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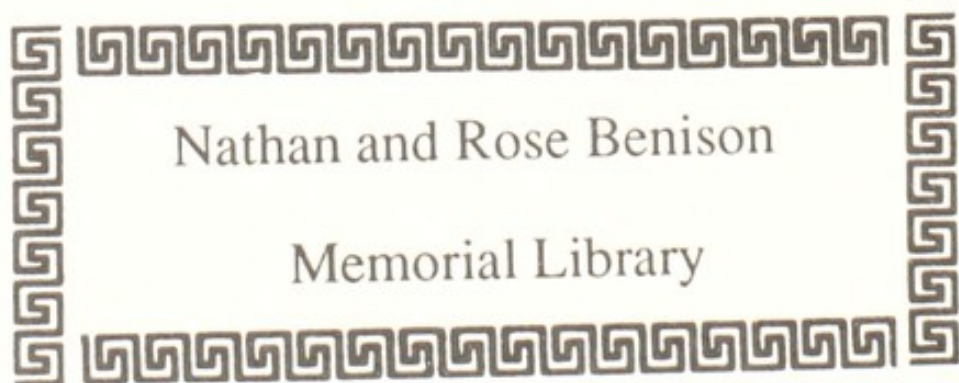
REMINISCENCES



George Henry Fox



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REMINISCENCES



NORMAN FOX
(1792-1863)

REMINISCENCES

BY

GEORGE HENRY FOX, A.M., M.D.

Geo. Henry Fox.

NEW YORK
MEDICAL LIFE PRESS

1926

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THE VAIL-BALLOU PRESS
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THIS BOOK
is dedicated to the memory of
MY WIFE

*who would have been its
most critical and most appreciative reader*



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PREFACE

These rambling reminiscences have been written and published mainly at the instigation of my son, Dr. Howard Fox, who has evidently concluded that reading them, whenever he might feel like doing so, would be far preferable to listening to their repetition. Others who have read portions of the manuscript have also urged their publication.

Jotting them down at odd times has been a source of satisfaction to the writer and should any friend or stranger read them with interest or pleasure and take the trouble to inform the writer of the fact this satisfaction will be greatly enhanced.

G. H. F.

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REMINISCENCES

CHAPTER I

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY FATHER

Legend of my birth—Early life of my father—From Ballston to Schenectady—A pane of glass—A rod of plum—Bible stories by my father—A speech in Greek—From Schenectady to Painted Post—"Large and fine"—Speech at Union College—A letter of my father to a nephew—Quotations from the Bible.

I WAS born, according to the Family Bible, on October 8th, 1846, at Ballston Spa in Saratoga Co., N. Y. I have been told that on this important occasion the older children were entertained by various kind neighbors. When my brother Norman came home and was allowed to gaze at his new and diminutive brother he is said to have burst into tears at the thought of what he had missed, lamenting the fact that although he had been to several weddings he had never been to "a borning."

My father was born on September 17th, 1792, at Hoosic Falls, N. Y. Our combined ages run into three centuries. As a youth he lived at Chestertown where his parents, Jehiel and Jerusha Fox, are buried. In early life he was a soldier in the War of 1812 and marched to Platts-

burg where his company arrived just after the battle but in time to witness the burial of Commodore Downie. I had never heard him speak of his military career until one day during our Civil War he addressed a company just starting for the front and told them of his experience just fifty years before. He said he had no fine blue uniform such as they were wearing but started off with his own rifle and a knapsack which his mother had made for him. He added that his father had been a soldier in the Revolution and that his grandfather had fought in the Colonial wars. I might add here that four of his sons were in the Civil War and that four of his grandsons and three of his great-grandsons were all officers in the late World War.

A student at Union College in the class of 1816 he became later a judge of the Warren and Washington County courts. He served in the State legislature in the sessions of 1819, 1820, 1826 and 1830. At one time his seat was contested on the plea that he was a minister of the gospel, a circumstance which would have made him ineligible at that time, but his claim that he was not an ordained clergyman but merely had permission to "exercise his gifts" as a lay preacher sufficed to admit him. He finally entered the ministry and for twelve years was pastor of the Baptist Church at Ballston Spa.

In my first distinct recollection of my father

I see him standing with his feet apart and his hands behind him, conversing with a gentleman at our house in Ballston. I tugged at his knee to attract attention and asked if I could go out and roll my little wheel-barrow as far as Mr. Beach's corner. He looked down at me and quietly remarked "I've no objection." My vocabulary at that time did not include many words of three syllables but I remember how I interpreted his language through the kind and indulgent look upon his face.

When I was four years old the family moved to Schenectady. Household goods were doubtless shipped by rail but the cow was driven over by my brother Norman to our new home in what I believe is still called "the Bowery" near the end of the pine woods. My father took Elizabeth and me with him in his buggy behind our old black horse and about sundown we overtook Norman trudging along the dusty road just outside the city. Father now got out while Norman, doubtless with a glad heart, took his place in the buggy. Very soon the latter called our attention to the new home, pointing out "that white house with pillars in front." I recall distinctly looking in vain for a house with pillars in the upper windows.

From the Bowery we moved to a brick house on Liberty Street near the Methodist Church and later to half of a double brick house on Ferry

Street. Our landlord here, a fine old octogenarian, resided next door and was known to us children as "Old Poppy Vedder." Our first floor was almost level with the street and when a front pane of glass became loosened he proceeded to apply the necessary putty from the outside. Elizabeth and I became intensely interested in this performance and watched with gleeful emotion the wind tossing his scanty locks and the peculiar twisting of his lips over his toothless jaws. We were endeavoring to imitate or surpass his facial contortions when my brother William arrived in front of the house and by his manifest approval of our grimaces encouraged us to more vigorous effort. Just at this time my father appeared upon the scene. The performance ended and the curtain literally fell. I can not recall that the performers felt any great sense of shame or repentance but I know that my father took us into another room and for a long time talked to us with singularly impressive kindness about the thoughtlessness of children and the respect which should ever be shown to old age. Lest the reader imagine that I was spoiled through any sparing of the rod I might cite a back yard disagreement with my sister Elizabeth in which my crowning argument was accompanied by a vicious kick. I was quite unaware that my father was just then viewing our discussion from a rear window. I think the rod used in this case was of plum in-



BAPTIST CHURCH AT BALLSTON SPA OF WHICH NORMAN FOX
WAS PASTOR

Reproduced from an engraving made in 1838

stead of birch but it "got there all the same."

I can distinctly recall the many times when, as a little boy, I climbed up into my father's lap and begged or perhaps demanded of him to draw something on my slate or to tell me a Bible story. Even to this day I can feel the thrill of pleasure with which I listened to the stories of the boy David carrying parched corn and loaves to his brothers in camp, of the widow's cruse of oil and of Elijah's chariot of fire. One night in Paris I listened to the opera of Samson. I had almost forgotten the story but when the blind old man was led in by a little boy to the great pillars I entirely forgot the music and almost cried aloud, "Why! there is the little boy that my father used to tell me about."

When somewhat older and called upon to "speak a piece" at school I often asked my father to select one for me and usually rehearsed it before him. One morning before school hours he asked me to stand up and recite a piece which he had chosen for me. Whether I did this to his satisfaction or not I have quite forgotten but I distinctly remember my surprise when he volunteered to speak a piece for me. Standing erect in the middle of the room he began: "Legei auto ho Iesous, 'Egeire, aron ton krabbaton sou kai peripatei.' . . . En de sabbaton en ekeine te hemera." Now this was all Greek to me at the time and is Greek still although I can understand

it a trifle better than I could then. The reader who has studied the language will doubtless recognize it as St. John's description of the healing of the sick man at the pool of Bethesda. Some years later when in college at Rochester we used to read the Greek Testament every Monday morning in Dr. Kendrick's class room and when one day we came to the words "aron ton krabbaton" I was amazed at their familiar sound. Suddenly I recognized them and exclaimed to myself, "That is the very piece my father spoke for me when I was a little boy in Schenectady." In telling this story at the Sixteenth Annual Banquet of the Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox it seemed strange to think how little my father realized that this casual speech would be repeated sixty-five years later by his diminutive listener and the story told to an audience composed mainly of his grandchildren and his great-grandchildren.

After living about eight years in Schenectady my father moved to Painted Post where he was interested in the lumber firm of Fox, Weston and Bronson, and where he took great interest in tree planting and gardening. He would read the horticultural catalogues to any of us who would listen and we noted the fact that every variety of plant was described as "large and fine." At the end of our family table he usually sat in silence, apparently oblivious of the fun that was

generally carried on by his children. Whenever a dessert was served that seemed unusually appetizing some one at the table was always ready to remark in an undertone "large and fine." During the war our soldier boys, even though officers, often had to live on poor food and scant rations. One day when some peculiarly toothsome dish was brought to the table my father quietly remarked that if William and Charles were home they would say that this was "large and fine," thereby showing that he had noticed far more of what was said and done at our table than any of us had imagined.

My father was fifty-four years old when I was born. This unusual difference in age did not favor an intimate companionship and naturally I was unable to appreciate his admirable qualities as did my older brothers. His college class was over fifty years ahead of mine, a circumstance which is rather uncommon.

Some time ago I had occasion to speak at a dinner given by the Theta chapter of Psi Upsilon at Union College. I remarked that I was specially interested in this college and in this chapter as I had lived in Schenectady when a small boy and had attended school in the old college building by the Erie Canal. I said that on the muster roll of their chapter would be found the names of my brother, Charles James Fox, '61 and of my nephew, Herbert Wright Fox, '93, that my fa-

ther was also a Union College student but that he was never asked to join this fraternity. As my audience seemed greatly to deplore the fact I asked them, "How long ago do you think it was that my father was a student at Union?—Forty—sixty—eighty years ago?" And then I added with some dramatic effect, "I can hardly realize it myself but it was *over one hundred years ago* that my father came as a student to Union College. At that time the venerable gentlemen who founded Psi Upsilon in 1833 were hardly out of their cradles."

No words of mine could better portray the character of my father and his philosophy of life than the following remarkable letter to a nephew written in 1840. (Italics are used to indicate words which were underscored):

I learn by your Sister, Mary, that you have obtained a place of employment, in a respectable House, in New York—My object now in writing, is to *impress* upon your mind, my Nephew, the importance of *appreciating* the advantage you now have & of improving the prospect— Let me suggest a few things for your careful and attentive observation— They will be of great use to you, after I am dead & gone— Should you survive me.

1. Children obey your parents—Honor thy Father & Mother (which is the first commandment with Promise—Exods. 20th—12th) "That thy days may be Long

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER 9

in the Earth—That it may be well with thee & thou mayest live long, on the Earth”—Insubordination to Parental Restraint—Results generally, In *Recklessness & Ruin* in future—

2d. Abstain from the *appearance* of Evil—

3d. Be *rigidly & inflexibly* Honest in all Things—*Especially* in *little* things—The Infinite Mind of Omnipotence, That Knows *all* the Secret workings of the Human Heart, has said in His Word—(Luke 16th–10th) of the unjust Steward—He that is unjust in that which is *least*, is unjust also in *Much*—

4th. Rigidly Govern yourself—*Set bounds* to your curiosity & desires—

5th. Make your mark *high* for Respectability & an Honorable distinction in Society—to accomplish it, you *must* Select, for your associates & familiar friends—Respectable, Intelligent and *virtuous* Persons—

6th. *Store* your mind, with useful Knowledge, Especially, taking the Bible, as the *best Code* of Morals—

BUSINESS TRANSACTIONS

1st. Be *uniformly* industrious—Be *Economical*—Be *Temperate* in all Things—Guard *continually*, against a propensity to *Squander* money, in buying Things, that are *not needed*—

2nd. Remember That all your *prospect*, of usefulness to your *Relatives*—to *yourself*—to *The World*—Now, depends on The course you are *willing* to take—Let no *Self denial* or *Privation* or *perseverance*, be considered *too great*, In *Striving* for an honorable & virtuous standing in Society—Wealth and Reputation, will be your *Certain* Reward—

3rd. As an Encouragement to you, many of the most wealthy, Talented, & honorable men now in the City of New York, commenced under Circumstances similar to yours & with prospects, no better—

4th. Strive to *merit*, by your *faithfulness & Integrity*, in business, The Strong *Confidence* of your Employers—

5th. Remember that *hundreds* of young men, have been *Ruined* in The City of New York, by *Temptation*—*Beware* of That hidden Rock—*Caution* is the Parent of Security—

6th. Recollect, you have no Father, to *counsel* you, in your youthful & wayward Steps—but you have a widowed mother, who has drank deep of the cup of affliction & Bereavment, who has long watched over you, with all The Tenderness of a mother's Care—She has a *strong claim* now upon you, as a dutiful son, to be ready, to cast a Shield of assistance & Security around her—To become her stay & Support in sickness & in her declining years—*Remember This!*

7th. Keep in the mind *continually*, in all your Transactions among men, This Proverb—“Think before you Speak.” Also “Think *before you act*” for all is not Gold that Shines!—Divine Wisdom Cautions “To ponder, *well*, the paths of your feet.” *Men* will *deceive* you—your own ardent Temperament, will *deceive* you—*Inexperience* will deceive you!

8th. Carefully & attentively *Study* human character—That you may be able to, *Read Men*—to *Weigh Men*—& to *Judge Men*—

9th. Many men have not Succeeded in business, for The Simple Reason—That They Could not say *No*—

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER 11

but always, unwilling to be Considered disobliging, have always been Ready to Say—*Yes*—Too Easily persuaded, to Endorse a note for another—To become Security for a Careless friend—or to Enter into any untried & visionary experiments & always, Thus been losing, as fast as they were getting—

10th. That Navigator, is most *Safe* & prosperous, who often looks at his chart—observes the Needle—& so *understands* his course—So the business man is most *Safe* and *Successful*, who often makes reckoning & knows the course his business is taking—

Now my Earnest request is, *Sheridan*, that you will *often & carefully*, Read the foregoing, & bring the Instructions, to *bear practically*, upon your character & deportment.

Yours affectionately—

NORMAN FOX.

My cousin Sheridan died soon after from tetanus, the result of an unfortunate dive while bathing, but the sage and pious counsel contained in this letter has not lost its value in the eighty years or more which have elapsed and should it afford profit to any later reader it will surely not have been written in vain.

One of the most striking characteristics of my father was his wonderful familiarity with the Bible. I cannot say that this impressed me as a child, but I have often thought about it in later years. I vividly recall our morning prayers as the family knelt in the little front room of our home in Ferry Street, Schenectady. As to our

evening prayers, I was usually fast asleep, before their close. My father was wont to preface most of his prayers with long quotations from the Psalms. I can now recall his clear and sonorous voice and the echo of the words, "Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations" and "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits" is still ringing in my ears even after the lapse of seventy years. I recall how he used to pray for "a world lying in sin and wickedness," for "all those languishing on beds of sickness" and many other favorite expressions. He often referred to death in his prayers and I have seldom attended a funeral since without repeating his quotation from Ecclesiastes, "Man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets."

When my aunt Selina died in our home at "the Mills" near Painted Post I was in her room with my father and as she drew her last breath I remember that he said in a low voice, "She has gone to see the King in his beauty."

When my brother William came up from his camp at Elmira to bid good-bye to the family before starting for the seat of war in Virginia, I was with my father in the garden. Hurriedly and thoughtlessly my brother grasped our hands and my father, without any external evidence of the emotion which he certainly felt, simply said, "The Lord cover thy head in the day of battle."

RECOLLECTIONS OF FATHER 13

The present generation is unfortunately much less familiar with the Bible than the last. Were it not so we might oftener hear effective scriptural quotations in public addresses and less of the "latest slang" in private speech.

CHAPTER II

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY YOUTH

Earliest memories—A puny boy—My sister Adaline and brothers—An oft repeated dream—Hemming towels—A hair oil incident—Money for fireworks on July 4th.—President Monroe's funeral—Old college friends visit my father—Union College and Union School—Early musical experiences—Simeon B. Marsh—School at Gang Mills—Violin instruction—Painted Post Brass Band—My first gold watch—School and College—My roommates Stedman and MacArthur—Psi Upsilon.

AS to how far back in life one's memory may go is a question I have heard discussed but upon which I have never heard an authoritative opinion. The earliest age at which a permanent impression upon the mind is likely to occur I do not know but my youngest daughter and I have both been jeered by my family for claiming that we could recall incidents of our babyhood. I have always had a picture in my mind, possibly a memory, of being lifted out of a cradle and of wearing a worsted hood with balls at the end of long strings. My mother died when I was two years and five months old and I distinctly recall



BIRTHPLACE AT BALLSTON SPA

seeing her lying in bed during her last illness. Some years ago I met an old lady in western New York, the widow of the doctor who officiated at my birth. She told me that she was in the room when my mother died, named the children who were present and finally remarked that she held the baby, forgetful for the moment that I was the baby that she held. I have a vivid recollection of my fourth birthday and of playing in front of the house where I was born with my sister Elizabeth, each of us wearing an old-fashioned sun-bonnet.

The youngest of seven children I was far from being a very robust boy. In fact I recall some neighbors who said they were afraid to lift me up through fear that my arms would pull out of their sockets. Gymnastic training, however, before and during my early college years so improved my physique and general health that I have outlived my four older brothers and now in my eightieth year I rejoice to find that I can still take pleasure

“in Life’s late afternoon
Where cool and long the shadows grow.”

The oldest of the seven children was Adaline who, after my mother’s death, looked after the six younger and motherless children with a fidelity which may have led to her early death at eighteen. I scarcely recall her in life but have a

vivid recollection of her funeral with a large group of friends gathered around the open grave. My brother Alanson was away from home much of the time at Brewer's Mills near Kingston, Canada, where my father was interested in some lumbering business, but he will never be forgotten since it was he who gave me my first jack-knife. I soon learned "the mysteries of that magic tool" and though my cut fingers have long since healed my gratitude to the donor of this most acceptable gift is still warm in my heart. Norman and William frequently took me with them on some walk or excursion to the woods. I can recall how my little hand grasped the finger or thumb of the former as I trotted by his side and how the latter usually carried me on his shoulders with my legs around his neck. Charles I mainly recall as the "big brother" so convenient to have in case of an altercation with any pugnacious playmate. The accompanying picture of the five brothers may not suggest anything exceptional in the matter of good looks but the fact that three of them, together with three of their sons, have appeared in "Who's Who in America" may be regarded by some as more or less creditable.

As a boy I used to dream repeatedly of a grand military pageant with a large band of music and an immense body of marching troops and later often wondered what might have been the occasion of this frequent dream. As I was born in



ALANSON
NORMAN

GEORGE

CHARLES
WILLIAM

FIVE BROTHERS

RECOLLECTIONS OF YOUTH 17

1846 and the Mexican War closed in 1849 it has occurred to me that the possible return of one or two veterans of the war to the village of Ballston may have been celebrated by a parade which I was permitted to witness. If so, I probably saw the village band, a fire company and a score or more of soldiers in uniform. Doubtless in my memory this modest military display was greatly enlarged by looking at war pictures and hearing my older brothers talk about the armies of Napoleon and hence my glorious and oft-repeated dream.

While living in Schenectady my father made frequent trips to Ballston and Albany and sometimes took with him his youngest children, my sister and myself. I recall a visit to friends living on a farm near Ballston where one long day when the drizzling rain kept me indoors I was permitted to work the pedals of an old-fashioned "melodeon" and elicit a variety of squeaking noises by random pressure on the keys. When tired of this amusement I was set to work hemming towels, a sport in which I have never since indulged but which, after these many years, I still think of as an ideal pastime.

Visiting Albany relatives on one occasion my sister and I were each given the munificent sum of ten cents to spend as we chose. With mingled joy and excitement we hastened to the Capitol Hill where a few peddlers displayed some

cheap but attractive wares. While I soon became the proud possessor of a gilt watch and chain my sister invested her cash in a bottle of red hair oil. In going back to Schenectady she wrapped this up and carefully placed it in her little bag which contained a new and delicate blue silk waist. Of course the stopper came out of the bottle during the journey home and I need not waste words in describing the effect produced by this slight accident.

One time my father took us with him to New York where we visited cousins living in a brown stone house on 14th Street near Seventh Avenue. On the fourth of July my cousin, Charles James Fox, stood talking with my father on the front steps where I was playing and quietly handed me a couple of silver quarters saying, "Here, Georgy, go and buy some fireworks." I remember that one was a bright, new U. S. coin while the other, larger and quite smooth, was one of the Mexican quarters which were in circulation in those days. I had never had so much money and felt greatly disconcerted at first, thinking that I had been commissioned to buy some large set pieces of pyrotechnics for an evening exhibition and it was only after asking my cousin for more definite instructions as to its expenditure that I fully realized that this vast sum was intended for my personal pleasure. When I had grasped this idea it did not take me long to find a little



MARY ELIZABETH FOX (MacARTHUR)
GEORGE HENRY FOX
(taken about 1854)

MY SISTER AND I

stand around the corner and to come back with an armful of firecrackers and torpedoes.

During this visit a public funeral occurred on the occasion of President Monroe's body being transported from New York to Virginia. I joined the group assembled along the curbstone and recall distinctly seeing General Winfield Scott in full uniform march out of the church at the head of the procession.

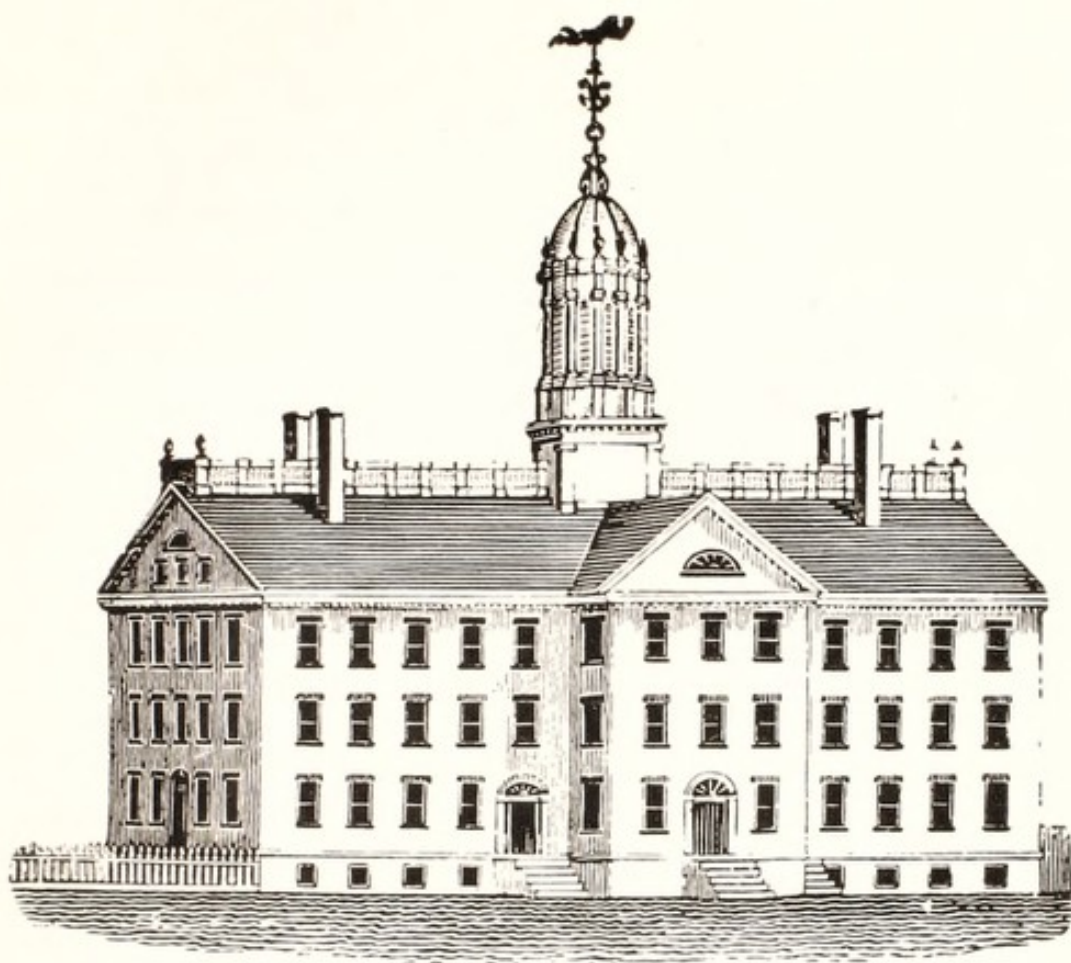
When living in Schenectady it not infrequently happened that some old college friend or classmate, in returning to visit his Alma Mater, would hunt up my father and be invited to our house. At the table this casual guest would invariably take great delight in talking about various boyish pranks and misdemeanors in which they had participated in their college days. On such occasions no children ever sat more quietly or listened with greater attention to the conversation of their elders and we could not fail to note the little interest my father took in these reminiscences and how ready and eager he always seemed to change the subject.

.

Union College was established in 1795 after repeated petitions to the Board of Regents in Albany. Its charter had a provision that the majority of the twenty-four Trustees should not at any time be members of the same religious sect or

denomination. It was the first non-sectarian college in this country and hence its name. It first occupied a two-story brick building on the northwest corner of Union and Ferry Streets, but in 1804 moved to a more commodious building at the corner of Union and College Streets. At this time Union was a rival of Harvard and Yale and a little later had a larger number of students than either of these older institutions.

In 1815, a new site having been purchased on the hill the College building was sold to the City and used as a Court House. It was bought back by the College in 1831 and resold to the City in 1854. It was now used as a public school until 1890 when it was demolished to make room for a more modern building. This new and model "Union School" was established in Schenectady with teachers imported from Boston and all the latest pedagogical ideas. And so it happened that in the same old building where my father went to college under Dr. Nott four of his children went to school. One day two of my brothers received a stern parental lecture for writing their names in some public place, the folly and weakness of such conduct being dwelt upon at length. Shortly after they climbed up into the belfry of the old College building in which they were attending school and there among hundreds of names of former students cut in the wood in years gone by they accidentally ran



UNION COLLEGE
1815

across the familiar name of "N. Fox." Among other names found there was that of Chester A. Arthur inscribed at a time when his prospect of becoming President of the United States was probably no brighter than that of many of his fellow students.

As a lad I displayed a certain amount of musical ability and had a fair voice. In the Baptist Sunday School a certain "Professor" gave courses of vocal instruction and I must have been one of his star pupils as I was selected with a few others to display my talent in public on various occasions. I recall going at a tender age over the river to a hamlet called Scotia and singing alto in a duet with a little sweetheart named Mary Ann; also being taken down to Cohoes where in a public concert I sang with the Professor and a fat young fellow with a deep, bass voice. Our trio rendered the "Star Spangled Banner" but I have, happily perhaps, no distinct recollection of how it sounded! All I can say is that I have never been asked to sing in Metropolitan Opera on the strength of this performance.

The Baptist Choir was in the habit of giving an annual concert for a new Church carpet or other worthy object and on one occasion was assisted by a young man of the city well known for his patriarchal beard and fine basso-profundo voice. With a few others from the Sunday

School I was on the program and entrusted with a dozen tickets to sell. With the latter fact in view I hastened to our grocery store on the corner where I foisted one on the clerk and where our basso-profundo friend was in the habit of loafing. He was there and asked me what my tickets were for. I knew well that he knew but answered him very politely. He next inquired if I were to take part in the concert. I modestly admitted that I expected to do so. Then looking gravely down at me he asked in his very deepest tones, "Are you going to sing 'The Old Sexton'?" Knowing this to be his favorite bass solo and conscious of my diminutive stature, thin legs and weak chest I fully appreciated the joke though too embarrassed to laugh, but I have chuckled many times since at the recollection of this incident.

Many of the school children of Schenectady in successive generations took singing lessons given by an old gentleman named Simeon B. Marsh, author of the well known hymn tune called "Martyn." Disrespectful persons sometimes spoke of him as "Old Daddy Marsh." I think his instruction was free but I remember that each scholar paid a penny for a little four page music-book which told all about minims and crotchets and demi-semi-quavers, terms which are possibly unknown in the curriculum of musical schools at the present day. I can vividly recall his tall

form as he stood before a score or two of his youthful pupils with his head bent over his dark violin and I can still hear its tremulous tones above the childish voices as he played, "By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill." There were no rag-time pieces in his repertoire. His only reward for his labor, other than virtue, was a modest pecuniary return from a public concert which he gave once a year. He evidently had colored as well as white pupils for I remember that at one concert a half dozen or more little pickaninnies gave a song descriptive of the frog. They gestured as they sang and at the line "with eyes on top of his head" they rolled up their eye-balls until the white portions contrasting with their black faces produced an effect which fairly convulsed the audience. A favorite old cantata usually given was called "Hail! Smiling Morn." After the words "at whose bright presence darkness flies away" there was supposed to come an echo of the last two words. I have heard a story, good enough to be true, that on one occasion a young Scotchman was delegated to give this echo. In the pause after the words "flies away" there came back in loud tone from behind the scenes an echo in broad Scotch dialect—"flees a wa."

When I was about thirteen my father moved to Painted Post, N. Y., where he and two of my brothers were engaged in an extensive lumber industry. We lived in a little settlement a mile

from the village known as the "Gang Mills." For a short time I went to the district school here with the children of the workmen in the mills. It happened about this time that the question of reading the Bible in the public schools was being agitated and a meeting to discuss the subject was held one evening at the school house. A certain teamster employed on the lumber yard, Charley B. by name, was a general favorite of old and young in spite of his fluent and unrestrained profanity. He had been in neither school nor church for years and neither knew nor cared whether his children heard the Bible read or not. He was neither Romanist nor Protestant but learning that certain Catholics objected to the reading of the King James version of the Scriptures he was up in arms and astonished the school house audience by his unexpected appearance. After listening to speeches *pro et con* he finally got the floor himself and after delivering a few forcible remarks reached his peroration in expressing an unhesitating opinion that religion was a "*damned good thing!*"

When the Baptist Church was about to be built at Painted Post a few trees had to be cut down on its site and some difficulty arose in removing the stumps. Dynamite not being then in use my brother sent for Charley B. and one of his most powerful teams used in dragging heavy logs out of the pond at the lumber mills. A large chain

was attached to one refractory stump. The teamster bit his lips and lashed his horses in vain while the minister and my brother looked on with great interest. Finally throwing down his reins he took my brother aside and wiping his perspiring brow and said, "Mr. Fox, you take the Dominie down the street and just let me talk to these horses a bit." My brother fully understood his predicament and walked away with the minister and while I cannot repeat just what was said I know that the stumps were quickly dislocated and drawn out to the roadside.

A neighbor living at "the Mills" who was somewhat of a musician taught me to play a little on the violin or the "fiddle," as it was then more commonly called. I remember the little music-book I used with four tunes on the first page. The first was "Home, Sweet Home." The second to which I devoted my spare time and energy for many weeks was labelled, perhaps with unwitting sarcasm on the part of the compiler, "What Fairy-like Music!" About this time a village brass band was organized at "the Post" which my brother William and I were delighted to join, he playing the mammoth "tuba" and I a baritone instrument suited to my more modest stature and lung capacity. A fine cornetist and retired band leader used to come over from Corning occasionally and give us instruction and a decided opinion prevailed among us that he was

a bigger man than either Bach or Beethoven. Twice I appeared in public with the band, first at a concert given at Bronson Hall and later marching to the depot at the head of the first squad of volunteers who enlisted for the war. I have often since rejoiced over this accidental and unusual musical training and when during a parade on Fifth Avenue, which I rarely miss, I have watched the various regimental and other bands go by, I have noted the various instruments and listened to their music with greater understanding and appreciation by virtue of this special musical education gained as a member of the Painted Post Brass Band.

About this time it happened that I purchased my first gold watch. A portly old Israelite from Albany used to make a semi-annual visit to the Gang Mills and sell watches and jewelry to the millhands. He carried a large black box on his broad shoulders by means of a great leather strap and though honest and reliable knew very well how to drive a sharp bargain. I can still hear his raucous voice as he gathered a group of men around him, opened his box, took out a watch and while polishing it with a piece of chamois skin said to them: "Here is a fine Genefa vatch—vorth von hundert unt fifty tollars. I vont sell it for von cent less than fifteen tollars. Now, vat you give?" The really fine watch which I purchased from him was of the old style and wound with a

key. Years later in Paris I had it changed to a stem-winder and new works put in but the original case, upon which I had a fox head engraved, I am still carrying and if I thought that Mr. Kohn were still alive and doing business, would heartily recommend him to the reader.

