieste, leaving bitter winter behind, and descending suddenly upon spring. Having a letter to the superintendent of the Austrian Lloyd's Works, I took my henchman with me, and we were shown that fine establishment. The manager was most kind, and when on parting he asked what more he could do for me, I recommended my young friend, and had the pleasure of learning that he had a suitable berth just ready for such a man, and that he would instal him accordingly.

Here my travelling companions from Vienna joined me, and we crossed over to Venice. I was

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the only one of the party who had even a smattering of Italian, and was accordingly chosen captain and treasurer. We were not fortunate at Venice, where we stayed three days, for it rained nearly all the time, which took away much from the characteristic delights of the place; even the Titians and Paolo Veroneses cannot have looked their best in the dark gloomy weather. I went to see a Dr. Eissl, a German physician, for whom I had a letter. He was a tall, fair, and remarkably handsome man, of charming manners; but hectic phthisis—"la belle dame sans merci"—had him in thrall, and he knew himself doomed. My heart quite went out to the brave and unselfish victim. We discussed Lombardo-Venetian politics, and he told me of a recent happening, about which, however, my opinion was not quite the same as his.

"I like these people well enough," he said, "but they are quite impracticable. They can't expect us to abandon the country voluntarily, and in the meantime they might as well be civil, as we are. The other morning, when people got out of bed—you know the tall flag-masts in the Piazza—well, we saw the Italian flag hoisted at the top of one of them, and the ropes cut, so that it could not be taken down until it had been exposed to public gaze for several hours."

I took my company to Padua, a city too much neglected in these days, and to Verona, which, with its crest of forked battlements, and its arrowy river rushing through its middle, and all its interests of history and fiction from Theodoric the Ostrogoth to Juliet, ranks surely among the very first of Italian

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cities. It was here, near to the lion-portal of St. Zeno, that I came suddenly on my comrade Langell, apparently in discourse with a native, who at my approach walked away.

“Why, Langell! I thought you knew no Italian.”

“No more I do; but I have listened to your talk, and it seems to me you just take the Latin words, and make them all end in ‘o’, so I was trying the same plan with this native, and we seemed to be getting on tolerably well.”

Thereafter our route was: Milan, the Lakes Como and Maggiore, Novi, Genoa. In Milan, at the Scala, we saw a performance of *I Lombardi*. There was much enthusiasm of a subdued kind; and I wondered that the Austrians had permitted the piece to be enacted. Though our feelings and sympathies were with the Italians, it must be confessed that we found less of truth and honesty after bidding farewell to the Austrian flag. Of pictures at Milan, except of course the Leonardos and Luinis, I only recollect the Abraham and Hagar at the Brera Gallery, where the father of the faithful appears as a dignified old humbug. At Novi we got what mist had obscured to us from the top of the Duomo at Milan, a splendid view of the whole arc of snowy mountains, from the peak of Viso to the Rheinwald-horn or farther east. From Genoa we shipped for Civita Vecchia, but were detained on our way for some hours at Livorno, with nothing to do but to stare at a ship-load, consisting of some hundreds of Corsican peasants, on their way to work in Italy, much as the Irish used to come to England and Scotland for the summer. And I was

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struck with the likeness which many of them showed to the Irish in physical type.

We arrived at Rome immediately before the Holy Week, and had much difficulty in obtaining quarters, which we ultimately got at the top of a tall house somewhere near the Pantheon. Then ensued ten or eleven days of hard but very agreeable work. We saw some things which belonged to a regime now bypast, saw the Pope carried in state with his chair and ostrich feathers, saw the illumination of St. Peter's, and joined in the scramble for the parchment copy of the benediction, which the Pope threw to the mob after reading it from the frontal gallery. Then there were the Swiss Guards, in their quaintly-brilliant uniform, stalwart men, such as one seldom sees in Switzerland itself, but such as used to wield two-handed swords and morgensterns at Sempach or Morgarten. I have little doubt that the average stature has declined in Switzerland and Swabia, through the constant drain during centuries of the finest men as mercenaries, etc. I found great favour in their eyes, because I spoke German to them with a southern accent, and was passed in by them to functions whence they excluded faultlessly-dressed and wealthy-looking foreigners who had not that Shibboleth. My raiment was German, and shabby at that, and the way in which my supercilious countrymen glared at me on these occasions was amusing.

In the church of the Trinita de' Monti is a fine picture ("The Communion of St. Jerome," if I recollect rightly), which I much desired to see. The nuns to whom the church belonged gave a much-

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besought musical performance in the Holy Week, but it was not everybody who could gain admittance. I presented myself at the appointed time, and waited until I saw a large and devout-looking Italian family approach the door. Among them I "sandwiched" myself, and entered without question. After a satisfactory interview with the picture, not caring about the music, I sallied forth, and found Francis Tuckett, the famous Alpinist, and another English friend of mine (and cousin of his) gazing wistfully at the portal, having abandoned hope, but not got in.

"Why, how on earth did you get in? They wouldn't have us; and I am sure we look more respectable than you do."

As we spoke, up came another cousin, Dr. Wilson Fox, afterwards physician to Queen Victoria, but cut off just when he was reaching the highest rank in his profession. He was a tall and singularly handsome man, was attired in full evening dress, and carried a large and richly-gilt church service that might have been a breviary. After much chaff and discouragement from us, he advanced to the door. His appearance was enough; he came, was seen, and conquered, and his cousins were left lamenting.

A few words about copies. When I saw Guido's "Hope," it was on an easel, and a Roman artist had nearly finished a copy of it. I was told he had spent a large part of his life in making copies of that same picture, and he had certainly attained to a marvellous degree of perfection: one could hardly see any inferiority to the original in the copy. On the other hand, in my time, no one was allowed to copy

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the head of Beatrice Cenci, and it was said that the only man who had ever succeeded in making a fair reproduction of it, was a Scotch artist named Thomson, whose method was to spend a few minutes in gazing at it on every day when it was visible to the public, and then to go straightway home with the original in his mind's eye, and work a short time at his copy.

I cannot flatter myself that I have very much appreciative power as regards sculpture, but of two things I am assured: one is, that the art is debased by being applied to inferior and unsuitable subjects; the other, that the few great masterpieces that exist (most of them antique) are infinitely superior to all copies, imitations, and the very best of second-rate performances. It is said that Canova created his Perseus as a rival to the Apollo, and that he gave it to the Vatican on condition that it also should be placed in the Belvedere. There it is; and if one enters the Belvedere by the wrong end, and sees the Perseus before the Apollo, one thinks it divinely beautiful; but if one has already seen the Apollo, one cannot bear to look at the Perseus.

I have heard it said that vipers cannot hiss, and that they never attack unless they are provoked or interfered with. But we went one day to Frascati, and mounted the hill there by a road which is bordered a few feet to the right by a row of oak trees. Winter, my Finlander, rode an ass, and I walked two or three paces behind him. As he passed one of the oak trees, a good-sized viper, which was coiled up on the roots, rose up at a distance of two or three yards at least, as if to show fight, and I heard it hiss.

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Of course, I at once cut short its life and its insulting behaviour. But I am quite certain as to the facts detailed.

Having spent all the time we could spare in Rome and its environs, we arranged with a vetturino to convey us to Naples. The weather was now fine and warm, the meadows green, and beginning to be flowery; and our journey of three days and a half was delightful.

During it I located, or thought I located, a comparatively blond area in the tract about Fondi, Itri, and Mola di Gaeta. I afterwards learned that Dr. T. Hodgkin, the elder, had made the same observation, and indeed that some other travellers were under the same impression, though I alone had put on record numerical observations. I was therefore much disappointed when I found in later years that my friend Caval^e R. Livi's conscript-maps gave but very slight confirmation to the supposed discovery. It may be that Livi's districts are too extensive to show an anomaly which may really exist in a limited area.

One evening we halted at a little town among the hills whose name I have forgotten, a place where, as is usual in Italy, one saw in the shops plenty of jewellery, very little food, and no books. The inn-keeper had a large bedroom and two small ones, all of which we bespoke. A little later arrived two English ladies with their maid, and we, on their appeal, resigned the good room to them, and retained the two little ones for our party of five. Still unsatisfied, they asked for, or rather demanded, another of our rooms, because "they could not

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possibly let the maid occupy the same room with themselves." My good Swedes would have conceded even this much to my country-women, but I would not allow them so far to indulge these haughty dames.

The Liris (Garigliano) is but a small river ; but the Volturnus, coming down from the hills of the old Samnite land, is, like the Tiber, a turbid, yellow, vicious-looking torrent, and, I should think, of quite half its volume. Beyond it we made our way rapidly towards Naples, only impeded occasionally by the demands of custom-house officials. In pacifying these I had exhausted all my money except one carlino (fourpence-halfpenny), when within about four miles of Naples we were once more brought to a stop, and an officer in a resplendent uniform issued from his den.

" Take down the gentlemen's baggage ; it must be examined."

I alighted and made my appeal, winding up by presenting him with the carlino, which he scornfully threw to the ground, whence I picked it up.

" Examine every one of those bags carefully, most—carefully—thoroughly ! "

I civilly remonstrated.

" Your fellow-officials on our road were so obliging that I gave them all I had—I could do no less. If I had been aware of your honourable existence I would certainly have reserved something more suitable for your acceptance, but"—

He stood with arms akimbo, and stared sternly at me for half a minute. I must have looked honest, for at the end of that time his countenance relaxed.

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“ Si! Signor! if you have nothing, there’s nothing to be got out of you! Put back the luggage, fellows! and, Signor! I wish you a very good journey! but, Signor” (with a smile), “ give me that carlino!” And I did so.

We did very well at Naples. A Count Sjökrone and another Swedish gentleman joined us. For the ascent of Vesuvius I took a guide, more to protect us from the mob of people who wanted to carry, or pull, or haul, or shove, or butt us up, than for any other use. He told me the Americans were the laziest race he had ever encountered. I demurred.

“ Yes,” he said, “ an American takes a pair-horse carriage as far as it can go, then he rides a pony to the foot of the cone, and lastly has himself shoved up to the top.”

The mountain was in good trim for visitors, with a large crater half-full of lava just crusted over, and criss-crossed by deepened fissures, and a cone in the middle like a great glasshouse, belching red-hot stones. One could safely approach this from windward.

At Capri we got into the Blue Grotto with a little difficulty. The sea was rough, but we made a dash at the entrance when a receding wave left it visible, lay on our backs among the fish-scales in the bottom of the boat, and worked our way in with hands and feet. It was well worth the discomfort. From Salerno we visited Pæstum, than which I suppose there is nothing finer in its way except the Parthenon. It was seldom visited in those days, from fear of brigands. Breakfasting at Amalfi, where the macaroni is certainly ambrosial, we were heavily

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overcharged. I had to pay, but Winter took the hotel album, and inserted some sort of warning to Russian travellers. The padrone was in a difficulty: there was a laudatory note on the same page.

“Is it in praise of the hotel, Signor? if not I will tear it out.”

“Do so if you will. I cannot read Russian.”

When I last looked back he was still dancing with rage on the threshold, with the book in his hand.

We walked right over Monte St. Angelo to Castellammare and Sorrento. The land and sea views were magnificent.

From Naples we went by sea to Livorno, and thence made an excursion to Pisa, Florence, and Fiesole. At Florence I bought some engravings from an English dealer. He *would* turn over the prints in his portfolios himself, not permitting me to touch them, till some sudden call took him away for a minute. Returning, he found me handling them carefully by opposite corners.

“Ah, sir,” he said, “you may turn over every print I have, if you like; but I assure you I have sometimes lost more by the careless handling of visitors than their purchases could at all repay me.”

At Florence too I dined with Dr. Wilson, then the leading physician there, and after dinner I began to question him about the local climate.

“I wish I could say something in its favour,” said he, “and of course it is to my interest to do so, but I really cannot. It is an atrocious climate, hot, cold, stuffy, and windy by turns, and treacherous always.”

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From Florence we went by Livorno to Marseilles, where we arrived with pockets quite empty. One of my Swedes hunted up his consul, and handed over to me enough money to carry me by a third-class train to Paris. The journey occupied twenty-seven hours, in a carriage of bare boards. I was lucky enough to secure a corner seat, but arrived in Paris more dead than alive, and as lean as a greyhound. I had spent £150 in the course of a six months' expedition, including purchases (engravings, cameos, etc.), and fees of all kinds. I had certainly lived hard and worked hard, but never consciously acted shabbily.

I had an amusing passage with a *douanier* at Marseilles. I could not but be amused, though I came off second best. I had had all my engravings very carefully rolled. I told the officer what the roll contained.

"Some pictures and prints are duty-free," he said, "but others not so. Are these religious pictures?"

I naturally conjectured that engravings of religious subjects had the advantage accorded to them. Mine were mostly holy families, or views of churches and the like, and I said I thought they were of a religious character.

"Ah," he said, "other engravings are free, but religious ones pay a duty! I must see them."

So I had to unroll them all. It seemed to me that he was a bit of a connoisseur, and was resolved to see them in any case.

CHAPTER VI.

BRISTOL. MEDICAL PRACTICE.

AFTER returning from the Continent in May, 1857, and paying visits to Worcestershire and Berwickshire, I settled down at Clifton, Bristol, to wait for practice as a physician. It was an imprudent move, as the way was really very completely blocked. Dr. John Addington Symonds, father of the gifted author of the same name, had the best practice of the kind out of London. He was a man of remarkable ability, character and general accomplishments, and still in middle life. William Budd, a man of brilliant genius, and Brittan, also of fair ability, and two or three younger men, were all in reality waiting for the reversion; and I often and long had occasion to recollect my friend Sir Charles Hastings' prediction.

A vacancy occurred in the Bristol Infirmary immediately after my arrival, for which I became a candidate; but the result was a foregone conclusion. Dr. Edward Long Fox, a young man with great local interest, but who had only just taken his degree, obtained the appointment. He was a man of fine nature and great industry and perseverance; and we became great friends, though always rivals in practice. In after years we were for a considerable period the two leading physicians of Bristol; but he

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had always the larger clientele, though mine was at least as good in quality.

A dispensary appointment furnished me with the opportunity of doing a considerable amount of gratuitous work, and this I retained until, in a few years, another vacancy occurred at the Infirmary. This time I had practically a walk-over.

I do not propose, in these memoirs, to trouble or perplex my readers with purely professional topics ; but the following incidents will be, I apprehend, of general interest.

A ship-watchman presented himself at the Dispensary with symptoms exactly corresponding to those of delirium tremens of rather mild type. After a careful investigation I was satisfied that the man was not only not a drunkard, but seldom tasted alcoholic liquor of any kind. He was, however, a very heavy and constant smoker of strong tobacco, which was obviously his enemy ; and with some difficulty, and contrary to expectation, I succeeded in inducing him to abandon the habit. The symptoms disappeared, but shortly afterwards recurred. I charged the man with having relapsed into smoking, but this both he and his wife strenuously denied.

“ We had a long talk, sir, about what you was so kind as tell us ; and he resolved as he never would smoke at all no more : and so, sir, *he's taken to chewing instead !* ”

A carpenter and his wife, decent, intelligent people, had five boys of whom the second, third and fourth were deaf and dumb. The fifth stammered, but the first-born spoke and heard perfectly well. I expressed my wonder and curiosity to the wife.

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“ Between ourselves, sir,” she said, “ I ’ll tell you the truth. When I married my husband was all I could wish, but after our first child was born he took to drinking heavily, and he continued to do so for some years, during which time three more children were born, all deaf and dumb and afflicted as you are aware. Then, by God’s blessing, my husband reformed, and was persuaded to become and continue teetotal. And my last child was conceived after his father’s reformation.”

I do not think this true history accords with Weissman’s doctrine.

In 1857, the year preceding my marriage, I made some short visits to Berwickshire; this included a night journey from Bristol to Berwick, and a five-mile walk, thence to Foulden, along a road which Sir David Wilkie, who was familiar with it, thought to command one of the finest prospects in Britain. It runs along the base of Halidon Hill of slaughterous memory; and one has in view the champaign of the fertile Merse, the vales of Tweed and Teviot, the whole range of Cheviot, the Eildon Hills and Rubers Law, and Hume Castle and Smailholm’s ghostly tower silhouetted against the sky.

In 1858 our long engagement ended, and we were married at Foulden on September 15th, by the Rev. James Logan, of Swinton. Much interest was shown in the event, the Christison family having for many years been known far and near in the county, and amidst the rather wild enthusiasm of the villagers we started for the land of Scott.

We settled down in Clifton, and began house-keeping in a modest way.

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In those days we had a frequent guest in the person of Count Szimonyi, a Hungarian refugee, who had escaped from the butchery which followed the Austro-Russian conquest of his country, and was making a scanty living as a photographer at the corner of College Green. These Magyar exiles were mostly fine, manly fellows, who scorned to live on charity while by any honest means they could procure "bread in the widest sense."

"I found myself once," said Szimonyi to me "at one of your village fairs, where there was what you call a caravan with a giant and a dwarf and a fat woman—admission twopence. I do not know how it was, for I had very few pence, but I paid my twopence and went in. Then I saw in a corner a man playing a what-you-call hurdy-gurdy, the music of the *établissement*. Something in his face struck me; I looked again. He was one of our most distinguished generals!"

Szimonyi's subsequent career was noteworthy. After he had spent some years in Bristol and some in Bridgwater, where a friend found him employment, the political situation in Hungary improved, and Count Szimonyi returned to his native country, recovered his estates, was elected member of the Diet, and became leader of the Radical party therein. Years afterwards it happened that I came home one day in the afternoon, and the servant who opened the door said, in answer to the usual question—

"No patients waiting, sir. Only a gentleman, a foreigner I think, who says he is an old friend, but not a patient."

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He proved to be Szimonyi. Presently, in reply to my question what brought him back to England, he said—

“ When you knew me here I was very poor, as you were aware. I had sold the jewelled buttons off my national dress for necessaries from time to time. I fed plainly and scantily, but my spirits were good, and my appetite and digestion were excellent. But now of late, whether it is the being so constantly in the Diet and taking too little exercise, or whether it is the food and cookery, or what, I know not ; but my digestion is a matter of history, and my spirits are deplorable. So I thought I would take a run to England, and try to approximate, in at least some respects, to the former conditions.”

Our most valued friends at this period were Dr. Henry Hurry Goodeve and his wife, the friendship dating from our Renkioi days. Goodeve traced his maternal descent from the family of Sir John Hurry, the famous soldier of fortune who shared the fate of Montrose : on the other side he was uncle to the Earl of Mar. He married while still a mere youth, assisting his brother as lecturer on anatomy in the Bristol Medical School. Before leaving for India, there to push his fortune, he confided to his young wife his desire, if successful, to build himself a house on a certain “ coign of vantage ” overhanging the Avon, on which then stood a tower of uncertain date. To this tower tradition had attached the well-known story illustrative of the inexorability of fate, of the young man destined to perish before his twenty-first birthday, and shut up in a tower for safety, but done to death

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on the last possible day by a viper concealed in a bundle of firewood.

Goodeve took out to Calcutta, among other introductions, one addressed to William Cameron, an uncle of my wife, who had then the leading medical practice in the city. He asked the new-comer what kind of post he was seeking.

"I should like to get a staff-appointment in Calcutta," replied Goodeve.

"Young man," said Cameron, "would you like a slice of the moon?"

Goodeve was sent to an up-country station; but within a few years the Calcutta Medical School was set on foot, and as he was the only man in India who had ever lectured on anatomy, he was appointed to that professorship. He at once entered on private practice in the city, and soon distanced all competitors, Cameron himself finding it expedient to retire on the post of Apothecary-General of the Forces.

Goodeve had a cousin named Hurry, who was during many years Editor of the *Englishman*, the leading Calcutta newspaper. He was once in financial difficulties owing to the failure of some speculation; and one day a bailiff, driving a buggy, chased him with a writ. Hurry fled to his cousin's house, rushed up the stair to Mrs. Goodeve's room, and craved and obtained admission. The bailiff followed and battered the door. Meanwhile Hurry leaped out of the window, annexed the bailiff's buggy, and drove off to Chandernagore, the neighbouring French settlement, where, of course, the King's writ did not count for anything.

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When Goodeve's labours began to tell upon him seriously, and he had amassed a sufficient fortune, he conceived and carried out a move of considerable ultimate importance. Returning to England, he took with him four of his most promising students, and supervised in London the completion of their medical education. Two of these, particularly one Soorjucumar Chuckerbutty, achieved considerable distinction; and this experiment of Goodeve's was the small beginning of the great afflux of Indian students to our Universities and colleges which continues to the present day.

When he returned to England from Turkey a few years later, the site he so much desired had just come into the market, and he was able to become its purchaser, and to build his long-projected mansion upon it. The results of a wound in the face gave him a singularly martial air. Those who knew only that he had been wounded, almost fatally, in a tiger hunt, naturally supposed he had been clawed by the tiger, but it was really a stray bullet that had nearly killed him. He lost his admirable wife early, sought consolation in public work, and survived till 1883 or 1884.

A few years after settling in Bristol I came into contact with Dr. Wolff, of Bokhara fame, who was paying a visit to a clergyman in the neighbourhood. The talk turning on oriental antiquities, I happened to quote Assemani.

"What," said the old man, "have you read Assemani?"

"Oh, no, I have only dipped into him!"

But that was enough; he devoted himself to me,

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and told me all sorts of interesting things, for example, how the Propaganda sent a man to convert and Catholicise the curious little sect of worshippers of John the Baptist at Bassora, and how he wrote to Rome that he had completely succeeded; but also how, soon after, this priest heard that the converts had gone down to the river, and were holding a baptism according to their rite; how he sent for their elders, and wrathfully asked whether they had not embraced Catholicism, and they replied—

“Yes, but on conditions.”

“What conditions?”

“Firstly, that you give us a handsome gratuity; secondly, that you get the Turkish Government to reduce our taxes; thirdly, that we shall be allowed to continue to practise all the rites of our own religion as well as those of yours; and fourthly, that no priest of your religion shall be present with any one of us when he dies.”

The priest packed up his belongings and started, much crestfallen, for Rome.

It is not possible for me to arrange the occurrences of the next quarter of a century, during which I continued to practise as a physician in Bristol, in anything like chronological order. I will therefore try to classify my recollections of this period according to their subjects.

The following medical cases possess a considerable psychological interest.

A middle-aged peasant woman, of the black, nervous, unstable Welsh type, was admitted into the Bristol Infirmary under me with symptoms unrecognised, but which proved to be the initial ones

of a mild attack of smallpox. She was relegated to a garret to prevent the spreading of the infection. There she saw nobody except her nurse and myself, and had no doubt a fine opportunity for brooding. But she was well on her way towards recovery, when she announced to the nurse that she would die next day before midnight ; and in spite of all attempts that were made to cheer and enliven her, or to divert her thoughts, she actually did die, not exactly at midnight, but about an hour afterwards.

The other case was much more remarkable. It was that of a Sleswick skipper, of Apenrade, a fine, stalwart, intelligent man, whom I saw at the request of my friend Dr. David Davies. Davies remarked that the patient had made up his mind to die, though he had no discoverable disease. I examined him : there was nothing wrong that I could detect, except about half a degree of elevation in the temperature. He then detailed to us his story. He had brought with him from Apenrade, at his own request, a young lad nearly related to him, and to whom he was much attached. The lad was to act as cabin-boy, and was strictly forbidden to go aloft. He disobeyed, fell from the yard-arm, and was killed on the spot. This happened in the Bristol Channel ; and Captain Braun brought the poor boy's corpse to Bristol for burial there. While lying in his bed, broad awake, as he repeatedly insisted, he saw the figure of the lad by his bedside.

“ Ah, Captain Braun,” it said, “ to-night you lie in your bed, but in a week's time you will lie with me ! ”

Braun understood this to mean that he himself

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would die within a week, and he was confident that such would be the case.

I agreed with Dr. Davies that the man would die, though we could find no physical cause for such a catastrophe. We took all the measures we could think of to sustain the physical and moral power of our patient, and wired to Apenrade urgently for his wife. A dense fog in the mouth of the Thames delayed her arrival: she was too late by a few hours. I have often wondered whether her presence could have exorcised the angel of death.

I had the character of being a good witness in courts of law—the character, that is, of knowing and saying what I meant. Once I had a little encounter with Mr. Lopez, afterwards Lord Ludlow and a judge, but then leader of the Western Circuit. My client was a tradesman who claimed to have had his eyesight impaired by a blow on the left side of the head in an accident on the Great Western Railway. The case was not quite satisfactory, but the jury gave the man fair damages. When Mr. Lopez rose to cross-examine me he tried to confuse me.

“A dimness! That’s a very indefinite term. Kindly tell the jury precisely what you mean by dimness in plain English,” etc., etc.

I replied—

“You must please, sir, to remember that the dimness was in the plaintiff’s eye and not in mine.”

Lopez laughed.

“Ah, well! Dr. Beddoe, you may go down.”

In another railway accident case a Bristol clergyman, the Rev. A. B., and his wife were witnesses for the plaintiff. At luncheon time we three

adjourned to an eating-house, where Mr. B. occupied all his spare time in teaching Mrs. B. how to comport herself in the witness-box, how to keep cool, avoid being flurried, and so forth. On our return to the court he was at once called up; and when the opposing counsel got hold of him he quite lost his presence of mind, and let himself be turned upside down and inside out; in short, I never heard a man make a greater fool of himself. When at last he was mercifully released, his wife entered the box. She was a comely person, and looked round the court with an air of modest confidence that well became her, gave her evidence clearly, followed the sage advice which her poor husband had so conspicuously neglected, walked over the opposing counsel's pitfalls like Queen Emma over the hot ploughshares, and descended from the box with the odour of triumph about her.

