

A brief sketch of my life : a fragment.

Contributors

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A BRIEF SKETCH OF MY
LIFE: A FRAGMENT
BY HENRY POWER

F. R. C. S. ENG.

1829-1911



PRIVATELY PRINTED

1912



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CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
A BRIEF SKETCH OF MY LIFE, BY HENRY POWER	I
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE FAMILY, ETC.	41
OBITUARY NOTICES :	
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL	69
THE LANCET	75
ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL REPORTS	81

ILLUSTRATIONS

LIEUT.-COL. FRANCIS POWER	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	<i>Facing Page</i>
PAYMASTER HARRIS POWER	I
HENRY POWER	13
D'ARCY POWER	31
D'ARCY POWER, JUNIOR	60



To face page 1

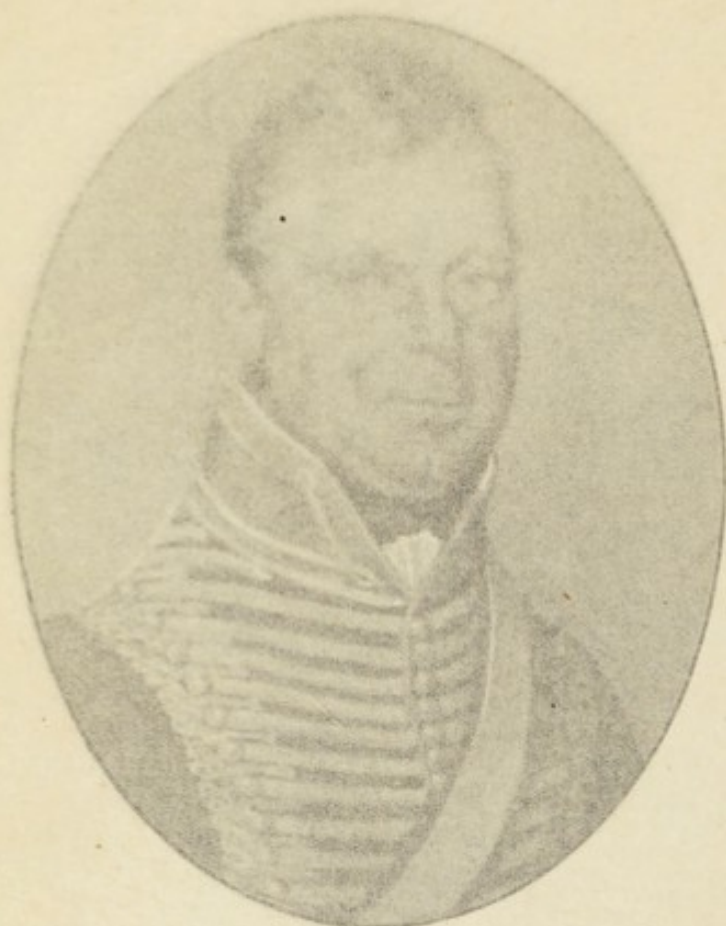
PAYMASTER HARRIS POWER, K.G.L.
1760-1812 (?)

A BRIEF SKETCH OF MY LIFE, WRITTEN THIS YEAR OF
GRACE, 1904, WHICH MAY BE INTERESTING, IF PRESERVED,
A CENTURY OR TWO HENCE. HENRY POWER, AGED 74.

My grandfather was probably born about the year 1760. I remember my father telling me my great-grandfather believed himself to be the son of a runaway match with a younger daughter of the Duke of Leeds. At all events, when in straits for money, which I daresay was of no infrequent occurrence, he used to apply to the Duke, and a remittance was promptly sent. When the Continental War broke out, my grandfather entered the army, became a General in the Spanish Service, and died in Spain.

My grandfather's name was Harris Power¹, and when my father knew him he was a Major in the King's German Legion², and he and his father, Harris, hung about Westminster waiting for occupation. The rooms they occupied have recently (1902 or 1903) been swept away. They were situated in a public house at the junction of King and George Streets, exactly opposite the north porch of Westminster Abbey. Harris Power used to give my father paper and pencil and lock him in, and there was nothing for him to do but sketch the Abbey. He knew nothing of my grandfather after this period, except that he went to Spain, and was there killed in one of the unnamed smaller actions.

My grandmother I knew well. Her father was Joachim Millot, of Breda, who married Isabella Luck, of Turnot (Turnhout?), Belgium. The maiden name of my grandmother was Johanna Antoinetta Lucie Millot, and she was born 13 December, 1768, at Breda. She must have been a pretty



To face page 1

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little creature, for at sixty-five she was still rosy cheeked, inclined to embonpoint, short but active, and with a very cheerful disposition. She was possessed of what the French would call *savoir faire*, with *espièglerie*, and could quite hold her own in society. She used to sit like an old cat in our house at Cheltenham in St. James' Square, watching the roasting of an apple on the bars which I, greedy brute that I was, used sometimes to capture, and so spoil her lunch, but she always took my theft good-naturedly and would only say, 'Du bist ein unartige kind,' or 'Vous êtes un méchant animal,'—for she spoke English with a strong foreign accent, French naturally, and German easily. The marriage with my grandfather was contracted, Irish-like, in this wise. She was tripping along one of the streets of Breda with the short petticoats of the day, when she passed under a balcony on which some military men were standing. 'By George,' says one, 'what pretty ankles!' Another, Mr. Harris Power to wit, not contented with admiring the ankles, dashes impetuously down the stairs, follows the ankles home, obtains an introduction, and in a week the two were united. In 1846 or 1847 Charles Power, my father's brother, invited her to go to Hamburg, and there she lived to the age of eighty-six often expressing a wish to return to us. She must have accompanied or followed her husband Harris in the Napoleonic Wars, and have undergone much trial and privation. When I sometimes complained of a stale egg or of a slice of fat or underdone beef, she used to look over her spectacles with great contempt and say, 'Ach du bist ein "Leckermaul."' If you had followed the army like me two days and a night in an open waagen, with a child at your breast, den you would have eaten your food and made no complaint.' And then after a pause, during which I daresay the details of some particularly unpleasant journey arose in her mind, she would add, 'and raining all the time, no cover,

and the enemy close behind. Ach! it was terrible.' She was very regular in her habits. At noon she would dress herself very neatly and walk in Mr. Jessop's garden or orchard³ which was opposite our house, the site being now occupied by the G. W. Railway Station. She was a Catholic, and sometimes took me into chapel with her. It was only on the other side of our street, where a much larger one now stands. My father used to chaff her, and ask her whether she had been in to confession, and what she had confessed. 'Ach, Frank,' she would reply, 'I tell de priest I never do anything wrong not at seventy, and I have nutting to confess, and den he gives me absolution.'

My father, John Francis Power, was born at Breda 12 December, 1792, and was the third child of Harris and Lucie Power. His eldest brother was Henry, and the next child was Lucy. Then came my father, and then in succession Charles, Mary, Richard, and Eliza. I know nothing of Henry, but Lucy married Charles Holborn of the 3rd Hussars, King's German Legion, riding master, a sour, crabbed, penurious old miser, when I knew him in 1849 or thereabouts. He left £9,000 or more, and four sons, Frank, John, Frederick, and Charles. On his death Lucy came over to see my father, to whom she had formerly been very affectionately attached, and whom she had not seen for fifty years. Unfortunately, to her great grief, he had died a month before she arrived in London. She brought with her two canaries which she said she had kept for sixteen years. She was *en route* for America to live, I think, with her son Frank Holborn. The canaries were awkward to carry about so they were left in my charge; they were so precious that I placed them on the sideboard in the back dining room of 56, Belgrave Road, then called 3, Grosvenor Terrace. On coming down the next morning at seven the cage door was open, and a few feathers showed what had become of them. Knowing what store the

old lady set by her birds I hailed a cab and went off to St. Martin's Lane, and there purchased for a guinea two birds that resembled, I thought, the lost songsters. I placed them in the cage, and suspended it on high between the two rooms. In due time my aunt appeared, and her first thought was of her sweet birds, but not all her blandishments and chirpings and 'pretty dears' elicited a sound from either of them, though I had been assured they were first-rate singers. Fortunately, she attributed their silence to a change in the surroundings, and long after I wrote to tell her that sixteen years was about the term of a canary's life and that one had succumbed to fate, and soon after another letter informed her that the second one had followed its companion, and we heard no more about them, but I was devoutly thankful the exchange was never discovered.

The old lady was very nearly killing herself the night following her arrival in London. On opening our bedroom door the smell of gas was very perceptible on the staircase. I knocked at her door and asked her whether she had turned off the gas. 'Oh, no!' she replied, 'I have just been able to blow it out, I was too exhausted last night, and could not manage to extinguish the flame by blowing at it, and so it burnt all night.' Evidently they were not familiar with gas in Hamburg in 1856. On leaving us she said she was anxious about her property and that she had with her about £5,000 in bonds and shares in various concerns and in notes. 'I am going to leave it with you,' she said, 'that my sons may not get hold of it, for I am certain they would spend it right off. At the same time,' she added, 'If you want £100 or £200 don't hesitate to take it,' and she repeated this on several occasions. Now, one or two hundred pounds just then would have been very helpful to us, but we prudently got her to draw up a list of her securities and locked them up. After her death two of her sons, Frank and John, suddenly appeared

one morning, and flourishing some sort of certificate of identity, signed by an American authority, demanded instant delivery of the money. After satisfying ourselves that they were really what they pretended to be I, rather, I think, to the astonishment of Mr. Frank, unlocked a drawer and handed the documents over to him. I heard afterwards that the brothers had gone a tour through Europe, and that in the course of a year or two all the money so long and so carefully hoarded by old Holborn, was squandered away. It was enough to make him rise from his grave and flay them alive—food, lodging, pleasure, both for himself and family, had been sacrificed for half a century to be thrown away by a couple of consequential spendthrifts. I hated them both. John I had seen before. He had been cast off by his father and had enlisted in an English regiment. He was a good-looking young fellow, with barrack-room manners; but reading and writing well, and making himself master of Turkish, in the Crimean War he had risen as a non-commissioned officer, but got drunk and was degraded. Frank was a sneak, and wore cloth boots with polished leather toes, and I hated him for that. The children of Lucy Holborn were Frank, John, Frederick and Charles.

Charles Hieronymus Power⁴, my father's 'brother Charles,' was a good-looking, well-set-up man, who had served some time in the army, but when I knew him was a farmer in the north of England. He married Elizabeth Holt, and died at Northallerton, 17 May, 1874.

Mary Power married George Palmer⁵, and had three children, James, Thomas, and Henry.

Richard Power, whom I saw about 1839 at Leamington, did badly in the world, and set up as a baker and confectioner; his wife and daughter, or daughters, are now (1904) at Southampton, or rather at Shirley, keeping a baker's shop. A thin meagre man with no teeth.

Eliza Power married Henry Bennett, and had three children, Frederick, Henry, and Josephine. Josephine married Æneas Macdonnell. I knew her well. She called on us in London and very kindly sent me an invitation to Inverie, the pleasant residence of Macdonnell, on the West coast of Scotland, just opposite the Isle of Skye, and £15 to pay expenses. Æneas drank hard, and she was very lonely, but busied herself with the poor folk on the estate. She had six children, Æneas, Marsailie, Charles, [sic] , [sic] , and Ellen Rebecca. Æneas⁶ was drowned with three others about 1856; he lies buried in Gillingham Churchyard above Chatham, a very intelligent but very reserved lad. I saw nothing of Marsailie for forty years, when one evening she called in at 37a, Great Cumberland Place, stayed dinner and drank an inordinate quantity of sherry. We saw her occasionally after that and heard that she died from drink. Charles Macdonnell went to Australia, Ellen Rebecca married a Scotch laird.

To return to my father, John Francis Power⁷. He became in 1811 or thereabouts what was called a cadet, and first shouldered arms in the Island of Rügen, and after being drilled was sent at once into Spain as an ensign in the K.G.L.², under the command of Sir John Moore, 1809. The regiment formed the rearguard, and affairs were conducted in a very orderly fashion. He told me that the distance between the pursuers and the pursued was only a few hundred yards. The rearguard halted, fired, and then galloped through the next company, who in their turn fired and galloped back or on, the enemy doing the same thing. Not much damage was done. Women accompanied them, and on one occasion he saw a woman delivered of a child at the roadside, who (such was the dread the French soldiers inspired), when freed from the encumbrance, picked up her baby and was placed on a trooper's horse and sent on. The confusion of the retreat

to Corunna was very great, and he wondered they escaped. What happened after this I do not know, but I suppose he was sent with his regiment to Germany, where he fought in an action at Dannenburg, which he said was, though a small fight, quite as severe as Waterloo. He was present at Copenhagen—I suppose in 1807—and saw the Magazine blow up, but I do not know how he got there. If in 1807, it must have been before he went to Spain. He was engaged actively with the enemy at the battle of Waterloo, and was one of a company or two sent to Hougomont, the rest of the legion being, I think, at La Haye Sainte.⁸ The action, he thought, began at about 10 a.m., and he with his companions spent the whole day in trotting down the hill on the English side, through stiff clay, and driving the French before them a few hundred yards up the opposite hill. The French Cuirassiers⁸ then turned, formed up and chased the English down the hill to a certain distance and so on. There were many personal conflicts. He received no wound, though a sabre cut divided his stiff leathern collar and grazed the skin of his neck. In one of these he dismounted a Frenchman, who protected himself by lying flat on his back, so that he could only be pricked but not seriously hurt. The situation was rather dramatic, for the Frenchman had some kind of firearm, and if his assailant moved off he had the chance of shooting. At length, however, some comrades came down the hill to his assistance, and to avoid being taken prisoner my father had to retire, which he was able to do but slowly, the ground being so sticky. The Frenchman at once rose, took aim and missed, his hand perhaps being a little shaky from alarm. The English were very tired and exhausted at the close of the battle, but someone brought him the leg of a chicken.

My father's first wife was Sarah Smalpage⁹, a highly cultivated and handsome woman, who paid great attention to her husband's education, for his education in the trouble-

some times of the war had been completely neglected. She taught him to read easily, to write a good hand, and to express himself well, and in addition, perhaps, good manners. By her he had two children; one, D'Arcy Power, died in infancy, the other, Francis, was born 28 January, 1820, and died 18 April, 1884, at Shirley, near Southampton. He was a good-tempered giant of 6 ft. 4 in., took to drinking, was dismissed the army, married a washerwoman¹⁰ (who took infinite care of him), had violent epileptic fits, and ended by being a teetotaller—too late.

My father's regiment, and indeed the whole legion was disbanded⁸ when, I think, he was at Ipswich with his young wife, who had £5,000 of her own, and he at once came to Whitby with the rank of captain,⁸ which he obtained at the battle of Waterloo, owing to the slaughter of his superior officers.⁸ He lived in the top house of St. Hilda's Terrace, then called the New Buildings. The quietude of the place soon palled upon him, and he wrote to the Duke of York, offering his services and begging for a place in the regular army. He received a curt official letter, saying that the Commander-in-chief had had many similar applications, but regretted he was unable to accede to his request, but that his name should be entered into a book. After the lapse of some weeks, finding that no notice was taken of him, he wrote again, accompanying his letter with two large drawings in lampblack of Wilkie's 'Twa Dogs' and an original drawing of Mount Orgueil Castle in Jersey. A reply came, stating that the Duke was much pleased with the beautifully-finished drawings, but that he was unable to accept them as a gift, since the Royal Family were not permitted to receive gifts from subjects. He liked them so much, however, that he had given directions that they should be hung in his drawing-room, but that my father might have them whenever he chose to call for them.¹¹ In a week or two¹² a Commission

came down, and he was gazetted as captain in the 35th Regiment, Royal Sussex (orange facings).¹³

At or before this time he had been living at Pond House, Aislaby. He now went out to the West Indies, where the regiment was quartered.¹⁴ Returning on leave of absence he met my mother, then living at Meadowfield, and married her in December, 1828. Her maiden name was Hannah Simpson¹⁵. He passed through France with her, and she was confined at Nantes, 3 September, 1829, of me her only son.¹⁶

My father was much liked in the regiment,¹⁷ but my mother, who was of a strongly religious turn of mind, could not endure the oaths with which all conversation was in those days in the army garnished, and when he had become major commanding the regiment she persuaded him to throw up the appointment and return to England.¹⁸ She argued that she had £5,000 of her own, that my father would obtain £2,000 or £3,000 by the sale of his Commission, that he had the use of £5,000 belonging to the son of his first wife, Francis, and that consequently they could live comfortably in England. An additional reason acting on my father was that a disagreeable colonel had just been sent out to take charge of the regiment, a Colonel Teulon¹⁹, who reversed his judgments and perhaps wounded his *amour propre* in various other ways, as he had so long played first fiddle. The fatal step was taken, he sold his Commission and came home, only to be told that in the following year the officers signed a round robin for the removal of Colonel Teulon, which was done, and he would have unquestionably been promoted at about the age of thirty-five, with a fine future before him.

He formed a band [in the regiment] by writing to Strauss²⁰, the well-known composer, then at the height of his fame, asking him to come out. The salary offered was insufficient

to tempt him, but he sent out a substitute, who selected good musicians by a clever device. Those who were known to have some knowledge of music were brought before him, one by one, and to each he whistled a short air, asking the candidate to repeat it. He who did so faultlessly was selected. The band thus formed proved an excellent one, and on the return of the regiment to England was highly commended by the Commander-in-chief (Duke of York).

He then went to Gloucester and soon took a house at No. 1, Sussex Villas, Pittville, at Cheltenham, about 1834. Looking about for occupation, he, absolutely ignorant of business, joined the firm of Kent & Manton, wine merchants. Kent soon cleared out of the business. My father then opened a branch at Leamington, which did not succeed, for he knew nothing of the art of advertising. He became somehow entangled with Mrs. Manton, at Cheltenham, by whom he had a son, which was a source of great domestic discord and trouble, finally returned to Cheltenham, and after a year or two found himself stripped of nearly all his money, and gave the whole of his property to his creditors. He and my mother came to London and took lodgings with an old Barbadoes quartermaster's widow of his regiment; then when I had finished my apprenticeship to the Wheelers we took lodgings at Claremont Square, Pentonville, and subsequently at 12, Baker Street, in the same locality.

In 1853 the Crimean War broke out, and my father offered his services²¹ to Lord Panmure as an experienced officer, able to speak French and German. In a very short time²² he was offered the post of Colonel Commanding British Foreign Legion²³ at Shorncliffe, under General Stuttenheim²⁴. It suited him well. He was the only man who had seen war and who knew the duties of each officer. The men around him were all young, and his office was never free from lieutenants and captains asking him

questions as to their work. He occupied the Redoubt, and being a fine figure of a man looked remarkably well on horseback in full regimentals with cocked hat and flowing plumes. There was a Review at Shorncliffe,²⁵ which the Queen attended. He sent for a cocked hat, and they sent him down one for a *General*, which he had to wear. The Queen was very sour, as no one attended to her conveniences, my mother being too shy. His knowledge of German stood him in good stead. The Duke of Cambridge presented the Legion with colours a few days later and was well satisfied with the appearance of the men.²⁶

The post, though well adapted for him, proved fatal to him. Many of the young officers were well to do, and champagne corks flew whenever he looked in at other officers' quarters. He had for several years only drunk water; wine, especially champagne, did not suit him. Congestion of his liver,²⁷ with the very cold winter, set in, and he came to my house, 56, Belgrave Road, in 1856, and died there.²⁸ He got to know many people at Shorncliffe. One was a curious illustration of 'Cast thy bread upon the waters,' *etc.*, for he had once before, when a lad of sixteen or eighteen, I suppose on his way from Rügen to the seat of war, been quartered either at Hythe or Shorncliffe, and Mr. Mackeson, the brewer, had asked him to dinner and shown him some attention. As soon as he was appointed to the camp, Mackeson, amongst many other brewers, sent in an application asking permission to supply beer to the canteen. My father, recollecting the former kindness, at once placed the supply in his hands, and thus, after fifty years, returned it. My father as soon as he was appointed thought he might be able to assist some of his old companions in the 35th, which he had left twenty years before, and hunted them up. Several responded to his letters, but upon presenting themselves they proved to be such broken-down old rips that he was only able to recommend one, Colonel Rainforth²⁹, who subsequently became a poor Knight of Windsor, and even

he had an unpresentable wife. Just before the Crimean War, or just after it, the absurd idea was started and carried into effect of issuing war medals for the Peninsula War, and of course my father applied for one, stating what actions he had been in and the commanders he had served under. No notice being taken of him, after some months had elapsed he wrote again, and received an answer stating that no medal could be issued to him as his name did not appear in the list of officers serving at the battle of Waterloo, which he had particularly named. This made the old gentleman furious. He at once set to work to find out whether there were any survivors of that battle who had served in the King's German Legion. Fortunately for him, a Colonel Meyer³⁰ came forward, and made oath that he was with my father all day at Hougomont, and it then appeared, what had escaped the notice of the authorities, that a company of the K.G.L. had by some accident been sent to Hougomont from the main body. A second witness, whose name I forget, gave similar evidence, and in due course he received the medal⁷ which D'Arcy Power, senior,³¹ now has (1904).

