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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE
J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M. D.,
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CHAPTER I.

CHILDHOOD.

THE Fothergills are an old family residing in Ravenstonedale, of old called Rissendale, a high lying dale on the Yorkshire border of Westmorland. In early days, Ravenstonedale was a city of refuge and the legend is that a Milner killed a Fothergill somewhere in Yorkshire and fled to Rissendale; whither the dead man's brother pursued him. Milner settled down afraid to leave the refuge, and Fothergill settled down too to watch him. Side by side the two families have lived since in this dale, the Milners boasting that they were the first. It is quite clear if the primeval Milner had not gotten there first, neither name would ever have been known in connection with the dale. The time fixed for the adventure is the reign of King John.

Tarn House, an ancient and not very extensive mansion, was the early home of the Fothergills. It looks down the pass in the hills leading southwards to Ledbergh in Yorkshire. Further into the dale stands Ashfell, the home of the Milners. The Fothergills were in a good social position at an early period for Sir Wm. Fothergill was standard bearer to Sir Thomas Wharton at the battle of Solom Moss, in the time of King Henry the VIII. (The Whartons, of Wharton Hall, were the leaders of that area, having for their nearest neighbors the Musgraves of Hartley). Then, in the time of King Charles II, George Fothergill of Tarn House, (then the only slated house in the parish), was clerk of the peace for Westmorland, and Queen's receiver

for Lancashire, Westmorland and Cumberland. Then the Fothergills divided into the Tarn House family, one at Lockholme, another at Brownber further into the dale (where John Fothergill, the head of the family, still resides), and fourth at Wath, on the Leine, at the Orton border of the parish.

Ravenstonedale boasts that it never had a gentleman and never had a beggar. The inhabitants are a thrifty people; industrious and hard at a bargain. There was always a literary turn about the Fothergills, and Anthony Fothergill of Brownber, son of Thomas Fothergill (probably the son of the Queen's receiver) was the author of several works in verse and prose, and a contributor to the *Monthly Review*. He died in 1761 at the age of 75, and a record of his work is to be found in the parish church. Indeed, the Fothergills, to judge from the tablets in the church, were the leading people of the place. From one of these it would appear that two of the Lockholme Fothergills attained distinction at Oxford. Thomas Fothergill, D. D., was vice-chancellor and provost of Queen's in 1772-75, in which last year he was made a prebendary of Durham. In 1790, George Fothergill was principal of Edmond Hall, where there is to be seen a picture of him in his robes. Anthony Fothergill, M. D., F. R. S., was a fashionable physician at Bath, and a poet of no mean order. He left the Fothergill gold medal to the Medical Society of London.

A scion went into Wensleydale in Yorkshire, and resided at Carr End, Wensleydale. From him were descended John Fothergill, M. D., F. R. S., the famous London physician of the latter part of the last century, the founder of the famous Quaker school at Ackworth, in Yorkshire. Dr. Fothergill, of Darlington, the temperance

leader, belonged to the Wensleydale branch.

To which branch of the Ravenstonedale families belonged the first Fothergill who settled at Morland, is not quite clear, but the probability is he belonged to the Lockholme family. He possessed Midfield, Barugh, and some allotment in Lunbegai Tarn pasture. At Morland, lived the Westmorland branch of the Bachlinses, and Edward Bachlinse died in 1745. His only daughter married an Eeles, and had three daughters. These married a Fothergill, a Scourfield, and a Wendal, who divided the Bachlinse property between them. Fothergill had three sons, Thomas, George and John, and a daughter Mary. This led to a subdivision again. Thomas the eldest, got the larger half of the Morland property; George got Barugh; Mary, Midfield, in the parish of Orton; and John a slice of the Morland estate called Grengill. John married a Mary Ellison of Barwise Hall, an Ashly family, cousin to John Elliotson, M. D., F. R. S., Professor of Medicine in University College, the leader in medicine in London in his day, until electro-biology led him into quicksands, and the sisters O'Key befooled him. He retired into private life about 1840. The property would not admit of more subdividing so John's children had to do something for themselves. Several went west emigrating to Canada. Thomas held to the land being the eldest. George studied medicine. John, the youngest son, went into the church and settled in British Guiana, where he became Archdeacon of Berlice. After fourteen years in Guiana he came home and died vicar of Boride kirk in Cumberland. George, the third son, went to London and walked the hospitals, being a student at the London Hospital in 1827-28-29. He took the qualification of licentiate of the Apothecaries' Hall in 1829, and then commenced practice at Orton in Westmorland, near his bachelor uncle George, who had been at the expense of his education.

Barugh on the Leine, was the property of the second son of the Morland Fothergills. The first Fothergill of Barugh was a humorous man, fond of a joke, and many stories are told about him. The second was a quiet, amiable, upright man, respected by all,

and noted as a skillful angler. He was fond of his nephew George, who had an extensive practice at Orton. The then vicar of Orton was the Rev. Robert Milner, J. P. D. L., a prominent magistrate and sound lawyer, as became the man who lived in the house where Dr. Burn wrote his famous "Legal Treatises," and his "History of Cumberland and Westmorland," (jointly with Dr. Nicholson).

This Robert Milner was the youngest son of the owner of Ashfell, in Ravenstonedale, who had bought Coatplate Hall, on the Leine, near Orton. He married Peggy Burr, the niece of the lawyer and historian, Dr. Burr, D.D., vicar of Orton. They had several children, of whom some died young, and the only son who lived to mature years was William Holme, who died vicar of Horncastle and prebendary of Lincoln. Sarah was the youngest surviving daughter, a tall, handsome girl with ringlets, who caught the young doctor's eye. Before the engaged couple got married George Fothergill moved to Morland, where he practiced for the rest of his life. The pair had two children—Margaret, born on April 29, 1839, and John, born April 11, 1841.

Thus it is to be seen that little Fothergill had literary blood in his veins. There were the literary tastes of the Lockholme Fothergills, while by his father's mother he had Ellison traits in him. So much for the father's side. Then the Milners furnished Isaac, dean of Carlisle, and Joseph, the church historian. But all this was unheeded, and no one dreamed of a literary character in the fat, chubby boy constantly getting into mischief. His mother's sister, Esther, who died a spinster, always said he "would be a light in the world—but it would be as a lamp-lighter." A lamp-lighter certainly he came to be, but of a very different character from what his aunt prophesied.

His earliest reminiscences go back to his fourth year when he went to the girls' school to fetch his sister home. There he himself was entered as a scholar when aged four years and a quarter. A Miss Kilner, a daughter of a neighboring statesman, taught the school, and she took charge of the little chap and did her best to spoil him. He was an apt scholar, always willing to learn, even when equally ready to

get into mischief, and his copy-book long remained to tell how he made a bound from "strokes" clear over pot-hooks and wrote letters. He disdained the intermediary pothook.

The Morland practice was not specially lucrative, and money-making does not run in the Fothergill blood, so, though there was no difficulty in living, there were no spare means. After four years at the girls' school the lad was moved on to the grammar school. Like most of the schools of Westmorland, there was an endowment and the master must possess an acquaintance with Latin. It was by means of such schools that so many Westmorland youths found their way into the church. In this case the master's knowledge of Latin could scarcely be said to exist; but, as it was, he put his pupil through the Latin grammar, and got him into Caesar. While in arithmetic he got pretty well through the old-fashioned school-book and dabbled in algebra. He was a quick child, apt enough to learn, fond of his book, and given to spending his coppers in small half-penny books issued by the Halifax press, of which he possessed quite a small library. Then he ascended to Chamber's Miscellany, which belonged to the Sunday-school library.

The vicar of Morland at that time was a man of patrician descent, a William Rice Markham, whose mother was a Rice, of Duvrevor. He was a squire-like vicar, fond of rod and gun, especially the latter. A man of polished manners, of hasty temperament, overbearing, and with little learning or booklore, he lorded it over the people. The Sunday school was a fad of his wife, who was a sort of lay-vicar. This vicar had a curate to look after the parish, and at this time the curate was William Holme Milner, Wm. Fothergill's brother. George Fothergill lived in a house owned by a Miss Airey, a first cousin of his. Miss Airey taught in the Sunday school and took little Fothergill with her to set an example. This he found so irksome that setting an example was repugnant to him ever after. There is no doubt whatever that he was not constitutionally framed to be a model of propriety.

He was a strong, sturdy lad, fond of foot-ball, fond of books, and an au-

thority on apples. He also exhibited a true Fothergillian aptitude for angling, and with hazel rod and a crooked pin fished for minnows in the brook. The mill-race of the old mill runs alongside the road which forms the main street of Morland. Half-way up this street is a dam, and below, a rocky channel, full of water after rain and pouring over a small fall known as the Force bridge. Here the gay fisherman gained his first experience of angling. The rocky channel was known locally as the "back-bottom," a great resort for the children. In one pool the minnows found a refuge in the driest seasons. From the mill-race trickled here and there little rills of water, across which the small fry of the village built dams, much oppressed by unfounded suspicions of creating artificial streams by piercing the breastwork. The man in charge of the saw-mill, a gruff fellow, was constantly harrying these diminutive dam-constructors and threatening to "take them before Mr. Marklam," a threat which caused the wildest terror and effectually protected the water works. Somehow young Fothergill became specially suspected of illicit engineering, a suspicion he always asserted was unfounded. Certain it is, from his earliest memories the vicar had no love for him.

As he grew a little older, Saturdays were devoted to angling. Many a day he wandered down the stream, till it joined the Lyvennet and thence to the Eden; going without food except in the autumn when a hasty meal was made off of a turnip or less frequently a carrot surreptitiously obtained it is to be feared. Mrs. Fothergill was old fashioned and believed firmly in the rod as a disciplinary agent, and wielded it freely in the shape of one of her husband's ash riding plants. About three or four o'clock she might be seen looking out for her errant boy. Slowly, tired and leg-weary he would ascend the hill in front of Hill Top House. His mother's right hand is hidden, but he knows well it holds an ash plant. When he reached the open door the first query was, "Have you been to Eden?" It was no good to deny the fact. Then followed, "Take off your pannier, put up your rod and net." And then the ash plant came into operation. Then followed some youthful meditations in the garden behind the

house, until the pain of the blows went off. After a brief time peace once more reigned; and some food was forthcoming. But it may be doubted how far there was any question of repentance. Boy and man alike Fothergill took his own way and with it the consequences which followed. There was no "spare the rod and spoil the child" in his case. If flogging can make a good man Fothergill was in a fair way to qualify for a canonized saint.

His father rarely did the correctional discipline, it was generally all over before he came in from his rounds. Once or twice he chastised but there was a general impression that justice was not tempered with mercy in his corrections. They occurred only after his return from a visit to Crosby Ravensworth, a village where peace of mind seemed never to exist. He was a kind father though and a good man; much too unselfish, much too honest, ever to attain to the responsibility of riches. When he could afford the spare time he would go with his boy to the water and teach him to swim or to cast a fly line deftly. He had remarkably good hands and could dress a fly skilfully, and with his box full of birds' wings, his many hued skeins of silk, a hare's ear and a quantity of hackle young Fothergill became an adept at fly-dressing himself. His father, too, taught him to ride and he could not remember his first adventure on horse back albeit of a good memory. He can, however, remember a dun pony kicking him over the head, or lying down in the water when crossing a stream and taking other liberties with him until old enough to assert his mastery.

One of the amusements of his early days was to get upon a chest of drawers and read aloud to his mother and Miss Airey while they sewed. He was designed for the church and the drawers were his improvised pulpit, and into the church no doubt he could have been sent had his uncle the archdeacon survived. When this uncle returned from Demerara he took great notice of his little nephew, who accompanied him on many a fishing expedition or watched him take down his gun and went with him for a stroll in the fields in pursuit of something to shoot. This gunning of the archdeacon gave great offense to the priestly Nimrod at the vicarage who had secured the exclus-

ive right to shoot all round and far and wide, and who detested hearing the crack of any gun but his own.

One day the prelate shot a partridge in his own field, which, however, fell in an adjoining field, which happened to be part of the vicar's glebe. Having had other duties to discharge in his colonial experience he had not studied carefully the forest laws, and when picking up his bird, forgot to leave his gun on his own side of the fence, carrying it over his arm into his neighbor's domain.

The irascible vicar brought a charge of poaching against the trespasser who took advantage of his superior position in the church to administer a grave rebuke to his ecclesiastical subordinate. This gave dire offense, and from that time the blue blooded vicar turned the light of his countenance away from the Fothergills so far as he could without inconvenience to himself: and especially regarded little Fothergill with disfavor who readily enough returned the ill feeling.

One of the great events of his boyhood was a periodical visit to his maternal grandfather at Orton vicarage. The distance was only some nine miles but the road was bad and for five miles consisted of climbing one long hill and descending another, the steep Orton scar, which made the journey slow and tedious. In winter an early start would be made so as to get well on the way by daybreak, and on the way was a favorite encamping ground for gypsies, and when the Fothergill vehicle came to Blindbeck the naked gypsy children could often be seen running about in the light of the rising sun. At Orton, little Fothergill was an important personage. He was the first grandson of the vicar, and some day would have a portion of the old man's savings. Then from the vicarage he went over to visit his great uncle at Barugh, whose little property would some day be his. Alas for these hopes, they were never realized. His great uncle, one day gave him a guinea, which in later days he wore attached to his watch chain, as all the patrimony he ever inherited. He never went to Barugh without the old man giving him a sovereign; consequently the visit there was a great affair with him.

He was a happy child with a good appetite and sturdy limbs who roamed

about with his bow and arrows over the fields, or with his rod down the side of the brook in accordance with a strong inherited angling instinct, his grandfather Fothergill being a most successful angler. This grandfather, too, was fond of the little fellow who was much at Greengill, and who was pretty sure of something good to eat there. But when his grandmother had a stroke, which left her totally blind, he did not come off so well.

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL LIFE.

George Fothergill, as we have seen, evinced no tendency towards the accumulation of riches, and when his boy became old enough to be sent away to school, ways and means had to be considered. Old Archbishop Grinidal, of Queen Bess's time, left behind him an endowment to the grammar school of St. Bees for the education of boys having attained the age of twelve and born in Cumberland or Westmorland. Such boys could be placed upon the foundation, as it was termed, where at the modest cost of twenty pounds a year, all told, a good education of the old-fashioned sort was provided for them. This sum lay within the doctor's modest means, so to St. Bees his lad must go. He took him by the then circuitous route of Carlisle, Maryport and Whitehaven, and when the pair arrived at Brindle's hotel, the little fellow felt quite a traveler. Next day he was taken to the school and gazed in wonderment at the oak panelling of the large room used alike for school-room and dining-room. He saw the names of boys now big fellows out in the world, and determined to leave his record there in time. It stands about midway in the room on the western side. His father did not take a formal farewell of him, and the lad was now alone in the world amidst new scenes and fresh faces.

No record remains as to whether he felt lonesome or strange, or resented being bantered about the absence of a shirt collar, an article of attire little in favor with him, even after he had taken the degree of M. D. It was in August, 1853, when he made his debut in the character of a school boy. They were a rough set of typical north country lads, these youths on the founda-

tion at St. Bees, and if a new comer could not swim, his experiences were somewhat painful and trying to him. He was taken into the sea by some bigger boys out of his depth and there left to flounder out as best he could. Fortunately for young Fothergill, he had already acquired the art.

Roaming over St. Bees' beach, climbing the rocks, wandering to Fleswich beach to seek pebbles, bathing in the sea, making excursions to Rottingdon in the autumn for apples, making less reputable excursions in search of carrot fields, parties to jaunt the Tobeck, were the amusements which lay outside cricket and football. It was very difficult at that time for any farmer at St. Bees to grow carrots to a profit. The boys then, used to organize regular scouting parties to scour the neighborhood in search of carrot patches. One farmer had sown some carrots in an out-of-the-way nook, beyond the mill at the southern end of the beach, but its locality was at last detected and the raids made upon his crop must have justly angered him. Finally, old Mr. Fox, of St. Bees' Abbey farm, outwitted the young marauders. He sowed his carrots in the midst of a large field easily commanded by the eye and put marigolds in the rest of it. As the boys were not allowed out after dark, those carrots went unmolested, as detection was certain.

The head master at the time, was the Rev. Miles Atkinson, a man of few words but of iron will, and what "old Atkey" said, he meant. He did not make his laws irksome but his rules had to be obeyed, else there was a thrashing; an affair no boy he ever operated upon cared to endure twice. Some unpleasantness having arisen betwixt one of the under masters and some day boys from Whitehaven, the trustees advised that all flogging should be done by the head master. The defaulting youths soon realized the profound mistake they had made, for "old Atkey" thought nothing of giving half a dozen boys a hundred stripes apiece before breakfast and he knew how to make the most of each blow. The cane was an educational agent at St. Bees, held in the greatest repute, and young Fothergill soon came in for his share. His mother utilized his father's ground-ashes; the master at Morland school placed his trust in a hazel,

well-dried and the "business" end hardened by a short acquaintance with the fire. At St. Bees, the cane reigned. All were good in their way, but the hazel stung hardest in Fothergill's opinion. At first he got into trouble on account of the slipshod way he did his work, owing to the inefficiency of the Morland teaching, but soon this was overcome and then the lessons gave him little or no trouble. He could learn fast enough, but the cane and he were familiar from his weakness for having his own way. The Rev. H. Knowles, (later on principal of St. Bees' Theological College) was then the second master, and he it was who did the caning in Fothergill's case.

Many a time the stubborn lad stood with his coat off, eagerly watching the master get through the exercises, after which he could find time to do the caning. Sometimes the culprit was pardoned for his resignation, but not very often. Down they came, a storm of cane strokes, too fast for each individual one to be distinctly felt—fifty-three or four were the usual number. Then the coat was resumed. This was not the worst of it. When the shirt was doffed at bedtime, and before the night-shirt was donned an inspection by his peers was held of the cuticular condition. Usually there arose some question about a doubtful weal, which was tested with a finger tip, previously wetted with saliva, being drawn quickly along it. This caused a much sharper sting than the blow which inflicted the weal, but it had to be borne with red Indian heroism. It was right, and the proper thing, to give tongue when being thrashed, but at this later ordeal the boy who wished to stand well in the opinions of his school-fellows must bide mute. Young Fothergill once had the evidences of three separate sets of weals on his back at once, from which it may be surmised that he had been more than usually self-willed about that time. Once Mr. Knowles was in so great haste to flog a lad (a day scholar) that he forgot to tell him to take his coat off. It was an old coat, and the dust flew; and what was worse, the cloth was rotten and gave way under the cane, and that coat was a ruined coat. It was a veritable case of "dusting the jacket." One half-year a good deal of caning had gone on and Fothergill proposed that a

subscription should be gotten up to present Mr. Knowles with some canes. Two shillings were contributed and a bundle of canes bought therewith. The suggester had to formally present them, whereupon Mr. Knowles deputed him to carry one each to the other masters, reserving the remainder for his own necessities. All got used up before long but one big grey-colored fellow who seemed to have outgrown disciplinary uses. This, however, fell at last to Fothergill's lot. It was one Saturday morning—an Euclid morning—and the master's temper was upset, and he broke the big cane to pieces on Fothergill's back. There was never any ill-feeling, however, betwixt master and pupil, and years afterwards the pupil sent a copy of "The Maintenance of Health" to his whilome master "in grateful remembrance of many a sound thrashing honestly administered." The master acknowledged its receipt, regretting that the features of the grateful author had slipped from the tablets of his memory.

The food of the boys on the foundation was simple in character, excellent in quality, and ample in quantity. At 8 A. M. came breakfast, consisting of a basin of porridge, and milk *ad libitum*, with bread. Dinner at 1, solid meat, puddings on Sundays and Wednesdays, at 4 o'clock a slice of bread, at 6 some porridge and milk (a limited amount); at 8, unstinted bread and milk. Such was the fare. No tea till 1856. On this all throve. The doctor was rarely required. Once only was a medical man in the school the three years odd that Fothergill was there. Once scarlet fever broke out in November and the school was broken up. A stout, sturdy, healthy lot of boys they were. Rough fellows, too, but not much fighting. "Old Atkey's" rod was too heartily dreaded for that.

One of the ways of these lads was not very desirable or creditable. The beach and a multitude of smooth stones everywhere led to much stone-throwing. On Sunday afternoon the sedative effect of pudding led to less energetic forms of play, and stone-throwing was in favor. Taking advantage of a gate-post, or other shelter, stoning went on like the sharp shooting in the Crimean trenches. Constant practice led to much proficiency, and each boy set his heart on

hitting the weather-cock on the church spire. Only once did Fothergill ever succeed in doing so. He was returning from the beach alone one Saturday afternoon. The weather-cock was glistening in the sunlight. Picking up a pebble he flung it with a true aim. The stone struck the weather-cock and the ring was distinctly audible. He looked around to see if any other boy was about to testify to his exploit. There was not one, but instead one of the junior masters, much to his chagrin. But nothing came of it. One other Saturday afternoon three of the boys set off up the valley along the winding Tobeck with a gun. It was a short, single-barreled cheap gun one of them had bought. Concealing the stock in one pocket and the barrel in another the trio made off out of sight and hearing of any master. They shot in turns at any bird or living object they might see. Coming near a mansion one shot at a poor little bird on a tree-branch. The noise attracted the attention of a man working near in the grounds who appeared with threatening gestures. Boy-like they made off as fast as their legs could carry them. Fothergill had the gun, as it was his turn to shoot. Getting off the road into the fields they ran for it. Handicapped with the gun Fothergill began to fall astern and capture seemed inevitable. He begged the others to relieve him of the gun, but in vain. He stopped, and turning round saw the man coming up. When well within gunshot he threw up the gun, levelling it at the man's head, while he warned him to stop. The man pulled up and demanded he should lower the gun; but Fothergill perceived that he was master of the situation and steadily covered the man's head with the gun. At last the man decided that prudence was the better part of valor, and turned back. The victor, triumphant at his success, rejoined his companions, carrying with him the honors of the day.

Two great events these were with the St. Bees' boys. One of general interest, the other only concerning the boys from Westmorland. The first was the gunpowder plot on the 5th of November. Great preparations were made for this event. The goose on Rottingdon Common was freely requisitioned, while the boys went off on collecting

excursions as far as Ponsonby Hall and Calder Abbey. And when the evening of the 5th actually arrived did not every boy's breast glow with heartfelt emotion? Crackers, blue lights, Roman candles, whirling pyrotechnics were all very well, but they paled in the youthful mind before rockets with their showers of falling stars and bombshells similarly freighted. That was a great sight at St. Bees' School. The other affair was of a much more personal character. In order to reach home in one day an early start had to be made. The school broke up at noon. The boys belonging to West Cumberland readily got home in the afternoon. Those from Penrith and Westmorland stayed over night, and, having engaged a carrier to cart their luggage to Whitehaven, all set off about 5 A. M. to catch the first train from Whitehaven to Carlisle. Of course the weather excited the keenest interest; if wet, it would be no joke to walk four miles in the rain, and sit in wet clothes in the train for hours after. This made a fitting prelude to the bliss of holiday time.

They were a happy set of lads at St. Bees', but they made no mark. One contemporary of Fothergill's became a Cambridge doctor—that was all. Mediocrity was somehow stamped on them, then and later. But a change came over the spirit of the school. The Rev. Miles Atkinson retired to the living of Havenwood, near Leeds, and the Rev. Hislop secured in his stead. He was a grave-looking man, with sandy hair plastered down on a sallow skin. He looked like a dyspeptic, and seemed very unlike giving a boy a sound flogging, even if he deserved it. Two young masters came in the place of two old ones, one of whom was married, his wife officiating as matron. The young men were unmarried, so a spinster was appointed as matron. Other changes followed. The big boys were made prefects and had a room to themselves and tea with the matron. In turn, and in return, one prefect sat in the big room and kept an eye on the boys, while the masters kept the matron company or went on social errands to houses in the village where there were eligible and good-looking damsels.

Things got strained. Hislop was no disciplinarian, and even his reputation for great Greek knowledge did not

compensate this defect. The masters did not like encountering the boys when walking out with some young lady. Mr. Fox was understood to object to the boys wandering over the pastures of St. Bees' land, and their freedom was curtailed. They put two and two together. Up the village of St. Bees the road at one point passes by a high wall. At the top some turnips lay stored. One night as the more suspected master was coming home from visiting a very comely young lady, he passed the wall. Suddenly he was stunned by a blow. He reeled, then pulled himself together, and discovered that a large, soft turnip in a state of decay had been hurled down upon his head by some one on the top of the wall, who had disappeared before he came round. When he got home strict inquiry was made. No boy had been out. It remained a mystery as regards the masters, but it was known among the boys that it was the act of a boy who lived in private lodgings in the village who shared the sympathies of his comrades on the foundation. The episode made matters worse. A spirit of rebellion sprang up. Fothergill was suspected of fostering, and even forming it, though he never misbehaved. He had left Mr. Knowles' school much to the latter's regret, who said that he "had lost the best historian in the school."

Hislop was distantly related to Fothergill by the Milner side, and some ill-feeling had existed in by-past times between the families. Fothergill thought his master had this in his mind, and believed he was a marked individual. At last he and another boy were had up for being disagreeable and not willingly giving heed to what the undermasters said as they could like, and an imposition of two thousand lines of Greek, to be written out, was inflicted on each by Mr. Hislop. Fothergill wrote home to his father to send him five pounds to pay his debts for books, etc., stating that if his request was not complied with he would make his way home as best he could, taking the road for it. His father sent the money without delay and the mutineer left rather than do the imposition which he regarded as tyrannical. The other boy appealed to the leading trustees, declaring that he would not do the imposition, and con-

sequently was expelled. Nearly half the boys on the foundation prevailed upon their friends to take them away at the end of the half-year. But as to the after-history of St. Bees, Fothergill knew nothing after he shook off the dust from his feet in the autumn of 1856.

As a scholar he was apt, and could learn easily enough. The only thing which bothered him were the hymns of Webb's Christian Year. Possessing a powerful memory, especially for words, it cost him little trouble to commit anything to memory, or "get it off by heart;" but Webb's hymns would not come out of the mnemonic process satisfactorily. Mr. Knowles was an Anglican and liked Sunday lessons said well, and he and his pupil differed here more than on any other matter. He liked the boys to go to church in Lent on Wednesdays and Fridays, and every day in Passion week. It is said, "The nearer the church the farther from God," and this church-going disagreed with young Fothergill, who declared against the church as a life-occupation and decided to go into his father's profession. For all there were so many "reverends" among Fothergill's kith and kin, there was no spiritual life in any of them, he always declared. He would not be a parson!

The original design was that Fothergill should work and try for a Lady Betty Hastings' exhibition, the great hope of the lads of the two sister counties. He was at a lucky age which would allow him the maximum time to prepare, the examinations being held every five years. If he could win such a prize, his father might be able to give a little help in the money line. But the decision spoiled this plan. His uncle, the archdeacon, had died just before he went to St. Bees, else all might have been very different, and medicine have known nothing of one of the most prolific writers in its rank. So in the summer of 1853, he was formally bound apprentice to his father and his indentures were treasured up in after life. By them he was bound to serve five years.

(To be continued in March number.)

Syrup of ipecac should be discarded as slow and uncertain.—*Pediatrics*.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE
J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M. D.,
LONDON, ENG.

CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

THIS, however, did not interfere with his going to school, but in the holidays he learned to roll pills, and spread plaster, and make ointments with a powerful long-bladed spatular knife, and brew infusions; learning his art from the first rung of the ladder. During the long holidays entailed by his departure from St. Bees before the end of the half year, much of the surgery work went on, while the momentous question of whether the remainder of his school life should be spent at Appleby or Ledburgh grammar school was being decided. At this time he was well forward with his studies, and could easily pass the preliminary examination then required for the M. D. of Edinburgh. At last Appleby was decided upon, and one cold, frosty day George Fothergill drove his boy to the hill above Battlebarrow, from whence stout Oliver Cromwell laid his cannon on the castle held by the retainers of the equally stout hearted Am. Countess of Pembroke, the last heiress of the Cliffords.

Putting him down at this point, the father drove home, leaving the lad who had now attained a man's stature to walk to his lodgings with a widow lady named Winter. The dry snow flitted about, the sign-boards creaked dismally as they swung in the wind, no one was to be seen in the streets, for all out of doors were away to Moresby Tarn skating, the rest being in doors snugly seated by the fireside, perhaps some in the inns.

Appleby was then a place which might have shared the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah if similarly tested, and George Fothergill's old schoolfellow, James Bell, had thrown the weight of his influence against it, but in vain. Old John Richardson was then the head master, a unique man who had been a great personal friend of the eccentric, dissipated Hartley Coleridge, after whom one of his sons was christened. He believed in lax discipline, on the principle of judging by results. He pleaded that the boys who went up to the universities from strict schools, felt their liberty so keenly that it upset their mental equilibrium and they dissipated while they did not work properly. By giving them a free rein at school this was obviated. It was an odd, unwholesome-looking theory, but certainly it worked, and the Appleby boys did do well at college, leaving the St. Bees' boys far behind them. But it made the school house at Appleby rather a local scandal. It was no uncommon thing to find the school house lads in a tavern, and no notice was taken of them provided they conducted themselves in an orderly manner. "Old John" could certainly wink hard! He was of the old school and had no modern views about the injuriousness of alcohol on youthful brains, while he held the crop of wild oats an essential part of youthful training. He was understood to have been no model of propriety at Oxford himself, and he enjoyed having a few men reading with him in the vacations. He was reported a fine classical scholar, given to racy translations which the Oxford Dons greatly enjoyed, trotting his pupils over Juvenal with much zeal before the latter were quite aware of what was going on. With these Oxford men at the school house a tight rein was out of the question, and a very free hand was allowed to all ever

after. Of course, the boys took advantage of this, but it may be pleaded, things easily might have been worse.

"Old John" was a good-looking man; tall, substantial, of a fresh complexion, with a stubby nose, familiar with snuff, ever crowned by spectacles. He was a capital talker, an eloquent preacher and a racy story teller. Intimately familiar with the modes of expression of the natures of Westmorland and profoundly learned in the intricacies of dialects and speech, himself a dales lad, he could tell local stories to perfection. His only peer as a raconteur was the clerk of the peace. Another well-known character in Appleby at that time was Frederic Maxwell Dinwoodie, a man of ponderous form, and great capacity for carrying whiskey without evincing any marked evidences of his freight. Hard drinking was the curse of Appleby.

The vicar was a man who had several times suffered the north country penalty of "riding the stang" for being detected in the act of adultery, but being related to the late Isaac Milner, dean of Carlisle, he possessed enough of interest in the Episcopal court to save himself from more pronounced exposure. When his successor, who did not live long, gave directions as to his tombstone, he selected the words Paul used to the Corinthians: "For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." Such then, were the folks of whom one of their shepherds spoke so guardedly. It was a place of ordeal, a very fiery furnace for the boys sent there.

The first half year was spent in private lodgings, young Fothergill going home on Saturdays and returning on Monday mornings. The next half year was spent at the school house. Looked at through their spectacles, no wonder the old scholars came back willingly to the school house, and kept up their acquaintance with the genial people of the tiny county town. Whether their memories have undergone any modifications as time went on, leaving them wiser, is a matter in which it may be well not to be too curious. "Old John's" lax rule and far from perfect example certainly did no good to his own children, however his pupils may have gotten on in the world.

One story used to be told of young Fothergill that reveals the sense of

honor which lay in him. "Brough Hill Saturday" is a great festival and fair at Appleby. Everybody, including the schoolhouse boys, or at least, some of them, were in and out of the ale houses seeing and being seen, encountering well kent* faces in rustic fashion. Several of the boys were together in one room among many others when a peripatetic vender of birds came in, offering a canary for sale.

"How much a pound do you ask for it?" was Fothergill's reply to a request to buy it. "It's a singing bird!" pleaded the man. "Well, how much a pound do you ask for it?" "We don't sell singing birds by the pound," the man angrily retorted. "What do you want a pound for it and I'll buy it," was the bantering rejoinder; whereupon the would-be vender lost his temper and talked about fighting. The storm in a teapot blew over without mishap.

By virtue of his apprenticeship and his father's tuition the youth had acquired some small skill as a leech, and it was no uncommon thing for him to be summoned from a Greek lecture to sew up a wound at Dr. Dinwoodie's surgery. On Saturday afternoons he often visited the doctor's pauper patients up the black fell sides, and being connected by his grandmother Fothergill with the Shepherds of Tranton Hall, the young medico was always welcome among the "fell siders." Dr. Dinwoodie always had a great respect for his neighbor George Fothergill, and took much notice of his son, some of which probably the youth would have been all the better without. "Old Fred's" belief was that "no man ever died of drinking, but some broke down in training."

When the present Westmorland Light Infantry Militia were formed, Dinwoodie was appointed surgeon to the force. In the course of his duty as such, a visit to Kendal became necessary. Kendal was a "wet" place in more senses than one, and a certain rivalry existed between it and Appleby as to the carrying capacities of their respective toppers. When it got bruited abroad that the notable Dr. Dinwoodie was in town a goodly company assembled at the King's Arms to conduct what the Germans call a "Trinkfest." Dinwoodie pushed the drinking and soon first one and then another suc-

* Known

cumbed, till at last he rang for a glass for himself, after which he set off for a stroll saying: "He would see if any of them had come around by his return." He retired from Kendal having fully established his claim as the champion drinker of the district. "Old Fred" as became a Scot, had his whiskey from his native land in a barrel. George Fothergill was no total abstainer and though he and his professional neighbor were on excellent terms he rarely visited Appleby and never tarried at the festive board.