I kept the Infirmary appointment eleven years, by which time, Dr. Symonds having quitted the scene, my private practice had grown to such an extent that the work was beyond my strength. In those days the visiting physicians were expected to attend to the out- as well as the in-patients; and out-patient practice, if one really gives one's mind to it, is both laborious and unsatisfactory. It is a standing medical grievance to this day, though the burden has been shifted to other and younger shoulders. I personally had some compensation in the opportunities of ethnological observation which it afforded. I always noted down the name, age, sex, conjugal status, birthplace, and colour of hair and eyes of my patients, and the resulting statistics led me to the

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conclusion that conjugal selection might have much to do with change of type. In 1863 I published a paper based on these observations, and entitled *On the Supposed Increasing Prevalence of Dark Hair in England*, which Darwin having read, wrote me that my conclusion would be of considerable service to him if absolutely trustworthy, but that he would like to know first whether I could suspect any flaw in the reasoning. On thinking the matter over carefully I found such a flaw, and acquainted him with it. It was connected with the varying age of the material: hair continues to darken long after adolescence, in fact until it begins to grizzle. Darwin therefore did not use my figures; and this is one out of so very many instances of his caution and absolute candour. My idea, however, which De Candolle in Switzerland and I in England hit upon independently, and as I fancy about the same time, has since established itself among anthropologists.

The following characteristic letter is one of those which Darwin wrote to me on this subject:—

“ *Beckenham Down,*

“ *Kent, August 24th.*

“ *Dear Sir,*

“ *I thank you sincerely for your note and information, and for the extremely kind manner in which you have conferred this great kindness upon me.*

“ *The case strikes me as very curious. I should so little have anticipated the result that I should never, had the point occurred to me, (have) taken the great trouble to tabulate so many cases. One of my sons, who is a very good mathematician, has been dividing*

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your two tables in different ways to test them, but finds the results agreeing quite as closely as could be expected. I have not yet quite made up my mind how I shall give your results, but I think under the threefold division of the hair.

"I can well believe that you must be much over-worked, and this enhances your kindness in tabulating your new results for me. Should you work out the table of the women above and below thirty-five, I should certainly like much to hear what the result proves.

"I am much obliged for your promise to send me your statistics on stature, and with my sincere thanks,

"I am, yours, etc.,

"CHARLES DARWIN.

William Budd, whom I succeeded at the Infirmary, was, as I have said, a man of genius. He must have derived it from his mother, a little black, wiry, Dartmoor woman, whom I recollect taking down to dinner when she was over ninety years of age. The father was a country doctor at North Tawton, and they had nine sons.

"We had no money," the old lady told me, "but I *knew* we had brains. I scraped and skinned flints till I had enough to send my eldest to Cambridge. Then when he came home in vacations I made him coach his two next brothers; and going on in that way, I managed to give the whole nine a university education."

Long before Pasteur's and Lister's discoveries revolutionised surgery and afterwards medicine, Budd proclaimed the infectiousness of consumption and prophesied its extinction. He did not live to

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see the adoption of his views. After Symonds died, worn out with intellectual labour, an aged man at sixty, Budd came into an amount of practice which he described as "colossal." It was too much for him also: he soon collapsed, and the vivacious, eloquent, imaginative, genial man died a silent melancholiac.

As to the treatment of pulmonary consumption, the improvement therein seems to me overrated. There is less of the disease, but the results as published of sanatorium treatment are not very brilliant. Our pathology was wrong; but my contemporaries often cured phthisis or saw it cure itself, or sent their patients to the Riverina or to Bloemfontein, or Davos or Colorado or Jauja, with excellent results.

One day a tall skeleton of a carpenter presented himself for admission to the Infirmary. He had a big cavity in each lung, and by the rules was inadmissible. I pointed out this to him; but he pleaded hard for a chance, alleging that he had spent all his savings in doctors and drugs, and that there was nothing left for him and his but the workhouse. I said I would break the rules for him, and did so, on condition that he would at once go out if the bed was wanted.

About three months later Stead came to me in the ward and requested his discharge. I demurred.

"Why do you wish to go out? Is anything wrong? You seem to be making excellent progress."

"That's just it, sir! I think I am quite fit to work, and you might be curing another poor fellow in that same bed."

I let him go: he came to show himself once or twice, and then I lost sight of him. Three or four

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years afterwards I was returning from a consultation at Shirehampton, and my horses slackened pace near the foot of a long hill. Just then a tall man with a bag of tools on his broad shoulders shot past us at about four and a-half miles an hour. Something in his appearance struck me. I leaped out, put on steam, and overtook the carpenter. Sure enough it was Stead, and he told me he had never lost a day's work since he left the Infirmary.

My wife and I were both members of the Board of Governors of the Bristol Endowed Schools. It included some of the leading men of Bristol, with Susanna and Catherine Winkworth, the friend of Bunsen and the authoress of the *Lyra Germanica*. One of these schools was the Bristol Grammar School, whose headmaster for many years was Dr. Caldicott, a tall, dark man of commanding presence and considerable ability, and a leader of the Liberal party in the city. In the affairs of the school, which he aimed to maintain in the highest grade, we were allies, but in politics quite otherwise. I met him one day when Parnell had been making himself very unpleasant to Gladstone and his followers; and Caldicott abused him roughly, winding up by calling him a fool.

"No, Caldicott," I said, "he is no fool, but a statesman, a man who knows what he wants and means to get it. What is more, the day will come when your party will give him what he desires."

"No, never! impossible! We will never do that," quoth he, "never, under any circumstances."

I shook my head, and we parted. Few years had elapsed when Gladstone gave way to the enemy

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rather than quit office ; and I put my friend to confusion by reminding him of this conversation.

Two examiners appeared periodically to test progress at the Grammar School. One was a heavy, square-headed, musical mathematician ; the other was Thorold Rogers, whom I remember as having bright grey eyes and a dome-like forehead, a mind stored with humorous anecdotes, with a vein of poetry beneath, and below that again the persevering industry that produced his great books on *Work and Wages*.

CHAPTER VII.

IRELAND AND BRETAGNE.

DURING the decade 1860-70 I made four expeditions to Ireland, generally in excellent company. The nucleus of the party was Dr. Thomas A. Wise, of Rostellan Castle, co. Cork, well known as a Scottish archæologist of great erudition and original views, the author of *Paganism in Caledonia*, and several other works, including a laborious history of Hindu medicine. Then there were Barnard Davis, much occupied with Irish craniology; Windele, of Cork, who did the antiquarian part of the S. C. Halls' book on Ireland; and Father Murray, of Kilcolman (where Edmund Spencer's property lay), an amiable and cultured Catholic priest. But sometimes the party dwindled to two or three of the first-named, always including myself. These little tours brought me into contact also with Dr. Stokes, the leading Irish physician of the day, and with the brilliant Sir William Wilde, father of the unhappy Oscar, and husband of "Speranza."¹

In the first of them Wilde conducted Barnard Davis and myself, and a few Dublin men, to the

¹ Speranza was a large, heavy, handsome, "black-a-vized" woman, a perfect contrast to her husband in almost all respects. He was a loyalist, she of course a rampant rebel. Like Lady Fairfax, she got up in the gallery (when during the trial of Thomas Davis for treason the prosecuting counsel accused him of having written a certain seditious song), and exclaimed, in her rich, deep contralto, "Davis never wrote that song! I wrote it!"

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wonderful ancient mounds on the Boyne. He was a lean, slender man, with long, sharp features and "wolf-grey" hair, like that of Egil Skallagrimson in the saga. He had cut out a quantity of work for us, and delivered several lectures from the tops of standing stones or other points of vantage, beginning as soon as he had clambered up, and finishing his peroration in the air as he leaped down, after which he ran like a greyhound across country to the next of his extempore rostra, where I, nearly as lean as himself, generally came in a bad second, and the rest were nowhere.

Dr. Wise occupied Rostellan Castle, a huge, gaunt building close to Cork Harbour, and managed the estate, which he had purchased for his brother, a wealthy indigo planter, on the decease of the last Marquis of Thomond, the chief of the O'Brians. I visited with him a holy well at Kilteskin, where we found a great gathering of native devotees. On seeing Dr. Wise, a tall old man of venerable aspect, with fine features and long white locks, arose from among the crowd and delivered in unfaltering English a truly eloquent oration, telling how the people had ceased to regret their ancient lords of their own kin, in their gratitude for the benevolent and skilful rule of the new proprietor.

I recollect another old man, of the same noble physical type, whom we afterwards encountered in Kerry. We had climbed a mountain somewhere between Dingle and Tralee, to see a mysterious, formless ruin called Leaba Cuchullin (Cuchullin's Bed). On our way down we halted at a cluster of cabins near a small lake, which was said to be inhabited by

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a P'hooka or kelpie, about which Windele wished to make some inquiries. The natives professed to know nothing.

"But," they said, "there's Mither O'Donnell, he'd maybe know."

They pointed to a cabin a trifle better looking than the rest. O'Donnell came out, and engaged in talk about the P'hooka. Meanwhile I pointed out to another of our party the remains of the Spanish fort at Smerwick, which stood out clear against the sky at a distance of many miles. The old man broke off the talk and exclaimed, "Ah, you're looking at the Fort del Oré! You Englishmen didn't behave well in that business. Those men surrendered on the promise of quarter, and you didn't keep it."¹

I shifted my ground, not being fain of the subject.

"How comes it, Mr. O'Donnell, that we meet you here in Kerry, rather than in your own land of Donegal?"

"Well, you will perhaps remember, sir, that when Red Hugh O'Donnell was in rebellion against Elizabeth he was for about two years in hiding here in Kerry. Well, he married a girl of this country, and I am lineally descended from them."

From his appearance, one would have said that he might really retain some strain of that noble old stock. The whole incident "gave one furiously to think."

On another expedition we visited Cashel, and saw the famous rock, like an acropolis, rising from

¹ Those who have little acquaintance with the history of Munster may find the story referred to in Kingsley's *Westward Ho!*

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among the hovels of the "city," and crowned by the exquisitely lovely Cormac's Chapel, and by the ruins of the cathedral which the Earl of Kildare excused himself for burning "because he thought the archbishop was inside."

On our way back to the railway we passed a large turnip field, wherein were nearly a score of men and women engaged in hoeing. Suddenly, as we passed, they dropped their tools, separated into two troops, then ran together again, and took to fighting furiously, at which we left them, much wondering what was the bone of contention.

Two of our expeditions were devoted almost entirely to Kerry, a land fertile in ancient churches and oratories, and primeval forts and old neglected burying-grounds, whence crania are or were easily amassed. Nothing was to me more interesting than Gallerus, a little seventh century church of dry stone, constructed like the edifices at Mykenæ and Orchomenus, without the use of the arch, by the employment of approximated and successive layers of mortarless stone. It is or was absolutely perfect. We saw also some hamlets of beehive huts, constructed in a similar but ruder manner, and were told that one such hut, on the Blasquet island, was still inhabited. There is one such in the centre of the fine fort of Cahir Gal, wherein lay, and perhaps still lies, a good specimen of the old pounding-stone, the predecessor of the quern, which I still regret not having looted. Perhaps, however, it has long ere this found a safe place of rest in some museum.

I measured a considerable number (thirty or more) of living heads, and observed the eyes and hair of

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hundreds of subjects. The heads were almost all got by stratagem. Whenever a group of eligible peasants had collected around our party, two of us would get up a dispute as to which had the larger head, and I was called in to settle the doubt with my callipers and tape. The interest of Paddy was quickly excited ; before I had finished several of the bystanders would be wagering on the respective sizes of their own heads, and begging me to settle their differences by measurement. But such people, if approached directly, always broke away at once, suspecting some concealed mischief devised by " Government."

The acquisition of skulls also had its difficulties. These relics lay about or rather cropped up in old or deserted burial-grounds, apparently quite uncared for ; but their open abstraction would have aroused bitter feeling, and perhaps active opposition. Those were the days of crinoline, and I was told that a well-known professor in Galway College, accompanied by his wife, made a very good bag by utilising that capacious garment for the storage and abstraction of the crania. I had only the large pockets of a shooting-jacket, and the plunder had always to be transferred thither in the presence of a few natives, whose attention had to be drawn and held by my companions ; but this was always successfully accomplished. Barnard Davis received the stolen goods, and they all now repose in the Museum of the London College of Surgeons. I think it was in Kilmelkador graveyard that we found a large and beautiful stone cross lying in perhaps a score of fragments, but arranged in proper order. Of this more anon.

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I returned alone by way of Dublin. At Charleville a little incident occurred. My companions in the railway carriage were two Englishmen, bagmen apparently. The station was crowded with young people (of both sexes, but mostly males) who were about to emigrate, and with their friends and relations who had come to see them depart. As usual on such occasions, the women wept profusely, and their wailing was most distressing. But the Englishmen were unmoved.

“A good riddance of bad rubbish,” said one to the other; “these idle fellows will make room for industrious English and Scotchmen.”

I halted at Kildare to see the fine round tower, and slept, or tried to sleep, at the inn. The difficulty arose from the almost spherical form of the straw bed. One felt as if tumbling off on both sides at once.

In Dublin I called on Stokes, who asked whether I knew Petrie of the Round Towers. I said I wished I did.

“Then,” said he, “be off, and catch the five o’clock train for Howth, where he’s staying with my wife. I’ll catch that train, too, if I can manage it.”

He did manage it, and I spent a most delightful evening. The weather was splendid, and so was the view of the bay, and we sat much of the time on the hill enjoying it.

Petrie was old and infirm, a fine, venerable figure. He died within a year or two after. I told him what I had seen and heard at Charleville, omitting what the bagmen had said.

“Ah,” he said, “what a pity it is! All the vigour

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and spirit, and ambition and beauty are being drained away from the land ; and the old and the ugly, and the halt and the blind and the foolish are left behind."

Stokes's physiognomy was a sufficient proof that a fine nature and great abilities may go with an ugly and prognathous countenance. Syme, the great surgeon, was another instance of the same thing. In both cases the keen blue-grey eye was a redeeming feature. Stokes was full of good stories. I cannot resist repeating one of them.

In a certain parish in the north of Ireland lived a cattle-farmer named McCraw. He was a Protestant, but his herdsman was a Catholic.

There came a murrain among the cattle, and several of them died. The herdsman, when all attempts at treatment of the disease seemed to fail, ventured to advise his master to apply for assistance to the priest. McCraw scouted his advice, and d——d him and his priest. Still the plague went on, and beast after beast perished, until the herdsman plucked up courage to repeat his advice. This time his master proved more amenable. Almost hopeless, he went to the priest, and laid the case before him.

"There's no saying," said he, "but in course there's the prayers of the church. I might be saying them, but it'd cost you something."

"How much?" said McCraw.

"Five pounds."

The farmer laid a five pound note on the table and departed. Strange to say, the murrain abated, and there were no deaths after that day.

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A fortnight later the rector was riding to church, and McCraw joined him on the road, as he had often done before. They came to a place where the road to the Catholic chapel diverged to the right and downhill. McCraw held on, the rector eyeing him curiously.

“Why, McCraw!” said he, “I fancied your road would have lain down the hill.”

“No, no, minister!” replied the farmer; “I was born a Protestant, and I’ll die a Protestant. But I’ll tell you what, minister, Popery may be a d——d bad religion for Christians, but it’s fine for the cattle.”

Next day I went to see Sir William Wilde, and to give him an account of our proceedings in Kerry. He was specially interested in what I told him about a cross at Kilmelkador (or wherever it was, for I am not quite certain now).

“Now,” said he, “I must tell you the story of that cross, for I have had much to do with it. When I was there I felt sure there must once have been a cross in such a churchyard as that; and I was confirmed in my belief by discovering a large and unmistakable fragment among the nettles. So I said to the bystanders, of whom there were several gaping around, ‘See here! here’s a threepenny-bit for every man that brings me a big stone with marks like this, and a screw of tobacco for him that brings a little bit.’ So they dispersed, and grubbed away among nettles and brambles; and presently big bits and little bits came streaming in, and I disposed them in their proper places on the ground, till I saw the cross was almost complete. Then I heard a

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mighty hullabaloo about a cottage some fifty yards away. I went to see what it was all about, and sure enough one of my emissaries had found a bit of the cross in the gable of the cabin, and he had got it out, and he and the inhabitant were just having a scrimmage about the ownership of it. Two three-penny-bits settled the dispute, and satisfied both the combatants. Then the cross was practically complete. I called on the priest, and asked him to extend the ægis of his protection over it. He proved to be an unmitigated boor, refused my request, did not see what a d——d Protestant had to do with such a matter, and told me pretty plainly to mind my own business. But I was even with him. I wrote straightway to John McHale,¹ and laid the case before him, and by return of post that offensive priest got a missive from John of Tuam, ordering him to excommunicate by bell, book, and candle any and every spalpeen that should dare to injure or derange the cross.

Another of our expeditions had the islands of Aran for its principal object. We travelled from Rostellan by way of Athlone to Galway, which place we duly *did*, lamented over its decadence, watched from the bridge the salmon "jostling each other" in the too short but copious stream of the Corrib, and made acquaintance with the fishermen of the Claddagh. These I found, by the way, to be very frequently blond, as is the case in so many other British fishing communities, though not in all.

¹ John McHale was then Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, a very striking personality, vigorous in good and evil, a strong ruler, and an obstreperous rebel.

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We drove to a point on the coast about twenty miles west of Galway, and there took boat for Aranmore. It was a small rowing-boat, and the sea was rough, and the passengers, especially Windele, sacrificed freely to Neptune, or Manannan Mac a Lyr, or whoever rules these Hibernian waves. Nor did the Atlantic Hotel furnish any luxuries to console its bedraggled guests. But there was plenty of clean straw to lie on, and there were fish, and butter and oatcake, and milk, and we did not do so badly after all. Moreover, there was whiskey; and Windele, having somewhat comforted himself therewith, thought that it might be further utilised for the acquisition of local folk-lore. The oldest inhabitant was therefore requisitioned, and the necessary alcohol administered; but it was not until the third glass that he began to be at all communicative. And even then, oh, bitter disappointment! all he would give was a long-winded version of the story of the last Danes and the heather-beer, which was of course familiar to all of us. Then Windele arose, full of wrath at the fruitless expenditure of time and whiskey, and kicked out the astonished patriarch with much execration. I was the only gainer, for I had furtively taken the old man's portrait. I suppose none of the smaller British islands exceed Aranmore in interest, taking everything into account, though Iona and the Skelligs and St. Kilda do so in special directions. We spent two days there, a period all too short, but long enough for me to get several sketches of forts, buildings, and cliffs, to tabulate the hair and eyes of a large fraction of the population, a work which Haddon and C. Browne

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have since completed, and to annex a couple of skulls of great but unknown antiquity from the sandy floor of an ancient oratory. We had thought to have visited the southern isle of the group, but that can only be accomplished when the weather is favourable, and with us a storm was brewing. We had bargained for a passage to Galway in a little hooker that carried the mails, but on the appointed morning the sea was so rough that the skipper was doubtful about starting. And Windele protested that he would rather bide on the island "the rest of his natural life" than face the seas of Galway Bay. At last, however, the skipper made signal that he was going to heave his anchor. We bundled Windele, willy-nilly, into the boat, and gained the deck of the hooker. The wind was abaft, and a couple of hours brought us to Galway pier, much rejoiced, but wet to the skin. Every man left a long trail of wet on the pavement as we made for Daly's Hotel; but there, oh joy! we found old Professor Alman and a big fire which he had ordered; and that and his society soon thawed and dried us.

The rest of our party now dispersed and went to their several homes; but I had seen Wilde's name in the hotel book as having gone westwards a day or two before, and I resolved on a visit to Connemara. Sir William had a country lodge on the Killeries, "a lodge in a vast wilderness," but with no "contiguity of shade" (for there was not a tree in the neighbourhood), which he had offered to me and my family as country quarters, and I knew he must be there. So I went westwards, over the dreary, stony wilderness, and through the hills of Joyce's country, and

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put up for the night at Leenane Inn ; then rising in the early morning, I walked the five miles to Wilde's place before breakfast. It was on a small peninsula in a lake, and I saw the peat-smoke rising cheerfully from it, and promising food. When I arrived, there were Wilde and Professor Tyrrell, of the Catholic University, at breakfast on broiled trout ; and when he saw me, Wilde turned to the fire and began broiling more trout, while Tyrrell watered the tea and began to pour it out, which the other observing—

“ What are you at, Tyrrell ? ” says he, “ would you be afther poisoning the Saxon with that water bewitched ? You shouldn't visit on the individual the wrongs of his race.”

He was very proud of his sash-windows, which he said were the only ones in Connemara ; but when it came to exhibiting them, it was found that they would neither open nor shut.

I went on to Clifden, where the population, despite the English name of the place, appeared to consist almost wholly of the small, dark, well-featured western race. The sight of a very fair Saxon-featured girl at a baker's shop-door almost startled me, but on looking higher, I saw over the shop the name of Freyer. A German baker had made his way so far to the west. My landlord, an intelligent man named Hart (*i.e.* MacArt), told me there were among the natives families or septs considered to be of servile race, and who had some difficulties in marrying on that account, much like the Cagots in France. He pointed out a specimen, whose name was Conneely, and who was a short, dark, broad-featured, somewhat Mongoloid style of man. But

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Dr. Browne's investigations among the coastmen and islanders of Connaught, which show large and curious diversities in colour, do not, I think, lend support to this observation of mine.

In yet another expedition I started from Rostellan Castle, with Dr. Wise as my sole companion, the three others joining the company later on. We visited Youghal and Sir Walter Raleigh's potato-garden, and the supposed scene of the tobacco-extinguishing episode. We voyaged up the beautiful Blackwater, and saw Cappoquin and lovely Lismore. We climbed over Knockmeledown, and gazed on splendid views of the Golden Vale of Tipperary, and the lofty Galtees, watched the "pleasant salmon" in the pool of the Suir at Cahir, and so to Waterford and Reginald's Tower, and over the passage of the Trinity of Rivers into Forth and Bargy. These baronies are anomalous; they are Catholic in religion, mediæval English (almost Saxon) in speech, and in blood English, Welsh, or anything you like to call them, but certainly not Irish; nor are they, I believe, any more Irish in character than in appearance. To the north of them, in the central parts of Wexford County, is a tall, fair population, strongly tinged with Scandinavian blood. (In proof of this I will narrate a little experience of mine belonging to a rather later period, when I was President of the Anthropological Society. I had to go up to London to read a paper on the "Kelts of Ireland," containing the anthropological results of all my Irish journeyings, and when I had walked half the way from Clifton to Bristol Station began to fear I might be late for my train. I accordingly hailed a cabman.

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"Aye, aye, sorr!" said he.

"Irish in speech, Norwegian in feature," said I to myself. "I wonder where he was born and bred, Wexford or Eastern Waterford, I suppose; but on the whole the former county has a larger Scandinavised population." Then aloud—

"You'll be from County Wexford, I'm thinking."

"Aye, aye, sorr! I was born jist a mile ayant Enniscorthy."

(A nice little illustration for my paper he supplied.)

We crossed the Barrow at New Ross, and took the mailcar for Kilkenny; but about six o'clock, at a village called Thomastown-on-the-Nore, named, I dare say, after

"Black Thomas Butler,
Roman in faith, but Hibernian in soul,"

we had to halt for a quarter of an hour and change cars. About that hour the population of an Irish village is all in the street, gossiping. We joined ourselves to a group, the centre of which was a fellow in a ragged red coat, evidently a discharged soldier, who was cursing and abusing the British Government. The bystanders differed in opinion; some seemed to agree with the rascal, but one woman spoke up, and said her son was in the army, and was well satisfied.

"What harm did the British Government ever do to you, my man?" said Wise. "I served the British Government for thirty years, and found them very good masters."

"Harrm!" says the man. "Is it what harrm did

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they do to me? Shure they gave me eliven hours' drill, and was that no harrm to do to a man?"

"Well," said Wise, in his placid Scotch way, "if you got eleven hours' drill, I've no doubt it was for no good that you did. Come now, tell us honestly, who gave you the eleven hours' drill, and what did he give it you for?"

"Well, thin," said the man, "I'll tell you. It was the serjint of my regiment that gave it me, and he gave it me for slanging him. And if I had him here wouldn't I like to put a bullet through him. More by token, his name was O'SULLIVAN from CORK."

Could anything have been more delightfully Irish? O'Sullivan from Cork was the British Government to him.

At Kilkenny on Sunday we found the city altogether given over to Catholicism. At the old Protestant Cathedral of St. Canice one was reminded of the four-and-twenty men and five-and-twenty pipers of ta Phairson; for the congregation numbered fifteen including ourselves, and the officials sixteen. But the colouring and aspect of the people indicated a strong English element. When I mentioned my impression to Petrie, he confirmed it by telling how, in his perquisitions for old Irish music, he had visited Kilkenny, and how he had found some fine old tunes, which, however, were all English.

So on to Portarlinton, where we met our comrades, and where there was a brand-new refreshment room, with an uncommonly pretty Irish damsel in charge, "as proud as a hen with one chick," smiling over her cakes and sandwiches. She certainly added to

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the attractions of the station, and I suppose some of the more extreme of my brethren in teetotalism would have wished to abolish her.

We drove on by Lissoy, Goldsmith's Auburn, now a poor hamlet in a dull, flat country, and so on to Lanesborough, where we meant to pass the night ; but Lanesborough, though it looked well on the map, turned out to be a miserable decayed village, where neither bed nor board nor horseflesh could be had. So we had to take on our tired horse slowly to Strokestown, the nearest likely village on the Connaught side. What a difference ! It was close on midnight, and the folk were all in bed ; but everything was clean and warm and tidy, and a nice little supper was on the table in an astonishingly short time.

On we went through the busy town of Boyle, and through pretty lake and woodland scenery, into the mountains of Sligo County. These are peopled by a primitive race, swarthy and sombre of feature, with high cheekbones, and reminding me of a common Welsh type.

Among these mountains only Irish was spoken, and Father Murray was interpreter and chief speaker. I happened to say to him—

“ Father, I can't believe what you say in glorification of the Irish language. It must be a very imperfect instrument ; else why these long conversations which seem to be necessary to the answering of quite simple questions ? ”

“ It is not the fault of the language, my dear doctor ; it is that the native Irishman's first thought is not, What is the fact ? but, What would be

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pleasing to the gentleman? So I put several questions round about the subject, and by taking the resultant of the answers I may manage to come somewhere near to the truth."

We visited Moytura, the scene of a somewhat mythical battle in ancient times, which some suppose to be commemorated by the enormous stones (or rocks) that strew the upland plain. I cannot say. Probably more is known about the matter now than was known in my time; but I thought, though I kept my thoughts to myself, that the rocks were a natural formation. Near Sligo, however, on the townland of Carra More, we saw no less than eleven stone circles indubitably artificial.