My father was a robust, vigorous man, though he died early (66), of florid complexion, pleasant expression of face, rather scanty silvery hair, but not bald, blue eyes, very strong, 5 ft. 9 in. in height. He had made himself a good violinist, was an excellent rider, and the best fencer (much practised amongst the officers of the K.G.L.) in his regiment. He once told me that the Duke of York being at Celle sent him to Hanover, or vice versa, with some dispatches, and directions to deliver them quickly. Galloping the whole distance, some fifty miles, on his return he met or reported himself to the Duke, who was incredulous that he could have accomplished the distance in the time.

My mother¹⁵ was a woman of modest stature [5 ft. 5 in.], dark complexioned, and naturally of a lively disposition,

never ailing, active, very amiable, very fond of her husband and of me, but not very demonstrative, and, if I may say so, not very winning in her manner. I do not remember ever being kissed and petted by her, yet she was of an affectionate disposition. She was spoilt by being too religious, and married wrongly in marrying a military man. She read her bible with great regularity morning and evening and, owing to [Dean] Close's recommendations, instituted morning and evening family prayers, which irritated more than enough my very free-thinking father, so that sometimes he would put his hat on and walk out while they were in progress. With the best intentions in the world it was a silly thing to do, and was itself the cause of much bickering and annoyance. Left to herself she would probably have given them up, but she was supported and abetted by my aunts, Mrs. Wells³⁶ and Mrs. Lotherington³⁴, who made it a case of conscience to persevere, in the hopes that it would convert my father to piety, of which there was about as much chance as of converting a Jew.

I was born at Nantes, 3 September, 1829, as my father and mother were passing through that city on their way to the West Indies (Barbadoes). My birth was registered in the books of the Protestant Church.¹⁶ I remember nothing of that island, nor of the homeward voyage. My first memory is being held up to the window of a house on the south side of the market-place in Nottingham, to see the fireworks let off for the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832 or 1833. The first school I was sent to was kept by an old lady in Gloucester, but though I remember its position I was unable to identify it last year (1903) when cycling with Annie³² from Ocle Pychard³³ to that city.

The second school I attended was kept by Miss Cook, and was in a small house in a turning from North Street, Cheltenham, where I was taught reading, writing, and arith-

metic, for perhaps two years. She was a good old soul, and we kept up relations with her for many years. In 1836 my father went to Leamington, taking No. 5, York Terrace, or Parade as it is now called, and building large cellars for the wine business. Before leaving Cheltenham, however, they arranged that I, only six years old, should go to a boarding school, then kept by a man whose name I forget, on the top of Pittville Hill. I went with a sinking heart, and shall not easily forget the pleasure I felt when for one or two Saturdays I was taken out by them for a walk. My stay at this third school was cut short abruptly, owing to the housekeeper putting me into a bed from which a scarlet fever boy had just been sent home. The day before my parents started for Leamington I was sent away, and travelled by coach—with scarlatina in full bloom—with them and other 'insides' to Leamington. The furniture of Sussex Villas had been sent by canal, and had not arrived, and I suffered the night of our arrival from thirst, as no water had been turned on. I was quickly sent to school No. 4, kept by Mr. Holmes, an irascible old gentleman who damaged my hearing permanently by boxing my ears. His school was at the back of the Spa, at the foot of the rise leading to Milverton Church, now swept away. There were only about a dozen boys. Holmes was an excellent violin player, and could make his instrument speak, and imitate the cries of various animals with remarkable accuracy. I think he must have died, for I next went to Mr. Turner's (school No. 5), which was on the other side of the Parade, and looked into the Jephson Gardens to the south and the Broad Walk to the north. I boarded here. There were about twenty boys. There was no teaching, except a little spelling and arithmetic. The dinner, I remember, consisted of huge legs of mutton, very fat, very much underdone, and entirely uneatable. I threw mine away. Three years were passed in this way at Leamington, and the

wine business failing, my father returned to Cheltenham. From Leamington, in 1837, I was sent by coach to London to stay with my aunt Lotherington³⁴ and see the Queen's Coronation. I well remember it. I was standing with her close to the gate of Buckingham Palace. The crowd there was only four or five deep and I saw Her Majesty well.

At Cheltenham I was sent to my sixth school, kept by Mr. Fallon, at Bays Hill House. This was a mansion inhabited by George III. when he took the waters at Cheltenham, but it is now entirely swept away. There were about twenty-five to thirty boys: Burton, Merrick, two Harts, Bogle, Kentish, Struan and James Robertson, Keogh, Haines and Ross are all the names I remember.

Fallon fed us very well—I dined there. There were always, or with few exceptions, two legs of mutton which he carved beautifully, leaving nothing but the bare bones; vegetables in abundance; and a rice or other farinaceous pudding. The games at which we played were: in summer, hockey, and latterly a little cricket; and in winter, prisoner's base, marbles and tops. Of teaching there was none; lessons were heard on Latin and Greek Grammar, French and Arithmetic. I got one sound caning for not learning my lesson by heart, though I do not think I was a stupid boy. Once Fallon gave a lecture on air, showing us the air pump, magdeburg hemispheres, and other simple apparatus, and I well remember how interested we all were, which should have given him a hint as to teaching. My mother used to hear my Greek lessons. She was very good, she got up at seven every morning to walk up Bays Hill with me, and taught herself the Greek characters to hear me repeat *τύπτω, τύπτεις*, etc., as we went. I gained health and strength in the fields, which have stood me in good stead in life. One winter (1840?) was a very long one, and I think I skated for six weeks, every day, on Pittville pond. My father then lived in St. James' Square.

At the end of 1840 the home discussions culminated, and my mother took me to High Stakesby, Wakefield and Dorothy Chapman inviting us, whilst my father remained at Cheltenham. The separation was entirely his fault, though my mother's pious and religious disposition rendered her incapable of managing him. Whilst at High Stakesby I was placed at my seventh school, Mr. Brecon's, at Skinner Street, Whitby, where I do not remember learning anything at all. I had, however, good exercise in running up at twelve every day to Stakesby and down again at two, as well as in chasing Pickernell³⁵ through all the courts and alleys of the Crag.

From Stakesby my mother and I went for a month to Wakefield Simpson, at Liverpool, but I was not allowed to escape school, which was on the Birkenhead side. This was the eighth school, and I remember little of it. Then my mother and I, with Aunts Lotherington³⁴ and Wells³⁶, took a house (5, Elliot Place) on Blackheath, and here I had a private writing and arithmetic master, and, as usual, learnt nothing. We remained there all the winter of 1841. A reconciliation between my father and mother followed, for they were really very fond of each other, my mother relying on my father in everything, and we once more settled down at 1, Sussex Villas, soon to move to St. James' Square. The stone, and very good house, still stands (1904) unchanged, opposite the Catholic Chapel and Station of the G.W.R. The site of this station was then Jessop's Nursery Garden, and I was put to the Cheltenham College,³⁷ then located in Bays Hill Terrace. Lord James of Hereford gave in *Macmillan's Magazine* or the *Cornhill Magazine* a capital account of it, and I remembered when I read it every detail he mentioned. We then shifted to the College then just completed. The south wing only was occupied, and there were about 150 boys. South was the mathematical master, and Airy, who had been a master at Fallon's, was under him. There was no

teaching, only a wearisome repetition of lessons. However, I learnt a little German, and could manage simple stories in French. I was on the modern side, and was really getting on, as my very slight knowledge of Greek put me at the top of the class.

I remained here about two years, and at the beginning of 1844 I, about as ignorant a lad as existed in Great Britain, was asked whether I should like to be apprenticed to a doctor. I was only fourteen-and-a-half years old, and was, of course, delighted to escape the drudgery of lessons, and be in London again. It was a great mistake, and has reacted badly on my whole life. The family to which I was sent was the Wheelers. Clara Wheeler, the mistress of the house, was the sister of Captain Wells, my aunt's ³⁶ husband. The family consisted of 'the old gentleman', ³⁸ as he was called, who was a very superior man. He was ninety years of age, of spare figure and short, and had been the Dispenser or Resident Medical Officer at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and, I think, the Curator or Lecturer at the Garden of the Apothecaries, Chelsea, close to the Children's Hospital. He knew his botany and materia medica well, was familiar with Latin, and at seventy-five taught himself Hebrew. He used to sing the Psalms in that language in a quavering voice as he wandered about the house.

He died from a fall in his bedroom, at 61, Gracechurch Street, which gave him a fracture of the neck of his femur, in 1845, but 'the old gentleman,' as he was always called, was able to be moved to Newcastle Court, where he lived on, bedridden, but very cheerful, until his death on 10 August, 1847. I remember one afternoon going into his room on hearing him groan. I said, 'Are you in pain, Sir?' 'Yes, my dear, yes, the pains of strength,' which struck me as comical at ninety-one.

He was a total abstainer from alcohol, and was not a

smoker. Sir William Lawrence was once passing through the square of St. Bartholomew's, and, meeting Mr. Wheeler, asked him whether he really took no alcohol. 'No, Mr. Lawrence, none.' 'Then what do you do when you put yourself upon low diet, Mr. Wheeler?' 'Drink less of it, Sir,' was the ready reply. I was present at his post-mortem examination, and every organ of his body was found perfectly healthy. He died from old age. I asked him one day when I went in to see him, 'What have you been thinking about, Mr. Wheeler?' 'Wicked thoughts, my dear, wicked thoughts,' was the prompt answer.

He helped me with *Celsus* and Gregory's *Conspectus* and the *Excerpta* much. He was born in 1754 and remembered when London was very small, and the country was accessible in every direction. He was a very charming companion. His big, round silver spectacles³⁹ are on my nose as I write these lines. His son, the man to whom I was apprenticed, was Mr. Thomas Lowe Wheeler, also a well-educated man, but a martyr to asthma. He was very silent, and I rarely spoke to him, holding him in great fear and reverence. He was Chairman of the Board of Examiners at the Hall, and was much dreaded by candidates. His ailment, asthma, made him careless and dirty, and he wore a rough-fitting blue dressing-gown nearly all day, but on Thursdays, when he walked to the Hall, he dressed himself properly and looked like a gentleman. He died after going down to Sundridge, near Sevenoaks, I think in 1849, at the age of about fifty-nine. I never saw my master, Thomas Lowe, doing anything at all, he was intensely indolent. As an illustration of the practice of the apothecaries in those days, I remember he ordered for a gentleman named Price a couple of $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. bottles of water with $1\frac{1}{2}$ drachms of syrup of roses and a few minims of dilute sulphuric acid, which suited him well. A few days after I was ordered to send him 8 oz. more. I made

it up in an 8 oz. bottle, and got a wiggling for not sending six separate bottles, for which more could be charged.

My mistress was Clara Wheeler, a large, blowsy woman, who was a daughter of Mr. Wells, a painter, and a friend of Turner's, who I remember once came to tea. Clara was a good painter of flowers herself, and a very intelligent woman, quite the mistress of the house.

The house was 61, Gracechurch Street, three or four doors from Grace Church. It is now demolished, but had once been the house of one the Lord Mayors. It was an ironmonger's shop below, and the rooms belonging to the Wheelers, that is, all the upper part of the house, were approached by a long, narrow, dark staircase opening on the street. At the top of this staircase was a fair-sized dining room, looking into Gracechurch Street on the right, a similar room sub-divided into two on the left. The outer chamber had a counter, bottle-washing place, and drugs, the inner one had a table and a fireplace. The chairs were three in number, and there was a cushion which had descended from one apprentice to another, and was said by my predecessor, Tommy Shaw, to have nine coverings, but with all those it was only an inch thick, and permitted the wood to be felt through well enough.

My bedroom was at the back, at the top of the house. It contained an escritoire, a camp bedstead, and a miserable washhandstand. For fear of my setting the house on fire I had a wire gauze candlestick with a dip inside it, always excessively dirty. Beneath the bed were, what I did not much fancy, a number of perfectly black, injected, shrivelled dissections of arms and legs. The boards were black with age and worm-eaten, the banisters, which had been broad and handsome ones in their day, were covered with a thick coating of dust; and the two small sleeping apartments beyond mine had a coating half-an-inch thick of a greasy dust, partly derived

from the skins of the Hudson's Bay House, which were constantly being beaten to free them from moths. The whole house had an indescribable air of neglect, dirt and forlornness. The master suffered from asthma, and had the most violent fits of coughing; Clara was everlastingly working at cross stitch. She had begun to do a carpet composed of squares a foot or 18 inches on the side. The centre was a bunch of flowers, which, different in each square, she had herself designed. These she executed in the several squares, but there was a prodigious blank between each group, which had somehow or other to be filled in, and I think she became a terror to her old friends, who consequently rarely called, by asking them as soon as they had seated themselves to 'do a bit of grounding.' The carpet, begun about 1840, was or is in existence now, 1904, at Woking, but is nearly worn out and the colours are faded. It was never of any use.

My master, Thomas Lowe Wheeler, took a house at Sundridge, and died there in 1847 or 1848, at fifty-nine. I was then passed over to Thomas Rivington Wheeler⁴⁰, who was then about twenty-six years of age. He was married to Maria Wheeler in 1844, and she had a child, Thomas Henry Wheeler, in 1845. Thomas Wheeler had been utterly spoilt by his parents. If one told him to do a thing the other opposed it, so the boy learnt to do as he liked. I always got on well with my new master, but he was most cantankerous and exasperating. His wife, Maria, the daughter of Dr. Charles Wheeler, and consequently his cousin, was a cold-blooded woman and got to hate him, and they afterwards separated and lived apart till he died, at the age of sixty-six, I think, at Broadstairs, and she at Wimbledon or Wandsworth, no, at Midhurst(?). It was most amusing to watch their efforts to annoy and circumvent each other. If she wanted to go to a place she would begin by raising all sorts of objections, which he would sometimes overrule, and sometimes unexpectedly

coincide with, and there was constant sparring. He was a good field botanist, and could sing with taste, but had no voice. He was a good classic. She was a good musician on the piano. I several times stayed a night with him at Sundridge when he would have out a bottle of his best port, and made the evening pass very pleasantly. He, T. R. W., like his father, was intensely indolent, and allowed the exiguous remains of his father's practice to die out altogether. He had been educated at S. Paul's school, had an excellent memory, and was very clever with his fingers, in proof of which I may mention that after devoting himself for some weeks to the making of artificial flies, he one day took some of his manufacture to J. K. Farlow, in Crooked Lane, opposite the Monument, who said it was impossible for any but an expert to turn out such well-finished specimens.

I attended Sir James Paget's⁴¹ lectures during the winters of 1844-5, 1845-6, and partly in 1846-7. The two former years by the regulations of the Hall and College, the last named for the pleasure of hearing him lecture. He was indeed a very winning lecturer, taking him altogether the best I have ever heard; perhaps Huxley equalled him in ease and familiarity and lucidity in exposition. He had not the majestic, stately delivery of Lawrence, nor the colloquial style of Faraday, nor the measured diction of Savory⁴², all of whom had, like him, charming voices, but it was perfectly easy and fluent, never having to pause for the choice of a word. The language he used was always appropriate, and well considered. A few diagrams, often old and bad or, at least, effete, were hung up behind him, and were occasionally, but not often, referred to, and he had no adventitious aid from experiments. The lecture room—the old anatomical theatre—was always full to overcrowding, and he commanded the attention of all. At the distance of sixty years I can see him as if it were only this morning, entering with a quick, rather sliding step,

taking the pointer in his hand, or in the exact position Millais has painted him, and beginning immediately and uniformly with 'Gentlemen, in my last lecture I gave you an account of so and so,' which was always an excellent résumé of the lecture of the previous morning, and was invaluable to those who had not been able to attend, and very useful to those who had. An exceedingly good feature of his lectures, which I have tried to imitate in mine, was to close the last five minutes, always a difficult task, with an epitome in different language of the first part of the discourse. He was a capital draughtsman.

Three days in the week we had a lecture on Chemistry from Thomas Griffiths, who had been an assistant of Brand and Faraday at the Royal Institution. The good point of his teaching was that whatever he spoke of, that he showed, if it was only a lead pencil. I remember he burst the leaden tank filled with water, and nearly blew the place up with showing the experiment of exploding Nitrogen Chloride with a drop of oil under water; fortunately, no harm was done.

A great mischief was done to me by the Wheelers (which I have never ceased to regret, but which was partly occasioned by my extreme youth) by ordering me to return home the moment the lectures were over. I ought, as Savory⁴², Miles⁴³, and others of the same year did, to have gone straight to the surgery, and made myself familiar with cuts, bruises, dislocations, and accidents of all kinds. When five years afterwards I was my own master I was too old, or thought myself so, to mix with men much my juniors in standing, though not in age, and I never learnt to bandage properly, or even badly, till I became assistant surgeon to the Westminster Hospital. During all the five years of my apprenticeship I learnt absolutely nothing, it was pure waste of time. I read through a good many of the less well-known

poets, such as Churchill, Prior, Waller, and dipped into Lamarck, the *Vestiges of Creation*, and some books of that kind the Wheelers had in their library. After Mrs. Thomas Wheeler's confinement in 1845 (of Thomas Henry Wheeler) the father, Thomas Lowe Wheeler, and the man to whom I was transferred, Thomas Rivington Wheeler, gave up the house in Gracechurch Street, and most idiotically took an old ramshackle place, No. 3, Newcastle Court, College Hill, Cloak Lane, Queen Street, Cheapside. Nobody recollected such a long address, and except a wine merchant in Queen Street, I think, he had no other patient. Whilst we were in Gracechurch Street I was well fed, though some economy was practised. I remember when, after having had a bit of bacon I took a little butter, Mrs. Wheeler exclaiming, 'Butter and bacon! that is extravagant, Henry.' I took it really for food, because I wanted some fat with my slice or two of bread. Still there was always a good dinner at three, and some tea in the evening. After we went to Newcastle Court the food part of the business was much curtailed, and when I was growing my diet was spare. They (T.R.W. and his wife) must have had very little money. They liked salads, I did not; and to have cold, boiled salted or corned beef, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, without potatoes, was insufficient for the needs of growth and development. I still attended lectures. They used to go out of town from Saturday to Monday, and I have spent many a Sunday morning and afternoon on Southwark iron bridge, and should have liked to take a twopenny or threepenny boat but had not the money to spare. When I first went to the Wheelers my parents sent me £5 per quarter, but towards the close of my apprenticeship I got that sum only occasionally, and was often very low in funds.

Tom Wheeler used once or twice a week to take me to Blackheath or Clapham Common to play at cricket, which

gave me a little exercise, and now and again we went for a long walk. I remember one to Ashdown Forest. We started in dubious weather at 7.30 a.m., got, I think, to Edenbridge, and began the walk in a torrent of rain, against which an umbrella was no protection at all, and through this we plodded, wet to the skin, till six in the evening. I was much amazed to find Ashdown Forest a bare heath. We found a piece of rock covered with *Hymenophyllum Tunbridgense*.

I had the pleasure of going several times to the opera (Her Majesty's, in the Haymarket). Tom Wheeler knew Charles Marshall, whose painting-room was the roof of the house with the hole for ventilation over the chandelier. Here I heard Jenny Lind, Jetty Treffs, Alboni, Mario, Lablache, though, perhaps, I am mixing them up with singers heard at Covent Garden.

When in Gracechurch Street I have often seen blocks of carriages in the street. The Wheelers' house, No. 61, had a flat roof with parapet, and was quite an airing ground. I remember one portentous one which for hours defied every effort of the police, so closely were the carts and horses jammed. It extended over London Bridge, down Fenchurch Street, beyond Aldgate, the whole way down Lombard Street and Cheapside, and, I presume, though I did not see this, far away up Bishopsgate, Leadenhall Street, Cornhill, and King William Street. It seriously interfered with business, as it was impossible for ladies and old people to cross the road, though the young, like myself, managed to do so by ducking under the horses' heads. The fogs were more frequent, but I do not think worse than I have seen them in later days, either in point of darkness or of duration.

On 10 April, 1848 (the day on which I am writing this note is the anniversary of it in 1907), fifty-nine years ago, I was sworn in at Mercers' Hall as special constable to resist the

Chartists, and my beat was Cheapside and the Poultry from Queen Street to the Mansion House. There was much excitement, but the expected attack fizzled out at Kennington Common. Altogether I was happy enough at the Wheelers', but wanted more food, more exercise, and better direction in my reading and work.

In 1848 or 1849 I became midwifery assistant to Dr. West, and served for a year as clinical clerk to Burrows with Furnell and with Dr. Martin⁴⁴ and Dr. Edwards⁴⁵. Furnell went to India and became Professor of Physiology at Madras. His wife, who is still living (1904), is an accomplished woman. Stephenson Ellerby offered me an assistant surgery in the Indian Army, but I declined it.

Martin died insane⁴⁴—went down the Great Western Railway with Callender⁴⁶, and proposed that they should precipitate themselves from the carriage, which Callender prudently declined till they had passed the next station, where he got out.

On my leaving the Wheelers in 1849 my father and mother took a house on the north side, near the centre, of Claremont Square at the top of Pentonville Hill, opposite the reservoir.