With such examples before them it is no wonder that the Appleby scholars finished off their cricket matches with the punch bowl, only a few of the more mealy mouthed of the people finding fault with their conduct. Their little ways did not seem so very deserving of censure by comparison with their seniors, and only the Wesleyans, of whom and against whom "old John" had many a good tale to relate, growled acrimoniously against the manner in which the school was conducted. But this only hardened the old master's heart, whose attachment to "blue ruin" (for the instruction of abstainers it may be explained this is a familiar term for "gin") was no secret. Indeed, every three new boarders he had he stood half a dozen bottles of sherry, whereupon an Oxford "wine" was imitated. All this raised a great deal of scandal, which neither master nor pupils heeded much.

If a party wanted a day's outing, "old John" readily assented, and one day Fothergill, and Aleyne Nicholson (the famous geologist and professor of natural history), with two others, drove up to Stainmore and visited the Beelah viaduct, then in the course of construction; after which they went on to the King's Arms at Kirkby Stephen, where they dined, and in the evening they returned home.

When funds ran low Fothergill went over to Orton where an Aunt Esther Milner, the daughter of the old vicar, still resided, and betwixt a small contribution from her in coin (and a pair of old Dublin duelling pistols the source of much after amusement), and a much larger one from his old great uncle at Barry, he returned with a supply which carried him comfortably through the rest of the half year. When in the company of Dr. Dinwoodie if not in funds,

"old Fred" paid his shot for him, "out of respect for his father."

With this half year, the school education came to a practical close, it being held by George Fothergill that the youth might keep up his classics and mathematics at home and also gain some more professional experience ere he set off for the University of Edinburgh, whence he was destined. The degree of "A. A." (Associate in Arts) was just then launched on the world, and its possession would do away with the necessity for the preliminary examination at Edinburgh. The youth was to work away for the distinction and like many more the fee was paid: but in this case in vain. Knowing the character of his boy, George Fothergill casually asked him what he should do if he did not pass. "Run away to sea" was the prompt reply. The surgeon deemed it well to run no risks. So his boy's place was marked with an asterisk in the list when it appeared, which indicated that he had not presented himself at the examination table.

The year of 1858 and the early half of 1859 were thus spent at home where time was rather hard to kill, as the youth had no associates of about his own age except his sister and two of her village companions. Fortunately he was a good reader and the village surgeon's only extravagance was a good library. Consequently quantities of miscellaneous information were stored up even if the study of the classics were not as thorough as could have been wished. The discovery of coils of hair and gut, fragments of silk and feathers and one small fly hook considerably rusted amidst the pages of his large Liddell & Scott's lexicon at a later day, suggests that a good deal of surreptitious fly dressing went on in the quiet hours supposed to be spent in the sole occupation of further intimacy with classical authors. Fishing was a great affair with most of the boys at the school house, and Fothergill left Appleby a more ardent angler than when he went even. His skill too, was greater, and it is needless to say that in 1858 he made himself intimately familiar with the trout streams of the neighborhood. The vicar of Morland looked upon angling with indifference and the boy might fish to his heart's content unmolested. A great

portion of the days were spent by the side of the Lyvennet when the weather permitted, while upon wet days (while the streams were being filled) study ruled—at least in appearance. Reading went on no doubt in history, travels, fiction, and still more, poetry. Possessed of a good verbal memory, long passages could be easily committed to heart and recalled at pleasure.

Then he laid out a portion of his accumulations at the savings bank in a horse of his own, the surgeon finding that this at once gratified the youth by the sweet sense of possession, and saved him any outlay in a new steed; he having the use of the animal for its keep. It was a nice mare and carried a lady well, so his sister Margaret got many a ride; especially when later on the proprietor was away at college.

When Archdeacon Fothergill returned to his native land he was still a bachelor. George Fothergill resided in a house belonging to a cousin, a Miss Airey, a spinster. The two soon were mutually attracted and courtship commenced in earnest. Once when Mrs. Fothergill was on a visit to see her aged father then on his death bed, little Fothergill escaped from the spinster whose thoughts were elsewhere (while his father was off on a round), and got a good play with the other urchins on the "beck bottom." This was followed by a sharp illness with heart symptoms and water on the heart was feared. He, however, got well with the curious result of the loss of all musical capacity and he no longer sang his little songs as of yore. He used to explain the occurrence in after days by saying that this illness left a patch of inflammatory lymph on his "music centre." Whatever the pathological explanation the fact certainly remained.

The mature couple were united, but in a few years the Archdeacon died, leaving all he had absolutely to his widow. George, who had been bound surety for his reverend brother for sundry sums, which could be made to pay a high rate of interest in the colony, felt much hurt that nothing was left to him in his brother's will. The widow, however, indicated that she would educate the youth, and offered substantial golden advantages if he would once more change his mind and return to the church. The inducement

was of no avail. With Fothergill in medicine it was a case of "the further in the deeper." When the time for thinking about the college life drew nigh, Mrs. John Fothergill died, leaving her nephew £600 to "educate him." This at once made a career at the University of Edinburgh feasible. It was on the head of this legacy a large (comparatively) sum was drawn out of the savings bank for a steed as became a youth with such prospects before him.

Old George Fothergill at Barugh, was still living, and his grand nephew often rode over to see him; a journey readily undertaken as the old man still had the sovereign at hand for the lad.

When George Fothergill, the surgeon, left Orton for Morland, his uncle was displeased and made his will, leaving Barugh to the eldest brother Thomas. However, as years went on and he grew to like his grand nephew, the old man repented him of his deed, and desired to add a codicil saying that Barugh was to go to George Fothergill and his son after him, when the said Thomas died. There was something quixotic in the quiet surgeon who would not allow this codicil to be added unless Thomas was present. Thomas took advantage of this and put off from time to time the visit together to Barugh. He held that "he would rather have it to do as he liked with." Yet all this time George Fothergill was taking yearly some of his wife's dower, balancing his books to a farthing every year, with the balance in his favor but once in thirty years. He always pleaded, "Oh, Barugh will come to me some day." A hope that was never realized.

Another instance of his quixotism is furnished by this fact. Peggy Burn was a Burn of Kirk Andrews, Burghly Lands on the Solway, and her brother lived there and had a son. The Burns and Milners were his nearest relatives on the Burn's side. A next door neighbor of George Fothergill took a farm near Burgh and made the acquaintance of the existing Burn, who in their talks discovered that in Mrs. Fothergill he had a near relative. He had a nice little property with no one belonging to him to whom he could bequeath it. He was old fashioned and did not like the idea of writing a letter to unkent folk, but many a kindly message he sent by his neighbor to Morland, in-

viting Mrs. Fothergill to visit him, taking her two children with her. But in vain: the impecunious surgeon would not have dame fortune's gifts. "He would not have it said his wife and children courted any one for his money," he said. Old Burn waited patiently for some years when he married a widow with a number of children, saying in turn: "My own people will not come near me, I must have some one to take my property after me." Thus the kirk Andrews estate slipped away from the Milner-Fothergills.

What did this George Fothergill expect to come to him in his old age? What was his father's scheme in life, young Fothergill never could conjecture. Somebody was going to do something which the worthy surgeon could not thwart, apparently. What it was, or was to be can never be known. He, himself, never got a penny but what he earned. Never a legacy from any direction ever entered his pocket. He did not always see that he was properly paid, even at the scanty rate of remuneration which prevailed in Westmorland. For he knew the *res augusta domi* of certain patients and cut down his trifling charges accordingly. A special Providence alone could look properly after such a wilful man who would stand across his own interests, and Providence had the rest of humanity to supervise!

At fifty years of age he was poorer than at thirty, and all this time he was a hard-working man, never sparing himself. He had a daughter arriving at marriageable years: how was she to have any portion? Then came a blow; the old uncle at Barugh had a stroke, and could never again handle a pen. The hope of Barugh in his old age now rested solely on the good-will of his brother Thomas. Worthy man, he often complained that his brother John never left him anything. Barugh had now receded into the future day markedly. Yet he never seemed to realize that it was largely due to himself that his prospects were no brighter. He moved against his interests from Orton to a place surrounded by poor clay land; he was brought up on a farm—for his father farmed Netherhoff near Appleby, when he was born—he knew a good deal of many subjects, but not in his own interests, else he would

never have settled on "clay." The land was poor and all were poor who lived on it. And what good land there was belonging to the old Backhouses had been by this time split up too far for any one to be prosperous. He settled down among narrow means and so remained poor.

He would not be helped unless on his own terms; and Providence could not derange the working of the world in order to accommodate him. Perhaps this decision of the father's was after all the wisest course he could have pursued for the son;—the inheritor of nothing, he in turn had to work. This was always the view he took of the matter. "If my father had left me anything," he would often say, "I never should have done anything."

Mrs. Fothergill chafed at this unworldly attitude in her spouse, whom she loved well. Fond as she was of him, however, she could see that this improvident attitude must launch them in narrow circumstances some day. Her own money was dwindling away, each year seeing it less and less. No provision was made for her; and whether she would ever have any of the money which her father had provided for her children, depended upon the caprice of her sister Esther, who had the power of making a will. So here the good couple were, with old age coming on with remorseless step, and their future dependent upon the caprice of two unmarried persons, who fully realized the position. His uncle Thomas and his aunt Esther were two of young Fothergill's sponsors, his uncle William, vicar of Penrith, and just then transferred to Horncastle, being the third. This god-father had two children of his own, and Penrith was a poor living, while its holder had a conspicuous position to keep up. The acres his father left him were mortgaged to keep up his position at Penrith. He did not expect much from the unmarried god-father and god-mother. His other god-mother, *née* Miss Airey, had done something for him, but of these two others he had few hopes—and he was not disappointed. Perhaps he was not as deferential to either as young people ought to be to those who have something to leave behind them. He saw, too, how his father consulted the wishes of his relatives, and its results were not en-

couraging. With sufficient money to secure his becoming an M. D. Edinburgh with moderate exertions on his part, beyond that lay the boundless vista of a future dependent on his own exertions. And he meant to work—some day!

He had the old-fashioned single-barrelled gun which George Fothergill of Barugh had given him, converted from a flint and steel in a percussion lock, and roamed over his uncle's fields with it, killing anything he dared. After the disturbance with the archdeacon the vicar had not asked for the exclusive right to shoot over Greengill. Thomas Fothergill had no liking for the patrician vicar, and readily allowed his nephew to carry a gun over his fields. In order to cover that corner of his parish lying near the limits of the Lowthers, the vicar had run up a long strip of plantation, which proved a shelter for the ground game; and on three sides of this plantation the land belonged to the Fothergill's. Young Fothergill had a keen sense of wrong, in that the vicar's gamekeepers used to go with their dogs in the early morning and scour these fields till it was scarcely possible to get within gunshot of hare or rabbit in them. By concealing himself at a corner, a snap shot was now and then possible at some furred creature venturing beyond the fence. The old single-barrelled gun commanded a long range, and many a hare and rabbit fell scarce a yard from the fence.

One evening young Fothergill was standing at the very spot where his uncle had entered the vicar's glebe, and looking over the wall he saw eight or ten hares browsing in the full enjoyment of a sense of security, within easy gunshot. When he cogitated on the prospect, he thought of the difficulty of getting within range of fur on his side of the fence through the exertions of the vicar's gamekeepers. He was penetrated by a burning sense of injury, and a primal sense of rude justice got the mastery. It was an utterly indefensible act of poaching which no extenuating circumstances could justify; but the temptation was strong. One big hare kept sitting up to listen, then he dropped down and browsed. The acute ear of the hare caught no suspicious sound. No gamekeeper with his dogs was within

earshot. The human eye could see nothing to help prudence and propriety to the victory. The big hare once more sat up, offering a grand mark, and sealed his fate in doing so. The hammer fell, and the hare lay dead on the spot without a struggle. Stealing over the fence, young Fothergill picked it up. It was an act of direct defiance to the forest laws, the embodiment of the rebellion against them by those whom they do not favor. Carrying his gun over his arm, and his booty in the other hand, he made his way to Greengill. When his uncle saw him he asked him where he got the hare, and learned the truth. Whether he felt any indignation at such an unsportsman-like act or not, is not on record. Perhaps he, like his nephew, looked at the concrete fact from the purely abstract point of vice that it might be an illegal act, yet after all the people on whose lands the hares mainly fed, had some claim to their share of them. No ill result came of it, but never again did the young poacher shoot a hare in the vicar's fields, but always kept to his own side of the fence.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN EDINBURGH.

Appleby still possessed various attractions for the youth. There was a tall, dark haired, dark eyed girl at the Crown and Mitre, on whom his boyish affections had rested. Miss Richardson was a pleasant girl who flirted with considerable impartiality and much success, with many of her admirers. There was, too, male society at Appleby which the youth liked. Several of his old companions were reading with "Old John" in the long vacation. It might be well to rub up his Latin, which had a spot or two of rust on it, for the preparations for fly-fishing had impaired his hours of study; then there were hours by the river's bank; rides on the mare, and other diversions. A month or two at Appleby were desirable; and as the aunt's legacy made the youth comparatively his own master, he was allowed to please himself.

Then came the day when he set off for Edinburgh. It was no old-fashioned parting. The youth was not callous to home ties, only Edinburgh seemed to present a prospect of more

full-blown pleasures than even Appleby could command. His father once more left the youth to his own devices, driving him to Clifton station, just as he had done before when starting for St. Bee's. With some money in his pocket and a draft on a bank in Edinburgh, Fothergill faced his future with a light heart. He believed in "Old John's" creed of sowing a crop of wild oats, and he meant to carry it out. At that time a medical student in Edinburgh was a social outcast. No respectable person would have anything to do with him. The authorities took no more notice of him than do the university authorities of a German bursch. Provided that he attended his classes, and outwardly behaved himself so as to keep out of the hands of the police (indeed not always that) no questions were asked. Nothing reputable was expected from him, and he behaved himself accordingly.

Fothergill had a hard head, and had been carefully trained, and carried his liquor in a creditable manner. He never got into a scrape or was incapable of taking care of himself. He meant to see life and not burn his fingers. He was a youth who could chalk out a line and keep within it. Of course he drifted into a dissipated set, but still they did not neglect their work. In order to be able to help his father when at home, he took out the obstetric class of Sir James Simpson, then in the zenith of his fame. Only two out of the hundred lectures were missed, and the midwifery license was easily acquired. If he had not made a terrible hash of a question of anatomy he ought to have left alone, he could have stood high in the list of certificates of honor, as he knew the practical part of the subject well.

In January, 1860, occurred one of the most notable of the notorious conflicts betwixt the students and the police, for which Edinburgh was notable. A heavy fall of snow came down on the Saturday night, and Sunday morning. Anticipating the wonted snowball riot, an official held an interview with one of the fire brigade. How much whiskey went to the device they determined to adopt was never known. It was agreed to set a fire engine to work in the quadrangle to melt the snow. When the arts class met at nine the youngsters threw snowballs

at the engine men. At ten when this class came out, older students were gathering for Lyon Playfair's chemistry class. Some snowballs were thrown at the men, who retaliated by turning the water on their assailants. Two big, rough, Lancashire medical students coming to class were wetted, and losing their tempers, they rushed on to the men, and seizing the hose, turned the water on them and drenched them. Thus the battle began which raged for hours.

The fire engine men fled, the police looked into the quadrangle, an offence not to be tolerated. Many of the students carried stout sticks and were ready enough to use them. The police made an attack in force which however was repulsed. Those students who did not have sticks, went home for them. Reinforcements of police were called out; the great gates of the university were closed, so was the postern gate on the south side, the north postern being the only point of ingress or egress. Those who had no sticks made missiles, not honest snowballs, but agglomerations of half melted snow and gravel, and hurled them over the big gates upon the surging crowd of policemen and others who swarmed in the street. The tradesmen opposite put up their shutters. With lulls of hostile demonstrations and periods of fierce contest, the battle went on for hours. Some ten students were seized red-handed and taken to the police office in the High Street, and charged with rioting. One captive carried a thigh bone in his hand; in lieu of other weapons he went up to the dissecting room where his "part" of a leg was nearly done with. Clearing the femur of its remaining attachments, he took it as a club wherewith to fight. At last the authorities resorted to the step of calling out some troops from the Castle. They were placed on George the IVth's bridge while a professor addressed the students, pointing out how serious the affair was becoming. After a consultation with the police, and a promise that no more apprehensions should be made, and "bygones should be bygones," the students retired from the contest.

Of course a good deal of excitement prevailed in the town; while the students held a meeting to decide upon

their line of defence. The affair was complicated by a savage assault on the part of the police upon a student who had borne no part in the affray, and who was accompanying Dr. Warburton Begbie out of the infirmary when attacked. One student separated from his fellows, fled, followed by the police, into the infirmary, where at last he found refuge in the smallpox ward, whither the policeman declined to follow him. Whether there was some mistaken identity or not was never cleared up, but the assault on James Clapperton was so savage that the back of his skull was shattered. For days and weeks he lay in jeopardy, his life all but despaired of. This incident told heavily against the police, and ultimately the captives got off with fines paid for them (as well as the cost of their defence) by subscription among the students and their friends.

Next winter Fothergill saved his classes but did not do much real work. The German students among whom he lived at a later day, have a couplet:

"Wer liebt nicht wein, weib und Gesang
Bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang."

Which being translated runs thus:

"Who loves not woman, wine and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long."

And as we have seen, Fothergill never at any time was ambitious to pose as a fool.

He was now in his twentieth year and it is always said "a Westmorland lad never has any sense till he reaches one and twenty." But he had no intention of falling out of the ranks as a neer-do-weel. The enforced abstinence of an empty purse towards the end of the session led to some steady work. At the time, Fothergill allowed himself so much per month, and if the sum ran out before the end of the month, well, there was nothing for it but to wait. At this time, he and James Clapperton were living together in the new town. On the morning of the first day of each month Fothergill presented himself at the bank soon after it opened usually without the penny which was required for the stamp, and one had to be advanced and repaid a minute after when the cheque was cashed. The results of the session being far from what they might have been, Fothergill took the resolution of breaking his student life and not taking his summer session till the summer after. So he

announced that he would not be back in Edinburgh till the summer of 1862. His design in this was to allow of many of his associates getting away, so as to be in a quieter set for the future. Yet some of the associates of the session—1860-61—remained his friends through life. It was not that they were bad or unprincipled (as were some of their fellow students), only they were careless and reckless.

The next year was spent at Morland reading hard on the wet days, fishing when the weather and the streams were favorable; getting over to Appleby some times, his old friends at the schoolhouse always being glad to welcome him back; and in learning the routine of his profession. He took a great deal of drudgery off his father's shoulders, dispensing for him when he came in tired, keeping the day book, replenishing the numerous bottles of pills as they required it, and in other ways making himself generally useful. He was a powerful, massive youth, about five feet seven inches in his stockings, and weighing nearly sixteen stones, promising indeed to make one of the heaviest of a stout family. He was fond of physical toil and told a good story of a little episode betwixt him and his father.

He wanted to go to some local festival, and on mentioning his desire to his father, who, though kind, ruled his household, the latter did not positively refuse his sanction but he loaded it with a heavy and what he thought, prohibitory condition. "You can go, John," said the senior, "on one condition. There is a quantity of manure in the meadow which needs spreading, and I cannot find a man who has time to spread it. You had far better be spreading it than going away to enjoy yourself." Then waiting a moment he continued: "If you spread the manure, you can go." No more was said. It was early in the day, so the son put on some old clothes, shoes, and old gloves, took an agricultural fork and set to work with a will. He completed the task, changed his clothes, had a thorough and complete wash, donned his proper attire, had something to eat, and was off when his astonished parent got home from his morning round.

(To be continued in April number.)

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE
J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M. D.,
LONDON, ENG.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

AT this time, Fothergill had a companion, a Nicolas Abbott Temple, who had come down to the north from London to reside on some property he had inherited at King's Meaburn and elsewhere. King's Meaburn was only two miles from Morland by the road, and one and a half by a bridle path leading through the fields, crossing the Lyvennet by a wooden bridge, and forming a very pleasant rural walk through sylvan scenery, especially at the banks of the Lyvennet. He and Mr. Temple used to go gunning together over the lands of the Temples, who would not permit the game-preserving vicar of Morland to set a foot on their fields. The feeling betwixt the vicar and young Fothergill did not improve, and the latter enjoyed as intensely the delight of firing his gun as the vicar detested the sound of it. A very amusing paragraph appeared in the Penrith newspaper about the two young sportsmen and their little luck one day, which was supposed to be the work of the Morland schoolmaster inspired by the vicar. This led to much chaff, and embittered the existent ill-feeling.

Then Brigham Bank, one of the small properties of the Temple family, was situated just below the junction of the Lyvennet and the Lethe at Cliburn Mill, and the stream ran round it forming at least, two-thirds of a circle. It was about two miles from Morland and afforded the greatest facilities for fishing. Day after day when the weather favored, young Fothergill

was down the river bank with rod and net, becoming an accomplished angler. Reading at home made a change from these out-door pursuits, and altogether the life led was not one calling for condemnation if not highly meritorious. The repose of this life contrasted with the Edinburgh experience, and led to reflections which did not fail to inspire conduct. Young Fothergill determined to draw his line a little closer. He was not going to reform entirely; he was going to half reform. If it were not a very noble or heroic resolution, it may be pleaded for it that it was scrupulously kept, and that is more than can be said of many a grander resolution.

And it was all the easier for him to keep steady in the summer session of 1862, that he was accompanied by his sister, whose health had not been very good. There is little even for the censorious to object to in the life then led. Up early to the botany class every morning, the work of the day led to quiet evenings. An occasional excursion on Saturdays varied the monotony of the week. Sunday was a day of rest, and altogether Fothergill having gained the age of twenty-one, was beginning to come to his senses—like other Westmorland lads! The Saturdays were days unlike any other. Professor Balfour was an enthusiast who honestly believed that botany played an important part in medical education, and consequently demanded a certain familiarity with it from all who came before him at the examination table. This was felt to be hard by fellows who had to get up a great deal of information on other topics. John Goodsir liked the candidates to know their anatomy. Lyon Playfair was pleased where a fair knowledge of chemistry was manifested; while John Hughes Bennett was firmly convinced as to the value of an intimate acquaint-

ance with physiology. Allman was not exacting about natural history, but Balfour would pluck a man remorselessly, and often did. Consequently men had to choose betwixt passing elsewhere or facing Balfour. Balfour was also the dean, and no guile or wile even under the cloak of attendance upon the religious meetings he patronized could mislead his matured judgment. It may be surmised from this that he was not popular, and many a good man never went up for the M. D. Edinburgh because he would not meet Balfour at the examination table.

Fothergill's botanical experience was unfortunate. He only once asked the professor the name and nature of a plant. The excursion was to Cockburn's path (the scene of Cromwell's crowning victory of Dunbar) and it was in the romantic Dunglass glen that Fothergill saw a plant with curiously cleft leaves, which seemed unfamiliar to his eye. Thinking he had got a prize he dug it up and carefully took it along till he came upon "Woodie," (an abbreviation of "Woody-fibre," the professor's by-name), expounding to a crowd of listening students around him. Feeling that his character was retrieved from the charge of indifference by his find, he pushed through the crowd and asked the professor's attention to his find. "Ragwort, a common weed in fields and hedges," was the rapid gruff reply. He fell back abashed and chagrined, and all interest in botany died out in his heart except what was unavoidable for the examination table; all of which was literally ground up or crammed when the time came.

The summer session came to a close, and Fothergill read pretty well in the recess, while doing a good deal of horseback exercise, with almost unlimited fishing; all the time determining about hard work during the coming winter session—for his first professional examination was to come off in the spring, and he had pride enough to wish to avoid any contemptible position. The time for work had now come, and no further procrastination was possible. He thought his crop of wild oats well sown, and now he was to reap the benefit in wheat in them. He with two friends, also reading up for the same examinations, took apartments in Windmill House, not far from the meadows. Here work commenced

in earnest. There was no shirking, no flinching. After sticking to the classes, the dissecting room and the hospital till five o'clock, they returned to dinner, after which they had a walk in the meadows, and then settled down to grinding. There was at that time only one private teacher in Edinburgh, and to be known to attend his classes was to court rejection by Professor Balfour or Professor Bennett to a certainty. Resort to him might be all well enough for those who intended to open themselves for the examinations of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh, or for the College of Surgeons, London, but not for those who craved after the degree of M. D. Edinburgh. The professors gave complete courses of lectures, and some men scarcely read anything but their notes and passed well. There was none of that imperfect lecturing which entails private teaching found elsewhere, especially at the London schools, and which presses so hard on the poorer students. At Edinburgh the student paid his money, and in return got the required information to enable him to meet the examiners in the hour of trial. Consequently the aspiring undergraduates buckled on their armour and worked away by themselves when that day drew nigh. When two or three could work together of course the hours of study were lightened. Soon the power to retain grew and waxed stronger, and when on Saturdays they went down to Portobello and Musselburgh, each week they became conscious of the additions to their stores of information. As the evenings lengthened out in spring their evening walk was through the Lover's Lane to the Grange Cemetery, known as the Saints' Rest, where lay the remains of Tom Chalmers, Hugh Miller and others who had taken a prominent part in the disruption when the Free Kirk broke off from the Kirk of Scotland. Living together the three lived cheaply, and out of his allowance Fothergill saved enough to buy himself a good, useful microscope.

At last the examination day arrived and Fothergill felt "fit." He passed the first professional examination in chemistry, anatomy and physiology for the double examination of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh. He satisfied Balfour, who said

he exhibited a better acquaintance with botany than he had anticipated, and the other examiners with one exception. He did not satisfy John Hughes Bennett as to his familiarity with physiology. He was referred back to his studies for three months, but for physiology only, as he had done well in the other subjects. On the whole he congratulated himself on his success. He had three months in which to perfect his physiology, which he spent at home. The distraction of angling even did not lure him from his studies, as his newly born Westmorland sense told him that he could not afford to be plucked in July; his funds simply would not permit of it. There must be no mistake. He did work honestly, and passed triumphantly in a day when many went down, and, what is more, he always spoke of this rejection by Bennett and its consequences, as the foundation of that liking for physiology and its application to practical medicine which showed itself so markedly in the writings of after days.

He went home, and in his new zeal for microscopic research, examined into (among other things) the structure of plants, or vegetable organography, in a way which would greatly have delighted his old botanical teacher, had he but known of such unlooked-for ardor.

In the autumn of this year Nicolas Abbot Temple married Margaret Fothergill, the other child of George and Sarah Fothergill. And this, added to other inducements, led Fothergill to the conclusion that he would spend another winter at home before his final winter session in Edinburgh. He saw plainly that he could only afford one more winter, and that if he failed in his examinations he would have to make his start in life as an unqualified assistant instead of a full-blown medical man, and that prospect was not inviting. The hard work of the previous session had taught him how to work and the lesson was not thrown away.

At this time he had attained the unusual weight of nineteen stones and a half, a weight which was a certain cumbrance though he was active and capable of sustained exertion. Stoutness ran in the blood; the archdeacon weighed twenty-four stones, while a cousin of his (a brother of the late Sir John Hall, head of the army depart-

ment in the Crimean war) was stated to have weighed no less than thirty stones. Fothergill was likely to be weighty, for his grandmother Fothergill, though a little woman, weighed thirteen stones, while his grandmother Milner, a woman of average height, weighed sixteen stones. "Considering the choice of his grandfathers," he used to say, "there was no escape for him." Mrs. Temple was weighty also, and in later years weighed over fifteen stones. He determined to reduce himself and set to work heroically the day after the wedding. By Christmas he had got off one stone and a half. By a dietary of skim-milk Dutch cheese, brown bread and pickled herrings, with a little potato, all in the strictest moderation, he continued to come down. For liquids, he had a little tea and coffee without sugar, with a pint of small ale to his pipe at bedtime. Then he took exercise and at daybreak on a winter's morning could be seen returning home from a walk and a run on the roads in the dark.

Then for hours in the later part of the day, he would accompany his brother-in-law over the fields in pursuit of game, walking home from King's Meadow in the evening. By such measures he reduced himself four stones and a quarter (60 lbs.) by June. Just at this time Mr. Banting's work on "The Reduction of Corpulence," had come out and attracted much attention. But Fothergill's plan was much sounder (thanks to his physiological knowledge) than that of Mr. Banting's, which by illimitable albuminoids has led to much kidney disease. In the hot summer afternoons just as in the cold wintry mornings the enthusiast pursued his exercise.

One very hot and sultry afternoon in his walk through some secluded fields he heard a dog barking vociferously. He turned aside to see what it was about, when he found a big burly farmer hounding his dog on to worry a poor sheep which had strayed, and in trying to force its way back through the fence had stuck, and the farmer's dog at the rear, was inciting it to the most desperate but useless efforts to get through, the farmer enjoying the sport. Fothergill insisted on his calling off the dog, and this little episode added one more to the list of those who hated him.

About the local likes and dislikes he did not trouble himself, as he had no intention of settling at Morland. His father was well and hale and quite equal to the practice, while the pasture was too poor to carry more than one. Indeed, young Fothergill took no pains to conceal his dislike of the vicar and a few others, and his intention of fighting the battle of life elsewhere. All of which did not lighten his burden or smooth his path when circumstances compelled him to practice in his native place.

His time was now spent in cultivating himself and preparing for his final winter in Edinburgh. His indoor hours were enjoyed reading medicine chiefly and working with the microscope. When he returned to Edinburgh he was ready to work hard and did so. He attended his classes closely and read largely, his naturally retentive memory standing him in excellent stead.

Bennett prevented his taking his M. D. with honors, but he did in reality a far better thing for him in inducing him to know his physiology. He passed the final examination for the double qualification of physician and surgeon of Edinburgh when the time came, and so was qualified; a matter now of the greatest practical importance, for his father's health had now failed. A month intervened between the examination just passed and that for the M. D., and desirable as it was to read hard for the latter, Fothergill had to spend the chief portion of the time at Morland, doing the work of the practice. However, he felt confident in himself, for he knew how hard he had worked, sometimes even up to seventeen hours a day, when all was counted. He passed his final examination with credit, and returned to Morland till "capping" day.

On the evening of the last day of his examination, when all was over, the first thing he did was to purchase Handfield Jones' book on "Affections of the Nervous System," and Fuller's "Rheumatism and Rheumatic Gout," for further study beyond the student's aim. When he took his ticket for Penrith at the end of his student career, he found he had remaining of his aunt's legacy just ten pounds and three pence. If he had made any mistake in

his examinations, he must have turned out into the world and worked for any money he might require. At this time he had a prospect of becoming a resident in the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary and of being attached to the staff of the *Courant*, as a writer on sanitary matters. But fate had other prospects in store for him.

His father did not improve, indeed, he grew worse. He had caught typhoid fever in the previous winter, but not sufficiently bad to compel him to keep his bed. Ill though he was, his firm will led him to go on with his practice rather than call his son away from his own work at so critical a time. The effects told in a general if gradual break-down and failure of his health. When his son went to Edinburgh for the "capping" day, when the degree of doctor of medicine was formally conferred upon him, the surgeon went with him to consult Dr. Rutherford Haldane about himself. The opinion given was not a favorable one. However much young Fothergill might dislike the idea of having to practice at Morland, it was only too clear he must do so, and his likes and dislikes were to bow to inexorable circumstances. One consolation he had, his friend William Dobie had purchased the practice at Temple Sowerley, just across the Eding from Morland, and he had one associate at least, whose society would be pleasant. And such were the circumstances under which Fothergill's student course came to an end.

He had won a good position in his classes in his last winter session, as well as at the examination table. Those who prophesied that he had a future before him began to feel more confident about the fulfillment of their forecast. One disappointment Fothergill experienced at the completion of his career, and it was keenly felt. He had spent a great deal of pains in his last interval at home over his thesis. Unfortunately, it was one of those entrusted to Professor Christison, who was taken seriously ill at the time, and could give no attention to such matters, and nothing came of it. Consequently he did not finish off his student life with the success he had finally anticipated.

CHAPTER IV.

VILLAGE PRACTICE.

When Fothergill attained the age of twenty-one, he added "Milner" to the plain John he had been christened. It was proposed at that time to call him "John Milner," but his father objected. When he came of age he decided to repair this omission (as he regarded it) and though his diplomas for the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons were filled in "John Fothergill," his M. D. degree is filled in "John Milner Fothergill." When he hoisted his door plate as "M. D., Physician and Surgeon," he did it rather as a vindication of his position than as likely to impress his neighbors. Especially was it intended to compensate for the vicar's attitude: for though the only youth in his parish who went up to the University at that time, the vicar never asked after his progress or congratulated the surgeon on his son's passing his examinations.

The vicar, though a B. A. of Oxford, was never regarded as either learned himself, or as having any respect for learning even such as was indicated by his position as a magistrate in his own case, and had no particular wish to see any educated person in his parish. As to helping any one by any social attentions, it was the last thing in his mind. He had his curate to dine with him at times, and once invited a parishioner, whose after career scarcely evidenced any wisdom in his choice. But as to inviting George Fothergill or any other medical man to dinner probably he would as soon have thought of inviting a local Wesleyan preacher. He made a great affair of his annual Sunday school dinner, to which he invited his neighbors and parishioners, carefully maintaining his superior position by not partaking of the meal himself.