Sligo seemed to be a somewhat more flourishing (or less decayed) town than Galway. One indication of this was the presence of the only photographer in Connaught, but he seemed to be starving. I had hoped to get likenesses of the natives, but was disappointed. It was a proof of the poverty and economical habits of the people.

We all wished to visit the Island of Inishmurry, and accordingly drove out to the little port of Milkhaven, passing on our way the beautiful and perfect old cross of Drumcliff.¹ At Milkhaven we chartered a boat. When we had nearly accomplished the seven miles or so to Inishmurry, we could see that the islanders were running about very actively, like ants in a disturbed ant-hill. Our boatmen, when asked the meaning of this perturbation, told us—

¹ This cross was well represented by H. O'Neil in a little book on Irish Art which he wrote, and which was published at Dr. Wise's expense.

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“Och! they’re jist thinking ye’re the gaugers, coming looking after their still!”

The islanders, of whom there were, I believe, about two hundred, seemed to me to be mostly of a blond, long-faced type, as unlike as possible to the Sligo mountaineers. A fair young wife ran to milk her little cow for me, and very rich was the milk. But I talked chiefly with an old woman who seemed to be a kind of queen in the island, and who “had a good deal of English.” She was very anxious that we should intercede with the authorities to send a schoolmaster to the island, “for,” said she, “the peoples grows up all same as cattles.”

There is an ancient oratory in the island wherein is a decayed block of wood which the people worship. I think they took it to represent the Virgin Mary; but it was probably the figurehead of some wrecked vessel.¹ And there was a stone with hollows on each side, of which we were told that “the blissed saints when they were fasting and praying did be so wake” that they made these holes in order that they might be able to hold themselves up by them. The island contains a fine “cashel” and other primeval ruins.

The next day was Friday. I came down first, and took the head of the breakfast table. Presently Windele followed.

“Windele,” said I, “try this steak! it’s excellent.”

“Well, I don’t mind if I do, Doctor!”

But the next to appear was Father Murray.

¹ Mr. Wakeman and other good authorities ascribe it to an ancient Irish saint of the male sex, St. Molaise, a contemporary of Columba.

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“ Let me recommend this steak, Father ! ” said I.

“ No, thanks, Doctor. I don't think I'll take any to-day ! ” with the slightest possible accent on the “ to-day.”

But Windele caught it, and dropped his knife and fork with a wistful gaze at the juicy viand.

“ I give you my word, Father, I quite forgot it was Friday.”

We were now about to separate, Davis going to England, Windele to Cork, Murray to his parish. Wise and I proclaimed our intention to go to the Lough Derg (Red Lake) of Donegal, the famous place of pilgrimage, where St. Patrick's Purgatory used to be. But Father Murray withstood us, alleging, truly enough, the long, uninteresting way thither, and divers other reasons. Then, seeing that the more he argued the more resolved we were, he begged us not to lay anything objectionable that we might see to the charge of Holy Church ; but to remember that the early missionaries had found it necessary, on account of the hardness of the people's hearts or minds, to allow them to retain some of their old pagan usages and ceremonies, only changing their object and interpretation to others consistent with Christianity.

So we parted at Enniskillen with the worthy Father and the rest of our pleasant company, and made our way to Loch Derg. It was indeed a dreary day, and the lake itself is in a bleak and ugly country. The true entrance to St. Patrick's Purgatory is a cave on an island. We were not able to get at it, no boat being available ; but I believe there is little or nothing to see. The place of pilgrimage, however, we did see. It consisted chiefly in a fragment of a

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curious, twisted pillar which is an object of reverence if not of worship, and a circular stone gangway round about it, whereupon the pilgrims crawl round upon their knees. The presiding genius was a priest of a very different type to the amiable and cultivated Father Murray. He was, in short, a coarse, bloated, red-faced, low-bred fellow. Without telling him whence I got them, I repeated to him Murray's views as accurately as I could. As I expected, he would have none of them.

"All these things needed no excuses of that or any other sort. They were ordained by Holy Church itself;" and he, like Sir William Wilde's priest, "didn't see what a d——d Protestant came there for, nor what business it was of his."

On our way homewards we took the mailcar which ran through the little town of Manor-Hamilton and changed there. While we strolled along the street we encountered a well-to-do-looking peasant woman. I should say that Wise was a portly, handsome, elderly man of blond complexion, with blue eyes full of benevolent intelligence. The woman gazed at him admiringly.

"May the comin' of ye be blist to the place!" said she.

"I'm sure I wish it might be so," returned he; "but I can hardly see how it is to come to pass."

"Well, thin, shure the very sight of a fine sony man like yersilf would do anybody good!"

Returning home via Dublin, I took the opportunity of having a day in the beautiful county of Wicklow, and making a near acquaintance with

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those two fine peaks which the Irish called the Golden Spears, but which we pock-pudding Saxons style the Sugar-loaves. I had a driver who was very anxious that I would hire him for a trip of two or three days, and particularly that I would let him take me to the Seven Churches at Glendalough. He assured me that there had been a great "assimby" of students there even before the Flood.

"And how came they to desert the place after all?" said I.

"Och! I suppose Dublin was more handy; and belike car-hire was dear in thim days."

I boarded the Bristol packet, expecting a dull voyage at the best, even if a smooth one. But almost at the last moment I had the delight of spying Lord Talbot de Malahide escorting to the deck Miss Frances Power Cobbe. Dulness was thenceforth impossible I knew. She kept me entertained every minute when I was not sleeping or feeding. Here is one of her stories—

"I came over from England once, and landed on the north shore, with none too much time for a lot of shopping and other business I had to do before catching the train for Malahide. I fancied I picked out a decent horse from the cabstand, but the driver let him crawl most provokingly. 'Why, dwiveh,' said I, mimicking an English accent, 'I was told you Irish coachmen were such good and fast dwivehs; but you don't seem to know how to dwive.' 'Is it dhrive, miss?' says he. 'Shure and I'll show you, miss, how to dhrive,' and he took me round the corners and shaved the kerbstones in

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a quite alarming way. Well, I got through all my commissions, and into Westland Row with just ten minutes to spare. 'Here's your money,' said I; 'but, Paddy, I was born in Dublin as well as you!'"

It is now about forty years since I quitted Ireland for the last time. My experiences there were scattered over something like twenty years, and extended over a large part of the country, excluding, however, all of Ulster except three western counties. But I had never any social or political objects in view. The general impression I got was that the country was gradually improving as regarded housing, farming, food and clothing, except where political unrest interfered; but how far this improvement was connected with the decrease of population in "congested districts" I could not say. The drink evil was very great. At the time of my first visit it had been considerably checked by the noble efforts of the good Father Mathew; and I have mentioned that the crew of an eight-oared boat on the Killarney Lake, in which I was a passenger, unanimously refused to partake of the whiskey which was pressed on them by one of their patrons. But this improvement gradually died away after the good Father's death.

I have spoken of Miss F. P. Cobbe. My friendship with her dated from the time when she volunteered to assist Miss Mary Carpenter in her philanthropic work in Bristol; and as my wife was Miss Carpenter's right hand in many matters, we naturally saw much of Miss Cobbe. She was a large person in every way, large in body, heart and soul, full of all sorts of generous instincts, and by no means an ascetic.

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Mary Carpenter had fine qualities, tastes, and gifts which she never displayed except to her intimates ; but to the general she appeared the incarnation of pure intellect and duty. She used to buy a leg of mutton once a week, have it roasted or baked, and served up hot one day, after which she fed on it cold till it was finished. This ascetic regimen did not suit her coadjutrix, who endured it a few months, and then parted company with her.

Some years later than the times I have been speaking of, Miss Cobbe became violently fanatical on the subject of vivisection. She had a beautiful dog called Hajji, which she loved with all the ardour of her nature ; and we always supposed that the idea of Hajji's possibly falling into the hands of a vivisector was too horrible to her, and prompted her views and actions on the subject. Anyhow, she cast me off entirely, not that I personally was a vivisector, but that I was a member of an accursed profession, and for years she never spoke to me. I took no notice of this, and in the course of years she came round, and we resumed our very friendly intercourse as if nothing had happened. Two or three years before her death I visited her and her friend, Miss Lloyd, in their beautiful home at Hengwrt, near Dolgelly, and saw the River Mawddach, full and foaming in dry weather, and wondered why the thirsty Londoners never thought of annexing this copious water supply instead of trying to rob the cities of the Wye and Severn areas. The distance, and therefore the expense, might be greater ; but no one would be injured, and the supply would be enormous ; for the rainfall west of the Berwyn and Plynlimmon Hills

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is far greater than to the east of them. The Dyfi is another westerly-flowing river that might be thought of in this connection; but though it looms more largely on the map than the Mawddach, I doubt whether it carries down so much water. Its headwaters lie somewhat farther east.

Miss Lloyd possessed several objects carved from the dark wood of the ancient Oak of Nannau, in the hollow of which Glendower hid the corpse of his cousin and foe, Howel Sele, and which continued to live in a ruinous state for some centuries.

An expedition to Bretagne was intercalated between these trips to Ireland. It was all too brief, but furnished me with a good deal of ethnological material, besides being very enjoyable. There were but few railways in Bretagne then; but I made use of the one line that then existed to put a girdle round the country, stopping at St. Malo, Rennes, Auray, Quimperlé, Quimper, and Morlaix. The town of Rennes has been rubbed down and Frenchified into the commonplace, as its grandly-sounding old name of Roazon¹ has been polished into Rennes. At Auray I could find no one who could tell where the field of battle was, or who even acknowledged to have read or heard of the battle in which John Chandos and his Englishmen settled the fate of Bretagne for several generations. The most curious thing about it was that the Bretons of the two factions, English and French, or Anglophil and Gallophil, had agreed that neither of the two pretenders to the dukedom should be admitted to

¹ "Fling wide the gates of Roazon" (The Evil Tribute of Nomenoé).

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quarter, but should be slain without mercy by whosoever got the chance. Charles of Blois, the French candidate, was "removed" accordingly. It was like the killing of a superfluous queen bee.

Perhaps, after all, it was too much to expect that a set of people more or less French should load their memories with the tale of a severe French defeat, even though it took place at their ancestors' very doors. Once the French burnt Southampton; but I suppose the Southamptonites who know it are few indeed.

We took a boat down the river to visit Gafr Innis, and duly crawled and gasped inside that most elaborate, artistic, and choky of old barrows. Our boatman had a little English. He told me he had served on Lord Palmerston's yacht, and that once his lordship had put into a little Welsh port (perhaps Aberayron) where none of the natives understood English. But he, the Breton, listened to their talk, and made out that it was not unlike his native Breton. In short, he acted as interpreter, and Milord was greatly amused at his own need of a foreigner to interpret for him in his own country.

Just a word about the enormous menhir (standing stone) of Lokmariaker. It was shapen like a Jordan almond, measured $60 \times 13 \times 7$ feet, and now lies prostrate in four fragments. Some blame the Christians for its ruin; but as one of the fragments lies in an opposite direction from the others, I do not doubt that it was really stricken by lightning.

I halted at Quimperlé in order to see the Viscomte

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de la Villemarquée,¹ with whom I had much delightful talk. He showed me a dolmen in his park which he had removed from another of his properties, and re-erected there on the site of another dolmen that had been destroyed long ago. The action of the Philistine Government, who insisted on driving a new road right through it, made its removal necessary. If my memory serves me well, it took fifty men and seventeen horses eleven days to effect the removal and re-erection; and they broke two tumbrils, borrowed from the arsenal of L'Orient. He told me that up to that time the frontier of the Breton and French languages had not receded westwards more than a league since the fourteenth century, though of course some French-speaking enclaves had been established, as at Brest and L'Orient.

M. de la Villemarquée lived to an advanced age. After returning from New Zealand, I got him to attempt to naturalise the Kauri Pine in his park. The climate of south-western Bretagne much resembles that of parts of New Zealand, but what was the ultimate result I do not know. The propagation of the tree is difficult even at its home; but its size and stateliness, and the beauty of its wood, make it a most desirable acquisition. Perhaps it might live on the skirts of Dartmoor.

Topinard and Collignon are most sound and instructive on the racial constitution of the Breton people. But I had at one time a good deal of

¹ The foremost archæologist of Bretagne, for which country he did what Scott did for the Borders in collecting its minstrelsy. From his French versions Tom Taylor made some good translations into English.

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correspondence with a Breton noble of old family, M. Mahé de la Bourdonnais, a descendant of our valiant opponent in our early Indian wars. He had travelled much in the Himalaya, and recognised vividly among his countrymen the Mongolian element which Renan, also a Breton, recognised on his return from a visit to Lapland.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHIEFLY ANTHROPOLOGICAL.

IN 1853, when I published my *Contribution to Scottish Ethnology*, Barnard Davis, then the leading craniologist in England, if not in Europe, had taken kindly notice of my efforts, and in the sequel I became his ally, assistant, and fellow-labourer in his own subject. Some time after I had settled down in Clifton he conceived the idea of widely distributing schedules to be filled up with answers to anthropological queries. We sent out a large number of such schedules, but the answers were few to a pitiful degree. I was not discouraged, however. Our questions I saw had been too many and too troublesome, and had perhaps ranged over too wide a field; moreover, it seemed to be desirable to put more of the personal element into the business. This time I aimed at the average stature and weight of the natives of Great Britain; and I am still amazed, when I think of it, at the success of the attempt, the kindness of my correspondents (for the most part previously quite unknown to me), and the amount of trouble and exertion they must have undergone in fulfilling my requests. They were over two hundred in number, mostly medical men, with a good sprinkling of country clergymen, a few manufacturers, etc., and superintendents of lunatic asylums

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and prisons. I reckoned that every schedule I got in (there were more than three hundred) cost me on an average half a dozen of letters, mostly long ones. My memoir was published by the Anthropological Society, and its material was afterwards utilised by Roberts and Rawson in the reports of the Anthropometric Committee,¹ of which I was the first chairman, an office I speedily resigned from inability to attend.

Barnard Davis's enthusiasm for his subject was wonderful, but sometimes it verged on the ghoulish. As Brindley thought rivers had been created to feed navigable canals, so Davis looked on heads simply as potential skulls. Once when he visited us I took him to the Infirmary, and showed him a Morlachian sailor from near Ragusa, whom I was trying to cure of gangrene of the lung, resulting from having been half-drowned—a fine, handsome fellow, but desperately ill.

“Now,” said my friend, “you know that man can't recover; do take care to secure his head for me when he dies, for I have no cranium from that neighbourhood.”

After all, the poor Morlach made a wonderful recovery, and carried his head on his own shoulders back to the Herzegovina.

In 1867 the Council of the Welsh National Eisteddfod, for the fourth year, offered a prize of 100 guineas, contributed by an accomplished and public-spirited Welshman, Judge A. Johnes, of Garthmyl, for the best essay on the origin of the English nation, to be

¹ I believe I was the proposer of the institution of this committee, but at the instigation of Sir Wm. Farr.

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written in English, Welsh, French or German ; and for the fourth time the arbiter, the late Lord Strangford, decided that none of the competitors reached his standard of merit. Thereupon the Council threw open the prize once more, adding a promise of an additional fifty guineas from their own funds.

I proposed to my friend David Davies, the health officer for Bristol, a Welshman and a Kymric scholar, that we should combine to produce such an essay as was required. And he was willing ; but we were both busy men, and somehow the necessary meetings never came to pass. When only six weeks of available time remained, I resolved to put my own shoulder alone to the wheel, and as I had a great deal of material ready which bore upon the subject, I succeeded in preparing and sending in the required essay.

I was at Oxford sojourning in Jesus College, by favour of Mr. Henry Smith, and attending the annual Medical Congress, when I received from my friend David Davies the welcome news that the Eisteddfod prize had been adjudged to me. The meeting of the year was being held at Ruthin, and I travelled thither in order to make sure of the money, whereof I was much in need at the time. The promised hundred guineas was promptly paid me by Mr. Johnes, but the remaining fifty, for which the committee was responsible, has never been handed over. For some years after 1868 the National Eisteddfod was more or less hampered as to its funds. One of its two most prominent members, Mr. Jones, of Dolaucothy, was murdered by his own butler ;

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the other one, the well-known and influential Archdeacon Griffiths, had his hands full of other matters. The institution languished ; and though it has since revived, it is now, I believe, little else than a musical festival, the intellectual development of the Principality having found other channels.

On my arrival at Ruthin I was at once elected a member of the Council, whereof I attended a meeting at which some important matters of policy were discussed. It was a fine opportunity for the study of national character in some of its manifestations. English was spoken in the beginning of the discussion, partly, I think, in compliment to me, the one Englishman present ; but as the members warmed to their work, and as widely different views manifested themselves among them, they almost all broke into Welsh, and very clamorous Welsh too, shrill and wrathful and suggestive of daggers. But at the height of the storm up rose a very Neptune to control it in the person of Talhaiarn (his bardic name, for he was acknowledged the foremost of bards). Slowly and mildly and sweetly he began to speak, and as I looked at him and noted his square, strong frame and features, his broad brow and composed expression, I recalled Homer's description of Ulysses, how his words fell from him like the soft flakes of snow, appeasing the multitude, and abating their fury. So it was with Talhaiarn as he addressed his turbulent countrymen. Their angry countenances cleared, they smiled at what were evidently bits of quiet humour, the mountain of contention dwindled to a mole-hill, and everything was amicably settled.

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Talhaiarn's eloquence was evidently not of what we call the Celtic type; while the man himself, though thoroughly Welsh, was of the Kymric rather than the Iberic type of Welshman—blue-eyed and squarely jawed. The readiness and copiousness and fervour of speech which we call Celtic generally goes with the large, course mouth, found in one of the physical types which are included among the pre-Celtic or Iberian ones. Here I believe Sir John Rhys would agree with me: he ascribes the musical talent of the Welsh to a pre-Aryan source.

While at Oxford I made the acquaintance, destined, alas! to be short-lived, of Professor Phillips, the geologist. He died, as many will remember, by an accidental fall when hardly past his prime. It chanced that we had both been puzzled by something anomalous in the received accounts of the Battle of Towton (strangely miscalled of *Towcester* by Wordsworth), that bloodiest of all fights ever fought in England, with only two or three possible exceptions, such as Brunanburgh and Hastings. We know that the Lancastrians approached the battlefield from the north by crossing the Wharfe, the Yorkists from the south by crossing the Aire. Yet the story goes that on that fatal Palm Sunday the *north* wind blew the snow into the faces, not of the Yorkists, as might have been expected, but of the Lancastrians, thus putting them at a disadvantage. Professor Phillips told me that when surveying the field he found one ancient road running in a northerly direction from (I think) Ferrybridge on the Aire, and another running southward from the passage of the Wharfe; but that the two did not

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meet, but ran parallel to each other for some distance. Phillips caught and catechised the oldest inhabitant, who told him of a great fight between two armies, one of which had crossed the Aire and the other the Wharfe; "but," said he, "they passed one another unknownst, and when they found out that, they turned right round about and fought."

Thus the behaviour and effect of the driving snow was verified and explained.

"You may trust tradition a good way as to facts," said Phillips, "but not at all as to times and dates."

After the old fellow had descanted on the fearful slaughter, choking the Cock Beck and all that, I remarked—

"Then I suppose that put an end to the war."

"Oh, no," he replied, "it didn't! They just all marched away to Marston Moor by York and there they fought it out next day!"

It was late in the sixties when I began to be interested in what might be called the politics of anthropology. I had been a member of the Ethnological Society from 1854 and of the Anthropological from its foundation by Dr. James Hunt, but I was not deeply interested in the question of the correct name for such societies. Indeed, on one occasion, when I attended a dinner of the principal supporters of the Anthropological, and, owing to the absence of Canon Farrar, had to make the principal speech, I was a little annoyed at the merriment which some of what I thought serious and weighty propositions occasioned, until I found out that I had been

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throughout using the obnoxious term *ethnological*, though in perfect innocence.

I had indeed made some contributions to the publications of the Society, and had promised for its *Memoirs* a large and important one, that on the "Stature and Bulk of Man in the British Isles." Still it was a complete surprise to me when, towards the end of 1868, Dr. Hunt offered to propose me for the presidency in succession to Captain Burton. I suppose my chief qualification was that I had at the time no enemies. I was but seldom able to attend the meetings, though I endeavoured to do so on all important occasions. I should say the prevailing temperament of the Society was sanguine-choleric, and that of the Ethnological lymphatic. Of the leading spirits of the former, Sir Edward Brabrook and Mr. A. L. Lewis are, I think, almost the only survivors; of the latter, Lord Avebury, Sir Francis Galton and Professor Tylor remain.

Most of us had two "political" aims at that time, one of which was the union of the two societies, and the other was the recognition of our subject by the British Association, and the allotment thereto of a definite position, as a department if not a section, at its annual meetings.

An attempt at union had been made in 1868, under the auspices of Professor Huxley, who had accepted the presidency of the old society; but the negotiations collapsed on the refusal of each party to accept the other's title.

In 1869 the Association met at Exeter, where the citizens gave it a very warm reception. I do not think I had ever seen such a display of flags and

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banners as floated over the streets. Encouraged by Hunt, I called together a meeting of the members of both societies to discuss the possibilities of union. It was well attended and amicably conducted, much good feeling being shown on both sides. Hunt slipped away in the middle of the proceedings, and when I asked him the reason he replied—

“ You seemed to be getting on swimmingly, and I feared my presence might somehow develop a jarring element.”

Next day I encountered on the High Street one of the most distinguished members of the Ethno faction.

“ There is one great obstacle in the way of union,” he said, “ and till you get rid of that there is no chance of it. You only need to throw over Hunt.”

“ Then there will be no union,” I replied. “ Hunt has his faults, as we all have ; but he is a fine, generous, manly fellow and my good friend, and I will stick to him as long as we both live.”

“ Then,” said he, “ I see no prospect of union.”

I little thought at the time that my friend James Hunt had only eleven days to live. He was a tall, fine-looking man of fair complexion, but not constitutionally hardy. The weather was very hot, and in a barrow-digging excursion he exposed himself too much to the sun, and speedily succumbed to an attack of meningitis.

In the following summer (1870) the Association's meeting took place in Liverpool, and Professor Huxley presided. Our prospects seemed propitious. I myself had been elected to the Council. A department had been allotted to us, though not under our much-prized name ; and John Evans, a *persona grata*,

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presided over it. A serious drawback, however, was the small number of papers that had been sent in, whereas one of our arguments for recognition was based on the supposed superabundance of anthropological material. I recollect sitting up half of one night helping to supply the deficiency, the result being two papers, one of which, on the Bulgarians, was based partly on Kopernicki. I see it still occasionally cited by continental anthropologists, though considering how much good work Pittard and others have since done in that field, I am content to regard it as obsolete.

A curious incident occurred at the meeting of the general committee.

Several of our faction were sitting together near an entrance door. Among us was Dr. King, well known as an Arctic navigator and explorer. His services had met with little reward, and in his old days he was a disappointed and disheartened man. On this occasion he had a proposal to bring forward. I forget what it was, but anyhow Huxley from the chair put it aside somewhat roughly, and without the courtesy which we thought due to a scientific veteran. King's friends sat a while nursing their wrath.

Now, Professor Owen had absented himself from the meetings of the Association during the last two years, owing to his defeat by Huxley in the hippocampus controversy. Great was our surprise and delight when at this juncture the door on our right hand opened partially and stood ajar, and in the aperture appeared the well-known figure of the great anatomist, wearing in his countenance a shy,

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half-timid expression, as of one somewhat dubious about his reception. The word passed round—

“Here comes old Owen; give him a rousing welcome!”

We started a cheer; the rest of the assembly caught the infection; in half a minute they were all cheering vociferously; and Owen threw wide the door and entered with nods and wreathed smiles, while his great adversary scowled as if he could kill him. I trust that Owen never knew to what he owed the extraordinary warmth of his reception.

I think it must have been in 1869 that I was concerned as a witness for the plaintiff in a case of plagiarism or literary piracy. Mr. Luke Owen Pike was an early competitor for the Eisteddfod prize which I subsequently gained. He failed, but afterwards published his essay. Dr. Nicholas, another Welsh competitor, who also had failed, having read Pike's essay, rewrote his own, made another attempt, and encountered another failure. He then published *his* performance, including some observations of mine which I had communicated to Mr. Pike, but which Nicholas professed to have made himself. Thereupon Pike brought an action against Nicholas. The court at the trial looked like a meeting of the Anthropological Society: it was filled with members of that body. The judge, Mr. Justice James, seemed to appreciate the scientific points readily and acutely. The decision was in favour of the plaintiff, but it was partially reversed on appeal; and I believe the net result was that Nicholas's book continued to sell, while Pike's did not. Experience seems to show that in the majority of cases where a court of appeal

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differs from a primary one that court of appeal is wrong ; and the same is not seldom the case where a medical consultant differs widely from the ordinary practitioner. The judge of appeal must necessarily be ignorant of many little points—shades of meaning, etc.—which have been visible to his fellow in the court below.

I have sometimes wondered how it came about that in the course of my observations on hair and eye colour I so seldom met with any real difficulty on the part of the subjects of observation. My schedule for recording was indeed generally small enough to lie almost invisible in the hollow of my left hand, but the use of the pencil could not be hidden. I knew enough about domestic animals to pass muster at the fairs and markets which were my best hunting-grounds ; but in some parts of the Continent I was always in fear of the interruption of the police, to whom it might be difficult to explain my object satisfactorily.

I recollect two episodes, both of which were of an agreeable character. Once when I was busy in the market-place of Köln an old woman looked over my shoulder and questioned me. I explained as well as I could.

“ Come with me, then,” she said, “ and I ’ll show you the prettiest girl in the market.”

Of course I was nothing loth. We crossed to the opposite corner, where she introduced me to the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. She was a brilliant blonde with large blue eyes and golden hair, “ that shone far off like flame ” ; her features and figure had the perfection of nobility, and her

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expression was that of pure goodness, with a calm consciousness of beauty. She might well have represented Pallas or Brynhilda.

The other affair was quite different. I was at work at Chichester in the corn market, which was full of farmers; and when I had finished and went forth, a little sharp-featured, intelligent-looking farmer slipped out beside me.

