

A FEW  
MEDICAL & SURGICAL  
REMINISCENCES.

BY  
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Your truly  
Augustin Prichard

A few Medical and Surgical  
Reminiscences.

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THE recent publication of so many interesting books of reminiscences of various kinds has suggested to me the idea that some medical and surgical reminiscences should also be written, and I resolved to note down the names of some of our profession who have been more or less known, or prominent in our ranks, whether local or otherwise, with whom I have had some, however slight, personal communications, and who have now passed away; and although I am writing with a view principally to medical readers, I do not propose to enter into many particulars of a

purely professional kind, except here and there to notice some special case or peculiarity of treatment; for were I to do so it would be opening the door to an altogether unlimited crowd of past experiences, and if complete and accurate would necessarily involve a breach of confidence between the doctor and his patient; nor do I wish, on the other hand, to write under false pretences as if I did not belong to the profession.

I should like to add at this place my opinion that if a medical man, in active practice among all sorts and conditions of men, had the power and disposition to write down and describe in clear language the scenes he witnesses, the actual words and tones he hears, the histories he has to listen to, and all the comedies and tragedies that come to his notice, no pen of Dickens nor of any other writer of fiction would equal the truth as far as true pathos or comical humour are concerned; and the necessary restriction of my subject must render my Medical and Surgical

Reminiscences less interesting, especially to the lay reader, than those of clerical and legal writers who may introduce into their books the actual cases of interest which come before them. I am not without hope that in making this record my example will be followed by some one of the many much better qualified than I am to do it; some one who is not handicapped by living a provincial life away from the metropolis, the centre of scientific work, and from its scientific inhabitants and visitors. I do not, however, by any means subscribe to the doctrine, prevalent in my early time much more so than fortunately it is now, that any practitioner of our art who lives within a certain radius of St. Paul's Cathedral is much better qualified for his work than any of us unfortunate individuals who happen to have our being outside that limit.

A good many years ago a patient of mine, for whom I had proposed a necessary operation, stated that her friends (the usual expression)

wished her to have a London doctor, to which I of course assented, although, being then in the middle of the term of my surgeony to the Infirmary, I was pretty well used to operations. Accordingly, after a correspondence, they told me that Dr. X., obstetric physician to one of the largest London hospitals, had agreed to come, at a reduced fee, and would be at Clifton Down Hotel on a certain Saturday, operate on the Sunday morning and return. I was very busy at the time, and had some difficulty in getting him to meet me as early as eleven o'clock in the morning, for he evidently was bent on enjoying his "Sunday out." When we met I found a good-looking little man, extremely neat and spruce, between forty and fifty years old, I imagine, with an air of supreme importance, such as little men sometimes have the knack of assuming. All went well at the operation, which was quite straightforward, and afterwards I told him of a similar but more difficult case I had

recently operated on, at which the little man said, with much condescension of manner, "Yes, very well indeed for a country practitioner."

And in writing these reminiscences of the more or less distant past, it is inevitable but that a vein of personal history must run through them, to give them some continuity and reality; but it shall be as slight and unobtrusive as possible, my aim being to name and describe as best I can that which my memory, after all these years, has kept for me about other men, and while I well know the dictum, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," a record of this kind is of very little service, and ought to be of only second-rate interest, unless it can be relied upon as true.

The occasional introduction of local or personal references of little or no interest to the majority of readers, and the brevity of the account I am able to give of some of my interviews with celebrities, are unavoidable.

After doing some preliminary work, while still a schoolboy, by assisting at the Eye Dispensary, I was, according to the good old-fashioned way of the time, apprenticed, in 1834, to Mr. John Bishop Estlin, the founder of the Bristol Eye Dispensary, and I served my five full years. Mr. Estlin was made Honorary Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, when the Fellowship was first established. He was a man of middle stature, pale, with a serious look in his face, extremely neat in his person and dress, and most methodical and punctual in all his affairs. He had a large general practice in Bristol and its neighbourhood for many years, and was held in the highest esteem by his patients and friends; but he held no public medical appointment, except that of Surgeon to the Eye Dispensary, which he had himself established: for, having made the requisite preparations to start as a candidate for the Surgeoncy to the Bristol Infirmary, which preparations in those days meant much

and continued work and much money, no vacancy occurred for twenty-six years, and then he did not care to undertake the additional labour. He was most successful and expert in his eye operations and in all others at which I was called to assist. He was a very warm advocate for vaccination, having seen and known the horrors of the smallpox. Very many cases of incurable damage to the eyes and blindness came under his care, and we saw in those days fatal cases, and witnessed the frightful nature of some of them, when the patient died in active delirium, with his face swollen and black, and discharging an intolerable fetor, so that no recognition was possible. The mere sight of one of which cases, to say nothing of having the medical care of it, would, I imagine, change the minds of those fanatics who are going about in their ignorance decrying the greatest boon of this productive century.

In the year 1838, having heard of some disease

among the cows in a Gloucestershire farm, near to that where Jenner first obtained the vaccine lymph, Mr. Estlin went and found cows with vesicles on their udders, and obtaining a supply, began to use it; and we soon had a busy morning one day in the week, vaccinating the children of the poor. The lymph proved to be very energetic, much more so than the original (and only) stock hitherto in use, and was soon used exclusively in Bristol and its neighbourhood; and in 1840 it was employed in many parts of England, and was preferred to the lymph supplied by the National Vaccine Establishment.

He gave many popular lectures on physiological and other subjects at the old Mechanics' Institute and other places of that kind, and also, later on, at the Philosophical and Literary Institution, at the bottom of Park Street, Bristol, an institution he had largely helped to found, and he gave the proceeds of his lectures to its funds to enable the

Council to buy a most valuable "astronomical" clock and other expensive scientific instruments. He was one of the original founders and twice the President of the Bristol Microscopical Society, still in active life; and he had singular skill in the manipulation of the instrument and the preparation and exhibition of objects, taking special interest in examining the structures of the rotifers and other infusoria.

As a Fellow of the Linnæan Society, he showed his love of natural history by keeping bees, having a large wooden hive in the little back garden and in his drawing-room at No. 47 Park Street (according to the old numbering of the houses), a box with a glass cover and slide, into which the bees came through a channel cut in the window-sill, and where we could see them busy at their work; and he had at one time as pets, a box of snakes, at another a monkey, an eagle and a young bear, which he kept in a back yard; and I went to his house on one occasion,

with some of my brothers, to see and play with the famous Chang and Eng, the Siamese twins, who were spending the day there.

He was President of the Bath and Bristol Branch of the British Medical Association, or Provincial as it was then called, in 1845, and gave us an interesting and thoughtful address; and, outside the borders of our profession, he assisted actively and largely in getting up the testimonial to Rowland Hill, of Penny Postage fame. He was an enthusiastic member of the Anti-Slavery Society, in the work of which he spent much time and money, and also a strenuous advocate of the temperance movement, then in its earlier stages; and he spoke well, and wrote with ease and with much elegance of expression and refinement.

In the year 1836 I entered as medical pupil at the Bristol Infirmary under my father, Dr. James Cowles Prichard, then the senior physician. He was a man of no great physical strength and a little below the average height, and he always

seemed to bear with him some of the placid impress of his early bringing-up as a member of a serious Quaker family. He was by far the most talented and learned, and I think the most industrious, man our family has ever produced, *facile princeps*, with a most wonderful memory and knowledge of languages, history, and geography. A very cursory look into the book he published in 1819 on the Egyptian Mythology, with its numerous classical and other references and translations and quotations, would be enough to prove my statement; and the principal work of his life, the five-volume edition of his *Researches into the Physical History of Man*, shows, besides the evidence of study of innumerable books and the actual collection and arrangement of facts, a knowledge of almost every European language, and a very considerable acquaintance with Arabic, Hebrew, and Sanskrit; and at the time he was writing this voluminous work he had the Infirmary work to do, and, besides, a very considerable private

practice purely as physician in consultation and otherwise. He never encroached on the domain of the surgeon. I accompanied him as a boy, for the sake of the drive, in several country journeys, by day and by night, in a post-chaise with the old-fashioned postboy in the saddle. I have heard him say that it was many years before he got any amount of practice that was worth anything; not indeed until he had published the first edition of the *Physical History of Man*, which had no real reference to the profession he belonged to.

In his medical practice he believed in and acted on the prevalent idea of that time; namely, that inflammation, usually depending on a plethoric state of the system, was the cause of almost all diseases, and he acted up to his convictions, giving remedies in full doses, and following up the antiphlogistic treatment in the most active way.