After attending the Rev. James Gilmour's School at Ballston I went to Satterlee's Collegiate Institute in Rochester and entered the University there in the fall of 1863. I might recall innumerable incidents of college days but they were all as unimportant as they were interesting at the time and are all probably duplicated in the experience of every college man who does me the honor to read these pages. I will merely state that in 1867 I received my degree of A.B. and after three years of medical study, a degree of A.M. which I would sell at a very low price were it not a highly improper procedure to place such an honorable document on the market. As I was absent during two terms of my Sophomore year and under the tutelage of our Uncle Sam I may claim to be one of the very few who left college for the army during our Civil War, came back and graduated in the same class in which they had entered as Freshmen. This fact furnishes a good reason, although there were others, why I failed to take the highest stand in scholarship in my class.

But I must not pass by my "bright College

years" without a mention of two remarkable roommates, J. Harry Stedman and Robert Stuart MacArthur. The former was a Junior when I was a Freshman. At his suggestion we engaged spacious rooms in the old and original University building on what was then called Buffalo Street, near the canal and where the Theological Seminary was then located. These rooms became the headquarters of many a student gathering on Washington's Birthday and other hilarious occasions. I regret now to state that we sometimes had to bar the door to keep out the police and to use ropes to lift our belated guests up to the second story. When we ran short of chairs it was a simple matter to break into the adjoining Theological prayer meeting room and help ourselves to any desired number.

A more genial and brilliant man than Harry Stedman I have never met. He was very popular in college and until his recent death held a peculiarly prominent position in the city of Rochester and in many social circles elsewhere. Wit and humor were a part of his nature and many of his casual and characteristic remarks of sixty years ago are still fresh in my mind and provocative of many a smile.

The latter roommate was in my class (1867) and we roomed together during our Junior and Senior years. He went home with me during a vacation and the result was that my sister Eliza-



J. HARRY STEDMAN

beth later became Mrs. MacArthur. "Mac," to use the familiar and affectionate name he went by when no D.D., LL.D. was appended thereto, left Rochester after graduation from the Theological Seminary and became pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church in New York City. At a reception given to the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. MacArthur at the fiftieth anniversary of the beginning of his pastorate I was invited to speak. Considering this a golden opportunity to tell the unvarnished truth about my brother-in-law I said something to this effect:—

"When asked to say a few words here tonight I was assured by someone apparently in authority that I could say anything I pleased and I accepted on that condition. I mention this to give our honored guests due warning. While others may speak of the principal guest of the evening as a preacher, a pastor, a theologian or a scholar, I shall take a different point of view and speak of him as a brother-in-law. Of course I am well aware that being a brother-in-law is not one of his distinguishing characteristics but it happens to be the only topic, pertinent to the occasion, upon which I feel qualified to speak.

"Probably no one here tonight has known Dr. MacArthur as long as I have. For nearly sixty years I have had an excellent opportunity to study his habits, his peculiarities and his shortcomings. Most of us, in the presence of the

great and good, are usually so awe-struck that we are unable to express our thoughts with perfect freedom but no man, as a rule, stands in great awe of his brother-in-law and while he may speak well of him when occasion demands he never has the slightest diffidence in saying anything derogatory if such be in his mind. While the spirit may move me to-night to say something more or less complimentary of our honored guest, I shall not hesitate to tell you the very worst things I know about him. You need not be alarmed for I assure you that they aren't nearly as bad as they might be.

"Then too, I could tell you something about Mrs. MacArthur whom I have had the pleasure of knowing for nearly seventy-four years. I could tell you many things about her of which you have never dreamed and perhaps say something which might give you the idea that she has not always been as sweet and gentle as she appears tonight. I could tell you, for instance, how nearly seventy years ago, when we were little tots going to school, she used to run away from her dear little brother and leave him crying piteously in the middle of a great pasture lot, liable to be eaten up by some fierce sheep. I have long since forgiven her but I fear I can never forget this horrid conduct on her part. But I am happy to say she has improved so much since those far away days of childhood that my opinion

has changed somewhat, my affection for her has steadily increased and tonight I think of her only with the sincerest pride and the deepest love."

"I first met Dr. MacArthur a day or so after he came as a freshman to the University of Rochester where I had been pursuing laborious study for nearly a week. How I wish you could see him tonight as he looked to me on that day! If this were possible I imagine that even his own children would not recognize him. If you could see him now as I saw him then you would say as did that oft-quoted gentleman in the Zoo who first saw a hippopotamus, "There ain't no such animal." Were I an artist I could paint his portrait from memory for my vivid recollection of his appearance on that day is undimmed by lapse of years. He wore on the side of his head one of those dinky little Scotch caps with ribbons hanging down behind; his short coat, something like an Eton jacket, was hardly in calling distance of his hips; his trousers were much tighter and shorter than the prevailing style at Rochester and on his feet were the queerest looking Canadian fabrications on which you ever laid eyes. They would be a prize now in any museum. Furthermore, like every freshman at Rochester and elsewhere, he was permeated with that very characteristic hue which nature at this lovely vernal season delights to paint the woods

and the fields, a tint by the way more frequently associated with the Hibernian than with the Scotchman. As you now look at the venerable, grayhaired, dignified gentleman before us you doubtless find it difficult to believe that he ever looked very young and very green.

“In spite, however, of his foreign garb and his unconcealable verdancy there was something about his voice and manner which impressed me most favorably and suggested the idea that with the aid of a Rochester tailor he might be converted and become a desirable member of my Fraternity and so I invited him home to luncheon with me. The result was that he soon joined Psi Upsilon and we became firm friends. Because we were alike in some respects or so totally unlike in most respects we finally decided to room together and thus became closer friends than ever. We were surely alike in one respect for we both stood at or near the end of our class, he at one end and I at the other. This separation in the college classroom had no effect, however, outside of recitation hours and I might take this opportunity to remark, while I think of it, that between us both we took nearly all the oratorical prizes offered in our college course. I did all the coaching and left him to do the speaking and when he received all the gold medals in public with the brass band playing I got no recompense for my time and labor in preparing those speeches

except the contemplation of that bald fact that virtue is its own reward.

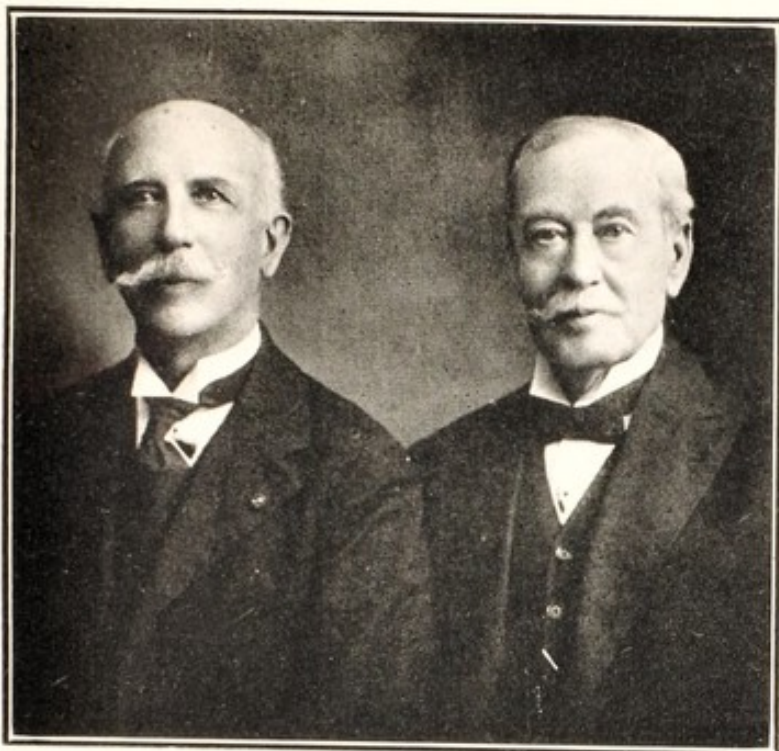
“During the years in which we were so closely associated we never had but one quarrel, which surely speaks well for both of us, and as that didn’t come to blows perhaps I ought not to speak of a very hot argument over a very unimportant topic as a real quarrel. As other speakers will doubtless refrain from any mention of Dr. MacArthur’s quarrelsome disposition let me tell you about it. One night after we had probably both eaten something indigestible for supper and were just about to retire some chance remark concerning the merits of our respective beds started a discussion. In this era of luxurious woven wire springs and thick hair mattresses only the most aged present may remember the old time feather bed and recall the fact that in that far off period nearly all bedsteads were either corded or slatted. (That elderly smiling gentleman I notice in the audience evidently remembers all about them!) In other words they had either criss-crossed ropes which invariably stretched and sagged down nearly to the floor or were furnished with hard boards which often broke and as a rule unexpectedly, but which never under any circumstances became soft. Those of you in this intelligent and sophisticated audience who have never slept upon a corded or slatted bed have something to be thankful for.

"The question we discussed that night was whether the slats of a bed ought to run lengthwise or crosswise and we argued seriously and vigorously and possibly a little petulantly for several hours instead of going to sleep. My estimable room mate had perhaps a more logical mind and surely a far greater fluency of speech than I possessed but nevertheless he failed utterly to convince me and though I have now forgotten after these many years whether I advocated long slats or cross slats I am still perfectly certain that I was right.

"I wish I had the time to tell you more of our college days for they still gleam brightly through the ever deepening mist of the long ago.

"Just what effect my precepts and example had in moulding Dr. MacArthur's character and in preparing him for his long and successful career in the ministry I am unable to say but I can say and seriously, that the influence which he exerted over me was constant and beneficial and tonight I appreciate it far more than I did at that time.

"The character of a young man in any walk of life is always infectious and his intimate associates can not escape its influence be it good or be it bad. In his college years, Dr. MacArthur was a power for good just as he has been ever since. His innate geniality, his never failing good nature and above all, his firmly grounded moral



G. H. FOX R. S. MACARTHUR
(University of Rochester, class of 1867)
Fifty years after graduation

principles always tended to make his fellow students happier and better and to-day I imagine there are other men like myself who recall with pleasure the commendable example which he set before them even if at times they have failed to profit by it. I have never spoken with him on this subject and I am glad tonight to acknowledge publicly this debt of gratitude which among many others I owe to him.

"I started to speak of Dr. MacArthur as a brother-in-law but as the time allotted me has doubtless expired I can only say that with but one married sister he is the best brother-in-law I ever had, barring of course my wife's relatives. I might go further and assert that to the best of my knowledge and belief he is about as good a brother-in-law as anybody could possibly have.

"And now that we are both drawing nearer to the end of our life's journey I can only hope that our relationship so pleasant in the past will prove to be one which death may not sever—a relationship which will not only brighten the remaining years of life but which will endure through time and through eternity."

Both of my college roommates became authors although their reputation depended more upon their personality than upon their publications. While Dr. MacArthur wrote many books of sermons and theological works, Harry Stedman

was often guilty of dropping into poetry and from a little booklet, entitled "Stedmania," the following poem is selected as most characteristic:

MY OLD DRESS SUIT

"My dress-suit is threadbare and shiny and spotted,
But how can I part with this friend of my youth,
To hang in some second-hand shop, or be trotted
About on some restaurant waiter, forsooth!
That dress-suit has sported with wealth and with station,
Has heard the best music and seen the best plays,
Has rested in royal content in flirtation,
And consorted with beauty in various ways.

When I think of the waists that right sleeve has surrounded—
In waltzing, of course—and what tresses have pressed
The lapel of that coat, tra-la-la! I'm confounded
With "joys that we've tasted," no longer possessed—
And I fondly remember the scores of good dinners
With menus delicious, that waistcoat's embraced,
And the heart-throbs it's heard; they come to beginners,
They are evening emotions, by morning effaced.

And there are the trousers; for years they've been flitting
About at swell parties and dancing affairs.
Cheek by jowl with the silks and the satins, or sitting
Sequestered in alcoves, in nooks, on the stairs.

Every thread is a chord of some sweet recollection,
 Every spot tells a tale of delights now no more:
 Dear worn-out dress-suit, you inspire retrospection,
 Because you've been worn out so often before.

I will add in conclusion that I was an active member of Psi Upsilon during my college course and now after the lapse of more than half a century am quite as enthusiastic over "our noble old Fraternity" as I was in my undergraduate days and for many years have served as a member of its Executive Council.

From 1893 to 1900 I had the honor of being President of the Psi Upsilon Club of New York City. At one of the monthly dinners held at our club house on Forty-second Street I invited as one of the speakers a distinguished surgeon of New Haven. I knew that his brother was a Yale Psi U. and supposed that he was also. As he seemed to enjoy the company and the dinner and made a fine speech I suggested that he become a member of the Club and with his ready assent proposed his name. Shortly after the Committee on Admissions reported that his name was not in our Catalogue and they could not ascertain that he was a member of the fraternity and there the matter dropped with an opinion prevalent in the Club that the joke was on me.

CHAPTER III

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION

A most important decision in one's life—How I happened to choose the Medical profession—Ambition and hard work lead to success—Eighteen physicians among the descendants of Thomas Fox of Concord.

THE choice of a profession or a business is often the most important and far-reaching decision which a man is called upon to make in the whole course of his life. A lawyer or a merchant frequently becomes such because his father or some member of his family pursued this vocation. Had I become a clergyman or a lumberman it would not have seemed strange, but in a family which included no physicians so far as I then knew, my early choice of this profession was certainly unexpected. This is the way it happened.

One morning in Schenectady, when a boy of eight or nine, I was walking to school with my brother William and another lad of his age (about sixteen) and listening attentively to the words of wisdom which seemed to me to be falling like pearls from their venerable lips. "Doc.

So-and-so is a bright fellow," said my brother. "I tell you the medical profession is the best thing there is." That chance remark fell upon my ears like seed sown in fertile soil and took root at once in my imagination. It settled for me then and there the question which so often perplexes young men after graduation from college, and from that day forth I felt as much a member of the medical profession as on the day I paid my matriculation fee. Strange, is it not, that such a trifling incident should determine the selection of one's vocation and thereby mould the character of a lifetime!

While many men lack the qualities which are essential to success in certain lines of work the prevalent idea that some are fitted by nature for a particular vocation has very little if any foundation. While it may be advisable for a young man to select the profession or trade to which he has an inclination it is certainly true that he can cultivate a liking for and achieve success in many other vocations. The poet, to be sure, is born and not made, and certain qualities of mind and body are surely necessary to become a fine musician or a successful blacksmith, but it is invariably a combination of ambition and hard work which leads to professional or commercial success rather than any instinctive "call" or peculiar adaptation to the line of work chosen.

For a while I imagined that I was perhaps the

first descendant of Thomas Fox of Concord who had added the letters M.D. to his name. A later study of genealogical records, however, showed that there were others. Through his sons Eliphalet, Samuel, John and Isaac, my first American ancestor according to my notes, is responsible for the following eighteen members of the medical profession.

Ancestor	Generation	Residence
VI		
Eliphalet	Dr. Jonathan Fox	1754-1782 of Dracut, Mass.
Eliphalet	Dr. Abel Fox	1782-1849 of Savannah, Ga.
VII		
Eliphalet	Dr. John Fox	1803-1882 of Jaffrey, N. H.
Eliphalet	Dr. John Lawrence Fox	1811-1854 of Salem, Mass. & U. S. Navy.
Samuel	Dr. Charles W. Fox	1816-1888 of Morris, N. Y.
Isaac	Dr. Roswell Fox	1825-1898 of Wethersfield, Ct.
Isaac	Dr. David Austin Fox	1829-1903 of Clinton, Ct.
Samuel	Dr. George Henry Fox	1846- of New York
VIII		
Isaac	Dr. Charles James Fox	1854-1913 of Willimantic, Ct.
Samuel	Dr. Charles Tillson Fox	1855- of Gilbertsville, N. Y.
Samuel	Dr. George Lyman Fox	1856- of Washington, D. C.
Eliphalet	Dr. William Henry Fox	1857-1921 of Washington, D. C.
Isaac	Dr. Edward Gager Fox	1859- of Wethersfield, Ct.
Samuel	Dr. Howard Fox	1873- of New York City.

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Isaac	Dr. David Austin Fox	1877-	of Clinton, Ct.
Samuel	Dr. George Henry Fox	1882-	of Binghamton, N. Y.

IX

John	Dr. Morton Earl Fox	1870-	of Uncasville, Ct.
Isaac	Dr. James Charles Fox	1895-	of New Haven, Ct.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY MEDICAL STUDY

Dissecting a cat—Ligation of brachial artery—My first surgical clinic—Classmates who studied Medicine were Willard Parker Bissell and John W. Whitbeck.

THROUGHOUT my school and college days I constantly looked forward with an anxious longing to the day when I could begin in earnest the study of my chosen profession. During a hot summer vacation at Gang Mills when time was hanging heavily on my hands the happy thought occurred to me that it might be a fine thing to dissect a cat, mount the skeleton in a glass frame and thereby prepare myself for the writing of an exhaustive and epoch-making volume on Comparative Anatomy. I broached the subject seriously to Dr. John Cooper, a highly educated and partially retired physician of Painted Post, who after listening to the unfolding of my project, gave me a smiling approval. He also gave me, greatly to my delight, a fine mahogany case of scalpels which he had bought years before when a student in Paris and for which he had no further use.

Night and sleep never seemed so unwelcome and I could scarcely wait for morning to come and work to begin. The first and most important preliminary was to get the cat, but this was an easy task. The next step was to kill it. I did not wish to shoot it as this might injure the beautifully cleaned and articulated skeleton in its glass case which my mind's eye constantly saw and feasted upon. Thinking that a little pharmacological research might be combined with my anatomical study, I drove over to the village immediately after breakfast and bought a variety of poisons. With no knowledge of hypodermic medication, I endeavored to administer these *per oram* with little success. I think I succeeded in making my victim sick but the majority of its reputed nine lives refused to succumb. This obstinacy on the cat's part seemed like a personal affront to me and gradually my mind became filled with enmity. I thought of the millions, more or less, of beautiful song birds, not to speak of the "wee, sleekit, cowrin, little beasties" which the prisoner at the bar had mercilessly slaughtered, and acting in the double capacity of judge and jury, pronounced a solemn verdict of execution by hanging. I also acted as Sheriff. May the Creator and all friends of felines forgive me!

I will not dwell upon the half hours devoted to dissection in the loft of the barn. Frankly I

found them to be more disagreeable than instructive. They grew shorter and less frequent and as my enthusiasm lessened a certain dissecting room odor developed and gradually increased until it permeated the hayloft and crept down into the stalls below. The stable man reluctantly admitted that anatomical study might be the basis of sound medical education but firmly contended that August and the barn were neither the proper time nor place. One day I found that he had wrathfully removed the mutilated cadaver and nearby I noted a mound of fresh earth in the vegetable garden. I concluded to postpone the publication of even a preliminary report on comparative anatomy, but that beautiful picture of a cat's skeleton in a glass case has never faded from my memory.

When a junior in college at Rochester I was walking late one night on State Street and heard a sharp report of a pistol shot. I hastily joined the policeman and a small group gathered around a fallen and bleeding man and officiously assisted in carrying him across the street to the office of a well known surgeon, Dr. Langworthy. After my hasty explanation that I expected to study Medicine, the doctor kindly allowed me to remain and to assist him in ligating the brachial artery. I was pleased to recall the fact that *brachium* was the Latin word for arm (hence the brachial artery) and imagined that this profound knowledge

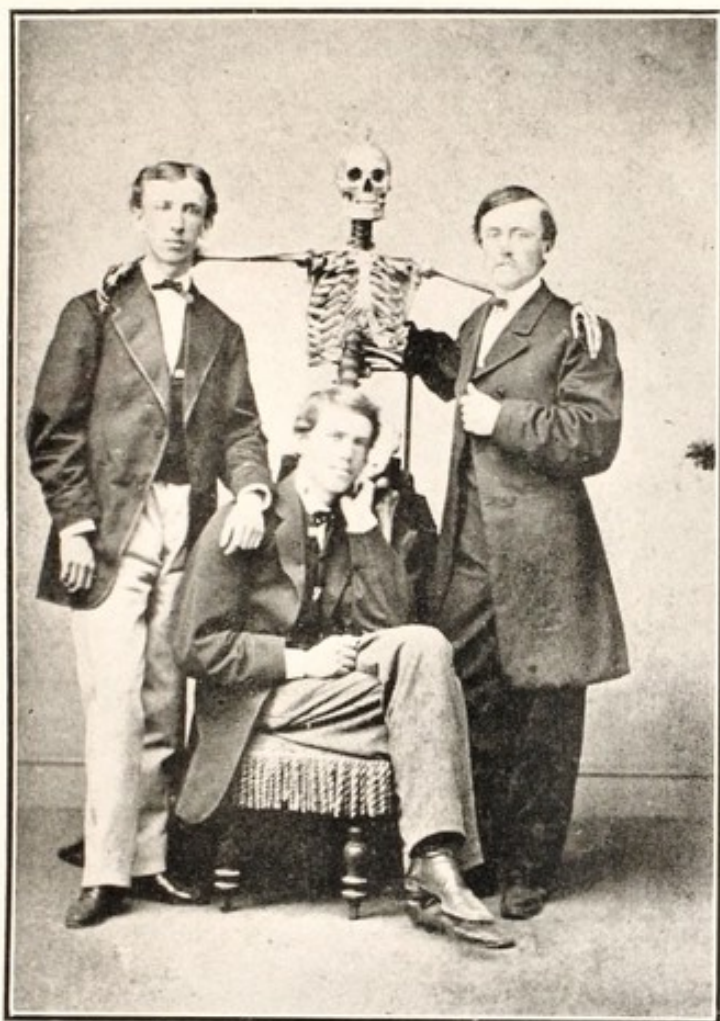
enabled me to hold the kerosene lamp with unusual steadiness and skill.

Soon after this experience I attended my first surgical clinic. A workman at "the Mills" had long suffered from a stiff, swollen knee with ulcerating abscesses (possibly tuberculosis) and Dr. Graves of Corning came up to see him and decided to amputate at once. The sight of blood caused by the first incision produced no unpleasant effect upon me, but when a large abscess was opened and the odor of the foul contents reached my nostrils the small room began to seem very close, the pictures of various saints on the walls began to look blurred, and in a moment I might have fainted had not the kitchen door suddenly opened and revealed a group of irate fellow workmen who had been holding a hasty mass meeting and resolved that the leg should not be taken off! The excitement occasioned by this dramatic incident acted on me like a dose of ammonia. I recall how Dr. Cooper calmly smiled at the intrusion, how Dr. Mills slowly removed the chloroform sponge and how old "Doc" Graves grasped the long catlin with which he was about to transfix the thigh and rushed upon the intruders with eyes blazing beneath bushy brows and beard bristling with indignant rage. There was a hasty scampering from the kitchen door, a lively vaulting over the fence in place of a parley and the operation was deliberately resumed.

During my senior year I learned that a medical friend had secured a cadaver for dissection and after a little diplomatic conference with him, entered as a nominal student in his office and secured a "part." This opportunity was a trifle better than that offered by the cat, but without a "demonstrator" to supervise my efforts I did but bungling work. A surgeon from the City Hospital wishing to pursue some studies on hernia made a beautiful dissection of the inguinal region, a piece of work which was both instructive and inspiring to me.

Two of my college classmates at the University of Rochester were to study Medicine; Bissell, a nephew of Dr. Willard Parker, was going to New York, and Whitbeck to Philadelphia, where his father went before him. Where should I go? Considering the fact that I had relatives and friends in New York who might distract me from my studies, I finally concluded to go with Whitbeck to Philadelphia.

My classmate, Willard Parker Bissell, was an exceptionally gifted and promising young man and doubtless would have made a mark in the Medical profession equal to or possibly greater than that of his distinguished uncle had not an early death prevented. The other two (leaving out the nameless gentleman in the background of the accompanying illustration) did fairly well and were both honored by the Medical Society



G. H. FOX ? J. W. WHITBECK
 W. P. BISSELL
(University of Rochester, class of 1867)

THREE MEDICAL STUDENTS

of the State of New York in being elected as its President.

Dr. John W. Whitbeck was my intimate companion for about ten years—four in college at Rochester, three in medical study at Philadelphia and three in Europe. Seldom are two brothers in early manhood as closely associated as we were for so long a time. We differed greatly in temperament and tastes but my admiration and affection for him increased with each succeeding year. As I look back and recall the many friends of other days who have passed away, I am sure that if I were now permitted to select the one most desirable as a constant comrade in study and travel it would be—John Whitbeck.

CHAPTER V

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

Professors Leidy, Stillé, H. H. Smith, F. G. Smith, Carson, Penrose and Rogers—Electrical lecture by Prof. Rogers—Dr. D. Hayes Agnew—Graduation exercises—Course at the Nurses Home—My first obstetrical experience—Twins—My first prescription—Keen's School of Anatomy.

THE faculty of the University of Pennsylvania who were teaching when I matriculated in 1867 are all dead but the names of some still shine brightly on the pages of American Medical history. All were earnest and faithful teachers though their methods would be scoffed at by the present generation of medical students. Each had his striking peculiarities of speech and manner which made a lasting impression on my mind and the tones of their voices still ring in my ears.

Whenever I enter the New York Academy of Natural History and see the marble bust of Joseph Leidy, one of the world's great anatomists, I cannot refrain from gazing at it with a mingled feeling of veneration for his vast learning and pride at the thought that he was my

teacher. I can never forget his first lecture which illustrated his characteristic simplicity and aversion to show. While other professors had opened their courses of lectures, some with lengthy and some with grandiloquent remarks, Leidy rushed hastily into the amphitheatre, made a short and rather awkward bow and said, "Gentlemen, I am the Professor of Anatomy—anatomy means dissection," and before we knew it our note books were all out and in use.

A striking contrast in physique to the burly, broad-shouldered Leidy was the slim, suave and gray-bearded Alfred Stillé, our Professor of the Practice of Medicine, a brother of Charles Stillé, who was at that time Provost of the University. I learned little from his first course of lectures, ignorant as I was of even the names of diseases, and spent most of the time jotting these down phonetically, hunting up their Greek derivation during my spare hours and often wondering how certain fellow students who knew less Greek than I did, or even none at all, found out that pneumonia and phthisis were not spelled with an N or a T.

Our Professor of Surgery, Henry H. Smith, was a short, portly and pleasant gentleman and though lacking the strikingly commanding physique of the elder Gross who taught surgery at the Jefferson College, was a good teacher. A private course on bandaging in connection with

his department was foolishly thought of by the students to be an essential in insuring their passing the final examinations. The result was that nearly every student learned to apply a bandage to any part of the body and make it look as smooth and beautiful as a text book illustration. When a new intern entered a hospital and applied his first bandage, however great or small his surgical knowledge may have been, the orderlies knew at a glance, without asking, whether he had graduated at the University or at Jefferson.

Another Smith (Francis Gurney) was our Professor of Physiology. The beautiful quality of his voice, combined with his fluent and elegant diction, caused his lectures to be anticipated with pleasure by nearly every student. He usually prefaced each lecture with a short and clear synopsis of his last one, saying, "At our last meeting, gentlemen, I said this and that and told you so and so," which was a most admirable method of refreshing the memory and fixing in our minds the various facts and fancies of physiology.

"Old Josy Carson," as he was affectionately called by the students who fully reciprocated the love which the venerable teacher manifested for each and every pupil, was our Professor of Materia Medica. No one ever accused him of being a "hustler" and when he held up some

dark object indistinguishable in the dim light of the lecture room in the late afternoon, and said, "Gentlemen—this—is—the—root—of—the—Cephaëlis—Ipe—cacuanhæ," I imagine that some of us were wont to take brief cat naps between his slowly uttered words.

Our Professor of Obstetrics was R. A. F. Penrose, the father of the late Senator from Pennsylvania. He was an extremely earnest and fluent speaker and his instructive lectures were frequently embellished by rhetorical outbursts which produced a notable and lasting effect upon his hearers. Some of his striking and polished sentences I can still recall and repeat *verbatim*.

Chemistry I had already studied during my college course or, more correctly speaking, I had been taught this branch of science in a manner that failed to awaken the slightest interest in the subject. I knew that an acid differed from an alkali but just what the difference was I neither knew nor cared. It was a revelation to me to hear a man like Robert E. Rogers lecture on chemistry and make the subject so plain and attractive. I used to go to sleep longing for 9 A. M. to come when I knew I would enjoy an entertainment comparable to an Athenæum lecture by Phillips, Gough or Beecher. I shall always think of Prof. Rogers as the finest teacher I have ever had. It seems strange, I must confess, when I think how little I now know about chemistry.

He began his course with simple talks about physics and, like a kindergarten teacher, he showed us the composition of water by putting a blue hydrogen block with two red oxygen blocks, and thus step by step led us into the intricate maze of inorganic chemistry.

When on the subject of electricity he announced a special lecture in the evening his room was packed from floor to ceiling. It was raining outside and after remarking upon the possible failure of certain electrical experiments owing to dampness, he casually stated that his clothing was dry as he had been in the laboratory preparing for the lecture since six o'clock in the morning. (Long, loud and continuous applause!) After various interesting and successful experiments he produced by means of a large static machine the *pièce de résistance* of the evening, an electric spark several feet long which probably none of us had ever seen before. The room was silent as the grave. The audience was awe-struck. We sat with stretched necks and staring eyes. In the midst of the profound hush a Southern student unable to control his excitement, uttered with an intensity of fervor which I can never forget and which no words could describe, the simple but plainly audible ejaculation of "Je . . . sus!" There was no hint or thought of profanity or sacrilege but the incongruity of

this expression of pent up feelings fairly "brought down the house."

Our demonstrator of anatomy was Dr. D. Hayes Agnew. He was not a particularly scholarly man and occasionally made a slight *lapsus linguæ* in both his English and his Latin, but his genial personality and simple, direct method of teaching, won for him the respect and admiration of the student body. He became later well known as one of Philadelphia's most distinguished surgeons.

Among the assistants were many rising young men who have since made their mark and a shining one, too. I need only mention the names of Lenox Hodge, Harrison Allen, Horatio Wood, James Tyson and William Pepper.

The graduation exercises of the University of Pennsylvania in my day were held in the Academy of Music, corner of Locust and Broad Streets, before a large audience of friends and relatives of the graduating class. One of the striking features consisted in the flowers sent to most of the graduates and which were piled up on either side of the stage, and the gifts of books, instruments, etc., from relatives and others. I was made happy by a fine pocket case from my brother and some sheepskin covered volumes from one who later assumed the responsibility of seeing that the books in my office were kept

properly dusted. The diplomas were awarded in a Latin speech by the Provost and his sonorous "Do et concedo," as he lifted his mortar board cap, seemed to impart an added value to mine.

During the year previous to my graduation I took a course of lectures at "The Nurses' Home," which was under the charge of a well-known obstetrician, Dr. Albert H. Smith. Advanced students could here receive more detailed and practical instruction in midwifery than in their college course at either the University or Jefferson College. Furthermore, they were allowed to take charge of charity cases with the privilege, often very highly appreciated, of sending for one of the assistant physicians in case of any difficulty, real or imaginary.

After commencement a number of students finding themselves in charge of certain delayed cases would turn them over to others. The result was that two of us finally had the whole practice of the "Nurses' Home" on our hands, and after being routed out of bed for several nights in succession we began to think that we were busier, if not bigger men, than Hodge or Cazeaux.

My first experience was with a stout Irish woman who had twins. It was in a remote part of Philadelphia, far beyond the street car terminus, but I arrived just in time—I will not say to deliver—but rather to be present at the sponta-

neous delivery of said twins. How well I remember every detail of that first and thrilling experience! I entered the sick chamber in the dignified and somewhat theatrical manner which I had practiced in view of the occasion, washed my hands, scrubbed my nails and proceeded to make a preliminary examination. My patient, under the encouragement and approbation of a sympathetic neighbor, was having frequent and strong pains, and without entering into unnecessary details, I will merely say that before I could go over in my mind the six cranial and other possible presentations and recall the great importance of applying perineal support at the proper time and in the proper manner, I found a slippery baby in the bed. While endeavoring now to recall the precise instructions I had received as to ligation of the funis, the sympathetic neighbor, noting as I had failed to do, the persistence of the abdominal tumor, exclaimed: "My, my, there's another!" And to my surprise and confusion the neighbor was right.

