SUSSEX IN BYGONE DAYS

Reminiscences of NATHANIEL PAINE BLAKER M.R.C.S.

With Forward by Habberton Lulham

And an Introductory Letter by Sir Arthur Newsholme, K.C.B.

And four Illustrations from Photographs

Hove, Sussex
Combridges
36 Church Road
1919

First published in 1906, for private circulation only, under the title of "Reminiscences of Nathaniel Paine Blaker." New Edition, revised, extended and largely rewritten, December, 1919.

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FOREWORD.

I WELCOME the gratifying request of the author of this book that I should write some little preface to it, for it is a happiness to me to be allowed thus to associate myself with him and with his subject : with one who has so long presented an admirable combination of the practical man of Science and the constant lover of Nature's ways and beauty; with the affectionate remembrancer of ancient customs and old sterling characters, and the surgeon who for so many years fought successfully in the front ranks of a steadily advancing profession.

I had the good fortune to act as "dresser" to Mr. Blaker in the wards of the Sussex County Hospital when he held there the post of a Senior Surgeon, but I only knew in part then why I was so drawn to the distinguished operator (for Surgery and its professors had, alas! but small attraction for me in those days); but now I know better why the lad who had been bidden to lay down the palette-knife for the scalpel was so attracted; it was because, beneath the professional aspect and skill, and the general kindliness of manner, lived the man who could write as he does on page 82 of the "heavenly" night rides he loved to take over hills and through shadowed lanes; such roamings as were and still are, no less dear to me; and who loved the best in the minds of men as ardently as he strove to alleviate their bodily sufferings.

It is well in these times of relentlessly increasing mechanism to keep before one still, if it be possible, the memory and ideal of those unhurried, simpler and, as Mr. Blaker thinks, happier days, and to live, if one in any way can, still just in touch with that calming quietude which is so rapidly passing away,

but in which the voice of nature and of nature's God has its best chance of reaching the ears of men. The possibility of such peace becomes less and less, but we may enjoy at least the illusion that it is yet ours when we revisit such haunts as our author describes, abiding places still of beauty and simple living where we may, for a happy hour, almost believe that the serenity of other days is not quite lost to us.

It may be a gain in some ways that many can now rush down the roadways at fifty miles an hour, but, as Mr. E. V. Lucas asks,

" What if while the motor pants
You miss the nightingale?"

I fain would glean a moment where Mr. Blaker has reaped so abundantly, and gather, if I may, one more memory to add to his store—a memory of flocks and the music of their bells. Lately, amidst the over-filled, restless days of my own professional life, I regained for a few hours the sense of peace and contentment which our beloved Downs have still in their keeping. Standing alone on one of their great "beacons", I suddenly caught the far-off, deep dong-dong of one of the old canister sheep-bells that make part of the special music of the Sussex hills. Then another and others could be heard, of varying pitch, but all low-toned and sweet, till, looking in the direction of the mellow chime, saw the music-makers appear over the crest, and soon all the flock was spreading fan-wise on the hillside; last the shepherd appeared, and stood leaning forward with his hands clasped upon his crook's head and his dog beside him, looking down on his feeding ewes.

And, at once, the hill seemed peopled, purposeful and charged with its true life and significance; it was as when a bright look of welcome suddenly greets one from a friend's face; or a ship appears on an empty sea, bringing with it a thousand linked thoughts of human life and hope and endeavour; even, as one watched the light arc of sheep appear on the darker hillside, one might think of the moon sailing into and glorifying the waiting, vacant spaces of heaven.

And when the flock passed on, streaming over the shoulder of the hill and down into the next hollow that held their fold, the soft, mellow clangour of their bells—many of them hand-wrought in Sussex forges near on a hundred years ago—seemed a welling out not only of vibrations from their ancient gold-like metal, but of others which one could fancy they must have absorbed from the sweet air wherein they had swung so long, air which seems to the haunter of the Downs, laden, not alone with its special balm of "close-but thyme that smells like dawn in Paradise," but with all the spices that float from earth and sea.

May this book find its rightful place on the special shelf of every good Sussex-lover; and may its author live to enjoy a full measure of the added affection his accurate, loving record will assuredly bring him. I thank him that I am now able, once more to write my name in happy association with Sussex and Sussex men, for with Rudyard Kipling, I can say :—

" I've given my soul to the Southdown grass
And sheep-bells tinkled where you pass.
Of Firle an' Ditchling an' sails at sea,
I reckon you keep my soul for me!"

HABBERTON LULHAM.

Brighton,
October, 1919.

"CHERRINGTON,"

HURSTPIERPOINT,

30*th July*, 1906.

MY DEAR DR. NEWSHOLME,

You may have forgotten that a few years ago you asked me to write some reminiscences of former days; this I also had forgotten till our recent walk from the Dispensary to the Town Hall, when you again mentioned the subject, and most kindly said that, if I would write down any facts I could recollect, you would arrange and edit them for me. I felt that this was such a kind offer that I determined to try what I could do.

" Well, Sire, at your desire, I'll track
My seventy years of memory back."

On thinking the matter over, however, I soon found that without some system, it would be impossible to arrange events in any chronological order, and the facts would become a confused heap. I have, therefore, written them down in the form of an autobiography, as a simple means of arranging them, and though medical matters are, of course, what you are most interested in, I trust you will pardon my endeavour to give a sketch of a Sussex village as in childhood I recollect it, before railways, better roads and easier means of communication had done away with the primitive habits and customs of the rustic population as I first knew them. Whether there may be anything sufficiently interesting in these

few pages to be worth preserving I must leave to you to decide; if there is not they can easily be torn up, and the paper will be the only loss.

Believe me, dear Dr. Newsholme,

Very sincerely yours,

NATHL. P. BLAKER.

THREE GABLES, BIGGIN HILL,

NEAR WESTERHAM,

21*st May*, 1918.

DEAR MR. BLAKER,

I have now read through the revised and extended edition of your Reminiscences and am gladder even than I was in 1906 that my suggestion has led to your placing on record this picture of the past. It is evident that you have, with much advantage, expended many paragraphs and introduced considerable new matter. The whole of the manuscript has about it an old-world flavour which it would have been a pity to lose; and I cannot but think that our successors fifty or a hundred years hence will be glad to read such a vivid account of the rural life of a favoured part of our Old England, as it was lived in bygone days. It is a fragment of local history which has permanent value.

The medical portion of the Reminiscences appeals more particularly to me. You have had the good fortune to see and to take a part in the evolution of Surgery from an empirical and ofttimes unsuccessful Art, to an Art which has embodied in it accurate science, and which has been the means of saving or prolonging the lives of many hundreds of thousands of our fellow-men. What scientific Surgery, and still more, what scientific Medicine can do in diminishing the sufferings of war, and in avoiding the pestilence which one has always associated with war, is writ large in our current experience.

One further point. I Have thought you were, perhaps, a little severe in your estimate of character in this generation, as compared with your knowledge of men in your earlier days; though you agree that the present war is showing that we possess a full share of the grit which characterised Britons in the

past. It has appeared to me in my reading of history that certain qualities predominate in one age and that other qualities emerge more prominently in other centuries; but that if one could look from a distance at men of each of the contrasted generations there might be as much to admire in one as in the other. Whether this be so or not, the necessity of the full adherence to the standard of virtue in which every man's word is his bond needed stating, and I am glad you have stated it. I hope you may see your way to publishing these extended Reminiscences, and thus add a valuable quota to the local records of a lovely part of Sussex, with which we both have many valued associations. By so doing you will please your many friends, and none more so than

Your very grateful friend,

ARTHUR NEWSHOLME

Early Life.

I WAS born at Mays, in the parish of Selmeston, a farm then the property of my maternal grandfather, Joseph Fuller, on January 4th, 1835. My father was a farmer, a member of a family who, for 300 years, had been owners of land and agriculturists at Portslade, Kingston and Shoreham. He was a man of considerable ability, fond of reading and of a scientific bent, who, in a profession, would probably have done well. He was of a very mechanical turn and a great believer in detail, and in his younger days acquired a practical knowledge of all agricultural work.

I cannot forbear relating the following anecdote, which shews the immense leverage and power of practical knowledge. Among other things, my father had learned to "hold plough", a not very easy accomplishment, as anyone not accustomed to it is likely to find by receiving a blow in the face from the plough handles. One day he had occasion to find fault with the carter for not ploughing the ground properly. The man replied: "Then you'd better do it yourself." My father answered: "Stand aside and I will." He ploughed one or two furrows, and handed back the plough to the man, who remained with him, an excellent servant, for fourteen years, and died in the Sussex County Hospital, when I was House Surgeon.

My father was a thorough sportsman and cricketer, but without business habits. My mother had also considerable talent, as some of her paintings testify. She was a lineal descendant of Thomas Fuller, "Loyalist and theologian," of the time of Charles I. She also came of a family who had for generations been ironmasters and agriculturists in East Sussex.

Rustic Customs Seventy Years Ago.

DURING my first year, my father removed to Perching, in the parish of Edburton, and here I was brought up. As an only child, and with nothing but my immediate surroundings to occupy my attention, the events and scenes among which my childhood was passed have become vividly fixed on my memory, and it may be interesting to recall the appearance of a country village seventy years ago; and the parish of Edburton, with its hamlet of Fulking, presents, I think, a fair example of this. The population was almost entirely composed of agricultural labourers and their families, with the village shopkeeper, the village publican and one or two market gardeners. These labourers were a strong, hardy set of men, industrious, truthful and honest, with very few exceptions. Their dress was usually a dark smock frock, with elaborate pleating at the shoulders, knee breeches, leather gaiters and laced boots. On Sunday they wore a scrupulously white smock frock. Their food consisted of bread and cheese, vegetables, bacon and pudding, with fresh meat only occasionally. The roads at this time were very narrow, rough and muddy, and locomotion was very slow and difficult, consequently they rarely travelled far from home, some never going out of their own parish; indeed, it was a common saying that Sussex girls had such long legs because they stretched them by pulling them out of the mud in the roads. The late Mr. Henry Holman, in his day a very excellent practitioner, who practised at Hurstpierpoint for nearly sixty years, and was one of the old-fashioned doctors who always did their round on horse-back, told me that when he left Edinburgh, where he was a student, he bought a horse and rode the whole distance thence, by easy stages, home to Hurstpierpoint, as the easiest and cheapest way of accomplishing the journey, which took him, however, two or three weeks. The only ordinary means of communication between the village and the rest of the world was by an old woman

with a donkey cart, who went to Brighton once, sometimes twice, a week and did most of the village shopping, etc., and the market-gardener, who went there with vegetables at suitable times.

It was not an unusual thing for men to work all their lives on one farm, and in it and all that belonged to it they took the deepest interest, regarding it almost as their property and speaking always of "our" cows, "our" sheep, "our" wheat; and their great object and ambition was to do their work, ploughing, mowing, etc., well, and to have the crops and animals under their care to look a little better than their neighbours'. They commenced their work at 6 a.m. and left off at 6 p.m. in summer, and from dawn till dark in winter, with intervals for lunch and dinner, so that

" Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way"

with little variation. Indeed, sheep-shearing, harvest-supper and Christmas were in those country villages the three festivals of the year, and were looked forward to and remembered for days or weeks :—

" A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart for half a year."

Ox-Teams.

OX-TEAMS, in my younger days, were considered essential and most important, indeed, on the South Downs, at all events, almost as much agricultural work was done by oxen as by horses. Two or three "yoke" or pairs of oxen would, in a day, plough nearly or quite as much as two or three horses, and do other work quite well. When an even steady movement was required, free from jerks, oxen were far superior to horses. In the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, there is a picture of a windmill being removed from Regency Square to the Dyke Road, a distance of two miles, by 86 oxen (two in reserve) in 1797; the whole being under the command of Mr. Thomas Hodson, my great uncle.

An ox was broken in at two years of age and worked to any age up to seven or eight, when he was fattened and sold to the butcher. He was then a very large animal, weighing, perhaps, 160 to 180 stone (8lbs to the stone), indeed, one which belonged to the late Mr. Thos. Coppard of Lanehurst, Twineham, and was shown at Steyning at the Christmas Show about the year 1850, weighed 200 stone or more. The working ox was a most quiet, gentle, patient and sensible animal; he would come and put himself in a convenient position to be yoked (and the yoke was by no means a light or easy burden) and he understood and obeyed the guttural sounds of his driver's voice which told him to go on or stop or back or come to him, or go in the opposite direction.

To drive a team of oxen was by no means an easy matter and required a great deal of practice and experience, in fact, to be a good driver, a man had to be almost "to the manner born." His only means of enforcing his commands was by means of the ox-goad, a thin hazel stick about eight or nine feet long. Into the hole formed by the extraction of the pith at the smaller end, a piece of iron wire about

an inch long was forced and allowed to project slightly from the end of the stick, this was then filed into a point and so a spur was formed, certainly not more severe than one of the sharp points on the rowel of an ordinary spur. With this "Magic Wand" and the help of a few guttural phrases, of which I can only remember two (and am not sure that these are quite correct) "Mothawoot," come hither, and "Yahawoot," go thither, the driver would conduct a team of oxen through the most intricate places. To bring a load of corn into a barn was an everyday occurrence.

On soft ground oxen were not shod and did not require it, but on stony ground and where they were required to go on the road shoeing was necessary. The shoes consisted of flat iron plates which were nailed one on each side of the cloven hoof. Oxen were not accustomed to having their feet picked up like horses, and shoeing them was looked on as a somewhat difficult matter. It was sometimes done by throwing the animal on his side with ropes, or by placing him in a strong wooden frame with an apparatus for holding up his feet. It was always a matter of surprise to me that the ox should have disappeared as a beast of burden. This has not been the case in other countries, where he is still greatly esteemed, for the cost of harness and food was less than that of the horse, and he continued to grow while at work. The change was due, doubtless, to the early maturity which is at present aimed at in the management of cattle, the calf, by high feeding and care, being made ready for the butcher at a much earlier age, though, of course, weighing far less.

Sheep Washing.

FULKING, in times when the number of sheep kept on the South Downs was far greater than at present, was a place to which all the flocks within a somewhat large radius were sent to be washed; for it is necessary to wash sheep before they are shorn in order to remove the gritty material, which would not only deteriorate the quality of the wool, but would also blunt the edge of the shears. Fulking, besides its central position as far as the Southdown flocks were concerned, was admirably fitted for the construction of a place for washing sheep. A spring of pure water, one of several which issue at irregular intervals from the front of the South Downs, rises here and soon cuts its way through some rising ground, which forms a bank on each side, and so by constructing a dam by some very simple appliances, the water could be raised to any required height. A small pen or fold, of which the stream formed on one side, was constructed, capable of holding twenty or thirty sheep, and into this the sheep were driven. From this pen they were thrown into the water and washed by two or three men who stood in the stream and were for several hours up to their waists in the cold water; and though the sheep washing took place in May and June, the water, as it issued from the hill, was bitterly cold. The flock itself was kept in a larger pen, one side of which was formed by that of the sheep-wash itself; the opposite side, by a post and rail fence, and each end by the same sort of fence and a gate. Through these two gates the main high road passed, so that during the time the sheep were being washed, the high road was stopped, and when a cart or other vehicle appeared, it was held up until a man could open the gate at each end and allow it to pass. Such was the primitive state of things in those days. There were but few railways, their influence on the habits of the people was not yet felt, and there was none of the hurry of modern times. The amount of traffic was very small, generally only two or three carts in a day. Even a stranger on the road was so rare that people turned round and

stared after he had passed, and so it was a somewhat rare event for the sheep-wash gates to be opened and the sheep disturbed, and when it happened the drivers took it as a matter of course.

To stand for hours up to the waist in a stream of cold water was most trying work for the men who washed the sheep and I have seen them, when the work was over, walk to the "Shepherd and Dog," the adjacent public-house, stiff and scarcely able to move with cold, and with the water dripping from them and sprinkling the road like a shower of rain. They suffered much from rheumatism in various forms and could only continue the work for a very few years. For several years before the sheep-wash was closed, the men stood in casks fixed in the ground in the stream.

Sheep Shearing.

ON the morning of the day fixed for the shearing, a gang of men, 12 to 20 in number according to the size of the flock, accompanied by the "tar boy," made their appearance under the command of a Captain and Lieutenant, who were distinguished by gold bands on their hats. The tar boy's duties, which were rather important, were to walk about among the shearers with a tin pot filled with tar, with which his clothes and face were generally well smeared. After a sheep was shorn, before it was released, it was examined by the shearer, and if he detected any abrasion he called "Tar Boy," and was answered "Coming Sir," and the boy then applied some tar with his finger which prevented any worry from flies or infection to the wound. A barrister of high standing told me that in his quite young days his great ambition was to be a tar boy. During the day these men, who were supposed to shear about 30 to 40 sheep each, were liberally supplied at intervals with mild beer and with a meal in the middle of the day, and after the sheep were shorn the men had more food, followed by more potent ale. The sheep-shearing song was then sung, and the evening was spent in singing, drinking and smoking long clay pipes, their "Yards of Clay."

For the recollection of the following songs and verses (if such they can be called), I am indebted to a nurse, by whom, at the expense of some pains and trouble, I was taught them as nursery rhymes. Anyone interested in old Sussex manners and customs might find amusement in reading "Glimpses of our Sussex ancestor," by Mr. Charles Fleet.

THE SHEEP-SHEARING SONG.

Come all my jolly boys and we'll together go
Abroad with our Captain, to shear the lamb and ewe,
All in the merry month of June, of all times in the year,
It always comes in season the ewes and lambs to shear;
And there we must work hard, boys, until our backs do ache,
And our master, he will bring us beer whenever we do lack.

Our master he comes round to see his work done well,
He says, "Boys, shear them close, for there is but little wool!"
"O yes, Master," then we reply, "we'll do it well if we can,"
When our Captain calls, "Shear close, boys," to each and every man;
And at some places still we have this story all day long,
"Shear them well and close, boys," and this is all their song.

And then our noble Captain doth unto our master say,
"Come, let us have one bucket of your good ale I pray";
He turns unto our Captain, and makes him this reply,
"You shall have the best of beer, I promise, presently,"
Then out with the bucket pretty Betsy she doth come,
And Master says, "Maid, mind and see that every man have some."

This is some of our pastime as we the sheep do shear,
And though we are such merry boys, we work hard I declare;
And when 'tis night and we are done, our master is more free,
And fills us well with good strong beer. And pipes and tobaccee;
And so we sit and drink and smoke and sing and roar,
Till we become more merry far than we had been before.

When all our work is done, and all our sheep are shorn,
Then home with our Captain, to drink the ale that's strong;
'Tis a barrel then of hum-cup, which we call the "black ram."
And we do sit and swagger, and think that we are men,
And yet before 'tis night, I'll stand you half -a-crown,
That if you haven't especial care this ram will knock you down.

There was one more verse, of which I only recollect the first and last two lines. It began :—

"This is a true relation of our sheep-shearing time"

and ended :—

"Here's a health to all sheep-shearers, good fellows every one,
"Here's a health unto our Captain, and now our song is done."

The "Black Ram" was a meeting of the whole company at the "Shepherd and Dog" Inn, at Fulking, at which the earnings for the season were shared, and arrangements made for the next year. It was kept up with great merriment until a late, or rather early hour, and usually ended by everyone being more or less drunk.

Haying.

IN a purely agricultural district haying and harvest were the two great events of the year. In former days there was no machinery beyond the very primitive scythe and rake and prong or fork as it was sometimes called; everything was done by hand labour, and, of course, occupied a much longer time than at present, and mowers varied in number according to the extent of the land and the size of the grass to be mowed. They took the greatest pride in their work and in laying the swathes exactly even. Then came the hay making, and this was looked upon with great pleasure and almost a holiday, and in fine weather it was a very happy time. The men loaded the wagon, the women and girls drew the rakes and one of the boys drove the horses; it was pleasant to hear his shrill "standfast" each time before starting his team, while the smaller children and babies rolled in the hay. The work was very hard and the men were liberally supplied with small beer, probably the same as that alluded to in Shakespeare in Othello, "Suckle fools and chronicle small beer," and in other passages. The beer was always brewed at home from pure malt and hops. Three sorts of beer were made: small, ale and strong beer. This last, a very potent liquor, was generally brewed in October and was kept a year before being drunk, usually in very small glasses. A gentleman I knew, living at Henfield, always kept a good supply of this, and guests leaving his house sometimes found the road not only long and tortuous, but much too narrow. The "ale beer," as it was called, was a very mild table beer. It contained scarcely any alcohol, and could be drunk to any extent without producing the least unpleasant effect. The "small beer" was less potent even than this. It was made by adding a small quantity of fresh malt to that from which the ale had been brewed, and fermenting the liquor with yeast. Neither this nor the ale in hot weather would keep more than a month or six weeks and had to be freshly brewed, but it was admirably adapted for the purpose for which it was intended. It

quenched the thirst of the men who worked hard with the sun pouring down on them; the water it was made with, having been boiled for some time, was free from deleterious germs and produced no injurious after effects however much had been imbibed. The men themselves objected to beer brought from the brewers because they said its after effect was to make them more thirsty and almost unable to work. Were the Government wise when they made it impossible to brew this very mild and harmless beer, and compelled men to drink the much more potent compound supplied by brewers, which they did not like, saying it made them thirsty and sleepy and unable to work? In those days, one heard nothing of people over 40 being unable to drink beer.

Harvest.

AFTER the hay was made came harvest, and I can recollect two different modes of cutting corn. The first was with the old reaping-hook or sickle, and was probably nearly or quite identical with that mentioned in the Bible. The straw was divided at a considerable distance from the ground, leaving stubble a foot or more high, which had to be cut afterwards. It was a grand covert for partridges. The sickle tapered to a point and for the last five or six inches had no cutting edge, the centre only being sharp. After the sickle came the "swap-hook." This did not taper to a point like the reap-hook, but was much wider, and was of the same breadth to the end, where it ended by an oblique margin from the back to the edge. By means of the swap-hook, the straw was cut close to the ground and a much fewer number of ears of corn were left for the gleaners. Both of these have now been superseded by the reaping machine, which not only cuts the corn but binds it into sheaves. The men usually employed on the farm cut the corn, and frequently were assisted by their wives and elder children who made the bonds, that is, united two wisps of straw, by a particular form of knot, just below the ears, and with these tied up the sheaves. But many casual labourers were necessary. These casual labourers were chiefly Irish or gypsies, with a few others who came from any neighbouring town for the harvest. The Irish kept the village in a state of excitement, mixed with a little fear. They were full of fun and mischief and reckless and regardless of consequences, especially after receiving wages, most of which was spent in drink. The Irish slept in barns and outhouses, or even under hedges, as did also the gypsies at times, though these latter lived chiefly in their caravans. They were most uncertain in their habits and would leave their work half done at a minute's notice or no notice at all and go to another job. They differed altogether from most of the gypsies of the present day. As a rule they had dark

olive complexions, black hair and dark bright eyes. "Black as a gypsy" was a common expression. They spoke English well, but, I believe, among themselves used a language of their own. How they lived was a mystery, for they only worked by fits and starts for a few days together, and their time was generally spent in telling fortunes, begging and selling matches and other small articles which they brought to the door; besides this they had no visible means of getting a living. Perhaps a lurcher dog or two which accompanied almost every caravan, as well as the disappearance of poultry which took place when the gypsies were in the neighbourhood, might have been a clue towards solving the mystery. I well recollect, very many years ago, one rainy afternoon, which prevented their working, watching a family of gypsies in a barn. I think the family must have consisted of the father and mother and several children, one daughter nearly grown up and two or three acquaintances. They all sat or lay about upon the straw doing absolutely nothing, while one or two of the girls kept singing a peculiarly plaintive and monotonous but soothing and agreeable tune in a language, I believe, I did not know, for I could not catch a single word.