In the years 1838-39 I was surgical pupil and

dresser to Mr. Harrison, many years our senior surgeon and senior consulting surgeon, who died two or three years ago at the age of ninety; and when resident surgical pupil for the week, it was my duty to bleed and cup all the patients, both in and out, for whom the physicians had ordered it; and when the coincidence occurred that my father and Dr. Riley, then the junior physician, very French and fresh from Paris and Broussais, saw their out-patients on the same day (for there were no assistant physicians or surgeons then), the work of the dresser was almost more than the length of the day would allow him to get through; and this will be recognised when I say that I have had to bleed as many as forty out-patients in one day, and after that had to bleed and cup the in-patients in the wards for whom the physicians had prescribed it, to spread my dressings and dress my patients, and to attend to the not infrequent summons of the old low-toned casualty bell. So we were well occupied,

and it shows that the post of resident dresser for the week in the Bristol Infirmary was, at that time, one in which we saw and participated in a large amount of practical surgical work.

At the Eye Dispensary, too, I was sometimes told to bleed a patient suffering from painful and acute sclerotic inflammation, and, if my memory serves me right, I believe it was always with much, even with immediate, relief; and as an apprentice it was my duty to visit every cataract case on the night following the operation, with the orders that if I found them suffering much pain or lacrymation, I was to sit them up in bed and take ten or twelve ounces of blood from them, and this was invariably followed by good results, and the repeated application of leeches formed an important part of the plan of treatment of the day.

In the old laboratory of the Infirmary, where in those days they made the blue pill and ground the grey powder and bark, and made the vegetable

extracts, tinctures and decoctions, which were used so freely, there was a large reservoir or tank, chiefly made of glass, filled with water, in which innumerable leeches swam actively about, whence they were fished out when the nurses brought down their order papers with the number prescribed. One of my late surgical colleagues at the Infirmary told me that when he and another senior colleague were apprentices, long before my student days, the latter was accused by the rest of the pupils of having given information to the authorities as to the perpetration of some great offence against the rules, and they seized the unfortunate little man, the quietest and best conducted of them all, and took him downstairs and soused him in the reservoir of leeches! I have no reason to doubt this narrative.

My father originated the plan of making the long issue in the scalp in brain diseases; and although a strong remedy, it was sometimes undoubtedly the means of saving life. A cut was

rapidly made with a sharp scalpel, through the thickness of the scalp from just above the occipital protuberance to the edge of the hair in front, and filled with a string of peas, which soon set up the needed suppuration as counter-irritation to the morbid process going on within the skull. We had, in addition, not unfrequently to insert setons, or make an issue in the arm or elsewhere by incision or caustic.

At the time of my attendance on the Lectures at the Medical School, our porter, who, among his general duties of looking after the whole place, had the office of bringing up the bodies consigned for dissection from the Infirmary and St. Peter's Hospital at a certain small fee, was an old Irish Waterloo man named Neligan, who had lost his thumb in the battle, and who was not to be commended for his sobriety; and at that time another Irishman, tall and thin and good-looking, except for his illness, died, at the Infirmary, under my father's care, of the phthisis

of old people, and being without friends to bury him, was to be taken up to the School; but when Neligan saw him he flatly refused the duty, saying, I know not how truly, that this man had carried him on his back out of the field of Waterloo when he was wounded. The sentimental feeling, however, was ultimately overcome, I imagine, by a little extra fee from the lecturer.

A well-known figure in Bristol at that time was Mr. Smith, the senior surgeon, better known as "Dick Smith." He was then very old, and had kept at his post until he was thoroughly incompetent, so much so that when he died a law limiting the tenure of office to twenty years was passed; and it brings the lapse of time very forcibly to my mind when I consider that, as I am writing these lines at the end of 1895, one of the surgeons, under whose tuition I was, had been appointed to his post as Surgeon to the Infirmary one hundred years ago.

Dick Smith had a considerable surgical and general practice, and generally two or three apprentices and pupils. He was a Freemason, high, I believe, in the craft; so that his natural inclination and capacity for such duties had been cherished until he was said to be a beau-ideal chairman at the jovial suppers the brethren were credited with, and at other similar opportunities. But with all this he had more scientific zeal and tastes than his colleagues, and he was very industrious. He wrote many volumes descriptive of the staff of the Infirmary from its earliest times, and he established a museum of anatomical and pathological specimens. He was particularly interested in cases of stone in the bladder, the requisite operation, and the size and nature of the calculus, and I have seen him and one of his colleagues almost as old as himself use the old-fashioned gorget in making the cut through the prostate. At every such operation he took down the names of everyone present, surgeons,

students, and visitors; and he took possession of the stone, which he examined and mounted on a card and deposited in the museum, where there is now a large and valuable collection. He published a short paper on "The Structure and Chemical Composition of Urinary Calculi," in one of the medical journals of the day, illustrated with some good coloured plates. In the middle of this work, however, his humorous tendency would crop up, and he was fond of writing occasionally doggerel rhymes in the papers upon passing events.

In clearing the ground in the centre of Bristol for building a new Council House, in the year 1824, an old coffin was discovered; the body it contained was found to be turned into adipocere, and Dick Smith took a large sample and made it into candles, some of which when partially consumed he deposited in his museum, mounted on a card, with a suitable description. I have seen this body, which was put away in secrecy and some

mystery in a dark cellar in the old Philosophical Society's buildings, at the bottom of Park Street, and was called by the officials at the time "the wax Alderman." It was very white and firm, and most peculiar in appearance. On another card close by were two semicircles of very small teeth, labelled "Richard Smith's teeth," presumably his own milk teeth, which his mother or some careful nurse must have preserved. And there is the remarkable folio-volume, containing all the papers, printed and manuscript, the counsel's brief, bills, and placards, referring to the prosecution and execution of a man for the murder of a girl at whom he threw a stone from a considerable distance, striking her upon the head, and she died in the Infirmary after an operation of trephining by Mr. Smith, the book being bound in some very strong leather made from the man's own skin, tanned by two of Mr. Smith's pupils; and in a neighbouring case hangs his skeleton, with the rope that was used round its

neck, and the night-cap also used on the grim occasion.

Dick Smith drove about in a gig, wrapped in a rough camlet cloak, with a white dog running underneath. He died very suddenly, sitting in a chair in the Committee-room of the Philosophical Institution.

Another notable figure whom I frequently saw in my earlier days was Dr. Henry Hawes Fox. He was elected Physician to the Bristol Infirmary in 1816, on the same day as my father, after a most exciting triangular election, for there were two vacancies, with plenty of election literature in the newspapers, both poetry and prose, of which I have some specimens; and he resigned after thirteen years' service, just half the number of years my father held the office. Dr. Fox established a lunatic asylum at Northwoods, on the Gloucestershire side of Bristol, which was apparently in good repute. He had a large private practice as physician, driving about in a

high old-fashioned dark-red chariot, drawn by two large grey horses, while he usually drove himself backwards and forwards morning and evening from Northwoods to his house in Bristol in a low-seated comfortable gig. His house was near ours, and his two sons occasionally joined the considerable party of boys who were associated in their games by reason of their living near together. In after years on one or two occasions I made *post-mortem* examinations for him at Northwoods, and have certified for several lunatics to be under his care. He was a short but sturdily-built man, with a very grave expression of countenance, and being well dressed, he looked, as he was, a typical physician of the old school, with his shiny Hessian boots with a little silk tassel at the side, and conspicuous white shirt-frills, white cravat, and black clothes; there is nothing like it in these days. He was one of the most courteous men I have ever known, and in medical practice he had very much more of the *suaviter in modo*

than of the *fortiter in re*, and the plan appeared to succeed and to be agreeable to his patients.

On one occasion very early in my practice I was called in to meet him in consultation on the case of one of his best patients, an old lady in the country with an acutely inflamed eye; and when I said she must have a blister applied to her temple, he said, "I have not ordered a blister for a patient for thirty years," and when he had written the prescription, he rang the bell and called for candle and sealing-wax, and sealed it up in an envelope. He also died very suddenly, that is, after two or three hours' illness; he was sensible to the end, and conversed quietly and sensibly about the various signs of the very peculiar and gradually increasing paralysis of his limbs, and his other symptoms, until he died.

At this time John Addington Symonds was in the earliest stage of his practice, which afterwards became so extensive and prosperous. He was lecturer at the Bristol Medical School and

physician to the Bristol General Hospital, an institution in its early infancy, and he used frequently to come in the evening to our house, where, in the large old oak drawing-room of the Red Lodge, many clever and learned men used to meet for two or three hours of intellectual conversation. The most intelligent and literary men among the inhabitants of this city, the masters of the old Bristol college, and as on account of his book on *The Physical History of Man* my father's name was held in as much, if not more, esteem on the Continent than in England, any celebrity that was passing through or temporarily resident, formed the company invited according to the custom of the time to drink tea: they came about eight o'clock and dispersed soon after ten, and it was a matter sometimes of great interest, even to us boys, to be present.