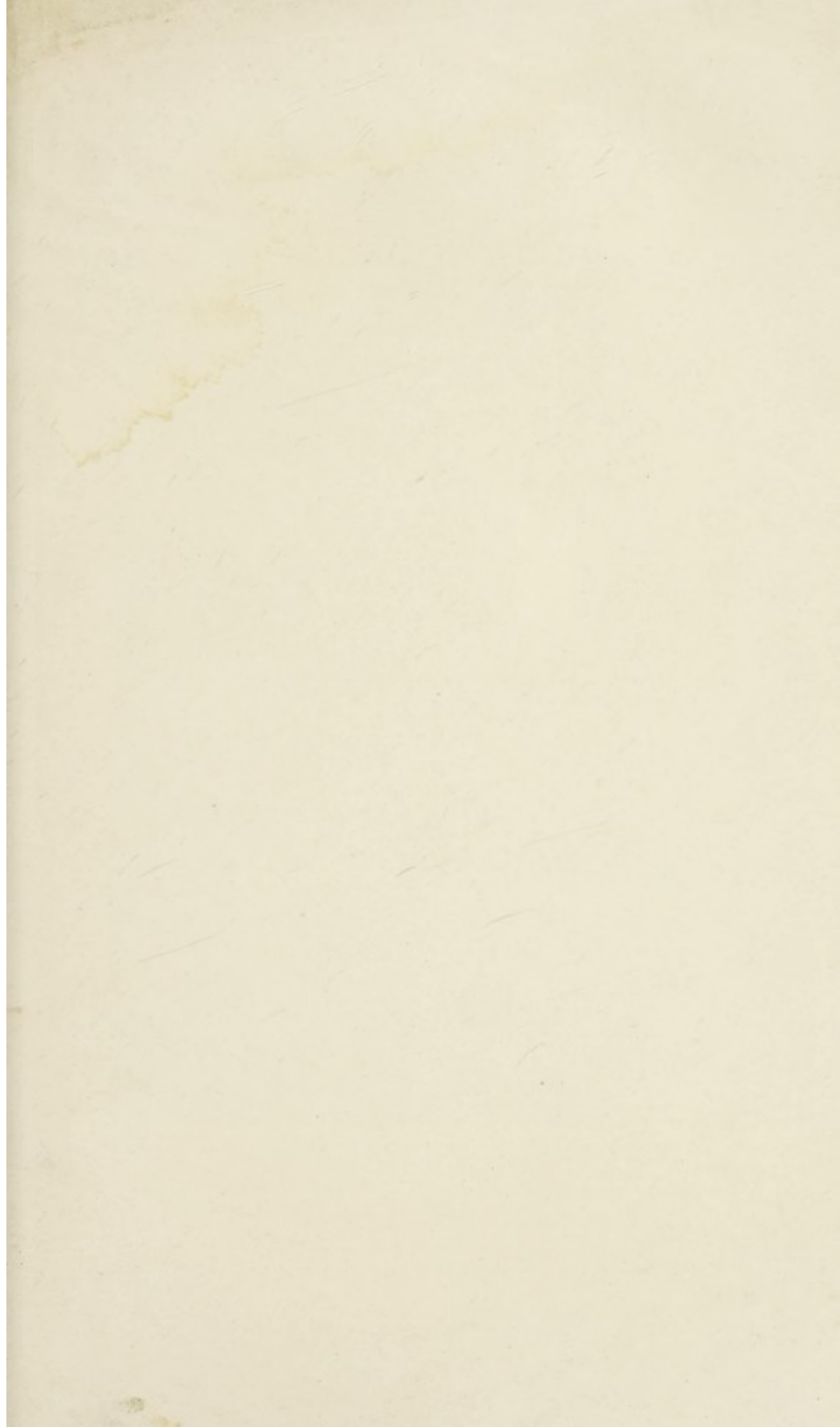
Meeting Savory in the Hospital Square one day, I asked him about the London University, where he had just got a gold medal and had taken his degree. He recommended me to go through the Matriculation Examination, and I took it up with a will. Euclid, over which I had been caned at Cheltenham, seemed easy, Keightley's *History of England* was interesting to me. The 22nd book of the *Odyssey* and the first two(?) or third and fourth books of Virgil, with some arithmetic, algebra, and chemistry, was all. I took the first prize in chemistry and was satisfied.

The year 1851 was the year of the first great exhibition. Ann⁴⁷ and Elizabeth⁴⁸ Simpson came to London to see it, and in the galleries of the exhibition Ann and I became

engaged—the most fortunate event of my life. It was arranged that I should work on till I passed the M.B. Examination of London University, and that then we should be married and live in London. In the autumn of 1851 I went to Inverie, on the West coast of Scotland, to stay with the Macdonnells. Mrs. Macdonnell had been Miss Bennett, and I spent a very pleasant six weeks there. I had the opportunity of walking from Edinburgh to Linlithgo, then to Callender, and so past Loch Achray, Loch Vennachar, Loch Katrine, to Inversnaid, down Loch Lomond by boat, and then to Helensburgh, where I was kindly received by a Mrs. McKay, given a warm bath and food and a bed. The walk was done in two days, but I was very tired.

On my return Paget one day asked me whether I would like to go as a Demonstrator of Anatomy at the Westminster Hospital, where Holthouse was establishing a school. I assented, and went down there, and was awfully taken aback to find that there were only about half-a-dozen students. The first man I spoke to was Dr. R. Wilson, of Hastings, who looked at me superciliously enough till I explained who I was. He then took me through the hall to a dissecting room at the back, approached by a passage beyond a lecture theatre. It was a cockloft, a long, narrow, but tolerably lofty room with only a skylight, but which on the west wall had two large openings through which you looked down on, I think, a store of hay. Next year this was swept away, though the circular or semi-circular lecture theatre remained, and a new dissecting room was made (now again demolished), partly on the site of the old hayloft. I was to have £20 for my services, and naturally looked for it in April, but it was not forthcoming, and it was only after getting Basham⁶¹ to interest himself in the payment that it was handed over to me. I wanted it badly.

The next years, 1850-2, I worked hard at anatomy. We had changed our abode from Claremont Square to 12, Baker



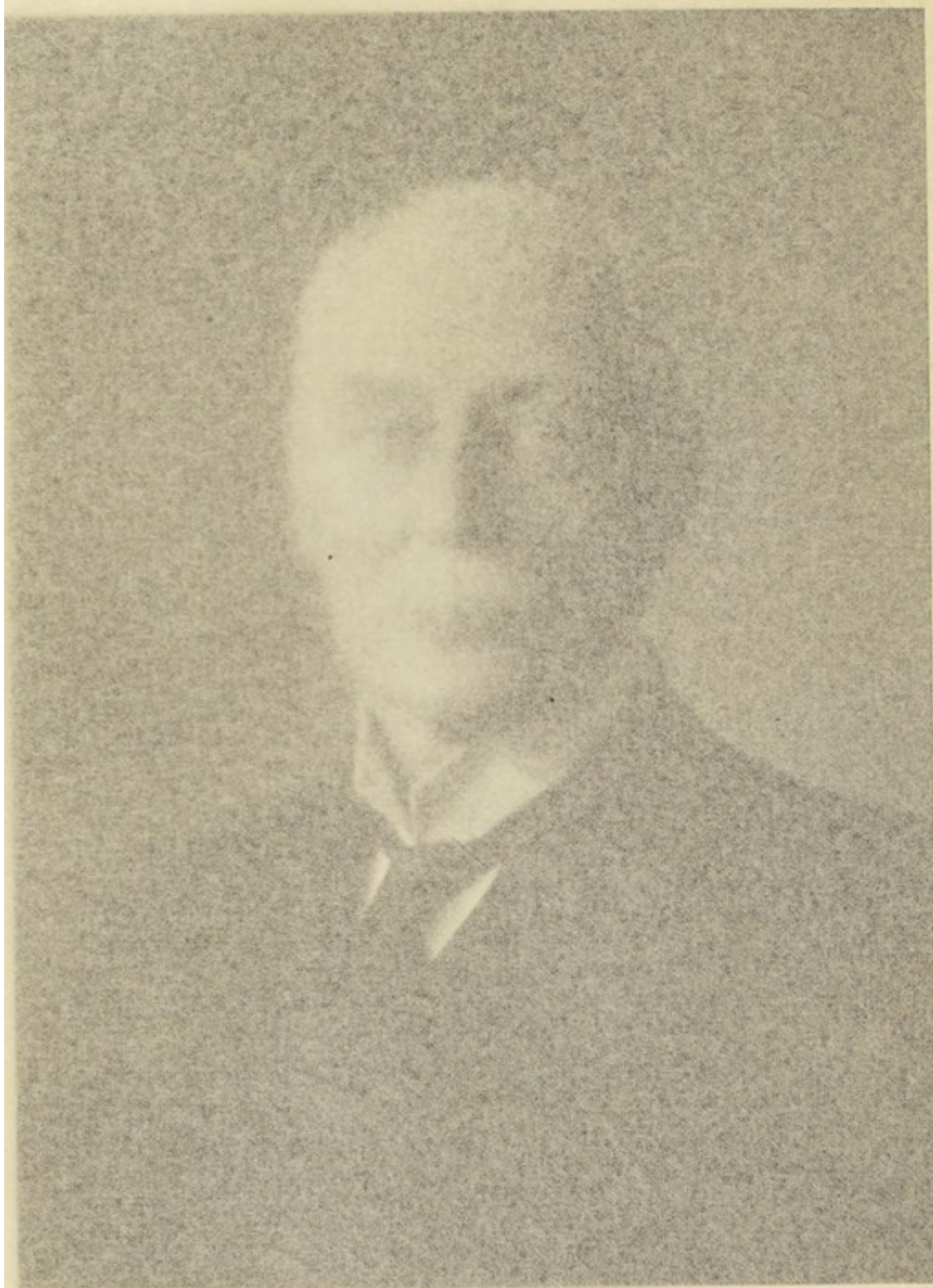


D'ARCY POWER
Æt. su. 56

To face page 31

Street, Lloyd Square, a small house where, owing to perverseness on the part of Thomas Simpson, junior⁴⁹, my father and mother were unable to get legal affairs settled, he declining to sign some deeds. We were reduced to great penury, we had no servant, and I remember my father giving twopence to a lad to take a pie to the baker's at the corner of Baker Street. However, I worked on, and at the London University Examination in 1852 (?) I took the Exhibition of £30 per annum for two years. This was a great piece of good fortune. I also took the second prize, Silver Medal and £5 of books (Dowson, of Whitby, took the first), in Botany, at Apothecaries' Hall. Dr. Ward⁵⁰, the originator of the Wardian window cases for plants, was our examiner. I took up botany to occupy my time for three months in the autumn, and I scarcely saw any plants except in Curtis' *British Flora* in the British Museum. I remember Dr. Ward, after the examination, had Dowson and myself brought up to him at the Hall, and addressing me said, 'You have written the best paper of the two, but you do not know your plants,' and turning to Dowson, 'As botany is a practical subject and has for its object a knowledge of plants I have given you the ten guinea Gold Medal and your competitor the silver one and £5 worth of books.' I had the curiosity to ask him what plant I was ignorant of—he smiled, and said, '*Tobacco*'.

We married⁵¹ on 21 December, 1854; Ann had £100 a year and I had thirty sovereigns in my possession, given to me for doing Hilary Barlow's work as Resident Medical Officer at the Westminster Hospital for three months. The poor, little, industrious and talented man, who was born at Writtle, in Essex, was killed by the irritation caused by an order from the board that every official should sign his name in a book on going out of the hospital walls and returning. He was dreadfully excited over the indignity. He used to be called 'fatty degeneration' Barlow. Our marriage was



D'ARCY POWER
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To face page 31

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celebrated at St. Mary's, Whitby, and on that preposterously small sum we determined to start in London. The wedding breakfast was at Meadowfield. We left by the three o'clock train, and stayed the night at York. The next day we went on to Peterborough, where we also stayed a night, and then returned to London. That is our wedding trip. Annabella Downey⁵² was our housekeeper for a week or two, and I soon returned to my dissecting rooms. We were generally considered as a couple of little fools, and were told that we were so.

I ought to say I had been plucked in the same year at the second M.B. at the London University, which was a great annoyance to me. I was plucked somewhat unfairly on Midwifery by Rigby. Rigby had been replaced at St. Bartholomew's by West with some friction, and I was the first of West's pupils that went up. I went to Rigby afterwards and asked him on what grounds he had plucked me, as I had attended all his (Rigby's) lectures for two years. 'Oh,' he said, 'did you? *if* I had only known that'!! I bore him no ill will, as the paper I sent in was, I daresay, bad enough. I had only attended thirty cases of confinement.

We went first to Baker Street, Lloyd Square, and a proposition, which Ann would not hear of, was made that we should take a house, the corner house in Guildford Street looking into Russell Square, I think then numbered 50, Russell Square. We were to have it jointly with aunts Lotherington and Wells and my mother, which would certainly have led to trouble, for aunt Wells, though very kind, was dictatorial, and had £500 a year. So we looked about, and at length fixed on a house in the Belgrave Road.⁵³ Here I read hard and went up again to the second M.B., this time with better results, for I passed in the first division, and was not a little elated at the information Page gave me on successive evenings, getting half-a-sovereign each time, that I had taken the Scholarship in Comparative Anatomy and Physiology, and

the Scholarship in Surgery, and was first in Midwifery. Each of the former gave me £50 a year for two years, which was a Godsend to us. So little interest was taken in us that, except perhaps from my mother, nobody sent a word of congratulation. Had I been at Oxford, and the subjects been different, it would have given me a Fellowship, but Lorx! what is the use of repining at this time of day?

During 1854-6²² my father and mother were in the Redoubt at Shorncliffe, he as Commander and Colonel of the British German Legion,²³ then being raised by Count Stuttenheim²⁴. My father did all the work, Stuttenheim got all the pay. His experience of the Peninsular War was invaluable to the young officers, and he was so much liked that no sooner did he look into the officers' quarters, than off went the head of a bottle of champagne, and he was compelled to drink it at the risk of appearing rude, but it did not suit him, and this and the cold (it was a bad winter) brought on an attack of congestion of the liver and jaundice,²⁷ and he came up, as soon as the war was over, in a state of collapse to 3, Grosvenor Terrace, and died there at the age of sixty-six. He had all his life been extremely abstemious, and hardly touched anything but water for ten years previously to his being appointed at Shorncliffe.

The rent of our house was £70, soon raised to £90, and this, with taxes and servants' wages, caused expenses which, even with some assistance from my father and mother, made our income insufficient to keep us; so I advertised in the *Lancet* for pupils, and we had in succession as indoor pupils David Gregory Tuckwell⁵⁴, killed by a fall from his gig in 1860 or thereabouts, Johnstone, John Fraser Hussey, Charles Winckworth⁵⁵, John Hickman Hiron⁵⁶, William Rose⁵⁷, Macdonald (a bad lot), George H. Fosbroke⁵⁸. Hussey came into property and did not go on with the profession; Hiron was a good-tempered, hunting, rollicking bad lot. Winckworth was as steady as old time, and afterwards practised at Brighton. He

was musical, and brought up well a family, one of whom was very musical, a singer and pianist. Rose was the hardest worker of the lot and became a dresser and house surgeon to Fergusson, and ultimately senior surgeon to King's College Hospital. None of them gave me more than £100 a year, and one or two only £70. It just paid expenses and no more, enabled us to live in fact. But I had some classes in the evening, attended by Dr. Lush⁵⁹, of Weymouth (died 7 December, 1904); Marsh⁶⁰, of St. Bartholomew's; Southey, of St. Bartholomew's (died 1899); Delagarde, of Exeter; Wilson, of Whitby (died 1904); Godfrey, of St. Heliers; Graham, of Australia. From most of these I got £12 12s., but they took it out of me terribly, coming at 7, and going away at 10 or even 11 p.m., and always having tea and sometimes dinner.

In 1855 I was attacked with pneumonia. I had felt obscure pains as soon as the Winter Session commenced, but got on till the Christmas holidays. On 26 December, 1855, I went down to Shorncliffe, and walked along the Sandgate Road as far as the Turnpike Gate. It was a windy night, wet, and I had a small valise. I did not know the way. At the gate I was arrested by sudden breathlessness without pain. I wondered what I should do. The moon was shining fitfully, but the ground was very wet. Whilst pondering, to my great relief, I heard the song²³ of a patrol of Germans, and I went up to the sergeant and said, 'Ich bin sehr krank,' and asked him to help me up the hill to the camp. Two of the good-natured fellows gave me an arm, another took my bag, and at last I got to my father's quarters, which were then in a brick building just at the top of the hill. They were glad to see me, and the warmth of the room revived me, and I had some turkey and plum pudding, which I ate, I remember, with appetite and pleasure. A bed was made for me on a mattress on the floor, and at eleven I was asleep. About two I awoke with oppression at my chest, and found I could

not get up; fortunately a boot was within reach, and I hammered away with it, till my mother came down. I told her I was very ill, and she must ask my father to get a doctor. In half-an-hour he returned with one, a Dr. Gross, I think, who was astonishingly ignorant. He nearly killed me with laughing when I could hardly breathe, for he had evidently never seen a stethoscope before, for applying one end to his ear whilst sitting on the chair he pointed the other at me, and after some irrelevant questions came to the conclusion that what I wanted to effect a cure was some 'Seltzer Wasser.' A much better surgeon came to see me the following day, and immediately recognized that I had pleurisy. I was moved to a better bed, but barracks are terribly inappropriate for an invalid. In a week Ann and the baby (D'Arcy), only six or seven weeks old, came down, and I gradually improved, till the beginning of March, when, one beautiful morning, I ventured out in the cold, easterly wind and sunshine, and was at once thrown back. Savory very kindly came down to see me, and then and there informed me that my left pleura was full of fluid, and recommended my return to London, where I should have better advice. Back to London I accordingly came in March. Cholera was raging in the camp; on the way we saw a man rolled out of one of the tents dead. He, with others, drank contaminated water in Sandgate from a well. The water proved fatal to many of the inhabitants of Sandgate, as well as to the soldiery. At Sandgate, as we were driving in the omnibus to Dover, a stream of rice-water vomit poured down the windows. We left the poor fellow propped up against the hospital door. On arriving in town, Basham⁶¹ came to me, and for many weeks behaved like a father to me. Finding that I was a serious case he asked William Baly⁶² to see me, and Baly again begged Burrows⁶³ to examine me. The result of one or two consultations was that Savory was directed to

introduce a trocar into my left pleura and draw off the fluid. The next day the four met, and I confess it was not pleasant to see a big trocar in the hand of the surgeon, and to hear the three physicians discuss whether the heart would be avoided best in this or that intercostal space. The pain was to my astonishment very slight, but—nothing came. There was nothing to be done, and from the expression on their faces I came to the conclusion that my days were ended. However, about forty-eight hours after, in the evening, I began to cough, and immediately I vomited or rather coughed up about a quart of horribly fœtid pus. How my dear wife got through the months of February, March and April I do not know, for she had D'Arcy to nurse and to attend to me. She used to rise at 5 a.m. and give me a cup of coffee with an egg beaten up in it, which was like nectar to me. At length I got up, but in so weak a state I could not step off the kerbstone to the road. On 25 April we started for the island of Jersey, and took lodgings overlooking the sea at St. Aubyn's. We awoke at 5 o'clock, looked out and saw a great stretch of yellow sand reaching to St. Helier's. We fell asleep, and at 8 o'clock over the same space was bright blue sea. It was a transformation scene and charmed us. I quickly recovered. We used to go for fresh butter towards St. Brelade's and bring it home on a cabbage leaf. We often walked along the side of the hill to Noirmont Point, and gradually I was able to help in wheeling D'Arcy in a perambulator all over the island. One of my pupils at Westminster Hospital was named Marshall, son of an ironmonger near the old church in Cheltenham, who was working up botany, and any plants we found of which we were ignorant of the names I used to post numbered duplicates to him, and thus we learnt the names of many, like the *pedicularis* and *scrophularia*.

We remained at Jersey three months. It was a cold and unpleasant spring, but I got strong and well there, and the

boy throve. In an evil hour we determined to return by Paris. We crossed to Avranches, and went by Laval to Paris. We went to an hotel in the Rue Coq Heron, and took rooms for a month for 20 napoleons. Modern improvements have swept the whole quarter away, but it stood nearly opposite the Halle aux Blé. We hired a respectable *bonne*, but a gold thimble of Ann's disappeared, and we thought the food she gave D'Arcy was inappropriate or bad, poor soup with vegetables, perhaps imperfectly cooked, instead of the rich milk of Alderney cows, and the poor little fellow peaked and pined with diarrhœa, till one night we hung over him thinking he would die every minute. I asked a Dr. Bouneau to come in to see him, who said, 'take him to England at once, he may recover.' We lost no time, and the very next day, some time in July or August, he began to mend. He never fully recovered from that illness. For long he was puny, got corneal ulcers, and strumous inflammation of the head of his right tibia, but about the age of five or six he was again strong and capable of much exertion. His memory was good, and he would learn a verse or two on coming into our bed in the morning.⁶⁴ Whilst in our Paris hotel I used to come down and ask for breakfast, never finding any at 9 o'clock. We got a cup of coffee or anything they could dish up for us, but never discovered till the very last morning that there was full *déjeuner à la fourchette* at 11 o'clock. We were then always out seeing sights. My illness and D'Arcy's spoilt my life.