Hollering Pot.

THERE was a curious old custom which was observed at the end of harvest, known by the name of the "hollering (hallooing) pot." On the last day of harvest, if the last load had been carried early enough, if not, on the next day, between five and six o'clock in the evening, all the labourers employed on the farm assembled and formed a kind of irregular ring, and sung the following words:-

" We've ploughed, we've sow'd, we've reap'd, we've mow'd,
We've carried the last load, and never overthrow'd !
Hip, Hip, Hurrah, Hurrah ! "

Each man then had a pint of strong beer. This custom was never observed if a load had been overthrown, or if anything had gone wrong during harvest operations.

Harvest Supper.

THE Harvest Home or Supper was somewhat on the same lines as the sheep-shearing. The farm men assembled generally in the brewhouse belonging to, or a part of, the farm house (every farm house in those days had a brew house), at about 5 p.m. They first of all had a supper, consisting of boiled beef, Sussex pudding and vegetable, followed by plum pudding, the Master or bailiff presiding and carving. After supper the Master's health was drunk, everyone singing the following lines :—

" Here's a health unto our Master, the founder of the feast,
I wish with all my heart, sir, your soul in heaven may rest,
That all your works may prosper, whate'er you take in hand,
For we are all your servants, and all at your command.
Then drink, boys, drink, and see you do not spill,
For if you do, you shall drink for two, for it is our Master's will."

The Mistress' health next followed, and was sung in the following words, doubtless handed down from the time of the Spanish Armada :—

" This is our Mistress' health, merrily singing,
Bonfires in every town and the bells ringing;
Hark ! How the Spaniards cry, bullets are flying,
Now then away they run, for fear of dying."

" Here's a good health in the merry bright fountain,
I would have pledged to you had it been mountain,
We'd drink the ocean dry, were it sack and canary,
This is our Mistress' health, drink and be merry."

The beer, rather potent ale, was placed on the table in buckets, and horns, not glasses, were used for drinking, and as there were generally three or four of these, the song was sung over and over again several times. Later on, after two or three more toasts were gone through in the same manner, the principal event of the evening, turning the cup over, was commenced. This amusement consisted in one of the men holding by the brim and with both hands a hat, on the top of which a cup made of horn, holding about as much as a common teacup, was balanced. The rest sang the following doggerel verse :

" I've been to Plymouth and I've been to Dover,
I've been a rambling, boys, all the world over,
Over, over, over, and over,
Drink up your liquor and turn the bowl over."

The man then raised the hat with the cup on it to his lips, drank the beer, and then with a jerk tossed up the cup, turned the hat over, and caught the cup as it fell, a feat not always easy, especially after dinner. It was sometimes thought a great joke to put the hat, which usually contained an ounce or two of beer, on someone's head. These rough customs may appear almost barbarous to men of the present day, but at the time they were much appreciated. I am informed that they, as well as the names of almost everything connected with husbandry such as plough, rake, gate, trug, etc., which are almost all words of one syllable, and were pronounced with a very broad accent, ga-ate, ra-ake, etc., and also the names of places ending in "ing" and "ton," of which there are numbers in this county, point strongly to a Saxon origin. These men, though few of them could read or write, were men of good common sense, and knew well what was important to them to know, namely, the management and feeding of animals, the nature of soils, and all sorts of agricultural work. They had a keen sense of humour. "Where do you think drunkards will go to, Mrs Souch?" said the Rector of Poynings to an old lady whom he met returning from the public-house, and for whom the road was scarcely wide enough. "Where there's a drop of good liquor to be had, sir," was the prompt reply. The farm men's great failing was drink, but this they could not indulge in much, with wages at ten or twelve shillings a week. Taken altogether, they were a simple kind-hearted and honest set of men, and in sincerity and good nature would compare favourably with others more highly polished. The women were industrious and kept their houses scrupulously clean and looked well after their children, whom they always suckled. They had a prejudice against cow's milk, and, when a few months old, their children were fed on boiled bread, pap, as it was called. The women generally spent the evening at needlework, making and mending the family linen, which they did with great neatness. The girls did a curious kind of very primitive embroidery called samplers, specimens of which may even now occasionally be found in old country cottages. My nurse had one of these which she greatly prized; it consisted of a piece of canvas, fixed in a frame, the letters of the alphabet were worked in variously coloured threads in two rows at the top, below them came the numerals in a row, and beneath these was the following verse :—

" Charlotte Paine is my name,
England is my nation;
Fulking is my dwelling place,
And Christ is my salvation."

At the bottom came the date. They had a habit of wearing long scarlet cloaks which, when wandering

in the lanes or on the hillside, gave them a particularly pleasing and picturesque appearance. Those cloaks formed parts of the stores sold after the war which ended with the battle of Waterloo.

Leashing, or Gleaning.

THE reaping machine at the present time cuts the corn and ties it up in sheaves, and very few ears are lost and left on the ground; but in former days when corn was cut with the swap-hook, and still more when it was reaped, a large number of ears were left, and as soon as the last sheaf was in the waggon, the villagers, chiefly the women and children, began gleaning or leasing, as it was generally called. In fine weather leasing was a very pleasant occupation; they took their food with them and remained in the field from early morning till evening. The village National School was always closed during harvest so that the children might assist. The wheat collected was threshed and sent to a local mill to be ground, and the flour, which in some families amounted to several bushels, was an important item during the winter. One cannot help looking back with regret at the disappearance of numberless windmills and watermills and other industries which provided employment for numbers of men, and which, owing to the heavy taxation, and other burdens on the land, and the free import of agricultural produce (much of the is latter being of inferior quality and adulterated, and, therefore, unwholesome, especially for children), have rendered everything connected to agriculture unremunerative, and have, to a large extent, reduced the rural population, which has, migrated into the towns.

Threshing and Winnowing.

IN former days, at the time of my earliest recollection, threshing corn was done during the winter, and at times when the weather or other causes prevented work on land. It was done entirely by hand, with the flail, and the winnowing, in the most primitive way, by creating a draught. In threshing, the wheat sheaves were laid along the barn's floor, in two rows, opposite each other, with the ears almost or quite overlapping, and a man with a flail, commencing at one end (at the barn's door) and moving slowly, threshed the wheat out with his flail, till he reached the opposite door. The straw was removed and the wheat swept on one side and replaced with fresh sheaves. Oats, which were mown, and not put in sheaves, were spread in thin layers on the barn's floor and threshed in the same way. The flail was made of "ground ash," that is, ash sapling, well seasoned. It is a hard, tough, weighty wood, with the grain running straight, and was almost or quite the only wood which would stand the constant impact on the oak floor of the barn. The implement itself consisted of two rods or bars united by a fastening resembling, but not identical with, the fastening of the lash to a hunting crop. One of these rods was about two feet in length or a little more, and an inch or more in diameter. The other rod was somewhat slighter and six or eight inches longer, and this the man held in both hands. As far as my rather hazy recollection carries me, the fastening at the end of this upper rod was made of a band of this ground ash, which had been softened and bent into the form of a bow, and through this the leather connecting it with the lower rod passed. The flail was a somewhat difficult implement to use, a novice finding sometimes that the heavy lower rod came in contact with his head. I well recollect the trouble there was with the labourers when the first threshing machines were introduced (these were small machines worked by a man turning a winch); They threatened to smash up the machines and in some

instances carried out their threat, because they thought they would lose some of their work. The winnowing machines were still more primitive, though for wheat there was a small machine consisting of a series of sieves, kept in motion by a winch. When oats had to be winnowed, one or both doors of the barn were thrown open, and at about twelve feet from one, two strong heavy frames were placed, one on each side. These frames were about three or four feet high, and near the top was a hole large enough to receive the ends of a thick wooden pole, to which were attached along nearly its whole length three or four pieces of sail cloth about two feet wide. A winch was attached to one end of this pole, so that when it was rotated rapidly, a strong current of air was produced. Between this and the barn's door, a man stood holding a large sieve on one side, the other being supported by a hazel stick to which it was attached by a string. When the whole was working one man rotated the pole with the sail-cloth, the second kept shaking the sieve and a third threw the oats and chaff into the sieve with a large wooden shovel. The chaff was blown over the sill of the barn into the yard while the corn dropped down under the sieve inside the sill.

Tithe.

I AM, of course, not old enough to recollect the state of things in a country village before the commutation of the tithe, but I can well recollect hearing some of the old inhabitants talk about it, and the incidents that frequently arose. In those days the clergyman of the parish took his tithe in kind: the tenth sheaf, the tenth calf or lamb, or pig, or egg, indeed the tenth of everything. It was a very common saying, even in my recollection, "like a parson's barn, it takes in everything." This, of course, led to constant disputes and much ill-feeling. When a field of wheat was carried, every tenth sheaf was left for the clergyman to take away as best he could; and frequently owing to unfavourable weather and other circumstances, and to the extent of the county involved, this was not an easy matter and the sheaves sometimes remained till they were spoiled. Afterwards all this was commuted to a payment in money, which was collected in the same manner as the rent, there being a tithe audit and a tithe feast, and in some cases an Agent was employed as well. The tithe feasts were frequently held at the village inn, and were sometimes the scene of the same excessive drinking and boisterous merriment which accompanied convivial meetings in those days. They were, perhaps, more pronounced in this part of the country than elsewhere, owing to the proximity of Brighton and to the orgies carried on at the Pavilion, which were still fresh in people's minds. There was a story current in my younger days of one tithe feast, which is, perhaps, worth relating, as giving some idea of the manners and habits of life which were in existence among a generation well within the memory of many of us. It seems scarcely conceivable that there can be people know living that can recollect any of those who took part in such scenes, yet I knew one personally, and, in a less degree, another who was present.

The feast took place at the village inn. The parish was large and there were a good many tithe-payers present. The Agent, a leading solicitor in the town whom I knew, rode on horse-back from Brighton, in top-boots and spurs, and a friend, both of his and of the Rector's rode, with him as a guest; the Rector himself was present, dressed in a tail-coat, knee-breeches, silk stockings and shoes. After the usual business was over the festivities began and were kept up till a late hour; but when the party broke up it was found that the Rector was unable to walk. The Agent and the friend agreed to see him to his home about a mile away. By walking one on each side and supporting him they got on pretty well until they came to a place where, in those days, a stream several inches deep ran over the road (it now runs under the road in a culvert) and this stream was crossed by a foot-bridge of one plank raised three or four feet on wooden piles. This was an insurmountable obstacle to further progress, and the Agent, having top-boots on, said he would carry the Rector over the stream on his back. This he did, but the Rector's silk stockings came in contact at every step with the spurs which caused loud complaints and ejaculations, "How these d——d brambles do scratch!" Home was at last reached, and it was then discovered that one tail of the Rector's coat was missing, and, they dared not present their friend to his wife in that condition, they cut off the other tail and made the coat into an Eton jacket. Still they could not summon up courage to face the meeting of those two, so they placed the Rector against the front door, rang the bell and disappeared in the darkness. When the door was unfastened, the Rector's weight sent it in with a crash, and a female voice was heard speaking in such high, shrill tones that they were very glad they had allowed "discretion to be the better part of valour."

Sussex Bell Teams.

AS was pointed out to me when I was a boy, if you carefully examine the old Roman road which runs parallel with the foot of the Downs, or any other old narrow Sussex road, you will find here and there, where it has not been altered and made wider, and remains wide enough for one waggon only, that at certain intervals the bank curves outward on each side for a few yards, and leaves a space sufficient for two vehicles to pass. The bells were used to give notice when two waggons were approaching in opposite directions, so that one could stop in a recess and allow the other to pass. In my younger days a bell-team was by no means uncommon, and the sound of bells on a bright sunny morning was perfectly delightful. The bells, which were in perfect tune, were fixed in a frame and carried on the collar of each of the four horses, and the carter took the greatest pride in his peal of bells. One was reminded of Theseus' description of his hounds in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which ends :—

" Slow in pursuit,
But match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each."

In former days carters took great pride in their horses and looked well after them and enjoyed seeing them in high condition with glossy coats. When they went on a journey away from the farm, especially if it were into a town, they used to put the bells on the shoulders of their teams, rosettes on each side of the bridle, the forehead plate (a plate of ornamental bright brass) on their foreheads and

plait their manes and tails with bright coloured ribands. It gives rather a pang when one sees the bells used as dinner gongs, and the forehead plates as ornaments in a room.

An Old Time Village.

THE village consisted of two or three small rows of houses and a number of thatched cottages, standing in fairly sized gardens; and at the east end the stocks and whipping-post still stood on a piece of ground by the side of the road. The cottages usually consisted of two, sometimes three, bedrooms, a living room and a scullery. The bedrooms were frequently without fireplaces or chimneys, and the lower rooms had brick floors, occasionally only earth, which was kept extremely clean and covered with a thin layer of dry sand. "The nicely sanded floors" were constantly washed and scrubbed with birch brooms, which were brought round the country done up in bundles by men, half gypsies, half labourers, from Forest Row and East Grinstead. Four or five carts followed a caravan, in which the men lived, and the right side of this was usually ornamented with 30 or 40 birch rods, arranged like a star, with the butt ends in the centre. One of these rods was frequently kept on or over the mantel-shelf in the sitting room, with a few pieces of china, usually broken.

Drainage, of course, there was none, as none was required. The cesspool, with its concomitants, was always at a considerable distance from the house, and was frequently emptied. There was little illness except phthisis, which was very prevalent, owing, no doubt, to the crowding and the want of ventilation in the bedrooms, all air being excluded except what got in through the crannies caused by badly fitting windows and doors. Measles was a very fatal disease in some years, when the rash came out dark and livid, and was called black measles. It was much more dreaded than scarlet-fever. The men had a curious habit, probably based on old medical practice, of being what they called "blooded"

twice a year, at Spring and Fall. They walked, perhaps, three or four miles, often in parties, and usually on Sunday morning, to the doctor or veterinary surgeon and were bled to eight or ten oz. at the uniform rate of one shilling.

Music and Singing.

MUSIC and singing were a great source of amusement to the somewhat primitive inhabitants of a Sussex country village, and though the music consisted very much of solos on the flute, violin or clarinet, and the singing of songs without any accompaniment, the performance gave great pleasure to these simple people, though it would scarcely be appreciated by a fashionable London audience; and probably these country people would not appreciate an orchestra, and would regard it as a confused mass of sound, though they would thoroughly enjoy the sound of a flute in the open air on a still summer night. I well recollect my experience at the Italian Opera. I was spending the evening with Mr. Arthur Willett, who was then a student at St. Bartholomew's, to which Hospital he afterwards became Surgeon, and I was a student at Guy's. We agreed to go to the Italian Opera, and as students, went into the cheapest seats. So far from enjoying it I am afraid we compared it to some lunatics dressed up and jumping about the stage screaming at the top of their voices. I recollect, also, we left and consoled ourselves with an oyster supper.

The following old songs were among those which were popular in the country in bygone days:-

WHEN THE MORN STANDS ON TIPTOE.

When the morn stands on tiptoe

'Twixt mountain and sky,
How sweet 'tis to follow
The hounds in full cry;
When the bright sparkling dewdrops
The meadows adorn,
How sweet 'tis to follow
The echoing horn.

Yet greater the pleasure,
When love leads the way,
A nymph to pursue
That's more bright than the day,
Yet those joys are divine
When pursuing we find
The nymph that's o'ertaken
The fair one proves kind.

Another is :—

THE ECHOING HORN.

The echoing horn
Sounds well in the morn,
And calls the bright sportsman away:
The cry of the hounds
With pleasure resounds,
And greatly enlivens the day.

Away to the shaws
With hearty brave noise,
Our hounds they do open their throats;
The fox, he breaks cover,
Hark forward! Hie over!
We'll follow their musical notes.

Hedge, gate and stile
Cause us no denial,
Our horses they leap them so well;
Our fox we will follow,
And bravely we'll halloo
What pleasure can hunting excel?

With bottle and friend
The evening we'll spend,
To crown the bright sport of the day;
Our wives will at night
Give us great delight,
And soothe all our sorrows away.

THE BEGGAR GIRL. Over the mountain and over

Over the mountain and over the moor,
Hungry and barefoot I wander forlorn;

My father is dead and my mother is poor,
  And she mourns for the day that will never return.

Over the mountain Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity,
Over the mountain Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on;
Over the mountain Give me some food for my mother, in charity,
Over the mountain Give me some food, and I will be gone.

Call me not "lazy-back beggar" and "bold enough,"
  Fain would I learn to both knit and to sew;
I've two little brothers at home, when they're old enough
  They will work hard for the gifts you bestow.

Over the mountain Pity, kind gentlemen, etc.

O, think, while you revel, so careless and free,
  Secure from the wind, and well clothed and fed;
Should fortune so change it, how hard it would be
  To beg at the door for a morsel of bread.

Over the mountain Pity, kind gentlemen, etc.

SUSSEX FARMER'S OLD WIFE.

There was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell
There was an old farmer in Sussex (whistling chorus)

And he had a bad wife, as many knew well,
There was an old farmer in Sussex (whistling chorus)

Then Satan came to the old man at the plough —
"One of your family I must have now."

"It is not your eldest son that I do crave,
But 'tis your old wife, and she I will have."

"Oh! welcome, good Satan, with all my heart;
I hope you and she will never more part!"

Now Satan he got the old wife on his back,
And he lugged her along like a pedlar's pack.

He trudged away till he came to his gate,
Says he, "Here, take an old Sussex man's mate."

"Oh ! then she did kick all the young imps about;
Says one to the other, "Let's try turn her out!"

She spied seven devils, all dancing in chains,
She up with her pattens and knocked out their brains.

She knocked old Satan against the wall—
"Let's try turn her out or she'll murder us all."

Now he's bundled her up on his back again,

And to her husband he's took her again;

"I've been a tormentor the whole of my life,
But I ne'er was tormented till I took your wife."

Management of Children.

THERE has been, perhaps, no change in our social life and customs during the last half century more marked than in the management and bringing up of children. I can well recollect when very little regard was paid to children's wishes and inclinations, they were expected to conform to what was thought best for them and to do what they were told. Truthfulness, obedience and respect to their parents were the chief objects aimed at, and "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was the motto constantly in use and acted on. The instruments of punishment were the birch, cane and slipper, though sometimes a whip or leather strap was used. I well recollect being taken to a small dinner party at Pangdean where my uncle lived. In those days the dinner hour was usually about 3 p.m. Four ladies who had young families were present, one of them being the grandmother of one of our most distinguished Generals. After dinner, when the gentlemen had gone out, these ladies began talking about their children, and among other things they discussed was how, when and by whom they ought to be whipped. I was sitting terrified and almost forgotten under the table. In those days the birch was very freely used, and one was frequently to be seen resting on two hooks above the mantel-shelf in the nursery. It was generally administered by Mamma, though sometimes by Papa. It was the custom of some Mammas to keep a new rod in salt and water for some days before using it. In country places it was put into brine in the tubs containing the pickled pork, the twigs thus salted absorbed moisture from the atmosphere, which rendered them more flexible and caused them to sting more, and also

prevented them becoming brittle and breaking off in dry weather. This probably gave rise to a common expression, "A rod in pickle."

A lie in those days was always considered a terrible offence in a child, and was almost always followed by a whipping. A lady who had a little boy about my own age lived about a mile from our house and our Mammas occasionally had tea together, and we children had a romp. One day my mother took me to tea as usual with this lady, but instead of being sent to play I was told to sit on a low seat, and there I remained. At last the lady said, "Little Willy has told a story and has been whipped and sent to bed, but you must just come and see him." We went into the room, accompanied by a female relative, who suddenly turned down the bedclothes to show me the marks of the whipping. In terrorem! It was quite effectual! Obedience was most strongly insisted on; any disobedience was severely punished, and children were very frequently made to assist in their own punishment. It was quite a common occurrence to make them fetch the rod or cane. A trained nurse, with whose family I am connected, told me that, when a child, she was sometimes told to go to a certain room and get ready to be whipped. This consisted of divesting herself of any impeding garments and getting the whip from a drawer and placing it on the table. When the lady who had charge of her arrived, she was made to put the whip into her hand and put herself into a proper position to receive the whipping which was always severe.

A distant relative of mine belonging to a generation preceding my own told me that, when a child, she was sent for a change from Brighton to Henfield, and stayed with her governess at the "George Hotel." One day she transgressed in some way and her governess made a high fool's cap with white paper and wrote on it in large letters: "This is a very naughty little girl," and made her walk up and down in front of the Hotel for a considerable time. When she related this incident to me, I told her I knew all about it, for a gentleman who saw her had told me of it years before.

My father related to me that, in former times, when reading and writing were rare accomplishments, and the boundaries of parishes had to be defined, that the officials of their own and the adjacent parish walked the bounds, taking with them some boys, probably parish boys, or boys brought up by the parish, and that at certain spots these boys were very severely whipped, to make them remember the exact position. Hence the present expression "Beating the Bounds."

A miscarriage of justice sometimes occurred. My cousin, Mr. Fredk. Blaker, was sent to the Steyning Grammar School some years after I had left. One evening when the boys were supposed to be in bed, there was a great noise in one of the rooms. The door suddenly opened and the master appeared, armed with the birch, which he used indiscriminately till all were in bed. He then walked to Fredk. Blaker's bed, and close to it he caught sight of the word "Blaker, " very legibly written on the wall among a long list of other names, and without waiting for any explanation, told him to kneel down and gave him a thorough birching. I was the culprit and had written the offending word before I left, eight or ten years before Fred Blaker came to the school.

In a few families with several children, it was the custom when the cloth was laid for dinner in the middle of the day, for the cane, which was kept over the mantel, generally behind the pier-glass, to be placed with the carving knife and steel on Papa's right hand, so that in any case of breach of good manners, a reminder could be at once administered, and, as in those days children were thinly clad over the shoulders, those reminders were keenly felt. In one family at least a mistake occasionally occurred, and this stinging reproof was administered to the wrong child. The only answer to the exclamation "I didn't do anything, Papa," was "Never mind, it will do for the next time." It was considered a great joke when a lady's first baby arrived to send her a carefully packed parcel containing a small birch rod, with the label "To be used when required," or something of that sort. One was sent to my mother, which subsequently I had cause to remember:

" Down with his trousers and up with his shirt,
And a dozen good strokes will do him no hurt"

was a doggerel rhyme, sometimes heard and acted up to in those days.

"My Schools and Schoolmasters."