In return Fothergill was given to subjecting the vicar's attitude to a criticism at once searching and hostile. Circumstances had driven him to Morland sorely against his will. The good surgeon had saved nothing. What remained of Mrs. Fothergill's dower was a mere trifle of a few pounds, so the young M. D. saw nothing for it but to take his father's practice and "drive the engine" as he phrased it. His father knew his work

too well and did his duty too conscientiously to make it easy work following him. But the son set to work with a stout heart. It was not long before his troubles were increased. George Fothergill's good nature had led the West Ward Board of Guardians to take advantage of it, and some irregularities were practiced which added much (and quite illegally) to the duties of parochial surgeon. Young Fothergill objected to these "extras," and a certain friction had resulted after his appointment. Upon one occasion he stamped his foot down so as to make the old board room shake as he told the Board: "You are a curious instance of a mathematical parallax, where the part is greater than the whole, for the conscience of any one of you is greater than the collective conscience of the lot," language more energetic than politic.

Shortly after this a dispute arose in which he acted hastily and the Board acted harshly and so he threw up the appointment. The Board accepted his resignation, the more readily that one of the Guardians who liked to make himself prominent, had sounded two of Fothergill's professional brethren and neighbors on each side of his district and found they were willing to unite in dividing the Morland district. Thus he threw away that certain portion of income just when his father's illness called for every penny he could earn. The practice was large if poor, and required two horses to work it. George Fothergill had eked out his earnings by each year (but one) taking something from his wife's money—fully hoping to one day restore it to her; a hope never realized.

Fothergill worked away sturdily under a fierce fire of observation and hostile criticism fostered by the vicar's known dislike of him and famed by those Guardians who had taken an active part in the difficulty which had arisen. Gradually George Fothergill grew worse; his legs swelled but fell under active treatment, but again the water rose. In January, 1866, one Sunday young Fothergill took his mother up stairs and told her his father had not long to live. On Tuesday, he was coming in from a long round in time to drive his father out, before the day closed in. Just as he was entering the village, he met a messenger

coming to meet him and told him his father was dead. Like his younger brother, the archdeacon, he died talking to his wife.

George Fothergill was a man of much intellectual power, great assiduity and unflinching devotion to his profession. A man whose affection for his family led him to bury his talent in an obscure village where his worth could never be fully appreciated. There were those who appreciated him, but his career must be regarded as a life comparatively thrown away. He was a man of strict integrity, honest to a fault, who did his duty toward God and his neighbor, if not to himself and his own. He died poor, and left his son the legacy of a spotless reputation.

In his son's opinion the father's misfortune in life was his too great readiness to consult the wishes of his relatives and to accept advice from persons who were not in the position to judge properly even if competent and fit to give sound advice on any, except the most ordinary subjects. From what we have seen, young Fothergill was likely to avoid this mistake at least. He would have his own way and take the consequences. When his relatives advised him after his father's death, it is feared he lent no willing ear to their counsel, and that they in turn, gave him no help in the straits in which he found himself.

His father's long illness left behind it an accumulation of current debts; the surgeon made no will and consequently there were legal expenses and some bickerings—as there are apt to be in families where affairs are concerned. If not given to taking advice, Fothergill set to work resolutely to labor for two ends; one, to pay his own way, and two, to pay his father's debts as soon as possible. Sensible, fair-thinking people looked on at his efforts and approved of them; and, if he had made a small host of enemies he soon won a firm phalanx of friends. The practice of his profession soon spoke for itself, and many who had an ill word for him, were ready to avail themselves of his professional knowledge when sick and after they were well and the bill paid, to revert into hostile criticism of his general conduct. Calumny was freely used, and if he did anything to his credit it was

explained that the case was never serious; if a patient died it was hinted broadly that the case was lost. But the harder headed portion of the people noted the results and clamor did not damage the young doctor quite so much as his detractors would have liked.

The Wesleyans did not look upon him with favor as he did not pay them court by going to chapel. The vicar's lady rode about doing him no good, and solicitous in her calls and attentions to any sick person who called in any other medical man. The Wesleyans soon, however, received a shock. A very prominent member of their body was seized with an attack of angina pectoris, for which Fothergill was called in—not from favor but because he was the nearest doctor at hand. The attack was a pretty sharp one and the patient advanced in years with tissues no longer in their pristine integrity. The opinion was given that it would be well to take care and avoid as far as possible another attack. For a week or two this counsel was followed but no other attack coming on, it was soon derided as an attempt to make the case out more serious than the facts warranted; in other words, to make capital (in reputation) out of the case. The old man had ventured once more to attend chapel and go about, and all Fothergill's enemies and ill wishers were in full hue and cry about his "mistake," when the old man had another attack, and was dead before the messenger for the doctor had got out of the yard. This unexpected result took all aback, and the more talk had been made about the case the more credit the doctor got for his opinion. Then the village folks did not like the young medico declining their society and not meeting them at the village inn. This was held by some to indicate an attempt at social superiority which they resented, though probably on the whole sensible right-thinking people approved of this attitude.

A neer-do-weel doctor visited one of his professional neighbors and being doubly qualified some of the more actively hostile induced him to take lodgings in the Morland district in order to take the parochial appointment. A supper party was given, where the vicar's churchwarden, his farm bailiff

and others under his influence attended, and a serious attempt was made to cut into Fothergill's practice. One man advanced a sum of money to start the rival doctor, who commenced practice. But to gratify their ill feeling and to risk their lives were two totally different affairs. The new man was soon seen to be nowhere, and charged his few patients exorbitant sums, and ere long the attempt to damage young Fothergill was found to be too costly and was abandoned; those who had favored it paying dear for the experiment.

During this time Fothergill and his mother lived very economically and despite all attempts to injure him he made his way and found means to keep paying off the accumulated debts. By Christmas he had paid all but one, and mother and son felt rewarded for their thrift. His well wishers were pleased to see how resolutely he stuck to his work; his ill wishers abused him, but did him little real injury. He went on his way with as much unconcern as to the opinion of others as in the nature of things was humanly possible. His whole experience stiffened his resolution to work his own deliverance from his environment. He looked round and saw no help but in himself. His father had a capital library and his son found in it cyclopædias and special treatises which he read, and what is more, pondered over, to the mutual advantage of his patients and himself. The study of Fuller's "Rheumatism" soon repaid him in wet, hilly Westmorland, when obstinate cases of rheumatism were common. His all round knowledge told, and one or two well managed heart cases went far toward establishing his local reputation. It was rather, indeed, after than during his college career that Fothergill was essentially a student. Alone, single handed, with no one near but his friend Dobie, with whom he could interchange an idea, he read and thought—and acted. In Copland's "Dictionary of Medicine" he found help in many an obscure case, while his study of special treatises often gave him practical help.

But it was not merely medicine he read. His copy of Dallas' "Natural History of the Animal Kingdom," bears on its margins numerous fine pencil notes, the result of a painstaking study of Darwin's "Origin of Spe-

cies" testifying to the care with which the book had been read. Then he read Seeley's "Ecce Homo," which he borrowed, and coming upon the phrase "the Christian republic," he could not comprehend its meaning. With characteristic energy when his determination was taken, he drove over to the schoolhouse at Appleby and borrowed the loan of the school copy of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." There were twelve volumes each of nearly five hundred pages (Milner's edition) and these six thousand pages he read in two months, after which he fully understood what was meant by "the Christian republic" and read Seeley to an end. The country doctor who could do this had something in him, and if he could get a chance, was likely to achieve some position in the world. What this reading was to do for a country doctor was an insoluble puzzle to his relatives. His aunt Esther was incapable of seeing its practical value. His uncle Thomas was utterly sceptical as to its utility, and one day when it had rained hard all day, and not being required out, Fothergill had indulged in a heavy spell of reading, the weather cleared up in the evening and he took his gun out.

Passing Greengill and looking in as usual, he mentioned casually how he had spent the day. Instead of a word of encouragement his uncle Thomas asked bluntly—and he could be blunt—"What do ye think your books will ivver do for ye?" indulging in the dialect to give emphasis to the remark. Young Fothergill had many a hearty laugh over this—not in his uncle's presence or hearing of course—in after days, especially when he had worked to a position of some prominence by his own efforts, and still more after his uncle died, leaving a will not in his favor. He was a keen and eager student as he saw more and more clearly that if ever he had to get away from Morland it must be by his own doings. His uncle and aunt had no aid to give. Once when an opening occurred at Penrith, his aunt promised to lend him fifty pounds, which was the extreme outside of her friendliness to help him, mainly owing to the presence of Mrs. Dr. Wickham, who thought well of him; but in the evening she changed her mind, and next

morning he received a letter saying that she must take back her promise.

As to his uncle, he resented the reception of advice which he sometimes tendered but which was not acted upon, and one day in broad Westmorland and with a new rule of grammar invented to emphasize the utterance, namely the piling on of negatives, he declared to his obdurate nephew: "Ye'll nivver tek nea advice from neabody that belongs to ye!" Young Fothergill argued that blood relationship did not carry with it the capacity to advise under all circumstances; an expression of opinion which did not do anything to soothe his uncle's wounded self pride. As to the Temples, they did nothing. If they had had the will, Temple had not the means, as two life annuitants on his property crippled him financially.

Fothergill worked away steadily, did his duty by his patients, and read up their maladies most assiduously. Indeed on wet days and especially in the autumn, when somehow nobody almost ever was ill, and when the fishing was indifferent, he sat and read hard up to ten and even more hours a day. And he now knew what he was reading for. He was not reading up for an examination; he was in the pursuit of knowledge, for he had learned that "knowledge is power" to him who has it, and a careful perusal of Smiless' "Self Help" acted as a potent stimulus to his energies. He saw how other men had fought their way out of an environment distasteful to them, and surely he could do likewise. He was working hard and had got his head above water, when he experienced a severe check.

One Monday morning he received a message to go to a solitary farm house where three children were ill with scarlet fever. He was a long time in the room giving instructions to the mother (for they were rude and ignorant people); on Wednesday morning he visited them again, and in the afternoon he rode over to Lowther to see the Rev. Henry Lumb, M. A., an old school fellow, who had just been made curate at Morland. There had been a short but sharp spell of frost, not enough to cause the horse's shoes to be roughed; it being a north country axiom that it is never well to alter the shoes before Christmas.

When at Lowther after tea, in a warm room, he began to shiver violently. He knew what it meant; the mare was got out and without delay he set off home. It was very dark as rain began to fall, and he never wore an overcoat. The mare slipped about in her smooth shoes all the more because she was not "ridden" as usual, for Fothergill always did "ride" his horses. The rider shivered in the rigors of scarlet fever. As he passed through St. Strickland, he saw a lighted window where his friend and patient, John Longrigg lived, and felt a strong impulse to call and ask him to ride over the lonely moor with him, but restrained it. He could not push on fast and the conviction of a serious illness coming on oppressed him. When he got through the fir plantation on the moor and came to the brow of the hill whence a fine view of the vale of Eden with Crossfield as the centrepiece of the background can be caught, and a favorite view with him, he pulled up his mare and peered into the humid darkness wondering if ever he should gaze on this scene again. He felt he must go through the valley of the shadow of death before this could be done—would he get through?

With such thoughts in his mind, he rode on and when he came to Greengill Bank and had to descend the steep brow, the mare slid about badly. She was young and needed her rider's wonted guidance. At last he gained his home, and soon his anticipations were realized. He had a very severe attack attended with much delirium. His friend Dobie attended him, though Mrs. Dobie's condition made this fraught with danger, for it exposed her to grievous perils. Some six other medical men called to see their neighbor, and of all Dobie alone thought that recovery was barely possible. One spell of delirium extended for twenty-six hours without a break. Mrs. Temple came over and helped her mother to nurse with the most sisterly affection. His mouth and throat were so bad he could only take milk sucked through a glass tube. The groom rode over to Mr. Longrigg's for milk, which he gave in unlimited quantities.

(To be continued in May number.)

The wine made from fluid extract can be depended upon.—*Ex.*

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Original Communications.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE
J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M. D.,
LONDON, ENG.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.)

IT was a short struggle with death, for he got to picking the bed clothes and was covered with petechiæ (minute extravasations of blood in the skin,) but thanks to an iron constitution and good attention to him he pulled through. Being so ill and a very stout man, all expected him to succumb. His uncle offered no aid; his aunt Esther sent no message of help. He told his mother in a rational interval where the two five pound notes were which he had hidden away for a rainy day—the remains of the legacy which sent him to college. These tided the household over their immediate wants, and rendered it independent of the aid of others. The vicar never once sent a message or any one to ask at the house how was his neighbor sick unto death—stricken down by an illness caught in the discharge of his duty. Colonel Rigg, of Crossrigg, whose life he had saved some two years before as was generally admitted even by his enemies, contented himself with Dr. Dobie's calls at Crossrigg Hall where he was in attendance for his sick friend. When the worst was over not a grape from their hothouses sent either of them to the doctor. This brutal behavior was keenly felt by the sick man then and after.

Then dropsy set in, not very severe, however, and albumen appeared in the urine, and it seemed as if the doctor would perish of some later outcome of the malady even when the brunt of the storm had been weathered. But the

good constitution still told and the patient got well. When he looked back a year or two afterward and saw how the vicar, his minion, the school master and others who almost openly rejoiced that the pestilent doctor was being taken away from them, had passed away, he used to quote the lines of the Arab poet:

"Dead and buried had they seen me, so their ready tale they spread,
But I lived to see the tellers buried all themselves and dead."

The illness with its sustained delirium left some permanent marks on Fothergill's brain, he always said. In the first place, his resolution to shake the dust off his feet against a place which had shown so cold blooded an attitude toward him when in the presence of death, was still further stiffened. He naturally had still less desire to spend his life amongst a people who were so indifferent to his existence. In the second place, the delirium seemed to have had a beneficial effect upon his brain which was ever after more active and showed a wider grasp and a firmer grip.

Again, there were accumulating debts to be met, and persons were afraid almost to have him for some time fearing infection, so that it was up-hill work. From the day he returned from being capped at Edinburgh to this time he had never been in a railway train, never having been further from home than he could ride. But now he went away a few days to stay near Kendal with an old school-fellow, Bintley, the county surveyor. When he returned he set to work again with a more steady purpose than ever. It was in the seething of his brain after the storm of scarlatinal delirium that he conceived the plan of a work on the treatment of disease, which saw light some nine years later. But it was this goal in view and this aim that guided

his further studies. After this he worked with a definite object in view. He certainly felt a great increment of brain power and began to have a stronger faith that he would attain something in life. Stout though he was he had come successfully through a fiery trial, and he believed he had the power to endure a good deal. When next he rode up the hill at St. Strickland moor and looked back over the fertile valley of the Eden once more, he thanked God sincerely for his escape and determined to do something with the life vouchsafed to him.

A trifling legacy from a great uncle fell in while stretched on his sick bed, and this relieved the *res augusta domi* until he got into work again. His aunt Esther greatly disapproved of his attitude of antagonism toward the vicar, whose great friend Capt. Burn, of Orton Hall, was her adviser. By his counsel, she sank in an annuity for the joint lives of herself and her sister Sarah the money which her father, the old vicar of Orton had destined for Sarah's children. By this means she increased her own income, and as she survived her sister some years, prevented Sarah's children from ever getting one penny piece of the money the old vicar had saved for them. The feeling betwixt her and her nephew was not improved by this. She had as a matter of form, spoken to him about her income, and he had suggested that she should take some of her capital yearly if necessary, but she determined to effectually prevent his improving himself in life by anything he might fairly expect from her on the family understanding existing as to Robert Milner's savings. What money the children of William Holmes Milner were to have, had already been advanced to them, who paid their aunt interest thereupon. It was a rascally transaction altogether, he held.

About this time the said Wm. H. Milner, J. P. for Cumberland and Westmorland (in which capacity he fined Lord Brougham, ex-chancellor of England, for fish poaching by night) had run out the sands of life as vicar of Horncastle, Lincolnshire, (the best living in the gift of the Bishop of Carlisle) and prebendary of Lincoln. He was a very pompous man, very patronizing but a sound lawyer and an active magistrate. When he visited Morland

to see his sister Sarah after her husband's death, his nephew was determined to have no patronage from him. Nothing was said till his uncle was standing on the doorstep when the eventful moment came: "Now, John, if ever I can"—commenced the prebendary in tumid phrase (if finished) but got no further, as his nephew mischievously broke in—"Bless me uncle, whoever made you that coat?" gazing at the clerical attire. His uncle looked down at the coat and asked: "What fault is there to be found with it?" Before the matter could be settled the horse became so impatient and restive that the prebendary had to take his seat forthwith and his nephew never heard what his uncle intended by the unfinished sentence.

Fothergill had by this time won the confidence of his patients and felt pretty certain of his ground. He and the West Ward Board of Guardians had come to an understanding. He found that practically he had to attend to the poor, all of whom he knew well, and provide them with medicines out of his own pocket, or see them suffer from lack of attention to them. The Guardians saw the unfairness of what was going on as well as the unfitness of the existing arrangement, and wished to restore matters to their old footing. So he was reappointed once more as the poor law medical officer for the Morland district at the old salary—which, as it happened, was just one fifth of the sum paid to the mole-catcher over the said area. He now felt that he was in a position to retaliate on the vicar a few of the injuries he had suffered at his hands. Before he had had the wish but scarcely was in the position to show his teeth. So he took a step which enabled him at once to assail the vicar and the school-master—to kill two birds with one stone indeed.

The vicar was the only surviving trustee of the school; at the death of the last lay trustee an application had been made to him to have the matter attended to. With his usual cynical indifference to the wishes of his parishioners he declined to move, replying—"there should be no more trustees while he lived." Fothergill decided to attack him at this point, and get him into collision with the charity commissioners. The vicar always would hold

his medical neighbor cheap and spoke of him as a fool: but before long he found he had to deal with a much abler man than he choosed to think, and that he was in the toils of a much more dangerous antagonist than he ever imagined. Fothergill and his brother-in-law were familiar with acts of parliament, and soon procured a copy of the act dealing with charities. The existing state of affairs at that time at Morland was as follows:

The rent of the school land was given to the master absolutely, who charged besides quarter pence on the scholars. The vicar gave some assistance to such of the poorer families as his caprice dictated. If a laborer had an opinion of his own and expressed it, he could get no help to school his children, any more than he could share in the blankets and flannel the vicar's lady distributed at Christmas. Fothergill knew that the large wood on the north eastern side of Morland was called the "Town's Wood," but saw the people had no longer any rights therein. He determined to reach the school deed, kept in the big oak chest in the church. He gave due notice to the churchwarden, but when he called upon that worthy for the purpose, the latter declared the vicar had the deed—it had been removed from the church to the vicar's dressing room, whither Fothergill followed it without delay. The vicar received his unwelcome visitor with a restrained politeness, much surprised at his audacity to "beard the lion in his den." The deed was produced on demand and the vicar tried his best to distract his visitor's attention while perusing it. He little knew the strong verbal memory for which Fothergill was remarkable. The points were all taken in, and on New Year's eve when the rate payers of the village were gathered together at the "town's meeting" Fothergill explained to them the real state of affairs, much to their surprise. He told them the "Town's Wood" belonged to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle, the Lords of the Manor of Morland.

That the people had of old the right to cut wood for the purposes of building and repairing the houses from thence, but not for the purposes of fuel. Also the wood for the two wooden bridges across the stream and their

repair, could be taken from the wood. When the Act of Parliament was procured to enclose the common lands near the close of the preceding century, the Dean and Chapter gave certain lands in lieu of these ancient rights to the school, so that the people could school their children at a cheap rate. The rent of these lands, however, went straight into the master's pocket, so that they got nothing in reality for their old rights. What was theirs was given away without their being asked or consulted about the matter. The people could scarcely believe their ears. Yet the schoolmaster was there, he could deny it if not true. The curate was present, commissioned to note and contradict any misstatement. It must then be true, when neither of them could gainsay what had been told them. The meeting dispersed, most of those present adjourning to the inns to discuss the astounding revelation. All felt a burning sense of indignation at the crooked conduct which had marked the actions of the trustees in so dealing with the school endowment. The vicar's reputation received a shattering blow.

All the time he was making the people depend upon his caprice for help to pay the heavy school tax imposed, he was giving what was theirs away. Their children could be schooled without his charity if only they had their own. Fothergill followed up this blow by an appeal to the Charity Commissioners to whom the vicar had perforce to submit. A scheme was sent down for the appointment of seven trustees and the proper administration of the trust. At the public meeting to consult over the scheme, Fothergill took advantage of the opportunity to tell the schoolmaster that when a boy at school of but ten years of age, he became so convinced of his violent temper (to which he could safely give way so long as the vicar choosed to support him) and general unfitness for the charge of children, that he vowed when he became a man to tie his hands; and that after waiting seventeen years, he had at last accomplished his long cherished purpose. Thus he got upsides with his two chronic enemies, while the people felt that a grievous tyranny had been abolished.

The vicar raved and declared he would bring another doctor into the

place, a threat at which Fothergill laughed with scorn. But all the same, the vicar kept his word under circumstances neither then foresaw. But the victory lay with Fothergill at the time, who took care to chronicle the matter in the various radical newspapers of the two counties.

While these local events were giving color to his life, another matter was on foot which materially influenced Fothergill's future. A Cumberland and Westmorland Branch of the British Medical Association had been started and he joined it. At its meetings he read one or two papers which were favorably received by the members, some of whom were of the opinion that Fothergill was lost in village practice, and that he would do something if ever he had the chance. The meeting was to be held at Leeds in 1869, and Fothergill who made known his intention to be present, was chosen as one of their representatives on the council. This gave him an acknowledged position at the meeting. He carefully prepared a paper for the medicine section. Clifford Allbutt was the local secretary of the section, and taken by the title of it "Uræmic Diarrhœa," he read it, and was so struck by it that he invited the unknown writer to dinner, much to the latter's surprise and delight. It was put down to be read immediately after the address delivered by Burdon Sanderson, F. R. S., and was well received by the audience. Thus Fothergill got his foot on the first rung of the ladder he climbed so surely, with slow but certain step.

Further consequences came out of this visit to Leeds. Fothergill had worked hard to get away from Morland and had a consciousness—as "coming events cast their shadows before"—that the time was drawing nigh when the coveted opportunity would offer itself. And it did come. The post of senior resident medical officer of the Leeds Public Dispensary fell vacant, as it did periodically at brief intervals. The committee had determined this time to get a competent head and offered a liberal salary. Fothergill saw that it would divide, half for himself and half for his mother—if he could only get it. So he set to work. There was immense competition. But his good appearance at the recent meeting, and an article which appeared in

the *Lancet* at the critical moment (plus the capital testimonials he presented) and which attracted Clifford Allbutt's attention, secured him the post. Back he went to Morland in great glee. He had won his deliverance!

He had the more pleasure in his Leeds appointment that it threw him once more near his friend Dobie who had sometime previously removed from Temple Lowerly to Keighley, in Yorkshire. When he got back he found that his Board of Guardians unsolicited and without his knowledge had decided to give him a testimonial in consequence of his strict discharge of his duties as their officer, and were having it formally drawn up at the very time when a member of the Board came in with the news of his appointment. It was a graceful proceeding on their part to one with whom at one time they had been at feud. But if there was peace and good will betwixt Fothergill and his Board of Guardians such was not the case betwixt him and his vicar. Mr. Lumb had left Morland for the rectory of Kirkbride, and the then curate was a man of low origin and low associates. He found an acquaintance in the medical profession who was doubly qualified, and he and the vicar began canvassing for Fothergill's union appointment before he resigned it.

The vicar saw his opportunity and made it. Fothergill was trying to sell the practice which had been his and his father's before him for more than thirty years. Then lodgings were sought for the new doctor, and at last rooms were found at the blacksmith's. No purchaser would look at a village practice with a fully qualified man on the spot, and Fothergill had the mortification to see his enemies once more able to prod a weapon against him out of the ranks of his own profession. He must leave his practice to the spoiler, or give up his Leeds appointment and stay and fight him. There was no alternative. The vicar's turn came this time, and he was able to inflict a substantial injury upon his enemy. Fothergill continued his preparations to leave his native village while the curate went around the parish backed by the vicar's encouragement, singing the praises of the newcomer.

A career commenced under such circumstances was not likely to be a very

hopeful one. The new medico wielded the big hammer in his landlord's smithy to the admiration of all beholders, and took a base advantage of the affection which more than one damsel in the neighborhood exhibited towards him. In a year Morland knew him no more, and the memories of him were bitter in several households. Thus the vicar had conferred another benefit upon his parishioners by his intrigue, for which some of them were not grateful. Fothergill saw the game being played against him with rage blended with a sense of powerlessness to prevent the spoliation.

Fothergill disposed of his horses and bought some cows for the eleven acres of land which he rented, by which Mrs. Fothergill would make some profit as well as find entertainment and occupation when left alone. By such means and a share of his salary, Mrs. Fothergill would be well provided for. During this time neither his uncle nor his aunt offered a helping hand, nor would it have been welcomed had they felt so disposed. He now felt independent of both having put himself on his way in the world by his own single handed efforts. Further, he had made his mother independent of her sister and the reversal of the annuity; a matter which gave him much satisfaction. As to Mrs. Fothergill, she fully appreciated her son's thoughtful care for her, and prepared herself to watch his future career at a distance while looking after the old home at Morland.

She and her son were devoted to each other. The latter felt that his father had not been quite just to his wife in spending her money without making any provision for her old age, and he was too loyal to his father's memory to allow his mother to suffer from this. What his father had not been able to do he determined to achieve, so far as lay in his power. Provision should be made for her comfort in her declining years, he would take care of that. In turn his mother was anxious about him and worried herself as to how far her son would be able to endure such a total change of life. At Morland he always rode on his rounds unless he had some instruments to carry with him, which necessitated the dog cart, or he wished to take his mother out for a drive. From rural rides along lanes and bridle

paths he was now to enter upon long walks amidst houses and streets—none of the best. How would he stand the change, she often asked herself with a mother's questionings, inclining to the gloomy view of things, while he would speak with cheery hopefulness as to what he should do and accomplish.

He had read extensively and studied his cases carefully and felt that a wider sphere of observation was desirable, and this was now opening up to him. Despite the annoyance and the pecuniary loss involved in having his practice filched from him, he was in good spirits and sanguine about the future when he drove out of Morland for the last time on Dec. 3, 1869, to take the train for his new home in the West Riding.

Many a kind wish was expressed to him by his old patients, especially the poor to whom he was always attentive and considerate. What were the feelings of those who disliked him, he never cared to enquire. The schoolmaster was delighted to get rid of a man who had been such a thorn in the side of himself and his priestly supporter. The vicar drew a breath of relief when he saw his antagonist off the field, and the way clear to some private schemes, such as the removal of the hated school to a distance from his residence, and the requisition of the old vicarage house for a private residence.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE AT LEEDS.

Among the movable personal effects which Fothergill carried with him to Leeds was a box containing a number of frogs packed in damp leaves. He had some time previously set his mind upon winning the Hastings' gold medal of the British Medical Association. Having gained no gold medal in his university career, he determined to make up for this by gaining some of the prizes of maturer life. The subject was an open one, viz.: "Some Action of a Remedial Agent" and he had been investigating the action of digitalis. His father had used the drug largely, and had formed for himself opinions as to its action differing from those mainly held at that time, and these views the son wished to substantiate. Lauder Brunton had written his thesis upon digitalis for which he had

been awarded a gold medal at Edinburgh, and his work helped Fothergill materially. He felt sure he had good hold of a really important subject, and used jocularly to tell his mother he was determined she should have the Hastings' gold medal to wear as a shawl pin. She used to rebuke him for his sanguine hopefulness, while in her heart wishing him every success.

These frogs had formed the population of a lonely clay pit, and had been dug out of their winter quarters one morning and carried to Morland in a large tin can which they almost filled. It was on this very morning after his return with his captives that Fothergill read in the *British Medical Journal* of the vacancy at Leeds. While making his preparations for his departure he had had no time to conduct any experiments on his frogs to determine the action of digitalis upon the heart, so he took them with him. When Allbutt heard of the frogs and the purpose for which they were designed, he augured well of the new head of the dispensary.

The Leeds Public Dispensary was a large and important institution, to which was attached an honorary staff of physicians and surgeons, who attended to the patients who visited the institution, but the work of out door or home visiting was discharged by three resident medical officers, who also helped the visiting staff to see the out patients. The amount of work done was heavy and the dispensary was popular in the town and well supported accordingly. It worked in harmony with the well-known General Infirmary, and some of the staff belonged to both institutions. At nine every morning messengers attended from sick persons wishing to be seen at their own homes, and as no letter from a subscriber was required for such application, it is needless to say that the calls were numerous.

The town was divided into three districts, one under the senior and the others under his two assistants. The senior did the same amount of work as his assistants, and a little more. Three times a week the honorary staff attended to see out patients at 10 a. m. Fothergill always attended the physicians, and one of the three soon retiring and there being no third physician in Leeds available, no appointment

could be made, and he took the work. Thus he was practically a physician to the institution. Instead of feeling aggrieved at this extra work, he was delighted, as he had gone there to learn all he could. When one of the other physicians was absent he cheerfully did the work. In consequence of his assiduity and enthusiasm, he was always welcomed by the staff at the Infirmary, and on Sunday mornings he usually went round with Pridgin Teale or Jessop, and then attended the chapel.

On the visiting days he could not make his round till after the out patients were seen and set out after lunch; on the other mornings he started at 10 a. m. The senior usually took an area lying to the north, covering an essentially artizan district of considerable extent. The round involved a walk including calls, of from two and a half to four hours. It consequently was no trifle, and some of the staircases were neither well lighted nor very safe for a ponderous man. To Fothergill all work was much the same and he did his long walk as cheerfully as he had done his country rides. He and his clients soon were on the best of terms; the rough and ready Yorkshire folk and he having much in common. The Irish alone he did not get on with well: not that there was any ill-feeling betwixt them, but Fothergill was a strict disciplinarian, while Paddy loves to break rules.

The work was such that it only could be done properly by strict rule and order, and if the messages failed to come in by 9 a. m., the call must either be put over till next day, or be made at the cost of a special visit. It soon became clear that either he should be constantly trotting about at all hours after these irregular clients to the prejudice of other work and the more orderly patients, or he must be master of the situation. He preferred the latter, and while he paid strict and just attention to his Hibernian patients, he stood no nonsense from them and was deaf to an oily tongue, and as a genuine Sassenach and typical representative of Saxon tyranny, was hated accordingly. Before long he found it desirable to visit his Yorkshire patients first, and take his fringe of Irish, lying on one side of his area, on his return home; so that if he were

put out by any of them he did not much care. It was a busy, useful, active life, where there was much to be seen and much to be learned. He had an eye for human nature (and possibly even the germs of a novelist in him at that time) and enjoyed the life thoroughly.

After the rounds came a bath and some other clothes, and then his own work was done. On his appointment he was told that "he would find little time for his own work after that of the institution was done." To this he replied, "The institution's work shall come first." And so it did. But when it was done (and done thoroughly) then the frogs were interviewed. It was soon clear that when the heart of the frog was brought to a standstill in paralysis by the administration of aconite, it could be once more set into action by a dose of digitalis. Indeed, if the dose of the latter were sufficient, the heart was brought again into cessation in the opposite condition of firm contraction. This observation fell in with the clinical facts of digitalis strengthening a weak heart whose contractions were imperfect. On these data, experimental and clinical, together with the observations of some other writers, he built up a succinct account of the indications for the exhibition of digitalis and a theory of its action, which he embodied in an essay that was forwarded to the judges appointed by the British Medical Association for their decision. As usual, he was sanguine of success, and some of his acquaintances laughed at him in their sleeve and slyly scoffed at his aspirations behind his back, but of this he took little heed.

Beyond this work he found time to contribute several articles to the *Lancet*, the *Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal* and the *British Medical Journal*, and so began to make his name known to the profession. It was a life of industry and instruction and moreover enjoyable. He was too busy to spend much money and had not yet a sufficiency of friends to distract him from his work. When he presented the check for his first quarter's salary at the bank, he said the money might remain on account. "The dispensary, did you say, sir?" asked the cashier in wonderment. "Yes," was the reply. The cashier went into the manager's

parlor and then coming back asked again: "Did you say the dispensary, sir?" An affirmative answer again having been received the incredulity among the officials was put at rest. It was clear from this that Fothergill's predecessors had not been in the habit of banking their salaries.

The history of the Leeds Public Dispensary was that of many other like institutions at that time (and probably before and since) in the manufacturing districts. It was one of recurring discord betwixt the resident medical officer and the committee, mainly through the instrumentality of the matron. In order to see that the medical residents had home comforts, female society was provided by a matron who shared their repasts and who looked after the domestic part of the institution, and saw there was no flirting with the maids. So far so good. But as the house committees were in the habit of placing their confidence in the matron and of seeing with her eyes and hearing with her ears, abuse of her position usually was the result. Estrangement betwixt the medical residents and their committees followed, and before long the medical resident resigned his post. So numerous and so frequent had been these resignations at the Leeds Dispensary during the term of office of the matron preceding Fothergill's appointment, that a clean sweep was made, and a new matron was appointed along with the new R. M. O.

For a time all went smoothly and the new matron, a spinster of a certain age, in good preservation, won golden opinions from all. It was quite clear that the preceding matron had been at fault. But the practice of the house committee, or rather, its chairman, of coming in unknown to the medical head and making the rounds with the matron alone produced its wonted effect. It placed the R. M. O. in an utterly false position as the nominal head of the household. He was the nominal head responsible to the committee for all that went on, but in reality he was a nobody. The matron had the ear of the committee. He was called before them only when there was some unpleasantness on foot, but did not see the committee under other and more pleasant circumstances. The scheme was like throwing sand into

machinery and then wondering that there was friction. Things were drifting in the usual direction when matters were precipitated by a thoughtless remark of Fothergill's.