At my departure on this and subsequent similar occasions, the husband, if present, always insisted upon my "having a drop." At the outset I could not recall whether Prof. Penrose had ever referred to this complication in discussing obstetric procedure, but I know that on all subsequent occasions I politely declined the prof-

ferred whiskey, fully realizing that while indulgence might not be unethical it was very likely to prove unpalatable.

About this time I wrote my first bona fide prescription and sent it to the apothecary. The world apparently moved on as usual but I found myself convulsed with mental anguish for a space of several hours. What if I had made a mistake in writing Latin for the first time! What if a careless clerk should put up some other drug! What would happen if I had prescribed an overdose? How I shuddered at the mere thought! What would be likely to happen in such an event and what would be the best antidote under such distressing circumstances? I may add that my patient was a baby I had delivered a week before, whose stomach rejected a portion of its nourishment and my prescription called for four ounces of lime water.

At the close of my college course I was anxious to increase the meager anatomical knowledge which I had acquired in the dissecting room of the University. Dr. W. W. Keen, the now eminent and well-known surgeon of Philadelphia, was at that time conducting a private anatomical school on Tenth Street, and through some friendly influence he kindly appointed me as one of his demonstrators. One day the man in charge of the rooms, who had been on a vacation, came in and, thinking I was a new pupil, spoke to me in a

rather gruff manner. This somewhat ruffled my dignity but after mentioning my recent appointment and particularly after displaying a very careful dissection of the axilla showing nerves and blood vessels, upon which I had been working, he hastily removed his cap and became so deferential that I was almost convinced that the world offered few positions more exalted than that of a demonstrator in "Keen's School of Anatomy."

CHAPTER VI

PHILADELPHIA HOSPITAL

A Friendly Board of Guardians—My cedar chest with name in large letters—Case of aconite poisoning, a joke—Fourth of July in Children's Ward—Clinics of Drs. Pancoast and Brinton—Dr. Weir Mitchell—Women students at the clinics—My first dermatological case—An excellent story-teller.

IN the fall of 1869 I entered the Philadelphia (Blockley) Hospital as an intern. There had been a competitive examination and two of us having received the same marks it became a question as to which would be appointed. The majority of the "Board of Guardians" or trustees whose duty it was to choose, wore widely cut away coats and broad brimmed hats and hence through an accidental rather than a political "pull" (the fact that my name suggested the Founder of the Society of Friends) I was selected without discussion.

At that time there were but ten interns in the hospital in place of the small army in immaculate linen which I had the pleasure of meeting recently at an annual Blockley banquet. Two



W. H. PORTER	ELMER	DESSAU	FOX	HAND	
P. B. PORTER	BUCK	HOUSTON	JIMENEZ	HALL	

INTERNS OF PHILADELPHIA HOSPITAL, 1869

served together for three months in each of the six departments of the hospital, if I remember correctly, and at the expiration of this term of service each was presented with a heavy cedar chest made by the hospital carpenter.

My chest proved serviceable for many years but on one occasion brought me into utter disgrace, as I imagined. In moving my goods and chattels from 208 West 34th Street to a new residence at 18 East 31st Street my Blockley chest served as the cornerstone of the last load, which consisted mainly of broken furniture, worn-out mops and brooms, and other articles of doubtful value which were taken along simply because there was still room on the truck. It was surely a most disreputable looking pile of junk. As I followed it through 34th Street, after bidding good-bye to my former home, I was horrified to see at the exposed end of that chest my name in big white letters with the M.D. appended—letters which looked to me ten times as large as they actually were and at which every one on the street, I felt certain, had stopped to gaze with a critical eye.

Upon entering the Hospital I was first assigned to duty in the women's medical ward, making my first evening round with the retiring intern, Mr. Arthur Van Harlingen. I remember that he kindly told me so much about each case that I found to my horror on the following

day that I could remember little or nothing of what he had said.

My second night in the hospital I was aroused from deep sleep and told that one of my patients was dying from aconite poisoning. Half dressed, I rushed over to the ward, trying on my way to wake up and to recall some antidote for aconite, and was greatly relieved to find that it was only one of the customary jokes played on the new interns. At the end of my three months' service in this department I felt perfect confidence in my ability to treat pneumonia or typhoid fever in a woman, but would have been all at sea if the patient had been of the male sex.

The Fourth of July occurred during my service in the children's ward. The day was terribly hot and as I had a long and complicated report to make out I divested myself of all superfluous clothing and settled down in my room for hard work. Unfortunately, some kind friend in the city had sent over a large box of firecrackers for the children, and as a result I was sent for about once in every twenty minutes all day long to go over and treat a burned hand or a damaged eye. I recall this day distinctly, as it was the first Fourth of July on which I had ever done any work!

The weekly clinics held at the hospital in West Philadelphia by such well-known men as Pepper, Pancoast, Brinton, Maury and others were

largely attended by the students of both the University and Jefferson College, and the interns of each chief usually selected the cases and acted as assistants. I recall a clinic held by Dr. Wm. H. Pancoast, who was a very popular and somewhat grandiloquent speaker, in which he showed a case of simple guttate psoriasis, and remarked that often the difficulties of diagnosis in such a case might well exhaust the genius of a Hebra. I had never before heard of Hebra, the renowned Professor of Dermatology in Vienna, but I am sure it was this casual remark that led me later to take up the study of skin diseases to which I have devoted considerable attention during the past fifty years or more.

One day Dr. John H. Brinton came to his clinic too late for any careful examination of the cases I had selected for him, and showed the students a case in which I had made the diagnosis of fractured clavicle as one of severe contusion. I felt humiliated and exasperated and sat through the clinic alternately contemplating resignation and murder. At its close I had the satisfaction of demonstrating to him a distinct *crepitus* and at his clinic a week later he made the *amende honorable* by acknowledging his error and referring to me in terms which made me feel that I was a bigger surgeon than Sir Astley Cooper or Valentine Mott.

While an intern at Blockley, a certain Phila-

delphia physician used to drop in often on Sunday afternoons and examine cases of injured spines and joints in my wards. I felt obliged to make the rounds with him and as his name did not mean as much to me then as it does now I was somewhat bored by his visits. He was rather solemn and reticent though very polite and willing to answer any questions, and had I known a little more at that time I might have learned a great deal from him. His name was Weir Mitchell.

It was about this time that the question of women studying and practicing medicine first assumed considerable importance and was freely discussed in medical circles and in the public press. A few women came to the Blockley clinics regularly, as they had a legal right to do, but with no special invitation. Some of the clinical lecturers, though opposed to the idea of their mingling with the male students, treated them with a chilly politeness or utterly ignored them. A few tried to make the clinics unpleasant for them by their selection of cases and topics and by various casual remarks. The women always came early and secured the front seats and most of the interns decided that they were bold and unwomanly, with the exception perhaps of one or two who were really good looking. One day during a surgical operation the supply of

threaded needles gave out and two interns with bloody fingers—this was before the era of aseptic surgery—tried in vain to thread an extra needle. The operator stopped and waited until his patience was exhausted when he said: “Give it to one of the women.” With some hesitation the intern passed the needle and thread over to the one sitting nearest him who, with a quick and dexterous movement, threaded the needle and passed it back. The intern looked glum, the surgeon smiled and even the majority of the male students, who were bitterly opposed to the women, joined heartily in applauding the procedure.

While an intern in the Philadelphia Hospital I paid a visit to a village in western New York where dwelt a young lady who later became my wife. It matters little why I went there but I mention the fact because it was here that I encountered my first dermatological patient. A married sister of the young lady was visiting the parental homestead with her little boy who became ill one day and presented certain cutaneous lesions which some one spoke of as “hives.” Now I had fortunately learned that “hives” and “nettle-rash” were synonyms of *Urticaria* and as the name *Urticaria* struck me as having a rather impressive sound, I displayed my profound knowledge by repeating it as often as possible.

But this did not satisfy the anxious mother who wanted to know what was to be done. In vain I cudgelled my brain for some therapeutic idea, fully realizing that under the peculiar circumstances the case was a highly important one from a matrimonial if not from a professional standpoint. Finally an old nurse of the family asked me if it would not be a good plan to bathe the skin with Saleratus water. This timely suggestion was like balm to my soul. Fortunately remembering that "Sodæ et Potassæ Tartras" was the pharmacopœal name of the salt I assumed all the dignity of a professor of *Materia Medica* and wrote a prescription for a weak solution which I felt certain could do no possible harm. The child recovered—and what was of more concern to me—the aunt was evidently impressed by this brilliant display of medical ability.

The ten hospital interns of my day were extremely congenial. We were too busy all day long to see much of each other save at our meals but we spent many happy evenings together. When we had a visitor or two we always invited George Oliver to join us. He was the clerk of the hospital, an elderly man who had a room on our floor and was the best story-teller I ever knew. His stories, though some might not appear well in print, were always a great treat for our visitors and we ourselves enjoyed their repe-

tition in spite of having heard them fifty times or more. Although these stories were told over a half century ago I can still recall the exact words used and each peculiar gesture and intonation.

CHAPTER VII

LEIPSIC AND BERLIN

Dr. Abraham Jacobi—Military hospitals at Cologne—Up the Rhine—Leipsic—Lecture on Hygiene—Berlin—Concert by Joachim, the violinist—Rudolph Virchow—The “Quadrilateral”—Songs of the Sixties—Simon Newcomb—A German Liedertafel.

THE Franco-German War in progress at this time, together with a desire to pursue my medical studies in Europe, led me to leave my hospital service and sail for Liverpool with my friend and classmate, Dr. John Whitbeck. With a view to possibly entering the medical service of one of the nations at war I called on Dr. Abraham Jacobi in New York, who was acting in some capacity for the German Government. He naturally inquired whether I spoke or understood German, to which I replied that I could speak a little and understood the language, if one's speech were slow and distinct. He nodded his shaggy head and remarked that a wounded soldier usually speaks slow when he is low. In later years I have heard and enjoyed far better witticisms from the lips of Dr. Jacobi, but per-

haps at that visit to him I was too flustered and embarrassed to appreciate the most brilliant *jeu d'esprit*. Armed with some official document or letters of introduction from Dr. Jacobi, Whitbeck and I, after a hasty stop in London, hastened to Cologne. Here we visited the military hospitals and saw many of the wounded, both French and German, fresh from the fields of Woerth and Gravelotte. We met some young American doctors who were in the service but as they averred that there was plenty of drudgery and little chance to learn, we concluded to abandon our dream of military glory and push on to Berlin and Vienna.

We went up the Rhine, stopping at various places of interest between Bonn and Mayence and taking short pedestrian trips in order to see everything starred or even mentioned by Baedeker. The days and weeks flew and we figured it would take a hundred years or so to reach Berlin at that pace. So we hurried on to Leipzig, where we thought it best to sojourn for a while and improve our knowledge of German. We secured board and lodging with a private family on the Peterstrasse and almost forgot medicine in our enjoyment of the Faust Kellar and the Opera.

One day we did go to the University and followed some students going in to a lecture. The room, though large, was intolerably close and

stifling and we longed to suggest that both the door and windows be opened. After a careful scrutiny of the students we turned our attention to the lecturer and found to our amazement that he was discussing in a most scientific manner the important subject of Hygiene.

At our boarding house Fräulein R. was intensely musical and constantly talked of the wonderful violinist, Herr Joachim, until we were convinced that life was not worth living without hearing him. When we finally moved from Leipsic to Berlin we devoted our first day to strenuous sight-seeing. When almost exhausted by many miles of walking between the Royal Palace and Brandenburg Thor we stopped on a corner to inspect one of those posts plastered with advertisements and—could it be possible? What luck! Joachim was to give a concert that very night at the Singacademie. We immediately hustled up to the place and looked around for the ticket office, which was notable by its absence. Entering a courtyard, we found a man with a broom and red band on his cap, who appeared to hold some official position, and to him we confided the fact that we had come all the way from America to hear Joachim and would he kindly tell us where we could buy tickets for the concert that night. Buy tickets? Impossible! Why, they were all taken months or years in advance. Argument in German was difficult for

us and plainly useless but suggestions of a magnificent *pour-boire* seemed likely to work, and it did. After some delay we obtained two tickets at what seemed to us an exorbitant price as compared with Leipsic rates, and hastened to our hotel. After a sumptuous dinner with extra wine in honor of the occasion, we began to realize that we had had a hard day's work and felt more tired than musical. But it was a joy to think that we were going to hear Joachim and we hastily swallowed our *pousse café* and hurried back to the Singacademie. Our tickets, of which we had some misgivings, proved to be good and we found that our seats were in the middle of some raised "bleachers" at the end of a small room behind the little enclosed platform for the musicians, somewhat suggesting a prize-fight ring. We were very early and as we watched little groups taking their seats here and there in the audience, we noted with chagrin that all were in full evening dress, while we were wearing shabby sack suits, soiled by railway travel and pedestrian trips. Gradually the "bleachers" became filled with lively parties who bowed and conversed with each other and—stared at us. Frau Clara Schumann took a seat just behind us and nearby sat a celebrated soprano whom we had heard at a Gewandhaus concert in Leipsic. The "bleachers" were evidently given up to well-known musicians and—distinguished foreigners. Shortly

a little man with a violin and three or four pals took their seats on the platform, tuned up and began to play what the program designated as "Kammermusik." The prolonged day of sight-seeing and the heavy dinner, the quiet and stuffy atmosphere of the room and the softness of the presumably fine music, all conspired to lull us into a condition of irresistible somnolence. I nudged John as his head slowly tipped over toward one shoulder and pinched myself at short intervals when no longer able to keep my eyes open. How I wished that instead of being where we were, the observed of all observers, that our seats had been in the last row or in another room where under the lotus spell of the sweet music we could lapse into a delicious coma. It was agony to keep awake and shame when we were partially awake to think what a commentary on the musical treat our appearance and actions must have presented. But finally there came a blessed intermission. John suggested that we go home, but "No," I said, "They will now probably play the 'Arkansaw Traveller' or something real lively and worth hearing, just as Ole Bull used to do for an encore." And so we stayed and endured another three-quarters of an hour during which, as far as I could judge, the musicians repeated the previous selection. How we did sleep that night—and the next day! And how thankful we were that we had heard the

great Joachim once and would probably never hear him again!

During our first winter in Berlin we visited the hospitals and took some private courses. One of these given by Prof. Rudolph Virchow was conducted by an assistant, but we occasionally saw the little great man, and one day I felt highly honored when he looked into my microscope and made some profound remark on pathology which unfortunately I failed to understand but with which I felt it proper to agree.

At the Pension where we lived with other American students, musical as well as medical, we made the acquaintance of two Princeton men, Dr. James P. Boyd of Albany and Dr. David B. Hunt of Metuchen, N. J., and finding that their aims and plans were practically the same as ours we became for a year or two companions in study and travel and the firmest of friends. When questions arose for discussion we usually took four different sides, and hence in a short time began to call ourselves "the Quadrilateral." With the musical young ladies we became quite chummy and many an evening after adjourning from the dinner table we would arrange our chairs in a semi-circle and have a regular homelike American minstrel show, varied by a plenteous admixture of new German jokes. We soon found that we could recall only one verse of "Way down upon the Suwanee river" but were

perfectly content to repeat this *ad libitum*. When there were no callers, and even these rarely interrupted our musical performance, our audience consisted of our landlady, a charming, elderly, gray-haired lady and her quiet, invalid husband. Frau von Holtzendorf spoke English quite fluently and appeared to take a great interest in our Yankee volkslieder. After hearing them many times she called my attention to the fact, which had never occurred to any of us before, that the words we were in the habit of singing so uproariously were all solemn and funereal.

Some years ago I saw a letter in the "New York Sun" telling of the "Songs of the Eighties." As I could go the youthful writer at least one better I wrote about the "Songs of the Sixties," in which I said, "Your correspondent has recalled to mind the songs I first learned and which are now mostly forgotten. A mere mention of them may occasion a thrill of mingled pleasure and sadness in the hearts of some of the elderly readers to whom they were familiar more than half a century ago. One of the first songs I remember was "Lily Dale," sung to a slow, plaintive air, which seems to have been long since forgotten:

'Twas a calm still night and the moon's pale light
Shone soft o'er hill and dale,



G. H. FOX D. B. HUNT
J. W. WHITBECK J. P. BOYD

THE "QUADRILATERAL"

When friends mute with grief stood around the death
bed

Of my Dear, sweet Lily Dale.

Oh Lily, sweet Lily, dear Lily Dale,

Now the wild rose blossoms o'er the little green grave

Near the trees in the flowery vale.

Another song was "Annie Lisle," the words of which are no longer heard, although the tune is familiar to college students of the present day. The refrain was:

Wave willows, murmur waters!

Golden sunbeams smile!

Earthly music cannot waken

Lovely Annie Lisle.

Another was "Gentle Annie," and as I recollect the words of the refrain ran:

Shall I never more behold thee?

Never hear thy gentle voice again?

Thou wilt come no more, Gentle Annie

When the wild flowers blossom o'er the plain.

This Annie appeared in the title rôle of a little flat song book containing the words and music of various songs of that period and called the "Gentle Annie Melodist." Another song, the air of which was a trifle more lively than the words, was extremely popular and rarely did a knot of young folks gather without singing:

In the hazel dell my Nellie's sleeping,
Nellie loved so long,
While my lonely, lonely watch I'm keeping,
Nellie lost and gone.

Still another of more musical merit used to be sung by a minstrel troupe called the "Buckley Serenaders." I recall the close harmony of the refrain and the lugubrious words:

When the west wind was sighing, gently sighing,
'Neath the pine grove so fragrant and green,
There we gathered in tears by the bedside of
My darling, my darling Ella Leene."

It is noteworthy that so many songs of the period which I recall were pitched in such a mournful key and so often invited attention to death and the grave, but I am sure that they were commonly sung with far more hilarity than grief. The popular negro melodies of Stephen Foster partake of the same melancholy character, but depression of spirits rarely if ever accompanies the singing of

Nellie was a lady, last night she died,

Many of the songs of this period were sentimental rather than sad and some of them were very sweet. "Ellen Bayne," for instance, was a simple ballad linked to a sweet melody, beginning:

Soft be thy slumbers, rude cares depart,
Visions in numbers cheer thy young heart.

The ending of it was:

Gentle memories o'er thee glide,
Dreams of beauty round thee bide,
While I linger by thy side,
Sweet Ellen Bayne.

Another ballad began:

Fairy Belle, gentle Fairy Belle,
The queen of the meadow and the lily of the dell.

Still another ended thus:

Every one who knew her felt the gentle power
Of Rosalie the Prairie Flower.

Another favorite was "My Blue-eyed Bonnie Eloise." This had a touch of local color and was therefore attractive to any boy living, as I did then, in the city of Schenectady:

Oh, fair is the vale where the Mohawk gently glides
On its clear winding way to the sea,
But fairer than all storied streams on earth to me
Is the Belle of the Mohawk vale.

As the above does not rhyme it is evident that I have got the song and the chorus somewhat mixed in my memory. There were also songs of a rollicking nature sung in the '50s:

Bowery gals, ain't you comin' out to-night
To dance by the light of the moon?

This evidently had its origin below Fourteenth St., but crept up the Hudson and into the Mohawk vale. Another popular one was "Camp-town Races," with this refrain:

I'm bound to bet all night,
I'm bound to bet all day,
I'll bet my money on the bobtail nag,
Will somebody bet on the bay?

Many other songs I might recall which are quite unknown to the present generation. Indeed, they are almost forgotten by the old fellows like myself, who once had clear, strong voices and took keen delight in singing them."

One day a new boarder by the name of Newcomb made his appearance at our Pension. After close and critical inspection we concluded that we did not approve of either his looks or his manner. He knew very little German but persisted in speaking it regardless of mistakes. He studied much harder than we did and very soon we found that he could speak much more fluently and correctly than we could, which was naturally an annoying circumstance. One night we were invited to a reception given by our U. S. Minister, George Bancroft, and were somewhat sur-

prised to find that our friend Newcomb was also going, and, moreover, in full dress Naval uniform. This show of gold lace, together with the fact that he had many callers whom our landlady informed us were distinguished German scientists, tended to raise him slightly in our estimation and a few years later when we frequently read in American newspapers that Prof. Simon Newcomb of Washington had received this or that gold medal or been made an Honorary member of this or that foreign society it gradually dawned upon us that our depreciated fellow boarder in Berlin was an abler and far better man than we had been disposed to rate him.

While studying in Berlin, the Quadrilateral engaged four German students, one apiece, to take on pleasant excursions in and out of town and by conversation to improve our knowledge of their language. They were quite different from each other in their appearance and manners and as each of us felt in duty bound to stick up for his special pal we were constantly discussing and comparing their peculiarities, quoting their various remarks and arguing as to their respective merits.

One night my friend and mentor invited me to accompany him to a German "Liedertafel" which met in the back room of a large beer garden. I remember the business meeting which preceded

the acme of conviviality and a report presented by a committee on new quarters with a rambling and jocose discussion of the matter which carried me back to the old fraternity lodge room of my college days. I was introduced and treated as a guest of honor and finally the president and toastmaster in a graceful speech, most of which I understood by dint of paying the strictest attention, informed the assembly that I had braved the perils of the Atlantic to honor them on this occasion and proposed that my health be drunk in true German fashion by a "Salamandereiben." Whereupon they all rubbed their glasses in a circle on the bare tables and then, after raising them high in air, drained their contents at one gulp. In the meanwhile I was wondering whether a combination of my embarrassment and my defective German would enable me to attempt the customary neat and appropriate reply and too busied with this disconcerting thought to take even a sip of beer myself. But instead of sitting down and quietly awaiting any verbal response from me, they all jumped up and climbing over chairs and tables rushed in my direction with arms extended in the endeavor to touch glasses, and with one accord joined heartily in a lively drinking song which seemed strangely familiar to me. It puzzled me for some time but gradually it dawned upon me that I had heard it many times in the church at home, sung in a very slow

and drawling manner to the tune of "Lischer" and with the words:

"Welcome sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise."

The reader, whose father and grandfather were Baptist ministers or who has had an early training similar to mine, can readily imagine that with my recollection of these solemn words this musical performance seemed to border very closely on the sacrilegious.

CHAPTER VIII

BITS OF TRAVEL

Dresden—Return of Saxon troops from the Franco-German war—Venice—Victor Emmanuel's birthday—Ascent of Vesuvius—Rome—Dr. William S. Ely—Bow from Prince Humbert—Last days of Pompeii—Keeping a diary—A victim of fleas—Greek Church service—A moonlight evening romance—Smoking a narghileh—A genuine Turkish bath.

EARLY in 1871 the "Quadrilateral" folded its tents in Berlin or at least packed its bags and stole away to Vienna. We stopped for one or two days in Dresden where we devoted our first few hours to the "Zoo" instead of the Museum, as we had heard that the Sistine Madonna and other gems of art were constantly improving by age and thought they would therefore look better a day later. While here we had the opportunity of viewing a fine military pageant. The Saxon troops were just returning from the Franco-German War and in a popular beer garden at the end of the Carlsbrücke we sat for hours and watched thousands of the victorious army march across with their gun barrels and spiked helmets glittering in the sunlight.

Arriving in Vienna we decided to preface our arduous studies there by a trip to Rome and Naples and were soon on our winding way through the tunnelled mountains of Italy. Of course we visited Venice and of all the European cities I had seen this most fully equalled or even excelled my expectations. We arrived just at daybreak and as I looked out of the car window with eager interest the first thing that I saw had a very homelike appearance and odor—a large freight train laden with blue Standard Oil barrels. But as we emerged from the station and looked across the water at a row of marble churches and saw strange looking gondoliers in place of the familiar and noisy cabmen we felt that the scene had suddenly shifted. So impressed were we that we took our first gondola ride in perfect silence. The full moonlight was still shining but its brilliance was slowly fading in the early dawn. The air was cool and balmy and as the gondolier threaded his way through narrow passages and finally shot out into the Grand Canal the stillness was only broken by the sweet and distant chiming of Sunday morning bells. I can never forget this experience. At our hotel, an old shabby-genteel palace, Boyd and I hurried from our rooms, stepped out on a stone balcony at the end of the hall, glanced a moment at the strange scene and then simultaneously broke forth in song—an old-time duet which neither one of us

imagined that the other had ever heard, "Beautiful Venice, Bride of the Sea." We soon found that what we termed "Quadrilateral luck" had brought us to Venice on King Victor Emmanuel's birthday. The Plaza of St. Mark's was gay with a host of fair ladies and officers in full uniform and just as we entered the church the music began, causing Hunt to whisper the remark (oft quoted later) that "wherever the Quadrilateral goes the band begins to play."

We visited Florence, Rome, Pisa and Naples and saw the usual sights. The many incidents of the trip have long since faded from memory but one is embodied in a recently resurrected letter to my classmate and brother-in-law (Rev. Dr. Robert S. MacArthur) in which I find the following: "My dear Mac.—Do you remember the Canadian silver piece which you gave me on board the 'Batavia' just before sailing? I have had it framed. A hard, ragged, black little frame! A piece of molten lava right from the bowels of the earth *via* Vesuvius. I burnt my fingers with it but no matter; you shall have the silver back again when I return to America. And now while on the subject I'll speak of yesterday's trip. We started early and drove to Resina, a dirty little town built upon the lava that long since flowed through the streets and over the housetops of Herculaneum. Exchanging the carriage for six ancient chargers the Quadrilateral mounted, to-

gether with their courier and a hired guide. While the stirrups are being lengthened and shortened and our steeds are champing their foaming bits (of straw) with uncontrollable impatience, I will merely rise to explain that the Quadrilateral is traveling in style, a peculiar, new and wholly original style of which the prominent characteristics are old clothes, colored shirts and a courier. Signor Beretta is our courier. He is a Roman (modern), a social sort of a chap who has passed himself off as a prince in America and who has traveled everywhere from Jerusalem to San Francisco. We pay him 10 fr. per day and he furnishes Italian for us, shows us more than we could possibly see alone in double the amount of time and delivers us from the hands of many lousy, swindling Neapolitans. He is an institution that I can recommend in preference to Uncle Murray and his guide book. But as we shall be obliged to rest many times in the course of our tiresome journey up the steep side of Vesuvius, let us now proceed—like Peter Parley whose style of narration the above resembles in a faint degree,—the model Parley who rushes from the Creation to the last President in something like or less than sixty-eight pages. Parley is the man! We rode a few miles up a rough winding path to the “Hermitage,” a tavern in the garden of which we lunched and drank our “Lachryma Christi.” We stood up around

a little stone table while beneath us lay the broad blue bay of Naples, the curving city, the fringe of scattered villages and in the distance the rocky isle of Capri breasting the waves of the Mediterranean. The view was indescribably beautiful. With a glass of wine in one hand, a piece of cheese in the other and a mouth crammed full of bread, each one by mumbling and elbow nudging exhorted the others to observe it. Refreshed, we now mounted and rode over vast fields of lava. On either hand it lay piled up like heaps of soft black mud but hard like iron. Reaching the abrupt ascent of the cone we were obliged to dismount and now with long sticks and a new set of guides the tiresome tug came. I followed the forward guide and stepped exactly where he did. Occasionally my foot would slip on loose, round pieces of lava but I would scramble up and laugh at the chorus of "Hey, look out there! Stop kicking rocks down on us," from those following behind. When we reached spots sheltered from the wind we stopped for breath—and a little more wine. Now we began to notice that the lava around us was warm and soon it was "Hark! did you hear that? Now listen . . . Boom! There it goes again, Oh! see there! Over the hill! Those rocks going up! B-y Judas!" The main crater was not in a condition to be visited but a side crater through which the red lava poured but a month ago was just above us. The

ground was quite warm beneath and in the crevices of the lava, eggs were boiled or baked for us. With one of the guides, I scrambled over the ragged masses of lava and climbed to the brink of the smaller crater. There was a rocky basin of about 50 feet in diameter. On the farther side was a large orifice through which issued smoke or rather thin white vapor laden with ashes. I looked and all of a sudden it lightened and then—puff! Up went a shower of hot lava 30 or 40 feet high. I turned and started. I don't know exactly where I started for but over the rocks I surely would have gone had the guide not caught me around the waist. I looked back. Pieces of lava were falling at a short distance from us and nothing but smoke and the reflection from the fire beneath was visible at the mouth of that now terrible crater. I concluded that the whole mountain had not blown up and laughed at my fright. But puff! it went again and the guide shouted to hurry the others up. They came barking their shins against the edges of the ragged lava. Our courier said he had never before seen the volcano so active, and satisfying his curiosity with one look he retreated, advising us not to stay. Well, it did look mighty rough and no mistake and bits of red-hot lava fell on all sides of us. Even the guides themselves seemed strangely excited as they hopped around dropping their coins in the melted lava and the Quad-

rilateral, I think for the first time on record, forewent a discussion and agreed unanimously to leave. Our horses having been led around the brow of the mountain we descended to them by a short, steep and sudden route, a long snowbank of light ashes. You could step three feet or ten feet with equal facility. The latter method gained time but was terribly trying to the small of your back and regions of the liver. One of the party stubbed his toe and in consequence thereof his body described a movement, not unlike the descending wing of a windmill. All of us sat down now and then unexpectedly and slid by way of variety. This I did not find particularly pleasant since time and travel play the dickens with one's clothes and before I knew it there were two large craters in the surplus portion of my trousers."

In Rome our quartet disbanded temporarily. I waited there to join the "Stangensche Reise Gesellschaft" (a German traveling party *a la Cook* in a trip to Athens and Constantinople, while my three comrades returned to Vienna. They took a steamer to Genoa and feeling hungry after a railway trip, during which they were on short rations, decided to indulge in a roast chicken in their state-room before sleeping. As I learned later, Hunt volunteered to carve but found himself facing the problem of dividing one chicken into three equal parts. At this junc-

ture, Whitbeck, who was a very poor sailor, succumbed to a sudden attack of seasickness whereupon Boyd leaned over from the upper berth and with a Mephistophelian grin settled the matter by quietly remarking, "I'll take half."

In Rome I met an old friend, Dr. William S. Ely of Rochester, N. Y., and we spent several pleasant weeks rooming, dining and roaming about the Eternal City together. One day we were driving up a narrow street and saw a fine carriage and spirited team of black horses coming down toward us. Our driver hugged the wall as tightly as possible to make room and I quickly recognized the occupant of the carriage as Prince Humbert whom I had seen before. As he passed I raised my hat and received a very polite bow in return, whereupon, Dr. Ely unaware of my having any swell acquaintances in Rome evinced his surprise and curiosity by eagerly asking "Who was your friend?"

Never having read the "Last Days of Pompeii" and having recently visited Naples and Vesuvius, I bought a second-hand copy of the book while in Rome. Of course I was intensely interested in it and one night read until long past midnight. I felt that I ought to go to bed but two and three o'clock struck and apparently nearing the end I concluded to finish the story. As I read intently about Glaucus entering the arena and the strange actions of the lion I came to a

sentence at the bottom of the page telling how all of a sudden the lion began to lash his sides with his tail and—I discovered then to my horror and indignation that there were sixteen pages missing. If I could have broken into a library or routed up a bookseller at that time of night in the most distant part of Rome I would have rushed out immediately for another copy. But gradually my rage yielded to the humor of the situation and I went to bed wondering whether those leaves had accidentally fallen out or been removed by some wretch just at that most exciting part of the story as a joke on some subsequent reader of the book.

On this journey to the Orient as on many vacation trips since, I kept a diary and, however tired I may have felt, often wrote page after page before going to bed. I am convinced that it is a commendable practice for the average tourist in spite of the fact that as I now look over some of the old note-books I can neither remember writing the descriptions nor seeing many of the sights and events described but much is recalled which would otherwise have been utterly forgotten. In writing of Naples I find the following dermatological description: "Taking a walk along the Via Roma and in narrow side streets blocked often with donkey carts and men working and women sewing, I came upon many peculiar sights. One, quite common here, would

stop all curious people in America. A little boy was sitting in the street, for there are few sidewalks here and those too narrow for one-quarter of the passers-by to walk upon. He had on a ragged vest and shirt in which the fleas seemed to be unusually excited or enraged. His movements to soothe the horrible itching and to remove the offenders were ridiculous and yet painful to watch. I stood farther off than I imagined a flea could possibly jump and studied him. His skin was naturally dark, the sun had browned his face and neck and where his shirt gaped open on the breast the dirt had almost formed an incrustation. Clenching his teeth together he grasped his loose garments upon either side and rubbed his hips vigorously. Then he looked down his breast for one, first on one side and then on the other. Now his attention was distracted by bites behind and around goes one hand to dig there while the other seeks his knee on a similar errand. Now for a second there seems to be a suspension of hostilities and then the wicked insects attack him again. He scratches himself, beats himself, and does wonders with his shoulders and finally becomes frantic and grabs the ends of his tattered vest and rubs it over his back like a towel, and now he jerks off his little buttonless shirt and with uncut finger nails soon spots his body and arms with bleeding excoriations. Then feeling somewhat better he takes the gar-

ments in his lap and with eager eye and fingers pursues an apparently vain hunt."