IN surroundings such as I have described, I was "raised." As far as I can judge, children were more robust and healthy, and less sensitive to external influences than they are at present, but I doubt if their mental faculties were so acute, which might be due to the less exciting lives they led, to the less early educational pressure and to the more wholesome and plain food. Especially the bread, which, being made at home, of pure wheat flour, much less white and finely ground, was far more nutritious and sustaining; in fact, men could almost live on it alone. There were none of those "prepared" foods, whose value as food has generally been impaired or destroyed by the preparation they have undergone.

Obedience, truthfulness and respect for parents and elders were the aims which mothers had in view in bringing up their children, and there were two sayings which were constantly repeated, "Spare the rod and spoil the child" and "Children should be seen and not heard"; and, though a rod was considered a necessary part of the furniture of a nursery, I think the second was the more hated. To have to sit still for half an hour or longer in the presence of visitors without speaking, unless first spoken to, was a dreadful trial.

The greatest pains were taken, by the best of mothers, to teach me the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic. At eight years old I was sent to school to Miss Lee, at Lewes, and at the end of a year was removed to the Grammar School at Steyning, which had a great reputation owing to the personality of the master, Mr. George Airey. He was a Westmoreland man, of good presence, and gentlemanly manners. He took the greatest of care with his boys, looking well after them himself, and feeding them well, according to the ideas of the day. He was an accomplished classical master, and the tone of his school was excellent. With the robustness of mind of a "North-country man," he was in every idea a gentleman. "If you want to fight, you shall come into the middle of the playground, and we will see you fight fair, but I will have no underhand bullying." Needless to say, he had no fighting, and very little bullying. He encouraged cricket and field sports of all kinds, and his was the first gun I ever fired. Our half-holidays were frequently spent in hunting rabbits on some land belonging to Mr. Richard Lidbetter, known as the "Baron of Bramber", a generous and very witty old gentleman, who kindly gave us permission. Mr. Airey firmly believed in the cane and the birch, which he used rather freely, and those, and the hope of obtaining one of the prizes given at the end of each half-year, kept us well up to our work. The work had to be done somehow, no excuse was admitted, and as there were in those days none of the modern "Aids to learning," every word had to be thought over and puzzled by means of dictionaries and lexicons. May not this rather severe system have instilled into the boys' minds those habits of thoughtfulness and perseverance, which enabled so many of them to take and retain good places in public schools and obtain at least an average amount of success in after life? Taken in all, Mr. Airey was an excellent man and schoolmaster. I have visited his grave more than once and looked on it with feelings of affection, respect and esteem.

There was "no care beyond to-day." Boys slept well and got up refreshed. No optician was wanted and a doctor but seldom. I cannot help comparing this with the system of school life at the present day, in which the masters push on the quickest and most precocious intellects, in order to obtain the greatest number of scholarships. Children are urged on by the stimulus of competition; knowledge, sometimes of an almost useless kind, is poured in quicker than it can be assimilated, and memory is cultivated, while the faculties of thought and observation, as well as the requirements of the developing brain and muscle, are lightly regarded. There are defects of vision now which constantly require the aid of the optician, and doctors get hard-earned fees. Hard-earned because it is painful to see some of these children, with their flabby limbs, moist pale skins, furred tremulous tongues, twitching features and restless or vacant eyes, sometimes adorned with spectacles, and listen to the oft-told tale :— "The examinations come on in a few days, at the end of the term. He (or she) is very anxious to pass. I think he has been working too hard. He works late at night and begins again early in the morning. It seems to have got on his nerves, he seems afraid to be alone and talks in his sleep about his work."

I once asked a gentleman, a don in an Oxford College, what became of the men who came up with a brilliant reputation and took scholarships? His answer was: — "A few do well. Most of them 'damp off' and disappear." If the cultivated *"mens sana in corpore sano,"* in the greatest number, is the aim of education, may not something be said for the old system?

Old Social Habits.

OWING to the conditions surrounding them, the mode of life and habits of thought of the people were very different from those of the present day. The well-to-do farmers and men of that class usually got up at 6, had breakfast about 7, dinner about 1 or 1.30, tea at 5, supper at 9 and went to bed about 10. Their social habits were much like those of the colonists of the present day. If a person, at a distance from home, chanced to be near a friend's house, he usually called in and was always asked to partake of the next meal or sat down with the rest as a matter of course. Dances took place very occasionally and were considered great events. Dinner parties were common but not frequent, the guests having to drive eight or ten miles in an open conveyance on bad roads. These dinners were much like the present ones, except that they took place in the afternoon, about 3 or 4 o'clock, that mild beer was drunk as well as wine, sometimes home-made; a champagne glass of very strong old ale with the cheese, and after the ladies retired, the gentlemen drank punch and smoked long clay pipes.

But the most important events were the hunt dinners. Of course, only gentlemen were present, and as soon as the cloth was removed, pipes and tobacco were brought in, the punch was brewed, songs—chiefly hunting songs—were sung, and the festivities were kept up till morning.

I recollect asking a nonagenarian, the late Mr. New, of Southwick, who had ridden on horseback not less than sixteen or seventeen miles in the morning of the day on which I sat next him at dinner, what he had done to be so well and strong at his age? The answer was "I was always very careful, I never drank much wine. Five or six glasses at dinner, and the same after dinner, but I used to drink punch from six o'clock at night to six o'clock next morning." But he forgot to mention that, in the intervals between these orgies, he was most abstemious and lived in the open air, facts also which my friend the late Mr. Robert Taylor, of the Old Steine, omitted when he told me that, one moonlight summer night, when returning home after dining at "Moulescombe," a house about a mile and a half from Brighton, on the Lewes Road, he was very much annoyed by a man who would drive close beside him. When he got opposite the Barracks he tried to avoid him by galloping his horse to the Steine, where, on stopping, he found he had been racing his own shadow!

Confirmed drunkards there were then as now; but, as a rule, men boasted, like Mr. Justice Shallow, of these occasional exploits only, and would have thought it extremely bad taste to be seen smoking or drinking before dinner, or to any extent in the afternoon. Rough practical jokes were common, and ideas on general subjects so lax, that things which would not be tolerated now were then looked upon as excellent jokes. A gentleman, well known in the neighbourhood, happening to say one evening that he had never had an accident, one of the party took the linch-pins from the wheels, remarking as soon as he had started that he would have an accident that night.

A near relative of my own was in company in Brighton with the young Rector of a parish in East Sussex one Saturday. In the evening the Rector became incapable, and, being in Castle Square and the London Mail about to start, my relative bribed the driver, and induced him to take the Rector to London. The next morning the bells for service were rung at his Church, but no parson appeared.

The clergyman of a parish not far from Brighton, who, on one occasion, could not conduct a service properly because he could not articulate, and, on another, came to the Church with his surplice over his pink hunting-coat, was very angry with the Clerk for coming to Church drunk, because after he had read a verse from one Psalm, the Clerk read a verse from another. "I reached over the desk and took his book away," he said to the gentleman who related this to me, "and then he took a little book out of his pocket and read a verse from a different Psalm altogether." I recollect this old Parish Clerk, who still retained his office which he held for more than fifty years, as a white-haired old man, with an enormous necktie extending almost from shoulder to shoulder. Mr. Parish, the late Rector of Selmeston, told me that when he was first appointed to the parish many years ago, Mr. James Skinner, a medical practitioner of considerable; local reputation, who first introduced me into the world, and who lived near the Rectory, called on him one very rainy Sunday morning, and after lighting his pipe and sitting down, said :—"It's no use your having churching such a morning as this. No one will come. Don't you think I had better send my man Bob round and say there will be no service, and then you can read me a chapter or two out of the Bible?"

In those days of riotous living and practical jokes, especially when "the mirth and fun grew fast and furious," if there happened to be present a man who was inclined to be abstemious, it was considered a high joke to make him drunk. To do this sometimes a quantity of gin was put into a mug which usually contained water; this was placed near him, and when he thought his liquor was too strong, he unconsciously poured more gin into it.

It was astonishing how much alcohol some men were capable of taking, and this strikes with wonder anyone who has had an opportunity of seeing the poisonous effects of large doses of alcohol. A farmer of considerable position in East Sussex seemed to have this power. It was the custom for a large number of farmers from this neighbourhood to go to Smithfield Show, and they usually stayed at the Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge. On one occasion this gentleman was there, and it was decided to have a five-shilling bowl of punch, which was brought in by the waiter. This gentleman took it up in his hands and said, "Do you call this a bowl of punch?" and drank it off at a draught, saying to the astonished waiter:—"Now bring a five-shilling bowl of punch."

Social Amusements.

IN the country there were no well-lighted streets and smooth pavements, and people, when they got home after their day's work, had no inclination to leave their comfortable houses and warm fires to face the dark, cold and, perhaps, the wet and windy night, as well as the muddy and rough or slippery and snowy roads to visit a friend. But occasionally, though very seldom, there was news that a ball or large party (with almost always a room for cards) was to be given. On one occasion the country was startled by the announcement that Mr. and Mrs. Elam, who had a grown-up family, intended to give a party. Mr. Elam occupied Erringham Farm, near Shoreham, a not very accessible locality. All Mr. Elam's agricultural friends were invited, and many others. To those living at a distance, with the roads in the rough and muddy condition of those times, how to get to Erringham at 9 p.m. was a problem. This, in the case of four or five groups living under the Downs at Poynings, Edburton and Horton, was solved in the following manner. A van with a hood and curtains at each end was procured; this was drawn by a cart-horse, and called for the most distant group (Poynings) first, I believe soon after 6 p.m., and afterwards took up the others in rotation, the last being at Horton, where a lady of a certain age, and at times rather "precise," got in carrying a lantern, as was expressed, "to light propriety." It was promptly blown out by a gentleman sitting near her. They arrived safe at the proper time and returned next morning.

Perhaps "Club Day" was in the country the most festive day of the year. The members of the Benefit Club, dressed in their best, with bright rosettes pinned on their breasts, assembled in the morning, generally in the month of May, and marched to Church preceded by a band. They returned in the same order to the village public-house at Edburton, the "Shepherd and Dog." They then dined and spent the rest of the day in dancing and other games and amusements. A little girl, when asked by a school inspector what were the chief festivals of the Church, replied, "Christmas, Easter and Albourne Club."

Sports and Games.

OF all English games, cricket is, perhaps, the most popular, and in my boyish days it was played with as much or more zest and vigour than at the present time. It was played in a far less scientific manner, and everyone joined in it. The slow underhand bowling was just then being replaced by the faster "round-hand" bowling, in which the hand, in delivering the ball, is not on a higher level than the shoulder; and afterwards, by the fast overhand bowling of the present day. Practice went on every fine evening in summer, and masters and men joined in it. When work was slack the men were occasionally given an afternoon for a match of cricket. Sides were chosen, or the married played against the single, or one parish against another parish: "Work first and pleasure after" was always the motto. Farmers and men in business frequently gave up a day for cricket when their business would permit, and I can recollect that many of them gave up cricket altogether when the matches were prolonged to more than one day. A gentleman who farmed a large area of land near Shoreham told me that, in his younger days, his landlord called on him and remonstrated with him for spending so much time on cricket; his reply was "I will play the match I am engaged to play in next week, and I will not play another," and from that time he gave up cricket. Stool-ball was also a favourite game and was played chiefly by girls.

I was never fond of cricket and, as a school boy, never played if I could avoid it. This was quite contrary to my father's wish. He was very fond of the game and, in summer, generally carried a ball in his pocket with which he used to knock down high thistles, and once killed a snake. I have a very hazy recollection of going with him to a match on the old ground on the Level, to the north of St. Peter's Church, and seeing Alfred Mynn, Felix and, I think, Box. My recollection of Mynn is that he was a very big, good-looking man, while Felix, who, I was told, was a school-master, was rather short and broad-shouldered. I went occasionally to see a match on Henfield Common in the early fifties. Mr. Laurence Smith at that time lived at Terry's Lodge, which was situated about a mile from Henfield Common, and his two sons, Alfred and Harry, played in the Sussex eleven. Alfred was always long-stop, and Harry bowled. Bushby, Mr. Smith's game-keeper, and Jack Penniket, who was the barber at Henfield and used to cut my hair, were also in the Sussex team, and also another very short, crook-backed man, whose name was, I think, Wood, so that the Henfield Club was very strong and good matches were played. William and Edwin Napper frequently played there. When the game was over we generally went back to Mr. Smith's to tea. Later on, Wisden played on that ground; he was a very thin short man, and looked, in his early days, like a somewhat delicate boy. Mr. Richard Lidbetter, who was fond of a little "chaff," said to him one day, as he was preparing to go in and putting on his pads, "What! are you going in? How many runs do you expect to make, a dozen?" Wisden said, "Yes, I hope I shall make that." Mr. Lidbetter replied: "Well, I will give you a shilling for every run you make over two dozen." I believe he made sixty.

Fox Hunting.

A MEET of the Foxhounds, especially on a fine morning, is a grand sight and one always to be remembered. The men in "Pink," with some ladies, all mounted on the best of horses, in the best condition, with coats shining like satin, and the splendid hounds (there is no more beautiful dog that a foxhound) present a feature scarcely to be surpassed. When I can first recollect there was the same picture, but in more sober colours. There were fewer men in "Pink" and very few if any ladies. The horses were of a somewhat stouter build and their coats were rough, for clipping and singeing had scarcely been introduced (Dr. Taylor, as he was called, who lived in the Old Steine, once shaved a horse), and the hounds were stouter and heavier. Foxes were much fewer in number, and it was sometimes late in the day before a fox was found; occasionally there was an absolutely blank day. When a fox was found he was not so quickly killed or lost, but was steadily hunted by these hounds, and those long runs were possible which are related in old sporting volumes. I can well recollect that, when my father went with the foxhounds, stewed beef, or something which could not be spoiled by too much cooking, was provided, and this would be ready on his return, sometimes at 7 or 8 p.m., or even later. I recollect also the time and work it took grooms to get tired horses, with their long coats, dry and comfortable and fit to be left for the night. Strong language, or "dog language" as it was called, was very freely used by masters of hounds and huntsmen. I once called on an old retired

huntsman and casually said:—"Why did you swear at me one day in Jointure Copse for no cause whatever?" The answer was: "Half the times I didn't know what I was swearing at."

Harriers, etc.

THERE were always two packs of good Harriers in this neighbourhood, the Brighton and the Brookside, and by some these were preferred to the foxhounds. A green coat was the proper dress. The steep Downs require almost as much good horsemanship as the large fences under the hill, but of a different kind. I was told this anecdote of the late Earl of Chichester by the late Mr. R. R. Verrall. The Earl was riding with the Queen's Staghounds, and they came to a rather steep hill down which the Earl quietly cantered, though it caused the rest to pause. A gentleman asked the old huntsman who the Earl was. The huntsman replied "I don't know who he is, but I can tell you where he comes from. He comes from the South Downs." There was, perhaps, as much real sport and enjoyment when a few farmers, one of whom acted as huntsman, kept five or six couples of large strong beagles. There was at one time such a "cry" at Ditchling, with which I had many happy days. One of the most favourite sports on the South Downs was shooting rabbits to small beagles in furze. To shoot a rabbit driven by beagles when crossing a somewhat narrow drive requires a quick eye, and some dexterity and practice, but on a fine day with the air of the Downs, the view, the smell of the furze and the music of the hounds, there are few forms of sport more enjoyable.

Shooting.

SHOOTING was a very favourite sport, and partridge shooting in former days was very delightful; it included all game at the time in season. It was almost a science and required a thorough knowledge of the habits of game, a liking for dogs and an appreciation of their intelligence and reasoning powers. It was a real treat to watch a single dog or a brace of pointers or setters; to see a brace "quarter" their ground, that is range it systematically in accordance with the direction of the wind, and not go over the same ground twice, so that they might get the first suspicion of scent; and then to see one dog stop suddenly, stand like a statue with head pointing in the direction of the game, and tail straight out, and if not quite certain, crouching close to the ground and moving along steadily till he was certain, and then "standing" while the other dog "backed," that is, stood and pointed, however far off he might be. When the gun was fired, both dogs dropped as if shot, and whichever dog was called came and fetched the game, the other remaining quite still till the signal to start was given. The dogs entered into the sport and thoroughly enjoyed it, and their intelligence in getting the game into the most favourable position for their master was very wonderful. Some dogs, if out with a man who missed a few times, would go home disgusted. I had a setter that would go along on the opposite side of a

hedge to which I was, keeping always a few paces in front, and drive everything out on my side. The late Mr. R. Hanshar had one which, like many other high bred dogs, would not bring a woodcock or snipe, but if one of these birds fell in water or soft mud where Mr. Hanshar could not go, she would fetch it at once. It would be possible to multiply tales of the intelligence of dogs ad infinitum, but when one compares this intellectual sport with the modern custom of stationing men at the end of a ride or covert, and driving tame pheasants to them, when all the pleasure seems to consist in dexterity in using the gun and the amount of slaughter, it seems impossible to avoid feeling that the modern system will scarcely compare with the old.

Medical Practice in Old Times.

DOCTORS occasionally came into the village, but not often, there being but little illness, and it being considered necessary to have a doctor only for severe cases. They were always on horseback and dressed, as a rule in summer, in dark swallow-tailed coats and brass buttons, light waistcoat and breeches, top-boots and spurs and large white tie and white frill. Having to rely entirely on themselves, they were, as far as I could judge, quick at an emergency and in recognising the symptoms of disease, men of sound judgement, and good practitioners, with a professional air of profound wisdom. Professional jealousy ran very high, and it was reported that, meeting in a narrow lane, two neighbouring practitioners literally charged at each other because neither would give way to the other. Quacks occasionally appeared, notably one at Cuckfield, who brought with him a cartload of crutches and sticks which had been left by those he had miraculously cured. His fame spread rapidly, and people from far and near flocked to him.

The rustics were very credulous, and Mr. Lawrence Smith used to relate a conversation he had with one of his farm labourers: "Have you heard, sir, of the wonderful man at Cuckfield? He cures

everyone. I was told that a man went to him on crutches. He took the crutches away and told him to walk, and first he walked, and then he ran, and then he flew."

"And what became of him then?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Why, sir, someone with a gun could not make him out and shot him."

We may laugh at the simplicity and credulity of this old labourer, but is it much greater than that of some enlightened people of the present day, who run after any new remedy or other novelty, however absurd, if only it is sufficiently advertised; or than that of the anti-vaccinationists and anti-vivisectionists, upon whom the curse of Thersites: "May folly and ignorance, the common curse of mankind, be thine in great revenue," seems to have rested?

Edburton Church.

EDBURTON Church is situated nearly a mile from the hamlet of Fulking, where the greater number of the congregation live. As regards architecture, it is, I am told, of rather a good order. When I first recollect it, there was a reading-desk, raised three or four feet from the ground, and above this the pulpit, over-shadowed by a large sounding board fixed in the wall. The Parish Clerk sat behind a desk, on the same level as the floor. The congregation sat in high pews, ranged on each side of the aisle, east of the pulpit, in which they could repose comfortably without fear of observation, while on the west side of the pulpit and on each side of the aisle was a row of free seats on which the rest of the congregation sat, the men on one side and the women on the other. The service was performed by the Parson and Clerk, each reading a verse alternately in the psalms, and the Clerk saying "Amen" at the end of prayers; the congregation, many of whom could not read, not joining in the responses. The hymns were sung by a choir, consisting of eight or ten men of the village, who sat in a pew with a desk in the centre, and were accompanied by a bass viol, flute and "all kinds of music." They took great pleasure in their performance, and frequently met at each other's houses for practice. The

Edburton choir was rather noted in the neighbourhood, owing to there being in the parish two families —named Willett and Welling —fond of music, and possessing, I suppose, some musical talent. James Welling had an extremely good tenor voice and was repeatedly asked to join the choir at Chichester Cathedral, but he would not leave his native village. He was the grandfather of Miss Edith Welling, well known as a singer in Brighton. There was great emulation between the different neighbouring choirs. The choir of Ditchling was thought to be good, and they used to come to Edburton on one Sunday in the year to join the choir there in Church, and on another Sunday the Edburton choir paid a return visit to Ditchling. Of course on these Sundays there was no singing at all in the Church the choir had left, and this happened also occasionally at other times, if the leaders did not appear in their places. This state of things in time gave way to a harmonium and the school children.

Old Rectors.

THE Rev. A. W. Schomberg was Rector when my father first resided at Edburton. He died not long after, but I recollect that he used to put his surplice on in the Rectory, which was close by, and that, as we were leaving the Church, I used to run up the communion steps and take his hand, and go with him to the Rectory to see his bullfinch and eat cakes. The Rev. J. C. F. Tufnell succeeded him:

"A man he was to all the country dear."

In a very short time he had gained the confidence of everyone, and every local matter was referred to him. One of his first acts was to procure the extension of the penny post to the parish. I perfectly recollect the first time a postman appeared in the parish, in the shape of a pale youth, dressed in a white smock frock, who came from Beeding (a stranger on those roads was so rare as to attract attention in those days). Previous to this, letters for anyone in the parish were left at a neighbouring turnpike gate, and were forwarded by any chance conveyance or pedestrian who would take charge of them, sometimes arriving a week or more after date, and letters from the parish were sent in the same

uncertain manner. Even after the postman's daily visit was instituted, all letters had to be ready for him to take back, so that no answer could be sent to a letter on the same day it was received. Postage stamps had not been invented, so that a penny had to be ready for the postman for each letter. The National School was started about this time and, being new, excited a good deal of suspicion and prejudice.

Mr. Tufnell soon got rid of all prejudice against this school by a little judicious management. Among other small treats for the children, he was very fond of getting a Dutch cheese and as many children as he could muster, and walking to the top of the hill opposite the school, rolling the cheese down and sending the children scrambling after it.

Sussex Smugglers.

I CANNOT help mentioning the Sussex smugglers, as I recollect some of them, who, when I knew them, came to Church regularly, and passed as most respectable men, though a few years before they had ridden through the village in gangs of from fifty to a hundred, well mounted and carrying rolls of silk and small barrels of spirits, Hollands or Brandy, slung across their saddles, from the coast into the Weald. Many of the smaller farmers and tradesmen were smugglers, and these rose their own horses; but others hired horses in a rather summary manner: they simply took a horse out of some stable, usually a farmer's, at night after dark, and returned the animal before daylight in the morning, always leaving a roll of silk or barrel of spirits on the doorstep of the owner's house. The rustics were very superstitious, and the smugglers worked on their fears. One morning the whole place was in consternation, owing to a report that two men had been frightened close to a large wood by a ghost, which appeared in the shape of an animal about the size of a calf, with flaming eyes. Everyone was afraid to go near the place. Mr. Thomas Marchant, who gave me this account, went and examined it, and found a large quantity of smuggled goods.