All carnal pomps and vanities were not dead in the matron's bosom and though a convinced friend she was not indifferent to her attire. One day she was displaying herself in some new raiment to the two juniors, who were all admiration, when Fothergill, appearing on the scene and taking in the situation at a glance, observed in an off-hand manner: "You do look nice, Miss M. You look like mutton dressed lamb fashion." He meant no offense, but gave it. Candid speech had hitherto ruled in the household. The matron enjoyed a little episode which occurred soon after her appearance at the dispensary. Walking out one day with a friend, the latter inquired: "How does thee like the new senior?" To which Miss M. made reply: "He is the only son of his mother and she was a widow." A remark full of potentialities and affording scope for speculation. She often told this at table and Fothergill joined heartily in the joke against himself. But his remark was unpermissible all the same and cannot be excused.

Vanity is pardonable in a woman, and certainly in a spinster, who has still prospects which involve the marriage ceremony, and Miss M. had not abandoned all hope of such an event. Indeed there was no reason that she should regard herself as past matrimony. It was cruel and inconsiderate for any one to speak of her in that blunt manner which went to the very heart of the matter. The barbed arrow stuck and the wound galled. A change came over the spirit of the lady's dream. Instead of a household at peace within itself the Leeds Public Dispensary became a divided house, and the intimacy existing betwixt the matron and the chairman of the house committee became distinctly closer.

He was a widower not past the off chance of marrying again, and a professed admirer of the sex. He conducted himself in the same manner at the infirmary, where the matron twisted him round her finger. Not that it was ever supposed that he made love to these ladies or had intentions honorable or otherwise. He was much

under petticoat rule at home, and his lady housekeeper visited the two matrons familiarly. Gossip flew back and forward, and the doings of the young men both at the infirmary and the dispensary were thoroughly canvassed betwixt him and his domestic ruler. Of course other topics of conversation would have been much more edifying and even seemly; but then this is an imperfect world.

Soon Fothergill and this elderly gentleman got to loggerheads and words passed between them both at the committee and under other circumstances, until it was soon clear enough to all that Fothergill's term of office, like that of his predecessors, would never reach the three years for which the appointment was nominally made in each case. These are unimportant matters but they must be mentioned here because they exercised a profound influence upon Fothergill's career. It had been the dream of his life at Morland to gain an appointment in a town where there was a school of medicine, and where he might do two things tending to a third. He wished to save a little money in order to make a start in private practice and to attain such a reputation as would make him fairly certain of patients when his term of office expired, and between the two to gain a position on the teaching staff of the hospital school. All this he was actually realizing, for when the secretaryship of the Leeds Medical Society fell vacant it was offered to him and of course accepted. Thus he was working out his ideal in detail, and a career in Leeds was to all appearance opening out to him, which would be all he ever hoped for.

(To be continued in June number.)

HICCUGH.—

R Sodii bicarbonas, 3 j.

Tinct. nucis vomicæ, fl. 3 j.

Tinct. cardamoni, q.s. ad fl. 3 iij.

M. Sig. Teaspoonful before meals.

Hare's Prac. Thera.

DYSENTERY.—

R Fl. ext. catechu,

Fl. ext. rubi,

Tinct. opii. camph., aa 3 j.

Vini rubi, 3 vij.

M. Sig. One or two teaspoonfuls.

Reed, Ex.

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CHAPTER V.

(Continued.)

EVENTS were occurring at Morland which were not without their effect. Mrs. Fothergill did not pine at being left alone for her daughter, Mrs. Temple lived near, and the intercourse betwixt the two houses was constant and familiar, but her health gave way. By Easter she was confined to bed and soon it was clear that she was slowly sinking. In June, the poor lady died. The attachment betwixt her and her only son was very strong, and when she died her son felt as if one of the strongest cords which attached him to his native place was snapped. When he followed her remains to their last resting place near the summit of the churchyard looking eastward to the rising sun, he felt this was the last addition to the little group he should ever witness.

Practically he was now alone in the world, shorn of all his early ties except that betwixt him and his sister. He had some of his most treasured household goods stored for future use when he might some day once again have a house of his own, and sold the rest.

He then practically turned his back on Morland. He never loved the place; he had no reason to be attached to it and his personal memories of it were in many instances bitter, especially in relation to the vicar. He had little hope of getting anything (even Barugh, which was morally his), at the death of his Uncle Thomas. Indeed, as a matter of fact, in the very month Fothergill sought and gained his Leeds appointment, his uncle had

made his will and beyond some trifling legacies, had left what he had to his brother Christopher's son in Canada.

If Fothergill had danced attendance upon his uncle he would only have had his trouble for his pains. But he had no design to work out his future other than by his own efforts. His mother's death looked at from this especial point of view left him free to act as he pleased in the world. While she was dependent upon him he must consider to some extent the wishes of others. For her sake he had gone back to his native village to practice, much as he disliked the place. For her sake he put up with much from his Aunt Esther though he chafed at it. For her sake he endured much that galled him. Perhaps it might have been well for him if she had not been taken away at that time. But as it was, he was freed from all ties except some that sat loosely upon him.

He had now only himself to provide for and that formed no difficulty in his eyes. He was not afraid of work and was beginning to feel some confidence in his own powers. As he sauntered across the meadows behind the house and garden at Morland for the last time, he thought over his past and his present and conjectured what might be his future. He looked to the long pasture on the hill to the northwest, with the vicar's plantation lying beyond it. He thought how, when he used to be sauntering along near the fence, he would often wonder what future fortune had in store for him, and if ever he should marry. He had made up his mind of course, never to marry while at Morland with his mother. Further, he had determined in his own mind not to marry until he could find a mate suited to that life he hoped to attain to as his future position in the world. Once or twice when strolling with his gun along the high-lying

pasture he had mused over a slight juvenile female figure somewhere on the southern slopes of the back bone of England; but this was no more than a day dream. Though strangely enough, he often in after years spoke of these thoughts of his to his wife, for her home was near a town on the southern slope of the back bone of England. He had not seen any one at Leeds who had turned his thoughts to a benedict's life. He felt one thing strongly, viz.: that now he need no longer consult prudence in his relations with the matron at Leeds and the chairman of the house committee. If they were determined upon war, he was not going to shirk the battle. He would quarrel with no one, like a Fothergill as he was, but true to the old strain he would brook no aggression; he would resent any injury or insult offered to him.

It was not long after this that an overt act of the matron involving astute malignity in an attempt to embroil Fothergill and his committee led to an open rupture between them. For the rest of time, nearly a year that he retained his appointment the two did not speak under any circumstances. The matron measured him up and calculated that under given provocation he would throw up his post. He had many prolonged private confabs with her coadjutor, the chairman of the house committee; while that body never met together but once, and that was to dismiss a porter in Fothergill's absence to whom the lady had chosen to take a dislike. The two laid their heads together to make the place as uncomfortable as possible in order to procure an end that had been worked in that institution several times before. The scheme had hitherto worked on the line that when a man is disturbed and disquieted at home he will go elsewhere. Some predecessors had taken this road and formed habits which cost them their posts. It was hoped that the like would again happen. The lady incautiously expressed her aspirations where they came to Fothergill's ears; he saw the trap and went on accordingly.

He had by this time formed a good many acquaintances and some friends. None of the committee ever invited the residents to dine with them; the young men were left to find their own

society, how, where and as they could. Fothergill soon made his friends, some in the profession, some outside it. At many tables he was welcome, mainly at those of bachelors and widowers. One of his chief associates was Matt Smith; another was Arthur C. Lee, and in both their houses he found almost the equivalent of a home. He rarely dined at home on Sunday and was always sure of a warm welcome elsewhere. All this favored the iniquitous plot of his two enemies. But they made an error in their calculation of the man they had to deal with, he was quite willing to go his length—but then his length was not their length, it happened.

Probably Fothergill might have gone to the bad under these circumstances only his love of his profession was his safeguard. He had his hopes of gaining the Hastings' gold medal at the meeting of the British Medical Association at Newcastle, in August, 1870. He had prepared carefully a paper to be read in the medicine section which was certain to raise a lively discussion.

When the time came, it was read, and the anticipated lively discussion followed. Prof. John Hughes Bennett was present and denounced his old pupil in no measured strains as was his wont. But this did not daunt him, and in his reply he turned on his old teacher giving back sarcasm for sarcasm. In answer to one of Bennett's queries he replied: "Up to this time I have believed that the amount of evidence requisite to convince a man, is in direct proportion to his willingness or unwillingness to be convinced. What is quite sufficient to convince one man is utterly insufficient to convince another, but what amount of evidence I should have to bring to convince a man who has already made up his mind not to be convinced, I can't tell. And now I shall fill up, as no doubt Prof. Bennett will think, the cup of my guilt of heresy, when I tell him that I found in many instances that hæmoptysis is one of the very best forms of local bleeding, and that that very symptom which has often called forth a grave prognosis has been the means of defeating it."

The assembled company applauded the speaker. Bennett himself was in no wise displeased. That evening the

association dined with Sir Wm. Armstrong, at Jesmond Dene. Hunting their hats and sticks after dinner, Bennett and his ex-pupil met. They both had dined, and Fothergill taking Bennett by the arm said: "You may say as King Ahab said to Elijah—'Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?'" The hatchet was buried between them and they were good friends for the rest of Bennett's lifetime.

In the matter of the Hastings' prize Fothergill was disappointed. The judges had not had time to make their decision, as there were several competing essays of considerable bulk which made adjudication a slow affair. A further hitch occurred which was inimical and nearly disastrous to Fothergill's prospects. Dr. Chadwick, of Leeds, was one of the judges, and one day in a railway train just after the meeting, Matt Smith asked him if Fothergill had won the gold medal. Upon this Chadwick withdrew from his judicial position though nothing more was said and no hint dropped as to the subject of Fothergill's essay. A new judge was chosen and by this the verdict was delayed till later in the spring of the following year.

When Fothergill returned from his holiday in the north, he found the Dispensary no pleasant abode. The domestics had learned that to attend upon him was to incur the hostility of the matron, so he might pull his bell down but no one answered it. Consequently he used to shout his orders so that all the house could hear. His requests were not many, however.

His underclothing was neglected and his stockings left in holes, while the matron added to her salary by doing fine darning for sundry friends outside. She would set before him cold joints for his lunch on setting out on his rounds, when he had stayed at home to do physicians' work, while she had hot lunches later on for herself and the other residents. Fothergill swore but perceived the demoralization she was working under the protection of her co-conspirator and knew what it must end in. He did his work, but less of his own work. He visited among his numerous friends and if uncomfortable at home enjoyed himself where he went. It was not a desirable life and so he felt it. Hitherto he had looked to stay in Leeds perma-

nently, but now he began to see that the prospect was clouding over.

Two or three of his committee also served on the committee of the Infirmary, especially his peculiar foe-man. He saw that if he settled down as a physician and became one of the honorary staff of the Dispensary, there would be strife. When he attained to the Infirmary, and there was little prospect of an opening there for some time to come, the same difficulty lay ahead of him. Gradually he began to think of another abiding place than Leeds. The world was big enough for men who did not like each other to get out of one another's way. If strife there must be, let it be in fighting the world, not in warfare with enemies in a position to harass him in Leeds, he thought. He awaited the decision of the judges for the Hastings' prize. He did not neglect his writing nor give up contributions to the medical press, but he did not work with that abandon which characterized him in his early days at the Dispensary. So month after month drifted on, the relations betwixt him and his antagonist becoming more strained.

A vacancy in the like post at Birmingham just then occurring, Fothergill put in for it, but it was practically filled when announced; so his effort was unsuccessful. But he had made up his mind to get out of a place now become hateful to him, and resigned his post. He had hardly done this ere the verdict of the judges was communicated to him: he had won the Hastings' gold medal. Instead of leaving the Leeds Dispensary under a cloud, he departed with flying colors. Most of the slanders circulated by his foes fell to the ground as the announcement was made in the local press. The plotters had got him to leave—but not exactly as they had anticipated. Some persons were for a compromise and seeing if he could not be induced to remain. Some of the subscribers and others in Leeds grumbled that of all the men they attracted to the town none could be induced to stay; that they got men to the Dispensary who proved there what they were worth, but that they who found the money could get no benefit from this because instead of staying in private practice, the men left the town. A vacancy just then occurred on the honorary staff at

the Infirmary, and Fothergill had offers of money and other aid if he would stay in Leeds and try for the appointment. Clifford Allbutt encouraged him to remain, saying that there was room for both. But all was of no use. Fothergill could no more take root at Leeds than he would remain at Morland.

Years after this he was told by persons whom he met casually in railway carriages and elsewhere that they and others had felt a keen sense of disappointment in his decision not to remain in Leeds.

All this was gratifying to him, but he had decided upon visiting the medical schools of Vienna and Berlin, especially the former, and then essaying the attempt to start in London as a consultant, making the diseases of the heart his specialty. From his researches into the action of digitalis he had been led to make bolder use of it in practice with gratifying results, which led others to follow his example. The consequence of this was that many sufferers from heart affections applied to the Dispensary, who lived outside Leeds, with good results; and the fame of the institution spread and with it the reputation of the man who brought such results about. Consequently when the local press published the announcement of the award of the Hastings' gold medal many were not altogether unprepared for it, and it seemed to them the fitting corollary of what they had heard bruited abroad by rumor. It was not then entirely without grounds when many complained that the patients who attended at their charitable institutions could command medical skill not available for themselves; and that there must be something wrong in the management of an institution which attracted men to the town who made their mark, but who would not remain in it. Fothergill had become too well known locally for his departure to pass unnoticed by the public. He was not disappearing under a cloud, that was abundantly clear to all.

When Fothergill was selected for the appointment, his predecessor told him how the land lay and how things had gone in the past; and the new R. M. O. gave him his word: "I will either be able to live in the place or make it so that the next man can." He had resigned earlier than he originally in-

tended; but the alternative he did bring about. He and the chairman of the House Committee had a good deal to say about each other and both sides threatened prosecutions for slander. At last the latter had found a man who did not let him have it all his own way. He, in turn, was put upon his defence and some of the things Fothergill's biting tongue said about him got wind beyond the circle immediately concerned. It had not been a case of signal victory with cock crowing and the flapping of wings as heretofore, and before a few more months elapsed the visits of the old gentleman to the Dispensary ceased; his reign was over. He had made the whole affair too warm for himself. His malicious attentions to the sons of other people had led him away from the needful supervision of his own, in whose conduct he could find nothing to console him for his own sustained behavior at the Dispensary. His position became invidious and irksome, and Fothergill's successor was little pestered with him. But Fothergill neither forgot nor forgave his tormentor, and when in the ensuing year he wrote his work on "The Heart and Its Diseases" (which he had been planning for some time before he left Leeds) one paragraph at least applies to his old foe.

In speaking of the effect of gout poison upon the heart and the other organs of the body, he wrote of its effect upon the character owing to the presence of uric acid in the brain perverting mental action. "It would often be satisfactory and agreeable to explain anomalous and indefensible acts by this theory and to lay some of human frailty to the charge of uric acid." In a foot notice the personal feeling gleams out unmistakably. "In others with small irritable 'foxy' brains the disturbing effect of those retained excreta makes the cares of business, etc., quite intolerable. Retirement from business at first gives relief, but soon this irritability incites them to have something to do, and this too commonly is effected by becoming members of boards and committees, when this mental irritability takes the form of mischievous perversity of ill-controlled interference with everything and everybody. In this condition they reminded the writer of nothing so

much as a cancerous gland—no longer fulfilling any useful purpose, but merely a source of irritation to everything around them." This was a Parthian arrow and no mistake, when the passage was shown to the subject of the outburst. But then a Parthian arrow was one of Fothergill's most dangerous weapons of offence. He had yet to learn that however galling this might be to a foeman it carried with it no advantage to himself. There were some lessons he learned slowly!

CHAPTER VI.

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reconcilable and be quite unmanageable. If he put his foot down, neither argument nor persuasion nor appeal to his interests were likely to move him.

He, too, took on his part a solemn vow never to work in future for any body but himself. He did his own work thoroughly, he did a physician's work as well; he kept the Leeds Public Dispensary before the profession, and no thanks came from anyone. The committee did not even tender him a formal vote of thanks for doing the physician's work, which was about the least they could have done. Fothergill had lost faith in working for others, though still sanguine enough about the value of work in itself.

He went up to the North for a rest and to revisit old friends until the time came for him to receive the Hastings' gold medal at the meeting of the British Medical Association at Plymouth. He wanted to clear his system of the Yorkshire good living and port wine, of which he had enough and to spare. He was going to be a student once more and live economically as he did not fancy the gout, so far as he had made its acquaintance. It was painful and hampered him. Rural life was once more an agreeable change after bricks and mortar, long streets of indifferent houses, roads imperfectly paved and the propinquity of unsavory as well as defective sanitary arrangements. [Yet Fothergill had liked his rounds and his patients.]

That his salary all told, averaged (his interviews with his patients) out at something like two pence half penny a dozen, was a fact which did not depress him in the least. He was too proud of his profession, too sympathetic with sickness ever to feel his work gall. One thing he did object to however, and that was being utilized, or rather exploited. He and his assistants did not object to doing much of the work which now falls to the sanitary inspector; every smell they reported was an annoyance removed; but they did object to doing the work of the relieving officer.

An application for parochial relief was commonly answered by the suggestion that they had better apply at the Dispensary, and that if the Dispensary doctor would give them a certificate of fitness the application would be attended to. This had been a long

standing grievance, but at last a case cropped up that furnished a substantial ground for a communication to the Local Government Board, who then made inquiries of the Leeds Board of Guardians. These last tried to screen their relieving officer but in vain; that defaulting official got a wiggling from the central authority, and the relieving officers had to do their own work at Leeds for some time after that episode. One of the ex-officio guardians took up the matter, and the subject of a complaint to Fothergill's committee was mooted, but before proceeding further the said magistrate made an excuse for a call at the Dispensary and interviewed the R. M. O. What his conclusions were never came out, but the suggestion dropped through and was no more heard of.

After a good breath of country air Fothergill set out southward for the Plymouth meeting. The gathering was a large one and filled the assembly room of the Royal hotel. The essay on "Digitalis: Its Action and Its Use," had already appeared in the columns of the journal of the association but had been well received by the members. Consequently when Fothergill stepped forward to receive the gold medal from the hands of the Earl of Mount Edgcombe, he was greeted with loud cheers; and he felt it, in conventional phrase, as one of the proudest moments of his life.

A handsome large medal it was too, and a good deal of handling it encountered during the time of the meeting, accompanied by a due meed of admiration. Not only did the success make Fothergill a host of acquaintances amidst men likely to send him patients when he erected his tent pole in London, but it procured him many complimentary letters from most of the men known in connection with diseases of the heart. It made it probable, too, that he would ere long gain a footing on the staff of one of the Chest Hospitals, after settling in London. The week passed pleasantly with numerous excursions by water; and on the Saturday afternoon at Cothele, Fothergill replied to the toast of the girls of South Devon, and that, too, so felicitously, that for many years afterwards he was called upon to reply for the ladies on the Saturday afternoon of the excursion which closes the annual

meeting. The Plymouth experience made him feel sufficient confidence in himself to determine him as to attempting the struggle of London life. All encouraged him to attempt the essay and augured success for him; some promised to find him consultations, and several kept their word.

He came up to London and stayed a short time with Dr. Wiltshire. Essentially a North country man in every way he entered London by the So. Western Railway. He then got some idea of the life led by London consultants, and saw what difficulties would have to be encountered, and what a space of time must necessarily elapse before success could be attained. He never felt it very irksome to be poor and the outlook did not deter him. He had great faith in his profession, and his Plymouth experience fanned his hopes. He built much on merit and determined to possess it. He always had a "one eyed" view of some subjects. He made arrangements with H. R. Lewis for the publication of his essay in book form, making a money deposit to start with. This was the right step to take he felt sure, and his name would look well in the medical directory with the brand of authorship upon it; about that he had no questionings. He thought he was opening his oysters in the first fashion.

There would be little difficulty in getting on the staff of some of the teaching hospitals with every one so genial and glad to make his acquaintance. After a course of study at the leading German schools he would be quite fit to instruct any set of "sucking sawbones." Knowledge was always in request he felt certain, and he would have the article—and of prime quality too; there should be no mistake about that. He had read of the Bohemian life of the German student and felt an internal consciousness that it would fit him like a glove. He would blend work with pleasure.

There was a distinct break in his life at this point. Hitherto there was little remarkable about his achievements and he was running among the rank and file of the profession. But now he had won his spurs and was determined to come to the front if he could. He looked back upon a great deal of good, steady reading; he had had a large and extensive field for observation at Leeds

and he did not go about with his eyes shut. He looked forward to the dead house of Vienna as the one place upon earth where the ravages wrought upon the heart by its various diseases could be studied to advantage. He had read, he had observed cases in life, and thought much over all; now he was about to note what could only be revealed after death, and then he would throw all together into a book. With this book for his standing ground, success would come to him he felt certain. It would be a long plunge: would he have wind enough to endure the dive he proposed, for it must be a long time before he could come to the surface. He would try.

All along Fothergill had felt that he was not naturally adapted for private practice. He could only please a limited number of the persons with whom he came into contact. He was not long in learning that. The natural corollary of this was—that if he wished to succeed in life he must go where there was a number of persons so that the small proportion he could please should be enough to furnish him a comfortable living. Nor was he in the dark as to the why of a good deal of this.

A shrewd farmer's wife took the scales from his eyes for him one day—if such an operation had been necessary. He was riding out of Morland past Eddy House one morning where Mrs. Richardson was at work; they were good friends and he rarely rode past without a word for her. They were equally outspoken and not afraid of speaking their minds to each other. Their conversation led up to Mrs. Richardson's saying:

"I wonder ye are so rough and outspoken as ye are, Doctor, when your father was one of the nicest auld gentlemen anybody ever spoke to."

"Well, I suppose I must try and be like him," was the response.

"Well, ye may try," she continued, "but ye'll never deceive anybody. Ye're like oor Michael, ye're naturally of a surly make."

Her spouse Michael was of the same disposition—sturdiness blended with outspoken bluntness. The selection of the word "deceive" gave point to the remark. The moral of it all, so Fothergill summed it up, pointed to the uselessness of attempting a blander demeanor.

If he had not the suavity (yet the motto of the Fothergill's is "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*") He had other than, as well as Fothergill blood in his veins, evidently) requisite for success in private practice, he at least had the knowledge which might enable him to succeed as a consultant, he argued to himself. The very fact that he was not cut out for family practice pointed to a specialty. He would work hard abroad and utilize the time by writing a book on "The Heart and Its Diseases With Their Treatment."

In order to keep it strictly original he did not take out with him one single treatise on the subject, nor had he a solitary note even. He carried what he had in his head; what he wanted to know he could add when he got it. He was not satisfied with merely being able to detect the presence of disease, he was curious as to how it came about, its rate of progress in each case, and the best means of retarding it. That form connected with strain (aortic valve mischief) was common among the hammermen (or "strikers") at Leeds, and he had studied it in its beginnings in the forges, and examined the men who wielded the "big" hammer immediately on the cessation of their exertions at each "heat." He had seen plenty of the end of these cases. He had got a fairly good "bird's eye view" of the malady from start to finish. He knew well enough that in the case of one of his friends such mischief had been set on foot by exertion in early days, but had remained static for years on a quiet life being led. He contrasted this case with those which he saw marching on rapidly from bad to worse. He wanted to make himself as familiar with the history of other forms of disease in the heart. He had his own views on the series of changes to which the term "gouty heart" was afterwards applied. He saw a long antecedent history to the heart failure which formed the most prominent feature of the finish.

There were several separate strands which he hoped to be able to knot together, and having done so, to describe a long pathological change—not unlike a series of dissolving views. At one time the case presented a certain aspect, later on another aspect, finally a new view altogether. It was desirable to note, not merely the distinct pic-

tures, but to clear up the parts where one view was passing into another. For this thought, patience, painstaking and perseverance were essential. If the grasp of the subject was wide, the grip must be firm and the inspection close. Hours of silent thought must be linked with keen observation. In the studious leisure of a stay in Vienna, all this was possible. The prospect attracted him; a German student's life had been a day dream with him for years. So to Vienna he went.

He set off from Charing Cross early one morning late in October, 1871. He stopped that night at the Hotel du Nord, at Cologne. Next day he went on to Nuremberg. It was a lovely day and the Rhine was seen to full advantage. His companion was a Cumberland man, who got in beside him at Cologne. When he left the carriage at Nuremberg and his fellow traveler went on, he realized that he was alone in a foreign land.

Next day he rested and looked round Nuremberg. It was a city of which he had read much and which he wished to see for many reasons. It was the first foreign town he had seen, for he had had but a glimpse of Cologne Minster. He gazed at the fine old buildings; noted the beautiful iron work; saw the fountain playing and the water carriers with their tubs; looked at the wood cutter dismembering trees and forming billets for the fire, and realized a new scene altogether. Then he drove round the ramparts and saw the blue Franconian mountains not far away; he thought of the mailed knight and his troopers looking from afar at the city with covetous eyes, and of the burghers, rich and industrious, safe behind their massive ramparts. His reading had been wide and his memory was tenacious. Consequently he found much in Nuremberg to delight him, not the least a draught of Bavarian beer after his lengthy stroll which was acceptable to the inner man.

Next day he set out over the Bavarian highlands and ere long saw the streams flow eastward, telling him that he had reached the watershed of the Danube. At Passau, he entered Austria, and at Linz, the evening was waning. It was late before he reached Vienna and gained the inn patronized by

foreign students in Vienna, in the Josephstadt. The pretty little bed with the satin feather coverlet and the furniture upholstered in blue, looked inviting to a weary man, and promised a pleasant night.

Next morning he found his way to the hospital and there encountered a friendly American, and was at once installed as one of the guild of Anglo-Saxon speaking students at Vienna. This body is more like the undying guilds of the middle ages than anything else in the world. Men may come and men may go but it lives on forever.

It was at Vienna that each wandering smith drove his nail into the old tree, now covered so completely with nail heads that it has long been impossible for any one to insert another nail; a deed which finished off his wanderyahr. No such record is kept of the nomadic medical students, who in turn have paced the myriad of walks in the gardens of the Leye Hospital. All day a stream of living beings is constantly passing out and in, under the eye of a stalwart porter, clad in furs with his badge of office. The stream is a varied one, some clad in costly attire, some in most squalid clothes. Several of the professors live within the hospital, they have daughters and friends. Young men there are of many nationalities.

There is the German bursch; the Hungarian, proud and erect, in braided jacket and long boots; there is, too, the fair-haired Slav; the dark Sorb, prouder almost than the Magyar; the slight Jew, but not apparently the gypsy. Him you see in the streets in a sheepskin coat selling tins and skewers. He is not a student. Many of the students are doing their year of military service, and swords and military trappings are seen everywhere. Fothergill took in the scene and enjoyed it. This was student life in the ideal.

(To be continued in July number.)

PYROSIS.—The following pill is useful:

R Zinc oxide, gr. iiss.

Powd. opium, gr. ss.

Ext. of hyoscyamus, gr. ij.

M.—*N. Y. Med. Jour.*

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He, too, took on his part a solemn vow never to work in future for any body but himself. He did his own work thoroughly, he did a physician's work as well; he kept the Leeds Public Dispensary before the profession, and no thanks came from anyone. The committee did not even tender him a formal vote of thanks for doing the physician's work, which was about the least they could have done. Fothergill had lost faith in working for others, though still sanguine enough about the value of work in itself.

He went up to the North for a rest and to revisit old friends until the time came for him to receive the Hastings' gold medal at the meeting of the British Medical Association at Plymouth. He wanted to clear his system of the Yorkshire good living and port wine, of which he had enough and to spare. He was going to be a student once more and live economically as he did not fancy the gout, so far as he had made its acquaintance. It was painful and hampered him. Rural life was once more an agreeable change after bricks and mortar, long streets of indifferent houses, roads imperfectly paved and the propinquity of unsavory as well as defective sanitary arrangements. [Yet Fothergill had liked his rounds and his patients.]

That his salary all told, averaged (his interviews with his patients) out at something like two pence half penny a dozen, was a fact which did not depress him in the least. He was too proud of his profession, too sympathetic with sickness ever to feel his work gall. One thing he did object to however, and that was being utilized, or rather exploited. He and his assistants did not object to doing much of the work which now falls to the sanitary inspector; every smell they reported was an annoyance removed; but they did object to doing the work of the relieving officer.

An application for parochial relief was commonly answered by the suggestion that they had better apply at the Dispensary, and that if the Dispensary doctor would give them a certificate of fitness the application would be attended to. This had been a long

standing grievance, but at last a case cropped up that furnished a substantial ground for a communication to the Local Government Board, who then made inquiries of the Leeds Board of Guardians. These last tried to screen their relieving officer but in vain; that defaulting official got a wiggling from the central authority, and the relieving officers had to do their own work at Leeds for some time after that episode. One of the ex-officio guardians took up the matter, and the subject of a complaint to Fothergill's committee was mooted, but before proceeding further the said magistrate made an excuse for a call at the Dispensary and interviewed the R. M. O. What his conclusions were never came out, but the suggestion dropped through and was no more heard of.

After a good breath of country air Fothergill set out southward for the Plymouth meeting. The gathering was a large one and filled the assembly room of the Royal hotel. The essay on "Digitalis: Its Action and Its Use," had already appeared in the columns of the journal of the association but had been well received by the members. Consequently when Fothergill stepped forward to receive the gold medal from the hands of the Earl of Mount Edgecombe, he was greeted with loud cheers; and he felt it, in conventional phrase, as one of the proudest moments of his life.

A handsome large medal it was too, and a good deal of handling it encountered during the time of the meeting, accompanied by a due meed of admiration. Not only did the success make Fothergill a host of acquaintances amidst men likely to send him patients when he erected his tent pole in London, but it procured him many complimentary letters from most of the men known in connection with diseases of the heart. It made it probable, too, that he would ere long gain a footing on the staff of one of the Chest Hospitals, after settling in London. The week passed pleasantly with numerous excursions by water; and on the Saturday afternoon at Cothele, Fothergill replied to the toast of the girls of South Devon, and that, too, so felicitously, that for many years afterwards he was called upon to reply for the ladies on the Saturday afternoon of the excursion which closes the annual

meeting. The Plymouth experience made him feel sufficient confidence in himself to determine him as to attempting the struggle of London life. All encouraged him to attempt the essay and augured success for him; some promised to find him consultations, and several kept their word.

He came up to London and stayed a short time with Dr. Wiltshire. Essentially a North country man in every way he entered London by the So. Western Railway. He then got some idea of the life led by London consultants, and saw what difficulties would have to be encountered, and what a space of time must necessarily elapse before success could be attained. He never felt it very irksome to be poor and the outlook did not deter him. He had great faith in his profession, and his Plymouth experience fanned his hopes. He built much on merit and determined to possess it. He always had a "one eyed" view of some subjects. He made arrangements with H. R. Lewis for the publication of his essay in book form, making a money deposit to start with. This was the right step to take he felt sure, and his name would look well in the medical directory with the brand of authorship upon it; about that he had no questionings. He thought he was opening his oysters in the first fashion.

There would be little difficulty in getting on the staff of some of the teaching hospitals with every one so genial and glad to make his acquaintance. After a course of study at the leading German schools he would be quite fit to instruct any set of "sucking sawbones." Knowledge was always in request he felt certain, and he would have the article—and of prime quality too, there should be no mistake about that. He had read of the Bohemian life of the German student and felt an internal consciousness that it would fit him like a glove. He would blend work with pleasure.

There was a distinct break in his life at this point. Hitherto there was little remarkable about his achievements and he was running among the rank and file of the profession. But now he had won his spurs and was determined to come to the front if he could. He looked back upon a great deal of good, steady reading; he had had a large and extensive field for observation at Leeds

and he did not go about with his eyes shut. He looked forward to the dead house of Vienna as the one place upon earth where the ravages wrought upon the heart by its various diseases could be studied to advantage. He had read, he had observed cases in life, and thought much over all; now he was about to note what could only be revealed after death, and then he would throw all together into a book. With this book for his standing ground, success would come to him he felt certain. It would be a long plunge: would he have wind enough to endure the dive he proposed, for it must be a long time before he could come to the surface. He would try.

All along Fothergill had felt that he was not naturally adapted for private practice. He could only please a limited number of the persons with whom he came into contact. He was not long in learning that. The natural corollary of this was—that if he wished to succeed in life he must go where there was a number of persons so that the small proportion he could please should be enough to furnish him a comfortable living. Nor was he in the dark as to the why of a good deal of this.

A shrewd farmer's wife took the scales from his eyes for him one day—if such an operation had been necessary. He was riding out of Morland past Eddy House one morning where Mrs. Richardson was at work; they were good friends and he rarely rode past without a word for her. They were equally outspoken and not afraid of speaking their minds to each other. Their conversation led up to Mrs. Richardson's saying:

"I wonder ye are so rough and outspoken as ye are, Doctor, when your father was one of the nicest auld gentlemen anybody ever spoke to."

"Well, I suppose I must try and be like him," was the response.

"Well, ye may try," she continued, "but ye'll never deceive anybody. Ye're like oor Michael, ye're naturally of a surly make."