At Corfu where we spent a few days I find the following notes:—"Sunday noon, April 30th, 1871. I have just come from the Greek Church where I have been standing till my knees ached. I was perhaps more curious than reverent and could scarcely refrain from taking out my notebook when anything struck me as being remarkably peculiar. The church was like a small, poorly furnished Roman Catholic one and had a row of high stalls on either side where the wealthy worshippers stood or leaned. I took my position among 'oi polloi' in the center and saw what I could over the heads of those before me. As I entered the officiating priest (a fine looking, graybearded man with a spangled robe) was chanting in a high nasal voice. At first I thought he was attempting a Greek parody on the 'Fine ould Irish Gintleman' for the chant was rapid and sounded much like it. But soon I concluded it was not this or else the priest did not know the tune very well. On one side were boys whose duty seemed to be to yelp occasionally for surely it could not be called singing. On the other side was a choir of male voices. They furnished a chorus for every verse the priest sang and now and then interspersed a beautiful and impressive chant. The priest retired at intervals into a little apartment behind a curtain and

then reappeared almost immediately (like Lingard with a new song).

"There was less bowing and mumbling but more singing, bell-ringing and censor-swinging than in the Catholic service. Once or twice a boy with a loud, clear voice read some Greek (Testament, I think) and the effect was very fine. On a door near the priest was a painting of the Virgin and I noticed that the people generally kissed her hand as they went by. A collection was taken up about every five minutes and most of the congregation repeatedly contributed. When the plate first came around I placed my few remaining Italian coppers thereupon and assumed a benevolent expression. But at the heels of this collector came another with a wooden box to whom I gave the expression without the coppers. At certain times in the service the people all crossed themselves rapidly a dozen or twenty times and then the collector was obliged to look sharp or some careless elbow would tilt his platter over. One old Greek standing near me had his hair done up in a wad behind his occiput after the fashion of Liberty on the old copper cents. When the five-minute benediction was pronounced the priest wore a high black hat with a rim around the top instead of the bottom. And that is about all I remember now of the Greek Church service.

"Sunday evening,—Tonight I have been hav-

ing a most romantic moonlight stroll with Fräulein . . . , the elderly and gushing maiden of our party. She remarked, and very truly too, that the rest of the party were prosaic, liked only to sit in a Café and drink beer and suggested there-upon that we walk down where we could see the rocks and the reflection of the moon on the water. We went. She sang for me. She repeated choice selections of poetry and—I must confess it—she exercised all the charming little arts of love-making that her age and experience could suggest. But I was stoical. I turned my back upon her and the moon, closed my ears even to her fluent German, puffed a cigar with vigor and merely ejaculated at intervals ‘hmm’ or ‘gewiss.’ And when my last cigar was gone I insisted that she would certainly take cold if we remained an instant longer. . . . Oh! but it was glorious there!!!—the warm evening—the soft moonlight—the cool breeze—the glittering sea—and a German lady of forty . . . Oh, MY!”

Among many lengthy descriptions of sights and adventures in and around Constantinople I find the following:—

“On a short equestrian excursion in Asia we stopped at some town with an unpronounceable Turkish name where the idea struck me of attempting a Turkish narghileh which our dragoman at once ordered for me. A ‘hubble-bubble pipe’ one of our party called it, which seemed a

much better descriptive name than narghileh as it describes the whole thing—the standard, the decanter like affair, the pipe-bowl with a live coal laid upon the tobacco, the long serpentine tube, the water in the glass and the smoke that goes through it at every puff saying ‘hubble-bubble.’ I placed the dirty mouth-piece between my lips with some misgivings and drew gently. Encouraged, I repeated this several times and, the novelty wearing off, I wondered why the smoke didn’t come. But the dragoman said I hadn’t got the smoke started yet and the party all laughed at my efforts and declared that I was no sort of a Turk. But I knew my lungs were as strong as the average and if there were no special knack to be learned I firmly resolved to smoke that narghileh or burst the hose.

“It was a rash resolve for the pipe was an extraordinarily tough drawing one. But I worked over it until I was in danger of apoplexy. I emptied my lungs, grasped the snaky tube in both hands, contracted every muscle of my face and body, turned my back upon the party and drew on it—drew till my brain whirled, till my eyes were almost dislocated in their sockets and my head began to quiver. At last the smoke came. It came after a long while. It came about the time I was nearly gone. It clouded first the upper part of the glass decanter down to the surface of the water. Then it worked its way

slowly through the long snake and now as I puffed I saw a little thin bluish cloud issue from my lips. Hurrah! I forgot my exhaustion and discouragement. Joyfully I called the attention of the party and puffed. See there!—Where?—Not a particle of smoke could they see coming from my lips they all declared. What! Was I becoming delirious? Was I deceived? Was that a mist hovering before my eyes and had I not really succeeded in making the thing go? I puffed a few times frantically. Ah! Joy! The smoke came, smoke indisputably.

“I rested now for a moment to receive congratulations and then regardless of an intense headache and the fact that the smoke was disagreeably cool and tasteless I tried to appear as though enjoying it. But it was uphill work and as soon as the conversation shifted I cast a reproachful look upon the old pear-shaped decanter and gave up the tube. My firm belief now is that a ‘Henry Clay’ or a Vienna meerschaum with a pinch of good Virginia tobacco is far more enjoyable than the finest narghileh of the Sultan.”

Here is the account of another Oriental experience: “On the morning of our last day in Constantinople I indulged in the luxury of a simonpure Turkish bath. I have taken pretty much the same sort of a bath in Philadelphia and in London and with more enjoyment. But I will simply relate what happened. I found a drago-

man loafing around the hotel who for a few francs said he would take me to one of the best bathing places and stay and watch my clothes (!) We crossed over a long pontoon bridge to Stamboul and after threading a few of the narrow streets we stopped before a low, dirty looking shanty. The door, a few steps below the sidewalk, was open and around on couches a few Turks were reclining. Coming in from the bright sunlight the room seemed gloomy, felt cool and had an unmistakable odor of soap-suds. The Turkish proprietor approached with a profound bow. The dragoman rattled off a few words whereupon an assistant unceremoniously shoved me into a chair and drew off my boots. A pair of pointed, turned-up yellow slippers were now furnished me and we proceeded upstairs to a gallery surrounding the apartment, the slippers dropping off at every step. Here by a short, wide bed I was requested to disrobe, which operation being quickly accomplished the assistant wound several yards of faded stuff around my hips and thighs so tightly that with my yellow, pointed, turned-up slippers it was an utter impossibility to go down stairs alone. But the dragoman and the assistant helped me and at the foot of the stairs again I gave up my yellow slippers for a pair of rectangular, wooden, stilt-like concerns, a flat sole with a strap across the toe and two heels or clamp-like appendages near the middle beneath.

I stood for a moment reflecting upon my situation and personal appearance, when a great swarthy chap (an Arab, I think) came in from an adjoining room and took charge of me. 'Come on,' he said, by a gesture of course, and I started. The forward support of my clogs I imagine was just a little too far aft or else I must have put the thing on wrong side before for just as I started my heels went up and my toes dropped down and with my knees bound so closely together I was as helpless as a baby. My body described the arc of a circle which considerably lessened the distance between my head and the Arab's stomach, but he caught me and setting me up on my clogs again we started once more. 'Say! don't hold my arm so tight!' I gently remarked as we left the room. 'Go slow now,' I added in the next breath after nearly spraining my ankle on the soapy marble pavement. 'Hold on, Abdallah, or whatever your name is, I know that it isn't the correct thing to go into that hottest room so soon,' and upon this attempted to make a stop. But of course the big black chap didn't understand a word of English. He only grinned, showed his white teeth and dragged me along and whenever I slipped I only dropped down a few inches and hung suspended by my elbow which remained in his powerful grasp. In the hot room were several men seated around on a low marble step, each by a little tank or foun-

tain. I took a similar position and without ceremony began to perspire.

"The big Arab stood with folded arms and looked upon me with a fierce inquisitorial gaze which I hardly dared encounter. And now seizing a little basin he commenced to dash hot water upon me. I felt it,—felt it distinctly wherever it happened to light but I knew it was neither the time nor place for me to object and so tried to bear it like a martyr. The big brute next attacked me with a pair of coarse mittens. He rubbed and rubbed and it felt real jolly at first. I never had my back scratched so luxuriously before. In circles around my shoulder blades and up and down my arms the coarse gloves fairly flew. Delightful indeed it was but after a while I was satisfied and remarked to that effect. But my remark was evidently misunderstood for the gloves never stopped. 'That'll do, Abdallah.' But it didn't do. Horrified, I saw my outer layer of skin departing. 'Now Abdallah, please stop. I'm young and my skin is tender and that brush is awful rough. Let me do it. I'd rather a great deal rub myself. Oh! Oh! Now Abdallah, I know you are well-disposed and endeavoring to do your whole duty as one of the scrubbers of this institution but oh! don't rub there, that's a flea-bite. You should discriminate. Some constitutions don't require as much rubbing as others. Oh! hold up now! Say! that's my sore

knee. Look here, Abdallah, Please let up! . . . I am in favor of the Russian War or the Asiatic Cholera or anything that promises disgrace to Turkey, for not until my skin was as red as a lobster and my mind in a perfect frenzy did those gloves leave me. Then came a little more hot water which scalded worse than it did before my skin was taken off. I was then left to myself and to my thoughts.—Repentance for ever having come to the horrid place and fearful bodings of what might yet be in store for me. But soon Abdallah came again with a great basin and sat down before me. He rubbed it full of soap-suds and eyed me askance in the meanwhile. I sat in mute despair wondering whether he would douse me with it or scrub me with it or possibly cram me into the basin. He sat and beat the suds with his hand and seemed to enjoy my anxious suspense. My fear was groundless as he only shampooed my head and poured the lather over me. It ran down my body like oil and after those wicked gloves was like balm to my smarting skin. I now began to imagine that the luxurious part of the bath was coming but this pleasurable hope was transient. A bucket or flood of hot water came upon me from somewhere and nearly upset me, for I was trying to sit crosslegged like the rest of them. Another flood came again from somewhere else. It was cold water this time and I think it raised me about an inch off the marble

floor. I looked up on recovering from the shock and Abdallah was circling around in front of me and about raising another bucket. D-a-a-oh!-nt! But he did, and I believe about half of it went down my throat. After this I was taken out. My exhaustion was great but the prospect of deliverance nerved me sufficiently to skate a little more with the clogs. I came out again in the large room with the Turks sitting around by the door opening upon the street, put on the yellow, pointed, turned-up slippers again and scrambled upstairs to the square gallery where my clothes were left. The dragoman asked me how I liked it. I never meant to deceive him but I answered, 'Fine.' Being swathed now in numberless dry cloths, one being rolled around my head like a turban, I sat up on the bed and as the assistant pinched me from head to foot, wondered if I would ever get cool again. The sunlight and the fresh air streamed in through the window and as I listened to the curious cries and noises in the street outside it seemed as though I were just getting back into my native world. Then came the coffee in a tiny cup in a conical tin holder. Rolled up like a mummy and fairly steaming, I would never have thought of ordering a hot drink but this coffee tasted like cool nectar. The cups were provokingly small and the little bare-legged waiter kept running to and fro with them, and the delicious taste of that coffee almost compen-

sated for the horrors of the bath. It took a long time to get cool but finally I wormed myself out of the many cloths in which they had wrapped me and, hastily dressing, regained the street.

“It was our last day in Constantinople and wishing to buy camel’s hair shawls, attar of roses and embroidered slippers for various friends, I had promised to meet some of our party at the Bazar. I found it very damp and stuffy there and though I wore an overcoat I took a bad cold. My traveling companions who had declined to accompany me to the Bath all said with ill-concealed satisfaction, ‘I told you so!’ and in vain did I argue that it was the damp Bazar and not the Bath that had given me the cold.”

CHAPTER IX

VIENNA

Clinic of Professor Carl Braun—A call on Professor Arlt—Clinic of Professor Hebra—Dr. Isador Neumann—Vienna restaurants—Drs. McBurney and Lefferts.

ARRIVING in Vienna in April, I concluded that all travel and no work would make Jack anything but a learned doctor, and so, after a brief celebration of our Quadrilateral reunion, I engaged a room near the "Allgemeines Krankenhaus," bought tickets to various special courses which kept me busy from morn till night. My teachers were mostly men of note and included Rokitansky, Braun, Arlt, Jaeger, Schrötter, Störck, Pollitzer, Sigmund, Zeissl, Hebra and Neumann. Many of the courses were conducted mainly by their assistants and privatdozenten.

Almost every American student attended Prof. Carl Braun's clinic, whether interested in obstetrics or not, as it was a capital place to improve one's knowledge of German. The Professor, being somewhat corpulent, sat through his lecture

and spoke very slowly with a deep, sonorous and distinct tone of voice. When, after a long pause, during which many of the German students were audibly snoring, he would ask in the most deliberate manner, "Nun meine Herren—wie viel wiegt—das kind?" it would seem as though every foreign listener heard in his own tongue, as on the day of Pentecost. On a hot afternoon when tired of talking, he would often call out to the diener, "Johann! Heraus mit dem Armamentarium!" and spend the remainder of the hour in showing various kinds of forceps, cranioclasts, etc. He was most kindly disposed to all of his students and it was said of him that at Examinations he would answer all the questions himself and merely require the student to concur.

Prof. Arlt I had occasion to consult professionally on account of attacks of blurring and even temporary blindness of one eye. He asked me to call at seven o'clock in the morning and as he entered the room in which I was waiting, arrayed in a black skull cap, a gorgeously figured dressing gown and a prodigiously long stemmed porcelain pipe, my first impression was that I was looking at a picture in "Die Fliegende Blätter." After a careful examination he gave me a written diagnosis of "retinal epilepsy," made no suggestion of treatment and accepted a gold napoleon which I was happy to give, if only for the pleasure of seeing him. These attacks continued

for several years after beginning practice in New York and my ophthalmological friend, Dr. Loring, who lived just around the corner on Madison Avenue, was extremely anxious to examine the retina during an attack. Whenever one occurred I dropped everything and rushed to Dr. Loring's office but invariably the exercise and quickened circulation caused the vascular spasm to relax and all he could ever see was a normal retina.

Of all the clinical teachers in Vienna, Professor Hebra was doubtless the most popular on account of his great reputation, his simple method of teaching and his unconscious humor. One German student remarked that he didn't care a rap about dermatology, but to hear Hebra's lecture was as good as going to a comedy at the "Theatre an der Wien."

Hebra was a most remarkable man and in his daily clinics showed a keenness of observation which was simply wonderful. He rarely asked his patient any questions, but a hasty glance would usually enable him to tell more about the case than any one of his students would elicit by a lengthy catechism. Taking the patient's hand in his and looking straight at the class he would say "this man is a tailor" and we soon found that he discovered this fact by feeling the needle pricks on the roughened forefinger. A hatter he would recognize by some peculiar callous on the ball of

the thumb and whether a patient was a confirmed beer or brandy drinker he knew by the appearance of the nose and the velvety condition of the skin. He could always guess the age and weight of a patient with unerring accuracy and tell us from what province of Austria he came. He could usually tell about how long an eruption had existed and repeatedly told his pupils not to ask whether an eruption itched but simply to look carefully and note the presence or absence of scratch marks.

One day a patient came in limping and sat down to remove some bandages from his legs. While patiently waiting, Hebra casually glanced at him and remarked, "This man is a Croat, 55 years of age, has pulmonary tuberculosis and is a tailor by occupation." As he had not had a chance to see or feel his forefinger some of the students smiled at the statement, observing which he quickly asked, "Wouldn't you know he was a tailor? Look at that little strip of drab cloth he has tied around the bandage. Tailors use that stuff for vest linings."

His power of imitation and of vivid description fully equalled his keen observation. One day a deaf mute came to the clinic and Hebra took occasion to refer to what was being done in Vienna for this unfortunate class by means of lip study. He said that children learned in a few months to speak plainly but that their voices



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always had a peculiar lack of accent and intonation. He then gave an imitation of their speech and as I had visited the institution the week before I was amazed to note that the imitation was absolutely perfect. Another day a stupid boy, asked as to his occupation, said that he was a tailor. "Du bist kein Schneider," roared Hebra, "you are not even an apprentice. You pick up the litter at night and sweep out the shop in the morning. You go out for the beer at midday and rock the cradle when the Frau is preparing the dinner. That is the kind of a tailor you are." In short, with a few rapidly spoken sentences he gave us a word picture of that boy's habits and doings which was doubtless as accurate as it was amusing.

Hebra never tried to say anything funny but his innate humor cropped out frequently and made his clinics as entertaining as they were instructive. Referring to an army officer whose injury forced him to mount on the wrong side of his horse he added, "like a shoemaker riding up the Kahlenberg on Sunday." As the American students had all doubtless taken in the Kahlenberg and Klosterneuburg as well as other favorite resorts in their Sunday excursions and perhaps ridden up the hill on one of the hired horses, the reference was thoroughly appreciated by most of those present. Hebra's clinic was followed by a special course given by his assistant, Isador Neu-

mann, who later became professor of venereal diseases. Neumann, though lacking the brilliancy of his chief, was a most painstaking and successful teacher. He was very deliberate in speech and as each patient was presented gave a short description of the eruption and his constant repetition of "zahlreiche, steck-nadel-kopf grösse, etwas uber das niveau der haut erhabene papeln" still rings in my ears. He taught diagnosis by elimination, mentioning a number of possible diseases with their characteristics, the absence of which caused one after another to be discarded, and finally laying stress upon the one which fitted the case in hand.

In Prof. Wedl's laboratory, where I studied microscopy, I found him working daily and as I was able to secure a seat next to him at the table I became somewhat better acquainted and found him to be a most affable, helpful and friendly man.

As a rule the American students took their two meals daily at the Riedhof restaurant, the morning coffee and rolls being usually served in their rooms, scattered here and there in the Josefstadt. Some patronized the Schlössel Hotel a little farther away from the hospital. The Quadrilateral having taken on a fifth wheel (dysmetaphorically speaking) in the person of Dr. J. E. Graham of Toronto, seceded from the crowd and took our monotonous but merry meals at "Die drei

Haken," a fine old restaurant opposite the "Mariatreue Kirche" still further away. After discovering the articles on the bill of fare which best suited our tastes, we ate precisely the same dishes for dinner as for luncheon, both of which we took in an open court, but in the evening we indulged more freely in the native wine and in varied discourse and the many happy hours spent in that warm and stuffy atmosphere I recall with keen delight.

Of the American students who were in Vienna with me the majority took courses in many special branches of medicine even when they had decided upon pursuing some particular one as a specialty. I recall the fact that some of my fellow students who were interested then in some particular specialty became famous later in some entirely different branch of medicine or surgery. For instance, Dr. Charles McBurney, who was one of the brightest pupils in Schrötter's Laryngological clinic, became one of the most distinguished lights in general surgery in America. Dr. George M. Lefferts confided to me one day on a bench in the quadrangle of the old hospital that on his return to New York he hoped to be Professor of Skin Diseases in the College of Physicians and Surgeons some day. Little did I dream then that I would ever occupy that position myself and have him as an illustrious colleague in the chair of Laryngology.

American students who took a second course in laryngology under Störck were usually appointed as assistants and expected to help the newcomers. I cannot but smile to think that I was perhaps Prof. Lefferts' first instructor in laryngology. During my second, and his first course, he was assigned to me for any aid my experience could give. I selected a comely Wiener Mädel who had little the matter with her throat but who attended the clinic regularly and flirted furiously with the young doctors. I seated her before me with my pupil by my side and then after placing her knees between mine and requesting her to say "Ah," proceeded to demonstrate to him the approved method of injecting powder into the œsophagus. Dr. Lefferts was an apt pupil and later became chief of Störck's clinic.

CHAPTER X

MARRIAGE

My brother's advice—To New York *via* Southampton
—A close shave—My Wedding at Titusville, Pa.—
Family party at St. Nicholas Hotel in New York—
On board the "Ville de Paris"—Wife loses jewelry.

WHILE I fully enjoyed my single and carefree life as a student in Vienna it so happened that I had become engaged to be married before leaving home. Anxious as I was to prolong my European study for another year before beginning the practice of my profession, and with a vague fear perhaps that my fiancée might change her mind during such a lengthy absence, the happy idea occurred to me to go home and get married and have my bride share the delights and advantages of travel and study abroad. It seemed to me a serious problem from an educational, a conventional and a financial standpoint. So I concluded to write to my oldest brother who, since my father's death during my freshman year in college, had stood *in loco parentis* and given me the very best advice, sometimes unsought and occasionally unwelcome. I

unfolded to him my plan at great length, not asking his consent but anxious for his approval. How slowly the next three weeks passed in watchful waiting for his reply! But finally the letter came, a long one full of interesting family news but not a word as to my coming home to be married. In a short postscript, however, he referred briefly to my proposed scheme, merely remarking that he was reminded of a certain distinguished lawyer who once said that of the thousands who had consulted him during his long career, about ninety-nine in every hundred did not really desire his advice but merely wished to have their own opinions confirmed. I saw his point, packed my trunk and engaged passage on the first steamer leaving Bremen for New York.

It was the "Donau" and my friend Boyd accompanied me as far as Southampton on his way to London. During the short stop here I went ashore, being told that the steamer would sail in two hours. I strolled about the town and finally dropped into a barber shop where I waited some time for my turn. Coming out, I found that my watch had stopped and it took some time to ascertain the correct time and to set it right. But I still had twenty minutes and, though a little worried by the fear of being left, started leisurely in the direction of the pier. In ten minutes I saw the flag and funnel of my ship and quickened my pace. I had five minutes left

when I discovered that I was on the wrong pier. Now I began to worry in dead earnest. I thought with horror of being stranded in a strange town with no baggage, little money in my pocket and really nothing in my possession but a clean shave, which would be hardly negotiable. Then I thought with utter dismay that I was going home to be married, that preparations for the wedding would all be made and what would happen if I shouldn't be there. I quickened my pace, looked in vain for a cab, broke into a run, felt like yelling for the boat to wait, and finally reached the gangplank in a state of combined trepidation, perspiration and exhaustion. It was another shave and this time a very close one.

I was married on Aug. 29, 1872, at Titusville, Pa., to Miss Harriet L. Gibbs. My college chum and brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Robert Stuart MacArthur, officiated on the occasion. I remember his very amusing account of going *incognito* into a Titusville barber shop that morning and hearing a gossipy discussion of the wedding and its various participants carried on by the barbers and their interested patrons. Miss Kate Bell (Mrs. George Howard Lewis of Buffalo) and Dr. Charles H. Burnett of Philadelphia acted as bridesmaid and groomsman. It was a rainy day but the weather did not interfere with the ceremony or the high spirits of the wed-

ding guests, and now I look back with joy and gratitude over the many sunny days of our married life. "The bride looked lovely"—not only on this occasion but during the nearly forty-three years during which I enjoyed her companionship. And she was lovely, as a wife, as a mother and as a loyal friend to the many who knew and admired her. As bridegroom I was unpleasantly conscious that my wedding garments "made in Germany" were either in advance of or a little off the style in vogue in America, but I played my humble though necessary part as well as an inexperienced performer could be expected to do. As we drove away from her father's house in a pouring rain I overheard my brother William remark to the wedding guests, "It really seems a shame that no adult is going with them."

Soon after the wedding a large delegation from either family were gathered at the old St. Nicholas Hotel in New York, where, after a few days of hilarious visiting, theatre going and sight-seeing, the town began to assume a decidedly rubicund tint. Leaving the hotel to embark on the "Ville de Paris" my bride hastily placed all the jewelry which she had been wearing in a small traveling bag which I was entrusted to carry. On shipboard I took it to our stateroom and we hurried on deck to bid adieu to our large party of relatives and friends. When the last kiss had been thrown and the last kerchief waved and



MY SWEETHEART



MY WIFE

Sandy Hook was growing dim in the distance, the pang of leaving home, heretofore dulled by the excitement incident to departure, began to be felt by my *companion du voyage*. But it was quickly counteracted by a new and quite different sensation, the incipient stage of *mal de mer*. Hurrying to our stateroom she looked in her bag for a bottle of smelling salts and suddenly asked, "Where is my jewelry?" It was in the bag so far as I knew but it could not be found there. In 1872 the rules for admission of strangers to a steamboat pier were not as stringent as to-day and some sneak thief had entered a number of staterooms, as we found later, and evidently made a good haul. The shock of this loss made my wife forget her seasickness for a while but the gradual increase of nausea soon made her wholly indifferent as to whether her watches, bracelets and rings were within reach or at the bottom of the sea.

CHAPTER XI

PARIS

Where we lived—My difficulty in learning French—A tonsorial experience—The Hôpital Saint Louis—Bazin—Hardy—Vidal—Departure for London—Worry over a bag of sugar.

AFTER a pleasant voyage, making many agreeable acquaintances and some life-long friends, we landed at Havre and in due time reached Paris. We spent a few days at the Grand Hotel, a few weeks at one not so grand and finally engaged a modest suite of rooms in a corner house with a café on the ground floor and our third story balcony looking over the Place du Château d'Eau (now Place de la République). Our landlady spoke excellent German—at least it was better than my French—but when I sat down at the piano one day and struck up "Die Wacht am Rhein" she rushed into the room in great excitement and begged me to stop. I had forgotten the "late unpleasantness" in France although we were constantly reminded of the days of the Commune by seeing the stucco corner of a large Caserne or military barracks

opposite us scarred by innumerable bullet marks.

Our address was 68 Rue de Malte. I remember it because whenever we drove home and I had occasion to mention it I always thought of Malta and pronounced the name of the street accordingly. The *cocher* usually asseverated positively that there was no such street in Paris which egregious error I always attributed to his stupidity rather than to any linguistic dereliction on my part and had about as much difficulty in withholding my opinion of him as I should have had in making him comprehend it. We rarely started until my wife had repeated the address to the driver and enjoyed a quiet laugh at my expense. Mastery of the French language by the way, always seemed an impossibility to me. I could walk the streets with some French doctor and argue medical questions, using a modicum of French with many Latin terms and a few German words interspersed, and make him get my views even if I failed to convince him, but polite French conversation always seemed beyond my reach.

One afternoon I dropped into a barber shop to have my hair trimmed. The polite barber ventured some remark which I failed to grasp but to which I thought it safe to nod assent. In a few moments I was surrounded by super heated curling irons and very shortly my head looked—if not like the beautiful Circassian girl of the side

show—like some other strange animal as I glanced in the mirror.

Hurrying home to my wife I gently opened the door, slowly intruded my uncovered head and can never forget how convulsed she was between surprise and laughter. As we had planned to go to the opera that evening she at first thought I had adorned myself for the occasion but I had to confess that it was unintentional on my part and wholly due to my misunderstanding of ton-sorial French.

We were but a short distance from the ancient and celebrated Hôpital St. Louis to which I made a daily visit, watching the patients treated by the wholesale in the clinics or walking through the wards with a small party of students in the wake of Bazin, Hardy or Vidal. During my absence my wife devoted most of her time to musical study, especially piano practice, which she had begun at eight years of age and continued through later years in spite of many domestic cares and responsibilities.

Although we both worked hard we occasionally took a day off to visit the Louvre, Notre Dame or the Bon Marché or to make calls on friends living in Paris, all of which tended to spice our hum-drum life in the gay city and added a zest to our studies. Most of the sights of Paris and its suburbs we postponed seeing, however, until a week or two before we left for London. With Prof.

F. J. Bumstead of New York, who had sat for a time with me and other youngsters in Hebra's clinic in Vienna, I used to go early in the morning to various hospitals and see the genito-urinary service of Maisonneuve and others. When I felt that I needed and deserved a little recreation I used to roam through the Latin Quarter with my friend, Dr. G. J. Engelmann of Saint Louis.

The Interns at the Hôpital St. Louis I found to be extremely affable and obliging after I had made their acquaintance and through them I enjoyed some special privileges. One morning one of them said he wanted to introduce a fellow-countryman of mine. I expected to meet some young fellow from Boston or Philadelphia perhaps and was consequently surprised to shake hands with a slender and swarthy young Spanish doctor who hailed from Paraguay or Patagonia. But I could not deny that we were both Americans.

The dermatological teachers in Paris were able and distinguished men but their methods of teaching were quite different from those to which I had become accustomed in Vienna and seemed more theoretical than practical.

I remember Bazin as a tall, elderly and dignified man who used to stand in the ward with a circle of students around him and talk by the half hour on some favorite topic. Hardy was an

extremely nervous man who rushed from one bed to another, lifting the coverings and inspecting the eruption by means of a lighted taper which he carried on dark days, and I always longed to see the patient standing nude on a revolving pedestal as in the clinic at Vienna.

Vidal was a handsome and affable man but I acquired a dislike for him through no fault of his own. One day he exhibited a patient to a small group who were walking the wards with him and suddenly called on me for a diagnosis. Surprised and flustered I glanced at the numerous and disseminated small papules and hastily expressed my first thought "eczema." It happened to be a typical military papular syphilide and the expression on his face seemed to me to declare in loud tones that I was a hopeless ignoramus. I felt that I had not only injured my own unmade reputation but had utterly ruined that of the Vienna school. I walked home sad and dejected. My intense chagrin over my blunder almost banished sleep that night and for days and weeks I never saw M. Vidal at a distance without feeling that he recognized me as that young and foolish chap from Vienna who didn't know the difference between eczema and syphilis. Since that time I have made many mistakes in diagnosis but all of them put together have never given me serious discomfort or disturbed my sleep.

In the spring of 1873, after an unusually rainy

Parisian winter, my wife and I moved from Paris to London. I had bought many medical and other books, mostly in paper covers, and owing to the moderate charges of the Parisian bookbinders had greatly increased their weight by having them bound. A heavy marble clock which I once saw and admired in a shop window, my wife had ordered sent home to me as a birthday surprise. It looked light and airy on our mantel but seemed to weigh a ton when we thought of traveling with it. We were also greatly surprised to find how clothing and other *impedimenta* had accumulated during our short sojourn in Paris, but with an extra trunk or two and some stout boxes we managed to pack all our possessions. Still there were handbags and bundles galore which scarcely left room for us in the fiacre when we came to bid our landlady "good bye" and drive to the station. There was one bundle which caused us an immense amount of anxiety. It was a bag of sugar. With our morning coffee small white dominoes had been served in excess of our requirements and the idea occurred to us of saving the extra pieces, buying some lemons and making lemonade of which we both were very fond and could not get at any restaurant or café. From day to day the sugar accumulated and was hid away in a closet. Weeks and months passed. When we were out we never thought of buying lemons and when

the idea of having some lemonade occurred to us at home we always found that we had the necessary water and plenty of sugar—but no lemons. At the last moment before leaving our apartments the serious question arose, "What was to be done with that sugar?" We did not care to take it with us. We could think of no one to whom we might present it and we were decidedly averse to leaving it behind us coupled with a reputation for petit larceny. How enormous and heavy and awkward that sugar felt! How thin the paper bag seemed and what if it should tear or break and scatter its tell-tale contents on the floor just as we were leaving! I hugged the detestable package to my heart as carefully as though I were a bearer of the Crown jewels and nearly shrieked as the landlady, the maid and the boy, each in turn endeavored to relieve me of my burden. Our anxiety over this confounded sugar overwhelmed all feeling of gladness, sadness or sentiment incident to our departure and we indulged in a great sigh of relief as we drove away with our secret unrevealed. I dared not throw the bundle in any street in Paris or leave it at the station lest its discovery might summon us back to claim an ownership. So it traveled with us nearly to Amiens where we had planned to break our journey and visit the Cathedral. Peering then out of the window to find a deserted spot and to make sure that the guard was not looking

I heaved it with all my strength as far away as possible.

After the lapse of years I can still worry over that sugar and now I am wondering if it were found and if the finder were to read this account and notify the Chief of Police and I were indicted and extradited and all that sort of thing, to exactly what degree of criminality ought I to plead guilty?