“ Well, sir, did you get 'em all ? ”

“ I think I did ; yes, pretty well all of them.”

“ And now that you have got 'em, may I be so bold as to ask what you are going to do with 'em ? ”

I explained my procedure and objects.

“ Well, sir, I always did understand we were pretty pure Saxons hereabout ; but when I saw you make a note as you passed by me I thought I would like to know what was the meaning of it.”

The negotiations which the Ethnological Society had broken off were resumed in the autumn of 1870 by a letter to me from Professor Huxley, which was favourably received on our part. He appointed three delegates, of whom he himself was one ; and I appointed three, of whom I was not one, on account of my distance from London. The terms of union were not, however, finally settled until Dr. Charnock had succeeded me in the chair of the Anthropological. As some of the ethnologists would not agree to accept our title as it stood, Huxley proposed that the conjoint society, instead of being called the Anthropological Society of London, should be the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, and this compromise was accepted. But now arose a difficulty which to me at least was exceedingly

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unpleasant. Our delegates informed me that in their belief Huxley would accept the chair of the new institute if it were offered to him. Personally, I thought the appointment a most desirable one, and should certainly have welcomed it; but I had been made aware that it would be the signal for the withdrawal of two at least of our most important and valuable members, men who had done much good service for the Society. I thought our first duty was to our own colleagues; and with some doubt and much regret I told our delegates that I could not consent, but would be willing to accept either Lubbock or Evans as president. Sir John Lubbock's election was accordingly agreed upon. Huxley must have been aware that I had put a spoke into his wheel, and he probably did not know the justification for my action. I was occasionally brought into contact with him in later years, but never experienced from him anything but courtesy; and when long afterwards appointed to deliver a "Huxley Lecture," I could not help having a slightly uncomfortable recollection of the transaction just narrated.

The presidency of the Institute was offered to me more than once in subsequent years; but the exigencies of my practice as a physician or other obstacles stood in the way, and I was obliged to decline it. At last, in 1889, under much friendly pressure from Mr. Galton, I accepted it, and served the customary two years; but the work was for the most part done for me by my friends Galton, Flower, and Rudler.

In 1871 the British Association met in Edinburgh,

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under the presidency of Sir William Thomson, who then and there astonished his hearers and the public with his conjecture as to the meteoric arrival of life upon the earth. A forward step was gained for anthropology. I drew up an inoffensive-looking resolution providing a permanent arrangement for the constitution of an anthropological department at every yearly meeting, and put it under the charge of three friends who had never taken any part in the bygone disputes, William Turner, Allen Thomson, and Dr. Lankester. By a little management it slipped through without opposition, and a few years afterwards the department developed into a section.

At a dinner given by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh to the Council of the Association I happened to sit next to Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Huggins about the middle of a long table. Now Huggins, with all his virtues and accomplishments, was perhaps the ugliest man in the Royal Society, over which he was destined to preside. Small, swarthy, pig-eyed, and potato-faced, he had only his fine cranial development as a redeeming feature. In the course of conversation, I remarked that scientific men were generally ugly. I had no sooner said this than I could have bitten my tongue in annoyance at my stupidity.

Huggins demurred. "Well, then," I said, "crane your neck and look down the rows of profiles to the right and left of us, and then say what you think." He did so, scanned them deliberately, and then said, "Dr. Beddoe, I give in ; I believe you are right."

In scientific men, especially those with much of genius or originality, the features are apt to be

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irregular. It is the men of action—dragoons, huntsmen, engineers—who are often handsome.

In 1872 the British Association met at Brighton, under the presidency of Dr. Carpenter, the physiologist. Among those who attended were the ex-Emperor and ex-Empress of France. They frequented our department, and as they sat in the front row we on the platform had good opportunities of studying the physiognomy of the distinguished pair. She was a comely matron, but her complexion was pale and dull: the great beauty of colouring was gone.

Next year the Association met at Bradford, in Yorkshire, and I had the chair of anthropology. I was the guest of a Mr. Lumb, a manufacturer, who did not care a button about science, and never came near the meetings, but I never was more hospitably treated. Indeed, he insisted on my inviting my friends to partake in this generous treatment, and I did actually present to him one or two of our hard-working scientists who were socially forlorn in Bradford, but for whom he brightened up the meeting considerably.

Our hall was a bad location for acoustic purposes; I could not see why. The stretching of parallel lines of wire across it, however, improved the fault to quite a wonderful degree.

An architect named Phené frequented our meetings in those days. He was an imaginative sort of person, and often started hypotheses which did not find favour with sedate and critical audiences, so that the fact that an idea was the offspring of Phené was not a passport to general acceptance. But this time

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he propounded one which I could and did heartily commend. Cæsar says that the Britons made colossal images of wickerwork, which they filled with criminals, captives, and cattle, and then set fire to.

“Now,” said Phené, “that sounds impossible. How could they drive a cow into the head of a colossus? But suppose that the figure was like the Wilmington Giant or the Wiltshire White Horses—it was simply graven on the steep slope of a chalk hill and its outline defined by a strong fence of wickerwork: there would then be no difficulty in getting the victims into it and setting fire to the fence.”

I thought the idea quite feasible and probable, and said so; and poor Phené was grateful to me evermore.

In 1873, too, I attended the annual meeting of the Somerset Archæological Society, which took place at Wells, and read a paper on the conquests of Ceawlin, or, as I pronounced the name, Chawlin. Freeman, who was there of course, protested, saying he preferred Kee-awlin; but I held my ground, and my rebellion against the “lord of war” was evidently popular. A man of some mark vainly pressed me to read a paper next year on Anglo-Saxon pronunciation, promising to attend and “back me up.”¹

I saw a good deal of Freeman, and, unlike most of those who did so, always got on well with him. I recollect sitting next him at dinner at Mr. (now the Right Hon.) Lewis Fry’s on the occasion of the founding of Bristol University College. A discussion

¹ In the same year I received the Fellowship of the Royal Society and of the College of Physicians, Darwin, Jenner, Evans, Galton and Parkes being among my sponsors for the former, and Dr. C. J. B. Williams my proposer for the latter.

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arose as to the cause of the concentration of the pottery industry in North Staffordshire. One said that the best kind of clay for "seggars" was found there; others suggested other reasons; but Cole (C. B.) remarked that coal was good and cheap there.

"And after all," said he, "coal governs everything."

"So he does," Freeman chuckled in my ear, "especially at South Kensington."

In 1875 the British Association met at Bristol. I declined the presidency of the Anthropological Section, as I could not afford to let my scientific reputation injure my medical practice. John (afterwards Sir John) Evans told me, apropos of Freeman's absence, that he had begun to attend the meetings of the Cambrian Society.

"And does he behave any better to them than he usually does to Celts?"

"No; if possible, worse."

"And how do they take it?"

"Oh, they take it like lambs!"

Sir John Hawkshaw was President, and delivered his address in the Colston Hall, which was quite unventilated. The steamy heat was quite equatorial. I noticed Bramwell leaning against a pillar sweating like Percy and Douglas at Chevy Chase. Sir John had evident difficulty with his address. Breakfasting with us next morning, he opened his grief.

"The perspiration," he said, "ran down over my spectacles so that I couldn't read, but when I took them off the difficulty was still worse."

Bramwell had a lecture to deliver "on railway

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accidents," but some hours before the time he went round the hall and broke a judicious selection of windows. The lecture was admirable, equally instructive and amusing, and both at once.

The Society of Merchant Venturers gave us a dinner as usual. William King, who proposed the Association, coupled with it the name of Bramwell, who, he said, deserved the gratitude of Bristol for improving the ventilation of the Colston Hall. Bramwell, in reply, said, "My friend has perhaps given me too much credit in the matter. At the same time, it is perfectly true that Alderman Baker and I did take great panes—*out of the windows.*"

Rolleston took my place in the Anthropological Section, and kept it almost always thronged. He had an unceasing flow of talk—good talk, too, and like Bramwell, could always render even a somewhat abstruse subject clear, and sometimes amusing too. Like so many intellectual, quick-thinking men, he suffered frequent and severe attacks of migraine or "sick-headache." Once he told me he had discovered a cure, which for him at least was infallible.

"I take so much of belladonna. If the first dose does not succeed the second or third always does, and I can return to my work."

I did not congratulate him. I believe there is some truth in the notion that these paroxysms are really the cry of the brain for rest, and that the brain does get rest through them. I know that poor Rolleston did not long survive his discovery.

Years after all this, when Freeman was, if possible, more furious against my friends the Turks than

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usual, Hobart Pasha, then Admiral of Turkey, came to Bath, and was well received. Freeman in wrath wrote to a Bath paper to express his disgust at people who could unblushingly serve an infidel tyrant. I was not personally acquainted with Hobart, but I wrote a letter in his defence on public grounds, and having done so went away on my annual holiday. When I had returned I one day met Mr. Bleeck, who edited the Bath newspaper.

“How comes it,” he said, “that Freeman behaves better to you than to any other opponent?”

“What do you mean?”

“Why, have you not seen his last letter? He says that, as a rule, when men attack him, he treats them with silent contempt, but that when a man like Dr. Beddoe does so he feels that he ought to reply. Still, he winds up with a hint that next time you must not expect any quarter.”

“I think it can be explained,” said I. “A few weeks ago I sent him a guinea for his distressed Herzegovinians; and he has not forgotten the fact.”

I last saw him in Praed Street just before he went abroad for the last time. Each of us was in a hansom cab, I going east and he west. He waved his hand and smiled affectionately; but I was saddened, for he seemed to me in the brief glimpse I had of him to be marked for death. Cholera cut him off at Malaga, but I do not think it much hastened the end.

The death of Dr. Symonds had taken place years before, and the increase of work consequent thereon

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had caused me to give up my Infirmary appointment. Several years previously he had put his only son, the younger and more widely-known John Addington Symonds, under my medical charge; and my young patient had become one of my most attached and dearest friends. This relation continued during his life, though after his removal to Davos, by the advice of Sir William Jenner and myself, I of course very rarely saw him. There is hardly anything on which I look back with more satisfaction than the fact that he dedicated to me his greatest work, *The History of the Renaissance*. My impression of his character and temperament was not exactly that which comes somewhat prominently forward in Mr. H. Brown's life of him. There is, of course, somewhat of a neurotic element in the constitution of almost all poets, and Symonds was essentially a poet. And though it was long before pulmonary disease positively declared itself in him, yet from his youth I always felt that its development was but a question of time and opportunity, so distinctly was he in body and mind of the "consumptive" character. We are told nowadays that phthisis is not inherited, but this is little more than a play upon words; the phthisical constitution, the susceptible soil, is certainly heritable, and with it, as with him, often concurs a brilliant intellect and a most lovable character. All these he transmitted to his eldest daughter, who, alas! did not live to maturity.

He loved the literary society of London, and one was early forced to warn him off from it. He loved Italy, and Italy was fatal to him. It was after

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a visit to Mentone that I first detected actual mischief in his lungs, and it was in Rome that he died of pneumonia. I had once the great enjoyment of a visit to him at Davos, wound up by an expedition by vetturino, in which his wife and his third daughter accompanied us. We saw the beautiful crimson-glowing *Planta* garden and the confluence of the Vorder and Hinter Rhein, where the water runs both ways at once under the covered bridge. We crossed the Lukmanier Pass in the track of Charlemagne, and parted at Biasca, opposite the waterfall, that "slow-dropping veil of thinnest lawn." Among the people of some of the Tessin valleys, south of the Lukmanier, occur some with very English features and complexions. I take these to be inherited from the Lombard frontier guards. The Lombards and Saxons were very near akin, and many of the latter accompanied their kindred, though most of these returned to the north.

In 1877 the British Association met at Plymouth, Allen Thomson presiding. When the excursion day arrived there was an invitation from the citizens of Exeter; but the President preferred going to see the Eddystone Lighthouse. Sir Robert Fowler, who was a guest in the same house with me, put it to me that the Excestrians had behaved so well to us in 1869 that we ought to pay them the compliment of going thither, and we did so accordingly. At the sumptuous luncheon Sir Stafford Northcote (afterwards Lord Iddesleigh) gave the toast of the Association, and courteously expressed regret that the President had preferred the attractions of the

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Eddystone voyage to those of Exeter. Spottiswoode, who responded (it was a very windy day), assured Sir Stafford and the Excestrians that the President could not possibly, under existing circumstances, have enjoyed his luncheon half so much as we had done.

In a conversation I had with Sir Stafford on another occasion he expressed himself as adverse to any further extension of the suffrage, which was already too wide ; but he was distinctly of opinion that if any alteration were made, it was the women who had the first claim.

The Social Science Association, which was a precursor of the present Sanitary Association, but had more extensive and varied aims, had been founded by my cousin, George Hastings, as the British Medical Association had been by his father, Sir Charles. I do not remember in what year it met at Edinburgh, but on that occasion I was President of the Health Section. In the opening address I had happened to mention that the substitution of well-built and consequently ill-ventilated cottages for rude but airy hovels appeared to have been followed in Athol by an increase in the mortality from consumption. Dr. Farquharson, who had seconded the vote of thanks, walked away with me afterwards.

“ Beddoe,” said he, “ I ’m eternally obliged to you ! I was thinking about spending money on rebuilding all the cottages on my Aberdeenshire estate, and now I won’t touch one of them.”

Sir James Paget wrote me as follows about this address :—

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"It is both wise and in some parts novel. I have lately been reading some copies of old records collected by Mr. South, from which I gather that the separation of surgery from shaving may be shown to have been an exemplary instance of the power and self-trust of a higher knowledge in detaching itself from a lower one with more privileges.

"Sincerely yours,

"JAMES PAGET."

One whole day of my section was given up to the question of sewer ventilation. Some authority had made a ventilator close to a school in Newhaven, and it naturally became the favourite resort of the children. Party feeling ran high about it. All Newhaven attended the meeting, and desired to speak on one side or another, and so many cards of aspirants were sent up to me that I limited every speaker to five minutes. Lord Reay, the President of the Congress, was sitting at my side. Every speaker wasted half his short allotment of time in excuses—"He hadn't expected to be called upon," "he was afraid he wouldn't do justice to the subject," etc. He had hardly got well into work when I was obliged to come down upon him with "Time's up!" whereupon ensued angry objurgation.

"Would you believe it," I said to Lord Reay, "that every one of these men was most anxious to speak, and knew perfectly well that he could have but five minutes in which to do so?"

I must confess that at the end of the discussion

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the arguments seemed as equally balanced as six to half a dozen.

Miss Guthrie Smith and others were just then about founding a School of Cookery in Edinburgh, and asked me to perform the formal opening. I accordingly delivered an oration on "Cookery as a Fine Art," in the course of which I compared music and cookery, and pointed out that an idiot might be a tolerably good musician, but that I would defy an idiot to be a good cook. This was quoted in every newspaper; and my musical friends at Bristol were full of wrath with me on my return thither.

During the period under review—say from 1860 to 1882—the majority of my annual vacations were spent in Scotland, oftenest in the Highlands, but more than once at Duncrub, Lord Rollo's beautiful place in Strathearn, once at Cawdor Castle, and occasionally at Foulden. Sir Robert Christison almost always took some place in the Highlands for the late summer, and we were welcome there. Latterly I became anxious not to lose any opportunity of enjoying the society of the noble old man, now an octogenarian and nearing his end, though still wonderfully vigorous in mind and sometimes in body.

"I believe, Beddoe," he once said to me, "that I can do as good work as ever I did; the misfortune is that I can do so very little of it."

Arroquhar, Lochgoil, St. Fillans, Glenlyon and Oonich, near Ballachulish, were successively chosen by him for summer quarters; but the last named was the favourite with everyone, and was visited during several successive years. It had one very special

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advantage in the presence of the Rev. Alexander Stewart, generally known as "Nether Lochaber." He was the Established minister of Ballachulish, and the recognised authority on the archæology, traditions and natural history of the district. These Stewart illustrated in two very readable volumes; but he was full of stories, many of which he did not publish. For example, there is a standing stone on the top of the hill on the road from Fort William to Ballachulish Ferry, at the spot where the Macdonalds and Camerons ceased to slaughter the fleeing Campbells after Montrose's victory at Inverlochy. Stewart told me that up to our time whenever a Campbell passes and sees that stone standing erect he pulls it down, but if a Cameron or a Macdonald passes and sees it lying he lifts and re-erects it. The number of unsolved mysteries in Scottish history is notorious, and the Ardshiel murder, a narrative of which occurs in Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, is one of these. Some of the Ballachulish people professed to know, and I think my friend Stewart knew, who the assassin was, but not one of them would divulge the secret, though it is 150 years old. Stewart's ancestry was not wholly Highland, but he had the warmth of temperament that we call Celtic, and his translations from the Gaelic in "Songs of the North" show him as a master of the pathetic. His many lovers have commemorated him by a tall Celtic cross on a cape of Loch Linnhe.

Oonich means "the place of wailing," so called because when the men (mostly Camerons) took boat here to convey their dead friends to the isle called Eilean Mundé, the women remained on the shore to

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weep and wail. I think it is not generally known that the motive of the Highlanders for burying in islands was to checkmate the hungry wolves.

Hill climbing and sketching were our principal amusements during these sojournings in the Highlands; to these I, of course, added anthropometry and kindred investigations, by which I earned from the Ballachulish people the nickname of *Dōktor nan cean*—the Doctor of the Heads. The climbings included Ben Nevis (more than once), Bidean nam Bian (the great mountain that dominates Glencoe), Sgor Donnel and Sgor Dearg, the Kiché, and from other starting-points Schichallien, Ben Vorlich, etc. When he was quite seventy-seven Sir Robert led a party up Ben Vorlich, which is about 3,300 feet above sea-level. He set the pace, but none of us would have wished it quicker. At that time I was helping him to make experiments on the sustaining quality of *cuca*, the anæsthetic properties of which had then scarcely been utilised; and the hill-climbing gave us good opportunities. Schichallien, that most regularly beautiful of British peaks, is connected in my mind with old Sir Robert Menzies, its proprietor. He was just the old Caledonian as Tacitus described him—huge of body and limbs, fiery red of hair, strong as a bull, and active as a cat, “*impiger, iracundus, acer.*” When quite an old man he would climb Schichallien in the dark and the dawn, and by sunrise be hunting the fox amongst its topmost crags. Bishop Chinnery Haldane, who lived in Ballachulish, was an athlete of a totally different but quite astonishing type, a tall, thin, anæmic, saintly-looking person; yet I have known him to

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cross Sgor Dearg Pass to Durar and back again (which must have involved, I think, over 5,000 feet of climbing) in order to christen a child, and after that to perform an entire Anglican service. Ballachulish resembled a small Turkish town in the diversity of its religion. Besides the Established Church there were four communities of Dissenters—Free Kirk, United Presbyterian, Episcopal and Catholic.

Once I went on as far as Stornoway to examine the hair and eyes of the natives. On my return David Christison inquired what I thought of the people of the Lews.

“A fine race,” I said; “well fed, well clothed, and well taught.”

“Then you don’t agree with the Lord Mayor of London? He has been there paying over the money collected to replace a number of boats that were lost in a storm, and he says that nine out of ten among them ought to emigrate and quit their wretched houses and God-forgotten way of life.”

I imagine that the condition of the islanders has deteriorated since then, and that the population is now really pressing on the means of subsistence. The rates and taxes are said to swallow the whole or very nearly the whole of the rent, a condition of things which may perhaps be satisfactory to our Socialist rulers, but to nobody else.

The west of Scotland is a paradise for artists when it does not rain and when the midges are merciful. And though it *can* rain for three days on end without a pause, it has been known to be dry for a fortnight in September. The atmospheric effects are most

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beautiful, and it has always been a source of wonderment to me how this northern moist air can transmit hues as warm and brilliant as the hot dry air of the Levant. There are two Scur Donnells or Sgor Domhnals—I cannot cope with the Gaelic kako-graphy—in the neighbourhood of Oonich, or visible therefrom, one in Ardgour and the other in Appin. The former is named after the hunter chieftain, who is also commemorated in the noble “Lament for Macgilleanmore,” and its crest often flames with orange-scarlet and crimson in the evening. From the summit of the latter I was once privileged to see in the head of the corry between it and Sgor Dearg a *triple* fog-bow surrounding the figures of the observers.

The Jubilee Meeting at York of the British Association, held in 1881, was a very populous one. I tried seven hotels and as many lodging-houses before I could secure a bed; then, by the help of a Mr. Cariss, a baker in Micklegate, I got a clean bedroom in a narrow lane. I next asked my ally whether he could also help me to a genuine York ham. He said he could not: the sanitary authority had abolished all the pigsties in the city.

“A good thing too, I suppose!”

“No; I think it was a very bad thing. Formerly, when the workman had finished his day’s task, he went straight home to fettle his pig. When that was done his supper was ready for him and he for his supper; and after supper he soon went to bed. Besides, the pig was as good as a savings bank. But now he has no pig to draw him homewards; the public-house has more attraction for him. He

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goes into it and stays there, empties his pockets, and ruins his health and his family."

I was informed while at York that there was reason to suppose that the Nonconformists in the city outnumbered the Anglicans, in spite of, or perhaps really in consequence of, the archiepiscopal organisations and the multitude of clerics. Was this an instance of what might be called a law of social counteraction? In the same way a numerous conservative aristocracy in a city seems usually to develop by induction a radical lower middle.

It was at the York meeting, I think, that Sir W. Flower, presiding in Anthropology, pointed out how much the progress of science in Britain was hampered by the poverty of the Institute. My friend Dr. Henry Muirhead, one of those gifted Scots who used to emerge from the lower ranks by sheer force of virtue and love of knowledge, handed him a note containing a promise of £100, with a request that his name might not be mentioned. Flower straightway announced to the audience the munificent gift and the conditions.

"His modesty forbids me," he said, "to mention his name; but there" (pointing to him) "there he is!"

Somewhere in this period, probably about 1880, for it was long after my connection with the Infirmary had ceased, a public meeting was held in Bristol in aid of a movement to raise £20,000 for the reparation and improvement of the Infirmary, and the staff requested me to represent the profession. There was certainly one good point in my speech.

"Some years ago," I said, "the Edinburgh folk

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wished to rebuild their Infirmary. Now Edinburgh and Bristol do not differ very much in size and population; and as to wealth, its usual tests, viz. private carriages and domestic servants, are more numerous in Bristol. But the Scotch are a generous race." (Here a laugh ran round the hall, which was what I had played for.) "Yes, they may be parsimonious for themselves, but they are liberal for public objects, and by gifts, subscriptions, collections, legacies, they got together in a few years, not the poor £20,000 we are asking of you, but £350,000."

The audience laughed no more; but a reporter came round afterwards and asked whether I had not perhaps added on a cipher. We got the £20,000.

It was perhaps not strange that I generally, or at least frequently, passed in Bristol for a Scotchman, a mistake which was not disagreeable to me, for the southern Englishman, though he may not love the Scot, generally acknowledges his intellectual superiority, which however he scarcely envies. But I cannot resist quoting Dr. David Christison on this subject.

"You Englishmen," he said, "respect the brains of the Scots because you see and know the multitude of clever Scotchmen who find their way southwards, but you don't see the enormous mass of idiots that remains at home."

Be that as it may, when I was the President of the Bristol Debating Society its annual festival involved a visit to Tintern Abbey and a dinner at Chepstow, after which Alderman Nash (father of Mr. Vaughan Nash), in proposing my health, dilated on the great

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faculty for rising to the top in everything they attempted which the Scotch displayed, and gave as an instance that the Society had not been three minutes within the Abbey before the President was to be seen perched upon the topmost stone of the ruin (which was quite true). I replied that "my friend was not altogether correct, inasmuch as I was only half a Scotchman, but that half was my better half."

Mrs. Beddoe financed the Emigration Society she had founded, at least to a large extent, through an annual fancy ball which she instituted for the purpose. At one of these I encountered and was warmly greeted by a stalwart and handsome elderly officer with his breast covered with medals.

"Don't you recognise me?" he said.

I confessed ignorance.

"It would be strange if you did," he rejoined.

"We have not met since we were at school together."

He was General Sir George Green, K.C.B., a soldier who had done much good service on the Afghan frontier. Some of his experiences were well worthy of record. For example, while in command of a native regiment, he took part in a punitive expedition which General Sir Neville Chamberlain made against one of the predatory Pathan tribes.

"My men," he said, "had been hard at work for hours cutting corn and dismantling buildings, and on that ground I protested, but vainly, when Chamberlain assigned to me the rearguard during the retreat. As usual, when we turned our backs, the Pathans took courage and came on. My tired

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men did not show much activity in resistance ; the enemy remarked it, and presently charged, when to my inexpressible grief and disgust my fellows ran. At the moment I felt that I didn't care what became of me : I stood my ground facing the Pathans, and I seemed to be looking straight into some twenty or thirty of their barrels. They all blazed away at me, and every one missed ; the bullets sang about my ears, but never touched me. I had never had a wound in all my campaigns, and my men always believed I had a charmed life ; and now, when they saw me still standing, they took heart and returned to the charge, and the foremost of the Pathans got such a dressing as they had never had before."

There is a thoroughfare in Clifton properly called Rodney Place, after the great admiral, but which our ignorant and soulless ædiles have endeavoured to rechristen Clifton Down Road. The name of Mr. Philip John Worsley's house, Rodney Lodge, is a standing protest against the change. Therein is a fine old Georgian house known as Mortimer House, at one time held by Lord Combermere, that gallant cavalry officer. These fine old town houses have almost always histories of decline, and this one passed through my hands to become a ladies' school. During the time when Lord Fitzroy Somerset, afterwards Lord Raglan, was secretary to the old Duke, Lord Combermere had, or fancied he had, some grievance which he wished to bring under the Duke's notice. Applying to Lord Fitzroy, he was told that the old warrior had grown very deaf, and would hardly ever give anyone an interview. Lord Combermere persisting, the other promised to try

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what he could do, but requested him to stay outside the open door in the first instance.

“ Lord Combermere wishes to see your Grace.”

“ Eh ! what ! ”

“ Lord Combermere particularly wishes to see your Grace.”

“ What 's the old fool want ? ”

The visitor's desire abated, and he retreated down the stairs.