Her spouse Michael was of the same disposition—sturdiness blended with outspoken bluntness. The selection of the word "deceive" gave point to the remark. The moral of it all, so Fothergill summed it up, pointed to the uselessness of attempting a blander demeanor.

If he had not the suavity (yet the motto of the Fothergill's is "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.*") He had other than, as well as Fothergill blood in his veins, evidently) requisite for success in private practice, he at least had the knowledge which might enable him to succeed as a consultant, he argued to himself. The very fact that he was not cut out for family practice pointed to a specialty. He would work hard abroad and utilize the time by writing a book on "The Heart and Its Diseases With Their Treatment."

In order to keep it strictly original he did not take out with him one single treatise on the subject, nor had he a solitary note even. He carried what he had in his head; what he wanted to know he could add when he got it. He was not satisfied with merely being able to detect the presence of disease, he was curious as to how it came about, its rate of progress in each case, and the best means of retarding it. That form connected with strain (aortic valve mischief) was common among the hammermen (or "strikers") at Leeds, and he had studied it in its beginnings in the forges, and examined the men who wielded the "big" hammer immediately on the cessation of their exertions at each "heat." He had seen plenty of the end of these cases. He had got a fairly good "bird's eye view" of the malady from start to finish. He knew well enough that in the case of one of his friends such mischief had been set on foot by exertion in early days, but had remained static for years on a quiet life being led. He contrasted this case with those which he saw marching on rapidly from bad to worse. He wanted to make himself as familiar with the history of other forms of disease in the heart. He had his own views on the series of changes to which the term "gouty heart" was afterwards applied. He saw a long antecedent history to the heart failure which formed the most prominent feature of the finish.

There were several separate strands which he hoped to be able to knot together, and having done so, to describe a long pathological change—not unlike a series of dissolving views. At one time the case presented a certain aspect, later on another aspect, finally a new view altogether. It was desirable to note, not merely the distinct pic-

tures, but to clear up the parts where one view was passing into another. For this thought, patience, painstaking and perseverance were essential. If the grasp of the subject was wide, the grip must be firm and the inspection close. Hours of silent thought must be linked with keen observation. In the studious leisure of a stay in Vienna, all this was possible. The prospect attracted him; a German student's life had been a day dream with him for years. So to Vienna he went.

He set off from Charing Cross early one morning late in October, 1871. He stopped that night at the Hotel du Nord, at Cologne. Next day he went on to Nuremberg. It was a lovely day and the Rhine was seen to full advantage. His companion was a Cumberland man, who got in beside him at Cologne. When he left the carriage at Nuremberg and his fellow traveler went on, he realized that he was alone in a foreign land.

Next day he rested and looked round Nuremberg. It was a city of which he had read much and which he wished to see for many reasons. It was the first foreign town he had seen, for he had had but a glimpse of Cologne Minster. He gazed at the fine old buildings; noted the beautiful iron work; saw the fountain playing and the water carriers with their tubs; looked at the wood cutter dismembering trees and forming billets for the fire, and realized a new scene altogether. Then he drove round the ramparts and saw the blue Franconian mountains not far away; he thought of the mailed knight and his troopers looking from afar at the city with covetous eyes, and of the burghers, rich and industrious, safe behind their massive ramparts. His reading had been wide and his memory was tenacious. Consequently he found much in Nuremberg to delight him, not the least a draught of Bavarian beer after his lengthy stroll which was acceptable to the inner man.

Next day he set out over the Bavarian highlands and ere long saw the streams flow eastward, telling him that he had reached the watershed of the Danube. At Passau, he entered Austria, and at Linz, the evening was waning. It was late before he reached Vienna and gained the inn patronized by

foreign students in Vienna, in the Josephstadt. The pretty little bed with the satin feather coverlet and the furniture upholstered in blue, looked inviting to a weary man, and promised a pleasant night.

Next morning he found his way to the hospital and there encountered a friendly American, and was at once installed as one of the guild of Anglo-Saxon speaking students at Vienna. This body is more like the undying guilds of the middle ages than anything else in the world. Men may come and men may go but it lives on forever.

It was at Vienna that each wandering smith drove his nail into the old tree, now covered so completely with nail heads that it has long been impossible for any one to insert another nail; a deed which finished off his wanderyahr. No such record is kept of the nomadic medical students, who in turn have paced the myriad of walks in the gardens of the Leye Hospital. All day a stream of living beings is constantly passing out and in, under the eye of a stalwart porter, clad in furs with his badge of office. The stream is a varied one, some clad in costly attire, some in most squalid clothes. Several of the professors live within the hospital, they have daughters and friends. Young men there are of many nationalities.

There is the German bursch; the Hungarian, proud and erect, in braided jacket and long boots; there is, too, the fair-haired Slav; the dark Sorb, prouder almost than the Magyar; the slight Jew, but not apparently the gypsy. Him you see in the streets in a sheepskin coat selling tins and skewers. He is not a student. Many of the students are doing their year of military service, and swords and military trappings are seen everywhere. Fothergill took in the scene and enjoyed it. This was student life in the ideal.

(To be continued in July number.)

Pyrosis.—The following pill is useful:

R Zinc oxide, gr. iiss.
Powd. opium, gr. ss.
Ext. of hyoscyamus, gr. ij.
M.—*N. Y. Med. Jour.*

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE
J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M. D.,
LONDON, ENG.

CHAPTER VI.

(Continued.)

THEN, too, there was the Reidhoff, with the table especially set apart for the Anglo-Americans. This was frequented by no other Englishman besides Fothergill;* one Scotchman there was and one Irishman, the rest were Americans of all kinds and degrees. There was the smart, well set up youth who had been house surgeon at the Bellevue Hospital; and the more homely man from out West, who had been possibly, a waiter on a Mississippi steamboat; or the ex-schoolmaster, who had turned to medicine,—all keen and eager, anxious to make the most of their time. Few had any special object of study, but were on an all-round search after knowledge. Every one could get up in the morning to attend Hebra and see his exhibition of patients afflicted with skin diseases. A motley, stained, spotted lot they were too, each man standing stark naked on a tripod, for Hebra disdained a partial view. Studies in the nude they were, while the odd looking professor cracked jokes with them, or addressed them in what we should call unprofessorial language. No one missed Hebra; it did not require familiarity with the German tongue to follow him with advantage. Billroth, too, with crayon and blackboard, appealed to the eye, while his fine Prussian figure, stately and imposing, caught the fancy of every one. Then there was old Rokitski, the veteran pathologist whose intimate acquaintance with the human fig-

ure after death, was recognized by all. He himself, attended to the police cases, while two assistants examined the bodies of those who died in the hospital which contained over three thousand beds. The Pathological Institute of Vienna is unrivalled for its material for the study of morbid processes. The brief notes of the case in life are read together with the diagnosis made then. The pathologist will soon determine whether the diagnosis was correct or not.

Diagnosis is the great feature in Vienna, entailing of course in the hospitals the universal autopsy. There is some little attention paid to treatment, but it is shadowy rather than real. Correct diagnosis was the chief feather in the physicians' plume in Kaiserstadt, and some marked feats were done there in this direction of which the school is proud, and justly proud. The veteran would not accept a fee from Fothergill on account of his name being familiar to him from the writings of John Fothergill a century earlier. Here the desired knowledge was rapidly being acquired and the work was soon taking shape. The relation (or as the Germans call it the "zusammenhang") of kidney disease to heart disease was soon amply demonstrated.

After several hours of work in the hospital came the adjournment for luncheon to the Reidhoff, the meal being washed down with draughts of Drehr's ale or the light Pilsner. They were enjoyable meals eaten with zest, for they were preceded by toil. Joke and story went round the table with a frankness and freedom very unusual elsewhere. There was no offence given or taken, and if occasionally some one thought he had been handled too roughly, he could get no one to sympathize with him. (At the risk of giving some offence to the fair sex it may be said that this frankness was the

*The true exclusive "Britisher" went to other restaurants out of the way of the representatives of the great Western Republic.

outcome of the absence of ladies' society. When a man tells a grievance to a lady she usually fans his wrath, and perhaps sometimes scents offence in words in which the man saw none till it is pointed out to him. But the relations of this wandering fraternity to the fair sex in Vienna entailed no such danger.) Many were the discussions on the Alabama claims. One day Fothergill told an American across the table that "if they did not speedily desist from their demands the A division of the London police would be sent over to arrest the whole American army."

"If you do not settle up quick," the American retorted, "we will send over a ship with two or three men with spades and dig the little Island up and anchor it off New Jersey."

"Yes," put in a Kentuckian, "and if we have any more bother with it after that we will take it into the Mississippi and leave it there."

All was good humor, and after lunch all went their way, some back to the hospital, others going off on excursions into the suburbs by the tram cars, or later on to the ice at the Eislauf Verein. Then came the evening meal, some more beer and a cigar, and then an early retirement to bed. Ten kreutzers had to be paid to the porter by each one out after ten. Every Friday, Fothergill supped with an Hungarian student's vereni. His great friend Arpad Gerster (who afterwards made a name for himself in New York) was a Magyar, a leader among his fellow students. With Gerster's fancy cap and band on, Fothergill would sit happy, understanding not one word of what was said, except when German was spoken. The Magyar is a born orator, and in their discussions on medicine or any other sober topic the speakers would rise to their feet and with flashing eyes, fluent speech and much gesture, defend their positions. Gerster spoke some half dozen languages. He spoke Magyar to his family, Slav to his Slovaken servants, French to his bonne and German to his schoolmaster. English he learned from an English bible mainly, but he could read Scott's novels and speak Scotch fairly well.

He and Fothergill would spend hours together discussing the politics of Eastern Europe, or comparing the

home life of the North of England with that obtaining on the Southern slopes of the Northern Carpathians whence Gerster came. Kossuth and the Hungarian revolt were often spoken of, Gerster's father having been lodged in Cracow gaol the night he was born, for being implicated in the rising of 1848-'49. Gerster's English improved rapidly, for Fothergill spoke no tongue but his own when he could.

On Silvester Tag (Dec. 31st) 1871, the two went to Kloister Newborg, seven miles up the Danube, to dine. The other diners were foresters from the Wiener Wald, with their pet dogs. It was very cold and the Danube was frozen except here and there a blue streak of swiftly rushing water. All was white with snow and ice bound. The monastery grows some famous wine, and the meat and drink were good, especially the Strohwein. They had a festive day and returned to the Café Scwab in the evening. In the small hours of the morning Fothergill was making a speech in German to a crowd of Hungarians, Saxons and Poles which seemed to give great satisfaction to those present. It was a life which had great attractions for a man with Bohemian tastes. Not that it was either an intemperate or a vicious life; it was Viennese life with perhaps a little more work going on than was the rule with the folks of Vienna.

Fothergill felt that he was thrown among men who had seen life; some of whom had fought hard in the recent Civil War in the United States. All had seen a good deal one kind and another. One huge Pole had been an exile in Siberia and did not seem to go in much fear of being sent there again, which would not be long if he talked on Russian soil as he did in Vienna. Men mixed among men and in after days Fothergill looked back to this life in Vienna as having excellent effects upon him in the development of character. He saw in London that one of the weak spots in the medical character was due to the men living an unbroken life at their school, where the rivalries and jealousies of their early student days remained and lingered still in operation in maturer years.

The life in Vienna was a complete break in his existence. He not only lived in a foreign land but he breathed an un-English intellectual and moral

atmosphere. He mixed among men of various nationalities. He became considerably cosmopolitan, and used in after days to hold cheap some of the great-little matters which profoundly swayed the medical profession in London. His Vienna training took much of the insular Briton out of him. He realized there that Great Britain was after all but an island lying off the western coast of Europe. There had been a storm and the English mail had not arrived, while all the others had come to hand. He began to see trifles from a more cosmic point of view than before. He had heard and seen little men in office everywhere, but he had not learned to bow the knee to them. On the stubborn, independent mind of the descendant of the old Northern statesmen, this experience acted perniciously for his future interests. A natural tendency to speak evil of dignities begot by his old enemy, the patrician vicar of Morland, and fostered by the foolish chairman of the House Committee of the Leeds Public Dispensary, now took further hold of him. He had not lost the faculty of reverence but he had learned to look upward, and was still less inclined than ever to accept as a demi-god a man of very moderate proportions, whose stature in a modern Pantheon would be fairly represented by a statue four and a half inches high. Nor was he becoming more disposed to accept a youth of some parts at his own value on the head of some little achieved and boundless unrealized aspirations. The consequence was, he gave to many, much offense of which he had no consciousness, and where certainly there was none intended. To understand what a man is, it becomes necessary to understand his origin and his individual experience.

This pleasant life was suddenly clouded over by the oncome of an acute attack of gout. Fothergill had the sweet consciousness of quiet as a consolation for him. He looked back upon his Yorkshire life and recognized how he came by his pains. He had had twinges from time to time, but now a wide-spread attack involving all the extremities developed itself. Night after night he lay in the least painful position—and kept it. There was no restless turning over at that time. At an earlier date an American had asked him if he had read the "Moonstone."

A stern rebuke at such trifling followed; "he had not come out to Vienna to read novels," he said with scorn. But now he was glad enough of it and read and reread it at night when the pain was too great for sleep yet not severe enough to compel one position being maintained. The characters of the novel from Sergeant Cuff downward, remained with him through after life, indelibly graven on the tablets of his memory. Dr. Macan, afterward a Dublin celebrity, had a neat copy of "Buckle's History of Civilization," a work much read in Germany, which he lent to his sick companion, and that wiled away profitably and pleasantly many a long hour when there was some abatement of the agony. Off and on, now severe, then abating, the attack lasted for a couple of months, and Fothergill in after days when answering questions from patients about going abroad, never forgot what severe illness in a foreign land involves. His landlady, an old Rhinelander, was as good as a mother to him and the Bohemian Cyeck maid was kind and waited well upon him; but all the same to be bedridden in a foreign land is a serious matter. For years afterward Fothergill never stretched his legs out in bed without thankfulness when he thought of the nights in Vienna.

Toward the latter part of his illness his own countrymen had left the session, being near its close, but his American friends came regularly to see him. When the attack grew worse again, some of them came night and morning and got him up till the bed was made, and of the kindness he received from these Americans in Vienna he had ever the most grateful memory, and from this time dates that familiarity with, and admiration of, the inhabitants of the great Western Republic, which marked his after life. It was too, in the hours of silent thought in Vienna that he worked out all the difficulties which he must encounter in the struggle of London life and how he would meet them. At last he was able to get about once more and make preparations for moving on to Berlin.

It was then in the week before Easter, 1872, that Fothergill set off under the care of an American for Berlin via Prague and Dresden. They broke the journey at Prague and spent the next day there seeing what they could of

that historical interesting town. Then across the plain of the Moldau to the Saxon frontier and down Saxon Switzerland, where the railway keeps the banks of the Elbe, they journeyed to Dresden. Here they stayed a day or two, and on Good Friday made an excursion on the steamboat up to Pirna.

Day by day Fothergill gathered strength and his stiffness wore off, so that by the time he reached Berlin he could get about without any obvious lameness. Here he took a room not far from la Charité, and worked hard. He admired Traube very much and found in him an authority on diseases of the heart, to his mind. Speaking of a peculiar form of wasting of the heart then little known, Traube showed him a marked example in his wards in la Charité. Having a typical case before him, Fothergill painted in the symptoms of the mysterious malady so graphically as to bring down upon him a savage criticism from a reviewer of his book on heart disease. How could the malady be so full of mystery, he pleaded, when so vivid a sketch of it had been drawn. Perhaps, if the said reviewer had known the facts, it might have mitigated his indignation. The case was one of pernicious anæmia with fatty degeneration of the heart in a comparatively young woman. The subject did not attract much attention in London till some time after this. During their stay in Berlin the German Medical Congress met there, and a very pleasant week it was. At the public dinner, Langenbeck came and clinked glasses with Fothergill, when the toast of the visitors was drank. Many of the medical and surgical lights of Germany were present, and Billroth's fine, tall figure towered over all of them.

Fothergill worked very hard in Berlin and made up for the time lost by his illness in Vienna. His book approached completion with rapid strides and his hopes were high. The days were growing long and it became possible to sit out of doors at supper, a matter greatly to his liking, as he worked all day long mostly. Indeed, Fothergill enjoyed his life in Germany very much, ever looking back to it with pleasant memories. At the end of May, having completed his book, he set off for London. He stayed over night at Hanover, and went to the

Tivoli Garten in the evening. Next day he got to Oberhausen and on the following day to Rotterdam. He took a look at the Hague and smelt sea air once more at Scheveningen, as the North Sea waves swept the sandy shore. When the white cliffs of Albion came into sight from the deck of the Rotterdam and Harwich steamer, Fothergill's sentiments were scarcely those of an exile. He could have liked to remain a German student rather than start to work for a living in London on the lines which his decision had laid down for him, which he knew were hard.

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY LIFE IN LONDON.

Fothergill's first business in London was to see his book through the press, so he took up a temporary residence near Gower St. and H. R. Lewis's. He was not at that time very familiar with proof reading, while time pressed, as he wished to have the work out against the annual meeting of the British Medical Association, so that his numerous friends might know what he had been doing since they parted. The consequence was that this work was certainly not well done. The book itself and the style in which it was written both bore strong evidence of the German influences under which it came into being.

A vacancy at this time occurred at the Royal Hospital for diseases of the chest, which was practically offered to him, but by the advice of those whom he consulted, he did not offer himself for it. Dr. Peacock thought he ought to do better, and as he at that time ruled the destinies of the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest (Victoria Park), the hint was suggestive. Dr. Quain advised him not to go in for the post, but counselled him strongly at once to take the Membership of the Royal College of Physicians; there was an examination the ensuing week, he must not lose a moment. Writing out the requisite certificate for application he set Fothergill off to Pall Mall then and there. The examination came off in six days, there was no time to read; all that could be done was to rub up his Latin which was somewhat rusty. He must take the examination in his stride, there was no time to prepare for a jump. Indeed,

Fothergill had been working for that examination for some years past without thinking of it! He went in with his usual self-confidence and came out successful. He had now burnt the boats behind him and had to face the career of a consultant. When he paid the money for the membership his capital had sunk below ten pounds.

One of the other men in at this time was David Ferrier just appointed Professor of Forensic Medicine in King's College, and to be Assistant Physician to the Hospital when the opening came. They were examined clinically at St. Thomas's Hospital by Dr. Risdon Bennett and Dr. Francis Sibson. Fothergill had diagnosed his case of aneurysm of the ascending aorta, and turning round to Ferrier the two discussed his case, oblivious of the fact that they were under examination; a matter to which Dr. Sibson recalled them with some acerbity. Fothergill's next case was that of a man water-logged in all his serous cavities. He had seen hundreds of such cases in Vienna in the dead house and knew very well there was a lesion of the mitral valve, and said so. It happened there was no murmur that could be made out, and Dr. Bennett questioned the diagnosis.

"Fothergill's Heart Book" was announced in the press for the first time on that very day, so he felt he must stand his ground—examination or no examination. Perhaps his manner was a little downright and unlike that of a trembling examinee in the presence of his examiner, there might possibly be a little want of respect, but Fothergill had learned that a knowledge of the diseases of the heart was not merely a matter of murmurs, and like enough thought in his own mind that he knew a great deal more about the subject than his examiner. His manner might have shown something of this, for Dr. Bennett was never cordial to him after. Ferrier invited him to dinner. He and Lauder Brunton were at that time living together at 23 Somerset St., Portman Square. This was the commencement of a long intimacy betwixt the trio, all men in earnest; men who had already done something, and who meant to do more. Their friendship was invaluable to Fothergill as he afterwards found.

Fothergill attended the meeting at Birmingham and renewed his acquaint-

ance with the members of the British Medical Association, inviting them to take a look at his book. He quite thought that he was on the highway to great success in practice. A few years later he knew what the facts were, but at that time hope lent a rosy hue to the prospect. Then he went northwards and saw his old friends. One especially he visited, the one man who had ever asked him if he needed any money. Mr. John Longrigg was a man who meant what he said. When he and Fothergill talked the matter over and the latter made a calculation of the sum he might want, the reply was: "You shall have it, but remember you have to pay interest on every penny, and the less you can do with, the less there will be to pay back." It was good sound counsel. Fothergill now saw his way before him. He had to slightly overrun the sum mentioned before he was done, but he remembered the advice. Mr. Longrigg had been a staunch friend of his all along, and now gave him the lift which was life or death to him at that time.

While still in the north, two vacancies occurred on the staff of the West London Hospital and seeing them announced in the medical press he hurried southwards to try to secure one of them. He put up a door plate in Bentnick St., and got his testimonials together. He did not succeed in getting either appointment; but Ferrier got one. Shortly afterwards a vacancy occurred at Victoria Park, for which he competed. Dr. Barkart was the older M. R. C. P. and Fothergill had to await the next vacancy. It was then thought that this involved a delay of a few weeks, but it did not actually fall out for more than three years.

So Fothergill had to face the fate of a man who has learned his profession pretty thoroughly, and who, though not endowed with much means, thinks he can see his way to live in London. He waited for the reviews of his book, and ere long they came. The *Lancet* gave him an encouraging review, as is its wont towards young men feeling their way. The *British Medical Journal* smote him hip and thigh, and neutralized any good impression he might have made by his Hastings' prize essay. But the assault made upon him by the expiring *Medico-Chirurgical Review* far exceeded this in hostility. Commenc-

ing by saying that he knew not whether there was more to praise or blame in the book, the reviewer had no more praise, but for eleven pages held on his way, pointing out faults of commission and omission, errors, misprints, anything that came to hand indeed, provided it gave him the chance of another slap at the book or its author. The onslaught was uncompromising and merciless, concluding: "It is difficult to do justice to Dr. Fothergill by any further quotation in consequence of the peculiarity of his style, and the length to which some things are drawn out and the brevity with which others are dismissed. He has read hard and labored at his subject, but he is lamentably deficient in power of arrangements, in capacity to express himself in perspicuous language, and even in the minor but necessary literary requisites of spelling and punctuation."

The "justice" here is certainly one-sided. Fothergill read the review at the publishers, and with his usual hardihood and readiness to enjoy a joke at his own expense, laughed heartily. The publishers did not see the joke or join in the laugh. The author maintained that there must be some fire where there was so much smoke, and that at least he must read for style, and learn to write more elegantly. He set to work with a will to do both; he read good writers, and wrote himself a collection of essays, some sixteen in all to which he gave the title "The Romance of Medicine." He offered them to Macmillan, who declined them. They never saw daylight again for years, but they did one thing—they gave Fothergill that style which gained so much popularity for his books in after days. He always maintained that he owed much to his bitterly hostile reviewer. He had a shrewd suspicion who the writer was, too. He was a man who talked of writing a book on the diseases of the heart, but he never did. Fothergill thought in his own mind that if he came to criticise his reviewer's book probably he might object in turn as to "the length to which some things were drawn out, and the brevity with which others were dismissed," their views differing widely as to the comparative importance of many subjects connected with the diseases of the heart. Especially was this the case in the matter of mur-

murs. The reviewer made these the groundwork of his diagnosis.

Fothergill took the patient's account of himself first, and fitted the murmur into its place among the other semeia. At that time Walsh's book was the most prominent work on the subject; its excellence in physical examination Fothergill was among the first to admit, but he had begun to see that there was an immensity beyond it that it was equally well to know. Of course, all the men who were satisfied and content with the old views saw no reason to acquaint themselves with newer views; it was easy to hold them cheap. That was much less troublesome than examining into them, and "it is always easier and more pleasant to the self pride to profess scepticism than avow ignorance" Fothergill often said bitterly when speaking of the way certain men meet certain matters. The book brought him an odd patient, and some of his friends in the Association bore him in mind, and sent him an occasional patient, so that he managed to keep his head above water without having to teach students—the one prospect above all others to be abhorred.

Waiting for the opening at Victoria Park Hospital, he did not try for a physicianship at any dispensary to "keep his hand in", as he frequently went with Ferrier to the West London, and went for him when he could not attend. The two did each other mutual good; though Ferrier was far more familiar with practical medicine than many imagined. When Easter came, Ferrier and Fothergill went together to the West Riding Asylum at Wakefield as the guests of Dr. Crichton Browne, (now Sir James Crichton Browne). Fothergill, when in Leeds, attended Browne's lectures on psychological medicine, and the two had a mutual regard for each other. Crichton Browne was a senior student when Fothergill first went to Edinburgh, and was then a man of great promise. When he became the head of the Wakefield Asylum, evidences of a new regime were soon forthcoming.

Something more than mere perfunctory work went on. Case-taking was set on foot; then a pathological room followed with careful observations of the morbid changes wrought in the brain by the different forms of insan-

ity. Finally a yearly volume of reports was started telling the world of the work going on there. Fothergill had nearly gone to Wakefield to serve under Browne when he left Leeds, only he was in a bad humor with the West Riding just then. Browne wished to get one or two men somewhat known in the medical world to each write an essay for his "Report" from observations made on the spot, in addition to those of himself and his staff. Fothergill was to follow up some observations he had made as to the condition of the heart in that curious, well-marked but only recently-known disease, the general paralysis of the insane. They were well enough in their way and had to form part of a massive term on the subject by various writers, edited by Browne, which would have seen daylight had he remained at Wakefield.

Browne was a man of unusual powers in equally unusual combination. He was a good business man and signed every cheque and knew what it represented. He was a first-class asylum superintendent who employed his patients usefully, knew them all personally and believed in the treatment of insanity by various useful measures as well as by therapeutic agents. He was an admirable disciplinarian and saw after everything himself, while he was popular with his subordinates who felt a warm personal attachment to him. If they did their work loyally, their chief would shelter them if any accident occurred; they knew and felt that. They also knew what would happen if they didn't.

Such labor would have been held sufficient to tax the energies of any one man by most persons, but not so Browne. In addition to all this, he was a keen experimenter into the actions of remedial agents; and was founding the first school of psychological medicine in the world. An acute observer, a deep thinker, a brilliant expounder commanding a large vocabulary and endorsed with an unbroken flow of high class language. Browne was unquestionably a remarkable man. He had a native power of command, and Fothergill used to say that "when you passed the porter's lodge at Wakefield Asylum, you hung up your anatomy there and only regained it when repassing the lodge on your depar-

ture." Within the precincts of the Asylum there was only one will in operation and that was the will of James Crichton Browne. Another great matter was—he was a staunch friend. Such was the man who was being visited.

Ferrier was at that time nearly thirty. Short, slight, keen-witted, self-reliant—having depended upon himself for many years, and not having misplaced his confidence—he was genial, buoyant, full of aspirations as to what he was going to do.

"What is that clumsy thing you have got there?" asked Fothergill as he hit his knee against something hard in the cab.

"Wait till you get to Wakefield and you will see," was the response. It was an electric battery. Fritsch and Hitzig, two Germans, had recently discovered a stimulant which would rouse the brain when applied and that such did exist in the form of an electric current. "The method principally followed by Fritsch and Hitzig in their researches, consisted in applying directly to the surface of the hemispheres by means of a pair of blunted electrodes, the stimulus of the closing, opening or commutation of the current of a galvanic pile of sufficient intensity to cause a distinct sensation when applied to the tip of the tongue." (Ferrier on "The Function of the Brain.")

Ferrier employed a like means and measure of provending. The extensive area of the Asylum with its underground buildings formed a satisfactory home for a colony of half-wild cats admirably adapted for the purposes of experimentation. The pathological room was that day the scene of a more curious, interesting, enthralling research than had yet been conducted within its walls. The far-reaching consequences of these experiments make the scene historic—though no painter will ever paint it. Some motor centres had been unduly localized by the German investigators. When the electrodes were applied to a certain spot near the fissure of Rolando, a movement was seen to follow in the fore paw on the opposite side. Was it an accidental coincidence or was cause and effect at work? The application was made again to the surface of the brain and again the precise movement followed. The excitement became in-

tense and with an interest which caused the breath to be held, a third time the experiment was tried. There was no mistake as to the cause and effect. It was not a mere coincidence.

Marshall Hall had advanced our knowledge up to the lower areas of the brain, "all beyond belonged to the soul" it was said. Now the hemispheres themselves were to reveal their secret, and the brain with its functions unravelled was to be laid bare, open to view as a map. With infinite pains, untiring patience and unfaltering judgment Ferrier went on and on, until he had examined every portion of the brain. It is needless to give the process; the world is satisfied about the result. While Ferrier applied the electrodes, Fothergill watched the result. Now it was a fore paw, now a hind paw, now the jaw which moved, according to the precise spot touched by the electrodes—not at the will of the cat—but of the man, who as with an enchanter's power, presided over its brain. Amidst the scientific observations were mingled the highest hopes, the wildest delight at the success of the experiments of the first day. The observations made upon one animal were repeated on another; these were not negated, they were confirmed thereby. All felt they were on the threshold of a new field of enquiry of the most absorbing interest to humanity. It was but a group of comparatively young men conducting an experiment in reality, but the light breaking over them was the first pale ray of a flood of light to come. What may be the ultimate outcome of these experiments it is as yet premature to say. Much has already resulted.

Before the experiments had lasted many days, Fothergill maintained that "before ten years were over, some physician would diagnose a tumor of the brain so accurately that under his directions some surgeon would be able to cut through to the skull and remove it." The time was too short by a few months; it was not till December, 1884, that Dr. A. Hughes Bennett diagnosed a tumor, and cutting down at the spot indicated, Rickman Godlee found embedded in the brain, near but not at the surface, a small tumor about the size of a walnut, which was removed with immediate relief to the symptoms. What Ferrier did then, in

brief words, was to render transparent the covering of the brain, nay, even more, to penetrate beneath the surface and peer into the structure of the brain itself.

Ferrier's work at once excited the greatest interest in the world of science as well as that of medicine. Charles Darwin came to watch him at work, seeing a sight as strange as he ever witnessed, wide as had been his research and keen his vision. Huxley, of course, was often a spectator of the experiments. The Teutonic army of scientists went up in arms as if there were some design on foot to rob their countrymen of what was due to them. Ferrier always made due acknowledgment of what was due to them—though his enemies made out that he did not. A man is rarely fairly represented by his avowed enemies!

In the autumn of the same year, the British Association met at Bradford. By good luck (their names each beginning with the letter F) Fothergill and Ferrier stayed with the same host at Ferncliff, near Appleby Bridge. For the first time in its existence the Association found the physiology section the most attractive. Fothergill led off the first afternoon with a paper on "Heart and Brain," which was much appreciated and prepared the associates for the "big event" of the next day.

Old John Hutton Balfour was there that day and looked with paternal pride at the group on the platform. There were men with Edinburgh ties before him, W. B. Carpenter, Burdon Sanderson, Professor Rutherford, Pye Smith, Lauder Brunton, McKendrick, Crichton Browne, Milner Fothergill, Rabagliati and others, a sight which warmed the heart of the old Dean. The room was crammed, not one more could it hold. All were impressed, and the anti-vivisectionists when they read the account of the lecture in the *Times*, got out their sharpest weapons and whetted them to their keenest edge and prepared to "go for" Ferrier as the archetype of the men whom they wished to destroy.

(Continued in August number.)

Croton oil in $\frac{1}{8}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ minim dose is a valuable purgative, without disagreeable effects.—*Bond, Ex.*

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE
J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M. D.,
LONDON, ENG.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

THEN there followed a reunion at Wakefield, and Balfour and Fothergill not only made up the old breach between them, but actually went off arm in arm with each other to church on Sunday afternoon, a fact men who knew the old feeling between them, found it hard to believe. In the morning the guests—old Edinburgh men—turned out on the lawn to see Professor Balfour escort the ladies to church; after the churchgoers had got out of earshot, Crichton Browne said gleefully: "Yes, here we all are, safe. But if we still had our botany to pass, we would all have been off with my Uncle John, each with a Bible under his arm." A hearty laugh told of the truth which underlay the remark.

Fothergill at this time was struggling hard to make ends meet. He was preserved by the state of his finances from any return of the gout, though, if he dined out and got some port wine, next morning it could be felt. Poverty was good for him physically; it was an excellent training psychically, and what was more, he was not frightened of it. Maudsly and he were walking one day toward Paddington Station, when Fothergill remarked: "I am preserved against idleness by the necessity for exertion." Maudsly greatly admired this euphemistic way of putting it.

Christmas reminded him of the old Yorkshire life. His old college friend, James Clapperton, had married a daughter of Thomas Vergette, of Boro' Fen, Peterborough, and settled down

at Market Deeping. The Vergettes were well to do, and exceedingly hospitable, and Christmas was a time for cakes and ale—and other comestibles. Fothergill usually fed on apples and effervescing draughts of citric acid and potash for a few days after his return from the Fen.

His old friend (one of the three who lived together at Windmill House, Edinburgh) Edmund Steel, was the eldest son of old Charles Steel, the surgeon, for fifty years a well-known figure in Lewisham. Here Fothergill found a hearty welcome and congenial spirits, and through Mr. Steele became acquainted with the family of Mudgetts of Ravensbourne Park, where nearly half the Sundays of his life were subsequently spent. They were the family of Capt. Mudge, R. N. Sterling, upright, independent in thought, fearless, they cared little for outside appearances and troubled themselves little about visiting with their neighbors. They were well-read, cultured people of the old fashioned type of gentle folks. They called their house "Liberty Hall," where all could do as they liked—within certain limits.