CHAPTER XII

LONDON

An unpleasant Channel trip—Queen Square, Bloomsbury—Strange English accent—A search for lodgings—35 St. George's Square, N. W.—How the Glorious Fourth was celebrated—Dr. Tillbury Fox—Dr. Radcliffe Crocker—A fellow student named Osler—My first fee for medical service—A visit to Bunhill Fields and experience at Watts's tomb—Departure with wife, son and nurse.

THE channel trip was a little rougher than usual on the day we crossed. My wife was not in the best condition for sea travel and the channel boats of fifty years ago were even more devoid of any devices for the comfort of passengers than they are now. But by spreading rugs on a hard bench she was made fairly comfortable before starting, and during the seemingly endless passage I stood by her side assuring her at two minute intervals that we were almost over and by strenuous efforts to maintain cheerful conversation endeavored to distract her attention from her own bad feelings and the wretched condition of various fellow passengers.

Arriving at the station in London I told the

cabman to drive to No. (?) Queen Square, where there was a comfortable and popular boarding house recommended to us by some American friends. "Wot Queen Square?" asked the cabby. "Do you mean to say that there is more than one Queen Square in London?" "Vell, Hi knows about twelve and there may be hothers," was the disconcerting reply. After mentioning a half dozen in different localities the name Bloomsbury seemed to me to have a familiar sound and, taking the risk, soon found to my relief that it was the desired one. This change from the Place du Château d'Eau, Paris, to Queen Square, Bloomsbury, was infinitely greater than we had anticipated and we found it difficult to realize that two great cities could be so near and yet so far apart in manners, customs and speech. The language sounded familiar and at the same time strange on account of the peculiar accent to which our American ears were unaccustomed. When the waiter leaned over my wife's shoulder at the table and asked, "'Ave some 'am, mum?" she laughingly remarked that if he would only speak French she could understand what he was saying without always asking him to repeat it.

After a few days' rest and a little sightseeing I started out to secure lodgings in some pleasant part of London. This search in various and widely remote localities was as instructive as it was amusing to me. I visited many parts of the

great city which I never would otherwise have seen, became familiar with various types of the genus "landlady" and acquired a host of strange technical phrases like "gas laid on," etc., etc., which at first were like Greek to me. Upon inquiry as to terms, I found that the innumerable "extras" varying from tuppence to something and sixpence confused my unmathematical mind to such a degree that I never gained the faintest idea of the sum total I was expected to pay. My brother Norman, who happened to be in London at this time, joined me one day in this search for lodgings. I was doing a certain locality quite thoroughly and with a list of addresses in my hand rang a doorbell or rapped with the knocker probably and all at once remembered that I had called at this house a day or two before and didn't at all like the looks or manner of the landlady. I was dumfounded and almost speechless as the door opened and I beheld her frowsy head again, but quickly recovering a little presence of mind I said sweetly, "I have brought my brother to look at your lodgings." I finally settled upon St. George's Square in the shadow of Primrose Hill, near the Zoo in Regents Park and not far from Chalk Farm Station. An Irish family of culture had leased the house and were glad to let us have the second floor with a pleasant balcony in front. We ordered our own provisions and their servants did the cooking and the

serving of our meals. The family consisted of an elderly gentleman with scholastic habits and poor health, his intelligent and kind-hearted wife and two daughters, all of whom noted and enjoyed our peculiarities of speech and manner as much as we did theirs. Mrs. T. had a very pleasant voice and spoke in a charming manner except when a trifle excited. I recall her description of an altercation she had had with the conductor of a Tottenham Road Bus. "Where from," sez he. "From Oxford Street," sez I," etc., etc., delivered in a rapid manner and with the choicest Dublin brogue.

The Fourth of July, 1873, we celebrated in a somewhat unusual manner. I cannot recall exactly what I did in honor of the day but remember with vivid distinctness the interesting circumstance that on that National holiday in a foreign land my wife presented me with a son and heir. Of course, he can never be President of the United States, but there are still other fields of usefulness in which the United States Constitution does not hinder his efforts to achieve success.

During this summer in London I frequented various dermatological clinics but spent most of my time at the University College Hospital with the celebrated Dr. Tilbury Fox. He was at the height of his reputation then and possibly on account of my name, was extremely friendly to me. He often invited me to drive with him to consulta-

tions in various parts of London and was of great service to me in my dermatological study. In his clinic one day there were patients who spoke the Queen's English with a variable accent quite foreign to my ears. He asked me if I knew where one girl came from and, on my answering "No," told me she was from Yorkshire. The peculiar language of a Scotchman I failed to recognize, but when a woman with a very familiar Irish brogue took her turn and he asked me the same question I was greatly amused and glad to explain that her peculiarity of speech was heard perhaps more frequently in New York than in London.

One day Dr. Fox introduced me to an American visitor in his clinic, Dr. Henry G. Piffard, and as I shook hands with him I little thought that we would be most intimate friends for the next forty years in the City of New York. One of Dr. Fox's assistants at that time was Dr. Radcliffe Crocker who later became his successor and a most distinguished teacher and author. My friendly relations with him during this latter period of his career gave me great pride and pleasure.

Among other students in London I made the acquaintance of a young Canadian. One night when we went together to some public medical reception and wondered whether we would be graciously admitted or summarily rejected it

never occurred to me that I would ever see a day when the name of my chance acquaintance, William Osler, would be on the lips of every English speaking doctor and a passport to any medical gathering in any quarter of the globe.

It was in London that I received my first fee. I had many times had money offered me while an intern in Hospital but as the amount was usually very small I had made it a matter of principle to decline with thanks, and this first fee I had no right to claim not being then a licensed practitioner. My brother made the acquaintance of Sir Robert and Lady L—— and with him I enjoyed their hospitality on one or two occasions. Lady L. appeared to be much interested in my dermatological studies on the continent and finally requested me to see her daughter who had a slight eruption on her left hand which interfered with her violin practice. I assumed the wisest look possible, made a diagnosis of eczema and prescribed diachylon salve. The hand got well and on making a parting call before leaving London, Lady L. referred to my medical service and suggested payment. Not expecting nor wanting any pay for my slight service I was too embarrassed to speak, but thinking how queer and fine it would be to receive a guinea as my first fee I looked at the shining sovereign and shilling which she held out to me with an apology for not wrapping them in paper and

meekly received them with mumbled thanks and a feeling that I was sinking through the floor.

Among the many pleasant rambles in and about London I can never forget a visit to the old cemetery known as Bunhill Fields, near the very heart of the city. Here are buried Isaac Watts, John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe and other worthies of less renown. It was a quiet and beautiful Sunday afternoon that I walked about this attractive spot and watched the lengthening shadows fall around me. As I sat resting by the flat slab over the grave of Watts and recalled the hymns that I had sung at school and at home as a boy, it suddenly occurred to me just before leaving that it might be eminently proper for me to sing one of Watts's hymns as a tribute to his memory, especially as he would not hear it and there was no one else around. But which one of Watts's numerous hymns should I select? On thinking the matter over I found that the only poetry that I felt was certainly attributable to Watts was the verse

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite"

but of course that would be highly inappropriate. At last as the sunlight was rapidly fading and I knew supper would be waiting me at St. George's Square, N. W., I decided upon the hymn

"How happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice."

One verse of this I sang with subdued voice and considerable feeling, to the old hymnbook tune called "Balerna" which may possibly be recalled by some grayhaired reader. I hastened then to take the train home and found myself a prey to some uncertainty as to whether Watts wrote that hymn or not. Supper was ready but I could not eat until I had hunted up the hymnbook and discovered that this hymn was written by Montgomery.

On leaving London my wife persuaded our English nurse to accompany us to America. I assumed the responsibility of carrying the baby on a pillow down the front steps to the carriage in waiting and at Liverpool when the youngster was taking an airing in front of St. George's Hall I remember how my wife kept her position at our hotel window fearful that the nurse might run away with him. He seemed to enjoy his first sea trip and arrived at New York in a thriving condition which we fondly thought must command the admiration of all his relatives and possibly the envy of a few.

CHAPTER XIII

EARLY PRACTICE IN NEW YORK

Office with Dr. A. B. Judson—My first and second patients—A discouraging period—Northwestern Dispensary—Dr. David Brainerd Hunt—Small-pox epidemic and Vaccination service—A variety of patients—Taken for Grandpa—Patient found to be a cousin—A plan for remembering names—Foot-ball players—Confidence men—Fake publishing concerns—A clever confidence game—A fine old musician—An unexpected gift from a badly treated patient.

I BEGAN the practice of medicine in New York city in the autumn of 1873. I lived first with Dr. A. B. Judson, a well-known orthopedist at 111 West 34th Street, and shared his office in an English basement house which, with its companions in the row, disappeared when the present Macy department store was built.

My first patient was a lad with a mild acne, who later studied medicine. Though I still think of him as a rising young doctor, he is generally regarded as an elderly, baldheaded, able and successful physician. The recollection of my second patient invariably causes a smile even after the lapse of many years. In the small reception

room office which I used there were a desk and two revolving arm chairs. I sat in one at the desk by the window trying to look as dignified as possible while my patient, a great, burly long-shoreman, occupied the other chair which happened to be at the other end of the room. I began taking full notes of his case, an excellent custom which I have continued ever since in office work and to facilitate matters, requested him to move his chair nearer my desk. While jotting down his name, age and address I was suddenly startled by a loud crash and the waving of two legs in the air. I saw at a glance what had happened. The revolving part of his chair had become loose and as he grasped the arms and moved over to me he had left the tripod behind and to his surprise had sat down on nothing more solid than eighteen inches of space. Fortunately he was more bewildered than hurt by his fall and my intense amusement at this unexpected mishap cast my assumption of dignity to the winds and forced me to scream with laughter.

My practice during the early years of professional life was far from lucrative. My receipts for the first year amounted to \$118.50, and even in the third year I only made \$918, which was far less than the income of all other young doctors with whom I compared notes. Though interested in dermatology, I treated every medical or surgical case that offered, but what little repu-

tation I had among my friends as a specialist in skin diseases tended to spoil my chance for general family practice and cases of skin diseases sent to me were few and far between. One ray of encouragement came from my friend and preceptor, Dr. Chas. E. Rider of Rochester, who, on a visit to New York and after inquiry as to my success said to me, "Keep on working hard and you will wake up some morning and suddenly find that you have a good practice." With a growing family, increasing expenses, and the last dollar of my small capital in plain sight I often wonder now that my firm belief in hard work bringing good fortune was not completely shattered and that I did not yield to despair and move to some other town.

I secured an appointment in the Skin Department of the Northwestern Dispensary (cor. Ninth Ave. and 36th St.) in 1874 and later in the New York Dispensary (cor. White and Centre Sts.) and so had plenty of work to do which, though unremunerative, kept me from brooding over my slim chance of success and possibility of utter failure.

My friend Hunt who studied with me in Europe also started practice in New York. The two other members of the "Quadrilateral," Boyd and Whitbeck, went to Albany and Rochester, where their fathers were old and well-known practitioners. Hunt started as a gynæcologist,

having an office with Dr. Ellsworth Eliot, a Nestor of the New York profession whose noble character, genial nature and high ethical standards were appreciated by all who knew him intimately. For his good advice to me and kindly criticism I have always felt deeply grateful.

During many a leisure hour, Hunt and I walked the streets or strolled in Central Park discussing our future and cheering one another in every possible way. One day we met a Vienna acquaintance, a budding ophthalmologist, who had just put up his shingle in New York. He informed us with great glee that only the day before he had had two calls but unfortunately was out at the time. Now we had not practiced medicine for several months without gaining some experience and I can never forget how Hunt nudged me on the sly and whispered "book agents."

David Brainard Hunt was one of the finest young men I have ever known. Unusually gifted and ambitious he would doubtless have achieved the highest success had not an attack of appendicitis or "perityphlitis," as it was then called, cut short his life. Profs. Alonzo Clark and Austin Flint, Sr., were called in consultation and prescribed the usual treatment of large doses of opium. Surgical measures were not even thought of.

In 1878 there was an epidemic of small-pox

in New York and a large number of young physicians were employed temporarily by the Health Department to vaccinate the public. I was one of them. We were expected to devote a certain amount of time daily to the work and the only evidence of work done was the number of vaccinations reported. This was hardly a fair test as one day I would go from house to house through a street and find very few desirous or willing to be vaccinated while another day I might find a piano factory or gas works employing hundreds of men and after a brief talk with the foreman be able to vaccinate him and others by the score.

One day on 42nd Street I walked into a lumber yard, thinking there might be houses in the rear. It was growing dark and I was tired and hungry. On my way out I spied a 6x9 shanty which looked like a tool house, but as smoke was issuing from a stovepipe in the roof I inferred that it was inhabited and so stepped upon the little porch and knocked on the door. After a moment's delay I was about leaving when the door opened and an elderly, neatly dressed negro woman appeared. I hastily repeated my customary formula: "I'm from the Board of Health and if there are any children or others here who would like to be vaccinated I'll do it free of charge." The woman thereupon courtesied in a manner which would have done honor to the Court of Louis XIV and in a soft, sweet South-

ern accent said: "Thank you, sir, we have our family physician." I was so nearly paralyzed by this unexpected urbanity that I failed to fully appreciate the humorous phase of it until I got home and narrated the incident.

Like every physician who has been for many years in special practice, it has been my fortune to be consulted by various individuals well known to the public and my pleasure to note their peculiarities. Many I have recognized the instant they entered my office from their resemblance to pictures I had often seen. Some have startled me by a modest mention of a very familiar name while others have introduced themselves with such an air of importance that I have often been inclined to say, "Such being the case, take two chairs." The patients, however, whom I recall most distinctly were not in the lime-light of publicity and I remember them wholly on account of some trifling incident or some casual remark.

One day when I was considerably younger and far more impressionable than I am now a lady brought her little boy to me. She was accompanied by her sister, a remarkably beautiful and stylish young lady who held the little fellow on her lap during the brief examination of his case. I soon found myself sitting up and taking notice and endeavoring to appear at my very best. But I soon decided to confine my attention wholly to my little patient, especially when the beautiful

sister began to trot him on her knee and very sweetly remarked, "Da-da-da—did little Johnny think that was Grandpa?"

One patient who consulted me some years ago was a lady who, unlike most patients, seemed inclined to shift the topic of conversation away from medical matters. Her hobby appeared to be Genealogy, a subject in which at that time I was very little interested. Casually remarking that her maiden name was Chesebrough, I replied that I had an ancestor who lived in Stonington, Conn., named Peleg Chesebrough. Whereupon she surprised me by the statement that our great-grandparents were brothers and that we were therefore cousins. Later I became more interested in the subject of ancestry and one day while talking with another lady in my office about the families with which we were respectively connected, she suddenly declared that we must be related as she had an ancestor named Rogers and I an ancestor named Peet, two names inseparable in the mind of most people living in New York.

I have always found it difficult to remember the names of patients, not to speak of quickly forgetting their faces. This has frequently been the source of considerable embarrassment. At one time I devised a plan which promised to work well at first trial. When a patient came whose name and case I had forgotten I would glance over the recent entries in my book containing names of

patients and instead of giving offense by asking the name outright would casually remark, "Your initials were——?" When a man answered "G. W." I could readily find George Washington Jones and thereby get his number and the notes of his case. But one day this plan failed. A patient in clerical garb took his seat by my desk. I knew I had seen him recently but was too tired to try and recall his name. So I said as I opened my little book, "Your initials are——?" He looked at me with an expression of supreme surprise and displeasure and I quickly recalled the fact that he had no initials. He belonged to some clerical order and his only name was Brother Aloysius.

One day at the close of my office hours when I was more anxious for luncheon than for seeing patients and had no reason to expect any one save possibly some belated lady patient, I was greatly surprised to find every chair in my waiting room filled with men. I rubbed my eyes to make sure that I was not dreaming. The one nearest the door arose and said he wished to consult me and I motioned him to follow me to my office, wondering when I would get my luncheon. As I walked down the hall I heard behind me the heavy tramp of marching feet and reaching my office the man marshalled in a row on a long window seat near my desk eight or ten husky chaps whom I quickly perceived to be college athletes.

They were in charge of Jack Masters, the well-known Princeton trainer, and had been referred to me by their physician. They were all suffering from contagious impetigo in an aggravated form and one of them indeed was unable to play in the Thanksgiving game. By virtue of my becoming a consultant dermatologist to the team I was given a substitute's badge and entitled to climb over the fence with the players and see my first game of football on the Princeton side line, much to the dissatisfaction of my Yale sons who were watching the game from the other side of the field.

Doctors, like other mortals, are liable to become the prey of confidence men. Time and time again I have listened to a tale of woe from some man claiming to be a medical brother from Chicago or Denver, perhaps. He has pictured his consumptive wife pining to return to her old home in Scotland, his loss of practice on her account and present inability to pay for the steamer passage already engaged and finally displayed a long subscription list on which I have recognized the autographs of many tender-hearted colleagues who were glad to give a few dollars and thereby avoid further trespass on their valuable time. In such cases I have usually turned a deaf ear, especially when the applicant's breath suggested alcoholic indulgence, but have sometimes gone to trouble and expense in making a careful investi-

gation of the facts. I regret to say that while a few have proved worthy of assistance the majority have been impostors.

I have frequently had the experience of all doctors in New York and elsewhere of being waited upon by the suave agent of some fake publishing concern and confidentially informed that owing to my unusual attainments and great prominence in the profession I had been selected by a committee to have a biographical sketch appear in their forthcoming work, entitled "The Medical Moguls of America," that a full-page steel engraving of me would be inserted at a nominal price of \$150, more or less, and that this magnificent work would be found in every library, club and hotel parlor throughout the country and that my portrait in the book at this trifling expense would surely prove a source of greatest satisfaction to my family and to my numerous friends, not to speak of adding materially to my reputation and practice. I do not claim that my mental vision is more than ordinarily acute but I have never found any difficulty in seeing through this transparent scheme and when the agent has shown me the subscriptions and the photographs of many intimate medical friends I have often wondered whether they had failed to see it in the same light. The book has sometimes had a double title and I have known of doctors who have signed a subscription blank thinking they

were ordering one book and have been greatly surprised to find that they were expected to pay for two distinct volumes. Surely there are tricks in many, if not all trades.

I recall one confidence game to which I should certainly have fallen a victim under different circumstances. It was well planned and did not arouse the slightest suspicion on my part. One day at the close of my office hours two rough looking chaps came in. One who did the talking inquired whether I was the great authority on skin diseases of whom he had heard. I replied that I treated such cases. He then informed me that he was a race track man, that a certain well-known jockey was suffering from some skin trouble and that Mr. Belmont, or some one else, had taken a great interest in his case and that money would be no object if he could be quickly cured. I said I would gladly treat him if he wished me to do so. Changing the subject, he said, "By the way, Doctor, I'll give you a tip on the New Orleans race this afternoon. You put fifty dollars on "Deerfoot" (or some horse whose name meant nothing to me) and you'll clear five hundred without fail. It's all fixed, you see." I thanked him for his kindness, remarking that I took little or no interest in horseracing. "Well, all I can say is that you can't make money any easier than that." "Say, Jim," he added, turning to his pal, "book the Doc. for fifty. He'll

give you twenty now and you can settle tomorrow." I had not thought of any game on the part of my callers and had I been in the habit of betting on horseraces would very likely have fallen into the trap and handed over the money. That afternoon I was curious enough to look in the newspaper and note the fact that some other horse won the race. When a few days later I read a full account of these swindlers and of their method of getting money I thought that if I could see them again I would gladly give the twenty dollars or more if they would tell me honestly how many specialists and other doctors they had taken in.

At one time I was called to see a patient, an old gentleman whose gentle voice and kindly manner impressed me greatly. He had an eczema of the hands and told me that he played the organ in a church on Sundays and hoped for a speedy recovery. As he was evidently a musician and the name on the door was G. J. Webb, it gradually occurred to me that he might be the author of the tune called "Webb" in the hymn book and associated with the words

*"The morning light is breaking
The darkness disappears."*

I remembered seeing the name many times as a small boy when turning the pages of the hymn book during the long and to me uninteresting

sermon. I inquired of his daughter, who smilingly confirmed my impression, and then told my patient that when his hands were quite well I would ask as a special favor that he play that old familiar tune for me. When this time came he kept his promise, telling me that the tune was originally composed as secular music and some time later found its way into the hymn books. He sat at the piano and rendered it in a very staccato manner which made it sound very much like a jig. I must confess that I was surprised and somewhat disappointed to hear it sound so different from the slow and measured strains I had so often heard from a combined choir and congregation.

I recall one patient who taught me a valuable lesson. She was a gentle-mannered old lady in poor circumstances and one day told me that her cutaneous trouble was little if any better, while admitting that she had not followed my directions in some slight respect. Possibly I had been up late for several nights or gotten out of the wrong side of the bed that morning or eaten something indigestible for breakfast which would account for an abnormally unamiable frame of mind. In loud tones I depicted the heinous crime of failure to follow a doctor's prescriptions and anathematized all such patients in general and this one in particular. She sat quietly and listened to my harangue and as it gradually

dawned upon me that I was making a mountain out of a molehill and was possibly the greater culprit of the two, I lowered my voice and finally ended my denunciations. My patient offered no word in reply but slowly unfolding a little tissue-paper package she presented me with a pair of wristlets she had kindly knit for me. Just what I said in accepting this little present I cannot now recall but just how I felt I shall remember to my dying day.

CHAPTER XIV

MEDICAL SOCIETIES

New York County Medical Society—Dr. Ellsworth Eliot—New York State Medical Society—Old time speakers at annual Banquet—The Code of Ethics war—Division of Society into two bodies—Final union under old name—New York Dermatological Society—Old time meetings—Origin of American Dermatological Association—Medical talks in various cities—Amusing experience—Dr. J. E. Graham of Toronto—Hot spell at British Association meeting—Lord Lister at Montreal.

SHORTLY after beginning the practice of medicine, or, more strictly speaking, after securing an office and putting my name in the window, I joined the Medical Society of the County of New York. My friend, Dr. Ellsworth Eliot, was president of the Society at that time. Through his favor I was appointed a teller at the annual meeting, and recall vividly how this position of power and greatness filled my soul with pride. To stand before such an august assembly of physicians and read aloud the names of some eminent men who had been voted for, was a novel and thrilling experience. A little

later I was elected a member of the Board of Censors and served several years with Drs. A. S. Hunter, John S. Warren, Leonard Corning, R. Van Santvoord and others.

In 1891 I was elected President of the Society. Like nearly every new incumbent of this office, I used every effort to increase the attendance at the monthly meeting by arranging the most attractive programs. Since many desirable men were disinclined to read papers and some less desirable were insistent upon doing so, this was not always an easy matter. At the first meeting a medical paper was read by Dr. A. A. Smith and a surgical paper by Dr. Charles McBurney. A later evening was devoted to the consideration of "Epidemic Influenza," and papers were read by Drs. Edward G. Janeway, William H. Draper and Francis Delafield. The discussion of this practical subject attracted an unusually large number to the meeting.

In 1894 I was elected President of the State Medical Society, whose meetings at Albany I had attended as a delegate for a number of years and at which I had read several papers. The meetings of the State Society had long been held on the first Tuesday in February, and as at this time the Legislature was in session and the Masons of the State in convention assembled, the old Delavan and other hotels were usually crowded and delegates often failed to secure rooms unless

they had engaged them long in advance. My recommendation to change the time of meeting was adopted and for some years thereafter the Society met on the last Tuesday in January. An annual banquet at the Delavan Hotel was always a most attractive feature of each meeting and some rare post prandial speeches by D. B. St. John Roosa, St. Clair McKelway, Father Terry, a Catholic priest of Albany, and various well known men from the Capitol, were greatly enjoyed by the assembled doctors. As the Delavan was burned about this time and the Ten Eyck was not yet in existence, it was decided to have no banquet in 1895, but to take its place I gave a reception to the Society at the Albany Club on State St., which was largely attended and apparently enjoyed by all present.

It was during my early association with the State Medical Society that the fierce warfare over the Code of Ethics was carried on. The bitterness of feeling engendered by the prolonged discussion of the subject finally split the profession of New York State in twain for a number of years. The trouble arose from the opposition of a majority of the regular profession to the practice of Homeopathy. The narrow minded treatment of all who accepted the tenets of Hahneman by many eminent men of a past generation did much to strengthen this cult and

to awaken the sympathy and support of many of the laity and a novel medical fashion which would in all probability have had its day and been soon forgotten, became firmly established through bigotry and persecution.

The younger physicians of today who are perfectly willing to fraternize with their homeopathic colleagues if they are good fellows and who fail to discover more points of difference in their therapy than in their dress and manner, can hardly appreciate the feeling which prevailed when I began practice. Now we enjoy an almost absolute therapeutic freedom. Then the feeling against Homeopathy was so strong that no doctor could give small white pills or minute doses of any drug dissolved in a tumbler of water without being regarded with suspicion and possibly having a charge of heresy preferred against him in the County Society. The American Medical Association published a little book called "The Code of Ethics" which forbade any member to consult with any one who practiced medicine according to an exclusive dogma. Certain leaders of the profession were reputed to transgress this rule at times in their own practice but to frown upon and denounce any young man guilty of such a heinous crime. Certain other leaders of medical thought claimed that cases might arise in which it would be inhumane to re-

fuse a consultation and that in all cases one's conscience should alone dictate as to those with whom it might be proper to consult.

In 1881 a committee on the code of ethics in vogue was appointed by the State Medical Society and consisted of Drs. Wey, Agnew, Vander-Pool, Ely and Piffard. They reported in 1882 and suggested that in place of the old code a new code should be adopted which would permit a member of the Society to meet in consultation any legalized practitioner of medicine. Dr. Roosa offered a substitute for the report of the Committee which practically abolished all codes and left one free to act simply as a physician and a gentleman in medical consultations and other matters. After a prolonged discussion the new code was adopted by a vote of 52 to 18.

The delegate of the State Society to the meeting of the American Medical Association held at St. Paul in June, 1882, was Dr. Cornelius R. Agnew, a gentleman whose dignity, integrity and ability reflected the greatest credit upon his profession. His credentials were rejected and the celebrated fight between the upholders of the "old code" and the "new code" was straightway begun. In 1883 the matter was again discussed at length and resolutions offered by Dr. Squibb for the purpose of rescinding the action of the Society were lost by a vote of 99 to 105. In 1884 another heated discussion occurred and a

resolution by Dr. Didama likewise intended to rescind the action of 1882 was lost by a vote of 105 to 123. During this period many physicians throughout the state who were opposed to the "new code" and wished to continue their affiliation with the American Medical Association organized another Society, called the "New York Medical Association," with constituent associations in many of the counties. Some resigned from the old Society but a large number thought proper to hold membership in each of the opposed organizations. This state of affairs continued until 1902 when the folly of maintaining two distinct societies in the state became gradually apparent. A joint committee of conference, consisting of five members from each organization, was appointed. After one or two years of parleying and legal consultations, a satisfactory agreement was reached and the two bodies united, retaining the old name, but changing the constitution in order to affiliate with the American Medical Association, which in the meantime had modified its code of ethics, the original cause of the disagreement.

I became a member of the New York Dermatological Society in 1873 and attended my first meeting at the house of Dr. Edward L. Keyes on Madison Avenue. The Society, founded in 1869 at the suggestion of Dr. Faneuil D. Weisse, is the oldest dermatological Society in the world.

At its fiftieth anniversary held in 1919, Dr. Keyes, my friend of many years, was present and in a reminiscent speech referred to my first meeting and incidentally paid me a most delightful compliment by telling how I "walked into the room and into his heart."

The muster roll of the New York Dermatological Society bears the names of Bumstead, Otis, Taylor, Piffard, Morrow, Lustgarten, Jackson and others whose scientific work and published papers will long outlive them and perpetuate their memory. A younger generation in the present active membership bids fair to equal, if not to surpass, the achievements of their eminent predecessors.

The meetings of the Society at the time I joined were perhaps somewhat less scientific than at the present day but decidedly more convivial and with a tendency to encroach upon one's usual hours for sleep. The late Drs. Allan McLane Hamilton and William T. Bull, both somewhat younger and far less famous than later, with several other capital story-tellers, were always welcome guests, though not members of the Society. They frequently dropped in after the regular meeting had adjourned and the Society was gathered around a long table and fully earned their supper by stories and imitations, many of which I can now vividly recall.

In June, 1876, six men, of whom I had the

honor of being one, met in Philadelphia during the meeting of the American Medical Association and planned the organization of the American Dermatological Association. A call was issued to those interested in dermatology and syphilis and twenty-three responded. These twenty-nine men, including the six who signed the call, were the original members of the association which was duly organized in September, 1876. The first regular meeting was held at Niagara Falls, under the Presidency of Prof. James C. White of Boston. Since then an annual meeting has been held in various places and the membership now numbers about one hundred. Dr. White and I enjoyed the unique distinction of each having a son as fellow-member in the Association and in 1925 I was elected as its Honorary President.

In 1913, I was invited to become the first Honorary member of the Manhattan Dermatological Society, which invitation I accepted with pleasure. I have since attended the meetings of the Society with varying regularity and enjoyed seeing the large number of rare and striking cases of skin disease presented by its active members. Recently I was pleased at being made an Honorary member of the newly organized Brooklyn Dermatological Society.

During my professional career it has been my privilege to give medical talks with lantern-slide

illustrations before medical societies in many cities of the United States and Canada. I recall these various trips with pleasure and smile at the recollection of certain trifling incidents.

At a State Medical meeting in a southern city I was interrupted in the midst of my talk by sudden and unexpected laughter. Somewhat confused, I wondered what blunder I had committed. Not recalling anything I had said which I did not intend to say, I finally resumed my lecture. Later when driving to the hotel with some of the local doctors I recalled the laughter and inquired as to its cause. "Why!" they said, "that picture you threw on the screen—the man with the bald head and full, round face—looked so much like Dr. —, the President of the Society, that everyone noted the resemblance at once and roared."

One evening after a lecture in Hartford, Conn., I made the usual perfunctory announcement that if there were any questions which members of the society would like to ask I would try to answer them. Immediately, and to my surprise, a half-dozen or more were on their feet firing a volley of questions at me. I quickly perceived that my audience consisted largely of medical directors of Life Insurance companies as their questions all bore on the relation of syphilis to longevity—a subject on which I had no data to offer and few decided opinions. Of course I ig-

nored the knottiest of these queries and made some feeble remarks upon the simpler ones.

In another New England city the lantern operator came to me at the close of my lecture with the remark, "Say, Doctor! one of those women's faces shown on the screen was the very image of my sister-in-law." I replied that with so many people in the world it was not strange that some looked alike, but I felt decidedly uneasy as I remembered that a picture of a private patient taken with the assurance that it was not intended for publication had somehow got into the collection of cases from my clinic and that this particular patient came from this very city.

At Toronto I had many pleasant visits and can never forget the hospitality I enjoyed there. One afternoon Dr. Rice of New York and I were invited to try a game of "bowls" with two Toronto physicians at their pleasant Country Club on a little island. This game was quite new to us but we seemed to show unexpected skill or else enjoyed "beginners' luck" and almost won the game. We were both highly delighted with ourselves and enthusiastic over our success and it was not until a long time after that it gradually dawned upon me that our kind Canadian friends, who had played this game since boyhood, had evidently "double-crossed" us by playing off and highly praising our unskilled and ridiculous strokes.

One evening my friend Dr. James E. Graham, who had been a fellow student in Vienna, gave a large reception at which my wife and myself were honored guests. The supper was served under a large tent covering the lawn and as a special honor, I was asked to escort the Lady Mayoress. I found her a seat with other ladies and noting that the gentlemen were supplementing the waiters, I went to the tables and heaped a plate with salad. Returning and staring at the attractive row of ladies I could not for the life of me tell which one was my Lady Mayoress. Had not Dr. Graham happened to walk by just at that time and pointed her out to me her ladyship might still be waiting for her supper.

When the British Medical Association met in Toronto in 1906 there were one or two of the very hottest days I have ever experienced in any city in our temperate zone. To walk or even to talk with comfort was an impossibility. Some of the British delegates had sent across the ocean boxes and packages of "specimens," many of which were labeled in large letters, "Preserve carefully from frost!" They had evidently read Kipling's poem, "Our Lady of the Snows," and formed a one-sided opinion of the Canadian climate. I can never forget the mingled amusement and indignation of some of the Toronto physicians.