In 1854 I received a note from Paget asking whether I would like to go to Edinburgh and become assistant to Professor Goodsir⁶⁵. He asked me to dinner, and I sat next to Goodsir, who never addressed a word to me till the close of the evening, when he said Paget had recommended me, and that he would give me £300 a year. I was to think over it, and write an answer. I went to Guthrie⁶⁶, whom I had got to know by attending occasionally at the Royal West-

minster Ophthalmic Hospital, and told him of the offer. 'Don't go,' he said, 'you will always be in servitude at £300 a year, and you, an Englishman, will never succeed to Goodsir's post [yet Sir W. Turner did]; stay in London, I will make you Assistant Surgeon to the Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital.' So I wrote declining (did I do wisely?) and we remained in London. By degrees a little practice came. I gradually recovered all the energy and vigour of body and mind which had been lost or greatly impaired by my long illness. My first paying case of cataract (£21) was Mrs. Burley, at Horsell, near Woking. It did well. Ann and I were lively and strong in those far-off days. We sometimes rose at 6.30, dressed, and walked in Battersea Park, to which we had access by the Victoria Bridge⁶⁷, then just completed. I particularly remember going one lovely morning when an agricultural show was on.

So we plodded on for ten years, getting to know by degrees most of the doctors⁶⁸ in the neighbourhood, as Tebay, a great, heavy, good-natured fellow; Moore, a greater and heavier fellow, whom we used to call 'the antelope'⁶⁹; Woolmer, an intelligent man who used to grow strawberries—and very good ones too—on the roof of his house in Warwick Square; Nott, a rascal who borrowed £15 from me when I could very ill afford it, giving me a cheque for the amount late one Saturday evening, and asking on Sunday to have it returned, which being done, I lost my money, as he had no assets. However, I paid him out in the true spirit of Christian charity beautifully, by *preventing* him from taking in another friend. It was in this wise. Wilson, the secretary of the Westminster Hospital, had a nephew who had been in trade but had afterwards gone through the medical examinations and was looking about for a practice. One day I had been to Wilson on some matter connected with the school when he casually mentioned that his nephew was purchasing a practice for £1700 near Godalming.

On leaving the room I said 'Who is he purchasing it from?' 'Dr. Nott,' said Wilson. The name struck me, and I made some further enquiry. It proved to be *my* Dr. Nott. 'But,' I said, 'it is impossible he can have a practice there, for he lives in Gloucester Street, and I see him daily.' 'Oh,' said Wilson, 'but my nephew has been down there, has seen his books, and went round with him.' This news put poor old Wilson, who had been a violinist (I think at the Surrey theatre before he was secretary to the Westminster Hospital), on the alert, and it proved true that he had got possession of someone else's books, or concocted some of his own, and naturally the bargain was off, and I had my revenge for the loss of my £15. Then there was Dr. Traquhair, a rather formal Scotchman who lived close to Eccleston Bridge; Drs. Pearse, two brothers, who lived in the slums of Westminster, and had a good practice there. The elder one had two sons, industrious men. The elder son became surgeon to, I think, the Manchester, or possibly the Liverpool Hospital, and was a good operator. The younger took up the remarkable occupation of embalming, and embalmed some important people. Both they and their two sisters proved a very pleasant, friendly family. Then there was Parker (W. K. Parker⁷⁰), a quite exceptional man, one for whom I had a very great regard and esteem. He was the son of a farmer, and had received little education till he was about twelve, when, one evening in winter, after much pondering he went to his father, it was a Saturday night, and said, 'Father, you must send me to school, for I won't snout turnips any more.' The request was granted, and he had about two years of schooling, and that was all! He had full command over two books, the Bible and Shakespeare. He was very familiar with rural sights and sounds, knew all the birds, and many of the animals and plants—a truly pious soul. For some time he occupied the pulpit in the little dissenting chapel on the north-east side of

Vincent Square, Westminster. He made many of the skeletons of birds that are now in the Hunterian Museum. A rather tall, delicate-looking man, with charming eyes of a deep, clear brown, a kindly but wistful smile, and fingers that were made for delicate dissections. The theories of Owen in regard to the homologies of the cranial bones with the vertebræ were then being much discussed, and generally accepted by scientists, such was the authority of the conservator of the Hunterian Museum, till Huxley, in one lecture, destroyed them. Owen at a meeting twitted Huxley with using his terms whilst trying to overturn his views. Huxley replied that he was not aware science was a monarchy, but regarded it as a republic, and felt no compunction in using the coins of his predecessor and opponent, such as 'Hypopophysis' and 'Zygopophyses' and all the rest of them, which I imagine are not now as commonly employed as at that date. Parker told me that when he had fish or birds for dinner the bones were religiously saved from each person's plate, and were carefully cleaned and put together by himself. He had many cases, extemporised from hat and band boxes and the like, in which he kept them. When I first knew him he was living in Bessborough Gardens, and was very busy in working at the Foraminifera, and I used often to spend an evening with him over the *Miliola*, *Textillariae*, *Lituolae*, and *Polystomeliae*, with the numerous other species of that great family. Rupert Jones, Mivart, Huxley, and Carpenter would occasionally drop in, and learn much from him. A most humble, simple-hearted man. Huxley deranged his religious views. He tried to keep science and religion in different compartments of his brain, not, in later days, very successfully. We took him once to a conversazione at South Kensington, and his astonishment, mingled with bashfulness, at seeing the bare necks of the ladies was most comical. 'He never did think that ladies moved in society in such a very barefaced and bare-

necked manner.' He had his trials with his excellent little wife who, with a large family, strove to make both ends meet upon the little he made out of practice, and used to ask what was the good of so much science when there was a scarcity of food and clothing. Huxley, Foster, and others got him into the Royal Society, obtained the grant of a good microscope for him, and ultimately secured for him a liberal annuity from the Society. All his minute work had been done with a little two or three power hand-lens. Everybody liked him. He was delighted when the numerous plates he drew and coloured of the bones of the head of various frogs, turtles, lizards, and birds, especially the Tinamous, were published in the *Journal* of the Royal, and the *Transactions* of the Linnean and Zoological Societies. They became rather wearisome at last. His delicacy of touch was remarkable. He once said to me, with his face beaming with delight, 'I have just succeeded in skinning a young tadpole.' He held the post of Hunterian Professor, I think, at the College of Surgeons, and gave several courses of lectures there [1874-1885] till he could be endured no longer. He was so full of his subject that, whatever the title of his lecture might be, he was certain, after the first half-dozen sentences, to be led astray by some chance word or allusion, and then he would wander far away, ending when the clock struck the hour with an account of the bones of a cod's head, when the subject was, 'The chief features of the Reptilian Skeleton.' As a lecturer he was perfectly hopeless unless you had been much with him. I used to love listening to him, and to watch the expression on 'Timothy Holmes'⁷¹ face, whose logical mind could not endure such wandering.

I made the acquaintance at this time, 1859 or 1860, of Lockhart Clarke, who was then making his microscopical sections, afterwards published in the *Transactions* of the Royal Society, showing the deep origins of the sixth and seventh nerves. He was a thin, reddish-faced, sandy-haired man, and

lived in (No. 4 ?) Warwick Street, nearly opposite the shop of Bourdas, the chemist, whose son was so shamefully killed by the boys of King's College lashing him on the back with knotted handkerchiefs, some, it was said, containing stones. Clarke was terribly afraid that when I called on him I wanted to learn his mode of preparing and mounting nerve preparations. He used, as I was shown in, to cover everything over hastily with a newspaper. He only used alcohol and bichromate of potash as a means of hardening the medulla oblongata. His sections were very delicate. After I got to know him better he used to let me sit by him when he was working. He told me he had been badly educated and could scarcely read at twelve, but he taught himself, and that he now read a chapter of the New Testament in Greek every night before going to bed.

We also made the acquaintance of Maude and his wife, who lived in Gloucester Street, and afterwards in St. George's Road.

In 1866 we left the Belgrave Road and took from Mrs. Combe, the widow of the police magistrate, No. 45, Seymour Street, where we remained for eight years. I was at this time appointed Ophthalmic Surgeon to St. George's Hospital, a post I held for three years. Entering as a stranger I never became intimate with any of the staff except with Holmes⁷¹. I knew something, not much, of Wadham, Ogle, Dickinson, Whipham. With Pick I was associated as Examiner. He was a very accurate man. Long Ogle⁷² I thought very highly of, he was a thinking man. I was unlucky in my first introduction to the Staff. Dr. Barclay, the senior physician, gave a dinner. I was unfortunate enough to mistake the day, and, of course, did not make my appearance. It looked, as it was, careless, but they forgave me.

We enjoyed the change from Pimlico to Great Cumberland Place. I, and sometimes Ann, used to take a turn round the Park and Kensington Gardens before breakfast. The air was fresh and pleasant.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE FAMILY, &c.

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¹ HARRIS POWER: Major in the 3rd Hussars, King's German Legion. His name appears in the Army List for 1807 as paymaster to this regiment, but without any mention of his rank. It is in the 'too late' list at the end of the volume.

There is a further entry in the record of The History of the King's German Legion, 'Dismissed his Majesty's Service, 940, 3rd Hussars—*Paymaster Harris Power*, 9th December, 1806 [Baltic Campaign] . . . dismissed 5th July, 1811.' He appears afterwards to have entered the Spanish Service.

² The King's German Legion was raised by Lieut.-Colonel von der Decken by a letter of service dated 28 July, 1803, which empowered him to recruit a corps of foreigners for the British Service. The corps was not to exceed 4,000 men; and Lieut.-Colonel Decken was given the rank of Colonel, with fifteen guineas for each recruit on approval, the bounty being £7 12s. 6d. per man. The corps consisted at first of light infantry called 'The King's Germans', but on October 13, 1803, it became the 'King's German Regiment', and was quartered at Parkhurst Barracks in the Isle of Wight. The recruiting was so brisk that by December, 1803, the original plan of forming a regiment was extended to a corps of cavalry, infantry and artillery to be called the 'King's German Legion'.

In 1805 the Legion consisted of:—

- (A) The Cavalry Brigade: (i.) 1st Dragoons under Colonel von Bock; (ii.) 1st Hussars under Colonel Victor von Alten.

- (B) Light Infantry Brigade : (i.) First Light Battalion under Colonel Charles von Alten ; (ii.) Second Light Brigade under Lieut.-Colonel Hallett.
- (C) First Line Brigade : (i.) First Line Battalion under Colonel von Ompteda ; (ii.) Second Line Battalion under Colonel von Barsse.
- (D) Second Line Brigade : (i.) Third Line Battalion ; (ii.) Fourth Line Battalion.
- (E) Artillery : (i.) First Horse Battery ; (ii.) Second Horse Battery ; (iii.) First Foot Battery ; (iv.) Second Foot Battery ; (v.) Third Foot Battery.
- (F) Engineers.

After seeing service in Hanover the Legion was quartered at Tullamore, in Ireland, where it was violently attacked by the local militia. In 1807 the corps sailed in two divisions to help the Swedes at the Isle of Rügen, and was engaged at Stralsund. Colonel D'Arcy was the chief officer of the Engineers on this occasion, and it is from him that the name 'D'Arcy' seems to have entered the family of Power. The three cavalry regiments and the horse artillery of the Legion left the Isle of Rügen and disembarked at Charlottenlund on 18 and 19 August, 1807. The 3rd Hussars, in which Major Harris Power was second in command, were employed in watching the main roads from Copenhagen to Roeskilde and Kiøge, and afterwards took a prominent part in the fighting before Copenhagen on 24 and 25 August, when Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley (the Duke of Wellington) commanded the reserves. Lieutenant Jansen, of the 3rd Hussars, displayed especial bravery, and Sir Arthur afterwards sent him a flattering letter and a case of handsome pistols. Copenhagen was bombarded on 2 September, and the Legion sailed for England on 21 October. The voyage proved most disastrous, some of the transports were wrecked, others were taken prisoners by the Dutch. The casualties

amounted to 1,175, of which thirty-six officers were drowned, and the drowned alone numbered 226. It was probably on this voyage that Major Harris Power lost his papers and commission. The 1st and 2nd Hussars were re-assembled at Weymouth, and the 3rd Hussars at Deal. They had hardly landed before they were ordered to re-embark for the Tagus, under the command of Major-General Spencer. Severe weather was encountered in the Bay of Biscay, and the transports did not reach Lisbon until 13 January, 1808, by which time the French were in possession of the town.

³ at Cheltenham.

⁴ CHARLES HERONYMUS was a lieutenant in the 3rd Dragoons, King's German Legion, and it is probable that this son was named after him.

⁵ GEORGE PALMER: lieutenant 63rd Foot, died of yellow fever at St. Kitt's, about 1820. There were four sons of the marriage—James, Thomas, Henry and Francis. James became manager of the Carlow branch of the National Bank of Ireland. Francis died at Vancouver, British Columbia, about 1898, and Thomas, also at Vancouver, about 1900. Henry died at Chicago in 1893. His son George H. Palmer, M.D., practiced at 606, Sutter Street, San Francisco, and his daughter married Dr. Tomlinson, of San Francisco, in 1905. I am indebted to Dr. Palmer for the photograph of Major Harris Power here reproduced. It is taken from a miniature in his possession.

⁶ Lieutenant, Royal Engineers. The accident was due to a squall in the Medway, when he was sailing for pleasure, being under orders at Chatham to embark for the Crimea.

⁷ The entry of his services in the King's German Legion runs:—'261, Francis Power, N.C.O., 30 April-7 May, 1808, [Baltic, 1807: Peninsular, 1808-9: North German campaign,

1813-4: Netherlands, 1814: Battle of Waterloo and campaign of 1815]. Waterloo medal. Major unattached British Service.'

The Peninsular medal with clasp 'Sahagun and Benevente' is inscribed, 'F. Power, Cornet 3rd D^{gns}., K.G.L.' The Waterloo medal is inscribed, 'Lieutenant Francis Power, 3rd Reg. Hussars, K.G.L.'

The brilliant cavalry combats at Sahagun and Benevente, for which a clasp was awarded, were as follows:—Three leagues from the quarters of the Hussar Brigade, consisting of the 7th, 10th and 15th Hussars, about 800 French dragoons were in cantonments at Sahagun under Brigadier-General Debelle. About two o'clock on the morning of 21 December (1808), the 15th, with Captain Thornhill and twelve soldiers of the 7th Hussars and Lieut.-General Lord Paget (afterwards Marquis of Anglesey) at their head, moved along the left bank of the Cea in order to intercept the retreat of the French dragoons from Sahagun. . . . The British hussars arrived in the vicinity of Sahagun before daylight; but a French patrol had given the alarm, and his lordship found the enemy formed within the town. The march had been performed with difficulty, the weather being extremely cold and, from deep snow upon the ground, the road was so covered with ice in many places that the men had to dismount and lead their horses. Between five and six o'clock the advance guard of the 15th fell in with a French patrol and took five prisoners, but in consequence of the extreme darkness the rest escaped, and galloping off to Sahagun, gave the alarm, thus preventing the surprise of the enemy. Upon approaching the place shortly before daylight, the French dragoons were discovered formed up beyond a rugged hollow-way which was unfavourable for cavalry, and, as the 15th came near, the enemy withdrew towards a bridge on their left. In number the French were about two to

one, but his lordship instantly charged, overthrew them, and captured nearly 150 prisoners, including two lieut.-colonels and eleven other officers. . . . Sir John Moore issued an order commending the action.

Continuing the retreat (from Corunna, under Sir John Moore) the cavalry arrived at Benevente on 27 December (1808): they had scarcely entered the town when an alarm of the approach of a body of French troops was given, and the hussars turned out, but the enemy retired. The infantry continued their retreat on the following morning, but the cavalry remained in the town watching the fords on the Esla.

Six hundred cavalry of the French imperial guard, commanded by General Lefebre Desnouettes, forded the river near the bridge and drove back the vedettes, when the British pickets, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Otway (afterwards Lieut.-General Sir Loftus William Otway), Major of the 18th Hussars, advanced and, repeatedly charging the enemy's leading squadrons, kept the whole in check until Lieut.-General Lord Paget and Brigadier-General the Honourable Charles Stewart (afterwards Marquis of Londonderry) arrived. A detachment of the 10th Hussars under Major Quentin was engaged on the occasion and evinced signal gallantry. Lord Paget hastened to bring up the regiment from the town: Brigadier-General Stewart placed himself at the head of the pickets, and the ground was obstinately disputed, many charges being made by both sides, the French veterans fighting in a manner worthy of their reputation. The pickets were ordered to fall back gradually, and the squadrons were repeatedly mingled. . . . While the fight was taking place on the plain, the hussars formed at the edge of the town and, on receiving the signal to advance, they galloped forward. The pickets perceiving the 10th advancing to support them, gave a loud cheer, and dashed at speed upon their numerous opponents. In an instant the French were broken and driven

in great disorder towards the river, which they repassed with precipitation, leaving behind them about thirty men killed, twenty-five wounded, and seventy prisoners. General Lefebre Desnouettes was pursued by the hussars, and refusing to stop when overtaken he was cut across the head and made prisoner by Private Levi Grisdale.

‘As to the rarity of the Peninsular medal, it is very uncommon to meet with any having more than eight or nine bars . . . The clasps for the cavalry actions of “Sahagun” and “Benevente” in the Peninsular are also of rare occurrence.’ —‘*Carter’s War Medals of the British Army. Lond. 1893.*’

⁸ It is said that on this occasion ‘The 3rd Hussars of the Legion exhibited their wonted intrepidity: this regiment formed with the 13th English Dragoons the Brigade of Sir Frederick Arentschild, but it so happened that the two regiments never came together during the whole of the day; and the 3rd Hussars, with only seven troops present, stood alone in the rear of the centre. Colonel Meyer, who commanded the regiment, was mortally wounded by a cannon shot early in the day, and the command devolved upon Captain von Kerksenbruck. This officer with three troops of hussars made so vigorous a charge upon two squadrons of cuirassiers that they completely overthrew them. The remaining four troops of hussars were, at the same time, led forward by Arentschild against two regiments of the enemy’s cavalry. The contest was too unequal to admit of the hussars’ success and, although they drove back that part of the enemy’s line which was immediately opposed to them, they were soon afterwards outflanked and suffered severe loss. The brave Captain Jansen was killed: Adjutant Brüggemann and Cornet Deichmann also fell. Lieutenants Oehlkers, True and von Dassel were so severely wounded that they were obliged to leave the field. Captains von Goeben, Schuchen [Schnehen?];

Cornets Floyer and Hans von Hodenberg were also wounded, and so great a number of men and horses had fallen that on reforming the whole seven troops could not muster more than about sixty file.'

When the King's German Legion was disbanded in February, 1816, Francis Power was the junior captain but one of the 3rd Hussars, having gained his step on the field of Waterloo.

⁹ SARAH SMALPAGE: b. 5 May, 1787: m. 15 February, 1812 (seven years older than her husband): d. 11 February, 1825, of phthisis, at York. She was the only daughter of Daniel Francis Smalpage, gent., of Wakefield, Yorkshire, by his first wife, Frances. Daniel married, as his third wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Moorsom, of Airy Hill, Whitby. She died in February, 1814.

FRANCIS SMALPAGE: Major 8th Bengal Cavalry, the only brother of Sarah Power (née Smalpage), married Esther Hunter, of Whitby, 18 October, 1819. It was probably through these connections that Francis Power came to live at Aislaby and to obtain introductions to the Simpsons, who were then living at Meadowfield, the nearest house to Airy Hill.

¹⁰ MARTHA. My grandfather, who was a connoisseur in such matters, is said to have been 'all agog' to see his new daughter-in-law. The interview was postponed as long as possible, and was at last arranged to take place in the street. He was so taken aback by the appearance and the curtsy which accompanied the introduction that he fled incontinently, shouting 'Oh Frank, how could you'!!! As I remember her she was a little old woman wearing a cap and apron, and she called me 'Sir' when I was about six years old. They were living at this time in Cherry Tree Road, Ealing—then a village,—for my Uncle Frank frightened the birds as well as myself by firing a shot-gun at them in his back garden. The larger of my two musical boxes belonged to him. [D'A.P.]

¹¹ His talent for drawing was inherited by my father and, through him, by Lucy Beatrice Power, third daughter of Henry and Ann Power, b. 1 June, 1866. She passed with credit through Calderon's Art Schools and The Royal Academy School in London, and was making a reputation as a portrait painter. She exhibited in the Royal Academy in the year 1893 a portrait (No. 823) of her father, now in the possession of my brother, F. R. Power, of Melbourne; and in 1897 a second portrait of him (No. 551), painted by subscription, which is an heirloom. She was drowned at Whitby, on 30 July, 1898, with her niece, Lucie Isobel Cooper, eldest daughter of Francis and Ada Frances Cooper, afterwards Hobbes. They were sitting on the outer side of the scaur end of the East pier watching a rough sea, when a wave swept along and washed them into the sea. My father jumped in after them, and was able to climb out again with the help of a fisherman. D'Arcy Cooper, brother of Lucie, went to the end of the pier for a lifebuoy, but they were beyond reach when he returned. They are buried in the cemetery at Whitby.