This old gentleman, who was rather eccentric and a bachelor and a thorough sportsman, who still kept a few beagles, was very fond of children, some of whom, now "in the sere and yellow leaf," will recollect him as "Uncle Tom Marchant." I was a favourite with him, and he implanted in me the love of field sports which I have always retained. He believed himself, and I almost think correctly, for I can account for it in no other way, that when about or over seventy, he cut a new set of teeth. What the real explanation may be I know not, but I do know that, whereas he had at one time few or none, in the course of a few months he had a good set, of which he was not a little proud, and I have seen him frequently crack nuts to show how strong they were. My mother, who saw a good deal of Mr. Marchant's mother, told me that when very advanced in years, she cut a beautiful white tooth, from its situation in the jaw, I believe, a molar. He had "no opinion of parsons," and often said that when he died, he hoped he should have a "view halloo" over his grave. I was at his funeral some years after at Edburton Church, which is situated some two or three hundred yards from the foot of the Downs. During the service a hare, hard pressed by the Brighton hounds, came over the front of the hills and squatted about half-way down them, and perhaps a quarter of a mile to the east of the Church. As the coffin was being lowered into the grave the huntsman and hounds appeared over the top of the hill; he gave the view-halloo, the hounds ran the hare in view to about a quarter of a mile to the west of the Church, where she was killed exactly as the service ended. So the old man had his wish.

Nelson's "Victory."

THE Centenary of Trafalgar having so lately occurred, I cannot help relating the following anecdote. The Rector of Edburton, who happened to be the son of the Archbishop of Armagh, said to Mr. Marchant one morning, "The fleet has just come into Portsmouth, and I have an order to go over the 'Victory,' will you come with me?" They started at once on horseback and had no difficulty in getting on board, where they were received by Captain Hardy, who said:—"I am sorry I am too busy to attend to you myself, but my wife will be pleased to do so, for she's d——d fond of parsons." They were shown everything, including the case in which Nelson's body was preserved, and the damage done by the shot to ship and sails.

Locomotion.

IT would be difficult, or almost impossible, for people living in the early part of the twentieth century, and accustomed to the luxurious and rapid travelling, with all the means and appliances for comfort of the present day, to realise that in the forties, and even the fifties, of the nineteenth century the ordinary rate of travelling was only from about six to ten, or at most, twelve miles an hour; that the roads, except the large thorough-fares along which coaches frequently ran, were so narrow that two vehicles could only pass with considerable care, that they were mended with flints coarsely broken, if broken at all, and that these were put on in the autumn, and were ground in by the wheels of carts and other vehicles during the next winter, and that, if put on too late, or if the winter happened to be unusually dry, they remained loose all the next summer. Horses with broken knees were very common objects and the jolting of the vehicles, even with the best springs, was very tiring; a journey of any considerable distance was a matter of some importance, and preparations were made days beforehand. There was a common saying: "A man must go to London once or else he will die a fool," and going to

London was looked on as a great event. My father used to relate that he started on his first visit to London from Selmeston, close to Berwick Station, with his father very early in the morning on horseback, dressed in a new suit of clothes and new top-boots. I can well recollect Queen Victoria coming from London to Brighton by road, and seeing her in her carriage with her escort round her pass through Pyecombe; and I also recollect the coaches with their teams of splendid horses running between London and Brighton, and presenting a most imposing appear-ance, especially at night when their approach was announced by the bugle and they were lighted up with a number of lamps, and seeming to bear down upon you like a big ball of fire. Horses on the road were frequently frightened of them, and I well remember, when I was taken to Pyecombe to see my relations, being kept awake till 10 p.m. or later, because my father was afraid to start on his road home till the last coach had passed. I can also recollect seeing the horses in the windlasses drawing up the chalk from the entrance of Patcham tunnel for the new London and Brighton Railway, which was then being constructed and was looked upon almost as one of the wonders of the world. Owing to the bad condition of the roads, by far the greater part of travelling was done on horse-back (the pillion had only just given way to wheeled conveyances for women) and the horse, especially the hackney, was a most useful and necessary animal, and among men, formed the usual and most interesting topic of conversation :—

" Of the good horse that bore him best,
His shoulder, hoof, and arching crest."

Riding on a good horse through the beautiful lanes of Sussex, rough though they were, on a fine day was most enjoyable, and seemed to give a feeling of freedom and independence which was most exhilarating; and a fine ride on a summer night was, perhaps, even a greater pleasure. Horses always went well at night and seldom shied or stumbled, and to walk along with the rein loose on his neck in those lanes, overshadowed by trees, with all nature at rest, the stillness only broken by the flight and note of a night bird, the barking of a fox in the woods, the tinkling of a sheep-bell or some other occasional country sound, was almost heavenly. But there was another side to the picture at times and to ride home ten or twelve miles on a night when it was almost pitch dark and raining hard and the wind blowing in your face, was quite another matter. To those who lived on, or in the country north of, the South Downs, when coming from Brighton or any place along the coast, it was sometimes convenient or almost necessary, in order to save distance, to ride across the Downs at any hour of the night, which was very pleasant on a fine light night, but when the night was very dark it was not always an easy matter and required a good deal of experience and judgement. It was easy enough to ride towards any lights, such as the Brighton lamps, but quite impossible to make any use of such light when riding in the opposite direction, or in hazy weather, when no lights of any sort could be seen; but by noting the direction of the wind, and keeping a current of air on a particular part of your face, by noting also the position of any familiar object, by a knowledge of the outline of the surrounding hills, and the fact that there is almost always a fringe of light on the edge of the hills, looking on to the Weald, and so defining their outline, it was not difficult to make out the direction in which you were going and to find the way, but on a very dark night, or a thick foggy atmosphere, it was most difficult to steer correctly. Your own ideas of locality seemed entirely to have left you, and if by chance you came across a familiar object, you either did not at first recognise it or it seemed, to your distorted imagination, not to be in its right position. If, for instance, you came to a familiar house or barn, it seemed to face in the wrong direction and to use the expression of the late Mr. Ralph Verrall, who knew the Sussex Downs by day or night better than most men, "you must turn it round before you know where you are." It has been my lot on two or three occasions, to have had some difficulty in finding my way. On one occasion I started from my father's house at Albourne early in the morning for a day's shooting at Portslade. As was customary in those days, I rode on horseback, and carried my gun, and had my setter dog with me. We shot all day and afterwards dined there. At about 9 p.m. I started to ride home, intending to come off the hill by a road called the Wickhurst Bostel, a little to the west of the Dyke, which at that time, was entirely unenclosed. It was a lovely moonlight night in September, and I thoroughly enjoyed the ride, till I got nearly to the Dyke, when I was suddenly enveloped in a dense fog. I could see nothing and so left it to my horse, a particularly good and sensible animal at night. He immediately altered his course and I soon found I was going

down a very steep place, and I soon discovered that this steep place was the Dyke itself, and also that the horse had chosen the best and easiest and safest route. When I got to the bottom, the appearance was very curious. It was, of course, rather dark, but where I was the air was quite clear and free from fog, which I could see as a dense canopy several feet above me. I at last got home quite easily and safely. On another occasion I started from Lewes at about 7 p.m. for Albourne, and the point I was making for was the Windmills at Clayton. When I got on Lewes Race Course, I found the light was peculiar, that is, it is what used to be called "ground dark," which means that you could see above but with difficulty distinguish things on the ground, and I nearly rode over a low chain on the race-course. When I got farther on the hill, near Mount Harry, I suddenly found myself enveloped in a thunder-storm, which seemed to come up from two different directions, and the lightning was so vivid that for one moment I could see almost every blade of grass, and the next I was in almost total darkness. My mare seemed a little frightened, and I had some difficulty in keeping her moving, but fortunately I had spurs. I steered by keeping close to the edge of the hill, till I found a rough road down which I rode as fast as I dared, and got to the "Half Moon," at Plumpton, just as the first drops of a most terrific rain came down.

I have often been astonished at the difference in the behaviour of horses at night. Some would roam about aimlessly in any direction if left to themselves, while others would show the greatest sense and judgement, and carry you home safely in the darkest night and in the worst weather. I must, however, confess that an examination of the horse's footprints next morning has shown that you have ridden over places in the dark you would have hesitated to face in daylight. It is impossible to describe your sensations when you first find yourself lost on the Downs, in, perhaps, the middle of a dark or foggy night, and feel that it is possible you will not find your way home till morning, though I never heard of this actually happening. It was not a feeling of fear, but one of utter loneliness and helplessness, and it required all your firmness and determination to combat the strange ideas which came into your mind in spite of yourself. My late friend, Mr. R. R. Verrall, who lived for many years at New Hall, near Hen-field, told me that about once a fortnight or three weeks he used to start from his father's house at Swanborough, near Lewes, about 10 p.m., and ride twelve or fifteen miles across the Downs by Stanmer Park, the Dyke and Toddington to his home.

I have enlarged a good deal upon these night rides because they are so absolutely things of the past. Motors have rendered the roads unsafe for horsemen, and wire netting and wire fences have made riding on the Downs at night dangerous or impossible. One cannot doubt that horses and dogs, and perhaps cats, possess a sense of locality and localization which we do not possess and cannot understand. I cannot help relating an anecdote which the late Mr. T. Martin, a patient of mine who lived at Preston, and had been in his younger days one of the early settlers in Australia, told me. He once bought ten horses at £60 a piece in one part of Australia and took them several hundred miles to another part, a consider-able part of the journey being by rail. One of these horses suddenly disappeared in the night and was lost. About 12 months after this Mr. Martin had occasion to go to the place where he bought the horses and saw the man who sold them to him. The man said, much to Mr. Martin's surprise, "I owe you £60. One of those horses came back here two or three months after I sold them to you." This horse must have travelled alone all the distance, nearly a thousand miles, through the Australian Bush.

A gentleman and lady living at 88, Marine Parade, Brighton, next door to my own house, had a niece who lived at Surbiton. This niece came on a visit to 88, Marine Parade, and brought with her a Skye or Yorkshire Terrier, with short legs and long hair almost to the ground. One after-noon, a day or so after he was brought to Brighton, the dog disappeared. Every effort was made to find him he was valuable as well as a great pet. The day following he made his appearance at Surbiton. It is difficult to understand how he found his road and how he got there, but to those who have spent their lives in the country there is so much evidence of animals having the faculty of finding their way to their homes, under almost any circumstances, that it cannot be disputed.

Towards the close of the Russian war, some time in the early fifties, in the month of October, I received an invitation for a day's shooting at the Rookery Farm, Haywards Heath, which then belonged to Mr. Thomas Renshaw, and my uncle Mr. George Blaker, was to go with me. The place is

now called Sandrocks, and belongs to Mr. W. C. Renshaw. We had a very nice morning's shooting and came in to lunch in the middle of the day. Soon after we sat down a gentleman from London came to see Mr. Renshaw on business, and brought the news, which, however, proved to be false, that Sebastopol had been taken. This caused a good deal of delay, as much had to be talked about and several toasts had to be drunk. About 5 p.m. we started on our journey home; my uncle was in his gig and I was in a cart. It was getting dark and I knew nothing of the road, so it was arranged that I should follow my uncle's cigar as far as we were going on the same road. At Burgess Hill our roads parted, my uncle went by Clayton to Pangdean, and I turned to the west, intending to go to my father's house at Albourne by the College and Hurst. It was now dark, and at a place where two roads meet at a very sharp angle, I took the wrong turning, and continued driving about the network of dark roads, often with high hedges, between Hurstpierpoint and Cuckfield, for about a couple of hours. At last I saw a light in a window, and as I could not leave my horse, I called as loud as I could. An old man came out and I asked him where I was. He said, "This is Cuckfield." I asked him to tell me the road to Albourne. He replied "I can't do that, I could not make you understand, but I have two son's living at Sayer's Common; I rather want to see them, and it don't matter where I sleep, so if you will let me ride with you, I'll sleep at their house." We reached Sayer's Common safely, and I had then only about a mile of a straight road to get home, where I arrived at about 9 or 10 p.m. Genuine unselfishness and kindness is found as often in a cottage as a palace. The old gentleman's name was Hole, and his descendants are now occupying prominent positions in the agricultural world in this neighbourhood.

The Patten.

ANOTHER accessory to locomotion, which I have not seen in use for half a century, was the patten. When our country roads in wet weather and nearly all the winter were covered with mud an inch or more in thickness, interspersed with small pools of water, and when the stone and brick floors n many of our houses were washed by throwing buckets of water on them and scrubbing them with a long birch broom, some-thing was required to keep the servants', and at times the mistress's feet dry, and this was furnished by the patten. The patten consisted of a flat piece of tough wood, half an inch or more thick, shaped like the sole of a boot, with the sides quite straight. To this was attached a band of iron, round or slightly oval, about half an inch broad and a quarter of an inch thick, by means of two upright pieces of iron, about three quarters of an inch wide and two inches long, which were fixed by screws, one to the heel and the other to about the middle or tread of the wood, so that the shoe of a person standing on the patten would be about three inches from the ground. Two pieces of leather were nailed to the sides of the wood; these were narrowed to about two inches, when they

approximated in front of the ankle, where they were fastened together by a lace. The patten was not secured to the foot in any other way, and when women wished to put it on they simply stood behind it and put their toes through the space left above the wooden sole. It required almost an education to keep the patten on, but women began to learn the art as children, and when it was acquired, could walk some distance, two or three miles, without difficulty. They had a great attraction for puppies, and I well recollect the state of excitement and anger the women got into when the puppies ran away with their pattens.

Flint and Steel.

TO the younger part of the present generation, now that Bryant and Mays' matches with their instantaneous combustion are so cheap and in such common use that a number are frequently used in lighting a pipe or cigar, it must seem difficult of belief that sixty years ago the lighting of a fire or candle was by no means an easy and sometimes a difficult and tedious matter, occasionally taking up a considerable time, varying from a few minutes to nearly or quite half an hour. In those days a light could only be obtained by means of the flint and steel and tinder. The tinder consisted of linen rag, which had been ignited and allowed to burn till it was of a dark brown colour, when the flame was extinguished. It was kept in a round metal box about four or five inches in diameter and an inch and a half in depth. This box was closed by a round piece of lead about a quarter of an inch thick, with a button on the top to lift it in and out. This fitted into the box and by its weight kept the tinder compressed. The flint was an ordinary flint, broken in such a way as to present one or more sharp edges. The steel, which consisted of very hard metal, was shaped almost exactly like the capital letter

"U" and was perhaps three inches in length. It was held firmly in the left hand by the smaller limb, directly over the tinder, which had been previously arranged in the tinder-box in such a way as to present as many free edges as possible. The edge of the larger limb was then struck sharply in a downward direction with the flint, and generally, after a varying number of attempts, the tinder would become ignited and a smouldering line of fire gradually extending would appear. To this a match was applied and so a flame obtained. Matches for this purpose were made by gypsies and brought round by them to the various houses and sold at the door. They consisted of a very thin piece of deal, perhaps half an inch wide, and six inches long, cut into a diamond-shaped point at each end and coated with brimstone. The brimstone was melted in an iron spoon and into it the end of the match was dipped. It required considerable practice and skill to cause the spark to fall on the tinder and ignite it, and I recollect well, when quite a child, coming down early in the morning of a damp cold day with one of the servants and seeing her light the fire. Owing to the damp, I suppose, the tinder would not ignite, and it seemed for a long time as if, in spite of all her efforts, she would never succeed. In some large houses, where there were large fireplaces with iron backs and brand-irons (generally made in the Sussex iron-works), logs were burned and these at night were covered over with the wood ashes which allowed very slow combustion to go on, and so a fire was kept up continuously. It was a frequent custom to keep in the fender a pair of short tongs, for the purpose of taking up a small coal from the fire, and lighting a pipe or a match.

Court Leet.

THERE is an old custom which, in my very early days, caused me great bewilderment, namely, the "Court Leet" which, I believe, was held at each Manor House. A number of men used to assemble at a certain hour at Perching, where my father lived and which was a Manor belonging to the Crown, and I so well recollect that at the appointed time an old man named Hollingdale, who held the office of "woodreeve" to the Crown, went just out of the front door and hallooed at the top of his voice. Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes! which was a corruption of Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! As soon as he returned, the business of the court commenced, but of whom the court consisted or what its business was, except that it related to the Manor, I did not know.

Steel Traps and Spring Guns.

A PERSON travelling along Sussex roads forty or fifty years ago, could scarcely help seeing now and again in a prominent position on one of the buildings in a farmyard, or on a carpenter's shop, or any building of that description, a white notice-board with "Steel traps and spring guns set on these premises" painted on it in large letters. Steel traps and spring guns had fallen out of use even in my boyish days, but I well recollect having the mechanism of the spring gun explained to me, and seeing a steel trap. The spring gun was generally a short gun with flint and steel lock and shaped like a blunderbuss and usually made of brass, as far as my memory serves me. This was supported on a pivot. Round the gun about a foot from the ground was a circular framework made of two or three wooden rods (hazel or willow?) crossed and secured together at the centre. Attached to this and to the gun was a mechanical contrivance made chiefly of string, which caused it to revolve so that the muzzle came opposite to any animal or person touching the framework and fired the gun at the same time.

I had plenty of opportunities of examining a steel trap, or man-trap as it was called, for there was one, belonging to a person in the village, at my father's farm for several months, and a most formidable instrument it was. Most of us were familiar with the old steel trap for rats and other small animals, called a clamp, in general use a few years ago, especially by game-keepers. I believe it was known in Scotland as the pole-trap. It is now rarely or never used on account of the suffering it caused to animals when caught. The man-trap was identical with this except in two particulars. It was many times larger, and the blades instead of being serrated at the edges and one fitting accurately into the opposite when the trap was closed, was provided with spikes from an inch to an inch and a half in length like large square nails which were fixed to the upper surface of each blade, and of course overlapped the opposite blade when the trap was closed and the edges of the blades met. The trap, as far as I can recollect, was about two feet wide, and about four feet long, the centre part, the trap itself, being about two feet, with a strong spring about a foot in length at each end. It would require two men to set the trap, and judging from the strength of the springs, it would be sufficiently powerful to break a person's leg, besides the laceration of and injury to the soft parts caused by the spikes.

Specimens of Old Sussex Dialect.

EH be gwene t'Henvul t'mor ter look at dem dere hogs. Dey sey deirn be better dun ouern, eh sey dey beant. Ouern be a good lot o' shuts, an dey be middlin lusty. De travlin's purty bad, and de brooks be out, but b'ou-t-will eh shall goo, regn eh shall git dere somehow.

(I am going to Henfield to-morrow to look at them there hogs. They say theirs are better than ours. I say they are not. Ours are a good lot of shuts (half-grown pigs) and middling fat. The travelling is pretty bad, and the brooks are out, but be it how it will I shall go. I reckon I shall get there somehow.)

Eh knowed ow tud be, ven eh seed ow t'was.

("I knew how it would be, when I saw how it was" said an old farm labourer who had stood watching a badly driven waggon till it overturned.)

Old Brighton Pavements.

THE pavements of Brighton in former days were entirely composed of bricks, generally laid flat on their side, but sometimes placed upright. In time some of them became very uneven and loose, and surrounded by a pool of water. The effect of stepping on these loose bricks was very disastrous, especially for ladies, for the dirty water was squirted up all over their boots and dresses, and on to the gentle-men's legs inside their trousers.

Three Criminal Cases.

I MAY mention three criminal cases which occurred in this neighbourhood quite in my boyish days, and which caused considerable sensation at the time. The first was a burglary, one of many in the neighbourhood at that time, which occurred at my father's house on Christmas Eve, when I was about eleven or twelve years old. The thieves got into the house by removing the iron bars from the cellar window. They took nothing of value, only a gun, a few overcoats and other small articles, but they took what in those days I thought of great importance, namely the beef and plum-pudding intended for the Christmas dinner next day. Being six miles from any town, and all shops being closed, no more beef or materials for plum-pudding could be got, and we were indebted to the Rector, Mr. Tufnell, who kindly helped us out by sending us some pork pies. The second case was the murder of Mr. Griffith. He was a brewer, who used, and I believe owned, the Rock Brewery in St. James's Street, Brighton. It was his custom, at stated times, to drive round the country in a gig to collect money from

the various public-houses which he supplied with beer, and he frequently returned home late at night with considerable sums. One day he received an anonymous letter warning him that he would be robbed. On the day of his death he had driven to Horsham, and was returning home late at night after it was dark.

He stopped at Henfield for a time, put up at the "George" Inn, and showed the landlord a pistol he had, but which, the landlord understood, was not loaded. He then started again to drive to Brighton by the road which goes from Henfield to Poynings Cross Roads, then turns sharply to the south and again turns when near the Downs sharply to the east, and is then continued to Dale Hill and Pyecombe. At the bottom of Dale Hill formerly stood a turnpike gate. This was the last time he was seen alive. Mr. Charles Hodson and his brother who lived at the old Black Mill (the remains of which stood in the angle formed by the junction of Dyke Road Drive with the Dyke Road) had been dining at Terry's Lodge, then the residence of Mr. Laurence Smith, a house standing in its own grounds close to the road about a mile from Henfield. They were driving home to Brighton by the same road as that taken by Mr. Griffith, when, about a quarter of a mile from Dale Turnpike Gate, in a very lonely part, they were stopped by the body of a man lying in the road. They got out and ex-amined it and found it was that of Mr. Griffith, with whom they were well acquainted. A pistol was lying by its side. They procured assistance and the body was conveyed to the "Plough" Inn at Pyecombe. The horse and gig were found next morning near Poynings Church, the reins being cut asunder. An inquest was held, the question of suicide was raised, a pistol having been found near the body, but the pistol was quite bright and could not have been fired since it was cleaned.

A verdict of wilful murder was returned, but no clue to the murderers was ever found. Years after when some workmen were cleaning out the mud from a pond close to the road along which the murdered man had passed, and about a mile to the East of Terry's Lodge, a man who was walking by called out to them that they would find Mr. Griffith watch if they searched carefully; this they did, found it and brought it to Mr. Somers Clarke, he being solicitor to the Griffith family.

About the year 1850, as far as I can remember, the whole of this neighbourhood was kept in a state of alarm for some months by a gang of men, who broke into many of the better class of houses and robbed them; and their depredations were so frequent and daring, that in many houses men were employed to sit up at night and keep watch. This was done at Buckingham Place, Shoreham, the residence of Mr. Bridger. These watchers were armed with guns. One night the thieves were heard affecting an entrance into the dairy. Now, in a dairy door there were always six or eight round holes, perhaps two inches in diameter, for ventilation. One of the watchers crept softly up to this door, and, on looking through one of these holes, saw one of the robbers, who, on being disturbed, attempted to escape through the window, which was at a considerable height from the ground. The watchman at once put the muzzle of his gun through one of the holes and fired. On going round on the outside of the house the body of the robber was found under the window, shot through the liver. An inquest was held and a verdict of justifiable homicide was returned.

Cholera at Pyecombe.

IN the year 1849 cholera broke out at Pyecombe in some scattered houses situated at the top of Dale Hill, on the north-east side of the main road, and behind the Rectory. The mortality must have been very great, as the population of the whole parish could scarcely have exceeded three hundred, and these houses could hardly have contained more than one hundred, but even in this small number there were eleven deaths. The water-supply, always limited, was thought to be contaminated with sewage, and that some impurity in it was the cause of the disease was proved by the fact that, after the supply of water was changed, no more cases occurred.