Dr. Symonds was of moderate height, pale in complexion, with a serious and intellectual expression and a sedate manner, which seemed to

give great confidence to his patients. He was thoroughly honourable in professional as in all other matters, and the dignity of the profession was absolutely safe in his hands. At a later date I very frequently had occasion to seek his help in difficult cases, or my patients wished for his opinion, and he was always courteous and kind and strictly honourable. He was very well up to date in all his medical work; but he was not particularly fond of prescribing new remedies simply because they were new. He was very hospitable, and at his table were to be met all the most intelligent and best men of the place. He had the appearance and manners of the highly-educated gentleman: he was no orator, but he could always say what he had to say in suitable words and easily, at the few of our medical meetings he attended. He wrote well, and although not a voluminous writer, there is a sufficient number of his essays and lectures, poetry and other compositions, to show the

pureness and clearness of his style, and the elegance of his thoughts and expressions. I believe that in the latter part of his life the mechanical act of writing was very irksome to him, and that difficulty, when it exists to any considerable degree, seems, curiously enough, to influence and hamper the flow of our ideas. He died after a rather long illness at the age of sixty-four.

William Benjamin Carpenter, the Physiologist, was another of our noted men of the medical world, and I was a good deal in contact with him; for he had also been apprenticed for his five years to Mr. Estlin, and as his term of service expired, mine in the same capacity began. Mr. Carpenter started in practice in Bristol, having gone through a complete and very practical education at the Bristol Infirmary and School and elsewhere. But it soon became evident that he was not meant for the drudgery of working out a practice; for, in spite of good introductions and

a very considerable acquaintance and thorough knowledge of his work, he met with no success. He lectured at the Bristol Medical School, first on Forensic Medicine, and afterwards on General and Human Physiology, and took pupils into his house; and he afterwards became tutor to the family of Lord Lovelace, and found his way to London, where he was in his element as physiological lecturer and writer. Dr. Carpenter was tall and thin, and rather ungainly in his gait and appearance; and it was said, I do not know with what truth, that he had an innate shyness, which prevented him from getting on in the social and practical part of the profession. No doubt the development of public school life of late years, especially the athletic side of it, has been an important element in giving young men an aptitude to hold themselves well in company of any kind. Dr. Carpenter was the eldest of the three brothers of Mary Carpenter of philanthropic fame, and it was through that

connection that Lady Byron, the widow of the poet, bought the Red Lodge, where we lived so many years, and handed it over to Miss Carpenter to establish a reformatory for girls, in which capacity the old house is still used. Dr. Carpenter's writings on the Microscope and on Human and General Physiology are well known, and he lived to be an old man, and died from a most unfortunate and painful accident.

In 1839, at the end of my five years' apprenticeship and attendance at the Bristol Medical School and Infirmary, I migrated to London, going up in the night coach, and being deposited at the "Swan with Two Necks," Lad Lane, Cheapside, at seven o'clock in the morning, in what seemed to me to be a wilderness, numberless people bustling about their business, without one person I could talk to; but after a day or two my late friend, Edward Goodeve, afterwards of the Indian

Medical Service, joined me, and we took lodgings together in Charterhouse street, looking into the square, where we lived together more than twelve months; and our first call was on Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Lawrence in Whitehall Place, to take out tickets for the surgical practice at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and his lectures on surgery at the adjoining school. I had an introduction to Mr. Lawrence, as he and my father were acquainted with one another, partly because they had the same study and had written on the same subject; namely, my father's Physical History of Man, and Mr. Lawrence's famous Lectures on Man, for the supposed heterodox opinions or unbelief in which, he was so strenuously attacked, opinions that would be altogether unnoticed in these advanced days; and partly because he was a Cirencester man, and in that town my father had many near relatives, chiefly among the Quaker community there, whom he frequently visited.

Mr. Lawrence received us very kindly, and gave us our tickets and received our fees. He was a very fine-looking man, with a large and well-shaped head, and a handsome and most expressive face, capable of a kindly smile, but also very capable of expressing scorn and displeasure and satire. He was dressed in a rough blue coat with a black-velvet collar, and was in the prime of life. Goodeve entered as dresser for the year, and as I had done a good share of dressing at Bristol, I was "walking" pupil for the first six months, and dresser afterwards, and we began at once our attendance at the hospital. At that time the present recognised head of the surgical world, as Mr. Paget, had charge of the *post mortems* in the old dead-house. Old Vincent was senior surgeon, and Latham and Burrows (afterwards Sir George Burrows) were two of the physicians. Mr. Lawrence's house surgeon was Holmes Coote, who won the triennial College prize in 1843, and afterwards became senior surgeon to the

hospital, but he did not fulfil the promise of his earlier life; Joe Travers was Mr. Vincent's, and Bostock was Mr. Stanley's.

I saw a good deal of Bostock, a lively, clever, and good-looking young fellow, the son of Dr. Bostock, a friend of my father's, who wrote the three-volume book on Physiology, the principal book on the subject that we had to study at that time. Young Bostock joined the Army medical service, went through the Crimean war with credit, and ultimately rose to the top of the tree in the Army medical department, and died a few months ago. I never met him after leaving Bartholomew's.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Lawrence was a first-rate surgeon; he had all the requisite mental and bodily qualifications for it, and his surgical lectures in the evening were crowded, very many men coming down from the other hospitals to attend them. He was a good operator, without any attempt at display. I well

remember the first operation day of that winter session. The operating theatre, where we stood in semicircular tiers, was filled with students, many about to witness an operation for the first time, and as the work of the day went on someone would drop down in a faint, and then another, so that on that occasion several had to be helped out before the proceedings came to a close.

Mr. Lawrence invited Goodeve and myself on two or three occasions to come to Ealing Park for Sunday afternoon to dinner, and we travelled down by omnibus to Brentwood, and walked. He received us very kindly, took us round the large and productive garden and hot-houses, and introduced us to Mrs. Lawrence, who was well known for her skill and success in horticulture, and we returned after a good dinner. The present Sir Trevor Lawrence was then a slim boy dressed in a velvet suit, probably ten or twelve years old.

At that period the Smithfield Cattle Market

was still held in the large open space on one side of the hospital, and every Monday and Friday the place was covered with pens filled with sheep, pigs, and oxen, with a continuous and bewildering roaring made by the animals, drovers and dogs; and on wet days the amount of mud and filth was indescribable, the compensating advantage to the dressers being the increased number and variety of our patients. The "casualty room," which opened on the market, was in charge of a dresser, as they attended in rotation day by day, and there was plenty of work to be done, especially on market days, when accidents were numerous, and the drovers and others would continually come in to get teeth drawn or wounds dressed. The tooth-drawing was on rather a large scale sometimes, and very successful, the extracted teeth being all thrown into a bucket. One remarkable fact was the frequent visit of brewers' and other draymen, heavy and strong plethoric-looking men, who

called in to have a dose of medicine. There was on a high shelf in the cupboard of that room a cask, probably nine gallons, containing the strongest and blackest of black doses, and we drew them nearly half-a-pint in a tumbler, which they would drink off and retire, thanking us and wiping their mouths in their rough sleeves as if they had been treated to a drink of some luscious liquid.

And St. Bartholomew ("Bartlemy") Fair was not abolished then, although I think I was present at its last appearance. It was a wonderful sight, particularly at night when all the booths and shows were lighted up with flaring oil lamps, and the noise and tumult were beyond description. I had often seen and enjoyed our old and now long discontinued September fairs here in Bristol, but that was a quiet and silent "opportunity," as the quakers say, compared with the din of Smithfield at Bartlemy fair-time.

Besides his Lectures on Man, to which I have

referred, Mr. Lawrence wrote a most comprehensive treatise on Hernia, showing not only unusual personal experience in the disease and its treatment, but research into the writings of continental authors, and a lucid style of description of all the anatomical and surgical details; and also a thick octavo volume on Diseases of the Eyes, to which the same remarks will apply. Every condition of the eye known at that time is to be found described in this valuable book. He obtained the Jacksonian prize at the College of Surgeons in 1806, and was its president in 1846 and 1855.

Another old friend of my father's, Dr. Alexander Tweedie, tall and thin and eminently Scotch in every particular, was also very kind to me during my residence in London. He was physician to the fever hospital which I attended, in a great measure to get the requisite certificate, for I had already attended three years' medical practice at the Bristol Infirmary; and it nearly cost me my

life, for I caught scarlet fever and was very ill, but, with Dr. Tweedie as my physician and Edward Goodeve as my nurse, I ultimately got out of it. But it was no pleasant experience, in a London lodging, quite away from any of my relatives, the distance and trouble and expense of travelling being great in those days. I well remember my skilful and despotic doctor ordering me a large and strong black dose of senna and salts, &c., and as I had to take it in sips because of the sore and swollen state of the tonsils, the process was long and the reverse of agreeable; and although I am transgressing the rule I laid down for myself to avoid medical details, I also well remember the relief afforded by the use of chlorine water, that is, chlorine gas dissolved in water.