¹² MRS. SARAH POWER (note 9) died at York, 11 February, 1825. Captain Power was gazetted Captain 35th Foot, the Royal Sussex Regiment, the 'Old Orange Lilies,' on 8 April, 1825.

¹³ The 35th Regiment was raised in the North of Ireland by Arthur, third Earl of Donegall, in 1701, and obtained the distinction of orange facings as a special mark of favour from His Majesty King William III. It was always known as the Earl of Donegall's Regiment, though it was occasionally spoken of as the Belfast Regiment. It saw much service in Spain, and was especially exempted from disbandment after the Peace of Utrecht in 1713. For many years subsequently it was quartered in Ireland until, in 1757, it was sent to North America, and was in the thick of the fight at Quebec in 1759.

The regiment moved to the West Indies in 1761, and afterwards to West Florida. It returned to England in 1765, and after service in Ireland in 1773-5, it took part in the Revolutionary war, and was engaged at Bunker's Hill in 1775. In this engagement the light company of the regiment lost all the officers and non-commissioned officers, killed or wounded, and the command was taken by an old soldier, who stepped out of the ranks. The grenadier company lost all its men except five. After much fighting the regiment arrived at Barbadoes in 1778, and was subsequently quartered at St. Lucia. It returned to England in 1785, and in 1788 was moved to Scotland, and in 1791 to Ireland. The regiment returned to the West Indies in 1793, where it again saw much fighting against the French. In 1795 the regiment was at Gibraltar, and in 1797 at Leeds; and in 1799 it formed part of the first division of the army in Holland. In 1800 it was at Minorca, and took its share at the Battle of Maida in 1806. After serving in Italy and the Near East, and serving in the Low Countries in 1814, four companies embarked for the West Indies in 1820, with headquarters at Barbadoes and depôts at Gosport.

King William IV. was graciously pleased to direct that the regiment should be called 'The Royal Sussex Regiment' from June, 1832. The facings of the regiment were changed to blue, as it was thought that the old orange ones might give rise to misconception if seen in Ireland.

¹⁴ The headquarters of the regiment was at St. Anne's barracks, Barbadoes, in 1825, but in February, 1826, it returned to its old quarters, the Island of St. Lucia.

¹⁵ HANNAH, the fourth daughter of Henry and Susannah Simpson, b. 11 October, 1794, at Prospect Hill, Whitby, Yorkshire: m. 14 July, 1828, at the age of thirty-four. The

marriage took place by licence in the Parish Church at Whitby on 14 July, 1828, between John Francis Power, Captain of the 35th Regiment, of St. Helier's, Jersey, and Hannah Simpson, in the presence of Elizabeth Akenhead, Thomas Simpson, Emma Anne Wells, and Wakefield Simpson. There were two sons of the marriage, the elder still-born; my father the second. She died of cardiac atheroma on 14 March, 1871, aged seventy-six, at 16, St. Hilda's Terrace, Whitby, where she lived with her sister Isabella [Aunt] Wells. Height, 5 ft. 5 ins.; dark brown hair; very dark brown eyes; extremely pretty in youth; strong and healthy throughout life; highly religious; anxious; nervous; not irritable; rather stern.

ême de
RY POWER.

¹⁶ The baptismal certificate runs, 'Extrait du Registre des Baptêmes de l'Eglise de Nantes. Ce cinquième jour du mois de Septembre de l'an de grâce mil huit cent vingt-neuf.

J'ai administré le Saint Sacrement du Baptême à Henry fils de Monsieur Français Power, major du 35^{me} regiment d'infanterie Anglais, actuellement à Nantes, et de dame Hannah Simpson son épouse.

Le dit enfant né à Nantes (Loire inferieure) le 3 des dits mois et an.

a été présenté au Baptême par [il n'en est pas mention au registre]

en foi de quoi j'ai signé au présent Registre, ainsi que les suivants

ont Signé

Le registre est signé

J. Wilson, pasteur et président
du consistoire

certifié conforme

Vaugiraud

Président du consistoire de Nantes.

Nantes le 2 Janvier 1857'

¹⁷ On the morning of 11 August, 1831, a fearful hurricane was experienced at the Island of Barbadoes, causing the loss of many lives. The barracks in which the regiment was quartered suffered severely, and several were blown down, burying the men in the ruins. Sergeant-Major Arnold, another sergeant and five privates were killed on the spot; three men were totally disabled for life, and many others, chiefly of the light company, were severely injured. The Governor, Sir James Lyon, expressed his approbation of the conduct of the regiment during this calamitous event, and the General Assembly of the Island resolved that the thanks of the House was due to the regiment 'for their exemplary and soldier-like conduct, under which protection has been afforded to property, and general tranquillity preserved.' My father used to say that the cot in which he lay asleep was blown across the barrack square, where it was sheltered by a wall. [D'A. P.]

¹⁸ FRANCIS POWER: Captain, 8 April, 1825, retired when Major, 22 March, 1833.

¹⁹ GEORGE TEULON: Captain, 12 October, 1820: exchanged from half-pay from 30th Foot: succeeded Lieut.-Colonel Macdonald, 12 April, 1831: exchanged to half-pay, 31 December, 1833: afterwards, Inspecting Field Officer of Militia. Died when Colonel at Bandon, Co. Cork, 1862.

²⁰ This was probably JOSEPH STRAUSS (1793-1866), not Johann father of 'the waltz king'.

²¹ On 12 February, 1855.

²² On 1 August, 1855, he was appointed to 'the substantive rank of Lieut.-Colonel, Commanding the Depôt of the British Foreign Legion at Shorncliffe, your commission dating from 1st of July.'

²³ The Foreign Legion was enrolled under the enlistment of Foreigners Act, which enabled the Government to enlist 15,000 foreigners in the British Army and to drill them in this country. The Bill was denounced, and opposed, more especially in the House of Lords, as a dangerous and unconstitutional measure. It received the Royal Assent in December, 1854, the second reading in the House of Commons having been carried by twelve votes only on 17 December, 1854. The dépôt was established at Heligoland, whence, in June, 1855, the recruits, who had neither arms nor uniforms, were drafted to England in parties of fifty.

The Legion consisted chiefly of Holsteiners and Germans formed into two regiments, one of light infantry, the other of Rifles. Many of the men had already seen service and received medals. The Prussian system of drill was employed, except that the line was formed two instead of three deep. German was used in giving the word of command and in issuing Orders. Colonel Woolwich [Woolridge] was the brigadier in command. The troops followed the custom of continental camps, singing in chorus when the day's work was done. It seems that they were respectable and sober men, for they soon established a first-rate reputation amongst the neighbouring townsfolk.

²⁴ M. DE STUTTENHEIM was an ex-officer of the Brunswick army. He undertook to raise 10,000 men, including officers, at the rate of £10 a head. The men were enlisted for the whole of the Crimean war and a year longer. They were to serve wherever they might be required. The pay of the officers was the same as that of officers in the English army of similar rank. Their travelling expenses were paid to the Dépôt: they received three months' pay for their equipment, and an equal sum for travelling expenses when the Legion was disbanded. The uniform of the light infantry was black

and similar to that of the Brunswick troops. The infantry wore a tunic of dark green cloth with a light green collar, dark trousers, and a black cap with a blue tuft. All the troops were armed with a Minié rifle. The officers of all grades were without distinctive ornaments, and were distinguished on service by large swords turned up at the points and by cartridge boxes supported by black belts. When the officers and soldiers were off duty they wore a jacket of a dark colour.

²⁵ The Foreign Legion was reviewed by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, accompanied by His Royal Highness Prince Albert on Thursday, 9 August, 1855. The number of troops on the ground was 3,500, of which the German Legion numbered 1,800, and the Swiss 1,100. The Queen arrived between 12 and 1 o'clock, inspected the troops and their quarters, lunched at the Officers' Mess, and was at Portsmouth again by 6.40 p.m. The guarded account in the *Times* (10 August, 1855, 7 f.) seems to imply that the time of the Royal party had been miscalculated, thus leading to some confusion at their reception.

²⁶ The colours (Queen's and Regimental) were presented to the Legion by H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge on Wednesday, 22 August, 1855, at Sandling Park. There was a luncheon afterwards, at which Lord Palmerston, Lord Panmure and others spoke. It is especially noted that the Legion at this date was in scarlet.

²⁷ I think that the more accurate diagnosis would be 'gallstones leading to suppuration of the gall bladder with rupture and general peritonitis.'

²⁸ By his will, dated at Leamington, 31 January, 1838, he left everything to his wife, Hannah, and appointed her sole executrix. The will was proved on 28 November, 1856, and

was 'sworn under three hundred pounds and that the testator died on or about the 17th day of November, 1856.'

²⁹ WILLIAM RAINFORTH: Ensign 35th Regiment, 8 December, 1812. Served in the Netherlands and France, 1814-5 [war medal]: placed on half-pay when lieutenant on reduction of 2nd battalion, 1817: exchanged back 17 December, 1818: promoted to half-pay 1835: bought in again 22 April, 1836: exchanged to half-pay, 8 June, 1838: was for some time Governor of Heligoland: died when Lieut.-Colonel and a Knight of Windsor, at Windsor Castle, 10 March, 1870. He used to call on my father at 3, Grosvenor Terrace, and once gave me half-a-sovereign when I was about eight years' old, which I spent the same day on the small mahogany hanging bookcase, which is still in use. [D'A. P.]

³⁰ '260. GUSTAVUS MEYER N.C.O. [K.G.L.] 8-20 June 1807; Baltic expedition 1807-8: Peninsular Campaigns 1808-9: Campaign in the North of Germany 1813-14: Netherlands 1814. Major by brevet: halfpay: living at Moringen in Hanover.'

³¹ D'ARCY POWER, M.A., M.B., OXON., F.R.C.S., ENG.: b. 11 November, 1855: m. Eleanor, youngest daughter of G. H. Fosbroke, of Bidford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, 6 December, 1883. He has two sons, D'Arcy and George Henry Fosbroke Power.

³² ANNIE ISABEL: youngest daughter of Henry Power, b. 1 July, 1873: m. 26 April, 1905, Geo. F. Looseley. She has a daughter Anne.

³³ A small parish in Herefordshire, of which the Rev. W. E. Hobbes, M.A., was vicar. He married in 1902 Ada, eldest daughter of Henry Power and widow of Francis Cooper. She has one son, Theodore, by this marriage.

³⁴ MARY LOTHERINGTON: the third daughter of Henry and Susannah Simpson, of Meadowfield, Whitby. She married Edmund Lotherington, captain of an East Indiaman. It was lost with all hands, and for some time his widow lived in York Square, Ratcliffe, near the London Docks, that she might be the first to welcome the ship home. She believed that on one occasion she saw her husband in the streets of Whitechapel. As I remember her, she was an old lady, bed-ridden, in the Stakesby house, where she lived with Aunt Wells and my grandmother. Her memory is impressed upon me because she used to have very sweet arrowroot or corn-flour for breakfast, of which I ate the sugar. [D'A. P.] She died at High Stakesby, 15 January, 1860.

³⁵ FRANK PICKERNELL: son of the engineer who built the lighthouse on the West Pier at Whitby.

³⁶ ISABELLA: fifth daughter of Henry and Susannah Simpson, b. Friday, 4 August, 1797: m. Charles Hotham Wells, 17 April, 1827: Captain H.E.I.C.S. He died at Bombay, 6 September, 1840, after which she returned to England, lived everywhere, and died at Whitby, 20 September, 1878. The father of Captain Wells was drawing master to the Royal Family and to the College at Addiscombe. He was a friend of Turner's, and through him came the set of the 'Liber Studiorum' which was in my father's possession. Clara Wells, sister of Captain, Emma, and Louisa Wells, m. T. L. Wheeler (see *postea*).

³⁷ Cheltenham College was founded in the summer of 1841 by Mr. G. S. Harcourt and Captain J. S. Iredell, of the 15th Regiment Bombay Native Infantry. The pupils—about one hundred in number—met for the first time on Thursday, 29 July, 1841, in the centre houses of Bays Hill Terrace,

and it was not until 1843 that the new buildings were opened. The Rev. Alfred Phillips was the first principal.

The name of Henry Power occurs in the register of the college as that of a day boy, who entered at Easter, 1842.

³⁸ THOMAS WHEELER (1754-1847): second son of Thomas Wheeler, by his wife Susannah Rivington, b. 24 June, 1754, in Basinghall Street, London, where his father practised as a surgeon. Educated at St. Paul's school he became an excellent classical scholar, and his medical education was carried out at St. Thomas' Hospital, where he early showed his taste for botany. He was appointed demonstrator of plants and *præfectus horti* of the physic garden at Chelsea in 1778 in succession to William Curtis, and in 1784 he began to lecture on botany at the Apothecaries' Hall. He was elected apothecary to the Bluecoat School in 1800, and in 1806 he was appointed to a similar post at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He died on 10 August, 1847, and was buried in Norwood cemetery. He married at Pancras Old Church in May, 1788, Ann Blatch, of Amesbury, by whom he had six sons. I wrote an account of him for the *Dictionary of National Biography*. [D'A. P.]

³⁹ These spectacles are now in my possession. Sir William Church tells the following story in connection with them:— 'On one of the 'herborising' expeditions in Kent he was returning home with some other members of the Apothecaries' Society, sitting on the box seat by the driver, the others in the body of the carriage. Mr. Wheeler's quaint garb, with his hat off, his thin hair blowing about his face, his large silver spectacles on his nose, and his gesticulations caused a sensation on the road. A turnpike-keeper, after regarding him as he opened the gate, exclaimed, "So ye ha' got him, at last!"' This remark was explained when they stopped at

the next village, and saw a bill offering a reward for the capture of an escaped lunatic. Another story told of him is that one evening, sitting in a room at the back of the surgery at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he was descanting on the folly of superfluity in dress. (Sir William) Lawrence, then a student, said, with his usual air of assumed gravity, 'Well but, Mr. Wheeler, how can you support such a doctrine while you weare such a superfluity as this?' (lifting up the small queue or pigtail which Wheeler wore). Thus taken aback, the old man confessed that it was superfluous; 'Yes, my dear Sir, you are right; we are too prone to preach one thing and practise another. I never thought of it; cut it off, Sir, pray, cut it off:' and Lawrence forthwith performed the amputation.

⁴⁰ THOMAS RIVINGTON WHEELER was one of my godfathers. He stayed a day or two with me when I was undergraduate at New College, Oxford. [D'A. P.]

⁴¹ SIR JAMES PAGET (1814-99): the eighth of the seventeen children of Samuel Paget, a brewer and shipowner, at Great Yarmouth. Educated privately, he entered at St. Bartholomew's Hospital in 1834. He qualified in 1836, and was appointed curator of the museum at St. Bartholomew's in 1837: assistant-surgeon in 1847: surgeon in 1861: lectured on physiology from 1849 to 1861, and on surgery from 1865 to 1869. President of the Royal College of Surgeons, 1875: serjeant-surgeon to Queen Victoria, 1877. Created a baronet, 1871. He died 30 December, 1899. The lectures here spoken of must have been the demonstrations of morbid anatomy given from 1839 onwards, and those on general anatomy and physiology from 1843 onwards.

⁴² SIR WILLIAM SCOVELL SAVORY (1826-95): son of William Henry Savory and his second wife, Mary Webb, was born in the parish of St. Mary-at-Hill, London. He entered St.

Bartholomew's Hospital in 1844, qualified M.R.C.S., 1847: graduated M.B. at the University of London with high honours in 1848, and in 1849 was appointed demonstrator of anatomy and operative surgery at St. Bartholomew's Hospital: in 1859 he succeeded Paget as lecturer on general anatomy and physiology, was appointed assistant-surgeon in 1861 and surgeon in 1867. He lectured on surgery 1869-89, was President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England in 1885, and surgeon-extraordinary to Queen Victoria in 1887. He was created a baronet in 1890, and died 4 March, 1895. My father and he maintained a warm and constant friendship, which was continued in the next generation by his only son Borodaile and myself.

⁴³ CHARLES MILES, of 13, Conduit Street, West, Westbourne Terrace. Surgeon to the Farringdon Dispensary. He committed suicide, leaving a boy, 'Shirley,' who swallowed the brass top of the handle of a hearthbroom—ring and all. He was held up, as a horrid warning to us not to put things in our mouths. He survived, but retained—it is thought—the foreign body. It was long before X-rays were discovered.

⁴⁴ DR. ROBERT MARTIN (1827-91): son of Peter John Martin, a medical man: educated at Clapham Grammar School, under Rev. Charles Pritchard (afterwards Savilian professor of astronomy at Oxford), and at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. He entered St. Bartholomew's Hospital in 1849: assistant-physician in 1854, after having had charge of the cholera wards. In 1855 he went to Smyrna, on the outbreak of the Crimean war; returned in 1856, and was appointed full physician, 1865. The regrettable episode mentioned in the text occurred in 1867. It led to his resignation of the office of physician, when the governors of the hospital granted him a gratuity of one hundred guineas.

He was elected consulting physician in 1876 when he had recovered perfect health. I saw much of him at the hospital when I was clinical clerk to Dr. Andrew, whose wards he constantly attended, and was much attached to him as a type of an English gentleman. He never had any return of his madness. [D'A. P.]

⁴⁵ DR. GEORGE NELSON EDWARDS: son of a surgeon at Eye, Suffolk: educated at Yarmouth, and afterwards at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge: entered St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 1850: elected assistant-physician in 1860 and full physician in 1867. He died in 1869.

⁴⁶ GEORGE WILLIAM CALLENDER (1830-71): born at Clifton, and educated at 'The Bishop's College,' Bristol. He entered St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 1849, and qualified M.R.C.S. in 1852: F.R.C.S., 1855. He was appointed surgeon in the hospital in 1871 and lecturer on surgery in 1873. He died at sea in 1878, on his voyage home from a summer holiday in the United States.

⁴⁷ ANN: youngest daughter of Thomas and Ann Simpson, of Meadowfield, Whitby, and consequently my father's first cousin, b. 29 August, 1828.

⁴⁸ ELIZABETH BRODRICK: eldest daughter of Thomas and Ann Simpson, b. 2 September, 1824: m. James Walker, solicitor, of Airy Hill, Whitby, Yorkshire: d. at York 23 January, 1904, of senile dementia.

⁴⁹ Second son of Thomas and Ann Simpson: b. 1817, solicitor: d. 1864.

⁵⁰ NATHANIEL BAGSHAW WARD (1791-1868): son of Stephen Smith Ward, a medical man practising at Wellclose Square, Whitechapel. He was educated at the London

Hospital, and early showed a fondness for botany, and attended the 'herborisings' of Thomas Wheeler. He discovered that plants would grow for a long time without water if kept under glass in soil. This led to the idea of the 'Wardian case,' by means of which in 1833 he sent two cases containing growing ferns and grasses to Sydney, where they were refilled, and their contents arrived alive in England again without being watered. By means of the Wardian case the Chinese or Cavendish banana was transported from Chatsworth to Samoa and thence to Tonga and Fiji, and 20,000 tea plants were conveyed from Shanghai to the Himalayas, cinchona being introduced by the same means into India. Ward acted as examiner in botany at the Society of Apothecaries from 1836 to 1854, and was a founder of the [Royal] Microscopical Society in 1839. He died at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, 4 June, 1868, and is buried in the Norwood Cemetery.

⁵¹ 'December 21st, 1854. Henry Power, 25, and Ann Simpson, 26, were married by licence by William Keane, Minister, [at the Parish Church, Whitby, Yorkshire,] in the presence of Henry Simpson, Edmund L. Simpson, Margaret E. Tate, Hannah Simpson, John Francis Power, Mrs. [*sic*] Power, Mary J. Chapman, Eliza Simpson, Elizabeth Simpson, Isabella Wells, Annie Simpson.'

The children of this marriage were :—

- (1) D'Arcy, b. 11 November, 1855. Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Member of the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons of England and of the Royal Society of Medicine. [See note 31].
- (2) Ada Frances, b. 10 July, 1857: m. (i) Francis Cooper, Chartered Accountant, of 14, George Street, Mansion House; (ii) the Rev. W. E. Hobbes, M.A., Vicar of Bidford-on-Avon, Warwickshire.