In the management of this outbreak, Mr. George Brown, of Montpelier Road, who at that time lived at Ditchling, and was the parish doctor, took the medical part, and my uncle, Mr. George Blaker, the executive. A barn, called Chantry Barn, situated a short distance from these houses, was hastily extemporised as a hospital, and my uncle took great pains in fitting up a large tarpaulin screen across the middle of this barn, in order to separate the sexes, before the patients were brought in, in the evening. Great was his dismay, when he arrived very early next morning, to find his screen pulled down, and the sexes intermingled.

Steyning.

HORSFIELD, in his history of Sussex, says that the name Steyning is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word "Staen" a stone, though Mark Antony Lower says it is one of the Saxon "Meares," meaning the abode of the children of one "Staen." It is stated that in the Saxon and Norman times there was a port at Steyning and that the small ships of that period could come up the estuary of the Adur, and, though for centuries this has been rich pasture ground, I have often, during a rainy season with high tides, seen it and the villages of Beeding and Bramber many inches under water. My late friend, Mr. E. J. Furner, was once asked to see a patient there in consultation. He got to the house well enough in a carriage, but the question then arose, how was he to get to the patient's bedroom, the lower part of the

house being under water. A ladder was at last procured and he entered ignominiously through the window.

Steyning Church is said to have been built in the time of Henry the First, and I can recollect, as a child, being struck with the grand arches resting on circular pillars with curved stone round them and on the capitals. Under the Church are supposed to be buried St. Cuthman and Ethelwulf, father of Alfred the Great.

I recollect also the old beadle, who stood in gorgeous array with a cane in his hand in the Church porch on Sundays; and also the old clerk, whose loud and hoarse "Amen" always seemed to my childish mind like the up and down stroke of a pit-saw. In those days on the top of a pit about eight or ten feet deep, a massive wooden frame was arranged, and on this the trunk of a tree was placed and sawn into boards with a large saw by two men, one standing at the top on the tree and the other in the pit, who in this manner took days to accomplish what would now be done by a steam saw in an hour or less time.

Standing on the right hand side of the street leading to the Church, not far from its junction with the main (High) Street, is "Brotherhood Hall," the house of an ancient guild or fraternity, which, with other property, formed part of the endowment of the Grammar School, founded in 1614 by William Holland, Alderman of Chichester, in which so many Sussex boys were educated. The porch with the massive old oak door, studded with nails, having a small door in the centre, through which, it is said, alms were given, still remains. One clause in the deed, we were told, provided that the master should be allowed the sum of five shillings a year for each scholar for birch rods.

Steyning Fair, one of the largest fairs in the county, was held on the 11th and 12th of October, and it has been estimated that, on some occasions, 3,000 Welsh cattle have been brought there, besides a number of Devons and other breeds. On these two days a great part of the south side of the principal street was occupied by gypsies' caravans and stall, at which sweetmeats, especially gilt gingerbread, toys, fruit, etc., were sold, and one or two cheap-jacks could be seen standing on a platform in front of their caravans selling bridles, harness, cutlery, carpenter's tools, pottery and almost every conceivable article, and one could not help being amused at their quick repartee and witty remarks.

At the back of the "White Horse" yard were large refreshment booths, the dinner usually consisting of roast pork and apple sauce. Here also were brought droves of New Forest ponies, from 60 to 100 in each, of course quite unbroken. It was curious to watch the manner in which the men caught any one of these animals a customer might select: two of them ran in, one seized the pony by the head and the other by the tail, and a halter was slipped on. It seemed dangerous, but the men apparently were never kicked or hurt. On the south side of the town the horse-fair was held. It was a scene of great excitement and confusion, and probably of as much iniquity as could be crowded into so small a space. The sheep-fair, of no great importance, was also on the south side of the town. The cattle-fair was held in a field to the west of the town, and it was a striking spectacle to see such large herds of black cattle, with here and there a herd of red, in one field, with men in all sorts of costumes, from the drover with his dog to the professional man and country gentleman walking about among them. The Welsh cattle usually appeared in the neighbouring fields the day before the fair, having been driven by easy stages from Wales by Welsh drovers. The bargaining for these animals was sometimes rather a long affair, and was always concluded by shaking hands, or rather either the buyer or seller held out his palm, which was struck with the palm of the other. The Welshmen in all parts of the field watched this most attentively, and directly they saw the hands touch there was a loud Welsh cheer. It sometimes happened that a person bought some cattle, but had a provided no one to bring them home. In this emergency the drover, with his dog, was always at hand. He attended all the fairs in the neighbourhood and, though he probably found other employment when not engaged as a drover, yet no one seemed to understand how or where he lived. It was, however, generally understood that he lived a very hard life, sleeping at times under hedges and on straw in outhouses; yet, though the cattle entrusted to him were sometimes worth very large sums, and the distances he had to drive them were very great, he rarely or never failed to bring them home safely. One of these men I recollect, who concealed a good deal of natural shrewdness under a most stupid exterior. He always spent his wages

in advance on each Saturday at the "White Horse," because : "Ye see, Sir, if I was to die, I shouldn't like my relations to quarrel over my money."

About twelve months ago I visited Steyning Church and Churchyard and could not help a feeling of melancholy at seeing one monument after another to those whom I had known and from some of whom as a schoolboy I had received much kindness. The Reverend Thomas Medland was then the Vicar. He was a good specimen of the old country parson, refined, polished, thoroughly good and kind-hearted and perhaps a little "sedative" in the church, at all events to school-boys. There was a report that he had a hundred sermons which did duty in rotation once in two years, but this was certainly not always the case. Mr. George Gates, brewer and farmer, who was very kind to us boys, was a thorough gentleman of the old school, shrewd, retiring and very strict in all business matters. It was told me that one morning he went out on his cob as usual, and, on his return to dinner in the middle of the day, was reminded that he had an appointment in London on the following morning. In those days railways were scarcely in general use, so Mr. Gates, after a rest, ordered his cob to be saddled and quietly rode to London and was thus able to keep his appointment. Mr. George T. Breach was another well-known man in Steyning. He was a wool-stapler and tanner. He was not well educated, talked load and lived freely; he yet was very much respected for his honesty of purpose and straight-forward conduct. In early days, owing to a panic in the trade, he was under some financial difficulties. He called his creditors together and paid them 15s. in the £. He bound them to keep this matter secret and promised to pay the remainder as soon as he was able. Some few years after he invited all his creditors to dine with him, and under his plate each guest found a cheque for the remaining five shillings in the £.

Steyning Market was held on each alternate Monday; on these days Mr. Breach's front door was always open, and in a room at the side were refreshments with bottles of spirits of various kinds. On these occasions a large amount of business in the way of wool, skins, etc., was transacted, and a considerable amount of liquor was consumed. I recollect going there one day from school with one of my agricultural friends, when a tall big man came in whose arrival caused a slight flush of excitement. I found in a short time that he had just come from before the Bench of Magistrates, which sat on Market-days in a room in the White Horse Inn, to which he had been summoned for assault and fined, I believe, £2. This gentleman kept some race-horses and for many years a feud had existed between him and another gentleman who also kept race-horses, and lived at a few miles distance. Some mutual friends tried to reconcile these two, and so far succeeded that this gentleman invited the other to dine with him. The dinner passed off well, but after dinner, as he himself told us, he was much annoyed at what ho considered an insulting remark from his guest. All the old animosity suddenly returned. He said he would not have his guest, who was a much smaller man, in his house, seized him by the collar o f his coat and his trousers and carried him to the door. Unfortunately, the trousers, which were not made of "gude braid claith" like Mr. Baillie Nical Jarvie's garment, would not stand the strain and the rent went right across; hence the summons for assault. I well remember my boyish wonder that such scenes should occur among grown-up men, but in those hard drinking days they did occasionally happen. Mr. Serjeant Ballantine in his "Experiences of a Barrister's Life" relates that once on circuit, the Judge, with several of the Sergeants of Serjeants' Inn, were staying at the same hotel. One night these grave and learned men, after a convivial evening, went into the Judge's bedroom and pulled the clothes off his bed in mistake for the room of one of their number, who, contrary to all circuit rules, had left the table early and retired to bed.

Lewes.

I WAS sent to Miss Lee's School, 170, High Street, Lewes, at Christmas, 1843, and remained there one year. Small children in those days generally slept two in a bed, and my bedfellow was William, afterwards Sir William Grantham. Miss Lee had two brothers, both very clever men, and one certainly, and I believe both, were connected with the "Sussex Express," the chief agricultural paper of East Sussex, and wrote at times very witty articles. At about that time there was living in Lewes an old horse-dealer named Drowley, very illiterate and eccentric, of whom numerous anecdotes were

told. This old man once asked Mr. Lee to write something pretty to put on his tombstone. He wrote : —

" Here lies the man that lived by lying,
Some people thought 'twould leave him dying,
But to the nation's great surprise
Even in his grave he lies."

The garden at the rear of 170 went back in the form of two terraces to a wall of the old castle which at that time formed the side of a brewery (I believe Mr. Langford's). One night this wall fell into the garden, covering it with an enormous mass of debris. School life in those days was very different to what it is at the present time, but we were kindly treated and well fed, and I think were far healthier and tougher than children of the present day who are brought up more luxuriously and fed with less plain and much less nutritious and wholesome food; for example, articles of diet made from very white, that is, inferior blanched flour.

Lewes was then not only the County Town but a very gay and busy place, though it had ceased to be the winter residence of the nobility and gentry of, at all events, the eastern part of the County, whose residences, with the remains of their former grandeur, especially in the form of old oak carving and gardens and things of a like nature, still remain. A cattle-market was held in the Town on alternate Tuesdays, and pens formed of oak wattles for sheep extended from the "White Hart Hotel" for some distance towards St. Michael's Church and occupied a considerable part of the road. Besides the sheep there were numbers of bullocks and horses, and these, together with the sheep, took up a great part of the width of the road and interfered a good deal with the traffic.

In the days before railways, Lewes was the main artery through which nearly all the traffic between east and west Sussex passed, as well as that to and from Brighton. There was no other bridge over the Ouse either up or down stream for some miles, and the High Street of Lewes was therefore a busy place. Besides the ordinary traffic, which was of a very considerable amount, coaches, four-in-hand, "Unicorn" and pair-horse, both from ease and west, were constantly dashing through the town; the pace at which they went down School Hill and the rattle they made can scarcely be imagined; and to this must be added the crowds at the booking-offices and sometimes the scramble for places. I well recollect the railway between Lewes and Brighton being made. I was told that there were great difficulties in its construction. The curved viaduct over the London Road and the skew-arch at Hodshrove in those early days of railways presented problems very difficult of solution. Mr. Lutley, who had a good deal to do with the construction of the line, told me he had more than once driven up Falmer Hill sitting on the safety valve of his engine.

Lewes was a place to which a large number of people in advanced life came to reside, and these, with the usual inhabitants, formed a very sociable and friendly community. In summer in the after-noon there was generally an assemblage of elderly gentlemen at the bowling-green which was situated just through the Castle Gates by the Barbican. They took the greatest interest in the game and played as if their whole future in life depended on it. In those days dinner was usually at 1 p.m., tea at 5 p.m. and supper at 9 p.m. Social visits in the evening were very frequent. During the greater part of the year whist, or a round game of cards or chess was played, and after supper a glass of hot spirits and water, brandy, rum or gin, went round. Conversation, very slow at first, became much more lively after the first or second glass. With "The Times" at sixpence, and other papers at threepence or fourpence, a newspaper was taken only once or twice a week and conversation was confined very much to local topics, and the same old anecdotes were related and old stories told perhaps for the hundredth time. Everyone knew what was coming and everyone laughed at the proper time, as if they had never heard them before. Among many remains of old customs at Lewes was the night watchman who walked about the town during the night, I believe with a bell, and called out the time and the weather. I was in the Convict Hospital which was then in the Old Jail, in 1858, and well recollect the first night I slept there hearing him call out "Twelve o'clock and a moonlight night." He has now disappeared.

There were two fairs at Lewes, chiefly for sheep, though horses and other cattle were well represented. They took place on May 6th and on September 21st. These fairs were very important. People came long distances to buy the Southdown sheep, and a very large amount of business was done. They also marked in the town and neigh-bourhood the change from summer to winter and from winter to summer. Among the older inhabitants after May 6th, black bars in the fire grates were taken out and replaced by bright polished ones, and after this no fire was lighted however cold the weather; winter clothes were exchanged for summer, and on September 21st these bright bars were taken out and the black bars put in and fires were lighted. Winter garments were put on, winter curtains were put over the windows and they "shut up for the winter."

The Fifth of November was always, from time immemorial, a great institution at Lewes. I well remember when at school in 1843, hearing the noise of blazing tar-barrels rolled through the street, and the shouting and racket. Squibs and crackers and fireworks of all sorts were thrown about and all windows had to be protected with shutters. There was a large bonfire in the middle of the town in front of the County Hall, not far from the spot where the martyrs were burned, and with this and the fireworks and rockets, the sky was illuminated all round. For several hours the town was given up to the mob and all traffic through the streets was suspended. With the altered state of modern social life and the advent of motors, this state of things could no longer continue, and the "fifth of November" was, a few years ago, entirely given up.

Lewes people in those days were all sportsmen. The Dripping Pan was famous for its cricket matches, and though at the present time it would not be large enough, in those days when cricket was a game in which all could join, and not an exhibition of professional athletes, when one parish played against another parish and one local club against another, it was considered an excellent ground. Friends met and watched the game and took a real interest in the play of their friends and acquaintances, and there was probably more real enjoyment than in the scientific contests of athletes of the present day.

With the Downs surrounding the town affording excellent gallops for race-horses, it was only to be expected that a large number of these would be kept and trained and some owned by men living in the town. There was, and is, a race meeting, on or about August 5th of each year; formerly a King's Plate was given, and there was always a large attendance from the town and surrounding country. Disputes in those days would occasionally arise and were not always settled by lawyers in a court, but frequently on the spot and with fists. I believe the last battle of Lewes was fought by my grandfather and Mr. Gallop, who lived at Edburton, on Plumpton Plain. They had been to Lewes races and were returning home in the evening on horseback in company with several friends who were going in the same direction, when Mr. Gallop said something very derogatory about the troop raised by Lord Gage, in which my grandfather held the position of Sergeant, and of which he was very proud. (In the wars of Napoleon, it was the custom for noblemen and gentlemen of wealth and position to raise troops at their own expense among their tenants and others). My grandfather much resented Mr. Gallop's remarks and the quarrel got so hot that they came to blows. They got off their horses, which two friends held, and fought it out. Many years afterwards I was told of it, and asked my grandfather if it was true. He said "Yes, and 'twas lucky for me Gallop did not want much licking."

The Brookside Harriers were a great institution in Lewes; Mr. John Saxby was for many years huntsman, a thorough sportsman and most popular man, and Mr. Charles Beard was the master, a most genial man and liked by everyone. I was attending his sister, who was rather seriously ill, and we were walking together in her garden one Sunday morning, when Mr. Beard said "I am not at all well, doctor, I wish you would send me some medicine." After a short pause he continued: "I don't know when I can take it. To-morrow there are our hounds, Tuesday is Lewes Market, Wednesday the foxhounds, Thursday our hounds, Friday and Saturday the foxhounds. I can't take any medicine this week." I did not think he required any.

Lewes in former times, as the County Town, was a rather festive place. Balls and parties were frequent. The County Ball, an important function, was held at the County Hall, and there were several other balls during the season, and other were held at the "Star," where there was a large room. I occasionally went to one of these balls and returned rather late. The prison where, as I have said, I

was acting as Medical Officer, was closed at 10 p.m., and if the doors were opened between that hour and 6 a.m. it was entered in a report book, which was sent up and examined at Headquarters. The Governor therefore suggested to me that I should not return till after 6 a.m., when the doors were opened for the day. One night I went to one of these balls with my cousin, Mr. Montague Blaker, and we did not leave till between 4 and 5 a.m. The problem was what to do till 6 a.m. My cousin kindly walked with me up to the "Black Horse," and we then returned to his father's house, 211, High Street, and sat down in the drawing-room and talked. In a short time the door opened gently for about half an inch, and through this chink we saw a streak of light, surmounted by something that sparkled. Then the door opened more widely, and disclosed old Mr. Edgar Blaker in his white nightdress with his spectacles on, and armed with a poker against burglars. After a little explanation he retired again to bed.

There were a great many dinner parties in Lewes in those days, and men drank rather freely, and strange things sometimes happened afterwards. That a gentleman should take a little more wine than he could carry comfortably was of a very common occurrence and was always treated as a joke. The late Mr. Richard Turner told me that on one occasion his father, Mr. R. Turner, senior, had gone to one dinner party, and he, with their assistant, Mr. Boanerges Boast, had gone to another. At about 2 a.m. they all three met on the doorstep of their house in High Street. Mr. Turner, senior, accused Mr. Boast of being drunk, which he stoutly denied. Mr. Turner said: "Well, you can't walk on the top of the wall between our garden and Mr. Gell's" (Mr. Gell was coroner, and the wall was perhaps, 10 feet high, flat, and 12 inches or more wide on the top). Mr. Boast said he could, so they got a ladder and Mr. Boast got up and walked some distance on the top of the wall, turned and came down safely. Mr. Turner said: "You have done that, but you can't run round the dining-room table." Mr. Boast tried but could not turn at the corners quite steadily.

On looking back upon the men of those days, one cannot help feeling that they were in many respects superior to their descendants of to-day. They were more manly, more independent, more persevering and spoke their mind more freely tough their speech was garnished very frequently with plenty of oaths. They hated untruthfulness or trickery, and anyone guilty of such conduct was held in contempt, and I well recollect the frequent use of the axiom: "My word is my bond." They were most kind-hearted and hospitable to a degree, and many had an innate politeness and polish, though some were cast in a coarser mould. The present generation certainly differ much from their forefathers. That great "revolutionist," steam and the railway have taken away all the old landmarks, and education, not always of a judicious and sometimes of a mischievous character, seem to have quickened the intellect without improving the moral feeling of this generation and has to some extent taken away the sterling qualities of our predecessors. I have asked very many business men of over middle age what they thought of the present manner of transacting business, and I always received the same answer that mercantile morality is at lower ebb, and things are done now which would not have been tolerated a few years ago, and confidence is diminished. Though this may seem to be the case, fortunately the conduct of our gallant soldiers and sailors proves that the fundamental qualities of the race have not deteriorated.

It is impossible to avoid a feeling of regret, when you call to mind your early recollections of Lewes, and miss so many features of great interest. Fore-most of all in importance, perhaps, are the tanyards. Owing to the situation of Lewes, with the river passing through it, bark could always be brought from the Weald without any difficulty, and tanning as an industry has been successfully carried on no doubt from very remote times, but steam and altered conditions at last made it un-remunerative, and the tanyards were given up. There were at least two, one at Malling, near the road leading to Ringmer, and the other on the low-lying ground in front of the present railway station. I have a faint recollection of being taken to see this tanyard, when I was eight years old and at school at Miss Lee's in 1843. When these tanyards were in full work, the whole of the lower part of Lewes was generally pervaded by the smell of the tan, and I recollect that the first intimation I had that the Malling tanyard was given up was the absence of this smell when driving from Lewes toward Ringmer.

There was another industry, which I have not heard mention for years, but which in my younger days was more talked of perhaps that any other. No hunting man considered himself in proper hunting

costume unless he had on buckskin breeches. Mr. Hother, of Lewes, was thought to be almost the only man who could make these garments properly, and his reputation extended far and wide.

Of all the changes which have taken place in Lewes during the last few years, not one perhaps has caused deeper regret than the disendowment of the old Grammar School. When I first knew Lewes its reputation stood high, and many of the older men of the present generation received at all events much of their education at that School. The building is now used as a private school.

The Paddock and Six Sweep Mill have been to me subjects of great interest ever since I was at school at Miss Lee's. The Six Sweep Mill, almost a unique object, stood on the high ground to the west of the town; it has shared the fate of almost all the windmills which were once ornaments and landmarks on the South Downs.

The Paddock made a great impression on me as a child. I seem now to recollect it as a large, slightly undulating space covered with beautiful turf, enclosed with a broad fence of low trees or shrubs, and crossed diagonally by a white path leading to the road from Lewes to Offham (I am not sure, however, that this is quite an accurate description). It has now been invaded by the modern architect. The historic "Hangman's Acre" still remains. The subterranean small building, the "Little Ease," supposed to have been at one time a place of punishment for refractory monks, in the garden in Southover Crescent, which formerly belonged to Mr. John Blaker, still remains, but the old Priory ruins, which the railway has spared, seem to have crumbled somewhat, and the beautiful lines of the "Mount" have been obscured by a modern House.

Country Bringing Up.

IT appears to me that few people appreciate properly the advantages of having been brought up in the country, where, among its quiet scenes, the young brain has far better chances of healthy development than it can have in the rush and hurry of a town. It is true that the child brought up in the town, from being constantly with other children, and from having fresh objects and fresh sights brought rapidly before him, and also from being kept constantly on the alert, gets hid perceptions and flow of ideas greatly quickened; but, having no time to think properly and deeply on any one thing presented to

him, he loses in proportion the power of observation and concentrated thought and reasoning, and his ideas become limited in extent to his immediate surroundings, so that it becomes difficult or almost impossible for him to take a broad grasp of things, or forecast the future course of events.

With the country child it is quite different. Not only does he have purer air, plainer food, more regular hours and less excitement, but scene and events are brought to his notice in a less hurried manner, and he instinctively begins to think and reason about them; and at the same time by watching, as he can hardly help doing, the various processes of nature, the bud emerging from the stem and becoming developed first into a blossom and then into fruit, the bird hatched from the egg, the caterpillar changing first into a chrysalis and then into a butterfly, and the growth of the various young domestic animals, his ideas are constantly carried forward and he naturally gets a wider view, as well as a habit of looking into the future, and it may be, of considering what may be the ultimate effect of his own words and deeds. Is it too fanciful to see in this an analogy to the human eye? It is a well-known fact that town children, from constantly looking at small objects and at objects close to them, become short-sighted more often than country children; and it is also a fact, I believe, but perhaps a less well-known one, that the majority of town children have a more limited vision that country children, and that, if they are asked to look at a distant clock or any such object at a distance, they are unable to perceive what a country child sees with greatest ease.