Dr. Tweedie edited the Library of Medicine, and wrote many of the articles, having about the year 1833 edited, with Dr. Forbes (afterwards Sir John Forbes) and John Conolly, the celebrated authority on insanity, the Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine,

a most valuable book of reference of four thick volumes; and he himself was a great authority on the subject of fevers of all kinds. I dined at his house on Sundays very frequently, going with his family afterwards to the Foundling Chapel, as he was physician to the charity, and the place was fashionable at that time on account of a famous public singer who was in the choir, paid for her work, I suppose; for after doing her part, during the preliminary prayer before the sermon she sailed down the whole length of the chapel, in full view of the congregation, and disappeared.

Dr. Tweedie's eldest son was articled to Mr. Lawrence, for they were on very friendly terms; but the boy did not attend to his work and he soon changed his mind, and his father procured him an Indian appointment. Dr. Tweedie lived to a great age, and continued his practice in chambers in Pall Mall until he was very old. He must have amassed a large fortune.

Mr. Skey was Lawrence's assistant surgeon at

the hospital, and during very many years had to do the drudgery of the out-patients, with the charge of the in-patients during the latter part of the summer; and he was said to be very sore on the subject, which is not to be wondered at. He was a very good surgeon and a good operator, but not very popular with the students or his colleagues. He was a strong antimercurial advocate in the treatment of some special maladies, while Mr. Lawrence was of the other way of thinking; and when Mr. Skey took on the patients in the summer he changed all the treatment, and when Mr. Lawrence resumed he changed it back again, with some satirical comments on its management, if the case permitted it. In the wards set apart for such cases at the top of the buildings, there were occasional cases of "sloughing phagedæna," a frightful condition very much like hospital gangrene, such as I have seen in some hospitals abroad, and the only way to check the disease was the destruction of the

surface by strong acid or by actual cautery (red-hot iron). In these cases fuming nitric acid was applied by the house-surgeon over the whole exposed raw surface, and being before the discovery of anæsthetics the torture for the time was extreme, and the patients were generally at that time in a weak and low state; but when after a few hours the pain subsided, there was a feeling of great relief, for the continued aching and burning pain of the disease itself had ceased also, and they soon began to mend.

During the period of my attendance at Bartholomew's I went occasionally up to University College Hospital, whither two or three of my contemporaries at the Bristol school had gone, and was present at many operations. Mr. Erichsen was house-surgeon at the time. Here I saw the senior-surgeon, old Samuel Cooper, the author of our class book, Cooper's First Lines of Surgery and Cooper's Surgical Dictionary; a quiet old gentleman, but quite equal to his

work, though partially eclipsed by his brilliant colleague.

Liston was the principal attraction here. He was a grand, handsome man, and a most excellent surgeon, head and shoulders above the surrounding crowd of students and others who followed him. He had been a great athlete, which was in all probability the remote cause of his death, for he died at a comparatively early age of aneurism, never diagnosed during his lifetime, although examined by the first physicians of the day. He had amazing skill as an operator, and one almost dreads to think what he would do in these days when no part of the human body is sacred from the knife of the surgeon. Amputation was a more common operation then than it is now, and being without anæsthetics, rapidity of action was very important. To amputate the thigh within the minute is as quickly as can reasonably be expected, and I have myself accomplished it; and this was Liston's usual time for this particular

operation, with anterior and posterior flaps; and he was equally at home with smaller and more delicate operations. Liston's method of treating the stump after amputation is worthy of notice at the present time. He introduced the requisite sutures and the patient was taken back to the ward, but the stump was left open for two or three hours, when of course all oozing had stopped and the surface of the cut muscles became glazed over, and then the flaps were adjusted, dressed and bandaged, without any respect for germs, which did not appear to exist in such an alarming and noxious extent as they do now, and I considered that the stumps both at St. Bartholomew's and University College Hospital as a rule healed well; better and with less suppuration than they used to do in the old circular operations I had been accustomed to at Bristol; for at the time when I was dresser, amputation was very common. I well remember that in one particular week during the excavation of the first tunnel out

of Bristol on the Great Western Railway between Bristol and Bath, there was a primary amputation of the thigh or leg from accident almost every day in the week.

The operation for the cure of squint had very recently been introduced, and on one occasion going to see Liston operate on a girl in one of the wards, the crowd of curious students pressed on him and impeded him to such an extent that he stopped suddenly, as he was going to divide the muscle, and backed among them, working his elbows backwards with surprising effect in clearing the space around him.

Among the classes I was required to attend at St. Bartholomew's was that of Dr. Rigby, the lecturer on Midwifery, an intelligent, clear speaker, author of the volume on that subject in Dr. Tweedie's Library of Medicine, an excellent book. He was one of the Rigbys of Norfolk, and the rumour among the students was that he was one of three at a birth; he was acquainted

with my uncle, Mr. Estlin, and was very kind to me. He went with me once to see a case which I thought to be a difficult one, although he had an assistant whose duty it was; and I dined at his house once or twice.

I had unwisely neglected to attend the requisite number of cases at Bristol, and had to complete them in London, and it was by no means a pleasant experience. It was, of course, before the Holborn Viaduct was made, and all that district, and Blackfriars were within our beat. To go along Field Lane out of Holborn Hill by day was disagreeable enough, each side of the narrow and dirty pavement being hung with innumerable pocket-handkerchiefs of all colours, sizes, and materials, and other articles of old clothes, and a number of very disreputable-looking persons, old and young, mostly females, were calling on the passers to buy their wares, or quarrelling with one another with much strong language.

One of the cases I had put my name down to lived in a court out of Field Lane, and it was not encouraging to hear the stories current among the students, although, perhaps, without much foundation, of robberies and the forcible detention of some of them when in attendance on patients there. So, one wintry night, about bedtime, I was summoned and conducted through the lane and court and up a filthy and dark staircase to the top of the house, where I found my patient in a little room, with two or three old Irishwomen talking together in their native language, as rapidly and continuously as is the habit with the female sex, especially on such occasions. I had no reason to complain of them, but I had to stay some hours; and the only episode of consequence was the arrival of a drunken husband, who thumped at the door; but my companions, having heard him blundering up the dark stairs, had barricaded the door, and they told him to take himself off, which he shortly

did. I got back to our lodgings in the early morning, much to my friend Goodeve's relief, as he was anxious about the matter. On my second visit to see my patient, *i.e.* on the second day after the birth of the child, I found her scrubbing the floor!

By my father's direction, I called on Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, who was at one time Pathologist and Curator of Guy's Hospital Museum, of which he wrote a comprehensive catalogue, and who published in two octavo volumes his Lectures on Pathological Anatomy, chiefly of the serous and mucous membranes, given at Guy's. He was of the highest standard as a pathologist. He received me very kindly, being well acquainted with my father's family; a little spare man, very intelligent looking, and a typical quaker of the orthodox and now extinct style, sedate and courteous and hospitable, and I dined at his house once or twice. He was at that time, and for many years after, in practice as physician; a bachelor, leading a

studious and very quiet life, until he astonished all his friends by making, what seemed to them, a most incongruous match, marrying a large fashionable widow with a big son. His subsequent history I never heard.

I cannot claim to have known the two principal heads of the surgical profession at that day, namely, Sir Astley Cooper and Sir Benjamin Brodie, for I had only one interview with them, which was, however, of a satisfactory nature, for they examined me at the end of my year's residence for the membership of the College of Surgeons.

Sir Astley Cooper, whose fame is so well known, was a fine, good-tempered, handsome old gentleman, and it was almost the last time of his examining the candidates. Sir Benjamin Brodie was a little, very shrewd-looking man, also of very wide-spread renown. Both were authors of very valuable anatomical and surgical books. Sir Benjamin Brodie encouraged me at

the first by asking me if I was the son of the distinguished Dr. Prichard, of Bristol. At that time the whole examination was made at one sitting, and was altogether *vivâ voce*. The *modus operandi* has often been described: how, like prisoners, about a dozen were shut into the so-called "funking" room, where some indulged in prophetic talk, and others anxiously looked over scraps of paper with notes to refresh their memories, and cups of tea and bread-and-butter were served, which, to those who had means of knowing, compared very unfavourably with the big pot of hot tea and big loaf and butter they dispensed to us on a like occasion at the Apothecaries' Hall. Then we were ushered, four at a time, to the ordeal on which our future seemed to depend, and after undergoing the mill for about an hour and a quarter we returned whence we came; and when all the grinding was over and the victims were once more assembled, the talk, of course, was as to our chances. After a period of some suspense,

Mr. Balfour, the secretary, looked in and beckoned out some three or four whom he named, and who obeyed with a lugubrious expression of countenance, leaving the rest to consider themselves safe, as they were. Among the signatures to my diploma are Sir A. Cooper, Sir Benj. Brodie, J. W. Vincent the President, and G. J. Guthrie, the famous old military surgeon, who wrote such extremely interesting accounts of gunshot and other wounds, with so many of the marvellous cases that were under his care in almost every battle in the Peninsular War.