To face page 60

D'ARCY POWER, Junior
Æt. su. 23

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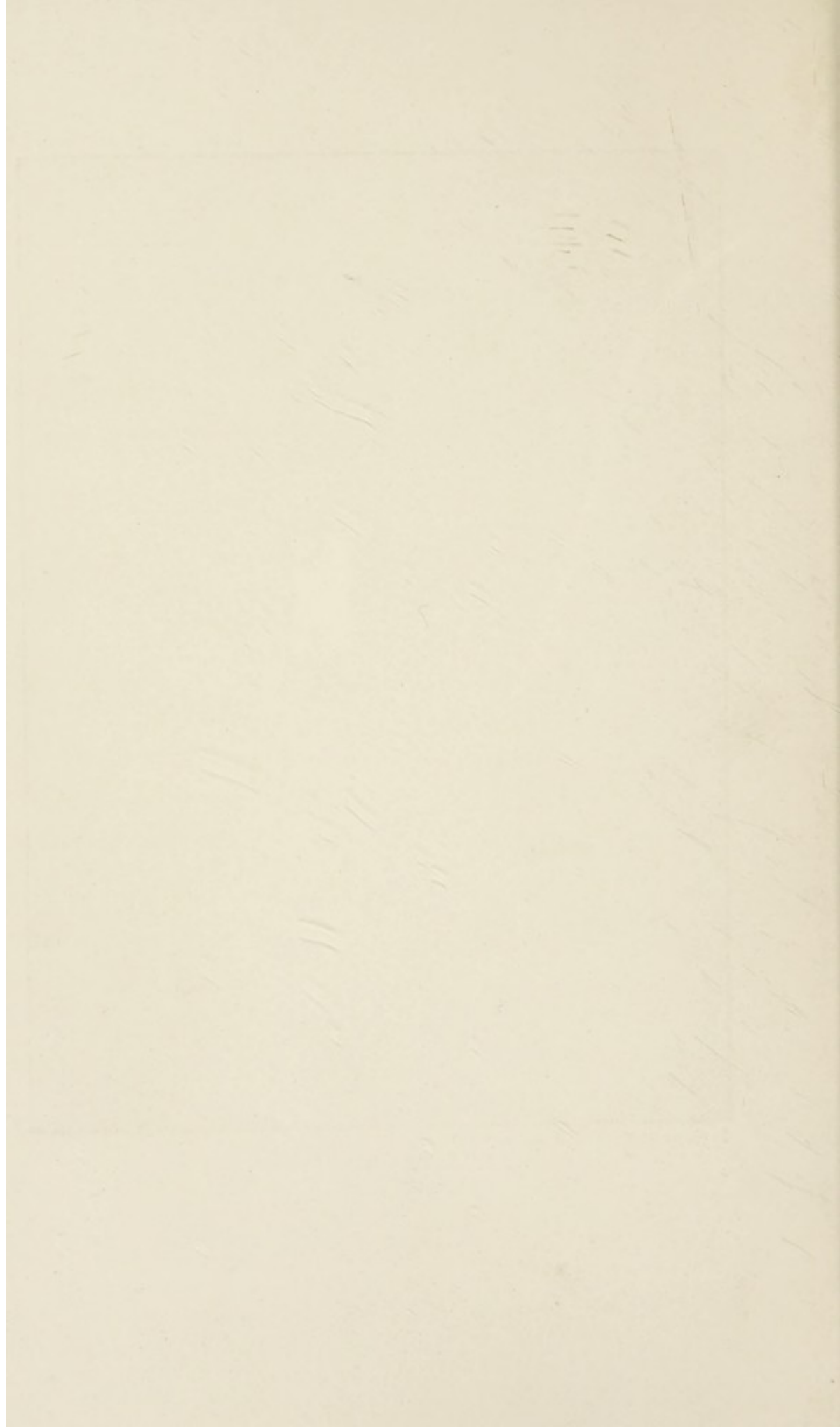
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To face page 60

D'ARCY POWER, Junior
Æt. su. 23



- (3) Henry Edgar, b. 20 February, 1859: unmarried; educated for the Merchant Service.
- (4) Mary Alice, b. 5 July, 1860: unmarried.
- (5) Charles Edward, b. 9 November, 1861, d. 1871 of tuberculous disease of the hip.
- (6) Francis Reginald, b. 19 March, 1862: Assayer, The Royal Mint, Melbourne; m. Margaret Williamson.
- (7) George Ernest, died in infancy.
- (8) Lucy Beatrice, b. 1 June, 1866: unmarried; drowned 30 July, 1898. [See note 11].
- (9) Hilda Florence, b. 27 May, 1868: m. The Honourable Mr. Justice L. S. Bristowe, Pretoria, S. Africa.
- (10) Hugh Alexander, b. 11 March, 1870: m. Theodora Hook.
- (11) Annie Isabel, b. 1 July, 1873: m. Geo. F. Looseley. [See note 32].

⁵² The youngest and prettiest daughter of James Downey by his marriage with his deceased wife's sister, Elizabeth Willis. The Gretna Green marriage certificate [*penes me* D'A.P.] runs: 'These are to certify all Persons whom it may concern that James Downey of So: Sheilds in the County of Durham and Elizabeth Willis of Whitby in the County of York who came before me Declaring themselves to be Both Single were Lawfully Married by the way of the Church of England and Agreeably to the Laws of the Kirk of Scotland given under my hand at Gratner-Green this 2nd Day of October 1789

Thos: Brown

Signed James Downey

Elizabeth Willis

Witness Isabella Wells.'

James Downey afterwards committed suicide by cutting his throat, and his three daughters, Eliza, Eleanora and

Annabella came to London in 1815, and supported themselves by a small dressmaking business in Leman Street, Whitechapel. We visited them from time to time, taking a 'Monster' omnibus from Belgrave Road to the Bank, and for some reason dining at a chophouse near St. Paul's on the way. Eliza—the half-sister—tall, thin, gaunt and ugly, was the ruler whose word was law: Eleanora, short, fat, common and greedy, got most of the few good things they had to eat and drink: Annabella, a dear little person with silver hair kept in place by a black velvet ribbon, was blind for many years before her death. As they got older they lived in two rooms on the top floor but one of 36, Claverton Street, W., kept by Mrs. Fisher, wife of the dissecting-room porter at King's, where they died in succession—Eliza first, then Eleanora, lastly Annabella. My mother was residuary legatee, and most of the queer old things in her possession became known generically as 'Miss Downey's'. It is told that Annabella was sought in marriage by an eligible young carpenter, but she was not allowed to encourage him because he was beneath her. All three sisters were most hospitable, and were very kind to us as children.

⁵³ No. 3, Grosvenor Terrace, now 56, Belgrave Road. It is the corner house on the north side of Gloucester Street, next to a dwarf house, which in our time was infected with diphtheria, for I remember three occupants in succession dying of the disease or, rather, their funerals from it. Mr. John Matthews (Matthews & Canning, the Anchor Brewery, Chelsea, and Thompson & Son, of Walmer), the brewer, lived at the house on the opposite side of Denbigh Street, and the two families became intimate from the mutual exhibition of their babies.

⁵⁴ DAVID GREGORY TUCKWELL: son of Dr. Tuckwell, of Oxford: he had been mate on a merchant ship, had a good

voice and sang solos in the choir at St. Gabriel's. He was a Mason : after qualifying he went to Knaphill, near Woking in Surrey, as partner to Dr. Langdon, of Chobham. He broke his neck one night by falling out of a dogcart and is buried at St. John's, Woking. He was succeeded by John Hope, M.D.

⁵⁵ I passed one of his sons, Captain Winckworth, R.A.M.C., for major with the rank of specialist in operative surgery in April, 1911. He appeared under a number, and was the only man of his batch to obtain the qualifying mark for a specialist. His father wrote afterwards revealing his identity.

⁵⁶ JOHN HICKMAN HIRON : practised at Studley, near Redditch, and died there.

⁵⁷ WILLIAM ROSE : became professor of surgery at King's College, London, and died of G.P.I.

⁵⁸ G. H. FOSBROKE : only brother of Eleanor Power, née Fosbroke.

⁵⁹ WILLIAM VAWDREY LUSH : who came in all weathers usually a little before his time, though he stayed long after it. His coaching continued intermittently for years, and was, I think, the sorest trial.

⁶⁰ PROFESSOR HOWARD MARSH : Master of Downing College, Cambridge, and consulting surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

⁶¹ WILLIAM RICHARD BASHAM (1804-77) : physician to the Westminster Hospital : had seen service in the China war. He lived in Chester Street, Belgrave Square, and had a house at Halliford, near Shepperton, where we occasionally went on a Sunday to fish for gudgeon from a punt. Dr.

Basham ate nothing between breakfast and a huge dinner at night. He eventually committed suicide by swallowing strong nitric acid.

⁶² DR. WILLIAM BALY (1814-61): physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He was the only passenger killed in a railway accident near Wimbledon when going to a consultation on 28 January, 1861. He was asleep in a first-class carriage with his handkerchief over his head.

⁶³ SIR GEORGE BURROWS, BART. (1801-87): physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and President of the Royal College of Physicians from 1871 to 1875.

⁶⁴ 'Full fathom-five'; 'Alexander's Feast' and Dryden's 'Ode to Music' were the chief of these. They are still in my memory. [D'A. P.]

⁶⁵ JOHN GOODSIR (1814-67): Professor of Anatomy at the University of Edinburgh. Virchow dedicated to him the first edition of *Cellular Pathology*.

⁶⁶ G. J. GUTHRIE (1785-1856): surgeon-general, an old Peninsular veteran. His daughter gave my father the cup which was presented to him by the medical officers of the navy, the army and the ordnance at the end of his first course of lectures in 1816-17. It is now an heirloom.

⁶⁷ The toll was a half-penny each way, free on Sundays; so our walks in Battersea Park were generally taken on Sunday afternoon. At this time Lupus Street, Moreton Street and the network of streets in the neighbourhood were just being built. On the other side of Battersea Park were fields, and the walks up to Clapham Common had hedges on each side.

⁶⁸ They were brought together by a small medical book society, of which my father was either secretary or treasurer.

⁶⁹ On account of his 'flat feet'.

⁷⁰ WILLIAM KITCHEN PARKER (1823-90): born at Dogsthorpe, near Peterborough, the second son of a yeoman farmer. His father was a Wesleyan of the old school, his mother a small farmer's daughter. Parker was educated at the parish school, and for nine months at the Peterborough Grammar School. He was apprenticed to a druggist at Stamford, and, although working fifteen hours a day, he collected, named, and preserved during the small hours of the morning some five hundred species of plants. He was articled to a surgeon at Market Overton, in Rutland, at the end of his apprenticeship, and in 1844 he became an unqualified assistant to Mr. Booth, in Little Queen Street, Westminster. He afterwards studied at Charing Cross Hospital, and in 1849 was admitted an L.S.A. He then began to practise, first in Tachbrook Street, then in Bessborough Street, and finally in Claverton Street. We knew him in the two latter houses as an ardent morphologist, a hard-working medical practitioner, with 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d fees, and a staunch Wesleyan preacher. He was more particularly engaged in destroying the hypotheses built up by Sir Richard Owen, and many of his observations were rendered popular by Huxley. He died at Cardiff, 3 July, 1890, shortly after the death of his wife, Miss Elizabeth Jeffrey, the daughter of the bridgemaster at Vauxhall.

⁷¹ TIMOTHY HOLMES (1825-1909): Surgeon to St. George's Hospital. We saw much of him, as he lived at 18, Great Cumberland Place. A good surgeon of the old school, and a first-rate classical scholar. He was outwardly hard and unsympathetic to a degree, and never obtained much business in his profession, but in reality a very staunch friend. He was a vile examiner because his face was quite without expression, and he held that no examinee should know whether he

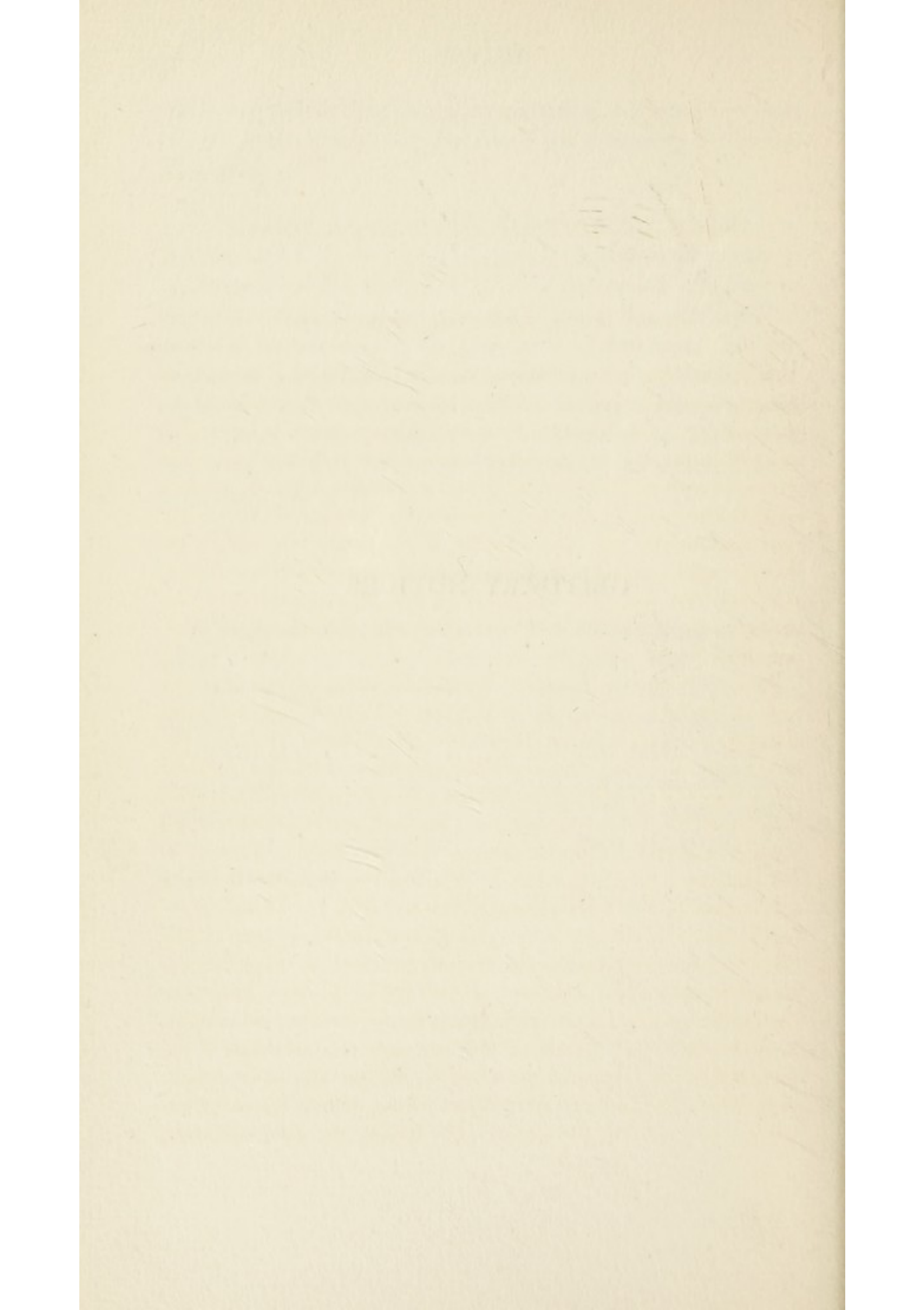
was doing well or ill in an oral examination. I wrote an account of him in the second supplement of the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

⁷² WILLIAM OGLE, M.D. (1827-1912): educated at Rugby, and Corpus Christi, Oxford. Assistant physician at St. George's Hospital 1869-72. He succeeded Dr. Farr as superintendent of statistics at the General Register's Office, and was well known as the translator of Aristotle. He was known as 'Long Ogle' to distinguish him from John William Ogle [d. 1905], also physician at St. George's Hospital, who was 'Short Ogle'. Long Ogle, in addition to his height, had a remarkable 'dolichocephalic' skull, of which I have a tracing. [D'A. P.]

GRANT OF ARMS.

A grant of arms was made by The Ulster King of Arms of all Ireland to Henry Power, of Bagdale Hall, Whitby, Yorkshire, and to the other descendants of his father John Francis Power, viz.:—Argent semé of cross crosslets and three cinque foiles, azure, a chief indented Sable. For crest, on a wreath of the Colours, an Arm vambraced, embowed, grasping a sword all proper, charged with a cross crosslet as in the Arms, and for Motto, 'Un Dieu, un Roy.' The grant was sealed 22 July, 1895.

OBITUARY NOTICES



FROM THE *BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL*

28 January, 1911.

HENRY POWER, M.B.LOND., F.R.C.S.ENG.

THE death of Mr. Henry Power at Bagdale Hall, Whitby, on the 18th January removes from the medical profession a good example of the Victorian era. He inherited from his Irish ancestors the versatility, quick wittedness, gaiety, and friendliness which made him a favourite with every one, and from his Yorkshire mother the doggedness which enabled him to bring out successive issues of Carpenter's *Physiology*, and to undertake with Dr. Leonard W. Sedgwick the Sydenham Society's edition of Mayne's *Lexicon of Medicine and the Allied Sciences*. It is true that throughout his long life the Irish impulsiveness was predominant, but it was held in check by the calmer counsels of his pure-bred Saxon wife.

Born at Nantes in France 3 September, 1829, he was the only child of the second marriage of Captain John Francis Power with Hannah, daughter of Henry Simpson, of Meadowfield, Whitby. His father came of a long line of soldiers, and received his first commission at the early age of fourteen. He had served through the Peninsular, Baltic, and Waterloo campaigns, and received the Peninsular medal (1793-1814) with a clasp for Sahagun and Benevente as a cornet in 3rd Dragoons, King's German Legion, and the Waterloo medal as a lieutenant in the third regiment of Hussars, K.G.L. He was afterwards captain and major in the 35th (Royal) Sussex regiment, 'The Old Orange Lilies,' and at the time of his death in 1856 he was lieutenant-colonel in command of the British Foreign Legion at Shorncliffe. Shortly after his birth Henry Power was taken to Barbados, where his father was quartered, and narrowly escaped death in the hurricane which devastated the island on the morning of 11 August 1831, when the barracks were blown down, killing the sergeant-major, a sergeant, and five privates, but leaving the baby unharmed

in its cradle under a heap of ruins. Major Power resigned his commission in 1833, and for many years spent the wandering life which was then usual with half-pay officers who had no private means. His son, therefore, was educated for short periods at schools in Gloucester, Liverpool, Cheltenham, Leamington, and Whitby, never remaining long enough at any one place to receive a thorough grounding in classics and mathematics. His name appears in the lists of Cheltenham College as a day boy admitted at Easter Term, 1842, the college having been opened in the previous autumn. Destined for the army he seems to have drifted into medicine almost by accident, for he used to say that his father only knew of two classes in the profession—the regimental doctor and the man who kept an open surgery. He was apprenticed in 1844 to Mr. Thomas Lowe Wheeler, who was afterwards Chairman of the Board of Examiners at the Apothecaries' Hall. Mr. Wheeler was the son of Thomas Wheeler (1754-1847) the botanist, who was apothecary to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The apprentice who lived with his master in Newcastle Court, Gracechurch Street, entered St. Bartholomew's Hospital and was diligent in attending the early morning botanical lectures and the 'herborisings' which were then a feature of the medical curriculum. This botanical training won for him the Galen silver medal and the Linnean silver medal at the Society of Apothecaries, of which body he was admitted a Licentiate in 1851. In the same year he took the diploma of M.R.C.S., and on 1 December, 1854, he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England by examination. At St. Bartholomew's Hospital he soon made the acquaintance of William Savory, who, like himself, was a friendless lad without introductions. The acquaintance quickly ripened into a friendship which lasted as a lifelong intimacy. At the University of London the two young friends had a brilliant career. Power took the prize in chemistry at the matriculation, the exhibition and gold medal in anatomy and physiology, and the gold medal in structural and physiological botany at the intermediate examination in medicine in 1852; the scholarship and gold medal in physiology and comparative anatomy and the scholarship and gold medal in surgery at the final M.B., graduating in 1855, a year after he had married his playmate and first cousin, Ann, daughter of Thomas Simpson, of Meadowfield, Whitby.

In 1851 Mr. Power was appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy at the Westminster Hospital, and for the ensuing ten years he lectured successively on comparative anatomy, human anatomy, and physiology, whilst he made his living by coaching and writing for the medical journals. He was appointed assistant surgeon to the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital in 1855, and assistant surgeon to the Westminster Hospital in 1857. The latter post he resigned in 1867 when he was elected ophthalmic surgeon to St. George's Hospital. At the Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital he had as colleagues Surgeon General Guthrie, Mr. Hancock, and Mr. Jabez Hogg, and he there collected the material and made the water-colour sketches which afterwards appeared in his *Illustrations of Some of the Principal Diseases of the Eye*. In 1866 he moved from Grosvenor Terrace, Pimlico, now a part of the Belgrave Road, near Warwick Square, to 45, Upper Seymour Street, Portman Square, and in 1870 he removed to 37a, Great Cumberland Place, where he spent the remainder of his professional life. In 1870 he was nominated the first ophthalmic surgeon to the newly-established department for diseases of the eye at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, having Mr. Bowater J. Vernon as his colleague. The appointment was eminently satisfactory both to the school and to the individuals. Every source of friction quickly disappeared, and the department assumed the high position it has ever since maintained. About this time Mr. Power was for twelve years ophthalmic surgeon at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Rochester. He went down every Wednesday afternoon at two o'clock and returned by the boat train at six. The journey was a source of constant pleasure to him because he always made friends with his fellow travellers on the way.

Mr. Power's energies were not exhausted by the exigencies of a large practice and the teaching at his medical school. He was active as an examiner at the London University with Huxley as a colleague; at the University of Oxford, where he learnt to appreciate Rolleston; at Cambridge where he made friends with Humphry and Michael Foster, and at Durham, where he was welcomed by Philipson.