One of the daughters was married to Edwin Selby, and as he and Fothergill had much in common beyond their mere bulk, Fothergill found "Yoroshi" a very pleasant place to visit. The Selbys had no children but had four wards of whom Mrs. Selby was guardian under the Lord Chancellor. They took these children to the seaside every year, and Fothergill each year stayed with them for a few days. He always had a keen sense of the humorous and enjoyed a joke against himself, especially at the expense of his bulk, very thoroughly. Probably, as a friend said to him later on, he had this faculty too highly developed for a physician. "We see the humorous side of things too readily, unfortunately,"

said this friend; an explanation of a certain lack of pecuniary success in Fothergill's case, not without some truth in it.

One day he and Edwin Selby were strolling up the High St. of Ventner, in the morning, when they fell under the eye of the touter for Mrs. Jackman, on the lookout for excursionists. He took in the situation at once crying loudly: "Excursion to Freshwater: book you for three, gentlemen." As they weighed forty stones together, this was allowing a weight of over thirteen stones per excursionist, which was not an illiberal estimate. During the trial of the "Litchborne claimant" Fothergill came in for his share of banter. One afternoon there was a block at Picadilly Circus, and a little newsboy caught sight of Fothergill. "Appearance of the claimant in court" he piped out shrilly. "Buy a picture of yourself, Sir Roger," he next shouted as loud as he could yell. All eyes were at once turned on Fothergill, who enjoyed the joke himself too much to feel annoyance thereat. The claimant was convicted and sentenced on a Saturday. On the following Monday evening Fothergill was walking along Duke St., Manchester Square, when a big Irishman reeled out of a public house door; catching sight of Fothergill, he steadied himself, remarking with satisfaction: "Sure, he's all right, he is out again." It perhaps was well for a poor, hardworking, patient aspirant for success that he always could enjoy a joke, even when it was at his own expense. It would have added to the hardships of his lot had he been sensitive or thin-skinned.

One of his patients at this time, belonged to the family of Dr. Christopher Dresser, the well-known authority on decorative art, then in the zenith of his fame and prosperity. He showed great kindness to Fothergill and took a keen interest in his welfare. He was a man of acute mind, thoroughly devoted to his work, with a most lissom hand, and a house crammed with all sorts and kinds of art treasures. Unfortunately, Fothergill's mind had in it no turn for art, and at last after exhibiting this painfully (only on request, for he knew his deficiency too well to hazard an opinion unasked) Dr. Dresser told him candidly: "Dr. Fothergill, never express an opinion on any

art subject, for not only are you always wrong, but you are also as far wrong as you can get." The advice was taken without any sense of irritation at the frankness of the speech, and whenever pressed for an opinion on art matters in after life, Fothergill quoted the remark as an excuse for declining to make the attempt. Dr. Dresser urged him strongly to write a work which would at once be useful to the public and do himself some good. In 1874, he got out "The Maintenance of Health: A Medical Work for Lay Readers." The style showed that he had not been striving in vain to improve his writing, and the work elicited many reviews both at home and in the U. S. A., all of a gratifying character (some very much so), but the price put upon it killed it. Nevertheless, its price was a very acceptable matter, even if it were not a great sum.

Pursuing this line of studying the effect of drugs upon the circulatory organs, Fothergill read a paper on "The Depressants of the Circulation," before the Medical Society of London, which was well received. He showed how certain agents, of which aconite may be regarded as a type, depressed the action of the heart while dilating the terminal blood-vessels, and applied to this the term "bleeding the patient into his own vessels,"—a sentence which took root in the medical mind. The subject attracted a good deal of attention and it was felt that Fothergill was a coming authority on matters bearing on treatment; and that he possessed the knack of applying physiological knowledge to the every-day wants of practice, and so was likely to become a useful man.

CHAPTER VIII.

AS HOSPITAL PHYSICIAN.

During this time Fothergill waited patiently in the hope of a vacancy at either Victoria Park or the West London Hospital. At last it came at the latter institution. Ferrier became assistant physician at King's College Hospital, and so resigned his appointment at the West London. Fothergill had by this time become well known to all there, and consequently no one really came forward against him for the vacancy, finding there was little or no chance, so there was no opposition. He felt a great inward satisfaction at

the fact. It had long been the object of his ambition to hold such an appointment; he liked the position; to turn the board bearing his name up or down on entering and leaving the hospital, though but a small matter, had for some time had a special attraction for him; he liked out-patient work and was popular with the patients. Here he had ample opportunity for watching the action of remedial agents, and with no unobservant eye availed himself thereof. He had already commenced to work at a book on the treatment of diseases, which he proposed to call the "Principles of Therapeutics," the plan of which he first limned in outline when convalescing from scarlet fever years before. Slowly and gradually the subject had been growing and developing in his mind; the eye learns to see, and "can only see what it carries with it the power to see," he was fond of repeating, and he believed in patient pains. It was to be an ambitious task, he was clear about that.

Twice a week he attended the hospital at Hammersmith, and saw his patients faithfully. Like Lydgate in *Middlemarch*, "he was fond of John and Elizabeth, especially Elizabeth," and "Elizabeth" was to be found in plenty at the West London. Dr. Wiltshire was the physician for diseases of women, and he attended on the same days; and with him as a colleague Fothergill worked hard at the common troubles of women, as was clear when he dealt with a certain chapter of his coming book. His experience there compelled him to see the importance not only of diagnosing the existence of matters neither revealed to the eye nor readily spoken about, but their treatment also; and his subsequent writings testify to the grip he acquired of the subject. Small children, too, there were in plenty, as the mothers found he was at home with the maladies of childhood. The working of the London School Board caused him to see much of the effects of sustained brain-work in delicate children. He especially observed the effects at times of rapid growth; and his formed views on the subject found expression in an address to the London Schoolmistresses' Association on "The Relations of Growth to Education" (Nov., 1877). It was a contri-

bution so valuable that the committee printed it in order to call attention to the subject, and to spread the information it contained abroad. There was much to be seen and learned for the man who went about with his eyes open. His large experience when at Leeds now stood him in good stead, and enabled him to get through the huge mass of out-patients without difficulty, so that he could learn something from them. He more and more recognized the practical importance of studying the patient before enquiring into the malady. The introduction of the stethoscope as a means of examining the chest led naturally to the cultivation of careful physical examination as a leading factor in medical education; but he saw that this was coming to acquire an importance out of proportion to other matters of equal value. To separate the well-fed from the ill-fed required but a glance by the trained eye, but this cardinal fact usually guides the line of treatment to be adopted. The proneness of woman to the maladies linked with insufficient nutrition was exemplified in the laundresses of Starch Green and its neighborhood. The relative proportion of malnutrition is greater with women than with men, because their body-outgoings are greater, while they are more liable, too, to impaired assimilation. Consequently, to lessen the outgoings while striving to raise the body-income became a fundamental rule with him, no matter what the special malady complained of. By the inculcation of such principles he strove to make his coming book useful and attractive.

The medical student has a great deal of human nature about him. The child reveres the knowledge possessed by its teachers; and only other teachers can vie with them in range of information in its crude opinion. The impression remains during school life, and is found little abated in college life. A university man has a great respect for his college dons, and every youth naturally goes in awe of his examiners. The medical student even retains some respect for instructors, and believes firmly in his heart of hearts, that the teachers are the choicest spirits of his profession. He sees no others, he hears no others. The impression is, however, the out-

come of his ignorance rather than his knowledge. It is the reverse of *omne ignotum pro magnifico*. He looks to the known and despises the unknown. So firmly rooted is this regard for teachers in the youthful mind that it only finds its counterpart in original sin. Consequently all young medical men who wish to succeed in life, and, what is more, see their way clearly before them, strive to gain a foothold at a teaching school. Fothergill had his eye on a teaching school, and from an early association of ideas set his mind upon the London Hospital in White-chapel where his father had been a student. In the meantime he made what was to him a discovery which rather undermined the opinion which he retained from earlier days. He found that when medical visitors came to watch his practice he was always behindhand with his work. So much time was used up in pointing out sundry matters to them. When so instructing others he had little or no time for improving himself. He realized that a non-teaching hospital was a famous place for self-education. This aspect of the subject encouraged him to throw originality into his writings. They are not an ill-digested collection of observations and excerpts from the writings of others, but well-assimilated, carefully arranged work, if anything perhaps too systematic—telling of individual thought on the part of the author. He could work away on his own line, and he did so. His large clientele furnished him with the opportunity of trying his various new ideas and seeing how they worked in practice. His patients believed in him and did as they were told. His earnestness impressed them, and his wish to do them good was manifest to the weakest intellect. Thus he had a fair field all around for his observations.

At home he read and thought, and put together what he gained from books with what he observed in practice. Like all other men of his day, when in need of some physiological information, he applied to Lauder Brunton, who was courtesy and kindness itself to all. As a man who had also given his mind to the observation of the effects of remedial agents, he sympathized with Fothergill's work, and gave him all the help which lay in

his power. He was encouraged by Brunton to ask the editor of the *British Medical Journal* to accept as leading articles the essence of many chapters. Hughlings Jackson was so impressed with some of these leaders that he privately asked the editor the name of the author. When he learned who the writer was he and Fothergill became greater friends than heretofore. On his first putting up his door plate, Dr. Hughlings Jackson had called upon him as a neighbor, the sole member of the profession who was so neighborly. From one thing and another Fothergill began to hope he was making his mark as he desired to do.

He was finding that the struggle of London life was a longer, harder pull "in the collar," than he had anticipated; though he thought he had given careful attention to the outlook when deciding upon the venture. There was a steady drain of outgoings, despite his attempts to lessen the drain; practicing on himself the rule he applied to his patients, while the incomings were scanty and irregular. His profession was not yet highly lucrative and the guineas dropped in slowly, just enough to keep him fairly familiar with the sight of a private patient. His pen earned something, and he worked hard with it. He was on the staff of the *British Medical Journal*, and for some time prepared the report of the Pathological Society for that *Journal*. He was on the staff of the *London Medical Record*, with particular relation to the literature of the United States. He was asked to be the London correspondent of the *Philadelphia Medical Times*, and accepted the post readily enough.

This meant hard work for the daily bread, or at least part of it. The time had come when he had reached the utmost limit assigned to himself in relation to his friendly creditor in the North, the other half of the daily bread could no longer come from that source. The nip was close. One Sunday afternoon as he was going to dine with Dr. Dresser, then residing at Tower Cressy, the tall, turreted house which stands up so boldly beside the lofty tower of the water works and the spire of the Church on Notting Hill—his path lay through Kensington Gardens. He sat down on a seat under one of the elms there and

looked his financial position straight in the face. The prospect was far from inviting. It was the middle of the month, his rent became due on the first of the next month; and he always paid his rent punctually to the day each month. He had just ten shillings in the bank. That was all. He had very little in his pocket. The game seemed about played out. He would have to retire from the field—worsted, beaten. He could hold on no longer. He must raise something on his Hastings' gold medal; it was worth twenty pounds as gold, and seek new pastures somewhere. Aye, but where? He must plunge into the unknown. A friend of his, his great companion in Berlin, had taken a fruit farm in New Jersey; he would join him and pick gooseberries, rasps and currants. That would give him a mental rest until he could look about him. At this point his thoughts wandered to his early struggles at Morland. It flashed upon him like lightning—how the old vicar would chuckle when he heard of the collapse! This thought decided him; he would not fail. The lowest portion of a wheel was that immediately in front of the ascent, he said to himself. He was at the lowest ebb of his fortunes. He would get a little help to tide on and see what could be done. It was a last resort. He applied to two friends for a loan. Each complied with his request. One was Lauder Brunton, ever ready with help of all kinds. Hope was not deceived. The lowest point was that immediately in front of the ascent! The turn of the tide came; not with the strong flood of the Solway or the Severn, but rather a neap tide at some group of islets in the mid Pacific. It was a sharp experience.

Curiously enough Fothergill was at this very time engaged on an article for the West Riding Asylum Reports on "Cerebral Anæmia." When the brain is insufficiently supplied with blood the subjective sensations are those of depression, sense of misery, with a general sense of impending misfortune, while the well-fed brain is joyful and sanguine.* So long as the brain is well fed, no external circumstances can weigh a man wholly down. Fothergill wrote thus, and all will ad-

mit that nothing but his nutrition saved him from going to the wall at that crisis in his fortunes.

The life that he was leading was not, however, one of special hardship, nor are these trials greater than those undergone in their earlier days by many of the members of the medical profession who in later days won fame and fortune. It is "a time of trial and probation" veritably, such as the preacher refers to. It is the fiery furnace which purges out the dross and leaves the gold, if the battle be fought out to the bitter end. For those who already possess some private means the battle is not so severe. Consequently a large proportion of the hospital men of London are men who originally possessed some private means, their own or their relatives'. Some struggle on, putting up a plate on their father's door. Some open their oyster by marrying money; the essential gold being here too often bought with a price. The two results of this are: 1. That the hospital men are not, in all cases, the flower of the profession. 2. That not all the doctors' wives of London are cultured ladies. On the staff of nearly every hospital in London are to be found instances of men decidedly mediocre who have hung about their school till an opening has come at last, and who do nothing for their profession and but little for themselves: men who rise to the level of fitness to prepare students for examination,—and no higher. Brains and purses are not proportional in the divine scheme, and it is a notorious fact that at nearly every teaching school in London there has been a time when new blood has become essential to existence, and the instinct of self-preservation has surmounted all other motives. Men of ability, but without the means of hanging onto the maternal teats, have been allowed to drift away from the school, while moneyed mediocrities have bided their time until the ship got loaded over the "load-line" with this "general middlingness," with consequent risk of sinking. University College alone, had had enough and to spare, and yet it, in certain emergencies, had to recall men who had raised their tent pole in the provinces. The glamour of hospital teaching was fading out in Fothergill's eyes as the facts

* This word is derived from sanguis, the Latin for "blood."

rose up before him like tall, rude rocks out of the sea. Merit had lost its infallibility. But if it could not, like faith, move mountains, it was a good thing to possess, all the same, he felt. He had gained a little personal experience, about this time, which took the remaining scales from his eyes. He had been a candidate for an Assistant Physicianship at the London Hospital. He tried hard for two reasons; the first a sentimental one; the second a thoroughly materialistic one, viz., the income attached to the post. Three went in. First, number one got off, and then number two got off, leaving Fothergill still unattached. So far all was fair enough. But when the third vacancy came things were a little different. He was now well-known to most there, if not to all. When the day came nigh, a rumor was vomited abroad that Fothergill's habits were not what they ought to be. He was not as temperate as was desirable; not that he yet showed any evidence of this, but such was the fact all the same, and in a few years it could be potent. A lie which cannot be disproved for a few years is a useful tool for an emergency. In this case the lie was successful. It was all the more shameful that it was put about by the man of all others who knew least of him. Fortunately, there was a misapprehension on Fothergill's part as to the day when the candidates must appear, and he did not appear. He was therefore disqualified and was passed over. It was a sore blow, and some long-held hopes were buried that day. Still, after the first smart was over, and he saw how to keep his head above water without the appointment, he was rather thankful than otherwise at his failure. His non-appearance prevented the necessity for bringing the false statement on to the table, and the facts were only known to those immediately connected with the Hospital. The truth leaked out in time, and the individual who planned the subtle falsehood became discredited. It is needless to say that Fothergill never made any further efforts to get his foot in at the "London."

In the meantime fortune had not been frowning upon him on all sides. The long looked for vacancy at the Victoria Park Hospital had come at last. Instead of a few weeks, three

years and a quarter had Fothergill to wait for his turn. The committee remembered their promise when reminded of it, and kept it. Dr. Peacock in this matter behaved in the most honorable and exemplary manner. He was the last physician of eminence connected with the study of diseases of the heart who believed that digitalis lowered the action of this organ. Fothergill was par excellence the preacher of the new faith that it increased the energies of the heart's contractions. Yet Dr. Peacock did not on that account set up any opposition to Fothergill; on the other hand, he gave him all the aid he could. His example of liberal mindedness did not influence the individuals who cut Fothergill's throat at the London shortly afterwards because he held views on a certain pathological subject which were antagonistic to those promulgated by the social assassins. Dr. Peacock was not a man of engaging manners, but he was the incarnation of integrity. He was with all his uprightness scarcely a lovable man, but he walked in the sight of his Maker. Some men think that their path is shielded from the eye of the Omniscient. It is to be feared that there will be a distinct percentage of surprises at the last assize when "the recording angel's black bureau is thrown open for inspection."

Nor was this appointment at Victoria Park, so long waited for, the only good fortune which at the time befell Fothergill. He had completed his book on "Therapeutics," and though confident of its merits, was in a difficulty about a publisher. The publishers of medical works were limited. Two of the best known had already works with which the new venture would clash to some extent. It was hopeless and useless to offer it to them. It was offered to a firm who had recently entered upon a career of medical publishing, who, for reasons of their own, declined it. A specimen chapter had been sent over to a Philadelphia firm, who submitted it to a great medical authority there, who much approved of it, but the cautious publisher would not take it up. Of course he would be very glad to have the U. S. A. sale, when some English firm had brought out the book. One day Mr. Macmillan was talking with

Lauder Brunton, who then edited the *Practitioner*, belonging to Mr. Macmillan, about a work on "Therapeutics." Dr. Brunton mentioned Fothergill's book as the very thing he wished for. Mr. Macmillan already knew of Fothergill only in that he edited the *Practitioner* in Dr. Brunton's absence. Would Dr. Brunton go over the work and pass it. Of course he gave his word to that effect, and patiently sat out the reading of the book, chapter by chapter, often when the demands upon his own time were pressing. On leaving Mr. Macmillan, Dr. Brunton hurried away to tell Fothergill the glad tidings of which he was the bearer. When his message was delivered the surprise was nearly as great and as acceptable to the author as was his deliverance from his bondage at Morland. One suggestion Mr. Macmillan made which was approved, and that was to call it "The Practitioner's Handbook of Treatment," and to connect it with the *Practitioner*. The page was made identical with that of that journal.

The book took at once, both at home and in the United States. The clear language, the lucid exposition, the carefully arrayed facts, the blending of science and art, and finally the racy style, found for it readers everywhere. The English reviews were very satisfactory; the American reviews were one more laudatory than another, as the practical American minds realized the utility of the book. Many a flattering letter came to Fothergill from across the Atlantic; many a man at home either told him, or wrote to him, his indebtedness. Many have declared that they learned as much of practical value from the book as from the whole of their educational career put together. It supplied much that was of incalculable value in practice which was not conveyed—perhaps scarcely conveyable—in the educational course. It taught men much; often putting together for them in order what they had known in a chaotic form. It made for him many personal friends; it gained for him many admirers of whom he knew nothing. It amply vindicated his view that a man might belong to a non-teaching hospital, and yet might have something to say to which his professional brethren might give ear with advan-

tage. It brought with it, too, in its wake, a certain number of patients. A few of its readers sent patients to the writer, and waited to see for themselves whether he was as good at actual practice as he was in theory. The report of the patients in most cases was satisfactory. Slowly, solidly and firmly Fothergill was laying the foundation of that reputation which in time leads to lucre. After the first year, when the sales were covering the expenses, the book became a solid addition to his income, which is more than can be said of the bulk of medical works; certainly of those not especially required for the examination table. It was the outcome of his own struggles after the information he required in order to treat his patients satisfactorily, as such the reader finds it, and it has smoothed the path of many on their road to success in practice.

Just as the book appeared Fothergill's Uncle Thomas, at Morland, died. According to the understanding between the late George Fothergill of Barugh and his two nephews, at the death of the said Thomas, Barugh had to go to the surgeon. The surgeon had long been dead, but he left a son as his representative. Fothergill knew his uncle had the power to bequeath the little estate by will, and though he had a suspicion at times that such a will might be inimical to him, he felt fairly certain about the matter. The medical men in attendance at Greengill thought his nephew ought to be called in, so a formal consultation was arranged. Fothergill went down to Westmorland, met the medical attendants at his uncle's bedside, and agreed with them that the condition was very critical. He returned to London by Leeds, and on the top of a tram car there, when about to leave for town, it rushed into his mind that his uncle might leave him nothing, and that in such case he might fairly charge for the consultation. He rummaged his pockets and found the letter calling the consultation, which had now quite suddenly become a document of some value. In a few days his uncle expired. Fothergill did not attend the funeral. His Aunt Esther Milner had died a little time before, and had he been present at the funeral and heard the will read, his expressed

opinion might have partaken of his usual outspokenness. What remained of the savings of the old vicar of Orton, intended to benefit his grandchildren, she left to her servant. He felt that his uncle's will might not be pleasant to him, so he stayed away. It was as well he did. His uncle left him fifty pounds. There was no Barugh for him. He had looked to it as a stepping-stone to getting into a house of his own. He could put a mortgage on it, and pay it off when the days of plenty came. The evening of the funeral he spent with Ferrier talking over a provisional arrangement for leaving the place after his day to found a scholarship at Edinburgh University, to help some other poor, hard-working fellows to get on in the world. Next morning no news came; that looked bad. A day later came a letter from his sister, Mrs. Temple, who had been in no hurry to write unwelcome tidings. There was no room for further doubt. Barugh was gone. Anything he had to have in the world he must earn for himself. The frayed letter was at hand, so he wrote to his uncle's executors for his fee for the consultation. The matter stood over till John Fothergill, the son of Christopher Fothergill, should come over from Canada to take possession of what had become his. When he came over he declined to pay the amount. Fothergill had never at any time or in any difficulty applied to his Uncle Thomas for money, and thought that under the circumstances he was fairly entitled to his full fee. He could not afford to fight the matter. His cousin offered him one hundred guineas. Fothergill cursed him for his meanness; as there was no help for it he took the money.

His cousin realized Barugh and Greengill by putting them to the hammer, with the money in his pocket, having erected a tombstone to his uncle's memory, and betook himself off to Canada again. Thus ended Thomas Fothergill's little scheme to carry out his darling wish "that there should still be Fothergills at Greengill after he was gone."

Fothergill's only relative now remaining was his sister, Margaret Temple, a childless widow, for Nicholas Abbott Temple had died in the spring of 1874, leaving his widow a life interest in his property. The two old an-

nuitants still lingered on, and Mrs. Temple's means were narrow, but her worldly prospects were good, for in the course of nature the two could not live much longer. First one died and then the other. Mrs. Temple had a very comfortable income, and people suggested she and her brother should live together. It would be a great help to him. Somehow the two persons mainly concerned did not cordially take up the view, and no such plan was ever seriously mooted between them. Mrs. Temple went to the North in summer to see after her property, and spent her winters at health resorts on the South coasts. She became a bird of passage, occasionally visiting her brother on her way North in later spring. Thus Fothergill never, even in an indirect manner, got what his old relatives in Orton Parish had so confidently assumed would be his.

Fothergill always felt that his Uncle Thomas had not behaved quite fairly to him, and had that uncle only foreseen what he was going to do by the will he made, there is no doubt he would have left Fothergill his lands. When Greengill was sold it became the property of the vicar of Morland, who had long coveted it. Thomas Fothergill disliked him quite as much as did his nephew; and never for one solitary moment did it flash over his consciousness that the land he trod on with such a feeling of independence would ere long be joined to the vicar's fields lying alongside them. The comments of his neighbors ran to this effect: "If Thomas Fothergill could have known what was to happen, he would have left what he had to the other nephew." There was no male Fothergill left at Morland. The name had only been linked with the place some hundred and thirty years, when the first Fothergill (of Lochholme) married into the old house of Backhouse.

(To be continued in Sept. number.)

ANOREXIA.—*Progrès médical* credits Kalb with the following formula:

R Crystallized quassine, gr. $\frac{1}{16}$.

Powd. nux vomica, gr. $\frac{1}{16}$.

Powd. rhubarb, gr. $\frac{1}{2}$.

M. Such a powder, in a wafer, to be taken before each meal.—*N. Y. Med. Jour.*

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE
J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M. D.,
LONDON, ENG.

CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued.)

THIS fate of the Fothergills is only that which is happening to all the other old "statesman" families along the slopes of the Crossfell range and the dales of the Lake County alike. One by one they are disappearing, and before long they will apparently be lost to sight. They were a sturdy race, of which Jobby Douthwaite, King of Langthwaite (in "Lizzie Loren"), is a typical specimen. This sketch of the statesman race, by Mrs. E. Lynn Lenton, is true to the life; at least Fothergill always said so, and he may be accepted as a fairly competent judge on the matter. They have no intention to compromise with the future. They and their forbears always did their own way, and so will their descendants—as long as there are any of them left. They were a fit race to hold the English border against the hardy Scotch marauders. They got down corselet and headpiece, bow, spear and sword, when the beacons flashed, right cheerfully and went into a hard fight to defend their own with a good will. It may be questioned if they were aggressive except in retaliation for injuries received; but they held their own tenaciously enough. The progress of the times did not favor them; when the commons were enclosed in the later years of the last century, and the plow was remorselessly driven over the old virgin soil until it was worked out to meet the high price of corn in the early years of this century; the land was exhausted and then left poverty stricken to re-

cover as it could, as most of it remained fifty years later. Mortgages were put on that never could be removed, then the interest fell in arrears, and the properties had to go to the hammer. A few still linger, but their prospects are clouded. Fothergill remained a type of a dying race, carrying in his person and his mental characteristics ample evidence of the stock to which he belonged—and of which he was proud rather than otherwise.

With the death of his uncle and the sale of Greengill, Fothergill's last ties with Westmorland were severed. He had an individual career open before him, but it was other and far different from that of a Westmorland Yeoman.

The subject of paralyzing the heart by aconite and then restoring its action by digitalis still haunted him, and he wished to see if the same results as he had attained in the frog were attainable in warm blooded animals. He applied to the British Medical Association for a grant of money which he obtained and started a colony of guinea-pigs at the West London Hospital. On these he tried the lethal dose of aconitine and found it much less with English aconitine than the German observers had given as the fatal dose with their preparations. He next found that digitalis was not a perfect antagonist to aconite in warm blooded animals; it restored the action of the heart but did not prevent the paralysis of the respiration. Lore cast about for agents which acted both upon the respiratory center and the heart, and found belladonna and strychnine to possess the double action he desired. If within a certain given time after the administration of a lethal dose of aconite to a rabbit a certain dose of belladonna or strychnine were injected under the skin, the animal would recover. If not sufficient or the time were exceeded the good effects were not attained. A week

later when no antagonist was given, the same dose of aconite would prove fatal. The experiment had to be repeated in order to verify it and find a law; and a great deal of labor was involved in carrying out the observations.

He soon had to transfer his animals from the West London Hospital because some of the committee feared the anti-vivisectionist party would be down upon them if they allowed the experiments to go on there. Dr. Robert Fairman, of Robert St. Hampstead Road, not only took in the victims but continued the experiments under Fothergill's directions and supervision. The results were most satisfactory and were embodied in a report to the Association. The practical value of the experiments was the light they threw upon the means of acting upon the respiration when embarrassed in disease. In a great many maladies, especially in thoracic disease, death threatens by bringing the breathing to a standstill. To prevent the arrest of the respiration is the great aim of the physician. It was no great intellectual feat to apply the results attained by experimentation to the needs of practical medicine, and Fothergill began to use belladonna (atropine) and strychnine for his patients at his hospitals with the most gratifying results.

The Fothergillian gold medal of the Medical Society of London had long been the coveted object of Fothergill's ambition. For years he waited, but the subject given out did not suit him. The announcement that the subject chosen for 1878 was "The Antagonism of Therapeutic Agents" was most acceptable to him. The topic was one on which he had a good deal to say worthy of attention. He now determined to do his best to gain the medal. He had at his command a large mass of material. He could read all that any other competitor could and he had his own experience to boot. He thought he was pretty safe to win; he ought to certainly if he took the requisite pains—and he was a staunch believer in taking pains. He had done much to illustrate the action of an agent which increased the energy of the heart when taxed by his experiments in digitalis: he would now show how it was possible to rouse the respiration when embarrassed. Not only had he his experiments at his command, but

he had also some well-marked cases in private practice where the application of the principles induced from the experiments had worked excellently. So he threw the whole matter into good array and order and sent in his essay with much confidence.

While the essay, with others, was under judication a long sought for opportunity came of trying his principles in a case of opium poisoning. Opium kills by arresting the action of the respiration and the heart. To maintain these was clearly the line to take, he had worked out in his mind. On Valentine's day, 1878, when Fothergill reached the West London Hospital he was told there was a woman on the premises dying of opium poisoning. Here was his chance! The woman was moribund despite the stomach-pump and the measures ordinarily resorted to in such cases. She was dying from the effects of the opium absorbed into the system, and die she evidently would if no antagonist were forthcoming. The respiration was all but gone, but the heart was still beating. The decision was prompt. Fothergill directed the house surgeon to inject a grain of atropine under the patient's skin. Mr. Lucas did as he was directed. Whatever he might personally think about injecting such a dose of atropine, his duty was to do as he was directed, and he did it. The patient was then put into a warm bed as she was getting very cold. The results were carefully watched. What might be the effects of so large a dose of atropine nobody knew, but Fothergill firmly believed it would neutralize the effects of the opium, but what else would happen he did not know. Soon the patient began to grow warmer, the breath was drawn deeply and evenly if at long intervals, the pulse began to steady. In an hour or two it was clear that there was no longer any danger from the opium. But how about the atropine? It was the first time in human history that a fatal dose of poison had been deliberately administered to a fellow creature in that felonious intent. It was an experiment far exceeding in gravity any hitherto attempted. As hour after hour went by the improvement continued. The temperature rose, the respiration became normal, the pulse beat steadily long before the patient emerged from

her opium sleep and when at last the patient awakened she found herself alive—saved. It was an eventful day in Fothergill's experience—perhaps in the history of therapeutics. The use of belladonna in opium poisoning was no novelty. It had been long known. It was the dose which was new. The patient got perfectly well without any bad symptoms from the atropine; the only mishap was a scald on the leg from the hot bottle which was unfelt at the time by the narcotized patient. A week later she was had up before the magistrates and reprimanded. If Fothergill had not visited the hospital on that day a different result would have followed—the coroner and twelve jurymen would have sat upon her corpse. The case was published and was noticed in every medical journal on the face of the globe. On the following week appeared the announcement of the award of the Fothergillian gold medal. For once in its history it fell to one of the same name. Fothergill now began to feel his feet firm on the ground, and practice improved, while his pen earned him something. At the end of 1878 his income warranted him to regard himself as settled in London. He had now an income which was sufficient for the needs of a bachelor whose habits were not expensive. He was willing to work and his health was good. The prospect was improving. The years of toil were beginning to bring with them their reward. He had been more anxious to attain a reputation than to gather gear, and we generally get what we deserve! Especially was his name gaining ground in America. His ambitious hopes were being realized. He had not broken down under the test of early struggles. The old vicar of Morland lived long enough to see his foe established in London; he had not been able to prevent Fothergill from getting on in the world, though he had become the owner of Greengill. The uncle had not balked him, if the nephew had!

CHAPTER IX.

SETTLED IN LONDON.

About this time a fire occurred at a book binders and among the other things which were burnt were the unbound copies of Fothergill's book on "The Heart and Its Diseases." It had

been selling very slowly, but some recent advertisements had set it agoing a little better. Mr. Lewis announced the fact in a pathetic letter of condolence with the author, suggesting at the same time that this gave an opportunity for a new edition. Fothergill thanked his stars, his only regret being the fact that the stock had not been insured. He hated the book in the form it then stood in, and rejoiced in the opportunity of replacing it by something nearer his ideal. He set to work at once and rewrote the whole book from beginning to end, substituting for the old crank German—oid composition his own later and more readable style, which was a great advantage to the book. Then he incorporated new material, and more matured views. He added a good deal including a chapter of the comparative anatomy of the heart illustrating its evolution, and gave a careful account of its innervation. The chapter relating to the connection of the heart and kidney mischief was developed and re-named as "The Gouty Heart," a much better heading. Altogether the book was a new one, as different from the first as is the imago from the chrysalis. It went off much better than its predecessor and brought a great many medical men as patients to Fothergill. They are poor sheep to shear directly from the etiquette of the profession, but a man is likely to send his patients where he goes himself. It brought in its wake an accession of practice.

"Hearts are not plenty enough to give a man a living," Mitchell Bruce used commonly to say to Fothergill. "There are not enough of them. You will never do much in chest work. You are not sympathetic enough in manner for consumptives. They prefer another stamp of man," was the frank and friendly criticism. "Why do you not take up indigestion, biliousness and gout? You could do that well, and you are gouty! Take up the whole subject all along the line. There is a great opening." Such was Bruce's argument oft repeated 'til at last Fothergill resolved to take the advice. The subject was one with which he was familiar. His physiological knowledge would come in useful and stand him in good stead. Wm. Roberts, of Manchester, had drawn attention to the

matter of assimilation by his lectures on "The Artificial Digestive Agents." Here was an opening for a book handling the subject from the new standpoint. The subject involved a number of well-to-do patients. As soon as the resolve was formed the book was soon *au fait accompli*. It did not take Fothergill long to write a book. Soon the "Part 1. Indigestion and Biliousness" saw daylight, and was well received. On this occasion the reviewer in the *Lancet* fell foul of Fothergill—probably not understanding the subject—and said the book might be well enough for the lay readers, but contained little worth perusal by medical men. It is not often the *Lancet* falls into such errors. As a matter of fact in six weeks from its appearance in the United States there were two "pirate editions" out. It was translated in copious abstract into the *Wiener Medizinische Presse*, which abstract was afterward issued as a separate pamphlet. The abstract was accompanied by some account of "Fothergill" and his writings, which greatly flattered his vanity. All the existing books on Indigestion were without the modern physiology, and this fact was greatly in favor of the new work. It, of course, led to more practice, as the dyspeptic and the bilious form a large class in society, and all the hopeless cases went to the new man. But the "bad times" which began now to obtain, made themselves felt everywhere, and Fothergill only had a moderate share of financial success. He was, too, in many respects like his father, and would only accept the bounties of Providence when they came in a form acceptable to himself. Dinner-giving was a means of procuring patients. A teacher at a school invites his old pupils to dinner, and so keeps up the connection when these pupils themselves become practitioners needing consultations at times. The money so spent returns good interest. Then there are men, who, though not teachers, dine the men who bring them patients. One of Fothergill's colleagues had adopted this line, and hoped to help him by inviting him to dinner to meet groups of such guests. But all that ever came to Fothergill out of this was one of the guests himself when out of sorts. The plan did not recommend itself, though one gen-

eral practitioner proposed to Fothergill to give a dinner and invite him for one, and he would send him patients. "How many?" asked Fothergill, running over audibly the cost of such a bait. The matter dropped, but the two never met in consultation after the conversation. That cock would not fight with this bit of sturdy North country stuff.