Somewhere about 1882, while I was occupying Mortimer House, a very satisfactory episode befell me. Sir William Draper, the conqueror of Manila and the object of Junius's abuse, had built a fine mansion at the east end of Clifton Down and called it Manila Hall, and in the grounds he erected two monuments—one to the honour of his friend the great Lord Chatham, the other, a cenotaph, to the memory of his companions in Oriental warfare. [With regard to the former, see several letters in the Chatham Correspondence.] The cenotaph, which was celebrated by Chatterton, is of very remarkable interest, yielding probably in that respect to no military monument in England. The inscriptions, and especially those in Latin, in which Draper is said to have been assisted by Barnard (Provost of Eton and an accomplished scholar), are of singular eloquence and vigour.

The old Draper property fell into the sacrilegious hands of builders, and Manila Hall itself was ultimately pulled down. The two monuments were in process of destruction—in fact, the cenotaph had actually been dismantled and removed—when I discovered what was going on. I purchased the

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stones, and with some assistance from Dr. Marshall and others of like mind got both monuments erected on Clifton Down very near their original site. I must confess that until this affair occurred I had a very inadequate idea of the extent of the ignorance of history and absence of patriotic feeling that are rife among what are called the educated classes.

CHAPTER IX.

AUVERGNE.

I THINK it must have been in 1879 that I paid a short visit to Broca in Paris, and accomplished a little tour in Auvergne and the Velay. There was an exposition in Paris, and an anthropological convention was just about to take place. Broca had an idea of selecting a different president for each of the five days during which the convention would sit, and taking every president from a different country or nation, and he offered to put England first, with me as chairman. This flattering proposal, however, I declined, thinking my imperfect knowledge of the French language a fatal disqualification.

Broca belonged to an old Huguenot family, of Montauban, I think. His father, an aged physician, who had practised very many years at St. Foy on the Dordogne, had come to spend his last days with his illustrious son. On the central table in the drawing-room stood a beautiful bronze tazza, adorned with emblems of the medical and surgical arts, and inscribed thus: "A. M. PAUL BROCA, L'AMI DES PAUVRES, LA COMMUNE DE ST. FOY RECONNAISSANTE."

Standing by it with the father and son, I read this inscription, and then said to the younger man—

"This is a thing you will hand down to your son or grandson, and he to his descendants."

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"Yes," he replied, "and you would have been still more disposed to say what you have said had you known what I am going to tell you. I believe testimonials of this kind are not uncommon in your country, but it is the only one that I have ever heard of in France."

The founder of the Société d'Anthropologie and discoverer of the speech area in the brain was a truly great man; but he was more, he was an extraordinarily amiable and attractive person. He laboured hard, too hard; and he was the cause and instigator of labour in others. Often did it occur to my mind, and oftener no doubt to those of his pupils, when engaged on some promising piece of scientific work, "I hope this will please the master."

He lived but a few years after the time of which I am speaking. Unfortunately he accepted a seat in the French Senate, doubtless with a hope of serving therein the interests of science. The super-added labour overbalanced the scale. One evening, after a fatiguing sitting of the Senate, he withdrew to his study after dinner, and sat so long that his wife grew alarmed, and went in to persuade him to cease work.

"I will, my dear," he said.

As he spoke his head fell forward on the table.

My friend Killigrew Wait, then M.P. for Gloucester, met me in Paris, and we arranged for a little tour in Auvergne together. My objects included the study, or at least the observation, of the race-characters of the people, and of the qualities of the mineral waters which abound in the volcanic districts of France. The historical interests of the

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country are great and varied. We stayed at Bourges, the ancient Avaricum, besieged by Cæsar, and at Vichy, at the Hotel des Ambassadeurs. We saw in fine but ruined bridges the calamitous results of floods in the River Allier, owing to the reckless or greedy destruction of forests on the mountains. We climbed quite a number of volcanoes, which became extinct in the human, though before the historical period; and we saw at the grim, black, basaltic city of Clermont-Ferrard, the church from whose steps Peter the Hermit preached the first Crusade. But I think Gergovia interested me most, even more than the Puy de Dôme, and Pascal's barometer. On the hill of Gergovia, which commands a magnificent view of the Puy de Dôme and its attendant volcanos, Vercingetorix baffled Cæsar; and I thought I could nearly identify the spot where Cæsar was said to have lost his sword on that occasion. At Mont Dore we encountered the single Englishman we saw during our travels; but he made amends for his rarity by his quality: he was Francis Galton.

We all three set out one fine morning to climb the Pic or Puy de Sancy, the highest mountain in Central France. A wet fog coming on, my companions halted; but I had got the bearings pretty accurately in my head, and pushed on up a long arête directly to the summit. The view in fine weather must be nothing short of magnificence; but the fog was so thick that I could not see ten yards. There is a circuitous path made for the convenience of the visitors to Mont Dore, and I made the descent by it rather than try the arête again.

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The primitive fashions of Mont Dore at that time were curious. The bathers and inhalers rose at daybreak, and were conveyed in their night-dress to the baths in the rudest of wooden chaises-à-porteur, a kind of prehistoric sedan-chair; which were jolted over the cobble-stones of the pavement in a way that must have shaken the most obstinate of livers into activity.

Almost everywhere in Auvergne there is a local mineral water, usually alkaline or arsenical, often both, and not unpalatable. These I dutifully tested, or at least tasted, as became a physician. One curious result followed. My companion carried the common purse; but as I was a total abstainer, and he was not, he had insisted on liquors being paid for separately. Contrary to expectation, he found the Auvergnat table wine supplied gratuitously, good enough for him; while I had to pay for my mineral waters.

One day, sketching at Montpeyroux on the Allier, I got a great and undeserved compliment. A little peasant boy, of perhaps twelve years old, after watching my performance for some minutes, remarked, "Vous gagnez beaucoup de l'argent par ça?" A French peasant could hardly conceive any other motive for work. By way of St. Nectaire (where is a beautiful Romanesque church) and Brioude, we passed on through the strange basaltic country to Le Puy, that extraordinarily quaint and picturesque old city. The Catholics, with the wonderful lack of taste which seems to characterise them in modern days, have erected a monstrous figure of the Virgin Mary on the summit of one of the queer peaked

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craggs which rise in the centre of the town, and one pays for the privilege of climbing up the ladders inside to the head of the colossus, and beholding the landscape through its eyes.

Another curious item which we saw in a small and very early (seventh century?) Romanesque church near the Cathedral was a font obviously intended for adult and immersive baptism.

I had made up my mind to cross the mountains which form the backbone of France into the Ardèche country, and to visit Vals, which is a second Vichy, but more French and less foreign or aristocratic, though at least as pretty, indeed more so.

But we encountered unexpected difficulty in carrying out my plan. Our host at the excellent Hotel de l'Europe introduced us to horsekeepers and vetturini; but they all declared that the distance to Vals, eighty kilometres or about fifty miles, was too great, and that the road, though a first-class one, was too hilly for their cattle. At last a man was found who suggested a feasible plan. He said he would forward a pair of horses at once to Monastier, about a fourth of the distance, where they could remain for the night; and then we could drive to Monastier in the early morning, breakfast there, and pick up the fresh pair.

This plan we carried out, left Le Puy at sunrise, and breakfasted at Monastier off the dirtiest table I recollect having seen. Then, with the fresh horses, we climbed the long weary ascent to the bleak tableland of heather and coarse pasture, some 4,000 feet above the sea. At the wretched hamlet of La Béage

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we halted two hours for the horses' sake, and demanded food for ourselves.

"But no! we have nothing but bread."

"But you have milk?"

"No!"

"But I see milch-cows."

"Yes! but the milk has been boiled."

"Well! I prefer it boiled."

My companion wanted something more. A half-starved chicken was picking up our crumbs.

"I will kill that for you if you wish it."

But we positively refused to have our suppliant murdered.

The journey over the tableland was in places very fine. We crossed the infant Loire, here little more than a mountain brook, and saw a few miles to the east the steep and curiously-formed and apparently isolated mountain Gerbier de Joncs, whence the Loire is said to rise. Its outline seemed hyperbolic, and I suppose it has been a volcano. I made a vow to return some day and climb it, a vow I have never been able to perform. Farther on, the tableland was seamed to the right and left by deep valleys, affording lovely downward views from the road, which kept the high level. The clouds to the north and east suddenly clearing away, we saw the huge towering mass of Mont Mezène (nearly 6,000 feet), the giant of the Cevennes; and more to the east, looking clear over the wide Rhône valley and lower ranges of mountains, the snowy peaks of the Alps. If what we saw was the great Pennine chain, as I believed, it was 140 or 150 miles away.

Plunging down into one of the lateral valleys to

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the south, a narrow tract of intense culture between lovely woods of chestnut and oak, we arrived at Vals about sunset. The landlord met us before the hotel door.

“ Whence come you, messieurs ? ”

“ From Le Puy.”

“ Mais c'est impossible ! No one ever came from Le Puy.”

“ But it is nevertheless true.”

“ When did you leave Le Puy ? ”

“ At five this morning.”

“ Then messieurs must be fearfully hungry ; for I am sure there can be nothing fit to eat anywhere on the road.”

“ Indeed, we are ! ”

“ Then messieurs would like their dinner immediately.”

And in five minutes we began to enjoy what we both thought the best dinner we had ever had in our lives. *Optimum condimentum fames.*

Probably in these motoring days plenty of tourists cross the high Cevennes, and think nothing of it ; but at that time, greatly to our surprise, we were thought to have performed an exploit. Two young French gentlemen, inspired thereby, hired our driver for the backward journey, to the admiration of their friends.

The scenery around Vals is beautiful, in some parts lovely, in others bizarre ; clear streams and park-like valleys and woods of oak and chestnut alternating with the yet-raw red cones of extinct volcanoes, and with basaltic cliffs and other striking geological phenomena. Nor is historical interest

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wanting. One is on the edge of the scenes of the exploits of the persecuted Camisards, and of their wonderful leader Cavallier.

By the way, Cavallier died Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and his name and descendents still survive in England.

The district would also have a special interest for the admirers of Stevenson, though the scene of his "Travels with a Donkey" lies a little farther to the west. But about Privaz we came upon ranges of barren waterworn bluffs that must resemble the "bad lands" of the west-central states of America.

We crossed the turbulent Rhône, and made our way homewards by Lyon, experiencing there what are said to be frequent, viz. samples of several kinds of bad weather.

CHAPTER X.

OLD FRIENDS.

I HAD an enduring friendship with Professor Virchow. At his instigation I was made a Corresponding Member of the Berlin Society on its foundation. He appreciated my methods, and I think I may say that his great inquest into the complexional colours of the German school children was a development of them.

The following story I had from Dr. A. P. Stewart. I do not think it has ever appeared in print.

Queen Victoria, with Sir W. Jenner in attendance, King William of Prussia (afterwards the first German Emperor), and Professor Virchow, then a leading Radical in the Prussian Parliament, were all staying at Ems. Jenner had been telling the Queen what a great man Virchow was, and the Queen had spoken with King William on the subject. Next day the King, recognising the Professor on the parade, called him up, and told him what the Queen had said of him, "a Professor in my University of Berlin."

"And now, Professor," he added graciously, "one little word! Don't you think it might be better if you confined yourself to these scientific subjects, in which you have earned so great a reputation, and avoided politics, in which, you will pardon my saying, you do not equally shine?"

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“Your Majesty!” said Virchow, “I do not see how I can possibly answer you, unless you graciously permit me to tell you a little story.”

“Say on, Herr Professor!”

“When your royal ancestor invaded France in 1792, he encountered the enemy at Valmy, where a French artilleryman, after greatly distinguishing himself, was taken prisoner. Your royal grandfather, always ready to give honour to valour, desired that the Frenchman should be brought before him. When this had been done, he said, ‘You appear to be a very valiant man, but it is a pity that you should exert so much gallantry on the wrong side.’ ‘Citizen William!’ replied the Frenchman, ‘let us talk about something else, for on that subject you and I will never agree.’”

Virchow was conspicuously one of those of whom it might be said, “*Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.*” In the early part of his career, he made himself the first pathologist in Europe; next he threw himself into German politics, and became head of his party; and lastly obtained the same or a similar position among European anthropologists. The last was his favourite subject, as it almost always becomes with those who once taste of its delights and interests. I once dined with him at the house of Sir James Paget, who kindly seated us together; and so engrossed was he in anthropological talk that he hardly tasted his dinner!

I had some intercourse and more correspondence with Robert Gordon Latham, an able, distinguished, and original, but not a fortunate man. He suggested to me some ideas with respect to my work in

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its earlier stages, such as the probable influence of geological formation upon colour in man. He thought dark complexions were more prevalent on the coal measures and on clays.

I recollect how earnestly he entreated me not to devote myself to scientific investigation unless I had an independent income. "It has not paid me," he said, "nor will it pay you." The advice was good in those days. And I recall with pain my last interview with him. He was poor, and depressed in spirits and in health. I did what I could for him, and when we parted held him long by the hand. "I know what you are thinking," he said; "you are saying to yourself, 'Is there nothing more I can do for this unfortunate man'? No! it is useless. Farewell!"

His death was recorded in the newspapers not long afterwards.

Bristol was very much of an intellectual centre before I settled there, and it continued to be so during many years. Ramsay, Marshall, Rawnsley, Tilden, Silvanus Thompson shone upon us for a while, and we had Percival, and Brown the Manxman, and Dunn and others; but I am thinking of the permanent residents. The Bishops, Anglican and Catholic, were men of family and liberal culture—so was Dean Elliot, of whom presently; and the heads of the Unitarian and Trinitarian Dissenters were men of mark. There was James, for example, a little Cornishman who looked as if put together out of human fragments of heterogeneous origin, and who having come over to Unitarianism from some more emotional, if less rational sect, put a

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warmth into occasional addresses that made them almost perfect.

Two families, the Hills and the Carpenters, had both come, much as I had, from South Shropshire, by way of Kidderminster, to Bristol. Miss Mary Carpenter was the foundress of the Anglo-Indian Society (afterwards removed to London under Lord Northbrook), and of the first Ragged Schools and Day Industrial Schools. My wife and she were warmly attached; the former assisted in her work, and, continuing to labour in the same spirit, started a home for working girls, a class then somewhat neglected, and later, about 1880, a more important institution, the Bristol Emigration Society, which still flourishes, its leading principle being not to persuade people to go, but to assist with information and advice, and in other possible ways, those who have made up their minds to do so.

Commissioner Hill (Matthew Davenport Hill) had accepted the Commissionership of Bankruptcy in despair of the judgeship denied him by a cabal. It was his loss, but Bristol's gain. His children were worthy of him; the eldest daughter, Rosamund, repeatedly headed the poll for the London School Board. The others were the apostles of boarding-out. All were wonderfully good amateur actors, and assisted my wife in that way to raise money for her philanthropic schemes.

The Commissioner had been very ugly of aspect in his prime, but white hair and wrinkles and habitual benevolence had altered that. One day, towards the close of the American Civil War, he met me and said, "Come and dine with me. Your

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friends Sir Edward Strachey and Dr. Goodeve are coming, and after dinner perhaps John Bright, who is staying at the Clifton Down Hotel."

I went. John Bright duly appeared, and we had some conversation about the punishment of death, for the abolition of which he was labouring zealously. People ought, he said, to be fully indoctrinated with the idea that life was sacred under any circumstances.

The other guests departed, but I remained in order to pilot John Bright to his hotel. It was a dark night. As soon as the other guests had left us Bright gleefully produced a telegram, with tidings of Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

"Now it's all over," he said.

"I fear not," said the old man. "One ought to hope so; but there are brave men in the south, and they may carry on a guerilla war."

"Not they," said John Bright; "or if they do, they will soon be shot or hanged off out of the way."

(The Commissioner, though an anti-slavery man, thought the Southerners had law and right on their side.)

The door had hardly closed when Bright said to me—

"I hadn't seen Hill for several years. What a fine lionlike head the old man has."

"Yes," I answered, for I was nettled by the way in which he had been speaking, "and his nature corresponds with his appearance; it is generous and noble."

"That may be; but he's all wrong about that American business."

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“ Perhaps ! but if so I am wrong with him.”

My companion then set to proving how very wrong we were. I soon got tired of that, and tried to get his opinion as to the cotton famine in Lancashire, and its effects on the physique and morale of the population ; but I could not induce him to show any interest in the subject.

The dropping of the aspirate was even commoner around Birmingham and Worcester two or three generations ago than it is now, so much so, indeed, that the Commissioner once said to me—

“ When I first heard my name pronounced *Hill*, I thought it was a piece of affectation.”

He thought highly of the medical profession.

“ You have been fortunate,” he said to me once, “ in your training. A medical education tends to make a man better, but a legal one to make him worse.”

His son Berkeley, named after Henry Berkeley, father of the ballot, was a surgeon of good performance and greater promise, but he died prematurely.

Of Francis Newman we saw much during many years. I had first known him in my student days, though never his pupil. In his later days he returned to the neighbourhood of Clifton, where he had once held an educational appointment. His mind was broader and more versatile than that of his more celebrated brother, Cardinal Newman, and, unlike his, very open to new ideas. Most people probably know that the twain parted company as to religious matters early in life, and thenceforth progressed in quite opposite directions, always, however, retaining their fraternal friendship. Francis

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told my wife that once, at some great gathering, he felt a hand laid on his shoulder, and turning, saw his old friend Cardinal Manning. They had a long conversation, and at last Manning said—

“ Well, we have travelled by very different paths, but I trust we may arrive at the same end at last.”

Francis Newman and Commissioner Hill both took up warmly the cause of female suffrage, when it was first generally broached in the sixties. Hill thought it would be speedily gained, seeing there was no valid argument against it, and Newman delivered a lecture on the subject, into which he condensed, in the finest of English, every conceivable argument in its favour.

He did not talk about the simple life, but lived it. During the latter part of his prodigiously long life he was a vegetarian, not so much on sentimental grounds, as because he wished to set an example of healthful and frugal feeding. He would come to our table with some lentil sandwiches in his pocket, and I believe he and his wife (a sister of Sir John Kennaway) sometimes dined on a dish of rice pudding, which they attacked from both ends simultaneously with a couple of spoons.

I believe the last occasion on which I saw him was one day when he had come up from Weston-super-Mare on business. We encountered each other in Victoria Square, at a spot where the foot-pavement was much higher than the road. He was always extremely lean, light, and active. When we had finished our talk, he turned and hopped lightly on to the pavement.

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“Not so bad, is it,” he cried, “for ninety years and vegetable food?”

Another constant friend, of whom I saw a great deal, was the Rev. Gilbert Elliot, long Dean of Bristol, and at one time Prolocutor of Convocation. He was a man of great physical and mental powers, singularly handsome in a quite un-English way, with a broad massive head and dark olive complexion, whence derived I cannot say. It was difficult to realise that his father (afterwards Governor of Madras) had been envoy to Berlin so long ago as the time of Frederic the Great, whom he vanquished in repartee in some remarkable and well-known instances. His son might be said to have inherited his wit and his courage. Preaching at the Cathedral on toleration, I heard him say—

“Which among the many religious sects in this city depart farthest from the lines of Christian orthodoxy, as generally understood? They are the Quakers and the Unitarians. And who among these sects, in proportion to their numbers and their means, do the most good works in this great city? Unquestionably the Quakers and the Unitarians.”

He was an excellent chairman, and much in demand in that capacity.¹ He was deliberate in resolution, prompt and vigorous in action.

He was Chairman of the Cathedral Restoration Committee. Killigrew Wait, my companion in a tour in Central France, a High Churchman and amateur architect, offered to rebuild the North

¹ *e.g.* he was chairman of a committee which used to meet in our house to promote the election of women as Poor-Law Guardians.

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Porch. The design included four life-sized figures. A small draft of it was submitted to the Dean, who, taking the four little figures for the four Evangelists, gave his consent and approbation. But when the Porch was complete, lo! it turned out that the figures were four doctors of the Catholic Church, including Pope Gregory with the triple crown! Had it been somebody with horns, hoofs and tail the uproar could not have been much greater. All Bristol took one side or other. The Dean said little, but distinctly indicated objections. One day when I was with him, apropos of next to nothing, he said—

“In the course of my long life I have naturally, for my sins, had much to do with law, and I have consequently learned that it is almost always better to be defendant than plaintiff.”

I went home and said to my wife—

“You have not seen these much-controverted figures. Let us breakfast half an hour earlier to-morrow, and I will drive you down, for I don't think they will be there long.”

We accordingly drove down, but the figures were gone.

Like Francis Newman, the Dean survived his ninetieth year, and though he did not retain the marvellous bodily activity that Newman did, his intellect always remained clear and powerful.

Among the many men of mark who flitted across the scene at Bristol, but did not permanently settle there, may be mentioned the younger Channing. He had a fine countenance, but his profile and that of some of his kindred always called to my mind a

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high American Indian type. Probably Pocahontas was far from being the only Indian woman who left a strain of her blood among the colonists. I once heard Channing preach a very fine Christmas sermon in the Lewin's Mead Unitarian Chapel, in which he painted a gorgeous picture of the social results of true Christianity. Afterwards he and I walked together through the neighbouring slums to look upon the Christmas dinner of the children at Miss Carpenter's Ragged School, seeing some unpleasant sights and hearing more unpleasant sounds on our way.

"I am afraid," said I, "this is a long way off any resemblance to the beautiful picture you painted just now."

"Yes, indeed," he replied; "but you don't suppose I call this a Christian country?"

Lewin's Mead is approachable from Clifton down the picturesque flight of stairs called Christmas Steps. I was first piloted thither by my friend Samuel Worsley, a most cultivated and accomplished man, despite his blindness.

"Facilis descensus Averni," he said, smiling, as we went down the steps.

With Canon, afterwards Dean, Farrar I had some passages. Once he sojourned with us a day or two; and I took the chair at a great temperance meeting at which he was to be the chief speaker. Canon Barker, however, preceded him, whose zeal and eloquence carried him farther and longer than he had intended. Suddenly he pulled himself up, and apologised for having detained the audience, who he knew must be longing to hear that great orator,

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etc., etc. With that he moved towards the door, in order to take part in an overflow meeting.

"I," said Farrar, jumping up at once, "am no orator as Brutus is," with a finger pointed at his retiring coadjutor, "but I am just going to put before you a few statistics on this most important subject."

He really spoke much better than he wrote; though, as he confided to my wife, he actually disliked public speaking, and only practised it as a duty, while he was truly happy when writing. The last time when I saw him was during the Liverpool meeting of the British Association. He preached the usual special sermon. It was full of fervour, eloquence, and enthusiasm, too rapidly given, I thought, for many of his audience to follow, and must have entailed great physical as well as mental effort. As a physician, I was alarmed for my friend. I have never held with that favourite saying about "the candid friend," and I wrote him a careful letter of criticism and advice, which was rewarded with a reply full of evidently heartfelt thanks.

The death of Sir John Evans has taken place quite recently. I had a long and valued friendship with him, which began as far back as the sixties, when we made a simultaneous visit to Professor Dupont's famous cave-diggings at Furfooz, near Dinant. Furfooz is in the midst of lovely scenery, in the solitary sylvan valley of the River Lesse, in the Ardennes, where we spent two beautiful summer days with Dupont.

Evans's range of scientific acquirement and his capacity for work were enormous. He spoke

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several languages fluently, and his powers were utilised as British deputy to Continental Congresses, when scarcely any other Briton could have filled the post so well. He was gifted with a splendid physique, useful hands, and a fine sense of touch. Once I had a Roman coin which I believed to be one of Nero, but about which I did not feel sure. I took it up to a soirée of the Royal Society, expecting to meet him, which I did, and mentioned to him the coin. He held out his hands behind him, and I deposited the coin in his palm. He fingered it for a few seconds, and said, "Nero, third brass." When I first learned that he was very short-sighted, I congratulated him on having at least one human infirmity. In anthropology, it is true, he was deficient on the somatological side; and Virchow once called him a barbarian because he had neglected the bones in a valuable find. It was a great disappointment to him that he never attained the presidential chair of the Royal Society, for which he had served as long and as well as did Jacob for Rachael.

Dupont is a very swarthy man, and used to have a thick crop of crisply curling black hair. I remember he asked me whether I could tell him whence he had derived this characteristic. I declined to guess, whereupon he said—

"Your friend Pruner Bey found it out. He said I must have had a Highland-Scottish ancestress; and it is true that my great-grandmother came from the Highlands of Scotland."

Pruner Bey was a Bavarian, and had been physician to Mehemet Ali, in Egypt. He was the first to study the forms and sections of human hair

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scientifically, and was great on heredity and atavism. He told me that he once encountered in Poland a gentleman named Gordon, whose looks as well as his name proclaimed him Scottish. Pruner had occasion to say to him—

“ You, as a Scotchman, must know.”

“ Pardon me ! I am not a Scotchman.”

“ How, then ? ”

“ I am a Jew. But my paternal ancestor of three centuries ago was a Scot, and he committed a murder, and fled to Poland, where he was received by our people, and embraced Judaism ; and all my ancestresses since then have been Jewesses. To-morrow I will show you my son, who is an unmistakable Jew.”

Pruner lived in Paris till the Franco-German War drove him away, when he retired to his native country, and died there.

If I were at all superstitious, I should be disposed to think I had the evil eye, or something of the sort. I will give some examples of what I mean.

Colonel Balfour, of Trenaby, the largest landowner in Orkney, wrote to me that he was struck by the applicability of some of my ideas to his tenantry, and would like to make my acquaintance with a view to making further investigations.

“ But,” he added, “ please don't answer this at once. I am just starting for London, and will let you know when I return.”

Three days later I saw a notice of his death in the *London Times*. He had contracted pneumonia on the journey, and it was speedily fatal.

Again, a lady from Yorkshire, convalescing from

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a severe illness, visited her relations near Bristol, and by her physician's direction asked me to call upon her. When I had done so, her brother-in-law, a gentleman named Lucas, waylaid me.

"I have long wished to make your acquaintance," he said. "I have heard you lecture, but never had a chance until now."

"We looked each other between the eyes, and there we found no fault," as Kipling says.

Presently he said—

"Will you allow me to make you a little present?"

"Certainly, if you wish to be so kind."