A lay-man can not recognise how interesting to us these "Commentaries on Surgery" are; but Mr. Guthrie was enthusiastic, as will be acknowledged when I remind my readers that in 1814 when peace was proclaimed he retired from the service with a lament, saying that he wanted two or three more battles, for there were two or three surgical points he had not quite made up his mind about! Then Napoleon escaped from Elba and Waterloo was

fought; and although Guthrie could not be reinstated, he volunteered to take charge of two wards at Chelsea, filled with the worst and most urgent cases that were brought over; and this he undertook for two years.

I had a very short but a mournful association with Mr. Benjamin Travers and his son. Mr. Travers belonged to St. Thomas's Hospital, and was the author of a book on Eye Diseases and one on Injuries of the Intestines, and also, what was then a kind of medical classic, of a work on Constitutional Irritation.

He was also Examiner at the College of Surgeons and its president in 1847. He was one of a number of distinguished men who met Dr. Tweedie, at his desire, in consultation in Woburn Place, in December, 1848, within two or three days of my father's death. Besides Benjamin Travers and his son and Dr. Tweedie, William Lawrence, Dr. Latham, and Dr. Hodgkin were there.

After staying at home two or three months, including Christmas, 1840, although legally qualified to practice after six years of medical education, I went by my father's desire to Berlin, with the view of taking the M.D. degree, travelling *via* Rotterdam, up the Rhine and on to Heidelberg, in company with a friend, and then, being before railway times, alone by coach (eilwagen) across the country through Cassel and Magdeburg to Berlin. It was a long, tedious journey, and being ignorant of their customs and of the language colloquially, I did not much enjoy it; and I made most of the usual absurd mistakes, occasionally portrayed in *Punch*, which Englishmen generally made when travelling abroad in those days.

Going up the Rhine we stayed a short time at Bonn, and went one day over to Ems to have a look at the baths and learn something about the mineral waters. It was not the season, and the place was empty of visitors and was very quiet and dull; but the water still flowed on.

At Heidelberg, my friend, who was a "Philolog" of Tübingen University, having left me for his studies, I called on the renowned old Professor Tiedemann, having a note of introduction to him. He was far advanced in years and very polite; but as I was not going to remain there, the only advantage I got was, to be able to say that I had had an interview with the veteran Prince of Anatomists. He gave me a letter to his curator, who showed me over his interesting and valuable museum.

Arriving at Berlin, after a day's rest, I called first on Professor Dieffenbach, the famous operating surgeon, to whom I had an introduction from Professor Sharpey, of University College Hospital. He was a very brisk, well-dressed, middle-aged little man, good-looking and shrewd, with little side whiskers, and he was very polite; but as I knew then very little German, and still less French in a colloquial way, there was not much accomplished; but he sent for his nephew,

Bühring, who was his pupil and assistant, with whom I soon became intimate, and he went with me to take lodgings and make other necessary arrangements, including the steps requisite to be enrolled as a student of the University. Bühring, who was my senior, and another friend I soon made, Jacobi, older than either of us, had both suffered some years imprisonment for political offences (and at the period I speak of, no one dared make allusions to politics in such a place as a public supper-room), and were released the year before, when Frederick William the Fourth came to the throne, and they had both lived the life of the old-fashioned German student, being marked, Jacobi particularly, with horizontal scars across the left cheek, betokening rapier cuts in former hostile encounters. There were no other English students there at that time, for which reason, perhaps, I was soon able to talk fluently, helped very much by the lectures I attended and by necessity; and I have found in Germany, France,

and Italy that the power of thinking and speaking in the language of the country comes to you abruptly and suddenly in the course of one or two days, although you must have, no doubt, been before gradually laying up a store of isolated words.

I attended Dieffenbach's Clinique. The credit of the operation for strabismus had been assigned to him, although not quite rightly, and he was also very well known for the treatment of deformities generally, and consequently patients flocked to Berlin in numbers from all sides; and sometimes there was quite a string of squint cases for operation, including French, Italians, and Russians. He was also at that time operating for the cure of stammering, the operation being the division by means of a very thin long-curved bistoury of the whole base of the tongue and immediately sewing up the wound. There was much bleeding, of which the operator took no notice, and the poor patients walked out of the

operating theatre with threads hanging out of their mouths and blood streaming from them. I believe that for a few days they could articulate better, that sloughing of the tongue took place in some, but that in none was any permanent good results. Dieffenbach was very expert, and I have seen him divide muscles in every part of the body on account of deformity or paralysis; for he considered that when one set of muscles was paralysed, to divide the opposing muscles gave the patient the best chance of recovering his powers. I have even seen him divide the deep-seated muscles of the back for lateral curvature of the spine, a proceeding that had no chance whatever of relief for the patient. Notwithstanding his quiet and grave appearance, I think he was a merciless operator. He was very popular with the students, and it was determined to give him a torchlight serenade; but the torch element was interdicted and quenched by the police, the University being considered a part of the police. We met and marched in a long

procession one night to Dieffenbach's house, and there they began to sing, and a deputation of four or five was selected to wait on the professor; a Russian student and myself and two or three others from various remote parts of Germany went in and saluted Dieffenbach in the name of the "Studiosi Medicinæ" of Berlin University; then he gave us a glass of "Rhein-wein" and shook hands with us and we departed, and after some more singing, dispersed.

A few days afterwards he was not present at the Clinique, and Langenbeck, his very able assistant and successor in his hospital work, came forward and told us that he had been called away, but invited us to his house on a certain evening; this we accepted in large numbers, and had a musical entertainment and a remarkably good supper.

Dieffenbach most politely invited me to go to his house at the hour when he was seeing some of his private patients. He had a suite of two or

three rooms, opening from one to the other, with polished floors, and I found there two or three assistants, qualified men, dressing wounds or doing some minor operations; and the great man himself, probably the smallest in the company, walked about smoking a cigar, and going from one to the other gave his directions and quietly superintended the whole.

I also attended the general surgical clinique of Professor Jüngken at the old Charité Hospital, where I saw a good deal of surgery, but did not learn much to be of service thereafter.

Jüngken was a tall, but by no means a handsome, man, middle-aged and grave-looking, Professor of the Royal University of Berlin, and examining surgeon to the Charité Hospital and the clinical institute for the cure of eye diseases, on which subject he wrote an excellent book. He was a fairly good operator, although rather slow, and his cases did pretty well. The dressing of the stump at the time of the amputation was a

surprise to me; for after tying the vessels, a handful of charpie (a kind of soft cotton material cut into small pieces) was laid upon the raw surface and bound on it with plaster and bandages, in order to promote suppuration, taking away, of course, every possibility of primary union, and then the surface of the stump generally became a flat and granular surface, level with the divided end of the bone, from which, not unfrequently, a perfect ring of necrosed bone separated. Jüngken was also imbued with the fear of inflammation, to which I have before alluded, and resorted to the same means of counteracting it; as is shown by the following case, which I have taken in an abbreviated form from my notes made at the time while attending his class: A young girl, who had previously lost her right eye, had inflammation of the cornea and perforating ulcer in the left, with opacity, so that she was quite blind. Jüngken performed an inferior iridectomy, or, in the English language of former days, made an

artificial pupil. Inflammation came on, for which she was bled four times and forty leeches were applied; and for a second attack she was bled twice more, and more leeches were applied. The corneal wound healed well and she had a black pupil, and went out able to read in about a month's time.

The old hospital was by no means in a satisfactory hygienic state, and I saw some cases of "hospital gangrene." One poor fellow with ulcerated leg was attacked, and the sore began to spread rapidly. He was brought into the operating theatre, and actual cautery (red-hot iron) was applied all round the edges and to the surface of the wound, and we saw the smoke of the burning tissue ascending to the ceiling of the very high room. He must have suffered terribly. I do not know the result of the case.

The lectures at the medical clinique were given by Schönlein, rather a heavy-looking German professor, but a very clever and learned man,

physician to the king and having the best practice in Berlin. He paid me the compliment of asking me to come and take tea at his house, a meal I had not heard of in Germany before. When I arrived and was announced I found the great man in his study, very busy with his books and papers, and he asked me to walk upstairs and his wife would give me some tea. I accordingly went up to a sort of nursery, where Frau Schönlein was in charge of the children, and she gave me a diminutive cup of tea from a small teapot with a silver strainer hanging from the end of the spout, and then I went away, having to this extent enjoyed his hospitality.