When this same Association met in Montreal

in 1897 Lord Lister was one of the distinguished guests. At a reception I had the honor of shaking his hand, but was too awe-struck to venture any remarks. Returning later for a good look at the great man, I was surprised to find him conversing with my wife—or I should say that I found her talking rapidly and enthusiastically to him—not about antiseptic surgery,—oh, no! but about her boy who was a student at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. And the old gentleman was looking kindly down at her as though medical study by a young man was a subject entirely new to him and of the utmost interest.

CHAPTER XV

DISPENSARY AND HOSPITAL SERVICE

The old New York Dispensary—Distinguished House Physicians—Amusing incidents in my service—Realization of being a teacher—Northwestern Dispensary—Medical photography—Books published.

IN the remote period of which I am now writing the old New York Dispensary at the corner of White and Centre Streets was the largest and best in the city. Dr. Edward B. Bronson and I had charge for many years of the department for Skin and Venereal Diseases on alternate days. Here we enjoyed opportunities for the study of Lues which exist nowhere at the present time. I studied and photographed many remarkable cases of this disease which had long passed unrecognized and been shamefully neglected, cases which now are seldom if ever seen owing to the recent advancement made in their diagnosis and treatment.

Drs. Thomas McBride, William T. Bull and Frederick R. Sturgis were successive House Physicians of the dispensary during my term of service, and with them I usually spent the entire

afternoon in the study and discussion of various cases of interest.

Many amusing incidents occurred in my service. I became so accustomed to hearing patients speak of "ulsters" on their legs that in time I always had to think twice before I could use the right word myself. One young fellow who had evidently never heard of John Hunter, on being questioned as to his disappearing initial sclerosis, said that Dr. so-and-so had told him that it was a real "Hungarian schacker." One old Irish woman with a chronic cough was asked what she raised. "Sure, Doctor dear, I raise chickens!" One day a man came in with a sloughing *ulcus molle* which emitted an odor that nearly drove us all from the little examination room. I took one glance at it hastily, gave him a prescription for iodoform, telling him to apply it three times a day, and yelled somewhat testily, "get out of here." After Bagoë, the apothecary, had filled his prescription the door of my room softly opened, the patient's head slowly reappeared and he quietly asked, "Doctor, shall I apply that powder before or after meals?"

Many of the patients in my service were Italians who neither spoke nor understood a word of English, and the idea occurred to me that if I were to learn a few set phrases in Italian such as "undress," "rub it in," "three times a day," I might use them to great advantage. I learned

these phrases from an Italian friend and the plan worked well. It saved a little time and evoked a smile from my Italian patients. Occasionally it failed, especially when I tried it on some dark skinned Greek or Bulgarian. One day a swarthy chap took the chair before me and silently extended an eczematous hand. The diagnosis being clear he was given a salve and the inevitable R. & S. mixture, with the direction "tre volte al giorno!" As he stared at me with a blank expression of countenance I quickly asked "Are you Italian or German?" Imagine my surprise when he answered in faultless English, "I am an Indian."

At my clinic at the New York Dispensary there were usually a few doctors or students present desirous to see and to learn all they could. While talking about a case one day I was nearly paralyzed as I noticed one of them take a small book from his pocket and jot down what I was saying. I could hardly realize the stupendous fact that I was a teacher. About this time Dr. Sturgis and I planned a private course on skin and venereal diseases. I do not remember how much we paid for a hundred modest circulars which announced the course to be given, and were carefully posted in the Dispensary and elsewhere, but I do recall the sad fact that not a single pupil applied.

At the Northwestern Dispensary I first be-

came interested in medical photography. An old patient with white hair and an epithelioma involving the whole lower lip presented such a striking picture that I took him to a photographer on Eighth Avenue and had a dozen card photographs made. Other patients with striking forms of skin disease were next photographed and soon I found I had quite a collection with a large pile of extra prints and was spending hours at E. K. Hough's photographic studio, when my conscience told me that I ought to be in my office reading or waiting for private patients to appear. Some of these prints I disposed of to friends teaching dermatology and a selection of the best ones was framed and hung in the office of the Medical Journal Association (107 East 28th St.) where the man in charge sold books, etc., to those coming there to read the journals. Here they happened to be seen by E. B. Treat, a publisher, who proposed to me to put them on the market as an atlas. This resulted in the publication of my first work, "Photographic Illustrations of Skin Diseases," first edition in 1880.

This was followed in 1881 by a similar volume, "Photographic Illustrations of Cutaneous Syphilis." Though published as a separate work, it was intended and served as a companion to the previous series of plates, the two constituting a tolerably complete atlas of cutaneous disease.

In 1885 a second edition of the first volume ap-

peared, in which some new and better plates were introduced and the text greatly increased with the view to making the work a combined atlas and text-book. A later volume was published combining certain of the syphilitic with the non-syphilitic plates.

Still later I prepared a large, life-sized atlas of which a few copies were sold, but an edition reduced in size and published by Lippincott & Co. had a very large sale.

CHAPTER XVI

COLLEGE APPOINTMENTS

Women's Medical College of New York—Starling Medical College, Columbus, O.—Professor H. G. Landis—A case of reputation superior to looks—A call from Professors Draper and McLane—Appointment as Clinical Professor at the College of Physicians and Surgeons—Freaks from the Dime Museum—Lecture on the Elastic Skin Man—A patient's unexpected reply—Vice-President of Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital—A Thanksgiving-Day "spread."

MY first appearance before a class of medical students was made at the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary on Stuyvesant Square, having been appointed Professor of Diseases of the Skin in that institution in 1875. In this position Drs. E. L. Keyes and R. W. Taylor were my predecessors and Dr. G. T. Jackson my successor. My class was small but made up of extremely bright women who paid the strictest attention to everything I said and had the faculty of remembering the greater portion of it, at least until time for examination. On every inspection of their note-books I was

amazed to find that my rambling remarks which served as a clinical lecture were taken down with such fullness and accuracy.

In 1879 I was asked to deliver a short course of lectures on Skin Diseases at the Starling Medical College, Columbus, Ohio, and was made Professor of that branch of medicine. I went with my friend, Dr. Thomas R. Pooley, who was the professor of Ophthalmology, and was glad to do so as I had the pleasure of meeting an old friend, Dr. H. G. Landis, the Professor of Obstetrics, who had served with me as an intern in the Philadelphia Hospital. Many an afternoon had he sat with me by the hour in the Hospital Garden, discoursing on philosophy and giving me my first instruction in entomology. He seemed delighted to see me again and to resume our old-time talks. He attended my lectures regularly and favored me with many sharp criticisms of my speech and manner which, if not extremely palatable, were friendly, just and, I hope, beneficial.

Dr. Pooley's brother, Dr. J. H. Pooley, was the Professor of Surgery, a bright and capable man and one of the most brilliant lecturers I have ever heard. He was also a lay preacher, and I remember that after several hours of whist on Saturday night we would lay aside our cards as the clock struck twelve and during the morning following go to the Presbyterian church and hear him deliver a most thoughtful and eloquent

sermon in the absence of the regular clergyman.

While at Columbus I was invited to deliver an address before a local medical society and notice thereof was sent far and wide to physicians of that section. I can never recall without amusement a little incident which occurred that day. I was calling during the afternoon on the venerable Prof. Loving, Dean of the College, whose acquaintance, by the way, was well worth going to Columbus to make, and incidentally enjoying a great fire-place with blazing logs standing on end, a sight as strange as it was pleasant to a New Yorker. As we were talking, a physician evidently from out of town dropped in. As the professor had some matter which demanded his attention just then he hastily introduced us and begged to be excused for a few moments. I did not catch the doctor's name nor did he mine and as neither of us cared to discuss the weather or other topics he read his newspaper by the window while I picked a book from the table. When Dr. Loving came in again our friend laid aside his paper and asked eagerly, "When is Professor Fox coming?" The old doctor looked puzzled for a moment and then pointing to me said, "This is Professor Fox." My unknown friend took a hasty glance at me and his expression of complete surprise and intense disappointment I now could readily paint were I only an artist. It asked the question as distinctly as though it

had been uttered in words, "Do you mean to tell me that this insignificant young chap is Professor Fox of New York?"

During my stay in Columbus I learned that Prof. William H. Draper, who had lectured for many years on Diseases of the Skin at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, had sent in his resignation of that position. I had been repeatedly told that a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania need expect no favors from the "P. and S." and consequently took but a moderate interest in this circumstance. But when one day soon after my return Dr. Draper brought Dr. James W. McLane to my office to talk about an unusual case of chicken-pox I decided that he was not so anxious to learn my views on Varicella as he was to form an opinion of me. Shortly after this unexpected visit I was both surprised and pleased to receive the appointment of Clinical Lecturer on Skin Diseases for one year, at the expiration of which I was still more gratified to be made a Clinical Professor. For a long time two well known dermatologists, both graduates of the "P. and S." had served as assistants to Prof. Draper, each one hoping to become his successor. It was doubtless through their fierce opposition to each other that an outsider was chosen to fill the position.

My connection for over a quarter of a century with the College of Physicians and Surgeons I

now look back upon as a most important phase of my professional career and one of the most satisfactory experiences of my life. To the three thousand students, more or less, who were willing, not to say compelled by the fear of a final examination, to sit on hard benches and to listen once a week to my clinical lectures I feel a deep sense of gratitude. A few of them have given up the practice of medicine for other pursuits and some have gone to a place where sickness and sorrow are unknown. But the majority, I imagine, are now engaged in active and successful practice in widely scattered cities and villages in many different states and of these a goodly number have attained a high rank among the eminent members of the American medical profession.

It is a curious circumstance that it should seem natural and almost inevitable for every body of students to select from their teachers some one professor in whose classroom they must have a little fun. The more stern he happens to be and the more inclined to frown on harmless frivolity the more enjoyment his students take in pushing their pranks to the utmost limit. It is not malice or even lack of respect that prompts them to decide with singular unanimity upon the one whom they shall delight to annoy. Indeed they often have a peculiar affection and admiration for the one who is thus chosen. When I began to lecture at the "P. and S." I was for a long

time in mortal dread that I might be selected as the unfortunate victim, but I am happy to say that the attention, respect and kindness shown me by the successive classes which I had the honor to instruct was all that I could possibly desire and is now a most delightful memory. Should these lines happen to meet the eye of any former pupil I sincerely trust that he will have a pleasant remembrance of me and feel assured of my deepest interest in his welfare.

In my earlier clinics at the old building on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street I had a fair amount of clinical material but acquired the habit of occasionally drawing upon the dime museums of the Bowery for cases of unusual dermatological interest. For a slight pecuniary consideration I found that I could induce the "Alligator Boy" (a case of severe ichthyosis), the "Bearded Woman" or the "African Leopard Boy" (a young mulatto with vitiligo) to appear before the students at my weekly clinic. At one time the "Elastic Skin Man" was on exhibition in New York and various descriptions and pictures of him appeared in the daily papers. After an interview with his manager I arranged for him to come to my clinic on the following Monday and immediately began a search through the literature of dermatology for accounts of similar cases. When the day came and I entered the amphitheatre prepared to lecture before my

accustomed audience of students, I was almost paralyzed to find the benches crowded from the floor to the highest row, behind which many were standing. I discovered later that the advertising instinct of the museum manager had led him to have a brief notice inserted in the papers that a lecture was to be given at the College of Physicians and Surgeons on this wonderful freak of nature. The result was that many graduates, old and young, and various other physicians, many of whom I recognized in the audience, were all on hand to take in the free show. About three-quarters of an hour was devoted to discussing the peculiar anatomical condition of the subcutaneous tissue and other points suggested by the case and in having the "freak" go through his various "stunts," such as tying knots in his lax skin, etc., all of which made me feel and appear much more like a showman than a professor. Then it occurred to me that having such an unusual audience and a little time left I would demonstrate the wealth of material which the clinic afforded by hastily presenting a few striking cases of skin diseases. The last patient was a little Irish girl with a marked form of alopecia areata. I pointed out the bald spots, remarking that they often varied in size, could be few or many and might appear first upon the vertex or upon the occiput and finally for the purpose of a slight dramatic effect I turned to the stupid look-

ing mother of the child and asked, "Madam, where did these spots first begin?" Slowly and distinctly came the unexpected answer. "In Oireland, Surr!" There was a scream of laughter from my audience which fairly shook the roof of the old amphitheatre and with a hasty bow the clinic ended.

In 1907 I resigned as Professor of Dermatology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. I did so, not because I was tired of teaching or felt any infirmities of age or was dissatisfied with anything or anybody, but because my esteemed colleague, the late Dr. George T. Jackson, had served faithfully and efficiently as my Chief of Clinic for twenty-five years and I felt that it was only fair and just for me to resign and give him the opportunity to take my place.

My connection with the Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital began when the institution occupied an old ramshackle building on the south side of Twentieth Street and terminated shortly after the present building on the corner of Second Avenue and Twenty-first Street was erected. I lectured on Dermatology for one or two years and afterward served as Vice-President, Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa being the President. The struggle of this institution against financial embarrassment in its early days was a fierce one but the great amount of time and hard work devoted to its interests by Roosa, Rice, Bangs, Emmett

and others was finally crowned with success. Owing to a serious disagreement as to the management of its affairs I finally resigned, together with two very wealthy and able members of the Board of Trustees, one of whom (the late John D. Archbold) had joined the institution at my urgent solicitation.

An incident occurred at the old building when I was a teacher there which amused me greatly at the time and the recollection of which always evokes a smile. On Thanksgiving Day a "spread" was prepared for the students. Around the large lecture room were two rows of arm chairs and in the center a table was laden with turkey, sandwiches, etc. Dr. Roosa urged a number of the faculty to be present on this occasion and act as a reception committee. I was on hand promptly and while my inclination was to talk with Rice, Sturgis and others I felt it my duty to try and be as agreeable as possible to some of the students who were strangers to me. Seeing a vacant chair in the circle I took it and began a conversation with the doctor at my left. He proved to be from Montana and entertained me with an interesting account of the mining industries there and of his wife and children. Then it occurred to me that the doctor at my right who was silently stowing away a plate full of salad might perhaps feel slighted if I did not pay him a little attention. So I turned and inquired

as pleasantly as possible, "Are you from the West?" Swallowing a spoonful of salad he slowly and scornfully said, "No! I am the Second Assistant in the Orthopedic Department." Great Heavens! What should I do to repair such a humiliating blunder! But before I could frame the proper apology he turned to me and to my great surprise asked, "Where are you from?" As Vice-President of the institution I was paralyzed for the moment, but quickly realized that my friend had evidently studied at some other college than the "P. and S." and not being interested in dermatology we were both in the same boat, neither one of us having ever seen or heard of the other. I took my departure shortly after and walked up Fourth Avenue with a smile on my face that didn't come off until long after I had reached home and told the story to my family.

CHAPTER XVII

MY FRIEND PIFFARD

A Memorial Sketch of Henry Granger Piffard, M.D., LL.D.¹

The tribute of a close associate—His assistant at the New York University Medical College—My first dermatological lecture—Dr. Piffard's attempt to collect a complete dermatological library—His failure to learn to play the banjo—His innumerable hobbies—A nocturnal fishing adventure at Hamilton Ferry.

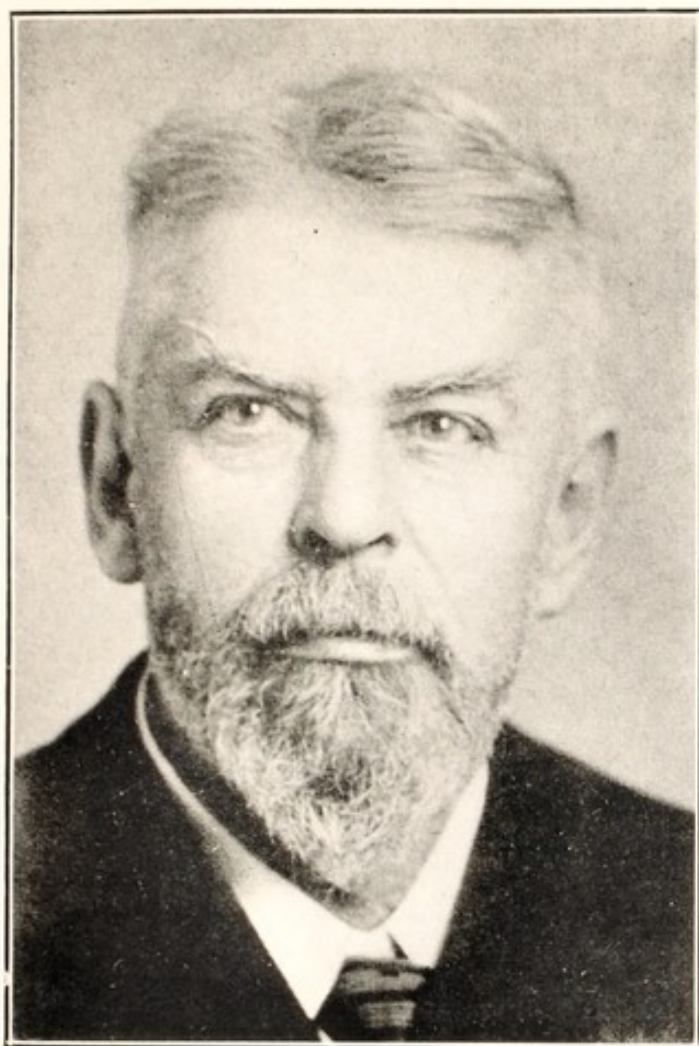
IT is difficult to realize that our friend and associate of many years has gone. It is disheartening to think that so great a store of vital force, of mental energy, and of varied learning has been forever dissipated, and it is sad to know that never again at any meeting of this Society will he drop in unexpectedly, and excite those sensations of respect, amusement, and surprise which we have so often experienced. I have taken the liberty of speaking of him because I was his sincere friend for nearly forty years and

¹ Read at a meeting of the New York Dermatological Society and reprinted in the *Journal of Cutaneous Diseases*, Feb. 1911.

have, perhaps, been more closely associated with him than any other member of this Society and yet I am in some doubt as to whether I or any of us really knew him and appreciated fully the various phases of his many-sided character.

I first met Dr. Piffard in the Skin Clinic of the University College Hospital in London and was casually introduced to him by the physician in charge, Dr. Tilbury Fox. He was then a young man, tall, straight and handsome. If I remember aright he had black and curling side whiskers which he certainly wore in the early years of our acquaintance. When I came to New York a year later I found that he was a most active member of this Society and was preparing his "Elementary Treatise on Diseases of the Skin." It was then that our life-long friendship began and I felt highly honored when in 1875 he asked me to serve as his assistant at the University Medical College where he was Professor of Dermatology for many years. His clinics were always interesting, in spite of the paucity of material, as he was a forceful if not an elegant speaker.

And this reminds me of my first dermatological lecture if such it might be called. One day, just before the hour of the clinic, Piffard sent me word that he was going out of town and asked me to take his place. It was a cold and rainy November day and when I reached the



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College my gradually increasing trepidation was not at all lessened by the fact that there was not a single patient in attendance. Fortunately I had in my pocket an alphabetical list of skin diseases and so, after an humble apology to the class for my undesired appearance, I proceeded to tell them all I knew about every dermatosis from acne to zoster and I trust that you will not accuse me of boasting when I say that I nearly filled the hour.

The most striking characteristic of Dr. Piffard was his remarkable brilliancy of intellect. Just as he had the power and often the desire to eat strange things at odd times and places to an extent that was appalling to ordinary gastric sensibility, so he possessed the power to grapple with new and strange problems and to take a mental grasp of complex subjects which, to most of us, seemed far beyond our reach. He was a thorough student yet far removed from the familiar type of the laborious "grind." He found delight and recreation in his various studies and brought a keen perception and analytical power to bear upon most of his diversions. His library he regarded for use rather than for show and his office always suggested a laboratory rather than a formal consulting room.

At one time he was captivated by the idea, which most of us have entertained and relinquished, that it would be a grand thing to have a

complete dermatological library. He began at once to collect foreign works on skin diseases. He was a fair German and a better French scholar but knew very little of Italian. To supply this deficiency he at once subscribed for one or two Italian medical journals, selected a teacher, and attacked the language with his customary vigor. Happening to run across an advertisement of some book entitled something like "*Trattato della pelle et cetera*" he gave his bookdealer an order for it. The bookdealer, in a polite note informed him that it was an expensive book, published by the Italian government and that it would take several weeks to import it. Piffard replied in language possibly more vigorous than polite—that expense be damned and that when he wanted a book he expected his dealer not to talk about it, but to get it. In about two months, during which time his knowledge of Italian had rapidly increased, the book arrived and with it a bill for about sixty dollars. To his surprise and dismay he discovered at first glance that it was not a strictly dermatological work but an elegantly bound and elaborate treatise on the tanning of hides. Piffard came over to me and laughingly told me this experience under strict promise of secrecy but the story was too good to keep.

Another striking characteristic was his remarkable will power. Whenever he set out to

accomplish a purpose, laudable or senseless as it may have seemed to others, he found no obstacle which could daunt his energy. In the case of every new "hobby" which pleased his fancy, and he mounted many such, he was wont to work night and day with his whole heart and soul and body until he attained his end. And he was never content, as so many are, with acquiring a mere smattering of a subject, a slight knowledge that might serve to impress the ignorant, but he usually delved to the root of the subject and strove to master its most intricate details. And this, by dint of his peculiar perseverance, he would often accomplish in the short space of time which most of us would consume in preparing to begin our study.

I have never known of but one task which he undertook and was forced to acknowledge an utter defeat. When a young man, as I've been told, he was seized by the then prevailing craze to play the banjo. Dobson or some other professor was advertising proficiency in six easy lessons. Piffard, entirely unaware of the important fact that he had little or no music in his soul, decided to court the "heavenly maid" in her guise of sheepskin and catgut. He called on the Professor, bought an expensive instrument, took his first lesson, and started home with high hopes and a small music book. The latter he read carefully and doubtless committed to memory. The posi-

tion of his fingers on the frets, as shown him by the Professor, he practiced through many spare hours for a week, and then went proudly to his second lesson, eager to show how much he had accomplished. The Professor listened to his pupil's performance with an expression of sober surprise. Then seizing the banjo he strummed it for a few minutes and inquired, "Doctor, do you know what tune I am playing?" "No, I don't," said Piffard with perfect truthfulness. "Well, Doctor, there is no use in going any further. I just played 'Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny,' the tune you have been practising for a week—and can never learn. Now I'll buy your banjo back for half price and charge you nothing for the lessons provided you will never tell anybody that you were a pupil of mine."

Geniality was another striking feature of Dr. Piffard's character and endeared him to a host of friends. This was not a studied politeness shown to every one he chanced to meet, but it was the outflowing of a warm heart to those with whom he had even a slight degree of intimacy. To be sure, his peculiar temperament often led him to disagreement with and temporary estrangement from some of his best friends, but he was always ready to acknowledge an error on his part and prompt to forgive and forget. His individual likes and dislikes were usually strong and sometimes unaccountable, but he would never

stoop to do an underhand act to any one however hostile, and never was heard to say anything behind a man's back which he was not ready, if not anxious, to say directly to his face. He was a lover of peace and good will in spite of a goodly though latent supply of combativeness.

In the regulation of the practice of medicine in New York City Dr. Piffard always took a deep interest and exerted a powerful influence. In the celebrated Code fight, which agitated the medical profession of this State a quarter century ago, he was in the foremost of the fray, but his generalship in medical politics always suggested the brilliant dash of a Sheridan rather than the quiet persistence of a Grant. In short, he was a good fighter but a poor tactician.

During my long acquaintance with Dr. Piffard he was never without a "hobby." And with him a "hobby" was not a mere amusement or pastime, but something to which he could devote all the energy of his restless mind and tireless body, and from some scientific phase of which he usually succeeded in deriving more or less profit as well as pleasure. Microscopy, tablet triturates, medical politics, botany, canoeing, photography, bicycling, fishing, rifle shooting, mushrooms, Esperanto and radiotherapy were some of the varied fields in which he labored with zeal and enthusiasm, and in most of these he speedily became an acknowledged expert. Had he only persisted in

his devotion to certain of these studies he would undoubtedly have attained the highest pinnacle of eminence and found himself without a rival. But, unfortunately, he seemed satisfied when he had accomplished the solution of some minor problems and was ever liable to start suddenly upon some new and untrodden path which chanced to open before him and to appear inviting. One could always tell the nature of his latest "hobby" by the appearance of his office. When I first used to visit him I generally stumbled over a number of galvanocauteries and had hard work to find a chair unoccupied by zinc and carbon plates or unspotted with bichromate solution. Later, I have seen a fishing rod in each corner and reels upon almost every shelf of his library. Again I have noted at least a half dozen rifles of various makes and failed to count the cartridges scattered upon his office desk. In recent years the rods and the guns have gradually disappeared. The microscopes and the mounted photographs still clung to his desk like old friends, but the general aspect of his office had changed and was more suggestive of an electrical show at the Madison Square Garden.

When his attention was mainly devoted to rifle shooting I used to go with him to various ranges where his scores, owing perhaps to defective eyesight, were never remarkably high. But when night came and most of his fellow riflemen were

devoting their time and attention to other things, Piffard still clung to his "hobby," and as a result of much nocturnal study invented an apparatus designed to lessen the effect of gun recoil and elaborated an article on projectile power which I have understood was regarded by certain Army officers as a most valuable and authoritative contribution to the subject.

During the course of his piscatorial fever I used to go with him to the Aquarium, which was then where the Herald Square Theatre is now located, and listen with surprise to his learned disquisitions on ichthyology. I remember well one cool autumn evening when writing in my office on Thirty-first Street the door bell suddenly rang with a vehemence which suggested a patient in dire distress, or more likely, Piffard. Hastily entering he said: "Come, George, let's go fishing!" I smiled at what I thought was a rather poor joke but he added, "I'm in earnest. They say the striped bass are running in the lower bay by the millions. Stop your writing. I've got tackle for two, and it's past nine o'clock now." In vain I protested that it was too late and too cold and that I had work to do. "I'll be back in ten minutes with the rods and bait and you be ready," and out he went. I did not feel in a mood for fishing just then, but my evening's work seemed upset and I concluded to go. It took over an hour for the little tinkling horse-car

to get us to the foot of Broadway, this being before the days of electric cars or subways, and there at Hamilton ferry, between the coming and the going of the boats, we fished an hour or so for striped bass and actually caught a score or two. As it grew later and colder I said, "Come, now, we've got enough for breakfast, let's go." "What! are you cold? Take my pole." Saying this he suddenly disappeared, leaving me with the two lines to reel in as a ferry boat was approaching. I found a somewhat sheltered corner of the covered dock where I stood and shivered. Ten, fifteen minutes seemed an age, and just as I had concluded to start home alone, in rushed Piffard with a huge greasy pasteboard box partly filled with hot fried oysters and with bottle necks protruding from his side pockets. The raw temperature was quickly ameliorated and two families enjoyed striped bass for breakfast.

Dr. Piffard was distinctly a creature of impulse and liable to do anything strange and unexpected but to his credit be it said that he never, to my knowledge at least, played the races or speculated in Wall Street. Recently, as I watched the *aëroplanes* soaring and speeding a thousand feet or more above Belmont Park, I could not refrain from thinking constantly of Piffard and of the intense interest which sooner or later he would certainly have taken in aviation as a sport and as a study.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, as he was wont to do things, our friend and colleague left us "for that bourn from which no traveler returns." The place which he occupied among us can never be filled save by the fragrance of tender memories. However we may have disagreed with him in his opinions on many subjects, however we may have been disposed at times to criticize his actions, we have always been compelled to pay homage to those qualities of mind and heart which lifted him far above the average of his fellows. And to-night, as we look back over the years of our association with him, we no longer note the rough edges of his sturdy character, but think of him only with a feeling in which is mingled both admiration and affection.

CHAPTER XVIII

MILITARY NOTES

Enlistment following a bluff—Visit to tailor and photographer—Detailed as Chief Clerk in Adjutant General Diven's office in Elmira—Close of war—Joined Grand Army of the Republic—Commissioned 1st Lieutenant in Medical Reserve Corps—Joined the Loyal Legion—Speech at dinner in honor of Surgeon General Gorgas—A veteran at the Gettysburg Reunion—Interesting walks and pleasant experiences—American music for hymn "America."

ALTHOUGH my military record is by no means likely to remind one of Cæsar, Napoleon or Grant it is perhaps worthy of a brief mention. During my Freshman year in college three of my brothers were in the army and I was extremely anxious to join them in spite of their advice to the contrary. The night before the opening of college at the beginning of my Sophomore year a group of students were discussing the war and the question of enlistment and one of them dared the rest to go down to Avon and enlist. That was enough. I called his bluff and the next day at Avon I stood in a line with a score or two of nude aspirants to military glory

under a keen inspection by the examining surgeon. Looking at us critically for some time he selected a half dozen or more who appeared too slight and boyish to make good soldiers and quickly yanked us out of the line. Nettled at this rejection I felt more determined than ever to enlist and made a second application on my return to Rochester. I was a pretty fair athlete for my size and had appeared repeatedly in public exhibitions at the gymnasium, eliciting encomiums for my high jumping and evolutions on the horizontal bar but my weight was only 128 pounds. The surgeon gave me a most careful examination. He smiled when I intimated or perhaps swore that I was eighteen years of age and seemed dubious over my slight build but when I displayed an unusual chest expansion he concluded to pass me (Sept. 15, 1864). I now proceeded to select the smallest suit of blue that Uncle Sam had in stock but as it hung in ample folds I hastened to my tailor to have it taken in all over and made to fit my slender form a little closer. And then, as was the custom of every volunteer, I went to the photographer and had a "carte de visite" taken.

Instead of being sent off with a squad of recruits I obtained permission to report for duty at Elmira and on my way there stopped at Painted Post where in the family circle my patriotic impulse to enlist did not meet with great approval.

Here I was suddenly taken ill and forced to remain for several weeks. As soon as possible I went to Elmira where I found that nearly every student or recruit whose chirography was fairly legible, instead of being sent to the front, was detailed for clerical duty. My oldest brother (Alanson J. Fox) was a friend of Gen. A. S. Diven, the Provost Marshal General at Elmira, who had been Colonel of the 107th Regt. N.Y. V. in which two of my brothers were officers, and I imagine that a word from my brother to the General secured my appointment as chief clerk in the Adjutant-General's office where I had but little work to do and was permitted to wear citizen's dress and to come and go at my pleasure. I can not truly say that I endured great hardships during that winter in Elmira as I was near home and had pleasant friends in the city. But I lived in expectation and hope of being sent to the front in the spring and spent much of my spare time in planning valorous deeds which would make me a veritable terror to the enemy. Unfortunately for my warlike plans, though fortunately perhaps for my own as for many others' welfare, the war now approached its close and on May 8, 1865 I was mustered out of service with no glory save that attached to every honorable discharge.

Being eligible to membership in the Grand

Army of the Republic I joined the George Washington Post in New York some years ago and have since attended its monthly meetings at the Hotel Astor with commendable regularity and taken the greatest of pleasure in meeting a choice assembly of comrades most of whom are lively octogenarians.

Many years after the war had closed I used to listen to my brothers talk over their military experiences and discuss the interesting speeches made by various heroes of the war at dinners of the "Loyal Legion." I always felt a pang of regret that, not having been an officer I was ineligible to membership in this military order. About this time the Medical Reserve Corps of the United States Army was established and when I was invited to join it I eagerly accepted and soon received my commission as Ist Lieutenant M.R.C. I was specially pleased to find that this was signed by two of my Psi Upsilon brethren, President Taft and Secretary of War Stimson. This commission made me eligible to membership in the Loyal Legion to which order I was elected in Dec. 1913, being, if I am not mistaken, the first and only veteran of the civil war taken into the order by virtue of a commission in the Medical Reserve Corps. Whenever I now attend the dinners of the Loyal Legion in New York I always feel another pang of re-

gret to think that my brothers died without dreaming that I would ever become a member of their cherished order.

At a banquet of the New York State Division of the Medical Reserve Corps given in honor of Surgeon-General Gorgas on February 6th, 1915, two members who were soldiers in the civil war, Dr. John A. Wyeth and myself, were asked to give some reminiscences. Dr. Wyeth entertained us with many stirring stories of his services in the Confederate army while I, with no comparable experience, had to rely mainly on what is commonly known as "hot air." My speech appeared in the "Military Surgeon" of August 1915 and the following extract from it will serve as a partial military record of myself and family.

"I am sorry that I cannot regale you with any thrilling experiences or blood curdling adventures in my military career without drawing too largely on my imagination.