At the Royal College of Surgeons of England he filled nearly all the official positions. He was a member of the Board of Examiners in Anatomy and Physiology from 1875 to 1880, and again from 1881 to 1884, and on the reconstituted Board as an Examiner in Physiology

from 1884 to 1886, and as an Examiner for the F.R.C.S. in Physiology from 1884 to 1886. He served as a member of the Council from 1879 to 1890, and was a Vice-President for the year 1885. He delivered the Arris and Gale Lectures on Anatomy and Physiology in the years 1882-3; was Hunterian Professor of Surgery and Pathology in 1885-6; Bradshaw Lecturer in 1886, and Hunterian Orator in 1889, when he delivered the oration without notes.

At the Royal Veterinary College in Camden Town he was Professor of Physiology from 1881 to 1904, and he was the friend and trusted adviser of many generations of students, who testified to their love and respect on his retirement by presenting him with a comfortable reading chair, whilst those who were in South Africa sent him a magnificent silver lamp.

From 1890-1893 he was President of the Ophthalmological Society of the United Kingdom. He was President of the Harveian Society for the years 1880 and 1881, serving a double term of office. He was a Vice-President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society 1892-3, and he was also President of the Society for Employing the Blind as Masseurs. For many years he was Surgeon to the Linen and Woollen Drapers' Benevolent Fund and to the Artists' Benevolent Fund.

Mr. Power had held offices at six of the annual meetings of the British Medical Association. He had been Secretary, Vice-President, and President respectively of the Section of Physiology in 1869 (Leeds), 1878 (Bath), and 1879 (Cork); he was Vice-President of the Section of Ophthalmology in 1880, when the meeting was held at Cambridge, and President of the Section in 1895 in London, as well as President of the combined Section of Ophthalmology and Otology of the meeting in 1885 in Cardiff.

Mr. Power was a first-rate field botanist throughout his long life. He had some knowledge of music, and used to play the violin. His power of drawing and of sketching from nature was innate. It was clearly inherited from his father, who received a pair of colours from H.R.H. the Duke of York in acknowledgement of two framed sketches which the boy sent with a letter asking for a commission in his father's old regiment. The faculty was transmitted to one of Mr. Henry Power's daughters—Miss Lucy B. Power—who was making a name for herself as a portrait painter when she was drowned accidentally at

Whitby with a grand-daughter in 1898. This tragedy saddened the remainder of her father's life; the horror of the scene haunted him to the end, and took away much of his pleasure in living. Shortly afterwards he retired from practice, settled at Whitby in a fifteenth-century house, which he had restored some years previously, and filled up his time with many useful works. He enjoyed excellent health until November of last year, when he strained his right heart by climbing the steps to the Parish church one Sunday. He was seized with signs of acute dilatation, and suffered many distressing attacks of dyspnoea, which culminated on 17 January. He became unconscious in the evening, and died quietly on the morning of 18 January.

He leaves his wife, four sons, and four daughters, and was buried at Whitby on Saturday, 21 January. The funeral service was conducted by his friend, Canon Austen, M.A., the Rector of Whitby, who came over specially from York for that purpose. He was laid to rest amongst a wealth of flowers, sent by friends and former colleagues from all parts, in the cemetery which is so beautifully situated between the sea and the high moors.

Mr. F. Richardson Cross writes: I take the opportunity offered of adding my small tribute to the memory of Mr. Henry Power. Though he had reached a ripe old age, the news of his death will be received with universal sorrow by the members of the profession, among whom he was for so many years a respected and beloved leader. His handsome presence, his charming personality and courteous manner were combined with an obvious honesty of purpose—while his striking modesty sometimes led one to forget the very high standard of his natural ability and the enormous amount of good work that he had accomplished. His distinguished successes as a student, particularly in Physiology and in Human and Comparative Anatomy, naturally gave him a tendency towards the more purely scientific aspects of medical science, and his continuous studies in Physiology and Histology as Teacher, Author, and Examiner, must naturally have given him a high scientific standard in his clinical work. Fortunately for that speciality, he selected Ophthalmology for the surgical side of his career; and, combining with his high scientific attainments a keen perception, with accuracy of judgment and practical common sense, he soon became

one of the pioneers of Ophthalmology in this country. The publication of *Stricker's Histology*, in which each organ and structure was exhaustively described by the leading German expert on that subject, gave an enormous advance to the knowledge of minute anatomy. Fortunately for English readers, the Sydenham Society could find in Power a translator well versed in the German language, and at the same time with a special knowledge of the wide range of subjects dealt with. The time of the publication of these volumes has an historical interest in regard to Power's position as an ophthalmic surgeon. In the first volume (1870) he appears as Ophthalmic Surgeon to St. George's Hospital; in the second (1872) he is Ophthalmic Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's. A paper by him in the *St. Bartholomew's Hospital Reports* of 1871 describes the ophthalmic department just then founded under himself and Mr. Vernon, and throws some interesting light on the treatment of eye diseases at that time in the general hospitals. Probably most of the eye patients in the neighbourhood of St. Bartholomew's went to Moorfields. Among many other books he edited may be mentioned the *Lexicon of Medicine and the Allied Sciences*, in which he was associated with Dr. Sedgwick—a piece of laborious and valuable work. I remember him a very successful President of the Ophthalmological Society and a very popular member of the College of Surgeons Council Club, but he had retired from the Council some time before I was elected. As a consultant his advice was always most helpful and reliable; he was a most agreeable member of any social or professional gathering, and was a generous and interesting host both in London and in his house at Whitby. Every one who was ever brought into personal relations with him, as well as patients and friends, will sincerely mourn his loss.

FROM *THE LANCET*

28 January, 1911.

HENRY POWER, M.B.LOND., F.R.C.S.ENG.

LATE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF ENGLAND;
AND CONSULTING OPHTHALMIC SURGEON TO ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S
HOSPITAL AND THE WESTMINSTER OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Henry Power, consulting ophthalmic surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and for more than forty years a regular member of the staff of *The Lancet*, the sad event having occurred at his residence, Bagdale Hall, Whitby, on Wednesday, 18 January.

Henry Power was born at Nantes in France 3 September, 1829, the only child of Captain John Francis Power, by his second wife Hannah, daughter of Mr. Henry Simpson, of Meadowfield, Whitby, Yorkshire. His father came of a long line of soldiers, and received his first commission at the early age of fourteen years. He served through the Peninsular, Baltic, and Waterloo campaigns, and received the Peninsular medal (1793-1814), with a clasp for Sahagun and Benevente, as a cornet in the 3rd Dragoons King's German Legion, and the Waterloo medal as a lieutenant in the 3rd Regiment of Hussars K.G.L. He was afterwards captain and major in the 35th (Royal) Sussex Regiment, 'the Old Orange Lilies,' and at the time of his death in 1856 he was lieutenant-colonel in command of the British Foreign Legion at Shorncliffe. Immediately after his birth Henry Power was taken to Barbados, where his father was quartered, and narrowly escaped death in the hurricane which devastated the island on the morning of 11 August, 1831, when the barracks were blown down, killing the sergeant-major, a sergeant, and five privates. Major Power resigned his commission in 1833, and for many years spent the wandering life which was then usual with half-pay officers who had no private means. His son, therefore, was educated for short

periods at schools in Gloucester, Liverpool, Cheltenham, Leamington, and Whitby, never remaining long enough at any place to receive a thorough grounding in classics and mathematics. His name appears in the lists of Cheltenham College as a day boy admitted at Easter, 1842, the college having been opened in the previous autumn. Having decided to adopt the profession of medicine, he was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Lowe Wheeler in 1844, who was afterwards chairman of the Board of Examiners at the Apothecaries' Hall. Mr. Wheeler was the son of Thomas Wheeler (1754-1847), the botanist, who was apothecary to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The apprentice lived with his master in Newcastle Court, Gracechurch Street, E.C., entered St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and was diligent in attending the early morning botanical lectures and the 'herborisings' which were then a feature of the medical curriculum.

The result of this botanical training enabled Mr. Power to win the Galen silver medal and the Linnæan silver medal given annually by the Society of Apothecaries, and in 1851 he was admitted a Licentiate of this body. In the same year he took the Membership of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and on 1 December, 1854, he was elected F.R.C.S. Eng. At the same time he was graduating in medicine at the University of London where he had a brilliant career. He took the prize in chemistry at the matriculation examination, the exhibition and gold medal in anatomy and physiology, and the gold medal in structural and physiological botany at the intermediate examination in medicine in 1852, the scholarship and gold medal in physiology and comparative anatomy, and the scholarship and gold medal in surgery at the Final M.B. examination, graduating M.B. in 1855. Four years before, that is in 1851, he had been appointed demonstrator of anatomy at the Westminster Hospital, and for the next ten years he lectured successively on comparative anatomy, human anatomy, and physiology at that school. He was appointed assistant surgeon to the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital in 1855 and assistant surgeon to the Westminster Hospital in 1857. The latter post he resigned in 1867, when he was elected ophthalmic surgeon to St. George's Hospital. In 1870 he resigned his position at St. George's Hospital to become the first ophthalmic surgeon at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a position which he held for nearly a quarter

of a century. For twelve years he was ophthalmic surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital at Chatham, where he attended every Wednesday afternoon, leaving London at two o'clock and arriving in town again at six, and as by this time his private practice was very large, it will be seen that throughout his long professional career his life was an extraordinarily industrious one.

Mr. Power's varied literary work showed well his industry and wide range of exact knowledge. In 1863 he translated for the New Sydenham Society the work of Wilhelm Kramer, of Berlin, entitled: *The Aural Surgery of the Present Day*. From 1864 to 1876 he edited the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth editions of Carpenter's famous *Principles of Human Physiology*. The following excerpt from a review of the seventh edition, published in *The Lancet* of 10 April, 1869, bears testimony to the essential characteristics of his work: 'It is in all respects an admirable work, and we congratulate Dr. Carpenter on having secured the services of a man endowed with the ability, learning, and conscientious exactitude of its editor, Mr. Power. We almost regret, with so much new matter on the one hand, and the recasting and reconstruction of the old on the other, that Mr. Power did not rewrite the book, for the production of a new edition so complete as the present one must have caused him infinite labour.' As a matter of fact, Power may almost be said to have rewritten each edition. In 1867 *Illustrations of the Principal Diseases of the Eye* was published by Messrs. Churchill, the original coloured drawings having been made by Power himself from the patients who came under his observation at the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital. In 1870 he translated for the New Sydenham Society Professor Stricker's *Manual of Human and Comparative Histology*. This publication formed a very valuable and welcome addition to English medical literature. The translator's own knowledge of the subject, joined to his familiarity with the German language and his mastery over his own, resulted in the production of a volume that betrayed scarcely a trace of its foreign origin. In 1876 Power translated, for Ziemssen's *Cyclopædia of the Practice of Medicine*, Erb on *Diseases of the Peripheral Cerebro-spinal Nerves*, and from 1879 to 1899 he re-edited, for the New Sydenham Society, in conjunction with Dr. Leonard Sedgwick, Mayne's *Expository Lexicon of Medical Terms*. The new edition was planned on so large a scale,

that the last volume, P to Z, was completed by Mr. George Parker. In 1884 his *Elements of Human Physiology*, one of Cassell's manuals, was published, was very highly commended by the Medical Press, and obtained wide popularity.

When it is remembered that in addition to all his literary and official duties Mr. Power was for many years a leading London ophthalmic surgeon whose wise advice and manual dexterity were daily in demand, it will be wondered what time over he could have to place at the disposal of this journal. The fact is that he was an untiring as well as a methodical worker, and his industry and love of order enabled him not only to keep abreast of ophthalmological literature, but also to read widely in anatomy, physiology, and botany, and to record his candid views upon what he read with regularity. Week after week, year after year, in this manner he sat in genial judgment upon medical writers, and so closely accurate were his appreciations, and so obviously fair and friendly his strictures, that we can hardly remember an occasion when an author was moved to protest against his criticisms. Gradually, as different branches of science underwent development, Power advised us that it was time for us to seek the help of some one more in touch with special work in zoology, botany, and, lastly, in physiology; but for many years in these subjects as well as in his particular subject of ophthalmology he was our general adviser. No member of the staff was ever more missed than he was when retirement from London broke his intimate association with us, and in this office his memory will always be cherished. And the feeling of regret that we can thus personally express will, we know, be shared by hundreds of his colleagues, pupils, patients, and friends, for it was impossible not to feel that Power's handsome presence and genial bearing were the exterior that fitted well a generous, simple, strenuous nature.

At the Royal College of Surgeons of England he filled nearly all the official positions. He was a member of the Board of Examiners in anatomy and physiology from 1875 to 1880 and again from 1881 to 1884, and on the reconstituted board as an examiner in physiology from 1884 to 1886, and as an examiner in anatomy and physiology for the F.R.C.S. from 1884 to 1886. He served two terms of office as a member of the Council from 1879 to 1890, and was a Vice-President for the year 1885. He delivered the Arris and Gale lectures

on Anatomy and Physiology, 1882-3; was Hunterian Professor of Surgery and Pathology, 1885-7; Bradshaw lecturer, 1886; and Hunterian Orator in 1889. His wide learning, his particularly clear insight into his subjects, and his kindness of heart and manner made him an ideal examiner. He acted as an examiner in physiology at the University of London in 1870, as examiner in the natural science tripos at Cambridge in 1874-5, as examiner in the school of natural science at Oxford 1875-7, and he also examined at the University of Durham. Among other posts which he filled may be enumerated the office of professor of physiology at the Royal Veterinary College 1881-1904, where he became the friend and trusted adviser of many generations of veterinary students. On his retirement he was much touched by their presentation to him of an arm-chair fitted with an electric reading-lamp and furnished with an appropriate inscription, as well as by a separate presentation from the veterinary surgeons in South Africa who had been too late in joining the original testimonial. He served the office of President of the Harveian Society of London for a double term of office during the years 1880-81, a unique tenure of the chair. He was President of the Ophthalmological Society of the United Kingdom 1890-92; Bowman lecturer in 1887, when he took for his subject 'The Relation of Ophthalmic Disease to Certain Normal and Pathological Conditions of the Sexual Organs'; and a Vice-President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society 1892-3. For many years he was surgeon to the Linen and Woollen Drapers' Benevolent Fund and to the Artists' Benevolent Society.

He married his first cousin Ann, daughter of Mr. Thomas Simpson, of Meadowfield, Whitby, Yorkshire, on 21 December, 1854, with whom in due course he celebrated his golden wedding day. He lived immediately after his marriage at 3, Grosvenor Terrace, now 56, Belgrave Road, S.W.; in 1866 he moved to 45, Seymour Street, W.; and in 1870 to 37a, Great Cumberland Place, where he remained until he retired to his house, Bagdale Hall, Whitby. Always a hard worker, as we have seen by our brief record of his professional life, the necessities of a large family made the earlier years of his life especially strenuous. Coaching students for their examinations and literary work were the chief sources of income, and for many years he accustomed himself to go to bed at two or three o'clock in the

morning and to awake at six, when he was ready to go to the baths with his boys or to the parks for a run before breakfast, or in later years for a bicycle ride. Many pleasant evenings were spent with T. K. Parker at a time when he was working first on the foraminifera, later on the shoulder girdle and sternum in the vertebrata, and, finally, on the structure and development of the frog's skull. Parker's beautiful dissections made with a pair of sewing needles stuck into penholders and his harmless eccentricities of expression and of thought were a constant theme of wonder and amusement, and his death was the first of a series of blows which saddened the later years of Mr. Power's life. Sir William Savory, his life-long friend and companion, died in 1895; Mr. Bowater J. Vernon, his colleague with whom he was in daily communication, in 1901; and the dreadful tragedy when his artist daughter and his grand-daughter were drowned before his eyes and he was himself rescued with difficulty finally decided him to leave London for a more restful life in congenial surroundings.

Mr. Power was a skilful artist both in water colours and with a brush and indian ink, and in early life he played the violin. His artistic powers he inherited from his father, who had received a commission from H.R.H. the Duke of York in return for a pair of water-colour sketches which he had ventured to send as a present to the Commander-in-Chief with a letter asking for employment as the son of a Peninsular veteran. These powers he transmitted to one daughter—Lucy Beatrice—who exhibited at the Royal Academy on more than one occasion and was making for herself a reputation as a portrait painter at the time of her tragic death.

The funeral took place at Whitby on Saturday, 21 January. The funeral service was read impressively by the Rev. George Austen, M.A., canon of York and rector of Whitby. There were numerous tokens of regard from his fellow townsmen, the shops along the route of the funeral being nearly all closed, although it was market day.

FROM *ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL REPORTS*

Vol. xlvii.

HENRY POWER, M.B.LOND., F.R.C.S.

ONE by one the last links connecting us with the surgery of the early Victorian era are snapping, and this year we have to mourn the loss of our much esteemed and beloved colleague, Henry Power. The years had sat so lightly on his shoulders that few credited him with being an octogenarian, but the Roll of Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons places his name among the first eight Fellows.

Henry Power was born at Nantes in France on 3 September, 1829, being the only child of Captain John Francis Power by his second wife, Hannah, daughter of Mr. Henry Simpson, of Meadowfield, Whitby, Yorkshire.

His father belonged to an Irish family of soldiers and received his first commission at the early age of fourteen years. He served through the Peninsular, Baltic, and Waterloo campaigns, and as a cornet in the 3rd Dragoons, King's German Legion, received the Peninsular Medal (1793-1814) with clasp for Sahagun and Benevente, and the Waterloo Medal as a lieutenant in the 3rd Regiment of Hussars, K.G.L. He was afterwards captain and major in the 35th (Royal Sussex Regiment), 'the old Orange Lilies,' and, at the time of his death in 1858, he was lieutenant-colonel in command of the British Foreign Legion at Shorncliffe.

Shortly after his birth Henry Power was taken by his parents to Barbados, where his father was quartered, and the child narrowly escaped death in the hurricane which devastated the island on 11 August, 1831. The barracks were blown down, killing the sergeant-major, a sergeant, and five privates, but leaving the baby unharmed in his cradle under a heap of ruins.

Major Power resigned his commission in 1833, and for many years wandered about from place to place. In consequence of this fact Henry

Power was educated for short periods at schools in Gloucester, Cheltenham, Leamington, Whitby, and never stayed long enough at one school to receive a thorough grounding in classics and mathematics. This fact had its bright side, as it made him rely on his own resources and opened his eyes to science, which was hardly taught in schools at that time.

At Cheltenham his name appears as a day boy, admitted at Easter term 1842, the college having only been opened in the previous autumn. He remained there for two years, and, besides the ordinary subjects, learnt a little German, and could manage to read simple stories in French. He was on the modern side, and was making good progress when he left. As his own description relates: 'I, about as ignorant a lad as existed in Great Britain, was asked whether I should like to be apprenticed to a doctor. I was only fourteen years and a half old, and was, of course, delighted to escape the drudgery of lessons and see London again. It was a great mistake and has reacted badly on my whole life.'

In 1844 he was apprenticed for five years to Mr. Thomas Lowe Wheeler, afterwards chairman of the Board of Examiners at the Apothecaries' Hall, who lived at 61, Gracechurch Street, E.C.

A few details of his apprenticeship in the hungry forties are interesting as showing the privations undergone then:—

'I was well fed, though some economy was practised. I remember when, after having had a bit of bacon, I took a little butter, the exclamation, "Butter and bacon, that is extravagant, Henry!" I took it really for food, because I wanted some fat with my slice or two of bread. They liked salads, I did not, and to have cold, boiled, salted, or corned beef Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday without potatoes was insufficient for the needs of growth and development.'

Living with Mr. Wheeler was his father, Thomas Wheeler, the botanist, who had been apothecary (resident medical officer) to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Though ninety years of age, Thomas Wheeler taught the young pupil botany and materia medica, and helped him with *Celsus* and Gregory's *Conspectus*. The apprentice attended the lectures and practice of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and for five years made up the medicines, and looked after the surgery of Mr. Wheeler.

‘As an illustration of the practice of apothecaries in those days, I remember my master ordered for a gentleman a couple of $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. bottles of water with a drachm of syrup of roses and a few minims of dilute sulphuric acid, which suited him well. A few days after I was ordered to send him 8 oz. more. I made it up in an 8 oz. bottle and got a wiggling for not sending separate bottles, which could be charged more for.’

This apprenticeship period for him was purely wasted time and he practically learnt nothing from it. He attended the lectures at the Hospital, but was ordered to return home the moment they were over, and he says: ‘I ought, as Savory, Miles, and others of the same year did, to have gone straight to the surgery and made myself familiar with cuts, bruises, dislocations, and accidents of all kinds. When five years afterwards I was my own master, I was too old, or thought myself so, to mix with men much my juniors in standing though not in age.’ Commencing at the early age of fourteen and a half years, Power was in advance of men of his own age, and he tells us that in his waiting hours in Gracechurch Street he read many of the less well-known poets, as Churchill, Prior, Waller, and dipped into Lamarck’s *Vestiges of Creation*, and some books of that kind which the Wheelers had in their library.

He attended Paget’s lectures from 1845 to 1847, two courses by the regulations of the Hall and College and the extra one for the pleasure of hearing the lectures. His own account of these lectures which follows is very interesting, especially as it might stand for a literal description of his own. Like Savory and the other great lecturers, he studied the art of oratory and never missed a chance of hearing a celebrated speaker.