At the University I attended the lectures of Johann Müller, the Professor of Anatomy and Physiology, the author of the famous book on Physiology, which was translated into English by William Baly, himself a graduate of Berlin, but some years my senior. Müller was lecturing on Pathological Anatomy; he

was a quiet, gentlemanly - looking man, more like an Englishman than the other professors, and he was an excellent lecturer and a clear speaker, so that I had no difficulty from the beginning. It was said among the students that he began his medical career at Bonn University (Prussian of course), where he commenced the practice of his profession as physician; and being called on to attend one of his best friends, who died, it was found that a cherrystone had become impacted in the appendix vermiformis and set up fatal inflammation; and his inability to diagnose the cause of death so disheartened him, that he gave up practice and restricted himself altogether to the scientific part of the profession.

At the end of the semester came the examinations for the degree, which consisted of three parts; namely, the written examination, one day in anatomy, physiology, chemistry, and botany; and on another, in medicine, and surgery and

midwifery; all questions and answers being in Latin: these difficulties being safely overcome, there was the *vivâ voce*, also in Latin, called the *Examen rigorosum*, at which all the examining Professors were present, with the unfortunate candidate before them tackled by one after the other. I had for two or three weeks before been to a grinder, or "privat-docent," to practise talking Latin and learn their pronunciation, but now and then during the examination my words puzzled them until further explanation. I happen to remember one instance: on being asked by the aged professor of botany if I had ever seen a certain plant I had to describe, *Tormentilla erecta*, I said "*Sæpius vidi*," pronouncing the first word as I had been accustomed to do it at school, and they turned to one another to know what it meant. If the word were spelt as they pronounce it, I should spell it *say-fo-oos*. And when old Hecker, the lecturer on the history of medicine (always called "old" among the students) was questioning me, we-

lapsed into German. He asked me about the plague in London and the "sweating sickness," and seemed rather entertained when I confessed that I knew nothing about them, never having seen a case. And then, *his rité peractis*, came the actual taking of the degree, the "promotion" as they call it. A Latin essay upon some subject chosen by the candidate has to be written and printed, and a copy sent to each professor (my subject being "*de Iritide*"), and in it were to be printed three or more little sentences implying some more or less debatable points of medicine or surgery, or any of the allied sciences, and the names of three selected friends, called your "*opponentes*," whose duty it was to argue them out with you publicly in Latin before the dean and any of the professors who attended at the ceremony, and the candidate had to go round the day before and invite them to be present.

When the day came, the first thing was to have your "*opponentibus*" to breakfast, and to go over with

each of them carefully the arguments *pro* and *con*. each particular thesis, taking care that it always ended in the signal discomfiture of your foe; and then in the middle of the great hall of the University, Unter den Linden, the candidate mounts a high rostrum, exactly like the old three-decker of our churches, and there he first of all made a latin prayer for the King of Prussia; in my case it was King Frederick Wilhelm IV., according to the diploma's high-flown language, "*Auspiciis latissimis et saloberrimis serenissimi ac potentissimi Principis Fridrici Guilelmi Borussarum regis*," etc. Then your foes assail you in Latin, but somewhat familiar, terms, and when they have been satisfactorily disposed of, the dean makes a short complimentary speech and hands you the diploma, and the affair ends; all but the supper with which you have to recompense your opponents for losing their cause. There are two classes into which the successful candidates are divided, one of which says of the student "*postquam tentamen et*

*examen rigorosum ritè sustinuerat;*" the other substitutes "*cum laude*" for "*ritè*."

I soon set off from Berlin, after receiving my passport and permission to travel from the University, and went to the baths of Töplitz and Carlsbad, to taste the waters and see what the places were like; and then travelled by various modes of conveyance to Vienna, staying a few days at Prague on my road. Here I visited a hospital in which some monks were the nurses, and there in the ophthalmic ward I saw some cases in which the doctor was trying what I considered an altogether unjustifiable experiment. He inoculated with a specific virus the eyes of those afflicted with pannus or any chronic corneal disease, setting up acute purulent ophthalmia, with the cure of which he said that the pannus would also be cured. I believe that in the end many more eyes were destroyed than cured.

At Vienna, then a walled and fortified city with

few sentinelled gates at which to enter, and where the houses were numbered, not according to the streets, but continuously through the town, and a wide glacis surrounded it, I lodged in the suburbs, and began my medical work by calling, with my note of introduction, on Professor Rokitsansky, then the most distinguished pathologist in the world, and I soon found out that he had every opportunity of acquiring his knowledge and his renown. He was a tall dark man, rather thin, of what nationality I do not know. He took very little notice of the letter I brought him, but simply invited me to meet him at the "Todtenkammer" at seven o'clock the next morning. He lived in a separate house in the middle of the great hospital, and his sole duties were those connected with the dead.

I attended this part of our work for some time, and it was not a pleasant but a most instructive experience. This huge hospital, "das allgemeine Krankenhaus," had more than two thousand beds,

including a midwifery department; and there appeared to be a large mortality, as there were daily several examinations to be held. The chief attendant was a large stout and red-faced man, in dress and general appearance unpleasantly like a well-to-do working butcher, and he prepared the bodies in readiness for the examination: that is, he arranged them in order and performed the first part of the process, the turning back the skin from the tissues beneath. One assistant, an M.D., stood at the desk, and another began to turn out the various organs as soon as Rokitansky came in, and he described all the morbid appearances, which the other assistant wrote down. I saw there cases of all kinds and heard the Professor discourse upon them. It was a sad sight to see the number of cases of death from puerperal fever, mostly, of course, young women; and it was no wonder that they died in such numbers, for there were very few, if any, precautions against contagion, and it was stated that women in labour were put into beds

from which patients suffering from fever, or even where they had died from it, had just been removed. I have many notes of these cases, of much pathological interest.

I attended also the Clinique of another professor of world-wide reputation, the distinguished Jäger, the great oculist, a middle-aged, most pleasant-looking, gentlemanly man, who very kindly asked me to see some of his more private operations. I think he was the best operator for cataract I have ever seen. He sat immediately in front of his patient, on the same level, an assistant behind steadying the head and raising the lid as usual, and then Jäger with the Beer's triangular knife, very quietly made an upper corneal section in the left eye, and then immediately transferring the knife into his left hand, made an exactly corresponding section in the right eye, and breaking the capsule removed the cataract, returning to the left eye for the same steps. It was all done very quickly, but with no appearance of hurry, and he had an assistant who

knew his work. I believe his cases generally did very well. I do not remember any noteworthy particulars about his treatment of general eye disease. It seemed to be the rule here, as elsewhere on the continent, to bandage an inflamed eye, which was directly opposed to the practice I had hitherto been taught, and which I still adhere to.

On some few occasions I went to the Clinique of Professor Skoda, so renowned for auscultation and the diagnosis of diseases of the chest. He was a short stout man, very German looking, but active and zealous in his work; he was advising the use of a solid stethoscope, as being a better conductor of sound. He had a large class, but I did not follow him regularly, and I went on one occasion only to hear one very old professor, whose name I forget, who gave his clinical lecture actually by the bed-side of the patient in Latin.

After a pleasant stay in Vienna for some weeks

I returned home through Styria and the Tyrol. At Grätz I visited the establishment corresponding to our poor-house, and saw a large number of cretins of the worst kind. Some were hideous idiotic representatives of the human form; bodies with their arms and legs twisted and doubled up and immovable and quite useless, and unable to talk. They were deposited in corners or propped up against the walls till night, when they were carried back to the dormitories. Some were simply idiots as to their minds with fairly formed bodies, and there was every possible variety between these two extremes. Some of them had a very disagreeable habit of suddenly laying hold of your hand and kissing it. At that time very few, if any, attempts had been made to lessen the frequency or attempt a cure of this greivous infliction.

At Innsbruck I fell in with old Hecker, and the old professor of Botany, two of my Berlin examiners, and had a little chat with them, but

they were making an autumn trip and we were travelling in different directions.

After spending Christmas at home, in the early spring of 1842 I went to Paris, and begun once more to attend lectures and hospital practice, and after a struggle of a week or two with the language, I managed to get along very well. There was a considerable number of English students there, and we had our Parisian Medical Society, which met periodically during the session, where papers were read and discussed, and from which was issued a kind of certificate or diploma to those who had read papers, and thus I was not thrown altogether into the society of the French students, as I had been with the Germans in Berlin; and I had a distinct preference for the latter.

The hospital attendance was early in the morning; the lectures at the Ecole de Medicine followed, and now and then before the doors of

the latter were opened, and a popular professor was going to lecture, there was a crowd of students at the door, and a kind of rough game was carried on between the English and the French men to get up the steps and hold the doorway, so as to get the best places in the lecture theatre, and, although in a very small minority, on the narrow steps we held our own very well.