"As a matter of fact I saw more of real war before I enlisted than after. As a boy of sixteen I went down to Washington to see a wounded brother. I found him in the Armory Square Hospital with an elderly gray-bearded man seated by his cot and reading to him. I learned afterward that this man was the famous American, 'the good gray poet,' Walt Whitman. While in Washington I secured a pass to the front, where I had two other brothers, and lost no

time in utilizing it. I remember finding with some difficulty late one evening the camp of the 107th N. Y. Regt. on the Rappahannock, just above Kelly's Ford, and going out on the picket line early the next morning, where I got my first view of Confederate soldiers. They were quietly cooking their coffee or what took the place of coffee, along a patch of woods on the opposite side of the river, just beyond musket range. I remember the next day seeing a squad of hungry North Carolina cavalymen wade across the river and surrender in the hope of a good square meal. In a few days the Confederate artillery took position on the other side of the river, and my brother, thinking that my presence might be more embarrassing than helpful to the Union cause, detailed an officer to ride with me to the nearest railway station eight or ten miles away and start me back to the farther side of the Potomac. On our way we must have seen thousands of troops either in camp or on the march, but, strange to say, most of the incidents of this boyish experience have faded from my memory, and now I cannot recall seeing a single soldier. All I do remember is that the roads were dusty, that there was a noticeable absence of fences, and that on our way we stopped at a photographer's tent and had a tin-type taken.

“At the beginning of my sophomore year I ran away from college and enlisted as a private in the

77th N. Y. V. I will not even enumerate the heroic deeds I performed for \$13 a month, but merely mention the historic fact in as modest a manner as possible, that very shortly after I enlisted the war closed. You can draw your own inference as to cause and effect.

"I am glad now to think that I did enlist and was a soldier in the Civil War, even though my service was short and uneventful and that I have never applied for a service pension. I am proud of my privilege to wear the star of the G. A. R. and to march with the old veterans on Decoration Day, which, however, I have never yet done. But I am most proud tonight to think that I have offered to the government the best service I can render in case of need, and that this proffered service has been duly recognized by a commission in the Army of the United States. I am sure that we all share that just pride in our membership in the Medical Reserve Corps, and just here I would like to say to our guests of honor and to those of you who fail to attend our monthly meetings, that the Association so largely represented here tonight has proven itself to be one of the most vigorous, enthusiastic and instructive medical societies to which I have ever belonged.

"We are reading and hearing at the present time a great deal about war, about its horrors and its alleged advantages and as to whether it is avoidable or inevitable. In spite of the widely

differing views so freely expressed, I like to think that the vast majority in this country, whether in the army or in the navy, or in civil life, are firm believers in the blessings of peace. The wearing of a uniform is no indication whatever of a desire for war, and the prevalent idea that army and navy officers are anxious for war, in the hope that their superior officers will be killed and their chance of promotion thereby increased, seems like an unjust reflection upon a body of men whom we all know to be as generous as they are brave. Our willingness as members of the Medical Reserve Corps to serve our country in case of need is no indication that we are anxious to witness suffering and agony merely for the opportunity of relieving it. Nor is military service to be considered as an approval of that false notion that long continued peace necessarily makes a nation effeminate and spineless. During our Civil War there was a vast deal of ranting oratory and buncombe talk on either side of the Mason and Dixon line, but it was in great part the quiet and hitherto peaceful boys from the farms and factories of the North and from the plantations of the South who showed that fine spirit of militant patriotism on the battlefields of Pennsylvania, Virginia and Tennessee.

“The American nation has repeatedly proved both on land and on sea that it is not a nation of weaklings, and however diligently we may cul-

tivate the arts of peace, I cannot help but believe that the old time spirit of '76 and the military prowess that was certainly shown on both sides in the many fierce battles of the Civil War will never be found wanting in this country, no matter what may happen.

"I am an advocate of peace, in spite of the fact that I come from what might be justly termed a militant family. My father was in the war of 1812. With no fine olive drab uniform, but with his own rifle and a knapsack which his mother made, he marched with other boys from Chester-town to Plattsburg over a hundred years ago. My grandfather was a soldier in the Revolution, and my great-grandfather fought at Louisburg with Amherst, and I think was with Gen. Wolfe at Quebec. I might add that of five brothers in my family four were in the Civil War, and that my two sons and eight nephews have been enrolled either in the United States service or in the National Guard.

"Now, I mention these facts, I must confess, with a certain degree of pride, especially in addressing an audience of military men; but nevertheless I wish to repeat that I am a firm believer in the possibility as well as the desirability of universal and eternal peace. I believe that war can be and ought to be avoided, and I believe it will be avoided when it is no longer possible for one man, be he President or Kaiser, to decide the

question, but when every man and every woman in every nation has a voice in choosing whether they shall have peace or war.

“When the world has grown a little wiser and better, when our notions of national honor have been elevated and refined, when that truculent spirit which so often assumes the garb of patriotism has been subdued, when the nations of the east and of the west are ready to exchange their jealousy and fear of one another for fair dealing and good feeling, then, perhaps, and surely not until then, will come that long hoped for era of Peace on Earth and Good Will between men and nations.

As the battle of Gettysburg was fought over a year before I enlisted I can not claim a share of credit in the outcome of the conflict. But when the Reunion of the Blue and the Gray was held on the same field fifty years later I found myself entitled to take part as a veteran of the civil war and wrote the following sketch of my experience which appeared in the “Fox Family News” Sept. 1, 1913.

“Taking the early train from Glen Cove (Tuesday July 1st) I met my comrade, Major C. W. Snyder, at the Pennsylvania station and quickly procured transportation (at the expense of the Empire State) by way of Philadelphia. I now proceeded to decorate myself with my Grand Army Star, Sixth Corps Badge and the

souvenir medal presented by the State. Among the large number of old veterans some of whose breasts resembled the tray of a holiday badge seller, I was not in the least conspicuous. Going ninety miles to Philadelphia in two hours led me to expect that we would reach Gettysburg early in the afternoon. But an accommodation train of the Western Maryland one track and seemingly one horse railroad reminds one of a New York express only because it is so different.

"At Lancaster, Columbia and York we saw many old veterans returning in disgust with the complaint that they could find no accommodations on the field and that everything was in a state of dire confusion. Making due allowance for what might be the exaggerated statement of a few constitutional 'kickers' we began to think seriously about our own immediate future and the prospect of finding no shelter, and after reading in the headlines of a Philadelphia paper that 'Ten thousand tramp the camp all night' our minds became so filled with gloomy forebodings that we were almost ready to board one of the returning trains and morally certain that we would go home the next day.

"Our train stopped a short distance from the Gettysburg station at 8 P. M., eleven hours after leaving New York. After a short wait we deserted the train and carried our bags to the station and up into the crowded square where we

felt like two dazed emigrants. A polite soldier told us where we could find an automobile going to the camp a half mile away, and finding that this friendly minion of Uncle Sam was attached to the Provisional Field Hospital and knew Lieut. Fox and seemed pleased to meet his father, we took him with us and proceeded at once to the Lieut's tent. Lieut. Fox (*alias* Howard) gave us a most hearty welcome. After Capt. Huntington U. S. A. (from Fort Totten L. I.) had taken us to the officers mess tent for a little supper, Howard introduced us to Major Hess, in charge of this model field hospital, who forced us to confess that we were suffering from mild fatigue and ordered us into Ward No. 1 quite near his tent.

"As veterans of the Civil War and members of Geo. Washington Post No. 103, G.A.R., Major Snyder and I were entitled to free transportation to Gettysburg and return, and a cot, blanket and camp kit in a tent holding eight on the field, which the government furnished. This would have been a sort of military picnic, but the tents were hot, especially during this July hot spell and falling in a long line to get our 'chow' at the mess tent with tin plate and cup would perhaps have been a unique pleasure for one meal but might have palled during the four days of our sojourn. As it was I doubt whether any two men on the field had more commodious and sumptuous quar-

ters than we had. Just think of it! Two of us in a large cool tent with three beds each, one to sleep on and two to spread our things on, electric light, which even the officers on duty did not have and the freedom of the shower bath in a tent not far distant. As patients (able to walk) we took our meals in the hospital mess tent with a few other old chaps mostly between seventy and ninety years of age. They came from various states and included men in gray as well as in blue and with notably varying views as to the latest thing in table manners. One of the patients in the hospital was a member of the 77th N.Y.V. named Wright who seemed very glad to talk about Chaplain Fox, Col. French and Dr. Stevens.

“We were waited upon by United States soldiers whose service was characterized by kindness rather than formality. When we became accustomed to the familiar if somewhat irreverent appellation of ‘Daddy’ and got inured to the absence of napkins and finger bowls and such hardships, we took our places on one of the long benches by the pine tables with thankful hearts and usually left with a satisfactory sensation in the region of the stomach. The hours of our meals were as follows: Breakfast at 6.30, dinner at 11.30 and supper at 4.30. For any late ‘after the theatre’ repast I usually depended on ice water and tobacco. In fact, I have renewed

my acquaintance with the old briarwood I smoked in Norway in 1888.

“Now a word as to Lieut. Fox in his gold lace or equivalent khaki. He looked like a real soldier and imitated the dress and actions of the regular officers so closely that I could see little difference. He was very busy admitting the old soldiers brought to the hospital headquarters in either an automobile or muledrawn ambulance, taking their names and valuables, noting the exact time of arrival and assigning them to this or that ward. When not doing this he was flying through the long connected tents which formed the wards leaving orders with the orderlies and nurses in charge of the patients or dispensing pills to old vets who complained of weak stomachs or sore toes but did not want to leave their comrades and go into the hospital. Occasionally I would catch a glimpse of him in the operating tent applying a bandage to a blistered heel with all the dignity and intrepidity of an Ambroise Paré. He was serving in a most excellent school and while not gaining much or anything from a strictly medical standpoint he had a great opportunity for mastering the details of military hospital service which some day may be of great value to him. [He certainly appreciated this experience a few years later when in charge of a military hospital in France during the World War.]

“Wednesday morning the major and I took a walk through the New York and Pennsylvania section of the great encampment, a huge city of pyramidal khaki tents intersected by numerous streets and lettered avenues and covering many acres of ground between Cemetery and Seminary Ridges. Not far from the field hospital was a sign marked ‘East 31st Street’ which invariably attracted my attention and seemed strangely familiar. Here and there were large mess tents with busy cooks and helpers and fires constantly burning in huge pits for incineration of refuse food, etc. Lines of old soldiers could be seen at meal times, each with his tin cup and plate drawing his generous rations which he carried back to his numbered tent. Grizzly veterans, bent and bearded, were met walking in all directions as in a crowded city or gathering in small groups rehearsing their experiences of fifty years ago. Mingled with them were young soldiers, darkies, boy scouts and a few women. Above the noise of conversation could now and then be heard some cheering and the rub-a-dub of a drum corps or music of a military band. From the shadeless camp avenue we passed on into a narrow and shaded street leading into the village of Gettysburg and found the Eagle hotel where we called on Major Breck, a comrade of our Post. Then we strolled out to see the town in its holiday attire. Imagine Nunda or Painted Post

with flags flying everywhere, the streets filled with automobiles and vehicles of various sorts, the sidewalks jammed with a few thousand old soldiers in blue and gray, every front yard having a tent or booth for the dispensation of ice-cold lemonade, souvenirs, flags, picture cards etc. and it will give you some idea of how Gettysburg looked fifty years after the battle.

“Returning to the Hospital we found Lieut. Fox on duty as Officer of the Day and busier than ever. Every little while an ambulance would pull up in front of the hospital office tent, a couple of soldiers would quickly let down the back and draw out the stretcher carrying some old vet overcome by the intense heat or the victim of some accident.

“After our dinner we walked over to the iron tower on Cemetery hill, slowly ascended to the top where we got our first comprehensive glimpse of the topography of the battlefield. We could see Seminary ridge which the Confederates held during most of the battle, Culps Hill where Uncle Charles fought in the 12th Corps, and Powers Hill where Uncle Norman’s regiment, 77th N.Y.V. supported a battery of artillery, the various monuments scattered here and there over the landscape and last, but not least, the field by the Emmetsburg Pike over which was made the immortal Pickett’s charge.

“Thursday, July 3rd, was cooler and a beauti-

ful morning ushered in the anniversary of the last day of the battle. We took this occasion to walk through the camp over to the Confederate section on the slope of Seminary ridge. Here the spirit of loyalty and cordiality was manifest on every side.

"About noon Noel and Alanson appeared upon the scene and the Fox family now seemed fairly well represented by four of its military members. After an exchange of greetings, a little refreshment of the inner man and considerable posing for photos around Howard's tent our party of five started on a walk to Little Round Top. While waiting for the boys I talked with an old soldier who belonged to a New York State regiment and when I casually inquired where he came from he nearly paralyzed me by saying "Nunda." He said his name was Cook and he had married a McNair and we both agreed that there was no better place on earth in which to find a wife.

"The famous Little Round Top was scarcely over a mile and a half distant but the hot sun shining on the shadeless stretches of the broad avenue and the frequent stopping to inspect the Meade and Sedgwick statues, the Pennsylvania building and the innumerable regimental stones and monuments made the jaunt a somewhat trying one. Along the stone fence at the 'bloody angle' where the Philadelphia Brigade and other



1864-1913

troops repulsed the fierce charge of Pickett and Pettigrew and where Gen. Armistead was killed within our lines and Lieut. Cushing fell by his smoking cannon and where poison ivy is now more to be feared than bullets, a crowd of old soldiers and sightseers had gathered to witness an unarmed line of warriors in gray climb the wall again and shake hands with their former adversaries. Here we saw Gen. Sickles in a carriage with the widow of Gen. Longstreet, silently grasping the many outstretched hands, and groups of old soldiers listening raptly to some comrade's eloquent tale of how he won the battle.

"On 'Little Round Top' which is quite a hill, though small in comparison with the larger Round Top further South we saw the statue of Gen. Warren with field glasses in hand, and looking over the broad wheatfield between us and Seminary ridge we thought how different this peaceful landscape must have looked to him as he gazed at 'Battle's magnificently stern array.'

"Fourth of July, the birthday of our nation and of Howard, was bright and warm again. The major and I devoted the forenoon to loafing and rest. My mind wandered from Gettysburg past and present back to 35 St. George's Square, London, N. W. where a wee recruit joined the ranks of the Fox Family. I recalled those hours of mingled anxiety and bliss and again saw uncle Norman, who was in London at that time, as he

walked softly into the room with a congratulatory kiss for the happy mother and a jocose remark addressed to the new arrival, each characteristic of his kindness and humor.

“About noon Noel and Alanson reappeared, hailing this time from Monterey where they had spent the night at an old inn. As Howard was busy, the major weary and Alanson lazy, or indisposed to take another tramp, Noel and I started out to visit Culps Hill and other points of interest on the battlefield. We walked over Cemetery Hill through the National and village cemeteries which lie side by side and soon struck the fine road which curves by Gen. Slocum’s Equestrian Statue on a knoll and up Culps Hill to the iron tower or lookout which rises above the tops of the old trees and affords an extensive view. Here we took our bearings and soon started to find where Uncle Charles and the 107th N.Y.V. fought with many other red star regiments on the right of the line of battle. Up hill and down hill we walked and finally reached the 107th monument standing among huge rocks near the edge of the woods. I remember Charles telling how one soldier during the battle in a most protected position suddenly started singing the hymn ‘Rock of Ages cleft for me,’ in which many others joined with thankful voices.

“Across a depressed field we found the monuments of the 2nd Mass. and 27th Indiana on the

line of battle of the 3rd Brigade 1st Div. 12th Corps. Here we dug up a small cedar tree which I brought home and planted and sincerely hope it may live and grow as a memorial to Uncle Charles and of Gettysburg. [It did grow and is now about 15 feet high.] We next walked over to Powers Hill where in a detached position the 77th N.Y.V. of the Sixth Corps supported a Battery of the 12th Corps and others posted on the crest. The 77th monument is an artistic one bearing the white cross of the 2nd Div. 6th Corps and stands with a background of trees on the southern slope of the hill. During the battle Uncles Charles and Norman were quite near each other on the right of the Union line, and in a diary kept by Uncle Norman he speaks of going over after the fight to the 12th Corps ambulances, evidently apprehensive of his brother's safety. Noel had his camera with him and took snapshots of the monuments of special interest to us. We trudged over a cross-road by an old stone school house to the Baltimore Pike, one of the many main roads radiating from the village of Gettysburg, up past Gen. Meade's headquarters and finally reached the camp, warm, tired, and hungry, but well satisfied with our four hours tramp.

"Saturday morning the major and I were ready for the journey home, Noel and Alanson having gone by way of Harrisburg the night before. Capt. Moncrief put us in a muledrawn

ambulance and with other veterans from the hospital we drove into town and reached the station at 8 A. M. On our train I met Lieut. Caw, a 77th Regt. veteran whose younger brother I recalled as a red-headed schoolmate of mine at Schnectady when the village of Gettysburg was sleeping quietly among its peaceful hills, its name as yet unsounded by the trump of Fame.

“How I wish my three soldier brothers might have lived to have taken part in this reunion! No one on the field would have had a fuller knowledge of the events of the battle, the losses of the regiments and the names of the combatants than Uncle William, the author of ‘New York at Gettysburg.’

In the late World War I offered my services to the Government for whatever they might be worth but there seemed to be little demand for men who had passed their three score and ten years. Had both the war and my good health continued I might have been in it. I take pride in thinking that my two sons and five other members of the “Fox Family Society” were officers in the service of the United States and claim a little credit for having suggested a slightly modified version of the Star Spangled Banner which, as every one admits, is unsingable in its present form. My suggestion is that if the words “and the rockets’ red glare, the bombs bursting in air” and “land of the free” were simply sung an oc-

tave lower, this slight change would make the singing of our national hymn both easy and effective on any public occasion and lessen the tendency of children to strain and injure their voices in the public schools.

A patriotic impulse has also moved me to write some American music for our hymn "America." Such seems to me far better suited to the words "My country etc." than "God save the King" however much we may appreciate and admire that anthem. Here it is.

CHAPTER XIX

MEDICO-LEGAL EXPERIENCES

The celebrated Purdy case—Its origin—Its trial in court—Indignation of the Medical profession—Drs. Austin Flint, Edward L. Keyes and I called as witnesses—A hypothetical question submitted—A fierce cross-examiner for the plaintiff—Case appealed and judgment reversed—A “Brooklyn Eagle” libel suit—Alleged effects of a hair tonic on hands and neck—Aversion of physicians to appearance in court.

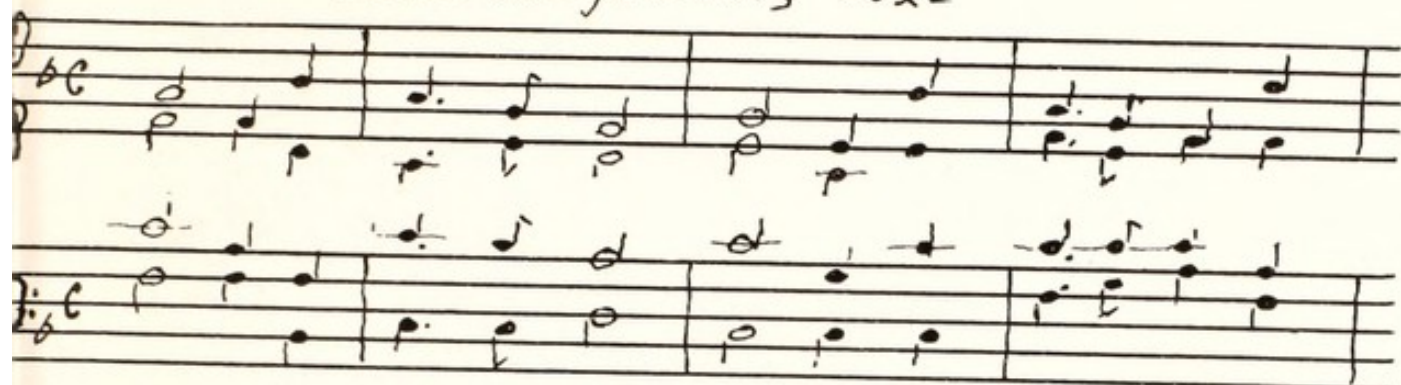
DURING my professional career I have had many opportunities for giving expert testimony in court but have usually avoided doing so except in certain cases where I could be of service in preventing injustice to some colleague.

The most interesting suit in my experience and one which aroused the whole medical profession in the city of New York was tried in 1885 in the Superior Court before Judge Ingraham and is reported under the title of *Brown vs. Purdy*, 54, N. Y. Superior Court Reports, page 109. It was an action for damages for the removal of the plaintiff by the public authorities to the small-pox hospital and the facts of the

AMERICAN MUSIC FOR THE HYMN

"AMERICA"

Lieut. George ^{by} Henry Fox-



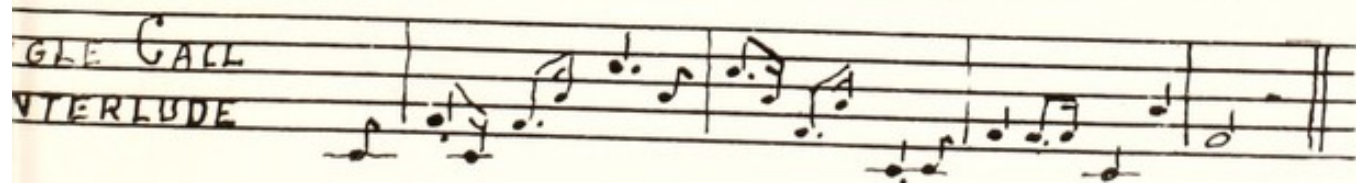
My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of



thee I sing. Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the



Pilgrims' pride, From ev-ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!



GLE CALL
INTERLUDE

case were as follows:—Dr. A. E. M. Purdy, a physician of high standing and an ex-president of the County Medical Society, was called to see Miss Brown, a florist on 6th Ave., in Nov. 1879. The patient had a slight eruption on the face and elsewhere which both Dr. Purdy and his father, Dr. A. S. Purdy, suspected to be small-pox.

In accordance with the law which made it the duty of every practicing physician to report in writing to the Board of Health within twenty four hours every patient ascertained or suspected to have any "pestilential, contagious or infectious disease," a report was made and Dr. Lockwood, an inspector from the Health Department, saw the patient, made a diagnosis of small-pox and ordered her removal to the hospital. Some time after this suit was brought, the plaintiff claiming that proper care and skill had not been used, that she had been forcibly removed from her residence during severe and inclement weather and that she was not suffering from small-pox but from an eczema of the face resulting from the application of a lotion containing hops and dilute glacial acetic acid.

Since Dr. Purdy did not treat the patient and simply obeyed the law in reporting the case to the Health Department and since it was the Health inspector who ordered her sent to the

cover in what respect Dr. Purdy could be held in the slightest degree culpable. But the judge submitted the case to a jury who, listening with sympathetic ears to the story of the rain and wet clothing on the trip to the hospital and doubt on the part of the attending physician as to whether the case was one of varioloid or eczema decided that as it seemed to be a difference between a possibly rich doctor and a woman in moderate circumstances the proper thing would be to award her, not the ten thousand dollars which she claimed as damages, but a trifling sum as a slight recompense for her misfortune.

The physicians of New York on learning of this verdict were all greatly interested and for the most part highly indignant. They felt that if they were required to report every case of undoubted or even suspected small-pox, they should not be thereby rendered liable to any suit for damages and loud protests against such injustice were freely expressed.

In the trial of the case in 1885 Prof. Austin Flint (senior), Prof. Edward L. Keyes and I were called as expert witnesses. Of course we had not seen the patient and were simply asked to testify as to a hypothetical case in which a chill, fever subsiding with the outbreak of the eruption, one or two umbilicated vesicles and lesions upon the hard palate and pharynx would point to

a mild attack of varioloid and not to an artificial eczema produced by irritation.

The plaintiff's counsel was a gentleman with stentorian voice and well known as a very shrewd and extremely fierce cross-examiner. On the witness stand the venerable Dr. Flint, on account of his age and great reputation, was treated with a show of suavity while Dr. Keyes was subjected to a gruelling catechism. Having been recently made a Professor of Skin Diseases and being the youngest of the experts I well knew what was in store for me and had no reason to feel disappointed when my cross examination was concluded. But I had resolved to keep cool under all circumstances, to answer questions deliberately and in as few words as possible and survived the ordeal. But I well remember how annoying it was to have my answers repeated with a verbal twist which made them sound like the very opposite of what I had said. And when I testified that something was so I recall the thunderous tone with which the question was hurled at me "Didn't you hear Professor Flint testify that it was not so?" evidently with the intention of disconcerting me and thereby weakening my testimony.

This case of *Brown vs. Purdy* was appealed and the judgment was reversed by the General Term, Dec. 1886.

As the antithesis in the way of cross examination I recall another case in which a woman who was well known as a surgeon and gynecologist and head of a hospital in Brooklyn brought suit for libel against the "Brooklyn Eagle." Dr. Charles Carroll Lee and I were on the consulting staff of the hospital and went over the river to testify in her behalf. I knew little about her work and had never seen her hospital but feeling that she had been subjected to some professional persecution I was glad to aid her as far as my testimony could do so. The counsel for the "Eagle" was Col. A. E. Lamb and I clearly recall his extreme politeness in conducting my cross examination. He finally asked some question of importance which I evidently failed to grasp and Judge Bartlett with whom I was acquainted, carefully repeated the question to me. I answered frankly and emphatically and recall the smile of Col. Lamb as he said, "That will do, Doctor" and how my admiration for his skill rose as I gradually perceived the real drift of his question and realized that he had led me to an admission of the very point he was trying to establish. An artistic reporter made hasty pen and ink sketches of Dr. Lee and myself in the witness chair which appeared in the account of trial and mine I remember was one of the most lifelike portraits I ever had.

One case in which I was able to prevent a law-

suit was an interesting one and worthy of mention. A man living near New York used a widely advertised hair tonic and finding that his scalp was slightly inflamed sent a letter of complaint to the manufacturer. He received a prompt and courteous reply stating that the preparation was perfectly harmless and that he could even wash his hands and face in it with impunity. This statement the man immediately put to the test and after washing face and hands with the tonic found to his surprise and horror that within a fortnight some disfiguring white patches had begun to develop on the back of his hands and on his neck. He now consulted a lawyer who began suit for damages.

The counsel of the manufacturing firm consulted me in the matter and before giving an opinion I insisted upon having the man come to me and submit to an examination. He consented to do so and I found that he was suffering from a not uncommon disease known as vitiligo. This usually occurs without any apparent cause. It results from a disappearance of the pigment of the skin in small areas and produces milkwhite patches which are frequently seen upon the hands and neck. By a mere coincidence the white patches of skin happened to develop in this man's case shortly after he had applied the hair tonic. It was by no means an instance of cause and effect but had the case gone to trial and no light

been thrown upon it by expert testimony one can readily imagine that the facts cited would have produced a very strong impression upon the mind of an average jury.

It is not strange that physicians as a rule dislike to appear as witnesses in any court since this service is so often the cause of more or less annoyance and loss of valuable time. A doctor may be called upon to leave his office during his busiest hours and to go to a considerable distance down town only to find that the trial of the case is delayed or very likely postponed to another day. If he has consented to testify as a favor to some colleague he is not likely to complain but when he has been subpœnaed to appear as a witness against his will he is very apt to express anything but a high opinion of courts and legal methods of obtaining justice. I recall one illustrative case. A woman who had been treated by me for superfluous hair on the face went to another physician later and claimed that his treatment had resulted in the production of disfiguring scars, which my examination showed to be hardly noticeable. She urged me to go into court and testify in her behalf which I declined to do seeing no just cause for complaint. But soon I received a subpœna and was obliged to go to court repeatedly on account of postponements of the trial. In vain I tried to find out from the plaintiff's lawyer just what he expected

me to prove by my testimony and finally when summoned late one afternoon and put on the stand at the fag end of the case I must confess to some satisfaction in thinking that my forced testimony may have had some influence in eliciting a verdict for the defendant.

In a suit for malpractice in a small Jersey town I was once interested although I was neither a party nor a witness in the case. A physician had the misfortune to lose a patient upon whose throat he had operated and the widow brought suit on the plea that the treatment had contributed to the fatal result. The facts presented to the jury were all on the doctor's side and an immediate verdict in his favor was anticipated but at 6 P. M. the jury had not agreed. The defendant speaking to a friend expressed his surprise and uneasiness at this circumstance but the friend assured him that all would come out right saying "Don't worry! That jury is bound to have its dinner at the expense of the County!" Sure enough. After a hearty meal at the tavern the jury promptly returned a verdict against the plaintiff.

CHAPTER XX

MEDICAL OFFICE BUILDINGS

The old "Sydenham" at 616 Madison Ave.—Similar buildings elsewhere—Prevalent conservatism and objections have now disappeared—My first visit to the "Sydenham"—Many applicants rejected—Its public opening and final close—The "Medical Chambers."

THE "Sydenham Building," 616 Madison Ave. New York City (formerly the "Madison Avenue Hotel") was one of the first buildings in this country to provide offices solely for physicians. For many years in Chicago and other western cities physicians and surgeons had their offices in public buildings instead of in their own houses or in rented "parlors" as was the almost invariable custom in New York and other eastern cities. But there was nowhere a strictly medical building for physicians. The "Professional Building," 1831 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, was first opened in 1896 and was, I think, the first building devoted exclusively to offices for doctors and dentists. A similar building in Baltimore was established in 1906 and about this time a building devoted mainly to offices for phy-

sicians and dentists, called the "Warren Chambers" was opened in Boston.

The idea of leasing a suitable building for physicians' offices was for some time discussed by a few New York doctors but the majority of those to whom the plan was suggested thought it far too radical and claimed that most of their patients, ladies in particular, would hesitate to make office calls in a public building. Some thought it might do for a specialist but that a doctor with a general practice must necessarily have his office in his own or some other private house. In vain was it argued that a lady did not hesitate to consult a lawyer in some down town public building, that a lady desiring to conceal the fact could call upon a doctor in a public building with less likelihood of discovery than in a private house, especially if acquainted with the doctor's wife and family and that a physician or surgeon going to his club or elsewhere could as easily be reached by telephone from a public office as from his own residence.

In spite of this prevalent conservatism a few of us decided to try the experiment and with the aid of Mr. Julian Trenholme, a real estate agent, arranged to move our offices to the old Madison Ave. Hotel building (cor. 58th St.) owned by Mr. Jere. Lyon and where we were comfortably located with from eighty to one hundred other physicians for about twenty years.

I can never forget my first visit of inspection to this building. It was a damp and chilly day in February. The old hotel had been empty and tightly closed for two or three years and as I walked up the broad staircases the air felt even colder and damper than outside and I wondered how so much dust and dirt could accumulate in an unused building. It seemed as though by no possibility could the place ever be rendered bright and attractive but a short time later with the sunshine streaming through our office windows in midwinter I concluded that the old "Sydenham," as we christened the building at my suggestion, would have been an ideal office building if it had only been fire proof.

After complete renovation of the seven floors about a dozen physicians moved their offices there in the spring of 1904. In order to attract men of high professional standing and to exclude all others our contracts with the owner provided that no one could secure an office in the building unless approved by a committee selected by the tenants of which I was for some years the chairman. This committee consisted at first of Drs. Daniel Lewis, Robert T. Morris, W. B. DeGarmo, F. F. Ward and G. H. Fox. Of the first fifty applicants twenty-eight were rejected. With many vacant offices the owner was inclined to rebel at such action of the committee and it was difficult to persuade him that for the sake of



THE OLD "SYDENHAM" BUILDING

present income it would be a "penny wise-pound foolish" policy to admit undesirable applicants who would eventually lessen his income by lowering the professional tone and reputation of the building.

Numberless applications for space on the ground floor were made by retail druggists, medical book-sellers, restaurant keepers, bathing establishments and other business concerns and high prices were freely offered but these offers were not for a moment considered. Many young and unmarried doctors were anxious to secure two or more offices, one of which they might fit up as a bachelor's apartment and so live in the building but after due consideration this plan was deemed inadvisable.

Although a few of us moved our offices to the Sydenham in the spring of 1904 it was not until October that the building was fully ready for occupancy and about that time a public reception was given to the profession with an opportunity to inspect the various offices on the seven floors of the building. The plan of bringing physicians together in one large office building certainly proved to be a great success as is shown by the fact that they soon multiplied both in New York and in other cities.