"I am a collector of swords," he remarked, left the room, and returned with an armful of blades. "Now, pray, choose which you like best."

Of course, I felt bound to choose one of no great value. He laughed.

"I apprehend your motive, and appreciate it, but I wish you to accept something really good; and if you won't choose such a one, you must let me choose for you."

He picked out a beautiful seventeenth-century weapon, found in the thatch of a cottage at Middlezoy in King's Sedgemoor (close to the battlefield), which was demolished about fifty years ago.

I thought we had laid the foundations of a pleasant and lasting friendship, but I never saw him again. He was a middle-aged man of perfectly healthy appearance, neither fat nor lean, ruddy nor pale nor sallow; but a few weeks later, without any warning, he dropped dead in a street in Bristol.

The following case of coincidence will probably seem incredible to some of my readers. Dr. George

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Burder was for many years the meteorological authority of Clifton; and little jokes used to pass between him and me as to his responsibility for the local weather. It happened once in July, that we had a long stretch of fine, dry, sunny, almost cloudless days. Coming into the Museum newsroom, I found Burder, who remarked—

“ You blame me for bad weather, surely you will praise me now ? ”

“ Yes, I do. This is splendid weather for you and me, but what of the farmers ? They must want rain for their turnips. May I make a little suggestion ? Suppose, when you go to bed to-night, you turn on the tap, let it run through the night, turn it off when you get up, and let us go on as before.”

“ Well, I ’ll try what I can do.”

Late in the evening it began to rain, continued to do so (so far as we could judge) throughout the night, and ceased about breakfast-time, after which we had another stretch of fine, dry, sunny weather.

William Froude, one of a trinity of distinguished brethren, became my friend through a professional introduction. I recollect going home after our first interview, and saying that I had encountered one of the most interesting and charming of men.

“ Who or what is he ? ”

“ If I did not know that he owned and lived on a family property, I should say from the aspect of his whole personality that he was an engineer, and a very able one.”

It was only afterwards that I learned that he really was, or had been, an engineer by education

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and profession. He used to send me his papers on the rolling of ships, full of complicated diagrams that might have been intelligible to an archangel or a senior wrangler. In many respects, including facial expression, he reminded me of my early friend and object of admiration, Christopher Bancks.

I find I have omitted all mention of archæological work in Bristol. For real work of that kind I had indeed no leisure ; but when Mr. Palmer Hallett was strenuously labouring to found the Bristol and Gloucestershire Society, I was his Chairman of Committee. Earl Ducie gave us his powerful aid, with the remarkable result that the desiderated Society was born, like Minerva, full-grown. I believe the list of 500 members included all the peers and magistrates in the county.

CHAPTER XI.

AUSTRALASIA.

As I had money invested in pastoral property in Queensland, where I was in partnership with my wife's two brothers, and as in 1885 the term of the partnership was expiring and the other members did not wish it prolonged, it seemed almost necessary that I should visit Australia. Our son, too, was there, and we had a great desire to see him and to determine something as to his future. I may say at once that the consequences of the expedition were not very satisfactory, but that the experiences it involved were extremely interesting. I left on its way through the press my book, *The Races of Britain*, an expansion and extensive development of my Eisteddfod prize essay, which Mr. Arrowsmith had accepted on liberal terms after Williams and Norgate had shortsightedly declined it.

We left England early in April in the *Chyebassa*, one of the British India Company's boats, of about 3,500 tons, taking that line chiefly in order to avoid the necessity of transshipment on our way to Queensland.

The vessel was too small to be comfortable in rough weather, but of that we had fortunately very little. Our party consisted of our two selves, our daughter, and Anne Grant, our Highland house-keeper, who went to take care of my wife, who from

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lameness and impaired health stood much in need of care.

We had two or three days of rough weather in the Mediterranean, but with that exception the condition of the sea left little to be desired, and during the greater part of the voyage I was able to sit on deck sketching, provided there was anything in sight that was sketchable.

In the Suez Canal our ship was "tied up" while eight other vessels met and passed us, and great was the pride of some Glaswegians whom we had on board when it appeared that no less than seven out of the eight hailed from Glasgow.

We had upwards of three hundred emigrants on board of miscellaneous origin—English, Scotch, Ulstermen, Scandinavians, Germans, etc. I found material among them for my measuring-tape and callipers, and noted, among other points, what Wilde had told me long ago, that the Gael of Ulster, even where Sassenach admixture was rather unlikely, differed from the southern Irish, often in the direction of brachycephaly. The captain, the doctor, and I held weekly examinations as to order and cleanliness of quarters, awarding small prizes to the best wardmistresses. It was mark-worthy that a Berliner always took the first prize, and a Scotch-woman generally the second. All the ladies on board competed for Paulina Müller, who was also remarkably good-looking, but she was going to join friends and declined service.

The British India route to Australia is much more interesting if not quite so speedy as those of the other lines. We called at Port Said, Aden, Colombo and

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Batavia. We saw both the arid and the luxuriant aspect of the torrid zone, saw the Moslem and the Buddhist, the Arab, the Somal, the Singhalese, and the Malay.

The huge cinder which is Aden was slightly tinged with green by portulacca and other plants, owing to a heavy fall of rain which had taken place a month before, and which had also filled the curious rock cisterns. Aden is not quite so persistently rainless as is generally supposed. A camp of many-camelled Bedaween looked very patriarchal. The colour of the Somali divers seemed to me the finest complexion for a man : it was a bright coppery hue, much like that of the males in Egyptian paintings ; and the Somal either are the Egyptian Pount or are the heirs of their territory.

We passed through the Straits of Sunda about eighteen months after the terrible eruption of Krakatoa. Lumps of pumice-stone still strewed the sea for hundreds of miles from the centre of disturbance. The mountain (Rakatu, 2,500 feet high) still showed its southern face, unaltered in its main features, to the passing vessels ; but whereas it had been as a Garden of Eden, it was now all red, raw and bare, and seamed with innumerable deep and rugged centrifugal ravines. On its north side some six or seven square miles of hill and mountain, the whole bowels of the island, had been blown into the air to give us the wonderful gorgeous sunsets of 1884 ; and where they had been was more or less deep sea water. A cloud resting on the summit of Rakatu completed its ferociously volcanic aspect.

More than thirty-six thousand people are said to

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have been killed, mostly drowned by the great seismic wave. The story ran that a white woman, a pilot's wife, was the only survivor of the two thousand inhabitants of Anjer, twenty-five miles away; that she was submerged while running up a hill behind the village, but held on firmly to a bush, and was left there by the receding wave.

At Batavia, where we spent a very enjoyable day,¹ a Dutch passenger came on board, a cultivated and intelligent man. He told me he had lately lost his best friend, a planter, on S'meru by an eruption of that great volcano.

"But," I said, "is it not true that S'meru erupts on an average about once in eleven years?"

"I believe so."

"Then how is it that men will run the great risk of living there?"

"It is that the soil on S'meru is so rich that a man who can live there seven years must make his fortune."

I forget for what reason, but rather to my satisfaction, we did not go through the Strait of Bali, but kept on an eastern course among the islands, north of Bali and Lombok, Sumbawa, Floris, etc. The mountains are superb. I cannot delay over them; but there is Slamak, a volcano in Java (indeed, they all are or have been volcanoes). Slamak is a huge, truncated cone of 12,000 feet, which we saw towering above the clouds. And there is Agong in Bali (10,800 feet), an acute, conical peak, which only vouchsafed to show itself to me for one quarter of an hour at

¹ Unfortunately there was not time enough available for the trip to Buitenzorg.

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sunrise ; and Rindjani in Lombok (over 13,000 feet) ; and Tombora in Sumbawa (9,000 feet), a huge, hulking monster, said to have destroyed more lives than any other volcano ; and sweetly-named and finely-formed Yaparau and Illimanduri in Floris ; and farther east Lobitobi or Palimpuan (about 7,000 or 8,000 feet), which was busy adding to its height and painting the sky red in the evening when we passed by it.

At Thursday Island the Queen's birthday was being celebrated by a great display of flags. We took on board some English master-pearl-fishers, one of whom had a pear-shaped pearl of great beauty and value. They told us the unwelcome news that the drought, of which we had known before leaving England, was continuing and becoming more serious.

The coral reefs on the north-eastern coast of Queensland, while they almost ensure one smooth water, are extremely dangerous ; and as new reefs are continually pushing up they necessitate an up-to-date pilot.

Townsville, our destination, had at that time no harbour for large vessels, and the *Chyebassa*, therefore, lay in a roadstead eight miles out. Thither came out a little yacht to meet us, bringing our son and Mr. Hays, my friend and agent, and the good little Bishop of North Queensland, Stanton, who in more than one respect reminded one of St. Paul. He is dead, and one may speak of his virtues freely. He was as tolerant as he was active and zealous and unostentatiously ascetic, and he bumped about his bare little bones all over his hundred-leagued diocese with a black boy and a black bag behind

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him on another scarecrow of a pony, and kept the lamp of religion alight through all the "never never" country.

Townsville is in what is called a dry belt, conditioned, I suppose, by the existence of a wide gap in the dividing range of hills which elsewhere attracts the rain-clouds. It looked very droughty. Its situation and the scenery of its bay are beautiful, though I do not suppose that advantage had aught to do with its choice for a settlement by its founder and eponymous hero, Mr. Towns.

Mr. Hays, with whom we stayed, had a nice little house (of wood) on the top of a cool, breezy hill; but Mrs. Beddoe said that "when she looked down on the capital of North Queensland it seemed a great plain of sand dotted over with caravans as if at a country fair, while the smaller suburban cottages were like bathing machines."

I was asked to preside at a teetotal meeting, and was a little surprised when at its conclusion a gentleman proposed a vote of thanks to "our venerable friend in the chair." I was fifty-nine, and though bald and grey, had as yet no feeling of the approach of old age; but when I had spent a little more time in the colony I recognised that there was hardly a man over sixty in the whole of North Queensland.

In the local museum I found the skin of a python 22 feet long. I mention this as one so often sees loose and exaggerated statements on such subjects. Kennedy measured an alligator of 19 feet somewhere in Queensland.

Our son had gone forward in order to be ready to

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meet us at Hughenden, and on the 5th of June the rest of our party started for the interior. Mr. Hays accompanied us to Betts Creek, the temporary terminus of the railway. On the way we twice crossed running water, the Burdekin and a smaller river. These were the only occasions when I saw running water in the course of 800 miles of travel in North Queensland. The great Burdekin exhibited two or three shallow streams struggling in a stony bed three quarters of a mile wide, but in its floods it has been fatal to many good lives. The railway line is, or was, laid in such a fashion that heavy floods roll over it, and at such times communication is cut off for a few days. The gently-undulating surface of much of the interior country permits of the rails being laid upon it without much modification by earthwork. A large canvas bag fastened behind the train furnishes that greatest necessary, cool water, to the passengers. I was told these bags were a Chinese invention. A foot-traveller carries his water in a tin can, with a spray of eucalyptus leaves in it to prevent over-washing.

Farther on we crossed a broad, flat, dry space which my wife, taking it for a road, imagined to indicate the near neighbourhood of a large town.

“Road, madam!” said Hays. “Why, that’s the River Campaspe!”

Later again we passed a wayside station with a deserted village called Homestead attached to it, a modern ruin, consisting of a few log huts already falling into decay, a most doleful-looking spot. It had been the temporary terminus of the railway, which had some time ago been carried farther on,

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and the population had gone on with it to Betts Creek, the new terminus, where we at length halted for the night at a clean but not luxurious inn, kept by a lady and gentleman from the West country, of a family not unknown to ourselves.

Next morning we were wakened at three o'clock by the coachman's horn, and at four o'clock started by starlight in one of Cobb's coaches for Hughenden. Cobb is, or was, the Bianconi of Queensland. I was on the box-seat with my daughter, and would have enjoyed myself if the sea of dust had not occasionally risen high enough to choke us ; but I will leave it to Mrs. Beddoe to describe the sufferings of the inside passengers.

“ Gracious powers ! what an experience ! From 4 a.m. to 6 p.m. I held on for bare life to the rail at the side of the coach. People can't tell what they can do or suffer until they are tried. There is no time to be dull, as you are in a constant state of excitement as to what will be the next move, whether up in the air, down on the right side or down on the left, or whether you will be bounding along in a succession of jumps. The last is the most trying state of things ; the pleasantest is when the dust rolls over the top of the coach and reaches the poor horses' knees, for then they *must* go slowly ; and though you are almost choked and your eyes are smarting, you rejoice and enjoy the comparative smoothness. One soon ceases to care about the danger, for life is a matter of indifference. A day in Cobb's coach ought for ever to cure a nervous person and to settle a too active brain. On getting out at the Prairie Hotel I laid my head on the bed and, I am ashamed

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to say, wept; nevertheless, I soon recovered and went to dinner. Our coachman carved some excellent beef at the head of the table, and we all sat around, lighted by a candle stuck in a bottle, a strange, silent, well-bred party. Never will I forget the two other inside passengers—tall, handsome young Irishmen. The one opposite me devoted himself to me, kept his head out to watch and tell me when an extra jolt was to be expected, and at the worst descents (into dry creeks) held me to prevent my head from bumping on the top of the coach. The other did the same kind offices for Anne. They took a cheery view of all things, told us much about the country, were always polite and refined, never smoked while in the coach, and never became tiresome. They turned out to be constables returning after escorting criminals to the coast. The coachman, too, was a nice-looking and most civil man. I got Dr. B. to make a sketch of the Prairie Hotel, as it would soon be a thing of the past. It was made of split saplings rather too wide apart, and the roof was of bark. We found, as the Bishop had told us we should, that the pillows crackled beneath our heads, but we felt that the dried twigs within were clean, as was everything else in the place."

The landlord and landlady were two tall, handsome Highland folk. On getting off the coach I said—

"You'll never be able to take us all in, Mr. McMillan?"

"Bless you, sir, I've made up as many as eleven beds in that there hotel."

After dinner I walked out into the dark, and made for a light which I saw two or three hundred yards

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away, and rightly took to be the camp fire of a drayman. After stumbling into a dry creek and out again, I approached the fire, and found a drayman toasting his johnny-cake and preparing his tea. As I came nigh he lifted an anxious countenance, and said—

“ Good evening ! Have you any skill in medicine ? ”

“ Well, I ought to have a little, for I have been at it five-and-thirty years.”

“ Then do, pray, look at my son ; he is lying there under the dray.”

“ I suppose you have come from Cambridge Downs ? I have heard there is fever there.”

“ Yes, that is so.”

I examined my patient as well as I could under the circumstances. He was a lad of about seventeen, and in a high fever of some kind : it looked like typhus. I returned to the hotel, fetched medicines, and gave the father directions. If I could not do much other good, I at least eased the poor father's mind ; but he had three days' journey to make before he could reach the hospital at Betts Creek. I never heard the issue of the affair.

Next day a four hours' drive brought us all to Hughenden, then a place with four or five hundred inhabitants, a church, a couple of banks, several public-houses, three British and one Chinese shop-keeper, and a Chinese market-gardener. I believe scurvy would be almost universal in the interior of the country but for these patient and industrious Chinamen. Such was the case at the little town of Blackall until one of this much-abused and

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misrepresented race arrived and started a kitchen garden. When the Blackallers, thanks to the vegetables they had not the sense and industry themselves to plant, had recovered their health, they held a meeting *in a Chinese restaurant* to denounce foreign labour.

If one looks at a good map one finds Hughenden on the south bank of the upper course of the great River Flinders. The Flinders, when I saw it, was a dry, sandy plain a quarter of a mile wide, but water could be got by sinking two or three feet in the sand, and from this source or from rain-water tanks the town was supplied. Hughenden occupies a plateau perhaps 30 feet above the bed of the Flinders, but I had heard serious doubts expressed as to whether it was absolutely safe from the highest possible floods.¹ A miserable tragedy was enacted years ago on the Morumbidjee River in the far south. A plateau, half a mile wide and apparently level, seemed to invite settlement. A village site was laid out, and fifty people or more made it their abode. It was about 50 feet above the river level. One night an enormous, perhaps an unprecedented, flood came down the river; in the morning it was threatening the village, and was still rising rapidly. The inhabitants, alarmed, fled towards the mountain behind them. But the plateau was not quite level as they supposed: it sloped downwards substantially, though imperceptibly, towards the foot of the mountain, where a deep stream already eddied and raged. The whole population perished.

* There is a stretch of low land on the opposite bank sufficient, I think, to divert any possible quantity of water.

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On the second day after our arrival my son drove us all, except my wife, as far as Cameron Downs, the sheep station of my brother-in-law, Tom Christison. But as the annual festival (races, ball, etc.) of Hughenden was to come off in a week, and it was desirable that the family should attend it, Mrs. Beddoe abode in Hughenden with the Anglican clergyman and his wife rather than undergo three times the forty-five miles trip. Her stay was diversified by one notable incident. Mr. Ramm employed a black "boy" and his wife. The two usually lived in great harmony, but one day the black fellow managed to purvey himself of alcohol in some form or other, and chased his partner with a spear among the piles beneath the house, occasionally jobbing it between the gaping floorboards. Being reprov'd when sober, he took offence and decamped, and his wife followed him. Another black mark against the black fellow! After all, the same sequence of events occurs pretty often nearer home; but fortunately the British workman has no spear.

Meanwhile I had arrived at Cameron Downs, but was not allowed to remain there in peace. Next morning early arrived in hot haste a messenger from Berenya, the station of our second nearest neighbour, twenty-five miles to southward, asking my advice and assistance for two severe cases of dysentery, one of which was in the wife of the manager. In the course of the following night I was awoke by the welcome patter of rain on the zinc roof of Berenya House. About an inch fell in rather a short period, and next day the face of the country, which had previously looked like a desert of sand,

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was an expanse of tenacious clayey mud ; and one could understand that the soil of these inland plains, once so brown and arid, was really a strong, fertile loam, which with a tolerable rainfall would blossom as the rose. One of the two patients was an overseer's wife, and lived perhaps sixty or eighty yards away from the principal house ; and when I went to visit her I found it advisable to carry a tomahawk wherewith to cut the sticky clods off my boots when they impeded progress. I waited two days until my patients were out of danger and the ground (it could not be called a road, and was hardly a track) was hard enough to bear a buggy, and then I departed. A range of hills had been conspicuous on the eastern horizon during my sojourn at Berenya. They were called, I think, the Hollowback Mountains ; but on a subsequent visit they were not visible, though the day was clear ; and it seemed that their appearance or non-appearance depended entirely on conditions of mirage, which on these open plains is a very frequent phenomenon.

The rain was general over a great extent of country, but I do not think there was so heavy a fall at Cameron Downs as at Berenya. As it was, the party there, including my daughter, did not make their way to the Hughenden Races without some difficulty ; in fact, they were obliged to halt half-way and camp out for the night, which was no great hardship, though the nights were rather cold just then. At the ball ladies were in great request, the men numbering five or more to one in these back-country gatherings. Fourteen notorious professional gamblers were known to have arrived at

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Hughenden for the races. I did not learn that these gentry were ever molested by the law, being white men; but if two or three heathen Chinese were caught playing fan-tan among themselves they were heavily fined.

The results of the rainstorm were very disappointing. In the language of the colony, it made neither water nor grass. If one lay along the ground and regarded it as it were in profile, one saw a faint tinge of green, but that was all, and in a few days it disappeared. And the creeks (dry watercourses) remained dry as before.

Cameron Downs was a pretty place, with a house neatly built of squared timber, and an orthodox assortment of rooms. This stood on a rising ground near a large dam (artificial lake), which the Landsborough Creek had filled when last it had been flowing, but which was now visibly shrinking from day to day. We drank rain-water from large galvanised iron tanks, and I grew to like it. Our sister-in-law was a Queenslander, and made the best of things. In spite of the drought, we had milk and butter, and even eggs sometimes, and cabbage from the garden, kept alive by the unceasing labour of a Chinese Aquarius.

There was something feudal in the whole arrangements. Five or six Singhalese there were in their huts, who might represent the villans or churls, a couple of Chinamen (cook and gardener), for the bordars, and a small tribe of black fellows for the serfs. All these dwelt in huts or sheds round about. I had a room in the bachelors' quarters, where I occasionally suffered a good deal from the cold

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towards morning, though we were in the tropics, and at no great elevation. Drops of dew were frozen on the Chinaman's cabbages; his pumpkins were cut up by frost, but, strange to say, not the bananas.

But it was on a warm night that the adventure befell which I am about to relate. Among the Singhalese were a very handsome man called Carolis Naga, and a tall, dark, sinister-looking fellow, with a cross of the Malay, named Hendrik. A noise awoke me about midnight, and running out, I found the whole settlement afoot, some in shirts, and some without. It appeared that Hendrik had gone to the blacks' quarters and raised a quarrel. The squire, being summoned, had ordered him away. Hendrik drew a long knife and rushed at him. T. C., who was unarmed, ran, pursued by the ruffian. Carolis Naga, also unarmed, interposed, and drew the attack on himself, and then, in attempting to escape, stumbled and fell on his face. The savage stabbed him twice in the shoulders, and then made a determined attempt to cut off his head, inflicting a wound six inches long, extending from ear to ear. The other men dragged him off, and with some difficulty disarmed him. At this juncture I came on the scene, carried poor Carolis into my room, and did all that was necessary and practicable in the way of surgical help.

My wife and daughter departed shortly after for Lammermoor, the cattle station, twenty-seven miles farther east, while I remained at Cameron Downs to tend poor Carolis Naga, until he was in a fair way of recovery, and his assailant had been sent for trial.

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Meanwhile I explored the territory of Cameron Downs, which extended to 300 square miles or more, with perhaps 25,000 sheep and lambs. In the remoter parts of the "run" I found dozens of square miles of good grass, or rather standing hay, none of which could be utilised on account of the total absence of water, any small pools on the Landsborough or its tributary creeks having dried up long ago. Obviously, in a climate so uncertain, these ill-watered tracts ought to have been depastured while some of the pools still held out, and the neighbourhood of the great dam should have been reserved for use in case the drought continued. This had not been done, and the consequences were disastrous.

Lammermoor, the cattle station, was much larger than Cameron Downs, and a strong contrast to it in several respects. Geologically it consisted of horizontal strata of eolian sandstone; but, to my surprise, the land held water better than the rich loam to the west of it; and Towerhill Creek, which extended through its length of more than thirty miles, consisted of a succession of fine deep pools (called waterholes), some of which were miles in length, containing excellent water. Much of the run was wooded; the herbage was scanty, but not so utterly burnt up as what we had seen. The house was of logs, roofed with galvanized iron, and floored with ant-bed, *i.e.* with the material of ants' nests, beaten fine and well rammed down. But it was quite comfortable, and kept out the extreme heat of the day, and the short but sharp cold of the latter part of the night. Mosquitos and flies, especially the latter,

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were troublesome, but that was so everywhere. The population, besides white jackaroos (pastoral pupils), store-keeper and boundary-rider (inspector and mender of wire fences), consisted of a Melanesian or Kanaka overseer, a Singhalese cook, and of course a Chinese gardener, and latterly also a Norwegian carpenter, who had a contract for fencing, and dwelt alone in a little tent beyond the creek, with a bed in it, which he one evening found occupied by eight feet of carpet-snake. Besides all these there was a small section of the Dalleeburra tribe of black-fellows, who had their camp beyond the waterhole ; and two of the women among these acted as house-servants. One of these, Moona, had been known to us in her childhood, when the good Bishop, on a begging expedition for his diocese, had taken her to England. She was the child of the leading man in the tribe, but her return to it involved a considerable collapse.

The squatter was just about finishing the dispatch of 800 bullocks to the coast. This had involved about a fortnight's work in collecting, selecting, and separating, during which the greatest care had been taken to avoid needless disturbance ; for example, all the dogs had been shut up in durance vile ; but the beasts themselves bellowed like Mars or Polyphemus. The final departure afforded a very picturesque scene, the packhorses laden with all sorts of provisions for a journey of several months, including many bright-coloured blankets. The commander-in-chief was a cultivated gentleman ; in fact, droving is in this country quite a gentlemanly occupation, requiring probity, sobriety, ability to

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command, and knowledge of cattle and of the country.

Mrs. Beddoe sometimes visited or encountered the Norwegian carpenter. She remarked that nothing here struck her so much as did the solitariness of people's lives. She thought he must often feel dull.

"No!" he said; "he had his dog for company, and he had led this sort of life so long that he was quite accustomed to it."

She hoped he heard from his friends in Norway? No! in the course of years the correspondence had died out. Then she said—

"As you work so diligently, I trust you have amassed some money?"

"Yes! I have earned plenty, but I have invested it all in one concern—the public-house."

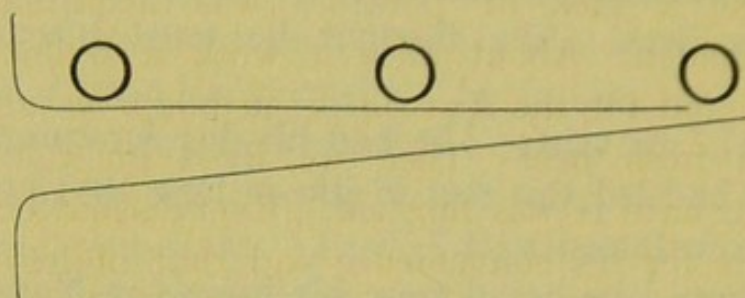
She suggested that if his savings were all to go in that way, he might as well take his work more easily. He smiled, and said it was too late now to change. Had he any thought of returning to Norway? He would like to do so, but not as a poor man, and therefore it could never be.

So much for our white hermit, an intelligent and interesting man, above the average in these respects, but a depressing object of contemplation. Our yellow hermit, the gardener, was quite otherwise. We occasionally visited him, and drank his tea.

He came, he said, from far up the country to Hong-Kong, and so hither. Was saving money in order to return when he had enough. Had a wife in China. When my daughter asked why he had not brought her with him he was convulsed with laughter,

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and replied, "Why she no feet." One day he discussed with me, elucidating his pidgin-English by appropriate gestures, the Franco-Chinese War then going on. He drew in the sand a map like this :



"Chinaman makee foat, makee two talee foat. Frenchee come, takem foat, kill Chinaman [a shrug and a shake of the head]. Frenchee takem nudder foat, kill many Chinaman [shrug again]. Frenchee takem nudder foat, kill ma—a—ny mo—oah Chinaman [shrug of resignation], but [stretching out his fathom to the utmost extent] China vely, vely, vely BIG !"