The Faculty of Medicine in Paris included at that time a number of physicians and surgeons of wide-spread fame. Orfila, of poison renown, was the Dean of the faculty; and one of the most popular lecturers was Claude Bernard, whose physiological lectures I attended, but I had no personal relations with him. I also attended the course on pathological anatomy by the learned and distinguished Cruvelhier; and although he had not the superabundant material which was at Rokitansky's disposal at Vienna the year before, his lectures were full of interest and instruction, and much appreciated. He was a little, good-

looking man, nicely dressed, even smart in his appearance. I went also, but only a few times, to the Hôpital Beaujon at the west end of Paris, for it was far from my lodgings and from the Ecole de Medicine, in order to see and hear Louis, who had so much to do with the early development of anseultation. He was the author of the well-known book on Phthisis, in which he gives very many cases, with his remarks upon them; and in his wards he seemed to be very careful with his patients, and was of course, very well worth listening to when he commented upon them. He was a good-looking man, but he had himself a delicate look, and he was altogether a gentleman. I had no introductions to any of the Professors in Paris, and consequently saw nothing of them beyond their public duties, whereas in Germany they were much more disposed to be friendly and hospitable. I went to see Civiale, the first great lithotritist, for at that date the operation was a wonder and a rarity. He was very clever and

patient in his manipulations, but the tools were very rough and awkward to use compared with those made in late years. He sometimes used an instrument which opened into three arms and grasped the stone, which he then drilled through with a central drill. I did not attend his Clinique regularly, as was the case with some others, principally from want of time to make use of these manifold opportunities of observation.

Paul Dubois, the professor of Obstetrics, was a man of very pleasing appearance, more like an Englishman than a Frenchman, very quiet and composed. His Clinique was immediately opposite the Ecole de Medicine, and there I saw him perform the Cæsarean section, an operation rarely successful in those days; but nevertheless, in suitable cases, not only justifiable but imperative. In this particular instance the mother died and the child survived.

Ricord was beginning his objectionable inoculation work, and many of our countrymen attended

his lectures and his Clinique, but I saw very little of it.

I fell in with Dr. Gruby, a short and stout little German, who was a kind of tutor or professor, and whose name is known, but not so widely as it ought to be, for his microscopic work, especially with reference to skin diseases. He was one of the first to describe the disease of the scalp, favus, as being due to the development of a growth of a structure like vegetable tissue, from external germination, and he called it a vegetable, and showed me many of his preparations, mostly mounted as opaque objects, but they did not convince me of the truth of his ideas. I saw him many times; he was very friendly, and we talked German together, for I was more at home with that language than I was at that time with French, and he was a very scientific, hard-working man.

And I attended with much profit, along with three others, a course of medical diagnosis given

by Dr. Fauvel, one of the House Physicians at the Hotel Dieu. He had the privilege of taking these few students round the wards, which he visited always in the afternoon to examine and make notes of the new cases. He was a very clever man, and there was a promise of a successful future for him, but I know nothing of him after finishing the course. Some of us thought that he was not sufficiently careful and scrupulous in his method of examining the patient.

I was principally attracted to the Surgical Cliniques of Roux at the Hotel Dieu, and Velpeau at the Charité. Roux was a dapper little man, good-looking and well got up, being very much as a Frenchman what Dieffenbach was as a German. He was a very good operator, but had his peculiarities. He would pat and fondle his patients; and there was one young man suffering from an artificial opening after an operation for strangulated hernia whom he particularly favoured that way, and kissed him; and I have actually

seen him kiss a woman in the operating theatre before a crowd of students as he put her to sit in the chair to have a cancerous tumour of the breast removed. There was no chloroform then. The amputation cases did not do well.

Velpeau, of the Charité, was tall and thin, with a dark complexion, not at all handsome and very French in his look; he was considered the first surgeon of the day in Paris, and was followed by a large number of students, as he went round the wards clad in a white apron with a large open pocket in front, like our barbers often wear, and with the little red ribbon of the Legion of Honour in his button-hole. He dressed his stumps after amputation with the charpie, as I described in the notice of Berlin operations; and he operated not unfrequently for cataract, binding the eyes up afterwards in a very warm dressing, and, as it appeared to me, with invariably unsuccessful results. Velpeau's principal work was a closely-printed octavo volume, *Traité des Accouchements*,

published with a volume of lithographic plates in 1835.

On Sunday, the 8th of May, the fête day of the King (Louis Philippe), I went with a small party of friends, comprising Hensley late of Bath, Montgomery of Devizes, Lithgow of Weymouth, and, I think, Heaton of Leeds, all good men and all now passed away, by the newly-opened railway (*rive gauche*) to see the great fountains play in the Versailles gardens, and we agreed to return by a certain train, but when the time came the crowd at the station and all around was so great that we could not get in until our train, and a second immediately following it, had been filled and sent off. We started as it was getting dusk, and before long were stopped, then went on for a short distance and stopped again. The guards looked grave when we asked if anything was the matter; and after a time they unlocked the doors, for all the carriages were locked on both sides in those days, and we got out, and not being able to

get any information, we determined to follow some of the other passengers and walk the few miles into Paris along the railway; and after going about a mile we came to a cutting, and there found the cause of the stoppage. The line was blocked, and covered by a huge flaming mass, looking as high as a house, the newly-painted and broken timber of the railway carriages, which had been locked up quite full of people, being piled on one another in a gigantic bonfire, burning furiously in the most active combustion, and as it was now dark the glare and the various discordant noises made a scene never to be forgotten. We walked on to Paris, the rumour going before us with various estimates of the number killed.

The next day we went up to the cemetery, Mt. Parnasse, on the south side of the Seine, and saw such a sight as few have seen. Between thirty and forty bodies, or portions of bodies, were arranged in one of the houses and on the grass outside, being the remains of those who were

burnt beyond any chance of recognition. The force of the fire was wonderful: some were dried up entire into a kind of cinder; in some, the front of the body was all burnt away, and we could see the heart and other internal organs, black and charred, in their natural position; in many others, limbs had been burnt off, the thigh and other long bones projecting and looking like the end of a burnt stick; but in none could any distinct feature in the face be recognised. These were, of course, independent of a number exposed at the Morgue, which were not disfigured, but probably only suffocated, and many were taken away to their homes. It was said that probably seventy lives were lost, and many more than that number were severely burnt or wounded. The train, containing many hundreds of people of all ages, was drawn by three engines of unequal power, one of which had broken down, throwing all off the line on to the bank and heaping up the newly-painted and locked-up carriages crammed

full of people on the top of the glowing and roaring mass of the engine fires.

It is hardly necessary to add that our principal feeling was one of intense thankfulness that we had been prevented from going by the train in which we had agreed to travel.

I went over to Charenton and called on M. Foville, at the large Government Asylum, of which he was the chief physician. He received me courteously and hospitably, being acquainted with my father and his writings on Insanity. He brought out, a year or two after the date of my visit, an excellent book on *The Anatomy, Physiology and Pathology of the Cerebro-Spinal Nervous System*, accompanied with an atlas of first-rate artistic lithographic plates, showing what he called the nucleus, viz. the white substance surrounding the ventricles and the fibres radiating towards the grey matter, and giving a classification of the convolutions, naming them according to position; although he did not altogether agree with Reil, who preceded

Gall and Spurzheim, founders of the phrenological system. Dr. Foville gave me a demonstration of his preparations. He told his man to put them out, and he laid the cloth and put round plates as if for dinner, and then proceeded to take out of their jars a number of clean white sections and other preparations of the brain, thoroughly hardened in spirit, and carefully dissected so as to show the principal points of Dr. Foville's theories. The brain was unfolded and drawn asunder rather than cut with a scalpel. In the volume of plates the author represents also the common artificial deformities of the skull; namely, the head flattened down on the vertex, which he calls the French head, due to the pressure of a tight band over the top of the head and fastened under the chin; the Normandy head, where the vertex was pushed up to an abnormal height by a horizontal bandage worn firmly round the forehead and occiput; and the North American head, flattened backwards on the upper part of the forehead: and he illustrates

a curious theory which he held, that in man and in most other animals the shape and development of the external ear corresponds with that of the brain.

I visited also the Royal School for veterinary instruction at Alfort, where there are infirmaries for the treatment of the diseases of different animals, and a number of veterinary students. There is a museum with skeletons and preparations illustrating the anatomy of horses and other animals; a laboratory and lecture-room and botanical garden, and every requisite for teaching the care of animals, both sick and well. I saw here a yard in which five or six mad dogs were chained, of course at a suitable distance from each other, and each by his own kennel. I was much struck with the pluck and skill with which the young fellows, at the word of command, tackled a restive and vicious horse, and got him down and held him while some requisite operation was performed. And the shoeing of a very vicious

horse was a lively experience for them. It was said to me by some outside the place, that many unnecessary and unjustifiable operations were frequently experimentally performed.

I returned to Bristol towards the beginning of October, 1842, and after these eight years of pleasant and varied study, mounted my name on the Red Lodge door, as a sign that I hoped after awhile to get some share of practice; and I joined the Medical School, and entered at once actively into the work of medical education in this city.