‘He (Paget) was indeed a very winning lecturer, taking him altogether, the best I have ever heard; perhaps Huxley equalled him in ease and lucidity in exposition. He had not the majestic, stately delivery of Lawrence, nor the colloquial style of Faraday, nor the measured diction of Savory, all of whom had, like him, charming voices, but it was perfectly easy and fluent, never having to pause for the choice of a word; the language he used was always appropriate and well considered. A few diagrams, often old and bad or at least effete, were hung up behind him, and were occasionally, but not often,

referred to, and he had no adventitious aid from experiments. The lecture room, the old anatomical theatre, was always full to overcrowding, and he commanded the attention of all. He entered with a quick, rather sliding step, taking the pointer in his hand, or in the exact position Millais had painted him, and beginning immediately and uniformly with "Gentlemen, in my last lecture I gave you an account of so and so," which was always an excellent résumé of the previous lecture. An exceedingly good feature of his lectures was to close the last five minutes, always a difficult task, with an epitome in different language of the first part of the discourse.'

One must remember that there were practically no text-books in those days, and a student had to gain his knowledge from clinical work and lectures.

In 1849 he left the Wheelers to reside with his parents in Claremont Square, and felt himself a free man. 'Meeting Savory in the Hospital Square one day, I asked him about the London University, where he had just got a gold medal and had taken his degree. He recommended me to go through the matriculation examination and I took it up with a will. Euclid, over which I had been caned at Cheltenham, seemed easy. Keightley's *History of England* was interesting to me. The twenty-second book of the *Odyssey* and the first two books of Virgil, with some arithmetic, algebra, and chemistry was all. I took the first prize in chemistry and was satisfied.'

In 1851 he became Licentiate of the Society of Apothecaries, and obtained the Galen silver medal and the Linnean silver medal for Botany, and in the same year took the Membership of the Royal College of Surgeons of England.

This year was celebrated as that of the great and first exhibition, and in its galleries he became engaged to his cousin, Miss Ann Simpson, 'the most fortunate event of my life.' In that year also Paget asked him whether he would like to go as Demonstrator of Anatomy at the Westminster Hospital, as Holthouse was establishing a school there. This he decided to do, and commenced with only six students; the dissecting room for the first year was a cock loft, a long, narrow but tolerably lofty room with a skylight, the only other light being from two large openings on the west wall, through which one looked down on a store of hay. For his services he was to receive

£20, and, though needing it badly, he had to wait some time for the payment of the salary.

He now became Lecturer on Comparative Anatomy, Human Anatomy, and Physiology at the Westminster Hospital, but the stipends attached to these offices amounted to very few pounds in inverse ratio to the hours of labour. However, he gained from them numerous private pupils and so managed to keep the wolf from the door.

All this time he was also working at his own examinations and making for himself a brilliant career at the London University.

In 1852, at the Intermediate Examination, he obtained the exhibition and gold medal in Anatomy and Physiology and the gold medal in Structural and Physiological Botany.

In December, 1854, he became Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and on the 21st of that month married his first cousin and early playmate, Ann, daughter of Mr. Thomas Simpson, of Meadowfield, Whitby, and settled at 3, Grosvenor Terrace, afterwards called 56, Belgrave Road, to harder work than ever. Although teaching nearly all day, he passed in 1855 the Final M.B. of the London University, taking the scholarship and gold medal in Surgery and the scholarship and gold medal in Physiology and Comparative Anatomy. These scholarships produced £100 for two years, and were 'a godsend to us.'

The expenses of the house proving too great, resident pupils were taken at £70 to £100 a year, and by this means the young couple managed to eke out a living.

From the beginning or commencement of his great success in examinations he became a very popular teacher, and, like many others, was obliged to teach not only Surgery and Medicine, but all the accessory sciences.

Private coaching then must have been very hard work to judge by the following account: 'From most of them I got £12 12s., but they took it out of me terribly, coming at 7 p.m. and going away at 10 or 11 p.m., always having tea and sometimes dinner.'

He accustomed himself to take little sleep, and for many years would rarely go to bed before two or three in the morning, and would rise again before six. He would then go to the public baths

or walk in the park for an hour before breakfast. In later years his chief exercise was bicycling.

The hard work and strain pulled him down, and in December, 1855, he had a severe attack of pleurisy at Shorncliffe Camp, where cholera was raging. He was attended by his lifelong friend William Savory and, on recovering, he went to Jersey and then home by Paris, with Mrs. Power and their infant son.

A six months' illness would have broken the spirit of many a struggler, but we find him back again at work with greater zest and energy than ever. In June, 1855, he became assistant surgeon to the Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, and began his ophthalmic work there under the ægis of Mr. Guthrie, who had persuaded him not to take the appointment of assistant in the anatomical department to Professor Goodsir, of Edinburgh. He remained on the active staff of this hospital for thirty-four years, retiring in 1889, when he was elected consulting surgeon.

In those days it was necessary for a man to be attached to a general hospital if he wished to hold the appointments at the College of Surgeons. Henry Power, therefore, became assistant surgeon to the Westminster Hospital in 1857. He held this post for ten years, resigning it on being appointed ophthalmic surgeon to St. George's Hospital in 1867, when he entirely gave up general surgical work.

He resigned the St. George's appointment in 1870 and returned to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Till 1870 Guys was the only general hospital with a special ophthalmic department, and owing to its success a similar department was formed at St. Bartholomew's. On 27 July, 1870, Henry Power and Bowater J. Vernon were appointed senior and junior ophthalmic surgeons respectively, and this happy partnership continued for twenty-four years.

On the wards being opened Miss Mary Davies (Sister Eyes) was appointed sister in charge, and fulfilled these duties till she resigned in 1907.

No ophthalmic department was ever better served than our own during those twenty-four years. Nothing could be more inspiring than to accompany the surgeons on their rounds. The courtesy and natural charm of each, coupled with the deference paid by the junior to the senior, the wide general learning and experience of the senior

and the excellent memory of the junior for clinical and pathological facts, combined to make the visit a liberal education.

In the obituary notice of Mr. Vernon in vol. xxxvii. p. 1, 1901, of our Reports, Mr. Power admirably and shortly describes the department:—

‘The wards were completed in 1870, and opened by the Prince of Wales and the Princess Alexandra in the summer of that year.

‘Mr. Power and Mr. Vernon were appointed senior and junior ophthalmic surgeons, with twenty-six beds and one cot between them. This arrangement proved a fortunate one. The two surgeons worked together in the most harmonious way, often making their rounds together, sometimes one, sometimes the other monopolising the wards; whilst if a case of emergency presented itself a bed was always found through the address of Sister Alexandra, to whose intelligent and kindly offices, untiring assiduity in her attendance on the patients, and her admirable management of the wards, both felt that they were deeply indebted.’

Henry Power retired from the active staff of St. Bartholomew's Hospital on attaining the age limit (sixty-five) in 1896 with all his powers undimmed.

He was appointed consulting ophthalmic surgeon and also governor of the hospital. His old house surgeons presented him with the excellent portrait of himself, executed by his daughter, Miss Lucy Power, which has been reproduced as a photogravure. He told us that nothing could have given him greater pleasure than this picture, and this possession was even more precious afterwards, as it is now the record of a talented artist too early lost to Art.

Till the last few years he would frequently come down on a Tuesday or Wednesday afternoon to the wards and operating theatre and help us with his opinion and advice. He also took an active part as governor of the hospital in visiting the wards.

Amongst other appointments he held for twelve years the post of ophthalmic surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Chatham, going down there every Wednesday afternoon by train. He was also professor of physiology at the Royal Veterinary College from 1881 to 1904.

His connection with the College of Surgeons was a very close one all his life, and the college conferred on him most of the appoint-

ments and honours in its gift. Examiner from 1875 onwards, he was on the council from 1879 to 1890, and vice-president in 1885. He also held most of the lectureships.

A fairly constant attendant at the meetings of societies, especially the ophthalmological, he was office-bearer at several.

An original member of the Ophthalmological Society of the United Kingdom, he became vice-president 1882-5 and president 1890-3.

In his excellent presidential address the following expresses his views, exemplified by himself, of the proper qualification for men desiring to become and succeed as oculists.

‘They should at least have a sound mathematical education; they should be familiar with the science of optics; they should have made themselves masters of microscopical methods and proceedings; they should have good eyes, and should have cultivated lightness, and steadiness, and precision of hand. Finally, they should be sympathetic and gentle.’

In 1887 he was Bowman lecturer, and took for his subject ‘Relation of Ophthalmic Disease to Certain Normal and Pathological Conditions of the Sexual Organs.’

He occupied the unique position of being two years in succession (1880-1) president of the Harveian Society; was vice-president of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, 1892-3. At the seventh International Medical Congress, held in London in 1881, he was one of the vice-presidents of the section of ophthalmology.

He had held offices at six of the annual meetings of the British Medical Association, being president of the section of physiology at Cork (1879) and president of that of ophthalmology at Cardiff (1885) and in London (1895).

An indefatigable worker for the New Sydenham Society, he became treasurer after the death of Dr. Sedgwick Saunders.

An excellent all-round surgeon, his scientific knowledge decided him as early as 1867 to specialise in ophthalmology, and he soon became one of the pioneers in that branch of practice.

At that time, except at Guys and St. George's Hospital, there were no ophthalmic special departments at the general hospitals, and the posts at the special ophthalmic hospitals were held by general surgeons.

He was a good and very successful operator, with a hand as steady as a rock. His training as a general surgeon greatly aided him, and no difficulty ever confronted him that he was not capable of overcoming. In an emergency case of severe hæmorrhage from traumatic aneurism he tied the common carotid artery with great success. Nothing pleased him more than to try new operations, and he spent a great deal of time and thought in endeavouring to successfully accomplish transplantation of the cornea.

He remembered the pre-ophthalmoscope days, and would often speak of the revolution in diagnosis resulting from the invention of the ophthalmoscope in 1851 by Helmholtz.

He enjoyed for years a large private practice, and his advice was much sought after by his brother oculists.

As a lecturer he was fluent in diction, clear in exposition, and clever in illustrating his remarks on the blackboard. He rarely had notes and was never at a loss for words. This power of lecturing, coupled with a remarkable capability of quickly assimilating knowledge, made him able, as few men are, to lecture on almost any subject, given a few hours' preparation. He thoroughly enjoyed it, and though before his lecture he might be looking perhaps fagged, he would emerge after the hour's work quite refreshed.

At the College of Surgeons he practically held all the lectureships, commencing with the Arris and Gale Lectures in 1882-3. He was Hunterian professor of surgery and pathology in 1885-6, lecturing on Diseases of the Lachrymal Apparatus. His Bradshaw lecture in 1886 'Bacteriology in its Relations to Surgery' was a very excellent résumé of the then new science of bacteriology compiled from English and Continental works.

His Hunterian oration was delivered without a note, and he made the time-worn subject of interest by detailing new facts connected with Hunter's life. As showing his thoroughness, he went down to Hunter's birthplace so that he could feel and write a description of the country and its surroundings. The main portion of the lecture was devoted to the consideration of Hunter as a pioneer of experimental physiology. One paragraph I quote, as he himself had certainly inherited the traditional St. Bartholomew's oratory.

'It is a pleasure to every Bartholomew's man to think that some

part at least of Hunter's surgical knowledge was gained in their hospital and that he had the opportunity of seeing the sound practice and hearing the appropriate language which distinguished the practice and lectures of Percivall Pott, and of thus profiting by that combination of skill and eloquence which seems to have been handed down like the mantle of the Prophet, through Abernethy, and Lawrence, and Paget till it rests with graceful ease upon William Savory.'

Never was any one perhaps better fitted for the post of examiner, as his manner and voice directly placed the examinee at his ease, and, in consequence, extraction of knowledge and not abstraction of the candidate ensued.

At the College of Surgeons he was examiner in anatomy and physiology from 1875 to 1880, and again from 1881 to 1884; in physiology alone from 1884 to 1886. He was an examiner in the Honours School at Oxford (1875-7); in the Natural Science Tripos at Cambridge (1874-5); at the London University Examinations in physiology for ten years, and also at Durham University.

If his published works are few, it must be remembered that he was constantly at work reviewing and translating, and this class of work shows best his extremely wide range of exact knowledge.

The first book he translated was for the New Sydenham Society in 1863, *The Aural Surgery of the Present Day*, by Kramer, of Berlin. His greatest work, however, was editing from 1864 to 1876 the sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth editions of Carpenter's *Principles of Human Physiology*—a perfect mine of information and knowledge. To do this he literally had to rewrite each edition, as physiology was then making such gigantic strides both here and on the Continent.

In 1867 he published an excellent text-book of ophthalmology, *Illustrations of some of the Principal Diseases of the Eye*. The book was a concise account of the pathology and surgery of the eye, and was illustrated by chromo-lithographic reproductions of drawings done by himself. From the time he was appointed to the Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital (four years after the invention of the ophthalmoscope) he had been at work collecting drawings of interesting ophthalmic cases, and some of these he used as illustrations. This book was one of the first English text-books containing coloured ophthalmoscopic representations, Hulke's Jacksonian prize essay, *On the Use of the Ophthalmoscope*,

being published in 1861. The illustrations by chromo-lithography did not well reproduce his excellent water-colour drawings, but they must at the time have been exceedingly useful. He gave a great many of his original drawings and paintings for the use of the ophthalmic department.

In 1870 we find him bringing out for the New Sydenham Society a very excellent translation of Stricker's *Manual of Human and Comparative Histology*, and in 1876, for Ziemssen's *Cyclopædia of the Practice of Medicine*, Erb *On Disease of the Peripheral Cerebro-spinal Nerves*.

In 1879 the New Sydenham Society embarked upon their greatest undertaking, *The Lexicon of Medical Terms* which was to be based upon Mayne's *Lexicon*. Henry Power and Leonard Sedgwick were persuaded to undertake this almost superhuman task. He worked at it *con amore* till 1899, and his contribution was most accurately and fully done; it is fair to say that the curtailed articles of the last volume are not by either of the original authors.

Amongst other books, he published in 1884 *Elements of Human Physiology*, which had a large sale and enjoyed a widespread popularity, going through many editions. In 1873 *How shall we Employ and Amuse our Invalids*, and in 1889 *The Management of the Eye* (book of health).

Many contributions to societies (chiefly the ophthalmological) and the medical journals came from his pen, and special mention may be made of the following:—

‘Selected Cases of Injury to the Eye,’ *St. Bart.’s Hosp. Rep.*, vol. xi. p. 181, 1875.

‘On Transplantation of the Cornea,’ *Trans. IVth International Ophthal. Congress, London*, p. 172, 1872.

‘Relations between Dental Lesions and Diseases of the Eye,’ *Trans. Odont. Soc.*, vol. xvi.

‘Obituary Notice of Sir William Bowman,’ *Brit. Med. Journ.*, 1883.

He was a constant and valued reviewer on medicine and the allied sciences for the *Lancet*, and in the obituary notice of 26 January, 1911, in that journal the following words testified the great appreciation felt for his work:—

‘When it is remembered that in addition to all his literary and official duties Mr. Power was for many years a leading London

ophthalmic surgeon, whose wise advice and manual dexterity were daily in demand, it will be wondered what time over he could have to place at the disposal of this journal.

'The fact is that he was an untiring as well as a methodical worker, and his industry and love of order enabled him not only to keep abreast of ophthalmological literature, but also to read widely in anatomy, physiology, and botany, and to record his candid views upon what he read with regularity. Week after week, year after year, in this manner he sat in general judgment upon medical writers, and so closely accurate were his appreciations, and so obviously fair and friendly his strictures, that we can hardly remember an occasion when an author was moved to protest against his criticisms.

'Gradually, as different branches of science underwent development, Power advised us that it was time for us to seek the help of some one more in touch with special work in zoology, botany, and, lastly, physiology; but for many years in these subjects, as well as in his particular subject of ophthalmology, he was our general adviser. No member of the staff was ever more missed than he was when retirement from London broke his intimate association with us, and in this office his memory will always be cherished.'

He took part in the compilation of the New Sydenham Society's Year Book (biennial retrospect of surgery and medicine) from the year 1865, writing the Report on physiology.

Henry Power was certainly one of the most cultured, widely-read, and many-sided men in the medical profession. Nature had gifted him with a handsome and distinguished face and a splendid physique. The chivalry inherited from his paternal ancestry, in combination with the culture of his deeply religious mother, accounted for his single-heartedness and natural happiness of disposition. Generous to a fault, his simple, strenuous nature was ever ready to relieve mind or body.

He possessed great power in making friends, and this universal popularity was due largely to his sympathetic manner and frankness. No one ever heard him disparage or say any unkind word against any person. Quick wit, keen perception, and versatility derived from his Irish progenitors rendered him a very delightful companion.

An omnivorous reader and bibliophile, he was well known at all the principal London bookshops. His library was an extensive one,

and he was very particular about the binding of his books, laying down the law that good books should be well bound. Nothing delighted him more than spending half-an-hour or so at a second-hand bookshop, and he constantly returned home with a rare book or a first edition. His sound knowledge of French and German helped greatly in his reviewing work and translations.

His father had considerable artistic talent, which he transmitted to his son, who was a good water-colour painter and excellent draughtsman. He had also a fair knowledge of music, and in early life played the violin.

His hospitality, like his charity, knew no bounds, and in both he was well supported by his wife.

All his natural ability would have been useless unless sustained and backed by his wonderful energy. To take up bicycling at sixty-eight years of age needs great pluck, and this exercise he delighted in till three years ago. Just before relinquishing his bicycle he became a constant follower of the otter hounds, and, as mentioned afterwards, his perennially youthful activity accelerated the end.

It has fallen to the lot of few men to have lived a happier long life than he, surrounded, as he was, to the end by his devoted wife, children, and grandchildren. To live so long the natural penalty is the loss of many friends, and the death of Savory and Vernon were severe blows, but incomparable to the tragedy of his life—the loss of a beloved daughter and granddaughter by drowning before his eyes. In 1898, when sitting with his daughter Lucy and a granddaughter by the sea at Whitby, a sudden high wave swept the two away, whilst he himself was nearly drowned in trying to save them.

The amount of work he could get through in a day was extraordinary, and yet he never seemed flurried or in a hurry. The following may be cited as a characteristic day. After looking over letters he would drive to the Royal Veterinary College to lecture on physiology at 9 a.m., and on his way back about 10.30 a.m. he would visit his nursing home and then see private patients at home till 1.30 p.m. or so. He would come to St. Bartholomew's Hospital at 2 p.m., go round his wards, and probably operate, then to the out-patients' department, and home for patients again at 5 p.m. Almost directly after dinner he would begin to work at his letters, reviewing, &c., till one o'clock or later.

The great secret of his success and power of doing so much work was good health, combined with an equable disposition; he was never worried by extraneous circumstances, and never heeded interruptions. When hard at work in his study at night the door was ever open, and any one looking in received a cheery smile and a ready answer to any question. Perhaps the best and most characteristic portrait of him is one taken seated at his study-table writing, with his gold mounted spectacles low on the nose and looking up over the glasses with a smile.

As showing the extensive field of his work he held for years simultaneously the post of senior ophthalmic surgeon and lecturer on ophthalmic medicine and surgery at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, surgeon to the Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, ophthalmic surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Chatham, examiner in physiology at the Royal College of Surgeons, lecturer on physiology at the Royal Veterinary College, and adviser on the staff of the *Lancet*.

For many years he lived at 37a, Great Cumberland Place, and, on leaving London, retired to Bagdale Hall, Whitby, a sixteenth-century house he had restored some years previously. In Whitby he interested himself in many useful works.

He lived to see his eldest son become full surgeon to the hospital he loved so well, and the last time he came amongst his old colleagues was when D'Arcy Power took the chair at the annual staff dinner in December, 1908. That evening Henry Power was like a boy, and, on being called upon to speak, he upbraided the present generation as being and looking so dull. 'In my time we should have been more jovial and enjoyed life more,' and then he related tales of himself and Sir William Savory when they were living from hand to mouth.

His health was extraordinarily good for his age till November, 1910, when he strained his heart one Sunday rushing up the steep flight of 199 steps to the Parish Church of Whitby. He was seized with signs of acute dilatation of the heart, and had many distressing attacks of dyspnœa. Notwithstanding this, his buoyant spirits kept him up till the end.

In a letter, written nine days before his death, to a friend appear the prophetic words: 'I write a line to say good-bye to you, for I

am soon going the way of all flesh, and time, too, you will say, at eighty-two. I am troubled with a dilated right heart, I have incipient cataract of the left eye, and I have become hard of hearing, so the machine is giving way at many points. Adieu !'

On the Sunday he was as happy as ever, gaily singing about the house, and on the Monday he was writing letters as usual to his children. The next morning several attacks of cardiac dyspnoea occurred, and in the evening he became unconscious, and died peacefully on the morning of Wednesday, 18 January, 1911.

The funeral took place on Saturday, 21 January, and showing the esteem he was held in by his fellow-townsmen, the shops were nearly all closed along the route, even though it was market day.

The funeral service was conducted by his friend Canon Austen, the rector of Whitby, and he was laid to rest amongst a wealth of flowers sent by friends and colleagues from all parts.

The grave is in the cemetery, beautifully situated between the sea and the high moors he loved so well.

'Vivit post funera virtus.'

W. H. H. JESSOP.

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