But if a country life is an advantage too an ordinary child, it seems to me the best possible preparation for the education of a surgeon or physician, especially if his time is spent on a farm. There he is brought into contact with life in both plants and animals, indeed he may be regarded as watching a very large experiment, or rather a series of experiments on a large scale, continued for a long time, and of such a nature that Mr. Stephen Coleridge, with all his ingenuity, would find it difficult to suggest even an imaginary cause of complaint. I cannot help thinking that, although immeasurable strides have been made in the last fifty years in the general management of patients, the medical man, his attention being fixed on the scientific treatment of his patient, occasionally overlooks details in food and its manner of administration, and other small matters, which sometimes make all the difference between success and failure, and in regard to which he might occasionally take a useful hint from a simple herdsman or shepherd. On looking back I feel conscious that my treatment of patients has been occasionally modified to their advantage by what I learned from watching animals and their management in my boyish days. I will here relate an incident which, though it occurred at least fifty years ago, will illustrate my meaning. My father took great interest in his herd of Sussex cattle, and occasionally exhibited them at Agricultural Shows, and he had an excellent man to attend to these animals. At that time it happened that a near relative became unable to manage his business, and his farm, a rather large one, was carried on by his bailiff for a considerable time; at his death my father felt bound to take this man into his employment, and it became his work to attend to and feed the cattle intended for market and exhibition. In this, although he had been with cattle from his infancy, and had proved himself perfectly honest and trustworthy and was most anxious to succeed, he entirely failed, and my father was obliged to reinstate his former herdsman. In this case the cattle, though not absolutely the same animals, were bred and brought up in exactly the same manner, and the food, housing and water were precisely identical. The only difference was one of minute details in the administration of the food and general management. Breeders and exhibitors of pedigree and fat stock are well aware of the value of a man who is technically termed "a good hand with stock." The good and successful management of animals seems innate in some men and can never be acquired by others, and it is, I believe, generally accepted among farmers that a placid and quiet disposition and manner is most essential. Does not this show us the necessity of keeping patients as quiet and cheerful and free from all disturbance of any kind, both of mind and body, as possible, and that very minute and almost unrecognizable causes may interfere with the organs of digestion and nutrition, as Darwin has shown they interfere with those of generation in many animals. Shakespeare seems to have alluded to this in the lines:—

" Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek headed men and such as sleep o'nights;
Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look,

He thinks too much."

Another circumstance, which also occurred at least fifty years ago, at a time when the value of fresh air was not understood and night air was held to be injurious and was carefully excluded, and when nightcaps and four-post beds and closely drawn curtains were the order of the day, greatly impressed my young mind. A theory was started in the "Agricultural World" that cattle would do much better, and the manure would be more valuable, if the animals were kept in boxes and not tied up in stalls in the ordinary way. One farmer with plenty of means built some new boxes with brick or stone, another with more ideas of economy built some with boards, and a third with faggots closely packed together. It was soon found that the animals kept in the boxes made with faggots did much the best, those in the boxes with wooden sides next, and those in the expensive walled boxes worst of all; which showed clearly the value of slowly circulating fresh air, without draught, the true principle of ventilation.

Many years ago Sir Spencer Wells made the statement that the only experiments on animals he made were with the object of ascertaining whether or not the peritoneum should be included in the suture of the abdominal wall or not. He might have seen experiments of this sort by the hundred on a farm, for not so many years ago all female pigs, except those required for stock purposes, were speyed or ovariotomised when about eight weeks old. The operation was done by a Veterinary Surgeon very dexterously, though in a somewhat rough and ready manner. He knelt on one knee and the pig being on its side, he fixed its head and shoulders under his ankle, while a man held its hind legs and pulled them back pretty firmly. An incision a little in front of the thigh was made through the skin and abdominal muscles into the peritoneal cavity, just large enough to admit the finger. From constant practice the operator quickly found the cornuated uterus and brought it out through the wound, cut off the ovary from the extremity of each cornu and returned the uterus. The hind leg was then brought forward to relax the muscles and the wound was closed with a continuous suture, great care being taken to include the peritoneum. The operation lasted only a minute or two. No dressing was applied, and in two or three days the pig was running about apparently quite well. A Veterinary Surgeon told me that he had never seen general peritonitis occur, though he had seen adhesions from local peritonitis prove fatal. The time chosen for the operation on bitches was about the fourteenth day from the commencement of gestation, when all the parts were in full functional activity and considerably enlarged. In the cornua the exact situation of each embryo was marked by the appearance at regular intervals of a round knob of the size perhaps of a small walnut, in a large dog.

The ovaries were removed, and the wound closed with a continuous suture including the peritoneum, as in the case of pigs, and recovery was very rapid. Speyed bitched were much in request formerly, and there was a saying "Six speyed bitched are a pack," meaning that they were keen hunters and always ready. They had, however, a tendency to obesity. These operations have now become obsolete. When I first went to the Hospital as pupil, and, after witnessing hundreds of these operations, was told that a wound of the peritoneum was almost always fatal, I could not understand it; nor can I do so now, unless we admit that the lower animals possess an immunity against septic germs, or that septic germs do not exist, at all events in such large quantities or of so virulent a form, in country districts, for the rustic operator's hands are rarely clean and he took no pains to make them so.

The effect of consanguinity, or as it was termed "breeding in and in," was occasionally to be observed, and it was interesting to watch how under these circumstances, the animals became more and more delicate and feeble, their muscle and bone smaller and more deteriorated, and how deformities tended to increase, especially a shortening of the lower jaw, in the country termed "hog-jaw".

There are countless other things well known to agriculturists which are not, I believe, yet under-stood, but which give great cause for reflection. It is a well-known fact that animals of one species will not thrive and get on, or even retain their health, if kept too long on the same ground, al-though animals of a different species can immediately take their place without any ill effects. Indeed these frequent changes seem as necessary for the purpose of keeping the grass and herbage in good condition as they are for the health of the animals. It is also, I believe, a fact that animals can be kept and can remain for

a longer time on arable land, which is frequently exposed to the air by the necessary tillage, than on meadows. This injurious effect on the land seems to last for a very considerable time, for if sheep are pastured on some land, especially wet land, in the autumn, their successors in the spring are almost certain to suffer from intestinal disorders; and every gamekeeper knows that if he wishes for success in raising young pheasants he must change his ground every year.

Country Life.

ON leaving school at sixteen I returned home, and, as my forefathers had done for centuries, I commenced to learn farming, which was quite a different thing in those days to what it is at the present time. And here I remained for twelve months, picking up a little knowledge of different soils, the different methods of cultivation, and various other matters connected with agriculture. I also learned something about domestic animals, and watched with great interest the manner in which the old herdsman managed his cattle. He kept them clean, their stall well ventilated, and warm and free from draughts, with plenty of clean straw. He gained their confidence so that they were not alarmed at

anything he did. He studied their dispositions, always putting an irritable or bad-tempered one in a quiet place. He fed them always at the same time, gauging their appetite so accurately that nothing was ever left on their trough. The feeding over, he closed the door, so that nothing might disturb them during digestion. Could the most accomplished physician devise a better system than this? He could, in addition to this, do all ordinary agricultural work in an intelligent manner, and was in all respects a fair example of ordinary farm labourers, who are frequently looked on as ignorant and stupid. Does not the stupidity rather rest with those whose ignorance of the country and of the nature of plants and animals, prevents their seeing that these men are skilled labourers of the highest class?

I thoroughly enjoyed a country life, field sports in winter, and watching the ever varying appearance of the woods and fields as the changing seasons came round.

" Those who such simple joys have known,
Are taught to prize them when they're gone."

And I look back with as much pleasure to this twelve months, for I acquired a knowledge of the life-history of plants and animals, and I feel I also got a power of memory and observation which proved most useful in after life.

But the farmer's troubles are endless. Un-favourable weather may in a very short time destroy the work of a twelve-month, and disease a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep. There was at that time a great agricultural depression, and the seasons were most unpropitious, so I deter-mined to leave farming and enter the medical profession. It was a great wrench for me, a raw country boy, to leave the country life and country scenes in which I had been brought up, and in which all my tastes and pleasures were centred and plunge into the, to me, "great unknown" of town life. I asked my father to try and place me as a pupil at the Sussex County Hospital.

Pupilage at the Sussex County Hospital.

BY a singular coincidence, in the next impression of the "Sussex Express" there appeared an advertisement for a pupil, which post my father at once secured for me; and in less than a week, on June 21st, 1852, I commenced my professional education, as resident pupil on probation for a month; and was after-wards regularly apprenticed to the House Surgeon for the time being, for five years, with implied permission to spend the last two tears at a London School of Medicine.

Drugs and medicine were thought much more of in those days than now, and twelve months was not considered too long for a student to devote to them; indeed, though the apprentice's fee was £300, his services as dispenser were looked upon as a valuable asset. I therefore spent my time in the morning in the Dispensary, and in the afternoon in working for a new voluntary Classical and Mathematical Examination, then just introduced by the Society of Apothecaries to take the place of the old Celsus and Gregory, of which, to show they had had a liberal education, students were compelled to translate a few lines.

The hospital was opened in the year 1828. It then consisted of the present central portion only. A Fever Ward, standing where the Chapel now is, close to and behind the Hospital, was added soon after, as also a mortuary and a room for autopsies. Mr. Benjamin Vallance was the first House Surgeon; he was succeeded in 1831 by Mr. E. J. Furner, and it was in a great measure owing to the latter's exertions that the Library and Museum were founded in 1833, and the Hospital recognised as a Medical School in 1834.

The following incident, showing the position of electricity nearly a hundred years ago, may be of interest. It was then a scientific toy, and Mr. Philip Vallance, brother of the first House Surgeon, who related this to me, took a great interest in it, and constructed a machine with some little power. From this he carried a wire to the handle of the door of the pupils' room close by, in order to give Mr. Gwyn, one of the pupils, a shock. He soon heard a noise and ran out, only to find, instead of Mr. Gwyn, the Rev. J. S. M. Anderson, Chairman of Committee and Chaplain to the Hospital, and to St. George's Chapel, and, I believe, also to the King, in his surplice, flat on his back. Mr. Vallance apologised and said it was intended for Mr. Gwyn. "It need not have been quite so strong, even for Mr. Gwyn," was the only reply.

The Resident Staff at the Hospital consisted of the House Surgeon, Matron, three of four pupils, and the Dispenser. The House Surgeon, besides having the care of the patients and the supervision of the Wards, was answerable for a good deal of the executive work, and, being by statute resident master of the establishment, all cases of difficulty were referred to him. The Dispenser was responsible for the making up of medicines, which, however, was done chiefly by the resident pupils. Besides these resident pupils, there were a number of non-resident pupils, who in those days were apprenticed to various medical men in the town, and were allowed to see the practice at the Hospital on pay-ment of £10 per annum. Mrs. Comport was the Matron, to which post she was appointed in 1828, when the Hospital was first opened. She was a charming old lady, and was looked on as part of the Institution, in which she still took the greatest interest. She always spoke of the pupils as "her boys," and though we used to tease her and play small practical jokes on her, we did not much fear her anger, which usually ended in an oyster supper.

In 1839 the "Victoria" Wing was built, and in 1841, the "Adelaide." September 21st, 1852, was a memorable day; Lady Jane Peel laid the foundation-stone of the East and West Wings. All the "élite" of Brighton, then in its palmiest days, was there, and the Vicar, the Rev. H. M. Wagner, gave a long address. After this ceremony the rest of the day was devoted to festivities, and in the evening there was a dance for the nurses and servants. As the examination at the Apothecaries Hall was coming on, I spent that evening in working at Euclid in the room next "Vallance" Ward, which is now the Assistant House Surgeon's room, but which was then used for casualties in the morning, for out-patients between 12 noon and 1 p.m., and for casualties (if any) and a pupils' sitting-room for the rest of the day. On one side of the fireplace was a washing-basin, and above this, in the corner, a cupboard containing a skeleton. On the other side of the fireplace was a cupboard with two drawers below, which were used for splints and bandages. In the cupboard above were kept a few cases of casualty instruments, some loose bones and books belonging to the pupils. On that evening, as usual, the pupil's supper, consisting of bread and cheese and beer on a tray, was placed on the table about 9 p.m. Soon afterwards a woman, whom I knew something of, she having lived at Pyecombe, was brought in from the railway, an engine having passed over both legs. The surgeons were at once sent for, and arrived accompanied by Mr. William Verrall. In the meantime my Euclid and our supper were put into the cupboard, the table was placed in the middle of the room and a mattress put on it, the instruments were arranged on the window sill, three bulls-eye lamps were lighted, and after both legs

had been amputated, one above and one below the knee, by Mr. Vallance, who did the operation very well, the patient was removed, the instruments were washed and put away, the table was washed down and put in its place, and our supper again brought out and placed on it. This was my first operation, and my first initiation into surgery. I don't think I did any more Euclid that night! I passed the Preliminary Examination at the Hall in October, and then commenced to learn the bones. There were no illustrative plates in those days and none of the modern helps, and we had to learn the bones by staring at them and puzzling out the foramina, processes and depressions by means of the text and small diagrams, and by carrying the lesser bones in the pocket, and feeling them at odd times, so as to get their shape and appearance impressed on the memory. It was very difficult work, but when once learned in this way they were not forgotten.

First Medical Officers at the Hospital.

THE first Surgeons appointed to the Hospital were Mr. Harry Blaker, Mr. Robert Taylor and Mr. John Lawrence. Mr. Harry Blaker was Surgeon to the Royal Family and had £300 a year for attending the household at the Pavilion, and a tradition exists that he vaccinated the late King, but this is perhaps doubtful.*

He certainly attended the Princess Royal, after-wards Empress of Germany, evidence of which exists in the old accounts of the firm. He also attended Mrs. Fitzherbert, and was one of the witnesses to a codicil of her Will.

Mr. Robert Taylor was always looked on as an excellent surgeon, and on one occasion he tied the common carotid for pulsating tumour of the orbit. He was a most gentlemanly and courteous old man, though of an irritable temper, and could on occasion swear very fluently.

He was very fond of horses, and always drove himself in a park phaeton and pair. Dr. Ormerod told me an anecdote respecting him which is perhaps worth repeating.

Dr. Ormerod was sent for to see a patient in the country, and a trap met him at the railway station.

As they were going along the driver said : "Do you know Mr. Taylor, sir?"

"Yes," said Dr. Ormerod.

"Very hasty man, Mr. Taylor, I used to drive for him. One day, sir, in St. James's Street, he had gone into a house and I was sitting outside with the carriage, when a man from the waterworks came and turned on the cock in the middle of the road, and the water flew up in a jet two or three feet high, splashed the horses and frightened them so that I was obliged to wait a few doors off."

"When Mr. Taylor came out, he just did swear, and he took hold of the waterworks man and held him over the spout till he was wet through."

I attended Mr. Taylor for several years, indeed, up to the time of his death, and I once asked him if this story was true?

"Of course it was," he said. "What right had the fellow to frighten my horses?"

In contrast to this, I must relate another inci-dent told me by Mr. Couling, trifling in itself, but showing how extremes of character may meet in the same person.

Mr. Taylor and Mr. Couling met in consultation at the house of a lady of title, living at Palmeira Square. While waiting in the drawing-room, one of the children, a little boy, came in; Mr. Couling shook hands with him without rising from his seat, but Mr. Taylor got up and shook hands most courteously, remarking: "We ought always to be particular in our behaviour before children, if we wish them to grow up as gentlemen."

Mr. Lawrence was, I believe, an excellent Surgeon. I was once taken to assist in stopping secondary hæmorrhage after a circular amputation of the thigh, which was, I was told, very well done by him.

These three first surgeons all resigned on the same day, and the three first House Surgeons, Mr. Benjamin Vallance, Mr. E. J. Furner and Mr. John Lawrence, Junior, were appointed to succeed them, and were Surgeons to the Hospital when I first went there as pupil.

Mr. John Lawrence died, in two or three months from appendicitis. He was most anxious to have an operation, and sent for Sir William Ferguson to perform it, but operations for appendicitis were not dreamed of in those days, and Sir William declined to do it. Mr. Lawrence was a capital surgeon, and had a great reputation. Mr. H. M. Blaker succeeded him.

The three physicians were Dr. King, Dr. Jenks and Dr. Brown. Dr. Brown was a man of gentle-manly manners, and very well informed, but his professional knowledge was rather antique.

Dr. Jenks had been an Army Surgeon and was in the Peninsula War and had amputated at the shoulder-joint at the Battle of Toulouse. He was a man of considerable ability.

I knew little of Dr. Brown, who left the Hospital soon after I went there.

If the memory of things which happened fifty years ago can be relied on, medicine and surgery and the management of patients, must have been very primitive and crude. The walls of the wards were whitewashed, there was no attempt at ornamentation, the floors were of deal boards with wide interspaces, and these were occasionally scrubbed. The food was good and stimulants were prescribed freely. The beds were very close, with small cubic space for each. Both nurse and patients conspired to keep the windows closed, especially at night, night air being considered injurious. The smell was, consequently, sickening and erysipelas and pyæmia were almost always present in a greater or less degree. Arteries were secured with waxed silk ligatures, one end of which was cut short and the other left hanging out of the wound; when they separated at about the ninth or tenth day, there was frequently secondary hæmorrhage, half-healed stumps were torn open, and the almost impossible task of securing a vessel in the midst of granulations, which bled on the slightest touch, was attempted. Wounds were usually dressed with wet lint, which constantly from neglect (it was impossible to keep it wet) became dry; but frequently stumps, even on the second day, were poulticed, a copious excretion of yellow pus, "pus laudabile," being thought to prevent erysipelas. There were about three or four sponges in the Ward, which were used for all patients one after another, almost without washing. When stumps were dressed, pus used to flow out by the ounce through the fingers of the man who supported the flaps. Fractures were treated much as now, with splints, but sloughs and bedsores were much more common. Anæsthetics were not well understood, and were looked upon rather with dread, and I well recollect seeing a thigh amputated without anæsthetic. The patient, a man from Rottingdean, was brought in with comminuted fracture of the thigh; it did badly, and secondary amputation was decided on at a consultation. It was also decided not to use chloroform (ether was then never used) for fear of increasing shock! Mr. Lowdell tried to amputate the thigh by the flap operation, but the knife, which transfixed the limb, caught against a fragment of bone. Never shall I forget the agonised cry of the poor man—"Please cut me through, Doctor, pray cut me through." The limb was eventually taken off by cutting the flaps from without inwards, but the patient died next day.

Cupping was so constantly prescribed, especially for pain in the back, that two or three out-patients were occasionally seated in chairs, in a row, and all cupped at the same time, the cupping glasses being taken off and replaced in rotation. Doctors and patients seemed to rejoice in physic, especially patients, who were not satisfied unless they had plenty, and the more uncomfortable it made them the better they were pleased. "It must be doing me good, it does 'sarch' me so." The older men knew nothing of the stethoscope, which had not been introduced very many years. "There's a great noise in his chest, I wonder he does not cough and spit more," said one old physician, after sapiently listening to the chest of a man suffering, I believe, from bronchitis.

A few months after the commencement of my pupilage, Dr. Ormerod was appointed Physician to the Hospital. He was a man of fine intellect, highly cultured, of great industry, and quite up-to-date, having worked with Sir James, then Mr. Paget, till his health failed, and he was obliged to give up his prospects at St. Bartholomew's, and, as he told me, come down to Brighton to die. His influence in the Hospital was soon felt. There were a good many preparations in the Museum which had been brought into being by Mr. Furner, when House Surgeon, many years before. He put these up fresh and re-wrote the histories. I well recollect almost my first interview with him: I was in the Museum cleaning some preparation jars when he came in. I was about to retire when he stopped me, and from that time till his death was my guide, teacher and friend. It was his custom on his admission week to come to the Hospital punctually at 9 a.m. and take histories of his cases, which were written down at his dictation by his clerk, whom he took great pains to instruct in the examination of patients, in the ordinary clinical testings and in morbid anatomy whenever an opportunity occurred. As soon as he could, he made me his clerk, and also taught me how to work with the microscope, and advised me what books to read. I shall always remember him with the greatest gratitude and affection.

Almost the last case I saw as a pupil before going to Guy's, is perhaps worth mentioning. A man was knocked down by an engine at the Station, he fell between the rails and the engine passed over him, compressing his pelvis. When the swelling subsided, it was found that he had dislocation of the heads of both femora on to the Dorsum Ilii. There was no manipulation in those days. Attempts were made

by force and pulleys for two hours to reduce these dislocations under anæsthetics. One was reduced the other converted into a dislocation on the pubes.

* Since writing the above, I am informed by Mr. C. Somers Clarke that this statement is quite correct. Mr. Harry Blaker vaccinated both King Edward VII. and the Princess Royal, afterwards Empress of Germany. He brought some vaccine matter from them and vaccinated two of his own grandchildren, telling his daughter, their mother, that her children should have royal blood in their veins. One of the children vaccinated was Mr. Clarke's own mother.

Guy's Hospital.

I ENTERED at Guy's in 1855, and spent my first winter session chiefly in the dissecting-room, attending, however, a few lectures, notably Dr. Addison's last course, being fascinated by his manner and eloquence. The second winter session I spent in much the same manner, getting to the dissecting-room at 9 a.m. and remaining the greater part of the day, till towards the end, when, after feeling for a

few days a little out of health, one day at lecture I noticed a good deal of pain of the right side in breathing. This increased, and the next day I was obliged to lie up. Mr. Corbould, of Sydenham, where I had rooms in the Railway Station with the station-master, attended me, and finding things rather serious, asked Sir William, then Dr. Gull, to see me, who said I had effusion into the right pleura, a friction sound at the base of the left lung and a mitral murmur. These two latter disappeared in the course of a few days. I must not omit to mention Dr. Gull's very great kindness to me at this time. He was then in full work, but found time to come to Sydenham to see me, two or three times a week, for eight or nine weeks. He thought the mischief was rheumatic, from the profuse perspiration; probably it would now be thought septic.

About the fourth week I was one day seized with spasmodic cough, lasting seven hours, and followed by profuse expectoration, a pint or more, purulent and tinged with blood. I imagine a communication with a bronchus formed at this time. About ten weeks from the commencement of the attack I returned to my father's house at Alborne, apparently in the last stage of phthisis, depressed shoulder, contracted chest, clubbed fingers, constant cough, profuse expectoration and night sweats. By slow degrees I got a little better, and could walk a few yards, and in a short time could ride on horseback at a foot pace. Mr. Richard Burt, Veterinary Surgeon, most kindly lent me a quiet pony, and rubbed my chest every evening for a quarter of an hour, and this was the only remedy to which I could trace the least benefit. The chest very gradually resumed to a great extent its natural shape, but the manner in which the expansion took place was very curious. About once in a fortnight or three weeks there was, for two or three days, a marked aggravation of all the symptoms, especially the cough; this was followed by an evident expansion of the chest, as if absorption of adventitious matter having gone on to a certain extent, the elasticity of the walls came into play, and air entered a portion of hitherto compressed lung.

At the end of eighteen months, although clubbed fingers and cough and other symptoms still remained in a minor degree, I had very much improved. My chief amusement at this time was shooting on my uncle's farm at Pyecombe, but this was attended with difficulties, as breathlessness prevented my walking. I got over this by making a holster out of an old stirrup leather and a piece of carpet, which I could buckle on to the staple at the bow of the saddle of the quiet pony lent me by Mr. Burt; I then got a heavy leaden weight to which I attached a cord eight or ten yards long, and passed the other end of the cord through one ring of the snaffle-bit and tied it to the other, thus forming a gag. Then when my old setter found any game, I could "cast anchor" by throwing down the weight, which prevented the pony moving, and get off and have a shot. In this was I sometimes killed four or five head of game in two or three hours.

I have given my own case rather at length, because, in these days of tapping the chest, a case of pus in the pleura, left to Nature, is rare. I tried drugs of various kinds but I cannot say that I derived the slightest benefit from any, except opium, and to this drug I think I owe my recovery. It quieted my cough and gave me sleep; I took from 30 to 40 minims of Tincture of Opium every night for five or six months, and then gradually reduced the dose both in quantity and frequency. It produced no ill effects, and I felt no craving for the drug when I left off.