Very soon after my return home I made acquaintance with William Budd, who had settled in Bristol during my absence abroad, and we became intimate. He was of middle height, dark complexion, intelligent face, but not handsome in feature, very much like some of the portraits of Carlyle which have been recently displayed in the shop windows, with long black

and untidy hair, and a brisk or even impetuous manner, and I think he was the cleverest of a very clever medical family. He altogether lacked the sedate and solemn manner of the conventional physician. He worked zealously at whatever he undertook, whether professional or otherwise. For a long time we were neither of us overburdened with practice, and we were in the habit of meeting in one another's houses two or three evenings in the week, to talk over professional matters or to play chess, a game in which he was too hasty to succeed. He was well-read in all medical subjects, and he was a good writer and spoke well. He wrote an interesting paper, with illustrations, on The Symmetry of Disease, but his chief works were his volume and many papers referring to the propagation and mode of infection of typhoid and other fevers and cholera. He also expressed his belief in the zymotic nature of tubercular phthisis long before its contagious nature was believed in as much as it is now. I

have met him in consultation probably more often than any other physician, and he very frequently called me in to help him, for, especially in the latter part of his practice when his health began to fail him, he seemed to shrink from attending single-handed any very severe case that might, and probably would, end fatally; and he was not a comfortable man to meet in consultation, because of his impetuous and hasty way, and the exuberance of his zeal in his professional work, and because his education in the country and in Paris had not included points of ordinary etiquette, so requisite in all satisfactory consultations: for instance, he would sometimes blurt out before the patient his notions as to the value of some symptoms he had just discovered, or would ask you questions about them; and I have known him rush up stairs, two at a time, into my patient's room without waiting to be announced, from his anxiety to know how matters were going on.

After Dr. Symonds's death, Budd had a large consulting practice in Bristol and its neighbourhood; but he was anything but a man of business and regularity, and I do not consider that he had as much pecuniary advantage from his work as he ought to have had. He was laid aside from brain failure for a few years before his death in 1879.

In the course of the next year, my father, becoming anxious about the health of my youngest brother, directed me to take him and our half-cousin, Walter Bagehot, who was living with us at that time to go to school at the Bristol College, over to Dublin to get the opinions of Dr. Stokes and Dr. Graves about them, for he was acquainted with them and had a very high estimate of them. We went and obtained lodgings not far from the College gates, and called on Dr. Stokes, who was extremely kind and made the requisite examinations, but I do not remember the nature of the report. My brother to whom I was referring is still alive; but, as is well known, Walter Bagehot

is dead: and notices of his life and writings were published not very long ago.

We also called on Dr. Graves and consulted him. He was a grand man, considerably more than six feet high, upright, well-formed, with dark hair, by far the most handsome doctor I have ever seen. He belonged to the tall, dark, well-grown type so common among the upper ranks of society in the southern part of the country, as different in form and feature from the prognathous low-bred Celtic race of Irishmen as a Caucasian is from a Congo negro.

In the year 1879 I attended the very successful annual meeting of the British Medical Association at Cork, and among other entertainments with which they so hospitably treated us was a garden party at the Queen's College, just outside the town. It was a bright day, and the professors had invited a large number of the county people to meet us. I had been walking about the place with a friend for some time, seeing all that was to

be seen, when my friend said: "I never was at any assembly where I have met or seen so many handsome men and women;" and I quite agreed with him, and do not feel convinced that on this occasion the ladies held their usual first place.

Dr. Graves published his Lectures on Clinical Medicine, one of the best and most practical books of its kind, in one thick octavo volume; and an edition in two volumes has been brought out by the New Sydenham Society, with an interesting prefatory letter from the late Trousseau, Professor of Clinical Medicine in Paris, himself a practical physician of the very highest rank and repute. Speaking of the difference between the French remedies and those in common use in England, Trousseau says "that Dr. Graves' decided statement as to the value of certain strong medicines, as mercurials, essence of turpentine, spirituous medicines, nitrate of silver, etc., induced him to adopt what he had only accepted with misgiving," and "not a day occurs

that I do not from the bottom of my heart thank the Dublin physician for the information he has given me." The book is a real help to a puzzled practitioner, at any rate, as much as it was to a great man like Trousseau. Dr. Graves more particularly brought to the notice of the profession a certain combination of symptoms not generally recognised as a distinct disease, and it has since borne the name of Graves' disease: a name to me very objectionable, as are all the names of diseases called after some particular doctor, which give no clue to the nature of the malady.

Dr. Graves invited us to a grand dinner, about which I remember the two unimportant items, the potatoes were handed round with their skins on, and very soon after the cloth was removed, although there was wine at the table, whisky and hot water were brought in, to which most of the guests helped themselves.

And I was introduced to Dr. Wilde (afterwards

Sir William), a tall, lively man of most unmistakable nationality. He was assistant-surgeon to St. Mark's Ophthalmic and Aural Hospital, where old Dr. Jacob was the senior. Dr. Jacob was a well-known authority on eye diseases, and I believe a very clever surgeon. He made those short and much curved needles which he used for breaking up the anterior capsule without disturbing the lens itself. The first set I believe he manufactured himself, and some of these are in my possession now. I never saw him operate. I went with Wilde to his hospital many times, and saw there, among numerous other patients, a number of those peculiarly Irish cases of granular lids, which scarcely exist now. We had them formerly in Bristol, chiefly from Cardiff: men with large rough granulations inside the lids, pressing and rubbing on the eyes until the surface becomes opaque and the patient blind; and I have always considered that the upper classes of Irish are more prone than the English to get a mild form of granular

lid whenever the eyes become inflamed. Dr. Wilde had sometime before been over the same ground in Germany which I have alluded to before, and in talking over our experiences of travel he gave me the following account of an adventure at Prague. He was a Freemason of high standing, and it appears that their rules and customs abroad are the same as here; and the freemasons of the city of Prague gave a grand banquet in his honour, and about two hundred assembled. After dinner the President proposed his health, and standing up to "kling" their glasses together, said: "*Bitte, mein Herr*" ("Allow me, sir"), and put his arm around his neck and gave him a sounding kiss; and, following their President's example, the rest of the company did the same, and he had the pleasure of submitting to the embrace and kisses of some two hundred bearded Bohemians and Germans strongly redolent of their home-grown tobacco.

At the meetings of the Bath and Bristol Branch

of the Provincial Medical Association, which I soon joined, I met and made acquaintance with two notable surgeons, patriarchs of the profession, both well advanced in years; for old Soden, as he was called (in distinction to his son, John Soden, a very good fellow), tall and upright, became a member of the College of Surgeons in 1800, and, joining the army, served in Egypt under Abercrombie, as did also another of my old preceptors, Dr. Howell, one of the physicians to the Bristol Infirmary. Mr. Soden successfully tied the external iliac artery for inguinal aneurism, and the other old surgeon, Mr. Norman, whose diploma was dated 1801, was, I believe, the first surgeon to tie the innominate. They both not unfrequently attended our meetings and spoke at them, and were present at some of the dinners which were given at our annual meetings and other times.

Twenty-five years later, at some of the annual meetings of the whole Society, I made slight acquaintance with two prominent men; namely,

Sir Charles Hastings of Worcester, a man of large size, the founder of our great Association, who, when he was speaking after dinner or at any meeting on the subject of the success of the Association, had the air of a general urging on his troops, with much action of his arms; and the other, Sir James Simpson, quiet in his way, and well able to hold his own, remarkable outwardly for a stout body and the large size of his head, and not very well-brushed hair. And in London I knew the lamented William Bowman, pleasant and learned and skilful and good; and although I knew a good many members of this learned society, he was the only one who ever extended any hospitality to me when I went up all that distance to attend the meetings of the Ophthalmological Society of the United Kingdom, of which I was one of the first vice-presidents. I have gone to breakfast with him in the morning after the meeting to talk over the subjects discussed and other matters. It strikes me that here is a

good method by which London men could induce provincial members to travel up to the meetings in larger numbers, if a little of the hospitality were shown towards them, such as is exercised here on so liberal a scale and so successfully during the winter session at our Bath and Bristol monthly meetings. But perhaps it is, and I did not know it. It is scarcely necessary to allude to Sir William Bowman's writings; they have lately been collected into two handsome volumes. The first principal work which he undertook was on Anatomy and Physiology, when he was associated with Dr. Todd, also of King's College Hospital, the chief microscopic part of which he did; and when, after Mr. Dalrymple's death, Mr. Bowman restricted himself to Ophthalmic practice, almost all his writings had reference to that branch of our knowledge.

My personal acquaintance with Sir Wm. Ferguson was very little, consisting of correspondence and an interview and consultation at

his house, with a patient whom I had to accompany to London to get my opinion confirmed. He was as truly a Scotchman as my old friend Dr. Tweedie, but our consultation was of the ordinary and friendly kind.

The catalogue of Men of Mark in our grand profession whom I have known is by no means exhausted; but in the face of a condition laid down at the beginning of this record, the others are not eligible to appear in its pages: and long may it be so!

THE END.