The old Sydenham building changed ownership once or twice and in 1924 was demolished and a large apartment hotel, "The Madison,"

now occupies its site. Its tenants were naturally scattered but many now occupy offices in this vicinity. A few, including Drs. L. A. Coffin, J. E. Wilson, E. P. Fowler, D. MacPherson, Howard Fox and others had already bought three houses on East 54th St., built an extra story and remodeled them into what is now known as the "Medical Chambers." This is the first co-operative medical office building owned and managed by physicians in New York City and now after four years of occupancy is regarded as a complete success.

New York City changes from year to year in many and various respects and one can hardly realize the fact that but a short time ago most physicians had their offices in their own homes or rented the parlor floor of one of those innumerable brown stone mansions which then lined all of our cross streets but are now being rapidly replaced by sky scraping office and apartment buildings. And it seems strange to think how medical opinion as to the desirability of office buildings has completely changed during these few years.

CHAPTER XXI

A FAMILY SOCIETY

The Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox—Extract from Constitution and By-laws—Relationship to George Washington—Resemblances and contrasts—Our common ancestors—Line of descent from Robert Washington—Descendants of Norman Fox—Songs sung at our annual gathering—An account of a gathering of the clan—Speeches by Mrs. McArthur, Mason Trowbridge, Hamilton Holt, Datus Smith, Rev. Dr. Judson, J. B. C. Tappan and Bainbridge Colby.

HAVING spoken of medical societies I can not forbear saying a few words in regard to family societies in general and to one in particular in which I am deeply interested viz:—the “Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox.”

That families in this country are very likely to be widely separated as the children marry and move to some distant place and that in one or two generations the members of a family often become partial or total strangers to one another are facts as well known as they are lamentable. That an organized society with a meeting once

a year, or oftener, tends to strengthen the family ties, to bring the relatives together and to keep them in touch with one another is fully demonstrated by the experience of my own family society.

So far as my knowledge goes there are very few similar societies in this country. There should be many such and if what is here written should lead to the organization of others it is certain that many would thereby reap the benefit. All that is necessary is to select some worthy ancestor of more or less renown and to bring his descendants together once a year to honor his memory, and what may be of equal or greater importance, to have incidentally a pleasant reunion of uncles, aunts and cousins. Nothing will do more to foster a just family pride and to increase that friendly feeling toward one another which is so desirable and which is so apt to lessen with the passing years. If some remote ancestor be selected as its patron saint the society is apt to be unduly large and unmanageable. It is much better to go back but a few generations and to get every descendant actively interested.

Some years ago my brother, Rev. Dr. Norman Fox, conceived the idea of organizing a society to consist of the descendants of my father, Norman Fox, with the wives and husbands as associate members. An annual reunion of the

family has since been held in New York city on every New Year's day and no words can adequately express the pleasure and profit which have resulted from the successful consummation of this plan. The society was duly incorporated in 1904 and in the preface of a little book containing its Constitution and By-laws my brother wrote as follows:—

“The clan—one of the earliest developments of civilization—is an institution which may still have uses. In earlier times those who were akin to each other dwelt generally not far from the ancestral homestead, but today they are more often scattered over widely separated regions. It is wise then that there be formed a central family organization with stated meetings and a secretary of correspondence through whom mutual communication can be preserved. The distant cousin who can not personally attend the family gatherings can represent himself by letter and proudly transmit likeness of bride or child. Such an organization can preserve family memorials. A valuable collection of ancestral letters and papers gathered by a relative interested in such documents but descending to one who lacks this enthusiasm, should not be scattered and lost but passed over to a curator of the family archives. Though the members of a family be none of them rich according to modern standards, they may together, by contributions and bequests, establish

a fund which shall ensure that none of their number shall fail of an education or be left to penury in age.

“No man can demand the world’s homage by right of his pedigree; nevertheless he should himself cherish a reverence for his ancestors and may glory in their virtues though they lived but unnoticed lives. Respect for the name he bears will tend to restrain a young man in the hour of temptation and he may strive the harder to act well his part in life from remembering that others will feel a pride in his laurels. A family is honorable not in the name it inherits, but in the determined purpose of each generation to make that name ever more worthy of respect.”

A claim has been made which appears to have some foundation that the descendants of Norman Fox are distant relatives of George Washington. Now this distinguished gentleman is said to have been the “Father of his Country.” Since I have discovered that I am his cousin I have been trying to figure out what relation I am to his country. It makes me feel somewhat chesty to think that he who was “first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen” was the fifth cousin of my great-great-grandfather. But such is the case and so far it hasn’t caused me to lose any sleep.

Between Cousin George and me there is in some respects a strong family resemblance al-

though on careful study our portraits may be readily distinguished. No one has ever mistaken me for a two cent postage stamp. We both had two parents who were highly respectable people. Our names begin alike and at an early age we were doubtless both called "Georgy." We both went to school and gradually grew up to manhood. We were both Masons of the free and accepted variety and both interested in gardening as many know who have visited Mt. Vernon and Glen Cove. Finally we were both in the Army and both lived east of the Rocky Mountains.

In contrast with this striking resemblance a few minor details in which we differ might perhaps be mentioned. While Cousin George was six feet and two inches tall and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds more or less, I tip the scales at less than one hundred and fifty and am nearer five feet six. He couldn't tell a lie—if what he is reputed to have said is true. Now I could do so, I think, if I really tried very hard.

He achieved notoriety by cutting down a cherry tree. I am in favor of cutting down all *wild* cherry trees (with their nests of caterpillars) and in fact any old tree when it obstructs a beautiful view, but this fact, so far as I am aware, is not mentioned in any book on American History.

He entered the Army in 1775 with the rank

of Commanding General. I entered it in 1864 as a private in the 77th Regt. N.Y.V. When he quit he delivered a famous "Farewell Address." When I received my honorable discharge at Elmira, I modestly said nothing but simply took my pay and bought a ticket to Painted Post.

Now let me give some genealogical data which may be verified by reference to authorities,¹ and which may serve to remove the impression that I am merely joking about my relatives.

George Washington was a direct descendant of Robert Washington of Sulgrave Manor, England. So also are the descendants of Norman Fox through the Washington, Stanton, Chesebrough and Freeman families. If the claims of certain genealogical writers be valid both George Washington and the writer are direct descendants of Odin, (after whom Wednesday is named) of Pepin le Vieux (founder of the Carlovingian line, who was born about 550 A. D), of Mrs. William the Conqueror and of various other illustrious potentates. But this is another story and might be considered by the reader as more or less apocryphal.

Ancestors of George Washington figure in the train of William the Conqueror and in early

¹ English Ancestry of George Washington by Henry F. Waters. 1889.

The Stanton Family by Rev. Dr. William A. Stanton. 1891.

English History as do also my ancestors in the Stanton line. A certain Lawrence Washington (father of Robert) received a royal grant in 1538 and became Lord of Sulgrave Manor. Quite recently the Manor House was purchased for preservation on account of its historic interest. Robert's granddaughter, Katherine Washington, married Thomas Stanton, Knight of Wolverton, whose son Thomas came to Virginia in 1635 and went later to Boston, Hartford and Stonington, Ct.

The English Washingtons and Stantons were nearly all staunch royalists and consequently were not at all times in high favor. For this reason doubtless Thomas Stanton emigrated to Virginia in 1635 as did many other Cavaliers about this time. John Washington and a brother Lawrence did the same in 1657.

As John Washington's grandfather was the oldest son and Thomas Stanton's grandfather the third son of Robert Washington, the afore-said John and Thomas were second cousins and their great grandchildren, George Washington and Nathan Chesebrough were fifth cousins. As Nathan Chesebrough was my great-great-grandfather I am George Washington's fifth cousin, four generations removed. Q. E. D.

The Line of descent from Robert Washington is shown in the appended chart.

ROBERT WASHINGTON

m Elizabeth Light

Lawrence Washington

m Margaret Butler

Lawrence Washington

m Amphilis (Roades?)

John Washington

m Ann Pope

Lawrence Washington

m Mildred Warner

Augustine Washington

m Mary Ball

Walter Washington

m Alice Morden

1 Katherine Washington

m Thomas Stanton

2 Thomas Stanton

m Ann Lord

3 Thomas Stanton

m Sarah Denison

4 Sarah Stanton

m Nathaniel Chesebrough

GEORGE WASHINGTON

5 Nathan Chesebrough

m Bridget Noyes

Peleg Chesebrough

m Rebecca Barber

Betsy Chesebrough

m William Freeman

Jane DeHart Freeman

m Norman Fox

GEORGE HENRY FOX

Of the seven children of Norman Fox but two are now living, my sister (Mrs. Robert Stuart MacArthur) and myself. Of his grandchildren the majority are married and a new generation is rapidly growing up on whom will later depend the continued success of the society. Of the steadily increasing number of great-grandchildren the majority are juveniles although three of these in one family are old enough to have been,

like four of their uncles, officers in the United States service in the late war.

The work of the society has been aided and supplemented during a period of ten years by the publication (bi-monthly) of a small but interesting paper, "The Fox Family News" in which may be found many genealogical articles of value, old family records, old and new photographs and current items of family gossip of more interest than value.

Our annual gathering, anticipated with pleasure by all, affords a curious mixture of music, speech-making (mainly by guests), "stunts" of various sorts (by a gifted few) and any amount of general hilarity. Here are two of the songs we sing with more or less becoming modesty.

DESCENDANT'S SONG

(Tune: Seit Vater Noah.)

In seventeen hundred and ninety-two—
Let us all remember the year!
An event occurred, not uncommon, 'tis true,
Which explains the fact that we're here.
At Hoosick Falls, New York, sir,
The old ancestral stork, sir,
Delivered a box
For a party named Fox,
The parental abode to cheer.

Jehiel, the father, was godly and bold,
 Jerusha, the mother, was fair;
 Their wealth consisted of virtues untold,
 Which all of their progeny share.
 And so on New Year's Day, sir,
 We love to make a display, sir,
 Of wit and sobriety,
 Mischief and piety,
 Dower of an honored forebear.

When all meet here at the dawn of each year,
 In the Fox genealogy versed,
 Our great ancestor to proudly revere,
 As we banish our hunger and thirst,
 To the S. of the D. of N. F., sir,
 Our *aqua Crotonis* we'll quaff, sir,
 And mingle in glee,
 'Neath the family tree,
 That was planted by Norman the First.

Jan. 1st, 1908

G. H. F.

OUR CREED

(*Tune: The Dutch Compan-ee*)

A worthy old ancestor, one Thomas Fox by name,
 In Sixteen-hundred-thirty-two to Massachusetts
 came,
 And there he wrought good deeds but the best we all
 agree
 Was transplanting in America our great family
 tree.

Oh! the Fox famil-ee is the best famil-ee
That ever came over across the briny sea.

We're not a bit exclusive, just modest and select,
"Associates" we've taken in and treat with high
respect,
They're very hard to please and on Suffrage now are
bent
Though with such a happy lot as theirs they
should be content
For the Fox famil-ee etc.

Our muster roll is swelling and new names oft appear
And when the little Foxes come they're greeted
with a cheer,
The vines they spoil are naught to the wealth of joy
they bring
And as soon as they can lisp a note they all learn
to sing,
Oh! the Fox famil-ee etc.

Jan. 1st 1912.

And here is a partial account of one of our gatherings taken from the files of the "Fox Family News."

"The tenth annual banquet of our family society was held on the evening of January first at the Hotel Brevoort, and proved to be one of the most enjoyable as well as the largest gathering we have had, there being fifty people present, including guests. During the course of the dinner, some of the family songs were sung, and at

the end of our repast, Uncle George acted as the toastmaster. He said that our guests usually wondered why the Fox dinners were always dry dinners, and added that the best explanation had just been given by a lady sitting near him, who said it was because 'The little foxes spoiled the vines.' After a few words of welcome to those present and regrets that so many were kept away by illness and distance, he paid a tribute to Uncle Norman for the brilliant inspiration which prompted him to plan and found the 'Society of the Descendants of Norman Fox.'

"In introducing the first speaker of the evening the toastmaster said: 'I cannot help thinking how short a time it seems since we were the youngest members of the family and had to wait for the second table; when we used to cross the fields together and my sister would run ahead and shout back that the cows were coming to eat me up. And now the calendar claims that we are the oldest. As I think of the family circle of a generation ago and of the brothers who have been with us and are gone, I cannot help paraphrasing Whittier in saying:

"Ah, sister! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now." "

"In responding to the toast of 'Our Society,' Aunt Elizabeth said that while she was probably the oldest member, she did not boast of her age

as the men do. She had been greatly interested some time ago to learn that she had an ancestor who had been killed by the Indians. She had proudly informed her friends of this fact and was greatly chagrined when they asked her 'Who was Anne Hutchinson, and why did the Indians kill her?' The speaker, in conclusion, referred to the pioneer work of Jehiel Fox as a priceless legacy to all of his descendants.

"Answering to the toast of 'Our Associates,' Mason Trowbridge spoke as follows: 'I dislike to bring a note of discord into the harmony of this occasion. I do not like to drag from the closet the family skeleton and seat it at this feast. But as long as the cause to which four years ago to-night I dedicated my life, my fortune and my sacred honor is still unrecognized, I must seize this opportunity on behalf of the associates; for it is the only opportunity throughout the year when they are ever given a chance to be heard. I refer, Sir, to the unjust and iniquitous provision in the Constitution of the Society by which the associate members are excluded from all participation in its government. In order that you may understand that I do not merely voice the sentiments of the younger hot-heads, but express those of many who have for years endured this wrong in silence, I am going to read a poem, written, I understand, by either Aunt Cornelia or Aunt Annie and which is appropriately entitled:

JUSTICE.

Upon the morn of New Year's day,
In each succeeding year,
The Foxes hold a conference
And come from far and near.
Pursuant to the by-laws stern
Which govern their Society,
Those members only have a vote
Of the direct descent variety.
They are the ones who frame the laws
Which strictly bind us all,
And by their arbitrary rules
The associates enthrall.

If any daughter, still unwed,
Within the previous year
Has met her fate and to his suit
Has lent a willing ear;
She may not of herself decide
That she will be his mate,
But to this meeting must submit
The name of candidate.

And none in all the family
May join the marriage state,
And bring to the Society
A new Associate,
Without she first obtain consent
Of Uncle George, our President.
And now let no one present think
That this is a formality,
The secret minutes would disclose
Full many a fatality.

They say that after three rebuffs
One poor despairing cousin,
The fourth time gave the family
Their choice amongst a dozen;
And when they had selected one,
An unsuspecting swain,
She went right out and married him
By eminent domain.

And so this morning while you met
In annual communion,
We held a great mass meeting
At historic Cooper Union.
From every quarter of the land
Associates were there,
The author of these verses came
And occupied the chair.

Amidst the throng were maidens,
Each angry in her soul,
Who had won the hearts of Alan,
Alanson, Howard and Noel,
But had failed to win the ballot
At this wretched family poll.

Our Uncle Robert pledged support
By cable from Siam,
From Tulsa, Nellie telegraphed
"A bas the Sydenham."

Now many plans were there discussed
And some were for a "hike,"
And some proposed that at this feast
We try a hunger strike.

While some with stronger appetites
Cried "Here's a wiser plan,
We'll put the Foxes in a hole
By eating all we can."
But on one thing we all agreed
And pledged us each to each,
We would not one of us, if asked,
Consent to make a speech." '

.

"Mr. Hamilton Holt, who was Howard's roommate at Yale, then responded to the toast of the 'Friends of the Family.' He had been especially interested in reading an account in the *FOX FAMILY NEWS* of the Thomas Foxes of Massachusetts. He was quite familiar with Thomas Cats, he said, but had never heard Foxes referred to in this way. Mr. Holt was also pleased that Howard was now an editor, because a doctor-editor was always good at increasing circulation and besides he remembered that in college a young lady told him she liked his roommate so much, especially when he was going to press.

"Mr. Datus Smith, one of the best beloved of the old family friends, was next called upon and made some happy allusions to his former associations with many members of the Society. The following telegram from Detroit was now read: 'Greetings to all at the Fox Dinner. Ethel and Norman,' after which Rev. Dr. Edward Judson discoursed most entertainingly on various topics

including the ladies, consanguinity, the blessings of age and Baptist sociables.

“Mr. John B. C. Tappan was then called upon for a speech and remarked that as he entered the hotel, the first person he saw was Marguerite Carpenter, one of the twenty-seven girls he loved most. In answer to her question as to why he was there, he gave the following reasons and in so doing, told about ‘Four Fox Family Heroes.’ He said: ‘One day last week I met a certain physician of this city, who said, “Won’t you come to the Fox Family Dinner and speak? Speak on some subject of importance in American History, and by the way, have you ever noticed that my military career in the Civil War has not received the historical attention to which it is entitled? Here are some notes on the subject!” Forty-eight years ago at Painted Post occurred the one event which more than anything else foretold and brought to pass the successful termination of the war and the restoration of the Union. In the latter part of December, 1864, George Henry Fox, your esteemed chairman, enlisted in the Army of the United States—shortly thereafter the war came to an end.

“‘A few blocks further down I met another, younger physician, who said: “Won’t you come to the Fox Dinner and make a speech? And by the way my work at the Gettysburg Reunion last summer has hardly had the attention it deserved

from the city press. I am an editor myself and have done all I could in my own paper, but I cannot do it all." How many of you know that the real hero of Gettysburg is sitting with us now? He was with Meade at Gettysburg—fifty years after. There, Lieutenant Fox ran the Hotel du Fox, equipped with all the luxuries of life as a hospital for the use of the Fox Family only. There he entertained our chairman.

" 'Later I met a banker on his way to what he calls his work, and he said to me, "Come to the Fox Family Dinner and speak. Say something about the Mexican troubles if you wish. And have you noticed that Gen. O'Ryan has been in Washington a lot this winter, conferring with President Wilson?" If the Mexican troubles get any worse, O'Ryan has it fixed up with Wilson that Corporal Fox of the Squadron is to be promoted to Sergeant.

" 'Finally, I went to Glen Cove to see if the proprietor had made any paths lately. The Fox stable door was open. I went in and there I saw an old friend, a real hero. He was better equipped than the others for military service, having four feet with which to escape from the enemy. I patted him and said: "This is the man for me. It was Billy Fox. I give you the toast, drink it in pure Croton. Here's to Billy Fox." ' "

"The toastmaster then introduced Mr. Bain-

bridge Colby and remarked that Aunt Harriet and he were able to vouch for his good Baptist pedigree, his paternal grandfather having been Elder Colby of Nunda, and his maternal grandfather, Elder Bainbridge, of Painted Post. Mr. Colby paid a fine tribute to Aunt Harriet and said he felt at home at this dinner in the company of so many of his old friends. He thought, in fact, that he ought to be a member of the society himself, but as he was neither a Descendant nor an Associate, he was unfortunately ineligible. He suggested that some new classes of members be established such as Non-Resident, Coadjutor, or Army and Navy Members. The speaker sympathized with Mason in his protest against the organized tyranny represented by Uncle George as President, Alanson as Treasurer and Howard as controller of all sources of information. 'The Fox Family News had its good points,' he said, 'but it was not as accurate in its weather reports as the *Nunda News*.' In regard to his Baptist antecedents, Mr. Colby said that he himself was somewhat of a backslider and that on account of the 'ungovernable hilarity that characterized their sociables,' he was led to resign from the Baptist church and join the University Club.'

CHAPTER XXII

CHANGES IN EIGHTY YEARS

In Medical study and practice—Laws restricting quackery—Disappearance of Small-pox—Daylight and candle light—Snuffers on every table—Camphene and Kerosene lamps—Old fashioned dress—Common use of bootjacks—The wearing of beards—Use of hair-oil and perfumery—Packet boats on the canal—Slow and noisy railway trains—The old New York stages—New Year's sleigh ride on Broadway—Increased size of Ocean steamers—Bicycles and automobiles—Aerial and submarine warfare.

THE changes which have taken place in the past eighty years are innumerable and only a brief mention can now be made of the few which have left a deep impression on my memory. In our illumination of streets and houses, in our varying fashions in dress and customs, in our present means of transportation and in our modern methods of warfare a comparison of the present with the preceding generation will furnish perhaps the most interesting and striking contrast.

A review of the changes and progress in the science and practice of medicine during my day



AT BOARDING SCHOOL

and generation might fill a large volume. A very few words in reference to the subject must suffice.

When I began my professional study in 1867 no medical college in this country required a three years course. Now there are but few colleges of repute in which a four years course is not compulsory. There were seven branches of Medicine taught at that time and the graduate received his diploma without perhaps ever having looked into a microscope or received any instruction in the numerous special branches of medicine which are now an essential part of the medical course. The young doctor rarely regarded his diploma as anything more than a license to practice and usually allied himself with some physician of experience from whom he gained more or less knowledge and a necessary confidence in himself. Now the degree of A.B. is required by many colleges at matriculation and a course of four years hard study is necessary to obtain a degree. And then a two years hospital course and possibly a year or more of post graduate study at home or abroad is generally regarded as highly desirable if not absolutely essential before beginning practice.

There were then no effective laws regulating the practice of medicine and as anyone could call himself a doctor with impunity, quackery in its many forms was ever present. Now through ra-

tional legislation and municipal sanitary regulation much is done for the protection of the public. And yet there still remain intelligent men in our State legislatures who cling to the absurd idea that any one who does not prescribe drugs can practice medicine without harm and therefore should be allowed the privilege, ignorant or forgetful of the fact that a thorough medical training is necessary to recognize infectious diseases like small-pox and many others which if unrecognized, would tend to spread and cause expense and injury to the community. Even though it were admitted that some modern faddist without medical education might with good nursing treat a case of small-pox as successfully as the skilled physician it needs no argument to prove that his inability to recognize an obscure case at the outset and failure to place such in quarantine is certain to be productive of harm. Speaking of small-pox, the older reader will doubtless recollect how many faces he used to see that were severely pitted by this disease. How rarely is such a face seen now, owing to the compulsory vaccination which is generally enforced in our larger cities and towns!

The most learned of my medical teachers knew nothing of the actual causes of tuberculosis, malaria, diphtheria, typhoid fever, leprosy and many other diseases or of the diagnostic tests which now enable us to recognize them in obscure

cases. Their treatment, in the absence of this knowledge, was far less successful than that of the present day. The surgeons were ignorant of the modern science of Bacteriology and knew nothing of the importance of asepsis in the treatment of wounds which has so greatly lessened the mortality in operations at the present day. They never even dreamed of the X-ray and its value in both diagnosis and treatment, not to mention the many other brilliant discoveries which have enriched our knowledge and benefited our patients during the past generation. And last though not least, neither physician nor surgeon of that day ever imagined what comfort and what benefit might accrue to both themselves and their patients by the employment of thoroughly trained nurses in their hospital and their family practice.

When I was a little boy there were practically but two kinds of light, daylight and candle light, and I can now dimly recall the old tin moulds, common to almost every household, into which the tallow was poured in the manufacture of home-made candles. A pair of snuffers on a narrow little tray was a requisite of every table around which the family gathered at night and was in constant use in maintaining a respectable illumination. I can also recall a variety of lamps which I have seen used. The "Camphene" lamp of my boyhood, in which I think turpentine was burned, gave a much clearer light than the old

smoky Roman lamp of olden times but unfortunately it had a tendency to explode with unfailing regularity and often with disastrous result. When modern methods of refining petroleum were discovered the "Kerosene" lamp came in vogue, and with an Argand burner, gradually superseded the candles and was generally used where gas lighting was not available. A generation ago, before the common use of the Welsbach mantle, even gas light was a rather dull affair.

The development of electricity as an illuminating agent is wholly within my recollection. At the Philadelphia Exhibition in 1876 I saw the electric light called the "Jablochkoff Candle" for the first time and remember that soon after the "Brush" arc light began to appear here and there on Broadway. Later came the Edison incandescent bulb which made possible not only "the great white way" in New York but its counterpart in every town and hamlet throughout the land.

In the matter of dress I can recall certain fashions which are long since out of date and would look strange enough now. As a boy in Schenectady I remember seeing one old man who used to walk the street with a rough beaver hat, blue coat with brass buttons, a frilled shirt and knee breeches. I always think of him as an illustration of Holmes's "Last Leaf." The portrait of my father, painted in 1825, shows the old high



IN COLLEGE

collar which may have been stylish at that time but must have certainly been uncomfortable. I remember that later he used to wear a high stiff "stock" in place of a scarf or tie and the pleasure I used to have as a boy in playing with it and springing it around my own neck. All small boys at that time delighted in the wearing of copper toed boots. Shoes were rarely worn by men then and the high boots, especially in winter, were more apt to be greased with tallow than polished. A boot-jack was as common in the bedroom as a hair brush. I remember when trousers or "pants" were worn that were almost skin tight and again in my Freshman year in college when students vied with each other to see who could wear the widest pattern. When a Sophomore, white or grayish high hats were commonly worn and white flannel suits were the rage for a time. I remember attending a Psi Upsilon Convention at Middletown, Ct., and sitting with a few delegates thus arrayed at the "Banquet." Of course no student ever dreamed of wearing "evening dress" in those days. When the coffee was served (in large thick cups) a waiter leaned over the table to reach a dish of small oranges, one of which fell directly into my cup. The result was a temporary fountain of coffee and the sudden transformation of several white flannel suits into a semblance of leopard skins.

When a boy I think all nice little girls wore

“pantalettes” and later came a distressing period of crinoline or “hoop skirts.” Still later bustles were worn of enormous size and the posture of certain women was commonly known as the “Grecian bend.”

A generation ago beards were far more common than now. Nearly every young fellow in college who could possibly raise one took pride in doing so and graduates of a few years standing often looked like the patriarchs of old. The generals and younger officers in our civil war frequently wore full beards or side whiskers which when long were termed “Dundrearys” and when trimmed “Burnsides” after the general of that name. Their surviving photographs now present a strong contrast to our present day, close shaven men in khaki. The hair was usually allowed to grow longer than fashion prescribes at the present day and was generally brushed forward over the temples as in the familiar picture of Charles Dickens. This was the era of hair oil, a toilet article which was considered as indispensable by nearly every man and woman, young or old. The shoulders of one’s coat often presented a more or less greasy appearance as the result of this absurd custom and every good housewife learned to protect her upholstered chairs by an embroidered towel or square of linen and lace commonly known as an “anti-macassar.” Macassar oil and so-called “bear’s grease” were favorite applications to the

scalp, the latter possessing the special virtue, as many believed, of making a bald head look like a bear skin.

The use of perfumery at that time was far more common than now. Not only the dude but nearly every man was apt to sprinkle a few drops of "Eau de Cologne" on his handkerchief in dressing and many ladies continually carried about with them a most penetrating, not to say offensive, odor of musk or patchouli.

Transportation facilities have improved in a notable degree within my recollection. As a boy in Schenectady I remember seeing one packet boat on the Erie canal although this mode of travel, like the old-fashioned stage coach, was almost obsolete at that time. The railway trains before the era of air brakes always started with a jerk which would nearly throw the passengers off their seats and the old-fashioned brakes applied at each stop caused a similar disturbance of equilibrium. The road bed was rough, the rails often loose and the song which the train sang as it made its ten miles an hour sounded in my boyish ears like "ranka-janka-ranka-janka." My older brothers used to tell about a horse which was used at the depot in Ballston. It was hitched in front of the locomotive *to start the train*.

In New York city I remember the stages with the oval oil paintings on the door panels. They used to start from Wall and Fulton Sts, run

up Broadway and then diverge, some going up Madison Ave., some up Fifth Ave. and some turning west on 23rd St. In winter when the accumulated and frozen snow was several feet high in the middle of the streets they were very apt to skid down toward the curbstone and were often stopped by the falling of the horses. Good sleighing was not uncommon on Broadway although the winters were no more severe then than now. New Year's Day the old St. Nicholas Hotel on lower Broadway near Prince St. used to give an annual sleigh ride to its patrons and the requisite snow was rarely lacking. I remember the small horse cars of fifty years ago with a tinkling bell attached to the end of the tongue and straw on the floor to keep the feet of about a dozen passengers warm.

The ocean liners of that day were partly of the side-wheel type and made the transatlantic trip in about two weeks. At the Chicago Fair in 1893 I remember walking with my little boy through the Transportation Building and calling his attention to the great contrast, especially in size, between the models of the old "Scotia" and of the new "Lucania."

The modern bicycle and the automobile have come into use in my day and added greatly to our pleasure and travelling facilities. When a medical student in Philadelphia, about 1869, there was a popular revival of the old fashioned veloci-



WITH SOME GRANDCHILDREN

pede and a large number of young people gathered in a public rink to ride or to look at others riding. I remember going there with my sister and some young ladies and with a secret pride in my athletic ability and a foolish desire to display it I hired and attempted to ride one of the machines. How they laughed at my unsuccessful attempts to keep my balance, my numerous falls and my collisions with other riders! And how intensely provoked and thoroughly exhausted I became after a half hour's struggle! When they had left the rink I persisted in my efforts, feeling unwilling to quit until after I had succeeded in riding about ten feet without toppling over. I then went home with a very tired body and a very humble spirit.

As a young doctor I used to envy the men and boys mounted on the early high wheeled bicycles and was only deterred from trying one by the fractured wrists and collar bones of several friends who had done so. But when the low "safety" came into general use I bought a heavy English "Humber" which afforded me much satisfaction and even more exercise. How well I remember my first out of town excursion after I had learned to ride just a little! I visited a friend in Montclair who had a circular area of lawn with a post in the center and, doubtful of my riding ability, asked me to mount and make a turn or two. I described a graceful semi-circle

and then drew nearer to the post. I saw it plainly, felt an instinctive dread of it, excited my brain and muscle to the utmost to avoid it but—ran right into it and fell with a disagreeable thud. How many bicycle beginners have been drawn into this same psychic maelstrom! I later became a fairly expert rider and my recollections of delightful trips with pleasant company in Jersey, Long Island, up the Hudson, through the Berkshires and along the Massachusetts coast invariably give me a thrill of keenest pleasure.

At the Crystal Palace in London not many years ago I remember paying sixpence to ride slowly around a small ring in what was termed the "horseless carriage." It was generally regarded as a mere toy and no one imagined that within a score of years millions of such machines would be running at from thirty to fifty miles an hour through every civilized country on the face of the globe. It seems but yesterday that nearly every one walking on Fifth Avenue stopped to look at an automobile while now it is the rare spectacle of a fine span of carriage horses that attracts attention.

At the close of our civil war every student of history and very many others thought that they knew all that could be known of modern warfare. How very little they knew in comparison with what the present generation has learned during the past few years. For more than thirty

years three of my soldier brothers rarely met together without discussing their experiences and various military matters. It is now a startling thought to me that not one of them had the remotest conception of either aerial or submarine warfare and no realization of a vast world war such as that in which our country has recently been engaged. *Tempora mutantur.*

Probably no one has ever lived and looked back over a long life without noting many changes that have taken place. Certainly no one has ever been witness to so many and such wonderful events and changes as have the older people of the present generation. So readily do we adapt ourselves to new thoughts, new inventions and new customs that one has to stop and think, as few find time and inclination to do, in order to fully realize the great changes that have taken place during his own lifetime and in his own limited experience. Our fathers saw some great changes in their day and generation but they were little in comparison with those which we have witnessed. While it seems hardly possible it is nevertheless highly probable that some of our children may live to see even greater changes than any of those to which we can now bear record.

Speaking of changes during the past eighty years suggests an old and amusing story.

In a New England village an elderly repro-

bate died and the new, young minister was asked to preach his funeral sermon. Knowing little of the man and that little being wholly to his discredit the preacher wisely avoided all personalities and branched off into the wonderful changes that had occurred during his lifetime.

"Eighty years ago," he said, "when our departed friend was born there were but a few log houses in this region. Now look at the comfortable and nicely painted residences on our main street! In place of the dense forest which then existed we now see cultivated and fruitful fields. The roads then were full of ruts or mud, while now we have miles of smooth asphalt leading in all directions. When our departed friend was a boy there was neither railway nor telegraph. Now we have bicycles, automobiles, aeroplanes and a telephone in nearly every house. It was difficult then to make a bare living by the hardest of work and there were no amusements. Now we have our phonographs, radios and moving picture shows and can enjoy ourselves to our hearts content. And just think of it, my dear friends! All of these great changes have taken place during the lifetime of the deceased!"

On the road to the cemetery some one remarked to his neighbor "That was a bully, good sermon! I never knew before that Jim was so much of a feller!"

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