Late in 1879 a breeze began to blow betwixt Fothergill and the editor of the *British Medical Journal*, for which paper Fothergill had for some years been regularly on the staff. The editor was a shrewd man in his way, more feared than loved. Every now and then he made somebody smart in the columns of his journal. Men did not like this, naturally enough. One day some imp (no doubt) prompted him to assail Fothergill for his correspondence with the *Philadelphia Medical Times*. The letters were always fully signed, and therefore the correspondent was responsible for the accuracy of what he said. In a letter describing the different units of the profession in the provinces, Fothergill concluded with the lowest type of medical man, who, for his own reasons, lived in a village where there was no "opposition," and spoke slightly of him. He concluded "his position was anomalous, and his wife was a social pariah." Taken alone, without its context, this final paragraph was calculated to give offence. When it appeared with the editor's comments, in the *Journal*, a storm blew. Of course Fothergill defended himself, and pointed to the context of the infelicitous paragraph which had been gibbeted in so unkindly a manner. A number of men took dire offence—as was no doubt foreseen—and many wrote letters, of which several were printed. It hit Fothergill a distinct blow, as his practice came from his books and was mainly provincial. Of course others took his side, but none of their letters ever saw daylight. It was a one-sided proceeding, and an unquestionable abuse of the editorial position. The editor's career had not been unchequered, and a dark cloud rested upon one incident in his history. The Fothergills as a race, avoided giving offence, but they resented injuries and had good memories for a wrong. Fothergill's wrath burned

fiercely at this unprovoked attack upon him, and he girded up his loins for retaliation; all the more because the very week that his letter of vindication appeared, the editor gibbeted some remarks he had penned about St. Thomas' Hospital. Fothergill was certainly not afraid of the editor, nor, indeed, any other man he had seen. So he wrote the following—not just in time to catch the mail, but several days before, in order to give him time for reflection: "The editor of the *British Medical Journal* has taken to reading my letters, and has inserted some extracts from them in his journal. I appreciate the compliment, but I fail to understand his motives in the selection of the paragraphs which, taken alone, may give offence to sundry persons, and his utterly ignoring those which would give universal satisfaction; perhaps they are not comprehensible by an Argan mind. He disapproves of some of my remarks, and the following are extracts from the calm and dispassionate language of his judicial rebuke: 'This singular and monstrous production;' 'it is evidently an article manufactured for foreign consumption, and highly salted to bear exportation;' 'we must call this correspondent's attention to the extreme impropriety of such utterly unwarrantable statements which he is in the habit of using to fill up his correspondence;' 'utterly absurd calumnies;' 'is really outstepping the usual privileges of historical fiction.' Of Mr. Hart's great abilities as an editor there can be no two opinions, but whether he is always as discreet as he is able admits of question. He is a clever journalist, but when he aspires to pose as a *Cæsar morum*, then, I think, he is curiously forgetful of his own history. Personalities are not in my line; but if ever I should descend to them, my first letter will be devoted to an accurate account of the present editor of the *British Medical Journal*, and of his relations to the profession—though I cannot hope that all I shall then say will meet with his approval. He objects to my alluding to the closed wards of St. Thomas, yet writes: 'It is most true that a block of the building is unused, in consequence of the lay administrators having overbuilt.' As to my remarks on 'doctors' wives,' I have nowhere insinuated that

their position is merited, as has been assumed." There was a ring about this which did not quite suit the editor; the man who could announce his determination in this blunt manner was likely enough to do as he said, and it would be prudent to let him alone. Dr. Hart's prudence came to the front on second thought, and he never gave Fothergill any occasion to write the threatened letter, though the latter gave him plenty of provocation if he had cared to take up the challenge. But the editor had flung his stone, and of course Fothergill's remarks did not appear before the members of the association at large, else they might have altered their views.

Some account of the Association may not be without interest to readers, medical or lay. The Association was originally "The Provincial Association," and men met together at various times to interchange views by the reading of papers and the holding of discussions, as the metropolitan brethren did at the various Societies. But in time the Metropolis joined as a branch, and then gained the prominent position in it. Though selecting members of Councils by election in each branch, and these again choosing a more select body of Committees of Council, the managing body of the Association, so-called, the ruling power really lay with the ex-officio members of Committees of Council, the retiring Presidents. It was the reign of an oligarchy. A few of the leading ex-officio members of Committees of Council pulled the strings, and though row succeeded row at the annual meetings in order to have a reform instituted, the rulers kept in the saddle by keeping the editor on their side, they in turn protecting him and making his position secure. There had been many heart burnings and many prominent members had resigned their connection with the journal in consequence of the way things went on. The editor realized the whole position and presumed on the strength of it to wield his power in an arbitrary and objectionable manner. Fothergill went on with his self elected task and proposed to alter the by-law referring to the editor's appointment and tenure of office, and fix his tenure of office at five years, leaving him open to re-election for a like term if approved.

The editor did not like this at all, and sent Fothergill word that "he had better let him alone." Fothergill knew the position just as well as he did, but read "the signs of the times" differently. He sent back the reply: "I am neither to be gagged by threats nor bludgeoned by abuse. The editor can do his worst." Again the bluster failed, and the editor sulked and would not speak to Fothergill when they met anywhere, at which the latter only laughed. He thought he knew which would win in the end. Fothergill was open to a blow at any time, but then he knew he could stay; if anyone seized a chance to hit him a slap, he was welcome; Fothergill could wait for his return blow.

The medical circles of London were infected by gossip. The councils of the colleges met *in corners*. Secrecy is usually allied with cowardice and backbiting. When people have anything in hand which they can uphold and defend they are not averse to the world knowing what they are doing. Secrecy means as often as not, stabbing a man in the back. And, as Clifford Allbutt said pointedly some time after this, in the medical profession "the cards are not always above the table." It is an unhealthy state of affairs, as the profession knows. "The reputation of a profession is the aggregate of individual reputations," Fothergill wrote in one of his books, and where mutual detraction and depreciation obtains, the aggregate suffers. Of course there were gossips who saw through his deep designs. "Fothergill wants Hart's place," they insisted. If Fothergill wanted the place for himself he would never wish the holder of it to have his hands tied. That was too absurd! When he contradicted the statement, heads were gravely shaken; that was only part of his artifice. There are men, and they are to be found in the liberal professions even, who live amidst such a maze of pretence and profession, wile and guile, that they cannot believe the truth when they hear it. They are not certain about its accents! For such men (so-called) Fothergill had a profound contempt, which he did not take much pains to conceal. His intention was to put the editor of the *British Medical Journal* in bonds for his good behavior in the future; that was all.

If the action rather galled Mr. Hart it could not be helped. But this was not enough for the gossips. When Fothergill's end was attained (as it was in a little time), he let the matter drop. The fellows who wanted to stand aloof themselves, yet tar on the combatants and watch the fray, were not satisfied; they expected the dreaded editor was to be ousted. Fothergill replied: "I have achieved what I designed. If these men have their grievances they must take up the cudgels for themselves." They then barked "Failure" at Fothergill, who cared as little for their bark as he calculated on their aid when anything was to be attempted. In his bold attitude he stood absolutely without a confederate, until the time came when a seconder was essential. But of this anon. It was not in London he looked for a seconder. He knew he could trust himself, and he had no desire to be hampered with one or more associates who might, and probably would, flinch when the time of action came and paralyze him. He had the measure of them; the fiercest was probably the very one who would hang back first on the day of battle, and discourage the rest. So he kept his own counsel, and then he knew exactly the position of affairs. Such an attitude towards them did not conciliate them; but then Fothergill's wonted attitude was not one specially of conciliation. The man who takes the enchanted castle is not the one who blows the horn and then runs afield as fast as he can scamper. The man who "means business," grasps his sword first and then blows his best. But the sound is much the same, though there is a difference in the note, no doubt.

So far in his life Fothergill had remained a bachelor, and seemed by universal consent to be very unlikely ever to enter the married state. He lived in apartments. When Ferrier married from 23 Somerset Street, Portman Square, Brunton remained on a time. When Brunton took a house of his own in Welbert Street, Fothergill moved into the rooms. Ferrier told him he would find some "Zeist" lingering about the premises. Certainly the output of work kept up. Work, reading, writing, proof correcting, went on merrily; there was no idleness. Fothergill's ways were very much those of

a bachelor, and among his numerous circle of friends he was out nearly every evening. He never worked at night. All along he was a daylight worker. When his spell of work was over, and he laid down his pen, he did not take it up again that day. The afternoon was devoted to going about, sometimes to the hospitals, sometimes into the country by omnibus, sometimes to some errand in London itself. He was very fond of the river boats, and in summer usually returned from the West London Hospital by water, taking the boat at Hammersmith Pier. After dinner he usually spent his evenings at some friends or at the Societies. Fothergill was secretary of the Harveian for four years, and attended the meetings and kept the notes with scrupulous care. A curious illustration of his tenacious memory is told in connection with his post at the Harveian Society. Seeing a friend off at Paddington Station one evening, he suddenly remembered that it was a Harveian night. He had no note-book, and there was not time to go home for it; only barely time to reach the Society, whose rooms were near. The President (Henry Power) was already taking the chair, and, seeing the Secretary enter the room, said as usual, "The Secretary will now read the notes of the last meeting." The Secretary explained the position, but volunteered to repeat them. This was readily assented to as a good joke. Fothergill gave his mind to the matter, and got on so well that, amidst a good deal of applause, it was put and carried unanimously that "the notes be taken as read and passed." After he got home Fothergill looked up the note book and found that he had made no mistake, and had only omitted three small details in connection with one communication; all the rest was complete and correct. Here his singular verbal memory came into play—his power not only to remember the thing, but also its verbal garb, which made him a very successful raconteur. He also usually attended the Medical Society in Chandos Street.

He was now induced to embark in some non-professional writing. The editor of *Good Words* called upon him to ask him to contribute some articles to that magazine. He had invited several medical men to contribute, and

they had promised to do so. One of Fothergill's most taking contributions was "Susan's Sunday In," a plea for further education for servant girls, in order that when left in the house alone—to "keep house"—they might be able to wile away the dull hours without resorting to company in the form of a young man, a dangerous resort. The title and the manner in which the subject was handled caused it to attract much attention. The best of the series, beyond question, was "Diana Smith," a biography of Charles Edward Smith, an old friend and fellow student of Fothergill's. Smith had engaged as a surgeon to a whaler. He was a curious compound of culture and carelessness, the best of companions and good fellows, usually out at the elbows. He was fond of natural history, especially birds. When he went to the Arctic Seas, he invested in a note book, and kept a diary of the voyage. First they went to Greenland for seals, and encountered a fearful storm. Then they made the true whaling voyage, and all went well till the ice began to close in on them. The Diana was the last of the fleet to sail south, and got caught in the ice. If a comrade ship could only have given them a rope and hauled them a short distance, they could have got away. But this was not done. The hapless Diana saw the fleet steam away, while she and her crew were left alone to face all the horrors of an Arctic winter, short of clothes, short of food, short of fuel—utterly unprepared indeed to stay the winter, and only fitted out for a summer whaling voyage. They were in a terrible strait. They must face the long Arctic night as best they could. The crew were put upon scanty rations at once. An empty stomach and scanty clothes were poor provisions against the severe cold of the winter of 1866-67, while what little fuel they possessed had to be economized to the utmost. On Christmas day the captain died, and Smith was left the sole educated man to take care of the poor fellows and cheer them. The ship sprang a leak and the men had to keep to the pumps on their starvation rations. Then scurvy broke out, which added to their horrors. The diary was regularly kept, a sad record of human suffering, and a grand testimony to the heroism which sustained

the stricken crew. At last spring came, and when the battered ship got free from the ice, and her sails were bent once more, the record ends "Now we are off home." "Off home" indeed. A leaking ship, a scurvy stricken crew; many dead, more dying; the rest ill-fated and unfit to work the pumps, and a voyage in spring, when the weather was tempestuous—this was the prospect that looked so bright and cheery to the crew of the *Diana*, as compared with that long night in the ice. When the *Diana* did get home, the news spread through the whole of the northeast coast, and roused it like a trumpet blast. The Board of Trade, the underwriters of Lloyds, the shipping interest of Hull, were alike ready with generous recognition of the brave fellow who had inspired the rest with his own courage. Smith and Fothergill kept up their old friendship. Smith came home from New Zealand in 1879 disabled by disease of the stomach; and Fothergill took him home in an invalid carriage to his aged father's at Relvedon in Essex, where the wanderer died. Then he wrote an account of him for *Good Words*, having the actual diary for the purpose; and a very touching account it was held to be. It tells of a well of sentiment under the icy, hard exterior Fothergill carried as his wonted attitude.

Then he became an intimate friend of Agnes Jane Chessar, who was one of the first ladies who sat on the London School Board. Miss Chessar was prominent among the band of teachers who did so much to raise female education out of the slough into which it had sunk, whose first practical outcome was the high school, of which that at Camden Town under Miss Buss is the best known, and whose later outcomes were Girton and Mewnham Colleges. For many years not one girl went to Girton without having studied some subject or other under Miss Chessar, who, among other things, lectured on physiology at the most advanced ladies' colleges in London. A genial, bright soul had Miss Chessar, with a brain distinctly feminine in its acuteness, and yet masculine in its grasp. When Fothergill delivered his lecture to the London Schoolmistresses' Association, in 1877, on "The Relations of Growth to Edu-

cation," Miss Chessar was one of his audience. After the lecture the two had some private talk on a matter so interesting to both, and after that they stood in relation of doctor and patient as well as allies and friends. Many a pleasant, even delightful, evening Fothergill spent with Miss Chessar and some other "schoolma'ams," especially on a Saturday, and he ever after had a kind word to interpose for the buckram schoolmistress, who could, as he knew, lay aside her starched demeanor, or rather "unfreeze" in private, and be one of the most intelligent and pleasant of associates. The only other male who was invited to these quiet dinners was Mr. Tegetweier, the famous authority on all kinds of birds and the friend of the homing pigeon. The friendship was cemented by a very severe illness on Miss Chessar's part. There was a long spell of bad fogs in January, 1880, and amidst the hundreds of others who suffered from diseases of the respiratory organs in consequence, Miss Chessar was stricken down with capillary bronchitis. It took all her strength of purpose, as well as all Fothergill's skill, to pull her through the long struggle. She told a good story after this illustrative of Fothergill's demeanor in the sick room. One day she and her sister felt despondent and feared the struggle was going to be all in vain. They cried together when one said: "We will wait till Dr. Fothergill comes and hear what he says." Whereupon they cheered up a little. This was Miss Chessar's account of the visit: "Dr. Fothergill came in and with his usual cheery manner gave me a pleasant nod and asked 'how I was and what kind of a night I had had.' I knew that no one knew better than he did how ill I was, and yet his manner betrayed no despair. I began to feel that after all it might be worth fighting on. Then he came up and shook hands and took a note of my condition and concluding with an item of news, took his departure with a cheery 'Good bye, I will come and see you to-morrow.' I turned to my sister and said: 'Really, Bella, I think I cannot be so very bad after all, else Dr. Fothergill would have betrayed more anxiety.' She said to him after, when convalescent: 'I owe you my life. I do not mean in the ordin-

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE
J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M. D.,
LONDON, ENG.

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued.)

WHEN she got well again the friendship between them was closer than ever. She induced Dr. Fothergill to write a small work on "Animal Physiology," for the School Board children, which was published by Isbister & Co., and approved by the London School Board. A little book which tells the story of the human frame without technical language and in simple English, it was by far the hardest piece of writing, Fothergill used to say, he ever undertook. To have written a book thrice the size would have been comparatively easy. It at once took its place amidst the popular school books both at home and in the United States. A like booklet on "Domestic Economy" for girls, was to be the conjoint work of Miss Chessar and Fothergill, but this scheme was frustrated by Miss Chessar being stricken with apoplexy at Brussels on Sept. 3, 1880, and the portion set apart for her had to be done by another teacher. She exercised a great influence over Fothergill and helped him to emancipate himself from the thralldom of medical traditions, and see that a man could at once be a physician and something else; and find a sphere of usefulness outside his profession without detriment to the latter.

He said that medical men were often "hide-bound" and narrow, and saddled with traditions which trammelled them. It is needless to say his arguments fell on a willing ear, and Fothergill wielded his pen after that in matters not strict-

ly medical, which caused those who did not like him, and those who saw their career in a strictly professional groove, to censure him as courting popularity by such writing. The medical man, said medical tradition, shall not step beyond a narrow causeway. The consultant had given up the once well-recognized hour for seeing patients without a fee. He must belong to a medical school (if he could) and come before the world in connection with the prospectus of the school, and its advertisements, and be called in by his pupils when they become practitioners. Then there were lectures before the College of Physicians to be looked to.

This was the beaten track—which was all very well for those who were on it—and on it and it alone must the physician travel, on pain of being frowned upon by the said College of Physicians if he left it. Miss Chessar impressed upon Fothergill the absurdity of being fettered by any such shackles. If a man could be useful to his fellow-creatures he had a right to be allowed to do so; it was his duty to his neighbor. His own sense of self-respect must be his guide, not some rusty traditions that a medical man must be a doctor and nothing more.

She pointed to the time when the physicians were amongst the first literary men of the day, and the position the profession then held as compared to the present time and said the profession deserved the position to which it had sunk. She was sure of the sympathy of her auditor. It is needless to say these arguments and exhortations were taken to heart and Fothergill began to tread a path diverging somewhat from the traditional beaten track after this time, which brought down upon him the vengeance of those who disproved such evidences of individuality and assertion of the right of

private judgment. Probably it was largely due to Miss Chessar and her influence upon him that Fothergill was never chosen to be a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians to which his work well entitled him; though it is to be feared that Miss Chessar would have set little store by that, and that Fothergill cared very little about it; and that had she foreseen any such result it would have weighed little if at all with her. She would have sneered and said that in her opinion a man, if he were a man, had something more to live for than the Fellowship of the Royal College of Physicians, of London, and that that was a poor object for a man's ambition to aim at—if it must stop at that point.

As his trusted female friend, Miss Chessar was Fothergill's confidant about his love-affair. A medical man at Leek "the Queen of the Morlands" had consulted him about his health (as did numbers of the profession) and invited him to visit him at home. Fothergill had decided that he would not attend the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association, at Cork in August, 1879, the first meeting he missed after 1869. So he went down to Leek, where he met a young lady to whom he was introduced as her future husband. She was a tall, elegant girl and the idea seemed suggested by its innate ludicrousness. He talked to her very differently to what she was accustomed, and this chafed her, and yet somehow she did not seriously resent it.

Next day he called with his friend on horseback to arrange for an excursion on Rudyard Lake, the huge reservoir for the Potteries. Here the same banter went on with the same assumption of superiority over her on Fothergill's part, and rebellious refusal to acknowledge it on hers. Nothing more was thought of it and the matter remained a good joke after Fothergill returned to London. But somehow Easter found Fothergill at the out-of-the-way little Morland town again; and once more he met Miss Hammersley. Soon after this they met again as trusty friends by the bedside of Mrs. Hammersley who was an invalid and was being nursed by her daughter. Her health was broken and soon she died. It was a romantic story ending in marriage under difficulties for "the course of true love never runs smooth." They were married at St.

Thomas' Orchard, St. Portman Sq., one morning early, Nov. 4, 1880. Professor Ferrier gave away the bride and the ceremony was early in order that he might get away to examine for the University of London. It was a prosaic affair in itself albeit the whole circumstances were anything but prosaic. The details do not concern us here, but Adelaide Beatrice Rubie Hammersley was the only woman, Fothergill used to say, who exercised any influence on him for good except his mother, and to a smaller extent Miss Chessar. He and Miss Chessar had been in correspondence with each other but they never met.

With marriage a great change came over Fothergill's habits. From never being at home of an evening, he now never almost was out. He and his wife settled down after dinner to a book, and the second evening after the marriage ceremony they commenced Kingsley's "Roman and Teuton." They had practically had no courtship, but the circumstances of the case threw them almost entirely into each other's society after marriage. They planned a book together "The Study of Character" which was not long in being completed, but Fothergill was advised not to publish it for some time, not indeed till his practice was more secure, as some patients might be afraid to consult him, lest they might be studied other than in a strictly medical manner. Then they read history together a great deal, and sketched out a volume on "The Historic Queens of England," a striking contrast to the ponderous biographies of Agnes Strickland, but they were not successful in finding a publisher for it. Isbister had agreed to take it, and they had all consulted together as to manner and shape in which the subject should be treated. Just as it was being completed Isbister gave up general publishing and confined himself to school books, and consequently could not take the "Queens." It was of course a great disappointment to the authors. They had had much pleasure in putting the book together, reading up the requisite matter and then talking it all over when taking their walks in the country. They spent many of their afternoons in rambling about the north-west of London taking the London and Northwestern railway at Kilburn

and going out to Sudbury and up on to Harrow Weald, or going out by the Midland to the Welsh Harp and strolling on to Hendon, or taking the train at Barnesbury and going on to Neasdon and Harrow. A very favorite walk was from Neasdon past Lord Aberdeen's to see the beautiful Swiss cattle of his lordship and to catch the view from the road looking over Cricklewood and Willesden. They thoroughly enjoyed these walks, while this course of study took his wife's mind away from her troubled past. Their figures, so dissimilar, were well known to the inhabitants of the districts they visited together.

Mrs. Fothergill knew few persons in London, and consequently was much thrown into her husband's company; while he in turn, in consequence of his little difficulty with the editor of the *British Medical Journal*, did not choose to see much of his friends who might have suggested another line of conduct, and he did not wish to have advice offered him by those whose advice he could not well reject, and yet which he had made up his mind he would not take; i. e., if it clashed with his own fixed intentions. It was best therefore not to run the risk of such advice being tendered, so Fothergill absented himself to a great extent from the houses where he had before been a frequent and welcome visitor. He and his wife were thus largely cut off from society other than their own. In order to have more afternoons at his disposal for country strolls, Fothergill threw up his appointment at the West London Hospital. It was a capital place for the study of disease, but after a trial of nearly seven years, Fothergill found that no matter how great his popularity with his patients, there was no private practice to be picked up outside the hospital. In fact, the post was not worth holding merely for the practical work and the field for observation it afforded, while it occupied two afternoons weekly. Fothergill tried the effect of several lectures on the Diseases of the Heart (which appeared in extenso in the *Medical Times and Gazette*) which were well attended by the neighboring practitioners, but the results were merely immediate and did little more than cover his expenses. So he cut his relations with the Hammersmith

Hospital without regret, unless it was the home journey on the steamboat—and this he soon compensated by going on the boat up to Kew and back frequently in the summer months of subsequent years.

Whether it was cause and effect, or merely a coincidence may not be affirmed, but the year after his marriage saw a distinct increase of practice so that the pair took a house in Park St., W., a small house suitable to their needs. Here their jog-trot life was continued, and they did even more reading of history in the evenings. They were very fond of the Saxon period of England, and probably either of them could have written off without difficulty a fair account of a day in a Saxon village, with the dresses and the occupation of the men and women. He began to work at a small brochure on "Chronic Bronchitis: Its Forms and Treatment," as he thought a practical work upon the subject was called for, and he saw much of the malady at Victoria Park Chest Hospital. Indeed chronic bronchitis in its different forms and with its various complications interested him very much more than pulmonary consumption. After that was off his hands he went on with his work on "Indigestion, Biliousness and Gout," and completed Part II., "Gout in its Protean Aspects." He realized vividly the fact that gout was no longer so exclusively an affection of the joints of the extremities as had been supposed, and that its irregular forms especially as affecting the nervous system, were becoming increasingly frequent. This aspect of gout does not occupy much space in Garrod's classical work on Gout, so Fothergill decided to give it prominence. He carefully went through the literature of gout and strove to give the reader a good grasp of the subject, by quoting freely from the different authors such passages as he approved, and worked the whole together into a book which would give the reader the maximum of information on the topic.

The book took and was recognized as a valuable contribution to the knowledge of the subject. By this time Fothergill felt he was exhausting such medical subjects as he was competent to write upon, and that if he could keep his different books going, and keep each edition up to date he would

be doing enough in medical literature. However one more work seemed left open to him and which he left he could cope with. He called it "The Physiological Factor in Diagnosis," while others suggested that it might well have been called "Common Sense in Medicine," but that would have covered a larger ground than the book dealt with. It told the reader what to observe and what to inquire after, beyond the mere physical examination of the patient. It was published simultaneously in London and New York; and an edition of a thousand was sold off in less than three months. In concluding it Fothergill announced that it was to be his last medical book.

He had indeed contributed largely to medical literature and beyond the books mentioned here he had written three little students' books, one on "Semeiology," another on "What to Ask," and a third, "Aids to National Therapeutics;" all useful books, but as they were not written for the examination table but for actual practice they never commanded a very large sale. Fothergill not being engaged in teaching saw beyond the examination table, the one object on which the teacher's gaze is naturally riveted. These student books were well enough for a class of men who would never aspire to read his larger works; and Fothergill recognized the fact that there were middling men as well as good men in the profession, whose needs must be borne in mind.

It is difficult to tell why Fothergill wrote these books. They did him no good; they practically put nothing into his pocket directly; he could never hope to see a patient from them; and yet he wrote them. This may be partly explained in that he never could be idle, partly in that he wished to see all his profession, the strong and the weak alike, as good practitioners as they could make themselves. He knew how little a course of medical study fitted the student to grapple with the needs of practice. Surgery was well taught; and obstetrics was well taught; but medicine in the restricted sense of the word was but indifferently taught. The introduction of the stethoscope had been followed by a disproportionate estimate of physical signs as compared to the study of the patient, against which

many men of repute had entered their protest. Then came the clinical thermometer which diverted the attention from that general estimate of the patient which was regarded as so important previous to this time. The diagnosis consisted of physical examination, careful examination of the urine, and an observation of the temperature. But this was not the whole practice of physic, any more than a competent acquaintance with the different murmurs of the various forms of cardiac valvular lesions was a thorough knowledge of the diseases of the heart. And Fothergill saw and saw clearly that such an education formed but an imperfect preparation for actual practice. The physician of old looked to see what help he could give his patient; the modern man observed the malady carefully and how it had come about. The first took in the indications for treatment; the latter rather made a study of the case in a partial light. Fothergill's mind was essentially practical and leaned to the older view of a sick man. He himself studied his patient in the light which most brought out the facts which indicated the line of treatment; the other kind of diagnosis he regarded rather as the gratification of a scientific curiosity than as of practical value. Overtures were made to him to become an examiner at a Scotch school, but after mature reflection he declined; he might find it his duty to pluck a man for not knowing what he had never been taught; and he did not like the position; of course he gave offence by such attitude to many connected with medical teaching who resented his criticism. He was too clear-sighted not to perceive that so many teaching hospitals in London, were a mistake. It was impossible to get really competent men for every subject at eleven schools, even if each appointment had been filled solely according to the qualifications of the applicants, which certainly was not the case. On the other hand with so many schools to choose from it was hard for the lecturers to maintain that control over their classes which is so desirable for all; if a student regarded himself as harshly treated he had only to enter at another school. He was never backward in expressing his views, which necessarily in the nature of things were unacceptable to those whose in-

terests were served by the existing state of affairs.

He got himself into still worse odor at the College of Physicians by his criticism of the conduct of Dr. Quain in the last illness of Lord Beaconsfield. It is not to be supposed that Fothergill was in any way influenced in what he did by any feeling as to the sick peer. It was the principle involved. Lord Beaconsfield reposed his professional confidence in a man who practiced homeopathy; and there was a rule at the College of Physicians that its Fellows and Members were not to meet avowed homeopaths in consultation. As the sick ex-premier grew worse it was clear a consultation with some one must be had. Whether an application had been previously made to the great medical baronets, and if so with what result it boots not to say here; but when Dr. Quain was asked he gave his consent, and cooperated with a homeopath despite the rule of his college. Whereupon a storm blew in the medical press Quain had consulted the President of the College and been guided by his advice. Fothergill wrote to the *British Medical Journal*, a letter in his wonted forcible style, pointing out that the blame did not rest solely upon Dr. Quain. He did what any man would have done in a difficulty, viz., loyally consulted the President (Sir J. Risdon Bennett), and acted on his counsel. If that counsel clashed with the rule of the College, the President rather was to blame for the advice he gave; and that he as much as Dr. Quain ought to stand arraigned at the bar of public (medical) opinion. The logic of the argument was clear enough and the letter gave great offence in certain quarters as Fothergill broadly hinted that the College was little better than a whited sepulchre, and that its heads were loud in profession and lax in practice, and that the whole profession of guaranteeing the conduct of its Fellows and Members was a sham, and the sooner the old rule was torn down and flung aside the better for the consistency of the venerable institution. All this was treason and Fothergill might have left the matter alone—as other men did: but then he was headstrong and inclined to go his own way. Of course the editor inserted the letter readily enough, as he had no ob-

jection to see Fothergill embroil himself with the leaders at the College. The letter created a great deal of comment, and galled those concerned no little. It did not, however, disturb the personal relations of him and Dr. Quain, but no further converse passed betwixt him and the President. As the storm blew over it remained pretty patent, that the rules of the College were not obeyed in practice by many who were loud in their support of them in word. There was in fact a scandal which reflected no credit upon many who stood high at the College; and some of these vowed they would take care that Fothergill should never be elected a Fellow, and kept their word; though it is not on record that Fothergill cared much about the matter. He recked little about them or their threats, and did not think much of the honor of being a Fellow, holding with Maudsley "that there was no advantage in being a Fellow except to show there was no reason why one should not become one." Fothergill had thoroughly learned long 'ere this, that if anything depended upon himself and his own exertions it could be secured by the requisite toil and patience; but that if it depended upon the caprice of others it never fell to his lot. He was now pretty strong upon his feet, and his patients came to him for himself and never asked whether he was a Member or a Fellow of the College. His books had made his practice. His patients came from the Colonies, east, or the United States of America, just as much as from the provinces and London. They consisted largely of medical men and the relatives of medical men, who came to him because they had confidence in him. He always took up a decided position and did not waver about. He would contend with a patient for an hour if by doing so he could induce him to see his case in its true aspect. His evident transparent wish to give the patient something in return for their fee told in the decision, and many a long struggle he had with some of them. When a patient thanked him for the pains he had taken, he was wont to reply, "It is a part of the Divine plan fortunately that a man's own interests run parallel with those of his neighbors'; and when a man is doing his best for his neighbors he is doing his best for himself." His con-

duct was nothing more than "intelligent selfishness" in which he realized what were truly his best interests and furthered them to the best of his abilities. He was blunt and honest, and those trusted him who saw beyond the mere manner of the man. If he were mistaken, he was honestly mistaken, and believed in the opinion he gave. When dealing with a lady who seemed as if in doubt as to whether she could believe him or not, Fothergill would turn to the light and give the lady his eye, asking: "Does my eye contradict my tongue?" He was not afraid to let the lady peer into the windows of his soul. One day a baronet came into his room saying: "Glad to make your acquaintance, Dr. Fothergill;" who replied, "I hope you will be able to say as much when you go out, Sir." It was not the opinion he had on entering the room, but the impression he carried away with him with which Fothergill was concerned. The suave politeness which so often conceals insincerity did not pertain to the north-countryman who was proud of his yeoman descent and his rugged honesty. It is needless to say that his ways did not impress all equally favorably. Some objected to his rudeness: while others said, "He is blunt, but you can trust him." Meanwhile, he was meeting with a moderate show of success; and finding out the truth that a man must wait for success no matter how hard he labors. He himself used to say from what he saw around him, "I do not believe a man can hasten his practice by his efforts but he can make a bigger practice when it does come!" And this is probably a very fair exposition of the actual facts.

(To be continued in Nov. number.)

A GOOD GENERAL TONIC.—Very frequently a good general tonic is required, whatever the special cause of the lowered state of vitality might have been. The following may be depended upon in such cases:

- R. Ext. cinchon., gr. 45.
Tinct. cinnamom., 3 2.
Syr. aurant., 5 1.
Spir. vini gallici, 5 1 1/2.
Vini rubri, 5 3.

M. Sig. From a teaspoonful to a tablespoonful three times daily.—Ex.

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE THERAPEUTICS OF PEPTO-MANGAN, "GUDE."

BY DR. LUDWIG POHL, CITY PHYSICIAN,
VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

IT is about five years ago that I first had occasion to test Gude's peptomangan. The curative results obtained from its use were so surprisingly good that I decided to thoroughly experiment with this preparation on my abundant clinical material, the outcome of which is reported in this article.