At this time I was seized with a desire to pass the Hall and College, but any idea of returning to Guy's was out of the question. Circumstances, however, favoured me. It was the last year of the old "regime," which required only three winter and two summer sessions at a recognised Hospital, and the examination for which consisted of one hour's "viva voce," divided into four quarters, a quarter of an hour being spent at each of four tables. Though I had not com-pleted the usual curriculum at Guy's, I had spent nearly five years at a recognised Hospital,—the Sussex County Hospital being recognised for practice,—and it occurred to me to petition the two Courts of Examiners to allow me to come up for examination. I consulted Dr. Ormerod and he quite approved, and wrote to both Hall and College. I sent up my petition, and received practically the same answer from both, that I might try but should be required to pass a good examination. I then arranged with Dr. Barron, the "Grinder" or Coach at Guy's, for an hour's preparatory examination, at the end of which he said I was certain to pass, so on July 22nd, 1858, I went to London, got to the Hall at 8 p.m. and left about 10 p.m. with the Apothecaries Hall Diploma. The College still remained to be passed. I again made an appointment

with Dr. Barron, who said I was almost certain to get through. On October 15th, 1858, I passed College. On the morning of that day, after breakfast, I walked to a farm close by, where I had permission to shoot, and killed a snipe, my dog pleasing me by swim-ming a wide stream and retrieving it. I then returned home and rested till the mid-day dinner, after which I went to London and stayed at the Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge, till I went to the College where I had to be at a little before 8 p.m.

There were, I think, eleven candidates; I was one of the last three, and had therefore, twenty minutes at three tables, instead of fifteen minutes at four. At the first table was Mr. Skey, who was then advocating free incisions and stimulants in phlegmonous erysipelas. His first question was "What would you do if you had a case of cellulitis?" I said, of course, "Free incisions and plenty of stimulants." "How large incisions?" "Large enough to relieve tension." "And how much stimulant?" "Enough to affect the pulse." At the next table I had a few questions on the physiology of breathing, and also on the veins, and the propriety of putting a ligature on them. It has been considered that it was most dangerous to put a ligature on a vein, because it was thought that when the ligature separated, the pus was sucked into the open mouth of the vein and produced pyæmia. This doctrine was, just then, questioned. At the last table was Mr. Thomas Wormald, noted for his rough manner and kindness of heart. Seeing, I suppose, that I was tired and out of health, his first question was "Where do you come from?" "Brighton, sir." "Oh, a Sussex pudding, I suppose." He then asked me some very good questions about dislocation of the ankle joint, with fracture of the lower end of the fibula, which, thanks to Dr. Ormerod, who had induced me to study "Cooper on Dislocations and Fractures of the Joints" at the Sussex County Hospital, I was able to answer. At the end of the hour, when the names of the successful candidates were called over, mine was among them.

I was much disappointed at not being able to compete for the office of House Surgeon, which just then became vacant at the Hospital and which had always been my object; indeed I had given up all idea of ever being able to practice the profession, but

" There's a Divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will."

I Commence Practice.

IN about a month I received a note from the Hospital, telling me that the newly-appointed House Surgeon had scarlet-fever, and asking me to take the duties till other arrangements could be made. This I did and remained there about three months. I then spent several months at Guy's chiefly in the wards, and in the autumn of that year, 1859, I was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the Convict

Hospital, then temporarily located in the Old Jail, now the Naval Prison, at Lewes. There were about 300 invalid convicts, of whom about 20 or 30 were mental cases, some bordering on insanity; a considerable number were convalescents after accidents or acute disease, sent from able-bodied prisons, and some were chronic invalids. We remained at Lewes four or five months, when we were transferred to a newly-built model prison at Knapp Hill, close to Woking. I look back upon the time spent at Lewes as, perhaps, the happiest of my life.

For the first time for two years I was able to enjoy social amusements and the society of friends, of whom I had many in Lewes, and moreover, I was earning my own living and free from the fear of being dependent on my friends, a feeling more intolerable, perhaps than the pain of pleurisy or the dreadful weakness of septic fever. The prison at Knapp Hill was built on the most approved plan, both as regards ventilation and sanitation, and also its general arrangements, but it was difficult to imagine that it was within thirty-six miles of London, for it was situated on a large moor covered with heath and a few stunted pines, about a mile and a half from Woking Cemetery, in an unused part of which I used to exercise a young setter. Snakes abounded, and frogs kept us awake at night by their croaking. A few blackcock still remained, and numbers of shaggy forest ponies were to be seen roaming about. I think this appointment was the most useful I ever held, for I learned how to manage a large public institution and saw a number of chronic cases not usually to be found in a Hospital, and, as there were about fifty autopsies a year, a good deal of pathological knowledge could be picked up.

Specimens of calcareous degeneration were very common, such as large bony plates in an adherent pleura or pericardium. Above all there was an excellent opportunity of studying human nature. The convicts came from all grades of society. There were clerks, merchants, lawyers, medical men (one of whom had once held a very prominent position in a large town) and clergymen, amongst whom was a once eminent preacher. A certain number of the prisoners were habitual criminals, and, if discharged, were soon in prison again. But while the educated were generally in for forgery or swindling and the uneducated for more violent crimes, there were some who were much to be pitied, men who had lead blameless lives up to one point, and then, when, perhaps, their minds were enfeebled by anxiety and worry, caused by misfortune, losses or sickness, had yielded to temptation and come within the meshes of the law. I learned also that men, even convicted felons, are not all bad, that some traces of good feeling are always to be found, and I must say I received as much gratitude, or even more from convicts than from many others. There was one other circumstance which particularly struck me, and that was that men collected together from all parts of the country, and from all grades of society, should so perfectly assimilate themselves to one standard, as if men, when placed under precisely similar conditions, have a tendency to assume one particular type in appearance, manner and, I think, habit of thought, quite irrespective of their previous manner of life, associations and education. Malingering was very common and required all, and sometimes more than all one's acumen to detect.

Although it occurred some months after I had left the service, and while I was on a visit to my cousin, Mr. E. S. Blaker, who succeeded me in the office of Assistant Surgeon, the following incident may be worth recording. By the kind permission of the Governor I was allowed to accompany my cousin round the wards, and was asked to see a man who was said to have paralysis of both legs. I thought with the others he was malingering, and the usual remedies having failed, it was decided to use galvanism. The batteries were out of order, but by uniting two, we got a fairly good current. While arranging the batteries, it was mentioned audibly that a mild current would be used at first and the strength increased daily. The batteries were places on a table on one side of the bed and Mr. E. S. Blaker, standing on the other, applied one pole to the hip, and asked me to apply the other to the foot. Never was a more miraculous cure. The man jumped up, said : "I'm damned if I can stand this," and rushed across the ward, dragging the batteries off the table, upsetting the sulphuric acid, and destroying two sets of bedding and the floor for several feet.

Brighton Dispensary.

ON leaving the Convict Hospital in 1860 I was appointed House Surgeon to the Brighton and Hove Dispensary.

Brighton in those days was much smaller than it is at present, and, roughly speaking, was bounded by Kemp Town on the East, then by Eastern Road, Queen's Park, Elm Grove to Lewes Road, then by Dog Kennel Road, New England Hill to Furze Hill. Adelaide Crescent and Palmeira Square had just been built at the West of Brighton. Hove was a small town, and was separated from Brighton by the cricket ground, situated where the Avenues now are. What is now Church Road was then a somewhat narrow, rather muddy lane, with hedges on each side, and between this and the Downs was, I think, only one house, Rigden's Farm. Preston was a country village, with some thatched cottages, still standing; it was noted for the Tivoli strawberry gardens, and was about a mile from Brighton. Preston Park was then a large meadow, and between London Road and Lewes Road were only one or two houses, indeed, I have ridden over this ground as well as over Rigden's Farm more than once with the hounds.

The houses in the district in which my work lay, that is round the Institution in the Queen's Road, were comparatively modern, and for the most part fairly sanitary, except that in many of the bedrooms there were no fireplaces, and these had absolutely no ventilation The drainage was for the most part into cesspools, pits simply sunk in the chalk, and it is worth notice that some of these cesspits never required emptying, the contents disappeared in the fissures of the chalk. There was a rudimentary system of drainage in some parts of the town, chiefly for the purpose of carrying off the storm water, with an outlet on the beach near the Albion Hotel, and into this some of the houses drained. This drain was of brickwork and so badly constructed that large black slugs used to come up through the cracks into the basement of 29, Old Steine, when I first resided there in 1869. This drain was very superficial, and the smell from the gully-holes was at times very noticeable. The present system of drainage with the intercepting sewer was not in existence till 1871.

Mr. George Shelley, a butcher, for many years Churchwarden at St. Nicholas, told me that when a boy, he used to swim his butcher's tray in a stream which ran from Park Crescent through the Steine to the Sea. The water supply of the town was from two sources, the waterworks, and wells. Many houses connected with the waterworks, the service of which was not always constant, had cisterns, which not only contained the water for drinking, but also supplied the lavatories by means of a pipe. I well recollect the supply at the Hospital being deficient during a hot summer, when it was necessary to supplement it by water from the well. The plumbing was not always satisfactory, a communication having been once discovered at the Hospital between a large water pipe and a soil pipe which ran side by side. The wells also were not always to be depended on, sewage matter sometimes percolating into a well from an adjacent cesspool. This happened at 29, Old Steine, when Mr. H. M. Blaker lived there. The water was noticed to have a peculiar taste, and a communication was discovered between the well and the cesspool of No. 30.

While I was at the Dispensary, epidemics of three diseases occurred : diphtheria, small-pox, and scarlet-fever. About the diphtheria I re-collect nothing particular, except that the worst cases occurred in houses situated near a gully hole, the smell from which, especially in hot weather, was very offensive, the drains perhaps being rarely or never flushed.

The small-pox did not seem to be of a very severe or fatal character. There was no attempt to isolate those infected; people generally passed through the disease in their own homes, and might be seen, as they were getting well, walking about the streets with black half-healed pustules on their faces. The difficulty seemed to be in recognising the disease in its early stage. Some cases commenced like measles, the distinctive nodules not appearing for a day or two. Among the cases modified by vaccination, some could scarcely be distinguished from chicken-pox, while others, after a few days' malaise, presented only three or four pustules, just sufficient to identify the disease. Practically, if two or three good vaccination marks could be found, there was no anxiety as to the result.

The scarlet-fever epidemic was a much more serious matter, and, if my memory serves me, I signed twenty-three certificates of death from scarlet-fever in one month. The epidemic appeared to be of a very bad type, and its virulence was doubtless increased by bad ventilation and crowding, and from the fact that, where imperfect drains existed, they were seldom or never flushed. In some cases the rash was of a purple (purpuric) colour, and these were generally fatal. In others the rash did not appear

at all, the patients died, apparently overwhelmed with the poison on the first or second day, and, but for the prevalence of the disease and the presence perhaps of one or two milder cases in the same house, the disease might very easily have been unrecognised.

Opening into the North Road, then called North Lane between Bread Street and Gardner Street, on the site now occupied by Tichbourne Street, were two rows of buildings called Pimlico, and Pym's Gardens. They were mere alleys, there being no opening at the Church Street end. As far as I recollect the houses were mere huts with a few feet of garden in front, and in a most dilapidated condition. The inhabitants, mostly fisherman, were of the lowest type; the families lived all crowded together, and I have seen on Sunday mornings, girls of ten or twelve years old, or even a year or two older, walking in front of the houses absolutely naked. In the gardens and paths in front of the houses, heads, skins and intestines of fish were lying about in every stage of decomposition. Nothing could be worse than the sanitary conditions, and yet there was a remarkable freedom from illness, though Bread Street above and Gardner Street below had their full share. I could only account for this by supposing that, being fishermen, they could get fish, and so were well fed; secondly, that the houses were so old and dilapidated that in spite of over-crowding plenty of fresh air got through the cracks and crevices; and lastly, that being very low (only the ground-floor), there was plenty of sunlight and nothing to prevent free circulation of air.

House Surgeon, County Hospital.

I LEFT the Dispensary in 1862, and about mid-summer, 1864, was elected House Surgeon to the Sussex County Hospital, a post which had been my aim since the time I was pupil there. During that interval, surgery had advanced a little, but not very much. Diseases of joints which had, during my

pupilage, been treated with blisters and cupping, were now put on splints and kept at rest. The first traces of the present aseptic and antiseptic treatment of wounds might be seen in the greater cleanliness, and in the use of such lotions as lead, zinc, and specially carbolic acid instead of plain water, though it must not be forgotten that Friar's balsam, balsam of Peru, and turpentine in various forms had been used from time immemorial. The three or four sponges, which it had been the custom to use for a whole ward and which were very imperfectly washed between each dressing, were superseded by swabs of cotton-wool or fine tow, but practically nothing was done to prevent the spread of septic poison. Surgeons still operated in old coats kept for the purpose, the cleansing of which consisted in allowing the pus and blood to dry and then simply brushing them off. The same morbid fear of fresh air still continued, as well as the difficulty in keeping up any ventilation. Cases of erysipelas and hospital gangrene were constantly recurring, and in the autumn of that year these diseases raged to such an extent that fourteen or fifteen patients, and also the head nurse, died in the male accident-ward in one week. The disease usually came on suddenly. A patient with a wound, however caused, apparently going on well was reported to have a rigor. This was followed by fever (there were no clinical thermo-meters in those days), restlessness, loss of appetite and perhaps vomiting. In a short time the parts round the wound became red, hot and swelled, and in a few hours gangrene commenced in a small spot and spread rapidly, sometimes over a very large extent (many inches) of surface. In some, but not a large proportion of cases, the swelling was infiltrated with gas and on pressure with the finger, a crepitating sensation was felt, like pressing an emphysematous lung. If the case did not end fatally, as frequently happened, the slough separated, leaving the muscles exposed as if they had been cleanly dissected. Repair usually took place fairly quickly. The treatment consisted in free incisions, which were immediately plugged with strips of lint soaked in turpentine; poultices, frequently of charcoal; stimulants and nourishment, with quinine and opium.

I have described these cases rather minutely, because they are now seldom or never seen. Primary union in wounds was almost unknown, and the suppuration in the larger wounds, such as amputations (which were much more common in those days than now) was enormous, often many ounces daily. Ventilators and blocks placed in the window-frames so that the sashes could not be quite closed produced a great improve-ment, but septic cases still occurred. On one occasion there was an epidemic of diphtheria, and in one ward the characteristic membrane appeared on the surface of many of the wounds. The nursing of that day was very imperfect compared with the present system of highly-trained nurses. There were no sisters, and the head nurse was generally a woman of ordinary intelligence, who had worked her way through the grades of scrubber and under nurse. They did ordinary nursing fairly well, were very attentive to patients and took much pride in their wards, but they could not do dressings or work of that sort, which was usually done by pupils. No charts or records were then kept in the wards.

About this time two inventions came into general use : the clinical thermometer and the hypodermic syringe, which have had so great an influence on medicine and surgery that it is difficult to realise how we could have got on without them. These were followed by the ophthalmos-cope and the laryngoscope, and I well recollect a passage in one of the journals, which expressed a doubt as to whether such a strong light thrown on the retina might not seriously injure that membrane. These new instruments, together with the Röntgen Rays, are of course of the greatest value as aids to diagnosis, and it is to be hoped will not lessen the cultivation of the power of observation, and the senses of touch, sight and hearing, which were so evident in the older men. I well recollect Mr. S. K. Scott, years ago, coming into what is now Overton Ward, and looking at a girl evidently very ill, but in whom no definite lesion could be found, and saying "that girl has pneumonia." Nothing could be found in the lungs that day, but the next, one was nearly solid. He had a large practice, and recognised the "physiognomy" of disease.

About this time, 1867, the first ovariotomy at this Hospital was done by Mr. H. M. Blaker. It was a perfectly straightforward case, but things were not well understood. The clamp slipped, there was considerable hæmorrhage and the patient died from septic inflammation. Mr. E. J. Furner about this time tied the subclavian artery on both sides at different times, on the same patient. On both occasions the operation was done without anæsthetic, in order to avoid any distention of the veins. The man

scarcely moved during the operation, and slept afterwards for sixteen or seventeen hours each day till he got well. Of course, in those days one end of the ligature was cut off, and the other left hanging out of the wound.

A medical man is sometimes obliged to tell patients that their disease is of a very serious or indeed fatal nature, and it is curious to observe the different manner in which such news is received. A particularly nice old man, a farm labourer, was sent into the Hospital from East Sussex with malignant disease of the lower jaw. I advised him in the gentlest manner I could to return home to his friends, as nothing in the way of operation was considered advisable.

"Be I going to die den sir?" he asked. I could only say, "Well, I am afraid we shall not be able to cure you."

"Den I don't know what dey'll do in my parish. If dey buries me dey must go widout being buried durselves, for I be de sexton."

The majority of the labouring classes in East Sussex at that time always pronounced "th" as "d." Another proof of their Saxon ancestry.

Appointment as Assistant Surgeon.

ON the last day of 1867 I left the Hospital as House Surgeon, and in 1869 was appointed Assistant Surgeon. In 1870 I did my first ovariotomy, the second done in the Hospital, and the first successfully. It was, fortunately, a particularly easy case. The patient ran away from the Hospital,

frightened by the fire which occurred in the east-end of the building about that time. As I was walking up the Marine Parade the evening before the operation, I met a retired elderly medical man, who strongly advised me not to attempt an operation, which was "scarcely justifiable," and might lead to unpleasant consequences to myself. I am not sure he did not mention "Coroner's Inquest." Considering the enormous mortality of hernia operations of those days, and the teaching that a wound of the peritoneum was almost certainly fatal, it is not to be wondered at that ovariotomy, when first introduced by Sir Spencer Wells, should have been received by the profession with a storm of abuse, and that all sorts of opprobrious epithets should have been applied to those who practised it. But this opposition was of short duration. The position of a woman, the subject of ovarian disease, in those days was terrible. After a painful illness of a year, or, at most, two, with all the miseries of dropsy, relieved perhaps from time to time by tapping, in those days a somewhat dangerous operation, she could only look forward to a fatal termination. It is not surprising, under these circumstances, that she should take the risk of an operation that would restore her to health, though that risk might be great.

The number of successful cases was at first very encouraging, and quickly became greater as the management of patients and the manner of doing the operation improved. Still surgeons had to feel their way. The initial difficulty was in diagnosis. Abdominal tumours having been looked on as beyond the reach of surgery, little pains had been taken to differentiate between the various forms, and mistakes were thus often made. Then the idea that patients required food soon after the operation was the cause of some failures. One by one errors of this sort were rectified, and the number of failures decreased. The greatest advance was, perhaps, the exchange of the clamp for the internal ligature, which marked a great advance in the practice of general Surgery. I well recollect a remark in one of the journals, that nothing but its success could justify such an unsurgical procedure as leaving a ligature in the interior of the body.

Water-Beds.

IN former days, in the treatment of surgical cases, especially fractures and amputations, nothing was more common or more disappointing than the occurrences of bed-sores. Bed-sores in those days were

not simple abrasions of the skin, such as we see now, but were formed not infrequently by the separation of sloughs three or four inches in diameter, composed of skin, areolar tissue, and sometimes even of the periosteum of the sacrum; indeed, I have occasionally seen exfoliation of a thin lamella of that bone. These sloughs left a still larger wound, with edges under-mined for an inch or more. The management of these bed-sores was extremely difficult. We had not water-beds or air-cushions then such as we now have, but the Hospital possessed, as far as my recollection serves me, two water-beds of the type then in use. Each of these consisted of a large wooden receptacle for the water, about seven feet long by three or four wide and two deep, in form something like a brewer's vat. It was lined with a thin sheeting of lead and had a tap at the bottom by which it could be emptied, and a short pipe in one corner by which it could be filled, and to the inside of the rim of this, all round, a large piece of India-rubber sheeting was nailed. It was supported on four legs with castors. The quantity of water required to fill this was enormous and, owing to its low temperature, many thicknesses of blanket had to be spread over the mackintosh sheeting to protect the patient from the cold. It was only with great difficulty that a patient, when once placed on one of these beds, could be moved, and the sheeting being, of course impervious to moisture, these blankets became saturated with emanations from the patients, and became con-verted into a really putrid mass, although they were changed at comparatively short intervals. It is difficult in these days of cleanliness and sanitation to imagine how a patient could possibly have done well. Still this sometimes happened. I remember a man, with a badly fractured thigh and a bed-sore almost as large as a plate, being on one of these beds for many weeks and eventually getting well, and though still somewhat lame, he survived for more than forty years.

A Journey to Arundel and Consultation with Mr. Evershed.

ONE day in the latter end of the last century, in the same year that the road between Worthing and

Shoreham was washed away by the very high tide, I received a telegram late one afternoon from Mr. Evershed to come at once to Arundel to see a patient with him in consultation. I drove to the station and took the first train going in that direction, and in the hurry did not notice that it went no further than Worthing. When I got there, as there was no other train, I took a cab, and told the man to go to Arundel. At Broadwater, about a mile from Worthing, the man stopped and said, "Please, sir, will you tell me the road; I come from London and have only been down here a fortnight." I had never been on that road before; however, by constant enquiries, we at last found our way to Arundel. It was now very dark; Mr. Evershed met us and drove me in his trap some distance into the country, I never knew where. We saw the patient and got back to Arundel between 10 and 11 p.m. With some difficulty we found the cab and I got in. We had a good deal of trouble in finding the road back to Worthing and were obliged constantly to knock up cottagers, who had gone to bed and heartily blessed us for disturbing their rest. We arrived there at about 2 a.m. The cabman then said his horse was tired and could not go, and advised me to put up for the night at some hotel. I told him I meant to go on to Brighton, so we took his horse out and put him in his stable where there were perhaps a dozen more cab-horses. The man said he knew nothing about any of them, so we selected one, a big, well-bred, nice-looking horse and apparently fresh; we harnessed him, put him in the cab, and started to drive to Brighton. The straight road by the sea was washed away and we were obliged to go by the upper road, which passes the Old Sussex Pad Inn (in former times notorious as a rendezvous for smugglers). When we got about a mile from Worthing, we completely lost our way, and went about a quarter of a mile up a lane till we were stopped by a gate going into a field. On one side of this road was a stagnant ditch which in the dark appeared like a path. I got out to explore and walked into the ditch which, from the stink and black mud, I think must have been a sewer. I had a new case of valuable instruments in my pocket and in trying to save these, got pretty well soaked. However, we managed with some difficulty to turn the cab round, and I got in and we started once more. I was fairly comfortable in the cab as long as I kept all the windows shut, but it was a very cold, windy night, and when I got out, as I did, two or three times to knock people up and enquire the road, the cold seemed intense. We at last got to the Sussex Pad; after that I knew the road, and we arrived in Brighton at about 4 a.m. The man was very pleased with the two sovereigns I gave him. I put all my clothes into the bath and went to bed, thinking my troubles were all over; but this was not the case. My wife and family were away in the country, and when I went to my drawer in the morning to get some clean clothes, I could find none; everything had been taken with them, so I was obliged to lie in bed till the servant could go to Needham's, and buy some new clothes.