The situation could not have been much better or more briefly indicated. The French got tired of the business, and made peace on easy terms.

Ah Sin dwelt in a hut made of slabs of bark, and his watering was facilitated by a pump which lifted water into a channel of hollowed trunks of trees. He had banana and papaw trees, pumpkins and cabbages ; but the first three were not in season, and I was a little surprised to find that a frost which had cut up the pumpkins had not injured the banana trees. Cabbages, however, were the great stand-by, and on them the squatter depends to ward off scurvy and "Barcoo rot."

The ordinary routine of the day was : breakfast

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at sunrise on bread, beef, tea, and jam; lunch or dinner (so variously called) at noon on bread, beef, tea, and cabbage; and dinner or supper at sundown on much the same materials. By great good fortune a sack of potatoes was acquired from Hughenden. About once a week a bullock was shot; and for the first 24 or 36 hours we ate very tough fresh beef. Then we lived on the same, salted, until it was finished. Every squatter keeps a store for his convenience and that of his dependents, and that of honest wayfarers. I remember being left in charge one day, when all other white males were absent. I sold to a traveller a shoulder of mutton for sixpence and a pot of jam for two shillings, a *bouleversement* of prices not easily to be forgotten. The manner of life and feeding seems to render men lean, light, hard and wiry to the last degree; and the hot and dry climate permits much and severe exertion. So far as I observed, labourers working by contract, and therefore masters of their own time, did not take a siesta in the heat of the day, but worked right on without resting.

With leisure one could have added to the fare: wild ducks, wild swans, ibises, etc., visited the waterholes, and wild turkeys were not uncommon in the bush. The various marsupials (kangaroos, wallabys, paddymelons, opossums) did not seem to be much appreciated as food. Some of them are said to suffer from parasites, and the drought was beginning to tell on them severely. Before leaving North Queensland, I counted as many as thirty of their carcasses, dead from thirst or famine, in a space not more than ten yards across, near a dried-up puddle.

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Emus were seen more than once. How these huge birds live through a severe drought I do not understand, nor how they escape white and black hunters. They ought to have some kind of protection from the law.

Occasionally we had the great enjoyment of seeing a flock of Golaas on the wing. These birds are, I suppose, the *Cacatua Eos* of Gould, who says of them, "They frequently pass in flocks over the plains with a long sweeping flight, at one minute displaying their beautiful silvery grey backs" [I should call this colour white], "at the next, by a simultaneous change of position, bringing their rich rosy breasts into view, the effect of which is so beautiful, that I regret that my readers cannot participate in the pleasure I have derived from the sight."

Life was not so dull as might have been supposed. Visitors occasionally turned up, tied up their horses, sent in their cards, and were hospitably received. A very pleasant one was a Mr. Lamotte, a New-South-Walian, from the Gwydir, who was camping on our ground with a comrade, in charge of eighty horses, the residue of a large herd which had belonged to a (deceased) bishop in the south, and had been bequeathed by him, with the rest of his property, to church purposes. The horse-masters were pushing gradually to the north, selling as they went. The two used to appear on alternate days; and we wondered why they always came singly, until a return visit enlightened us. There had been an accidental fire in their tent, which had destroyed all their clothing, except one suit, so that when the one visited us the other had to lie in bed.

But of all our visitors the most interesting was a

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Mr. Keys, an explorer, one might say, by profession. Here is Mrs. Beddoe's account of him—

“ Keys is perhaps the most remarkable man I have ever met—a grandfather, but still robust and hardy, and with hair still brown, and one of the best bushmen in Australia. He has done a great deal of exploring, and knows all about tracking, and all the ways and customs of the natives (of whom he has a good opinion). Of original education he had none, but is full of his own ideas, which he has carefully thought out—and very funny some of them are. In his manner to ladies he is as polite as Don Quixote himself. His ruling passion is camels, and he is one of the few possessors of these strange brutes in Australia. After some conversation about them, he disappeared for hours into his own room. I said, ‘ Mr. Keys, you are writing a book ! ’ He blushed, retired, and reappeared with a MS. paper on camels, which he begged me to read aloud. When I saw the writing and spelling, I was ready to faint, but I took the plunge, and can only believe that I was on that occasion inspired, the result of which may have been that he became an author. While with us he read a translation of Tacitus with great enjoyment, and evidently observed and noted all he saw. I suppose that we, especially the F.R.S., were as great curiosities to him as he was to us. He and the squatter had never met before, but knew each other by reputation, and they had fine ‘ cracks ’ as to which of them had gone longest without food, etc.”

On his second visit Keys arrived on foot after midday. He had left Prairie, from thirty to forty miles away, the day before.

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“ Where did you sleep ? ”

“ Oh, under a tree ! ”

“ Had you anything to eat ? ”

“ Yes, I brought a chunk of bread with me from Prairie, but I finished that last night.”

Some parts of Tower Hill Creek are beautiful. The gum trees are very fine, but they would be finer but for the white ants, which ruin any tree in which they can find a weak point to give them access. Houses have to be protected from them by inverted metallic platters on the top of tarred piles. Of course these termites are not true ants at all, but using the common language, one might say that the ants disputed the dominion of the country with man. There are many species of true ants. Some erect the enormous pyramidal nests, 15 feet or more in height ; others burrow in the ground, and if the fancy takes them to do so near to your house, it is extremely difficult to keep them out of it.

There are many pretty flowering shrubs, most of which have a mild but pleasant odour ; and the whole air is scented as with a faint sensation of thyme. The general aspect of the country is monotonous, but it is a not unpleasing rather park-like monotony. The most unfavourable of its features is the absence of shade in the hotter part of the day, due to the vertical position of the leaf-blades.

Mrs. Beddoe devoted herself very much to the education of Wambunny, a native child reputed to be only eight years old, but a perfect centaur, who could ride fifty miles in the day. She had taught him to count up to a hundred, to know the alphabet, and to

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have some religious ideas. He went fishing with Mr. T. (a jackaroo), and they caught two fish. Mr. T. said, "What are they among so many?" to which Wambunny replied, "Perhaps pick up twelve basketfuls."

Wambunny was much attached to my son. One day when the two were together, the latter said—

"If I did that, perhaps I go *bung*" (*i.e.* I might die).

Wambunny replied—

"But if you go *bung*, what me do?"

"Suppose you sit down here" (stay as you are).

"No," replied Wambunny, "me think not; you go *bung*, me go *bung* too."

A visit from a young Australian, a graduate of Oxford, in search of a sheep-farm, led to two delightful days of fishing, duck-shooting, bathing, and sketching on a big waterhole a few miles to the south, immediately below a (now dry) waterfall, which must be fine in rainy weather. The natives say that *debildebil* lives in the gulf below the fall; and I do not wonder, for the water there is full of wicked, crooked snags, and to dive there might be dangerous.

In August we returned to Cameron Downs, where we abode until we were ready to go down to the coast. In spite of two light showers, too light to do any good, the whole country was looking more arid, and the dam was more contracted, than when we had been there before. Drovers and draymen used to come, cap in hand, to beg for a drink of water for their beasts. Then one would hear some such conversation as the following—

"I do hope, Mr. Christison, you'll let me have a drink for my poor beasts?"

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“ How can I ? I shan't have any for myself soon. How many have you ? ”

“ Twelve couple, sir, and if you don't help me, some of them will drop before I reach Berenya.”

“ Well, I suppose I must let you have it.”

Oxen are the ordinary draught animals for heavy traffic. They belong to the drayman in many cases, and are his capital ; and a terrible drought, such as we experienced, brings ruin to many of these men.

There was a good story current in the colony about a squatter who went down to a coast-town to marry a lady. He brought her up the country by rail as far as he could, and thereafter by his own ox-dray. After accomplishing a certain distance, the dray, as not unfrequently happens, stuck in a dry sandy creek, and no amount of whipcord or persuasion would get the oxen to move. The squatter had insisted on the driver's abstaining from oaths and imprecations in the presence of a town-bred lady. But now—

“ Will nothing get them to stir, John ? ” said he.

“ Well, sir, perhaps if you 'd let me talk to them in the usual way.”

“ All right, John. Julia, my dear, stick your fingers in your ears ! ”

Incontinently the driver emitted a torrent of blasphemy ; the oxen pricked up their ears, and with a tremendous effort struggled out of the creek and up the bank.

Throwing one's hat at them is a form of appeal said some times to have a wonderful effect on the conscience or energy of an obstinate or

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hopeless team. But there was a woman in North Queensland, a drayman's wife, who was credited with a force and fertility of language so superior to that of any man, that she never failed to get her team out of the deepest and most sandy or boggy of creeks.

I have already explained how a mistaken policy had rendered unavailable most of the "keep" that still remained on Cameron Downs. T. C., the squatter, had succeeded in hiring pasture for 10,000 of his sheep on a station a hundred miles to the south, where the drought had not been so severe. This huge flock was shortly to start on its way to the new pastures. My son was to be second in command of the expedition, with power to supersede his principal if necessary; for there were two public-houses on the way, and it was doubted whether the leader, though an accomplished gentleman, and the bearer of a name honoured in Australia, would be able to withstand their attractions. At that time the publicans, if not exactly the rulers, were the most powerful class in the country, and keeping a public-house was the surest way to fortune. I believe there is no exaggeration in saying that the white labourer, at least in the back country, usually spent the whole of his enormous wages in drink, while the despised but really more civilised Chinese and Singhalese saved up their money and carried it home to their families. The hopeful point about this distressing state of things was that all agreed it was the British and Irish immigrants who in this manner destroyed themselves body, soul, and estate; but that the next generation, colonial born, were almost

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free from the vice, whether through a process of selection or from some other cause.

It is clear that the present population is a great improvement on the former one, as indeed the whole commonwealth has improved since my time.

I made some observations on the chromatic traits of the immigrant and colonial-born people respectively. More than one observant person told me the "cornstalks" were generally taller, slimmer, more freckled, and oftener reddish-haired than the immigrants; and my own (no doubt very insufficient) observations pointed the same way. In New South Wales the old convict strain seems to have been more often brown-eyed and dark-haired, in accordance with the usual rule; but they are not supposed to have left a very numerous progeny.

The 10,000 sheep were to be mustered and encamped (or kraaled as the Boers would say) in a plain clear of trees about three miles to the south-west. I proposed to ride thither after supper and spend the night with my son, whereupon arose a clamour of the whole community, white, yellow, brown and black, all protesting that I must certainly "get bushed." The word bush is used much as "wald" in Germany or "forest" in Scotland. There need not be many trees or much shrubbery (scrub). I protested that I could find my way without fail by the stars, and in time persuaded them; but neither whites nor black-fellows seemed to have any knowledge of the stars as guides, except one man, whose professed knowledge was worse than useless, for he thought the Southern Cross lay always due south. Even a pocket compass was an extremely rare

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possession among them, though one frequently heard of people perishing for lack of knowledge of the movements of the heavenly bodies, having trodden the fatal circle which leads to death by thirst or starvation.

The southern portion of the firmament is not on the whole "so thick inlaid with patens of bright gold" as the northern or equatorial tracts, except the huge and brilliantly studded constellation Argo with Canopus, and the hoofs of Centaurus with the neighbouring Southern Cross. This last is disappointing, and a very imperfect cross. But the two "Coalsacks," which are in the same part of the heavens, and which seem to be little known by any but astronomers and sailors, are truly objects of wondering contemplation. To the naked eye they appear to be two dark starless holes in the universe.

I found the camp of the 10,000 surrounded by fires, and arrangements made for the division of watches, part of whose duty was to keep up the fires. When my son's watch was over, he and I lay down to sleep; but towards morning we were wakened by the breaking out of the whole posse through a gap in the circle, owing to the neglect of a Chinaman, whose watch it was. All ran to catch their horses. My son was the first to do so, and after galloping a mile he headed the fugitives, who were brought back pretty easily. Then we cooked breakfast, and I took my leave.

The remaining flocks were pastured a few miles away from the dam. Pastured is hardly the right word, for the poor beasts had to a large extent grubbed up even the roots of the grass. Every three days the

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shepherds brought them on to the banks of the dam for water. It was pathetic to see the excitement that arose among them when, as the shepherds said, they "began to smell the water," and their feeble attempts to get up something like a run. They spread themselves out in a very orderly way round a great part of the pool, and proceeded to drink their fill. Some of them cleared out to make way for their fellows, but others, weighed down by their heavy draughts, were unable to extricate themselves from the mud. The shepherds, mostly Chinamen, dragged them out, and set them on their legs on the dry shore; many of them straightway tumbled over again, and had to be assisted once or twice before they could keep their balance, and begin their weary tramp back to their pasture. And some of the poor beasts never could begin it, but left their emaciated carcasses on the bank or in the mud.

Visitors appeared occasionally here as well as at the cattle station. Our postman was a nobleman from Holstein, a very nice man; and we were in great anxiety about him once when he did not appear for two or three days, at the end of which time we learned that he had been thrown from his horse and had broken his collar-bone. Even slight accidents may become very dangerous when they happen to a solitary man many miles from a station.

One day a gentleman arrived and stayed over the night. He wanted to secure the post of manager of the wool-shed at shearing time. We found him very clever and agreeable, and conversation was brisk. He and I differed about a passage in the New

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Testament, and he pulled an old, greasy, dog-eared Greek Testament from his pocket and confuted me. I learned afterwards that he had been a celebrated Cambridge "coach."

Our nearest neighbours, Messrs. Chisholm and Devlin, called occasionally on their road to or from Hughenden. Their station, Landsborough Downs, was only fourteen miles away. They had taken up the land two years before, and by hard, persevering work got it into order. They were now just starting a poultry-yard, having hitherto never had an egg for breakfast.

I found it necessary to make a journey to Hughenden one day, and dined at the hotel. The custom then was to charge the same sum for a bed and for each of the three daily meals. In some places this sum was not more than one shilling, but at Hughenden it was half a crown. George Augustus Sala, whom I met afterwards in New Zealand, said there were not three good cooks in Australia. Somehow, too, the climate does not conduce to *gourmandise*. However, on this day, there had been a really decent dinner, and I said as much to Williams, the inn-keeper, who was much pleased.

"Now, who's your cook?" said I.

"Oh, he's a Chinaman, sir!"

"And if it's a fair question, what wages do you give him?"

"I give him three guineas a week. Perhaps I might get an Englishman for the same money, and *perhaps* he might cook as well; but I know this, that if a squatter or a gentleman like you was in town, and I particularly wanted the dinner to be good, my

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Englishman would as like as not be blazing drunk, but my Chinaman never gets drunk."

The cook at Lammermoor was a Singhalese, but the one at Cameron Downs was a Chinese, from the province of Fokien. He was of swarthy complexion, but his features differed from those of most of the Chinamen I have seen, and had a slight something of a European cast. During subsequent travel, I was more than once able to detect a Fokien man by his features, and especially by his well-bridged nose. Chinamen are not all yellow-skinned. I have walked behind a row of shepherds, some European and some Chinese, at work in the wool-washing trough, and have tried to separate them in accordance with the colour of their legs, without looking higher. I was not always correct: one or two Chinamen had pinkish-white legs.

The sight of black-fellows is certainly very clear and acute as a rule; but I doubt much whether it is better than that of many white bushmen. One day the squatter was expected from Hughenden: his buggy and four horses would become visible against the sky when he crossed a certain low ridge about six miles distant. I and another white man, an old bushman, were watching for him. An equipage appeared on the brow of the hill.

"There he is," said I.

My companion looked steadily at the apparition for a few seconds.

"No," he said, "that's not Mr. Christison; it's not his way of driving."

He proved to be right.

The drought continued without abatement—nay,

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it increased. The postman who carried letters from Hughenden to Wilton, a village seventy miles farther west, had to cease his journeys, the last water on the route having dried up; and it behoved us to clear out and travel to the coast while the route was still practicable. Of sixty horses on the run, only about eight were fit; but we borrowed four more from Chisholm and Devlin. There were some men about half-way to Hughenden constructing a dam for the Government; but all the water needed for their consumption had to be brought in a wagon from a place twenty miles away in another direction. We were fain to beg the foreman dammer to promise us as a favour a drink for four horses on a certain day, and we sent those four to the dammers' camp on the preceding evening. In the morning a buggy started with four horses, containing the three ladies and our small baggage. A black-fellow and I rode in attendance, driving, like so many sheep-dogs, the two spare horses, whose occasional vagaries lengthened somewhat for me and my black assistant the forty-five miles of journey. The thermometer was at 105° Fahr. in shade and in a current of air; but our poor mounts could get no water all day. Mine was a splendid black horse called Saracen. I eased him by walking whenever I could, and he seemed none the worse for his day's work. I give these particulars to show some of the difficulties entailed by drought.

Next day we travelled by Cobb's coach to a public-house on Torrens Creek, a stage east of Prairie. Here I lit upon an uncommon, perhaps unique, specimen of mankind, a child of four or five years, the offspring of a Chinese father by a black

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gin. It had nearly the colour of a black piccaninny ; but in features and, so far as I could judge, in mental character it was more Chinese. The railway had been completed, though not opened for traffic, to a point three or four miles north of this ; and we had got leave from the contractor to travel on one of his trucks from this terminal point to Betts Creek. The publican was obliging, but had not any conveyance available to bridge the interval, and I started to fetch one from the terminus. Misunderstanding my instructions, I found the rail-track, but followed it backwards, *i.e.* towards the east, and finally had to return, having walked nearly ten miles in two hours. The heat was great, but the air extremely dry, and not sultry. The number of snake-tracks which I crossed was wonderful, but I saw only one of the creatures, a python about as thick as my arm.

Fortunately, at this juncture a carter arrived at the inn, and I hired him to convey us to the terminus. He started as directed by the publican through the wood, but presently, striking a track, asked me whether I did not think that was the road to Prairie. This led to an *éclaircissement*. He was a German who spoke English like a native, but had been only six months in the colony, and had no idea where the terminus was. However, we clubbed our respective ignorances together, and after jolting two or three miles through the wood, we emerged at the terminus. One of the first men I saw was Mr. N., the innkeeper of Betts Creek. I asked where his hotel was ?

“ Oh, that’s it ! ” he replied, pointing to a huge heap of timber. “ I’ve just brought it up hither.”

We commandeered a truck, and rode on it about

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fifty miles, the engine occasionally breaking down and resting awhile. Ultimately, after sunset, it utterly collapsed, about a mile and a half from our destination, Betts Creek. I walked into the village, where an obliging publican chartered a trolley, on which he and I enabled Mrs. Beddoe to perform the final stage of her fatiguing and miscellaneous journey.

In these back-settlements the sleeping-rooms are generally double-bedded, but I never heard of anyone having to submit to receiving a bed-fellow, as is said to be the case in Western America. I had an Irish labourer for my room-mate, and it was amusing to see his astonishment when in the morning I produced and used a tooth brush.

At Townsville we were again the guests of our friend Hays. One day when I was alone in the house somebody arrived at the door and howled. There were no bells or knockers in North Queensland in those days. I found the howler to be a tall, handsome, well-mannered young fellow, wishing to sell me furniture polish. He was a product, or at least a development, of Eton and Oxford, and belonged to a family of which I had some knowledge; and I asked him to come in and have a cup of tea. He apologised for the furniture polish; it was rather *infra dig.* as a means of getting one's bread, but he would not have needed to apologise for a hod or a wheelbarrow.

Hays had a lease from the Government of Orpheus Island, one of the beautiful little group of the Palm Islands, which lie north of Townsville, a little way out in the Pacific, and were, I think, discovered and named by Captain Cook; and he proposed to me

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an expedition thither. He hired a little cutter from its owners, a Norwegian and a Dalmatian, who also constituted the crew. The wind was favourable, and at nightfall we touched at one of the isles, and, like primitive navigators, traded with the inhabitants, represented by a solitary black gin, with whom we bartered a loaf and tobacco for shells and bustard's eggs. In the morning we landed on Orpheus, and dismissed our vessel and its miscellaneous crew : a coasting steamer was to call for us in two days. It did not call, and I for one was not disappointed. We had no lotus, nor music, and certainly no waterfalls ; but we had a hut, and a well, and Hays's flock of potential mutton, and a Chinaman to cook it ; and the isle was lovely, with its nikki palms and grass-trees, and Moreton Bay chestnuts with crimson blossoms, and tall orchids blooming along the shore, and yellow grass three feet high, and views of the craggy peaks of Hinchinbrook, crimson and orange in the westering sun, and a delightful creek which Nature had carefully fenced with boulders, where one could lie wallowing in surf, and see the dorsal fins of the tantalised sharks waiting outside.

However, we kept a look-out, and in a day or two signalled a coasting vessel, which brought us back to our anxious friends at Townsville.

The good Bishop came down to give us a send-off when we embarked for Brisbane, and spying Father Tenison Woods, the geologist, introduced us. Woods had been put up for election at the Royal Society, but had failed. He was a most deserving candidate, and after my return I took steps to get him elected, by putting forward more fully and clearly his singular

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merits and labours ; but he died before it could be accomplished.

We had a very rough, unpleasant voyage, as is apt to be the case when one gets beyond the shelter of the barrier reefs. The Hon. Patrick Perkins was wrecked four times running on this coast of the misnamed Pacific ; and it was said that no one would insure a coaster in which he had taken his passage. However, I saw him in London next year, and he said cheerily that he had broken the record.

Arriving at Brisbane, we left Mrs. Beddoe in a boarding-house, and travelled about 300 miles up the country to some distance beyond Roma, to see my younger brother George. The country was in most places, especially far inland, almost as badly burnt up and parched as North Queensland. My brother was manager of a fine large station called Bindango, with house and equipment much superior to what I had seen in the north, but the country was very arid. One day we drove ten or fifteen miles to see some fine bottle-trees, and to take a week's rations to a solitary Chinaman who was cutting boughs from trees to feed the sheep. I asked whether such men could be trusted to work in this way entirely without supervision, and was told they could. I have no prejudice in favour of the Chinese, rather otherwise, indeed, for a tragical reason ; but I am continually reminded of a saying attributed to Gladstone, that the British working-man hates the Chinaman for his virtues, not for his vices.

I was told that in the cutting of the line to Roma through the forest lands near Dalby about forty

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excavators perished by malarial fever. The work involved the breaking up of quantities of decayed vegetable matter. Now in most parts of Queensland, even much farther north, though mosquitos are plentiful, fever of this kind is not common nor severe.

I had planned to make my way to Sydney overland, through the elevated and comparatively cool tract of country called New England. I proceeded as far as Stanthorpe, on the frontier of New South Wales, but turned back there, the coach and railway arrangements not suiting my purpose. This is a fine district, but the climate and scenery seemed to me quite Australian, not at all English. The semblance of a lake, the effect of mirage, was visible south of Toowomba, and deceived a number of my fellow-travellers.

At Brisbane we saw something of the Governor, Sir Anthony Musgrave, and Lady Musgrave, a tall, handsome, clever and agreeable couple, who gave an entertainment in the beautiful gardens on the bank of the Brisbane River. In the course of the next year the drought completely broke up, and was succeeded by a flood, which not only covered these gardens, but washed into them a large sea-going vessel. This grounded, and remained there a fortnight, at the end of which time another flood, nearly as high as the former one, occurred, and *washed it out again*. Yet another instance of the tremendous volume of Australian floods.

I went to Ipswich, a small town twelve miles higher up the Brisbane River, in order to see some emigrants, who had been sent thither by the Bristol Emigration Society which Mrs. Beddoe had founded.

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The river, which at Brisbane is a fine tidal stream as wide as the Thames at Woolwich, is here, perhaps, twenty yards wide, and flows or stagnates at the bottom of steep banks about seventy feet high, beyond which is a sort of tableland on which the town is built. Now I have been told that in the great flood just mentioned the larger part of Ipswich was under water.

We made the voyage to Sydney in a vessel with hardly any cargo, and not much ballast. She rolled fearfully. There were six or seven Catholic priests aboard, going to some synod or other; and the sailors prophesied disaster, but none occurred.

We had but three days to spare for Sydney, having to embark for Auckland at the end of that time. Russell, the astronomer, was our friend there. He kindly demonstrated to my wife the civic arrangements for the technical education of girls, in which she was much interested, and which appeared to be better conceived than those of the mother country. Professor Russell drew out for me a plan whereby I was enabled to accomplish a rapid act of sight-seeing in the Blue Mountains, with marvellously little waste of time; this occupied about a day and half, and included the remarkable waterfall called Govatt's Leap, and the Weatherboard Valley. The water in the former leaps or rather drops vertically a distance of 560 feet. The strata in these mountains are absolutely horizontal, and the walls of the valleys being vertical for many miles on end, they are quite inaccessible except at their open mouths; some of their digitations are said not to have been explored until our own times,

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although so near a great capital city, and decades had passed before the mountains had been pierced and the grassy plans of the interior discovered ; this was effected by keeping along the summit level, avoiding entirely the jungles and gullies of the dales. We left the beautiful city and harbour of Sydney with regret, and after a rough passage of five days arrived at Auckland. We had an excellent companion in Mr. W. MacArthur, afterwards M.P. for Mid. Cornwall,¹ whose kindness made my visit to the Hot Lakes much easier and more enjoyable, my family spending their time meanwhile at a marine bathing-place twenty or thirty miles north of Auckland, called Waiwera.

At that time there was no railway from Auckland to the Hot Lakes, nor to within a considerable distance from them. I went by boat to Tauranga on the east coast, and then by coach fifty miles to Ohinemotu. Among my fellow-passengers was a Maori schoolmaster of the Aroha tribe, dressed in a suit of tweed, very well mannered and intelligent, and speaking English well and fluently. When we arrived at Ohinemotu there was a gathering of natives come to meet him, and from among the little crowd advanced a young man (his brother) clad in full British evening dress with a cylinder hat, who proceeded solemnly to rub his nose against that of the schoolmaster.

Besides Mr. MacArthur and his party I found at the inn Mr. George Augustus Sala, whose wit and

* We had also with us Mr. Allen, a son of Sir Wigram Allen, still a young man, one of the first explorers of a large valley in the Blue Mountains.