The number of remedies introduced every year into the market are so numerous that for this reason alone it would be impossible to employ all of them, even if only experimentally, or to make a careful choice. Peptomangan appealed to me strongly in the first instance for reasons that I shall explain. Although inclined to think well of this preparation from the first, I would remark that my observations were instituted without bias, and that my investigations were carried out in a strictly scientific manner.

I was led to make a thorough study of this preparation by the subjective statements of the patients that it never caused the least disturbances, the objective evidences of improvement, and besides these, by the following considerations.

According to the views of many authors, iron preparations, to be efficient, must exert not only a local but distant, that is, general effect. In chlorosis and in many severe cases of anæmia chalybeates are said to remove the hydrogen sulphide, formed frequently in large amount in the alimentary tract, by the combination of the iron with the sulphur. This removal is necessary, because hydrogen sulphide, if present in too large quantity renders impossible the absorption of the iron in the food by precipitating it in the form of sulphide of iron. It is known, however, that not only iron but also manganese is adapted in a high degree for taking up hydrogen sulphide. Manganese therefore acts as an auxiliary to iron in this respect.

Another circumstance was decisive for me. A large number, almost all, of the officinal ferruginous preparations are absorbed only to a slight extent when administered internally. This

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE
J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M. D.,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

CHAPTER IX.

(Continued.)

DURING all this time Fothergill's contention with the editor of the *Medical Journal* was going on, and when the annual meeting came off at Worcester, Fothergill's motion anent the editor's tenure of office was fixed for the first evening. Fothergill smelt a rat. Why was such an important issue fixed for the first meeting instead of waiting till the bulk of the members were assembled. He declined to walk into the trap laid for him. Worcester was a recent branch of the Association; the local members could know but little of the merits of the matter. It is good policy in war never to do what the enemy wants you. Fothergill suspected some design and did not attend the meeting. It was ruled that as he had not been in his place at the appointed time he could not be heard at a later time. "A medical man's time is not his own," is a well-recognized saying, and it was sharp practice, to say the least of it, on the part of the Committee of Council to act as they did. Next morning, at the second general meeting, Fothergill walked up to the President to tender an explanation. It was to be very brief, but it was never listened to. Two of the interested parties bawled at him till his voice was drowned, and after waiting some time before the assembled members, he had to walk away unheard. He at once gave notice that his motion should be brought on at the next meeting at Liverpool; a step that disconcerted the enemy no little. They quite ex-

pected he would lose his temper at their bad behavior, and in the heat of anger declare he would have no more of the thing. But they mistook their man. It had been a successful game in the past with them; but this time it did not work. Before the meeting was over it oozed out that the first meeting had been packed, and that speakers favorable to their side had been brought from all parts by the powers in office. Fothergill was wise in his generation not to do what his enemies wished. The matter would keep. He was quite at his ease; things were working for him. The editor, as Chairman of the Parliamentary Bills Committee had advocated a line in connection with the notification of infectious diseases which conflicted with the wishes of the general and especially the county practitioners, whereupon the said county practitioners awakened to the fact that after all he and his like constituted the great bulk of the members of the Association, and that he must not be ignored. His own interests were at stake. A battle was fought at the last general meeting, and the ruling powers were out-voted—for the first time in the history of the Association. The meeting broke up with the reform party jubilant and sanguine. One of the prominent members of this party (Dr. Fitzpatrick, of Stonycroft, who was Fothergill's seconder) declared publicly that "the cloud which had gathered on the Severn would break into a thunder-storm on the Mersey." And he was not far wrong.

During the ensuing years a great internal reform in the Association was carried out successfully. Instead of the governing body being over-ruled by Vice-Presidents, who were ex-officio life members, it was decided that the Council should be truly representative, and that the day of the "barnacles,"

as these ex-officio members were denominated by their antagonists, should pass away. At the same time the by-laws were revised to meet the new constitution. Among the other changes the editor's tenure of office was made to depend upon the will of the new reformed ruling body, and terminable at three months' notice. This was sufficient for Fothergill, who saw his end thus attained, so he wrote to say he was satisfied with the new rules, and would not bring forward his motion. He had kept his hand on the editor's throat while the internal reforms were being brought about. The editor did not care to take a side with the motion hanging over his head, so his voice was hushed. He could not serve his allies. When it came out that Fothergill had acted single handed without any pledged supporters (as all imagined) there was a good laugh at his audacity; he had been indeed "Archiebell-the-cat." The tone of the *Journal* had quite changed and the objectionable features had disappeared; the new government had interfered with the personal rule which had long obtained, and had got an account of his stewardship from the editor. Fothergill was satisfied; an unpleasant public duty had been discharged; he had no desire to maintain a quarrel with the editor; the latter had no desire to have Fothergill on his trail any longer. Many acknowledged a debt to Fothergill for his action; others were of the opinion that he was a fool for his pains. Amongst these latter were a number of those who ought to have been most grateful, who went in secret terror of what might be said in the *Journal*, and who paid court to the editor while disliking him. As to Fothergill himself, he recked little about the editorial thunder, at which he openly scoffed while they cowered.

The sharp practice of the old rulers of the Association had now to come to an end. All direct attacks had hitherto been met by denials, by traversing the statements made, or by a protest that the matter was one which could not be discussed or come before the meeting. Fothergill had seen the necessity of a flank attack by a motion to alter a by-law. In no meeting of civilized Anglo-Saxons could such a proper method of going about a proposed change be negatived. All right

feeling men would be at once on the side of the proposer being heard. The old dodge would not meet the new emergency. They had shuffled Fothergill at Worcester and evaded any discussion on his motion, but they had failed to put an end to it. The principle of all freedom of discussion was at stake, as all who took the trouble to look could see. A sharp battle was to be and must be fought at Liverpool at the first general meeting. The new revised by-laws were to be put to the meeting. As soon as the first by-law was read a member of the Association got up to speak on it. This, of course, was what the old rulers did not wish. He must be silenced. The attempt was made. But the Association was in no temper to tolerate any such high-handed proceeding. It was in revolt. The speaker was standing waiting to be heard. The sonorous sounds of the voice of a prominent barnacle was droning away. Behind the first speaker stood a colleague gesticulating fiercely, and insisting upon the right of the speaker to discuss a by-law. In the front of the gallery above was a tall Irishman commanding the "barnacle" to "sit down." All was confusion; the scene was a perfect bear garden. The policy of force, the strategy of noise, was at last hoist with its own petard, and was recoiling on those who practiced them. The impropriety of the course taken by the "barnacles" was forcing itself upon every one. It soon became clear that the bulk of the members were opposed to the one-sided maneuver which was being attempted. The monstrous iniquity of trying to silence a member of a Society when speaking in order on a by-law, was dawning upon all. The humorous Irishman in the gallery got up and proposed that "some one should report progress." A general burst of derisive laughter followed. The farce was being played out. The meeting was adjourned until the evening, when the battle again raged. Next morning the Liverpool press commented on what had occurred, and said that hitherto it was customary to speak of "medical men and gentlemen," but really after what had occurred on the preceding day, it would appear that such association was not invariable. The "barnacles" were cowed; it was clear that they could not retain their

position, and that the Association was slipping from beneath their control. The child had outgrown the leading-strings of its nurses and guardians so-called, and was determined to walk alone. It was a rough way of redressing a wrong course, but it was effectual. The reform party was victorious, and the President of Council elected chosen was a prominent reformer. A meeting was held at Exeter Hall a week or so later to give formal expression to the new by-laws. There was not a "barnacle" on the platform. There was one ex-officio Councilman there, but he was a reformer. The Association put itself right with itself, and provided for any grievance that might occur in the future. For a tyranny a legitimate rule was substituted. Fothergill put the contest on a legal footing; viz., the discussing of a by-law, of a side as against a direct attack. Instead of supporting the rulers against irregular discussion, every right-minded member was now for giving a man a hearing when he was speaking in order. This was a complete reversal of what had gone in the past. The Association had struggled on in poverty for years; it had come to have a surplus income of several thousands annually; instead of impending bankruptcy it had become rich in invested funds. It had already devoted a considerable sum yearly for the advancement of knowledge. It had a career of extended usefulness before it, under the regime of a truly representative ruling body. That it had secured, Fothergill when silenced by clamor at Worcester, said that that was the last time the game would be successful. It was tried on again at Liverpool, but signally failed. It was played out! At Liverpool, the tyranny which had governed the Association was overturned and the rule of law inaugurated.

During this time if Fothergill had no testimony borne to his work at home, he was not without honors from abroad. He had some time previously been chosen one of the Foreign Associate Fellows of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, the number of which is restricted to twenty, being elected to the vacancy formed by the death of Fleetwood Churchill of Dublin. Later on he had the honorary M. D. of Rush College, Chicago, con-

ferred upon him; one such degree only being granted each year. "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." So it was in Galilee, and so it was at a later period.

In the late autumn of 1884, Mrs. Temple, Dr. Fothergill's only sister and relative died, and he was left the last of his line.

During his leisure hours in 1884 he made himself familiar with the history of the Chartist times, sparing himself no pains or trouble to have his facts correct, and the result was the publication of "Gaythorn Hall," in three volumes, which was intended by the author to be a story of the Chartist times, and not a novel with a highly sensational plot, such as is expected nowadays. The book, though receiving some magnificent reviews, especially from the newspapers belonging to those places in whose immediate vicinity many of the scenes depicted in the story occurred, did not command a large sale. The author was not daunted, however; failure was a word not often found in his vocabulary, and he set to work upon another piece of fiction, which, however, he did not publish. The characters in these books became as friends to the author and his wife, and many delightful hours were spent by them talking of these different persons. This year, 1885, saw the publication also of another popular medical book, "The Diseases of Sedentary and Advanced Life." Also a small book entitled "The Will Power; Its Range in Action," which is not, as its title would indicate, a metaphysical treatise, but it is a common sense, practical setting forth of the power of the human will, and its influence on character, which, although in its third edition in America, has not had the sale in England that the reviews would lead one to anticipate.

During this time practice steadily increased, and Dame Fortune began to smile upon the sturdy Northcountryman's hard work; so that a larger house was deemed a prudent undertaking. In April, 1886, the Fothergills removed to 3 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, W., only a few doors on the opposite side of the street from the house where Sir Thomas Watson, Dr. Milner Fothergill's prototype in medical literature, began his practice; and also where, in another house further

down the street, he ended his famous career. 3 Henrietta Street was a large, old-fashioned house; one of its great attractions was the fine entrance-hall and magnificent staircase. The hall was furnished with old oak, brought from the Doctor's old home, and the rest was picked up on his travels in the North when there was any money to spare for "the improvement of plant;" the walls were hung with old swords, guns, pistols, etc., while in one corner stood a most remarkable piece of old oaken furniture, which was a square cabinet, a nest of drawers, which belonged to the last black-letter Wizard of the North, Dr. Fairer, and in which he kept his spells and potions. It is believed to be a unique piece of furniture, and Dr. Fothergill was very proud of the squat black wizard, the name it was generally known by. The house itself was an old one, being one of the first that was built when all the surrounding neighborhood was meadow land. It was also historically interesting from the fact that at one time it was the home of Lord Mornington, and one of the bed rooms still went by the name of the "Duke's room," as being the one occupied by the famous "Iron Duke" when visiting his brother in his earlier days. Here Dr. Fothergill had his desire—that of a fine consulting-room, and it looked out upon a small garden, the walls of which were covered in summer time by creepers and a vine, the culture of the latter affording the doctor endless amusement; in the center space stood a stand of bright flowers, so that the outlook from the study windows was quite gay. There was also a good sized fernery with fountain and cascade leading out of the room, and the Doctor always said he would not desire to change his house with any one in London, and you could see he meant it. In the summer of this year a long talked of journey was taken, which was to visit the scenes of the Doctor's boyhood. Accordingly Dr. and Mrs. Fothergill went to St. Bees', and the first thing they did was to visit the old school house to find the initials "J. F. 5," carved on the old oaken panelling on the walls. The old dining and school-room was just the same; but its days were numbered, for workmen were already pulling the old place

down in order to rebuild a modern and more convenient dwelling. With what delight the Doctor roamed over the old place, telling anecdotes to his wife of his school boy days. While at St. Bees' they dined with Canon and Mrs. Knowles, and a very hilarious party it was, for the Doctor recalled to the Canon's mind the many thrashings he had received, and thanked him heartily for the same, much to the company's amusement. Amongst other places visited was Brownber in Ravenstonedale, Westmorland, where lived "Mr. John Fothergill, the head of the clan," and who drove the Doctor and his wife to the old ancestral homes, past the estates which should by right have been his, and one afternoon was spent in visiting Orton, a sweet little village, which had been the home of the Doctor's maternal grand-parents, and which was henceforth to be seen by him no more. The old parish clerk was looked up, and old family stories were gone over, for John Simpson had known the Doctor's family all his life—and very indignant he waxed, this hale old Northcountryman, over the "wills" made by the Doctor's kinsmen. A story may here be told of Mrs. Milner, Dr. Fothergill's grandmother, showing where he got some of his tenacity of purpose from. A small farmer belonging to Mr. Milner's parish was dying, and it having come to the ears of Mrs. Milner that there were designs on the man's property by people who had no just claim upon him, she rode over to the man's house supplied with a flask of brandy, pen, ink and paper. After enquiring into the man's condition, the good lady asked him if he had made his will, and no satisfactory answer being returned, she set to work to make one, giving the poor man brandy at frequent intervals to keep him up. "Now, John, you have only to sign it," and the pen was put between the dying man's fingers, Mrs. Milner guiding his hand while the signature was made. The story is that the man was dead before the name was finished; but the lady had accomplished her object, and the property went to the rightful owners.

This same year Dr. Fothergill published a "Manual of Dietetics," with Messrs. Wood & Co., in the United States, which met with a favorable reception. He then busied himself in

thinking out what was to be his last book, "Vaso-Renal Change," over which there is no doubt he worked too hard. In the spring of 1887 he was attacked with a fit of gout which settled in his right foot, and which was further aggravated by the mental anxiety caused by the narrow escape of Mrs. Fothergill from burning in the great fire at the Opéra Comique in Paris May 25th. Still he kept on with his work, and his powers of thought seemed in no wise to diminish through the pain he endured, but to which he would not own, though the traces were visible in his face. In June he delivered a series of private lectures to the profession at his house, entitled "The Modern Tendency of Disease," which appeared in the *Medical Press and Circular*, and afterwards were issued in book form. In September, despite the fact that the gout in his foot rendered walking painful to him, he went to Manchester and delivered an address before the British Association upon "The Effects of Town Life Upon the Human Body." The paper attracted the widest attention, and the notices and remarks upon it collected by Mrs. Fothergill numbered into the hundreds, one of them being a very humorous series of illustrations. *Punch*, too, made it the subject of some verses. The subject had always been of great interest to Dr. Fothergill, as he had seen so much of the direct effects of town life, and studied it from a scientific and a practical point of view—he therefore determined to elaborate the article into book-form, and it was ready for the press at the time of his lamented death.

At this time occurred some unpleasant episodes which tended not to improve Dr. Fothergill's health. A firm of chemists in Liverpool had issued a pamphlet entitled "Diet in Disease," by J. Milner Fothergill. It consisted of extracts chiefly from a paper read by him during the summer at Whitehaven before the West Cumberland branch of the British Medical Association, and of course a recommendation of their "Angell's Food." A copy of this pamphlet was sent to Dr. Fothergill anonymously, and this was the first intimation he received of its existence, although copies had, it appears, been sent broadcast amongst the profession. Legal steps were taken

at once; but, unfortunately, the firm to whom the affair was entrusted were so dilatory that it was transferred to more competent hands, and finally a formal apology was pulished in the leading newspapers and medical journals. But not, however, before much harm had been done. Dr. Fothergill was very much annoyed at the affair, more especially as he always cried out so much against advertising oneself; and here it may be added that large sums of money have often been offered to him if he would permit his name to appear as recommending a certain article, but in no single instance did he ever lend his name for a purpose he had such a profound contempt for. In 1888 yet again was his name used as recommending the use of Mother Siegel's Syrup, and his attention was called to it in the same way. A miserable little paper almanac was issued, containing recommendations and testimonials for the use of this preparation, and amongst them was what was intended to be a quotation from Dr. Fothergill's "Indigestion and Biliousness," but so mixed up and misquoted it was almost impossible to recognize it, ending up with "Use Mother Siegel's Syrup," and placing the inverted commas after "Syrup," thus making the sentence appear as if copied directly from the book in question. Action was taken immediately, but the proprietors said they had stopped the issue of the pamphlet, although it was only a printer's error in misplacing the quotation marks, and that they did not consider a formal apology necessary, and they paid the large sum of £10 into court. The proprietor of the medicine certainly did not act in the way a man should have done after using an author's name in the manner he did without his sanction. Dr. Fothergill was advised by his legal adviser not to take the matter into court, and so the matter ended.

In November he consulted a professional friend, Mr. Marcus Gunn, about his eyesight, who advised him to be very careful as to using them. The Christmas of this year, 1887, was spent at Mrs. Fothergill's old home, and the change, and drives in the keen, cold air of the moorland hills, appeared to do Dr. Fothergill a great amount of good, and he returned to his work

with keener ardor than ever. However, in January an ulcer formed on the sole of his foot, which compelled him to give up using it. He was attended most assiduously by two professional friends, Mr. Geo. Brown and Dr. F. Coch, but neither of them could induce him to keep his bed, or even remain in his room, and he insisted on coming down to his wife's boudoir, which was on the first floor, and there he saw his patients and continued his work as usual. No amount of suffering or discomfort seemed to affect his spirits, and though gout is generally accompanied by irritability of temper, Dr. Fothergill never once gave any evidence of it, and his wife said he was just as good tempered as ever—neither did his brain lose any of its usual activity; indeed, his power of thought seemed to increase with the enforced bodily quiet. He wrote several essays, prepared another edition of "Chronic Bronchitis" for the press, and talked over his next book, the "Neurotic," but which, unfortunately, was never accomplished. Although the wound did not heal over, Dr. Fothergill commenced to go about again, having had his shoe made so that he could wear it without much discomfort; for he would not be induced to wear a felt slipper the moment longer than when he could put on an ordinary shoe. No man could have been more particular about his shoes and boots; and the rows of shoes (all of North country make) standing on and under his shoe rack, was a testimony to his liking for neat shoes; and the same applies to his socks, he never thought he had any unless there were some dozen of all descriptions, but all hand knit, in his drawers. His enforced absence from his hospital was the one thing that tried him solely; indeed some of his particular outpatients he saw at his own house during this time, and his first visit when he could get about with the aid of a stick was to his hospital.

The day before Good Friday Dr. and Mrs. Fothergill went down to Grange-over-Sands in Lancashire, intending to spend Easter week there, but they had only been there a day when they were summoned by telegram to Mr. Hammersley, Mrs. Fothergill's father, who had not been well for the past few days; and his younger son, who is a

medical man and was attending his father, thought it desirable to obtain his brother-in-law's advice. Mr. Hammersley was somewhat better upon Dr. Fothergill's arrival, but the next day, Easter Sunday, he died. Dr. Fothergill remained in Staffordshire until the following Friday, when he returned alone to town, evidently much better in health, although his father-in-law's sudden death had been a great blow to him. He was very busy seeing patients after his return, and soon after read a paper before the Medical Society on "Small and Valvular Lesions of the Heart," and his reappearance was welcomed by his friends as an evidence of his restoration to health. This was the last time he appeared at any meeting. The Friday preceding Whit week was unusually and suddenly hot, and Dr. Fothergill had gone on one of the Thames steamers for some fresh air and a "think." He unfortunately sat in the full glare of the sun for some time, as there was no shaded spot, and the only breeze that blew was hot. He returned with no appetite for dinner and a feeling of general discomfort, but to which he attached no importance. The next morning he felt better, and Mrs. Fothergill, who had been ill, went out of town on a visit to some friends who lived a few miles away in the country. In the afternoon Dr. Fothergill went out as usual; but it appears his foot began to give him some pain, and on Sunday it became very inflamed and painful. He wrote to his wife, telling her that gout had broken out, but that he was otherwise very well, and that he thought this was the clearing up—and so it was, but not as he meant. He wrote forbidding the return of Mrs. Fothergill; but she, feeling anxious, returned early on the Wednesday morning; and she was struck by the alteration in her husband's appearance.

She insisted upon asking the advice of Dr. C. J. Hare, who, of course, ordered Dr. Fothergill to bed. The next day, however, he would see a "particular patient" in the boudoir; and the day following, when it was only too apparent that the dreaded gangrene had set in, he worked as usual.

Simple he was in his mode of life and living; he breakfasted at 8:30 a. m.; for lunch he drank a cup of cold

coffee, but that was only during his married life, and he dined at 7 p. m. After dinner the evening was spent very quietly by himself and wife in the smoking room, a quaint, cosy room at the back of the house, where he would listen to some book read by his wife, or he would talk of his next piece of writing, smoking his pipe the meanwhile. Nothing would induce him to change the quiet simplicity of these evenings for societies' meetings, and it was very rarely that he would dine out, or go to any social gathering. On Saturdays, from 8 to 10 p. m., Dr. Fothergill was "At Home," and the smoke room resounded often with the laughter of himself and friends as the merry joke was told; very pleasant evenings those were, and many men of note have spent an hour or two in friendly chat with the genial man whose hearty laughter will never more be heard through that pleasant house. Frank, out-spoken, often too much so for his own advantage, fearless, afraid of no man, good tempered, yet stubborn to a degree, and if he said a thing he meant it, and no amount of persuasion would influence him. Yet, withal, he had one of the kindest and truest hearts that ever beat in any man's breast. Gentle, too, as a woman; and his loving thoughtfulness as shown towards his wife was often remarked upon by intimate friends who saw the inner life of the bluff, brusque Northcountryman, and who were often surprised that he could stoop to such trifles. Rich he never would have been, for he was little versed in the art of making money, and he never regarded his patients from a mercenary standpoint; neither would he pander to their whims, nor disguise the truth: he maintained that that was what they came for, and he always gave them the best advice that he could command. "If any one can say that I have taken a guinea from them that I have not squarely earned, let them come for it," was one of his sayings when talking of money. When taking notes of his patients' cases he would enquire as far back into their parents' history as he thought threw any light on the case under notice. He was a great believer in what the eye can see and note, and often he has astonished his clinical

clerks at his hospital by diagnosing a certain disease before laying a finger on his patient or asking a question.

In his writing he was most methodical—he could always see his books before he wrote them—each chapter, every heading was noted down, and all systematically arranged in his brain before putting one idea on paper. An untidy manuscript was unknown to him; and as he forged the sentences in his brain, so they stood when committed to paper. His power of suspending thought when interrupted was wonderful. Sometimes when in the middle of a sentence he would be called upon to put down his pen, and perhaps occupy his whole mind and attention with some obscure case, and after an interval of over an hour, he would take up his pen and return to that sentence, finishing it exactly as he had intended from the first. One of his favorite modes of relaxation was to go on the outside of an omnibus, and ride as near the country as he could, always employing his mind in thinking something out, and he has been heard to say that some of his best writing has been thought out when on the omnibus, often when going to his hospital, which was some seven miles distant from his house. At his hospital he would often find awaiting him an American who had come to see the physician demonstrate by practice what he wrote of in his books; indeed, every summer brought more American medical men eager to talk with the author of the many books that were so widely read on their side of the Atlantic. Many friends from the great continent tried, but always in vain, to persuade Dr. Fothergill to visit America, although the possibility of his going was becoming less dim, he never crossed the ocean.

The three-cornered Chippendale chair in which he sat in his study, and from which he wrote his books, belonged originally to his ancestor, Dr. Burn, the author of "Burn's Justice." In this chair have also sat Taley, when visiting his friend Dr. Burn, and in later days the charming author of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

OBSERVATIONS ON ANÆSTHESIA OF THE DRUM MEMBRANE.

BY GEO. B. MCAULIFFE, A. B., M. D.

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THE majority of clinicians do not believe in trying to obtain local anæsthesia of the membrana tympani. Their deductions have been drawn in the main from the futility of using cocaine for this purpose in the external auditory meatus. It is but rational to believe that Nature protects the tympanic cavity from the effects of fluids dropped by chance or design into the external canal. This protection is given by the dermal layer of the drum membrane—a skin without glandular action or hair, acting only as a shield for the layers beneath.

Jacques, by utilizing the selective action of methylene blue, mapped out the nerve plexus in the middle layer of the drum membrane. The nerves spread out in radical meshes from the periphery—mostly from above. In the deeper portion of the dermal layer detached bundles run in different directions and end in apparently sensory end tips.

The mucous membrane of the Eustachian tube and of the tympanic cavity get their main nervous supply from the same source—the glosso-pharyngeal.

From a consideration of these facts we see that the external dermal layer has very little to do with the sensitivity of the drum membrane and that most of the medicines dropped into the ear or applied to the drum membrane have little effect until they nullify the shield-like action of the skin covering.

The fact that refrigeration does not extend deeply enough to desensitize the membrane demonstrates the truth of the former of the above mentioned conclusions. Furthermore it cannot be localized to the track of the intended incision. The refrigerating sprays need a space of a few inches to secure evaporation. This would bring under its action the whole membrane and canal. I tried to get a tip devised for spraying ethyl chloride on the region of the membrane selected for

operation but was not successful. The application of the spray to the sensitive canal and the subsequent thawing are very painful. I have thought that if liquid air could be applied, as it is claimed, by a cotton applicator it would be the ideal refrigerant knife for the membrana tympani. Unfortunately, too, refrigerants interfere with healing and may cause sloughing.

Various preparations like Bonain's—menthol, carbolic acid and cocaine—depending for their action principally on the carbolic acid have been used. More or less success has been reported. I do not believe that the anæsthesia obtained by this class of cauterants is ever complete for reasons given above.

Fluids which disturb the osmotic equilibrium of the drum membrane and produce minute solutions of continuity in the dermal layer, thereby allowing cocaine or its succedanea to reach the nerve filaments are the best we have at present for use in the external canal.

The conditions favoring this application of cocaine are: (1) The removal of foreign substances and loose scales from the drum membrane and canal. (2) Dehydration of the outer layers of the membrane—a dessication which causes molecular contraction and interstices through which the anæsthetic can reach the deeper parts and nerve terminations. (3) The induction of endosmosis. The first condition is met by the use of hydrozone which is stronger and better than any other kind of H_2O_2 preparation in softening and boiling out the debris of the canal and in lessening the resistance of the dermal layer. The hydrozone is subsequently mopped out by cotton applicators or syringed from the canal. The second and third conditions are met by the use of alcohol and aniline oil. The latter is absorbed more slowly and its effects last longer than the former. The solutions used are 5 to 20% of cocaine in equal parts of absolute alcohol and aniline oil. Anæsthesia is gained in 10-15 minutes. The disadvantage of the solution is that the aniline oil is toxic and obscures the field. The external canal is generally filled to ensure osmotic instability and certainty of penetration. The toxicity can in a great measure be prevented by not filling the canal

but by applying to the drum membrane a small wad saturated with the solution and by making only one application. The obscuration of the field by the dark oil will then be less and the solution can be more easily mopped away.

For the last six years I have experimented desultorily with tubal injections of cocaine to desensitize the drum membrane. I have tried fractional experiments, applying the anæsthetic to the pharyngeal orifice to the cartilaginous portion and to the deeper surface of the tube and to the drum cavity by means of a Weber-Liol catheter or a virgin silver modification. I have come to the conclusion that the Eustachian tube is the only channel through which local anæsthesia can be best obtained.

In the embryo $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch long, the drum membrane is represented by connective tissue, bounded below by the external canal which forms its skin covering and bounded above by the Eustachian tube which forms its mucous covering.

From this embryological formation and from the identity of nerve supply we find the reason for the fact that anæsthesia of the deeper portions of the tube will produce anæsthesia of the drum cavity and membrane. It may seem like begging the question to state this but my trials have forced this home to my mind. I do not believe that the 5 or 6 minims I blow into the tube are sprayed by the Politzer bag into the tympanic cavity. I think that absorption of the cocaine by the tubal mucous membrane affects the drum and membrane intermediately and by reason of continuity of structure. The fact that cocaine anæsthesia has a field of action of about an inch from the spot to which it is applied would likewise bring the tympanic membrane within the area of tubal anæsthetization.

Unfortunately the lymphatic system of the ear is not well known. If I may be allowed to digress I think that the production of acute otitis media might be explained more by the theory of absorption from a tubal focus or of continuity of structure than by the mechanical one (sometimes urged) of septic matter blown through the tube into the tympanic cavity.

After having forced the cocaine solution into the tube, I have found that

in a short time—a time varying in length according to the amount of vascularity present probing the different areas of the dermal surface of the membrane would occasion little or no distress.

My observations with this method of comparative sensibility do not coincide with those of Dr. Blake who finds that the areas of the membrane from below upwards and from the umbo backwards increase in movement vascularity and pain. I have sometimes found a trifle of sensibility at the lower margin of the membrane and at the region of the stapes entire absence of any but tactile sensation.

These facts and observations on atrophic drums have shown me that the dermal layer need not be considered in local anæsthesia of the membrane and does not play so great a part in sensation as the mucous layer since palpation of the skin surface does not elicit pain although it reaches only the mucous membrane. 2nd. That the pain in palpation does not result from the local impact but from the excitation of the whole sensory apparatus of the tympanic cavity induced no doubt by the sudden abnormal inward movement of the drum contents. 3rd. That the pain of incision depends on the pressure made on the drum membrane by the knife as much as on the outing. 4th. That the incision should consequently be made with the minimum of inward pressure and with as sharp and as thin a knife as practicable. This explains why incision in the membrane is made so much easier by the use of the Græfe knife than by the poor knives made especially for the work—knives whose smallness of blade precludes sharpness of edge. 5th. That in order to produce the best results in this method of anæsthesia isotonic or iso-osmotic solutions of cocaine should be used in order to avoid œdematization of the tube and subsequent transient otitis media.

LIVER SPOTS.—Use the following ointment for liver spots:

R Bismuth subnit.,

Hydrarg. ammon., aa 3 j.

Ungt. aq. rosæ, ʒ j.

M. Sig. Rub on spots. Discontinue when the skin begins to peel. Avoid the eyes.—*Med. Summary.*

SEPTICEMIA AND THE
CURETTE.BY H. PLYMPTON, M. D.,
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TO attempt to break up an old established custom in any line of life is at best, a thankless job, and one likely to call down harsh criticism upon the head of the daring iconoclast.

To attempt to uproot old prejudices existing in favor of a certain line of practice in surgery, and diametrically oppose such practice, is to invite from some, adverse criticism of the harshest kind. To only recompense for this is a logical refutation of, or concurrence in the argument advanced, on the part of other members of the profession.

This latter is what I hope for, and if I provoke a discussion, or start a line of thought in the minds, of half of the readers of this article, I shall have achieved all I started out to do.

Curetting the uterus to remove fragments of after-birth or other debris has been taught in our Medical Schools from time immemorial, and it is firmly fixed in the receptive and retentive mind of every Medical Student that the first move following any such abnormal uterine condition, is to cleanse the uterus by means of the curette.

That the organ should be thoroughly and aseptically cleansed admits of no argument, but that the work should be done with the curette, I deny most emphatically.

The majority of cases of death following the decomposition of fœtus or placenta in utero, are caused by the use of the curette, and I hold that septicemia may be avoided if a more rational procedure be resorted to.

The condition of the uterus containing septic matter is one of great congestion; the thickened walls being coated internally and over the os with a thick, brown, tenacious mucus.

The congestion is active, and therefore the more dangerous in the event of the admission of septic matter into the circulation.

If the curette is used, denuding the walls of their protective covering, an immediate vaccination takes place with a septic virus, septicemia following in an incredibly short space of time (chemical metamorphosis is marvel-

ously rapid in the circulatory system) and death quickly ensues.

If without using the curette, we can remove the septic matter from the uterus without disturbing the mucous covering, and enable the uterus of itself to expel the coating, we shall have taken a long step forward in the treatment of this class of uterine cases.

The uterus, by reason of its congestion may be made to perform a self-cleansing act by exciting the exudation of the serum of the blood into its cavity, thereby washing itself out, and expelling all septic matter instead of absorbing it.

This process of exosmosis is induced by a properly combined alkaline solution at a temperature above 100° and a strict avoidance of bi-chloride, carbolic acid, formaldehyde, or any antiseptic of an acid reaction or astringent nature, which would coagulate the fibrine and albumen of the blood.

My method of procedure is as follows:

First.—The gentle removal of whatever fragments are lying in the uterine cavity, by means of forceps, care being taken not to tear from the walls any adherent piece.

Second.—The gentle flushing of the uterine cavity, with the alkaline solution (110°), the reservoir containing the fluid being not more than two feet above the level of the hips.

If the flushing could be continuously administered for a few hours (say two or three), the conditions would be more speedily reduced to normal, but the discomfort of the position of the patient (on a douche pan) prevents this, and a flushing once every two hours with one quart of solution is about the limit of treatment.

For flushing the uterus, I use a small dilating uterine douche, and as there is plenty of room for the escape of fluid and fragments, there is no danger of Fallopian colic or salpingitis.

The first flushing is frequently followed by contractile pains and expulsion of any previously adherent pieces, together with much of the mucus.

A tablet of

Ext. cannabis indica, gr. $\frac{1}{4}$.

Ext. ergotin, gr. $\frac{1}{2}$.

every hour till desired effect is produced will contract uterus and alleviate pain.