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good humour kept us all amused through the evening. Next day he made one of a party who went to see the White and Pink Terraces. We made our visit on the following day, and took with us as guide the then famous Maori woman Sophia. I suppose George Augustus must have offended her somehow, for she remarked to me—

“ Mr. Sala, he tell you he climb up top of terrace. No such thing ! When he quarter-way up he so red one turkey-cock—go no higher.”

She told me she had fifteen children. The eldest girl was at a boarding-school at Napier.

“ I make her schoolmissis,” said Sophia ; “ but I take her away from that school.”

“ Why so, Sophia ? ”

“ Because she top of all classes. That no good. She go to college where better scholars than her.”

I heartily approved. I was told, however, that Maori children are like those of some other barbarian tribes, *i.e.* that their intelligence develops early, and that at school they hold their own against white scholars, but that their subsequent progress is apt to be disappointing.

One's recollections of this week in fairyland are coloured by the fact that so much of enchanting beauty and wonder was destroyed but six months afterwards. The terraces themselves are gone ; those marvels of colour, yellow, pink and blue, above which the white vapour “ folded and swam,” are gone, or rather buried ; and those alabaster baths of water of silky, silicious softness, and of any temperature one desired ; and the “ forests ancient

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as the hills, enfolding sunny spots of greenery." By the shore of a small circular lake, a miniature Nemi, I left the finest specimen of obsidian I have ever seen. I left it reluctantly, feeling sure I could not struggle with its weight and unhandiness over banks and gullies and huge prostrate trunks of trees; but I often regret that I did not make the attempt. Then there were the actual tragedies. There was the grizzly-bearded veteran who sat by me cooking our extemporised meal of fish and potatoes in a boiling wellspring, and insisting on peeling my hot potatoes with his fingers; he, I believe, was killed. There was the white schoolmistress at Wairoa. I caught a flock of brown children, and took observations of their complexions: some of them insisted on my going with them to see their beloved teacher, who reciprocated their affection, but kept a little of it for her lovely flower garden. The garden was overwhelmed, and I fear she too perished.

"The old order changeth!"

One day I climbed a mountain west of Ohinemotu—Ngatitoto I think it was called; but the limitations of the Maori alphabet give such a family likeness to their place-names that it is not easy to make sure of them. The near view of Lake Rotorua, the scene of Dowson's romantic poem, was lovely, and Tarawera, pregnant with mischief, was full in view; but I could not see, as I had half hoped, the distant lofty volcanic peaks of Tongariro and Ruapehu. But half-way up I found some English clover growing. There was no cultivation of any sort within some miles, yet here was a British plant, somehow self-introduced, which would probably in the course

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of time extirpate some native ones, and dwell in their place.

I made another expedition from Auckland, in search of big trees, into the forest-covered Waitakerei Mountains. I had an introduction to a Gloucestershire man, a farmer named Wosley, on whose land were some magnificent kauris. He had one hundred and sixty acres, still mostly woodland, and in the morning said he could give me two hours. Part of this time was occupied in visiting one grand tree, with a trunk fully 40 feet round, which rose with scarcely any diminution 100 feet before branching. The kauri is a pine, but its general aspect is more that of a wych elm or beech. I asked Wosley whether he had any other trees equally fine, and got from him this curious answer—

“ There are some on the other side of the farm that may be as large, but I couldn't undertake to find them in the hour I have to spare.”

The difficulty was the density of the jungle. In fact, you have in New Zealand tropical vegetation without ague and without snakes. But the Auckland summer is not hot. I was surprised to learn that maize was scarcely at all cultivated, and could not be relied on to ripen, though it ripened well in a warm corner at Clifton.

We embarked at Auckland for Wellington. It is a bare and windy place compared to beautiful Auckland, but remarkable for its fine public buildings built of wood by reason of earthquakes. Here I enjoyed the company of Sir James Hector, the scientific Jove of New Zealand; but we stayed but two or three days, and then embarked for England

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in the *Rimutaka*, one of the N.Z. Co.'s vessels, on an agreement that we should be taken through the Straits of Magellan, which, however, was not fulfilled, to my great disgust.

For the first four days we had the constant society of quite a flock of albatrosses, who whirled and swooped and skimmed the wavecrests with the most graceful evolutions. Then all disappeared, and for nine days, crossing what some called the Silent Sea, we saw no living thing, save one whalebird and one stormy petrel. We passed almost close under Cape Horn, a fine promontory, much like a lion couchant. Though it was January, the middle of summer, the temperature was about the freezing point, 32° F. After that for nearly two days we ploughed our way through great "schools" of whales, some of which came spouting within 50 yards of the ship. It was difficult to judge of their size, but I doubt whether any of them exceeded 40 feet in length. Then we called at Rio, a place once seen never forgotten. Comparisons are sometimes made between the harbours of Sydney and of Rio. Sydney harbour is by far the better for commercial purposes, with its deep water close inshore in so many places, which advantage Rio has not, but is far more beautiful in colouring and vegetation, and in the presence of surrounding mountains, whose picturesque and bizarre forms may be equalled in the dolomite country, but hardly, I suppose, elsewhere. The emperor was away at Petropolis, his summer palace among the Organ Mountains. It was said that he was very popular, but that his ultramontanist wife was much disliked. Monarchy would last his

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time, everybody said, but not longer. In fact, however, the time was at hand when even he would be ungratefully expelled.

It was a depressing change for us from Rio to Plymouth. We had but a chilly welcome, for it was January, and the Cornish hills and fields were covered with deep snow.

CHAPTER XII.

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ON my return to England I found my *Races of Britain* on the market. It has never sold so largely as my worthy publisher and I hoped, but it remains as yet the standard authority on the subject, though of course the additional material which turns up from time to time does not always conform to my ideas, and the grand work of my friend Ripley, extending as it does to the whole of Europe, somewhat eclipses it. It is much quoted, and copies once obtained seem to be held somewhat tenaciously, for it never occurs in second-hand catalogues. My friend Topinard, in reviewing it, said I had followed out my subject "with a perseverance of which there was no other example."

As soon as I could find a suitable house in Clifton, I set to work to pick up the loose threads of my practice, in doing which I was tolerably successful. The new house was the Manor House, which had years ago, for a short time, been occupied by John Sterling, and later for several years, until he succumbed to melancholia, by Dr. William Budd. Attached to it were a good garden and a paddock, beyond which was a disused burying-ground, where rested the remains of Dr. Thomas Beddoes, "the father of inhalation, and brother-in-law of Maria Edgeworth."

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In the autumn of that year (1886) I contented myself with a brief expedition to the Isle of Man, in company with Professors Boyd Dawkins and John Rhys. We were the guests of Mr. Savage, and saw much of another well-known local antiquary, Mr. A. W. Moore, long Speaker of the House of Keys. We constituted a kind of roving commission to inquire into things Manx. Dawkins investigated the geology and palæontology, Rhys hunted up Oghams and mythology, and I measured the heads and tabulated the hair and eyes of the lieges. From my point of view the Manxman is a Keltiberian or Gael, crossed and solidified by a strong infusion of the Viking. Our expedition bore good fruit in the shape of books and papers, in largest proportion by Mr. Moore, who has specially studied the local family names and the local evidences of somatic heredity.¹ The island is a perfect microcosm for ethnologists. Socially it is remarkable in two respects: it is very free from crime, and it has long enjoyed female suffrage.

Next year, when the time for a holiday came round, I took my family to Paris, where an exhibition was being held. There was a very interesting anthropological department, to which I made some small contributions, and with which Topinard had very much to do in various ways. No doubt it was to him and the Marquis de Nadaillac—that is, to their recommendations to the French Government—that I owed the honour, shortly afterwards conferred upon me, of *Officier de l'Instruction Publique, 1^{re} Classe*.

¹ Mr. Moore died, much regretted, soon after this was written.

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I established friendly relations with several leading men in my own department. Of Bogdanov, then the first of Muscovite anthropologists, I have a souvenir in his beautiful volume of Russian Portraits. He was a strong, sturdy man, with just a slight suspicion of the Tatar in his fine head. Then there were Gustaf Retzius from Sweden, and Waldemar Schmidt from Denmark, and Tenkate from the Netherlands, and the affable Cartailhac from the South of France, and Laloy from the North, and Deniker, ever laborious and constructive.

One evening Prince Roland Bonaparte gave a soirée to thirty or forty of us. I remember, among objects of interest which he showed me, a beautiful bust of the Duke of Reichstadt (King of Rome), full of character, and somewhat pathetic in aspect. Early in the evening my friend Topinard came to me.

“ Hither has come Edison, and he neither speaks nor understands a word of French : will you take him in charge ? ”

Of course I was delighted. I was struck by the strong, self-contained and self-reliant air of the great inventor, and the introspective and inscrutable look of his eyes (grey, I think) ; but that might be due to shortsightedness. We had some conversation ; but presently up came Retzius, who speaks English quite as well as I do, and asked for an introduction ; and he was followed by a string of others more or less qualified in that way, so that Edison can hardly have found the evening dull.

In the anthropological department of the exposition the skull of Charlotte Corday was to be

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seen. This was one of the cases in which scientific curiosity and sentiment are in conflict; and with me the former prevailed, and led me to examine it. It is a fine, well-balanced skull; and if my friend Kollmann, of Basel, the distinguished anatomist, were to clothe it with suitable integuments, as he did that of the prehistoric woman from the pile-dwellings of Auvernier, we should recover the likeness of a beautiful Norman woman.

On leaving Paris we went first to Rheims. Some say the cathedral there is the perfection of Gothic architecture; but a little salt, according to Ude, improves every sweet dish, and it may be that a little discord may sometimes enhance the effect of architectural harmony. Certainly I prefer the Cathedrals of Rouen and Chartres to that of Rheims.

We made our way by Trier and down the Moselle to Coblenz, and then from Andernach to Laach, a delightful place, little visited by English tourists. Its lake, an old volcanic crater, is lovely, and its abbey church, after Mentz Cathedral, is perhaps the finest example of the Romanesque in Rhineland; and both seem shut off from the world by a circle of softly-swelling and thickly-wooded hills. A troop of excursionists (why not excurrers, or excursors?) from Coblenz, with their loud, harsh shouting and uproarious songs, broke the lotus-eating tranquillity of the happy valley, but that they thoroughly enjoyed themselves there could be no manner of doubt.

Every now and again honorary or corresponding memberships of scientific societies fell to my lot. It is a satisfaction to know that in no case did I ever ask for such a distinction; though of course I

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know that such honours are usually more or less due to the influence of personal friends. Thus the Roman and Swedish diplomas I must have owed chiefly to the initiative of my good friends Livi and Gustaf Retzius.

I had collected some valuable material respecting skin-colour, and the effect of sunlight upon it, during our voyage round the world; but now that I no longer travelled I had little opportunity for enlarging my personal knowledge of facts, and occupied my leisure chiefly in studying the influence on type of various modes of selection, and in trying to help in the improvement and fixation of methods, a subject whose supreme importance has impressed me from my youth up.

For some years I saw a good deal of the late General Pitt-Rivers, visiting him at Rushmore, where the examination of the bones he disinterred from the old British villages on the estate was sweetened by the contemplation of his three magnificent Gainsboroughs. His views on measurements were good. Thus he wrote to me:

“ I hope they will adopt the German plan of measurement pure and simple—not that it appears to me the best, but that, being a military nation, they have been the first to see the importance of unity, and that is in this case more important than any superiority of detail.¹ It will, I fear, entail the remeasurement of all my skulls, as I have adopted Flower’s method as the only available at the time. While, however, I shall of course

¹ Nevertheless, I prefer the French plan, where they differ; and so did he.

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*adopt any recognised system, I shall always, in addition, take the radii from the meatus [earhole], which I feel convinced was created as much for measuring as for auditory purposes, and is absolutely the only means of comparing the living head with the skull."*¹

I think it was in the course of the next year that I received another honour; it was that of the LL.D. of the University of Edinburgh. It came to my knowledge that some of those who had the chief voice in the matter had got it into their heads that I had it already: anyhow, they promptly made up for the mistake when discovered. Among my fellows was one very interesting man—Paton, the Polynesian evangelist. I believe he was a descendant of Captain Paton, of Meadowhead, the valiant old Covenanting warrior, who at last perished in the Grassmarket, but whose sword and chair and Bible are preserved among his descendants, and who is mentioned by Scott in *Old Mortality* as present at Loudon Hill or Bothwell Brig.

A large number of ordinary bachelors' and masters' degrees were afterwards conferred; and I sat watching the countenances of the recipients as they trooped up to the dais. I suppose all crowds look ugly—certainly this one did. Since that time I have had a controversy with a formidable antagonist, Professor Karl Pearson, as to the *marked* correlation between size of head and intellectual superiority, which he denies and I affirm, though I regard the latter as only one of several factors in the question. I must

¹ The Germans, and Karl Pearson and his school, lose sight of this great advantage by not measuring from the centre of the meatus.

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say I was disappointed in the look of both heads and faces in many of these (mostly young) Scotsmen. Yet the Bordermen are a comely race, with heads of good size and development ; so are the Highlanders in many districts ; so are the Orcadians and Shetlanders. I suppose my crowd must have included many of the intellectual pick of the proletariat of the large towns, or selections from the uncomely product of pangenesis.

The best Scotch names, and probably the best Scotch blood, have largely gone to England or the colonies, or died out in adventure or in the public service. It is true that these best names are chiefly known to us as those of the distinguished and ferocious ruffians whose deeds give to Scottish mediæval history its great personal interest ; but the same families—Homes, Douglasses, Crichtons, and so forth—produced the men of mark as heroes, clerics and poets. The Scottish educational system develops much that in England would remain mute and inglorious ; but whether the fountain that has flowed so copiously hitherto will always continue to do so may not be absolutely certain. In England it appears to me, though I have no statistics on the subject, that those who rise from the lower ranks by dint of intellect and force of character do, in far greater proportion than might have been expected, bear illustrious or historic names.

I am disposed then, like a great many anthropologists, to believe more in nature than in nurture, more in heredity than in education. Once, at a soirée of the Royal Society, I spied, near together, two of my friends—Francis Galton, apostle of

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heredity, and Sir Joshua Fitch, prominent educationist. A wicked idea entered my head. I introduced the two, and stood by to watch the inevitable conflict. It was most instructive and diverting. The last thing I heard was Fitch saying in a plaintive tone, "But if all you say is correct, what's the use of me?"

In 1889 and 1890 I held the presidency of the Anthropological Institute, but in the second year especially was unable to do sufficient work in that capacity to justify my election. I have a pleasant reminder of it in a letter of Lady Burton, part of which runs as follows:—

"29th January, 1891.

"To-day I have received the announcement that Her Majesty has conceded me a pension of £150 a year, and that I owe it in great measure to your influence and exertions. I cannot say what a surprise it was to me as well as a gratification, for it honours my dear husband's memory, who was really your founder, in conjunction with Dr. Hunt, and afterwards President. I have no words to express my gratitude, and if my thanks come slowly, it is because the snow isolates us for days at Trieste."

In the winter of 1889-90 I had a slight illness, not enough to lay me by, and not at the time recognised as influenza, but which was followed by troublesome cardiac debility, which did not seem to improve with lapse of time. This led in 1891 to my giving up practice and retiring to a historic old house called the Chantry, at Bradford-on-Avon, a house

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that once belonged to Walsingham, the Secretary of Queen Elizabeth, and in later days was the birthplace of Sir John Cam Hobhouse, the friend and companion of Byron. My friends in Bristol, both medical and lay, did all they could to lessen the wrench of retirement. *More Anglico*, I was entertained at two dinners, Dr. Marshall presiding at the medical one, the Right Hon. Lewis Fry at that of the citizens generally. To the address from the latter were appended the signatures of the heads of not less than sixty different organisations, from the Lord Lieutenant and Bishops downwards. The former gave me a bronze casket¹ to contain their valedictory address, designed by Greig Smith, a most able surgeon, who already at forty years had achieved a reputation wider than Europe, but was soon afterwards "mown down like a flower." At that time I thought my own life was near its close, but I have survived more than nineteen years, while of those who united to testify to me their esteem, nearly half have since joined the majority.²

Having been appointed Rhind Lecturer for 1890, I delivered six lectures on the Anthropological History of Europe, in Edinburgh, in the autumn of that year. They were well attended—on some occasions the room could not hold the audience; but it was a great effort, and I had much difficulty in climbing the stairs to the Scottish Antiquaries' Hall. But most of my cardiac symptoms disappeared in the course of time, and the rest were

¹ One of the mottoes engraven on it gave me untold pleasure. It was, "Studiorum sociis unice carus."

² Twenty-four out of fifty-five.

considerably mitigated; and now, at eighty-four, two or three hundred feet of hill are within my capacity.

As one grows old, and especially when one has overpassed the ordinary span of life, one must expect, and if possible resign oneself to, the irreparable loss of friends. Happy is he who is not doomed to lose someone who has been much more than a friend; but such happiness has not been mine.

In 1854 the seven resident medical officers of the Edinburgh Infirmary were photographed in a group. It could hardly have been expected that of these seven five would be still living after the lapse of fifty years, and four after fifty-six years. I was by a trifle the eldest of the seven, and am, of course, the eldest of the four. The others are Lord Lister, Dr. Christison the archæologist, and Sir John Kirk, formerly of Zanzibar.

In 1896 the British Association met at Liverpool; and Lord Lister occupied the post which Professor Huxley had held in 1870. I stayed with Dr. Christopher Rawdon, and for the last time greatly enjoyed myself. In our section were Arthur Evans, Ridgway, Petrie, and other like-minded men; and the work took almost wholly an archæ-ethnological turn. We never heard that blessed word brachycephalic.

Petrie gave an excellent evening lecture on "Civilization before or without letters." In proposing a vote of thanks I praised his modesty in not citing his own recent discovery of the Naqada race in support of his proposition. Until further

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investigation, the Naqada were supposed to be a tall, rather fair race, possibly somewhat akin to ourselves. I quoted "a distinguished French anthropologist with whom I had the honour to correspond, M. Vacher de Lapouge," as having remarked: "Apparently these are the relics of the earliest English occupation of Egypt." This moved the huge assembly to a wonderful pitch of enthusiasm. I thought they would never have done clapping and cheering. When all was over a French savant rushed into my arms (I regret that I did not ascertain who he was), saying—

"You are quite right, monsieur! When I hear one of my compatriots abusing the English occupation, I say: '*Mon ami!* have you any Egyptian bonds?' 'Well, yes, a few.' 'Well, then, the day after the English have quitted Egypt, where are your Egyptian bonds? Down there!'" (with an appropriate gesture).

Lord Derby made a good hit one day when, in proposing the health of Lister, he said the toast would be received with enthusiasm by any audience in Europe, except it were an audience of bacilli.

I found in Liverpool a large deputation of Bristol men, headed by the mayor, come to invite the Association for the year 1898. They asked me to join them, and be one of the speakers. I agreed, on condition that they put me last of the four. When my turn came I looked hard at Sir Frederic Bramwell (who was, as usual with him, leaning against a pillar), and said I saw some gentlemen present who had been at Bristol five and twenty years before, when the Association had met there,

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and I would like to ask them whether, on that occasion, Bristol had not done its duty. Bramwell jumped up immediately, and said—

“The city of Bristol is beautiful and picturesque, the surrounding country is lovely, the inhabitants are generous and hospitable; and I move that we accept their invitation and go to Bristol.”

In due course they *did* go to Bristol, and had a very successful meeting in the most catholicly interesting of British cities. Almost everything that appertains to Bristol has the same quality of fulness and variety: its political and social history, its architecture, its archæology, its geology, its scenery, its commerce and manufactures. Other towns—York, Norwich, Bath—may equal or surpass it in one, two, perhaps even three of these departments, but even they must yield to Bristol when all of these are taken into the balance.

My old friend and ally, Topinard, took part in the Bristol meeting: he also paid me a visit, and I took him to Stonehenge and Old Sarum, and showed him the Westbury (or Bratton) White Horse. Even this last, he said, was worth coming from France to see. It seems curious that nothing of the kind is to be found in the chalk districts of Northern France; but so far as I can recollect or have seen, the extremely steep escarpments which seem to suggest this kind of work, and which are so common on the edges of our chalk downs, are of rare occurrence in France.

Sundry others of my anthropological brethren have found their way to my retreat from time to time, such as the late Sir John Evans, the Ripleys,

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Howarth, Brabrook, Boyd Dawkins, and Ridolfo Livi.

After our removal to Bradford-on-Avon I had soon begun to take some interest in local politics and government, and to sit in the Urban Council and the Board of Guardians. These boards have been much discredited of late years in consequence of the detected corruption which existed in some of the metropolitan ones, owing to the circumstances which cause these to be packed with members of the lower middle, the most sordid class in the community. The greatest fault in the country boards is, I think, the narrow limits to which co-option is confined; in other respects I doubt whether they could materially be improved. If their work is to be transferred to the county councils, co-option must be brought largely into use, and the results in that case may be very good.

I sat during several years on the Wilts County Council, under the presidency at first of Lord Fitzmaurice, and afterwards of the Marquis of Bath, and can, on the whole, look back with satisfaction on the work in which I assisted, though one must confess that the word *assisted* had, in my case, somewhat of its French signification. When the great Stonehenge question came up before the Council, I was one of those who approved the action of Sir Edmund Antrobus, in enclosing this unique monument for the sake of its protection from barbarians.

In 1902 died my excellent friend John Bellows, of Gloucester, the prince of modern printers. The following letter was written a few months before his

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death, and not long after his return from that philanthropic expedition to America, the exertions and anxieties of which probably led to his death:—

“ Upton Knoll,
“ Gloucester,
“ 19.II.1901.

“ Dear Friend,—I thank thee for thy note. . . .
The speech of Charles Francis Adams, reported in to-day's 'Times,' will have a powerful effect in favour of England through the United States. . . .
Adams, as the son of a former ambassador, and the grandson and great-grandson of Presidents of the U.S., has great influence. . . .

In 1638 Joanna Hoar, a widow, emigrated from Gloucester with three of her children, John, Margery and Leonard. The first was the ancestor of Senator Hoar, Margery the ancestress of the Adamses, of the Quinceys, the Prescotts, the Holmeses, and some others of famous names in New England. Leonard was the first President of Harvard who was trained within the College itself. He married the daughter of Lady Alice Lisle, who was put to death by Judge Jeffreys. The house these children were born in is now the 'Gloucester Chronicle' Office, next the Bell Hotel. The American families are enthusiastic in their cult of pedigree.

“ May I be remembered to thy wife? and I remain thy friend

“ JOHN BELLOWS.”

In 1904, an annual lectureship having been founded in commemoration of Dr. Edward Long Fox, during half a lifetime my successful professional

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rival but warm friend, I had the great gratification of being asked to deliver the inaugural discourse. This I did, choosing for my subject "The Ideal Physician," the relevance of which title none who had known Dr. Fox could dispute.

In 1905 I delivered in London the Huxley Lecture of the Anthropological Institute, taking for my subject that corner of physical anthropology in which I had chiefly laboured, namely, "Colour and Race in Europe," and having among my supporters Sir Edward Brabrook, Mr. A. L. Lewis, and others who had been among my fellow-labourers in earlier days. I had read a great part of the lecture before discovering that I had not my spectacles. I have always been longsighted, but with great power of accommodation; this valuable gift was inherited from my mother.

The veteran Kollmann, the distinguished anatomist of Basel, wrote me soon after one of his characteristically cheery letters.

"I see," he said, "with pleasure that you are on the warpath against Pearson. That is quite right. . . . I also am upon the warpath. Professor Schwalbe, of Strassburg, is very much excited because I won't believe in the 'Menschwerdung' of Dubois's 'Pithecanthropus erectus.' I will fight him on that matter till my last breath. Fighting is Life. It is true I love peace extremely, but when one once has begun to fight one must carry it on with honour."

I have lost in my later years some of the most valued of my correspondents. Sir John Sibbald

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went too soon, and Sir Arthur Mitchell, still bearing brightly his load of years. And two more, the ornaments of their respective countries, Vanderkindere, as much the historian as the anthropologist of Belgium, and Von Hölder, the original and laborious interpreter of Swabian ethnology. Vanderkindere's brother-in-law, Charles Buls, long Burgomaster of Brussels, and champion of liberal education in Belgium, is still my much-respected friend and correspondent. The following passages from Von Hölder's letters were precious to me:—

“ Your exact descriptions and portraits of different types are always an attractive study for me. . . . My conviction is the same as yours, that Virchow's plan of counting by the proportion of reinblond without including the grey eyes is erroneous. Grey is in the most cases identic with light blue.”

I have spoken of several of my French friends and allies, but not I think of Verneau and Manouvrier, ever obliging, or of Muffang, who wrote one of the best papers extant on English physique. Then there are Aranzadi the Biscayan, and Ferrandez, and in Italy Sergi and Ruggeri, in the Low Countries Houzé and De Man, and in Germany Buschan of Stettin. Woltmann's lamp of brilliant life was soon extinguished. Bogdanov is gone, but Anuchin remains in Moscow, and Fürst in Lund. Warm friendship often subsists between scientific men who have never seen each other; and even active controversy, which must sometimes arise, seldom sunders such ties. As a student of selection I have

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adhered to De Lapouge and Ammon's views as to anthroposociology, though the political history and other conditions in this country may not have been such as to produce here the kind of facts on which they rely.

In 1907 a portrait of me, purchased by subscription of friends in Bristol from the painter, Miss Baldwin Warn, was presented by Mr. Lewis Fry, on behalf of the subscribers, to the city. My elder brother, Henry Child Beddoe, was present at the function ; and it added greatly to my pleasure to be able to tell the audience that *his* portrait similarly hung in the town hall of Hereford.

Neither my old friends in Bristol nor my newer ones in Wiltshire seem disposed to forget me, nor to lay my old bones upon a shelf. I am President this year for the second time of the Archæological Society of what is perhaps, from that particular point of view, the premier county of England. In Bristol I am the ostensible President of the Kyrle Society, though others, better qualified, really do its active and beneficent work ; and quite lately I have had the honour of taking part in the nativity of the Bristol University in the capacity of Honorary Professor of Anthropology.