Brighton Poisoning Case.

ABOUT this time occurred the Brighton poisoning case, and it was I believe, the last occasion on which the jury of matrons was empanelled, I will relate what I recollect of it.

Miss Edmunds, a lady of a "certain age," and as far as I recollect, not of particularly pre-possessing appearance, lived, I think, in Gloucester Place, Brighton. Dr. Beard, at that time Assistant Physician to the Hospital, in some way became acquainted with her, and asked her, as she was an excellent draftswoman, to copy some large anatomical drawings which it was intended should hang on the walls of the Hospital Library.

It is probable that at this time Miss Edmunds developed for Dr. Beard one of those sudden attachments, not uncommonly seen in weak-minded and emotional people, and that this rendered her insanely jealous of Mrs. Beard, whom she wished to put out of the way without attracting suspicion to herself.

Soon after this some children, after eating some chocolate creams, purchased at the shop of Mr. Maynard in West Street, were seized with all the symptoms of arsenical poisoning; one, a little boy, died, and, on examination, arsenic was found in the body. The sweets in Maynard's shop were examined and arsenic was found in one parcel of chocolate creams, and some of these, on more minute examination, were found to have been cut in half, arsenic put in the centre, and the two halves stuck together again. It was then recollected that a lady had bought some of these creams and taken them away, and after some time had brought them back and asked to have them exchanged for something else, which was done. One afternoon just about this time, I was asked to go at once to Mr. Boys, 59, Grand Parade, where I found two or three of the servants suffering from considerable collapse, pain and vomiting. I was told that this had come on after eating some fruit, peaches I think, which had just been sent anonymously. I was surprised at the severity of the attack, but thought the fruit was probably bad, and suspected nothing further. I had scarcely left this house on my road home, when I was asked to go to Dr. Beard's house which was only a few doors from Mr. Boy's. Here I found two or three of the servants suffering in exactly the same way as the servants at 59, and was told that the symptoms had come on after eating fruit of the same sort, also sent anonymously. My suspicions were now aroused, and on closer examination I found the fruit was covered with a white powder. I therefore collected all the vomited matted I could in earthen vessels which, together with the fruit, I put in a cupboard which I locked and sealed. I then communicated with the police who in the course of a day or two had collected sufficient evidence to justify them in arresting Miss Edmunds; she was committed for trial by the magistrates and lodged in Lewes Jail.

The feeling in the neighbourhood was so strong against her, however, that the trial was transferred from Lewes to the Old Bailey. I was subpœnaed as a witness. There was nothing remarkable in the trial; it was an ordinary trial for murder. She was found guilty, but when asked, according to the usual custom, if there was any reason why sentence of death should not be passed on her, said she was pregnant. A jury of matrons was immediately ordered to be empanelled. The doors of the Court were closed, and two policemen proceeded to select the proper number of matrons from the women who were in the Court, Mr. Richard Turner, Surgeon to Lewes Jail, who, of course, knew the policemen, was sitting close to me, and a few rows in front was a rather good-looking young woman; Mr. Turner touched a policeman and suggested she should be selected, which was done, and she was made foreman, or forewoman, of the jury. When the proper numbers were chosen, they were marched up into the jury box, where they appeared with surprise and dismay depicted on their faces, and were sworn. They then retired and soon asked for the assistance of a surgeon. My name was mentioned, but I got off by representing to the Judge that I did not wish to act, having had to do with the case all through. Eventually a prison surgeon came. He wanted a stethoscope, for which a "Bobby" was sent, who returned with a large telescope. Altogether the whole thing, except for its serious nature, was ludicrous in the extreme. After the trial Miss Edmunds was sent back to Lewes Jail. A plea of insanity had been urged at the trial for the defence, and Dr. Lockhart Robertson, in his evidence, said the case was on the borderland between crime and insanity. Sir William Gull was sent down to Lewes to see her and make a report. Not so many years previously he had for a short time occupied the position of

usher or teacher in that town in the school of Mr. Abbott, a Quaker. Miss Edmunds was eventually sent to Broadmoor as a criminal lunatic, where, I believe, she now is.

Antiseptic Surgery.

SOMEWHERE in the seventies, Lord Lister's wonderful observations on the subject of bacteria, and his practice based on them, began to be known. As happens in almost all great discoveries, the method of using antiseptics met with incredulity and opposition, and one very eminent Surgeon, attached to a large London Hospital, published an article in one of the journals eulogizing the advantages of bread poultice as compared with the antiseptic treatment of wounds. I recollect well the ridicule and difficulty I met with when I first used this new antiseptic method at the Hospital.

Although, at that time, our apparatus was very imperfect (we had only hand-spray, gauze, protective, antiseptic wool, with carbolic acid lotion), and our knowledge of using it was also imperfect, I soon found that when "antiseptic precautions," as the new method was then termed, were used, we sometimes got primary union, which we had never done before, and wounds healed more rapidly and with less pain and constitutional disturbance than under the old treatment. It was, however, extremely mortifying after every care in the way of cleansing the hands, and soaking them and the instruments in carbolic acid lotion, and an operation, as far as we could judge, was aseptic, that a colleague who did not believe in the method should put an unwashed hand into the middle of a wound and infect it! But in this I am convinced : that the spray of carbolic acid, 1 in 40, was of great service by washing away the germs so thoughtlessly introduced. Surgeons now felt themselves justified in cutting aseptic ligatures short and leaving them in the wound. Only those who recollect the length of time (at least nine days) required for the ligature, with one end left hanging from the wound, to separate, and the fear on the part of both patient and surgeon of primary hæmorrhage after the operation, and of secondary hæmorrhage during the separation of the ligature, can appreciate how great an advance this was.

Improvements in detail quickly followed, one of the first being disinfection of the skin at the site of the operation, and the sterilisation by heat and boiling of the instruments and dressings, till the present almost perfect system has been reached, and operations, which a few years ago were unheard of, are done now with comparatively little pain, and with almost a certainty of success.

Having now nearly reached the present time, "reminiscences" must cease. On looking back to the Surgery of one's younger days, although its principles, as shown by Hilton's book on Rest and Pain, and others, were well understood, one is struck with amazement at the improvement which science, with the aid of new and improved instruments, has been able to effect. Sir James Paget, a contemporary of many of us, when he found specks of trichina spiralis in a muscle, was obliged, as the legend goes, to take a specimen to the British Museum to examine it with a micro-scope. Now, when we go into a Bacteriological Laboratory and see the microscopes at present in use, and are shown the staining processes, the tubercle and other bacilli, and the phagocytes, and are told of the opsonins, may we not well wonder "whereunto this will grow?"

Altered Type of Diseases in Relation to Social Customs.

I HAVE received a suggestion from a quarter which I cannot disregard, that I ought to say something about the change of type in disease; but this is such a large and controversial subject that it is with the greatest diffidence that I venture to introduce it into these pages, which were only intended to be "reminiscences." I can only give my own ideas on the subject which may be taken for what they are worth.

Better drainage, better dwellings, better sanitary arrangements, especially in towns, and better knowledge of the laws of health,—and in this category I would especially place the breaking down of the idea that sir was one of the principal carriers of disease, and that night air was particularly noxious, and ought to be excluded in every possible way, an idea which probably had its origin in the difficulty of keeping up the temperature of dwellings when wood was chiefly used as fuel, and steam power had not yet made coal comparatively cheap—all these taken together have no doubt rendered epidemics of contagious and infectious diseases, such as scarlet-fever, measles, diphtheria, and perhaps typhoid (though this is usually water-borne) of less magnitude than formerly; and though the first onset of an epidemic is usually sufficiently sharp, we do not witness those terribly fatal outbreaks which we used to see.

To these causes also we must attribute the great diminution of phthisis and other tubercular troubles, and also of stone in the bladder which was formerly so very common in children. Valvular disease of the heart also seems less frequent, perhaps owing to the better treatment of rheumatic fever; as well as cirrhosis of the liver from drink; and those cases of hideous deformity where the palate, nose and parts of the face were destroyed, and the bones of the skull and other large bones necrosed, as the result of specific disease.

Much has been said and written about change of type of disease, but is it not the people who are changed with their habits and surroundings, rather than disease and its laws?

In the former times men lived simpler and less exciting lives than they do at present : their desires and ambitions were more limited, the aim of the middle-aged being to secure a competency for old age, and of the young to obtain such a position as would enable them to marry and have a home of their own; and for this they were willing to work patiently and steadily. "I don't mind a little work if I can get what I want," was a common expression. Their houses were far less convenient, colder, and more draughty; clothing was less warm, but little flannel and woollen material being used, indeed, flannel was looked upon as almost effeminate. There being no railroads and few covered conveyances, people were much more exposed to wet and cold and other hardships. Their intellects were sound and good, but perhaps scarcely so acute as those of men of the present day, but they certainly had more endurance and more vigour both of body and mind, as well as a higher sense of justice and duty. They cared less for the comforts and conveniences of life, and this was seen even in their pleasures. I well recollect one incident. The foxhounds met at Toddington, a place lying under the hill about three miles west of the Dyke. It was February or March, and the day was damp and cold, with an occasional drizzling shower; there was no scent, and we remained hanging about the covert all the morning. Later on a fox was found, and after a slow and short run was lost just under the Dyke, at about four or five o'clock in the afternoon. Horses and men were standing all close together, while the hounds were casting for a scent, when I noticed the late Earl of Sheffield and his son, Mr. Douglas Holroyd, leave the rest and start to ride home to Sheffield Park, a distance of about twenty miles. Their horses were tired, and, as they must have started quite by eight o'clock in the morning, to be in time for the meet at eleven, and could not have reached home till eight or nine o'clock at night, they would have been almost constantly in the saddle for twelve hours, and for the latter part of the time in damp clothes. Would this be considered pleasure in the present day?

Diseases at that time were such as might be expected from the manner of life of the people. Having been accustomed to less luxury and com-fort, their perception of pain and discomfort was less acute, and minor ailments received but little attention. They suffered, however, much from rheumatoid

arthritis (rheumatic gout, as it was then called) and from rheumatic fever and its conse-quences; pulmonary troubles were also common, especially chronic bronchitis and emphysema; phthisis, arterial degeneration (sclerosis) and its consequences were frequently met with. Calculous affections of the kidneys and bladder were also prevalent; and, if the memory can be trusted, crippled and infirm old people were more frequently seen, and as there was not the same amount of warmth in the houses and none of the modern means and appliances for alleviating their weakness and infirmity, they died at an earlier age.

Macaulay has pointed out that the natural combativeness of man is always carried on with the weapons in which he most excels, and that, as in ruder times muscular power and physical endurance were in the ascendant, so with the greater cultivation of the intellect, the conflict is now carries on by mental power and acuteness. We can therefore understand how the introduction and development of that great revolutionist, the railway, and of steam, and machinery generally, together with the increase of wealth in the country, have produced a great change in the ideas, aims, habits and surroundings of the people. It can scarcely be said that civilisation has increased—if by civilisation is meant the cultivation of the best instincts of our nature, such as patriotism, independence, manliness, consideration for others, the desire to be useful citizens, and a sense of duty. Nelson's last signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," and Wellington's constant appeals to duty in his addresses, would perhaps, not stir the hearts of men now as they stirred the hearts of the sailors and soldiers of those days; the desire of too many now seems to be to attain their ends, not by steady work, but at the cost of as little labour as possible; and there seems, also to have sprung up a restless desire to acquire wealth in the shortest possible time, wealth being now, more than ever, looked on as the stepping-stone to position, influence and luxury. Competition has consequently become extremely sharp, speculation has increased, men have become more unscrupulous in their dealings with each other, and mercantile morality, as shown by our daily papers, is less to be relied on. I well recollect a remark of an old uncle of mine: "Men are very much altered since I was a boy; they swear less and lie more."

Pleasure and relaxation, if it can be called relaxation, are taken in the same hurried manner. How often do we get the same history: "I was quite fit till I took a holiday and went abroad, and I have not been well since; but then think what a distance we went and what a lot we did in the time?"

In a pleasure place like Brighton we often come across cases in which the nervous system is disordered from almost opposite causes. We see people, often well educated, whose one idea it seems to be to get as much of what they call enjoyment out of life as they can, and to avoid everything which can possibly interfere with their ease and comfort. These are, perhaps, more to be pitied and more unhappy than any others. Selfish and indolent, they have none of the higher and better aims and desires, such as the wish to live a useful life, and to hold a position command-ing respect; nor have they any object before them, the attainment of which would entail a little work and perseverance, and would provide that moderate competition and intercourse with others, and that exercise and occupation which are necessary to give tone and vigour to the mind. At an early age, possibly at 40, they begin to find that society does not want drones, that they are, to use a colloquial expression, "somewhat out of it;" they have very few friends, and frequently none of the comforts of home and domestic life (for they have probably been too selfish and too much afraid of responsibility to marry); and, having nothing to look back on with satisfaction, and nothing to look forward to with pleasure or hope, they become dissatisfied and unhappy, and their nervous system gets into a worse condition that that on their more ambitious and energetic neighbours.

Constant excitement and high pressure cannot fail, sooner or later, to produce their effects, and disease or break-down of the nervous system consequently frequently follows.

As might be expected, the powers of perception having been more cultivated, and people having become more accustomed to luxury and comfort, pain and the other inconveniences incidental to illness, in spite of better nursing and modern appliances, are more acutely felt. Insanity is said to be on the increase, and this may be true, if we may judge by the number of new asylums. Cases of nervous prostration in its various forms (all included under the name of neurasthenia) have become

exceedingly common, as well as the different varieties of neuritis and neuralgia, and all sorts of imaginary diseases. Added to these is that terrible form of insomnia, with its attendant restlessness and sense of discomfort, which leads to a craving for sedatives of all sorts, especially sedative drugs, which are now supplied to the public to their very great injury in the elegant form of tabloids, for the craving soon becomes a habit which generally ends in misery, disease, and sometimes death to the patients, and trouble and distress to their friends.

Diseases of the alimentary canal and accessory organs of digestion also seem more common. There can scarcely be any doubt that the material and structure of the teeth are less strong and durable than they were formerly. May there not be a corresponding imperfection of structure in the stomach or other organs, and may we not therefore start life with weaker powers of digestion?

Every nurse knows that worry and anxiety in the mother will so affect the secretion of milk as to cause it seriously to disagree with the infant, and most of us know from personal experience that these same causes will produce loss of appetite or sickness or diarrhœa. When we remember how liberally the various organs of digestion are supplied with nerves, through the two pneumogastrics, the sympathetic, and the vaso-motor nerves, we can scarcely wonder that when the brain, which governs digestion, is enfeebled by high pressure and exhaustion, the secretions necessary for that process should be inefficient and that the function itself should be imperfectly performed. People now frequently take their meals in a hurried and irregular manner, and their food is not of the best or most wholesome quality, consisting as it frequently does of meat and vegetables adulterated with deleterious and perhaps poisonous preservatives and colouring matter, and other impurities; besides which ordinary food is often badly prepared. We can hardly therefore be surprised that the digestive organs, already enfeebled, should fail in their duty, and that a state of irritation, or perhaps a low form of inflammation, should be set up in the whole tract of the alimentary canal, and that we should be constantly hearing of post-nasal catarrh, adenoids, gastric and duodenal catarrh, catarrh of the small intestines and colon, and appendicitis; and that these should be frequently followed by cancer or some form of malignant disease. Medicine and Surgery have done much to relieve this state of things as shown by the very large number of abdominal operations now done, but perhaps a stricter application of the laws against the adulteration of food, and a better knowledge of the laws of health might be more efficient remedies. *"Messorum ilia dura"* conveys the same meaning now as it did in the days of Horace.

There can scarcely be a doubt that much more is heard of diseases in women that formerly, and, though in many instances these are neurotic or imaginary, in many they are a very stern reality. Darwin has stated that the organs of generation in animals are peculiarly sensitive to external influences, to some so minute as to be scarcely traceable; and every breeder of domestic animals knows that if he wished to be successful he must select good animals, and animals of the proper age, and keep them in the best conditions for health. In the present state of society and manner of living, such conditions rarely exist, everything being sacrificed to the attainment of luxury and ease.

Marriage is consequently postponed to an age later than nature intended, large families are not considered desirable and are therefore avoided; women often do not nurse their infants, some because they cannot, other because they will not, on account of the trouble and restraint it entails, a course which not only endangers the health of the child, but that of the mother also. These and many other causes now in operation sow the seeds of disease which is frequently followed by the Nemesis of severe suffering and the life of a chronic invalid.

The state of society in England at the present time has been frequently compared with that of Rome and Greece before their decline, and much has been said and written about the deterioration of the English race. Can it be that the greatness of England culminated in the Victorian era, and that we are even now on the downward path?

This last paragraph was written in 1906. In 1914 War was declared and the greatest struggle the world has known commenced, accompanied by the greatest convulsions in our whole social life. Future history will record that the men and women of England faced the situation quietly, calmly, and in

accordance with Nelson's words, "England expects that every man will do his duty." And I would fain believe that this terrible upheaval and test has removed, in its few years, much of that disintegration of character and softening of manly fibre which one could but observe and deplore in the pre-war days. I trust it may be that we have learnt in this fiery ordeal the lessons which Greece and Rome, to their undoing, failed to learn; and that henceforward the men and women of our race may show. along with the in-creased science and subtlety that modern life has brought them, a staunch survival of those simple and more Spartan virtues which I had feared were becoming lost to us.

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Blaker, Mr. Thomas Frederick Isaacson (Fredk.) ()	1850-1902>	2nd cousin
Blaker, Mr. George	1805-1890	uncle
Blaker, Mr. Harry Mills (H. M.) (surgeon at Sussex County)	1816-1869	1st cousin-1
Blaker, Mr. Harry (surgeon at Sussex County)	1784-1846	great uncle
Blaker, Mr. John	1804-1864	1st cousin-1
Blaker, Mr. Montague	1841-1919	2nd cousin
Blaker, Mr. Nathaniel ("gentleman" farmer)	1800-1880	father
Blaker, Mr. Nathaniel	1772-1863	grandfather
Clarke, Mr. C. Somers		cousin
Fuller, Elizabeth	1803-1888	mother
Fuller, Mr. Joseph	1770-1845	grandfather
Fuller, Thomas		maternal ancestor
Hodson, Mr. Thomas	?	great-uncle
Renshaw, Mr. Thomas	?1810-1886	?1st cousin-1
Renshaw, Mr. W. C.	1840-1920	?2nd cousin
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Some of my Thoughts after reading *"Reminiscences"*.

I find it interesting to compare the period covered by this book - Nathaniel Paine Blaker was born in Selmeston, Sussex on 4th June 1835 and died in Hurstpierpoint, Sussex on 12 March 1920 (aged 85) - with the 85 (or so) years since his death.

He lived in a period of almost unprecedented change for all classes of people. Around the industrial and commercial centres of the country, London, Manchester, Liverpool, etc. there had already been an increase in urban living, but this was to proceed apace during this period. In rural Sussex this early phase would seem to have passed comparatively unnoticed.
Then the application of technology to agriculture occurred. Stationary steam engines were used for threshing and winnowing and in pairs on either side of fields for ploughing. This, coupled to some years with poor harvests, lessened the demand for labour in the countryside and with the increase in manufacturing in towns and cities, migration to urban centres would have been noticeable even in Sussex. None of this is commented on directly by NPB, and maybe it is only with the hindsight that it is clearly apparent.

What I do find interesting is the technological changes he does mention.

In travel, firstly the train and then the motor car. He talks of his grandfather riding to London, but by train he gets there in a couple of hours and he can do the journey even when he is not well! Then we hear about getting to Arundel and back and we really know how ghastly travelling by horse and carriage could be. Then, while writing about his present day, he also alludes to how the lanes are no longer so safe for horseback riding in the early C20.
The journey to Arundel, also tells us of an almost unimaginable darkness on these lanes, one that I find hard to envisage in these days of omnipresent street lights and blazing car headlights. I bet he could see more stars than we can today, with the fainter ones masked by urban glow. He would have seen the Downs as a darkness outlined against a starry backdrop, instead of a murky orange glow.
He was alive when man first took to the air in powered flight, but hardly surprisingly he makes no mention of it. It would have been completely irrelevant to his every day life. I guess if I was writing reminiscences of my daily life today, I would hardly find it significant to mention space flight!

Naturally, what he does take notice of, are the changes in medicine. And what changes! His great-uncle Harry Blaker (b.1784) was one of the 300 original surgeons of the Royal College of Surgeons. By Nathaniel's time it was an established body with recognised qualifications important to a Surgeon's career. He makes mention of "quack" doctors and I would guess that these must very nearly have died out by the end of his life. (There always seem to be one or two charlatans around, even today). His lifetime encompassed the general acceptance of vaccination for small pox, the first understanding of the importance for cleanliness and antiseptic methods, the introduction of anaesthetics for operations and the more complex procedures this permitted, and an appreciation of existence of "germs".
Since his death, small pox has been eradicated from the **world** population, cleanliness has become so important that some people say that cleanliness in our homes might be a contributing factor to childhood asthma and there is a mega-multi billion dollar industry world-wide producing smells and disinfectants for domestic use. Since the second world war we have seen the general use of antibiotics and their overuse leading to the appearance on "super-bugs". Anaesthetics has become a specialist branch of medicine, and their use locally permits patients to stay awake for certain operations (e.g. at the dentist). Organ and joint replacement operations occur throughout the world - procedures that NPB, I am sure, would have found fascinating and incredible. I am sure he would recognise many of

the instruments in use today, but he would be astounded by the technology that electricity permits. X-rays had started to be used in his day, but what would he have made of ultrasound and NMR scanning and the application of computing? I am sure he would appreciate the benefits of specialised electric lighting in the operating theatre, but what would he have made of the use of lasers?

Almost invisible, due to their total acceptance, are the present day drainage and sanitation systems of the western world and we rarely question the supply of fresh, clean water, hot and cold, except to worry about the amount of chemicals added to purify the water or for the benefit of our teeth. And what would NPB make of our modern diets? Burgers for children? Highly spiced Indian curry? Mexican chili? He talks of the adulteration of bread - in his day this probably meant the addition of chalk to whiten the sub-standard flour that was not infrequently used. Nowadays, we have minerals and vitamins added, and a move to wholemeal flour. And there is the organic food movement - I have a feeling that NPB would have been a supporter - but what would he have thought of GMO's?

I suppose that the ease and rapidity of communication we have today could be the most significant innovation of the last 85 years. Telephones existed in NPB's adult life but were not very widespread. He mentions the significance of the advent of the penny post and the expense of newspapers, things that have become very commonplace in the last 85 years. The last 85 years have seen the worldwide availability of radio, while television is a completely new technology. The applications of telephony allied to computing power, as anyone reading this has to be aware, are amazing. I get the feeling the world can be as small as the reach of my computer - that is the whole of planet earth potentially - rather than as far as I can walk or ride in a day as it was in NPB's day.

Education

And what of the next 85 years? I might realistically expect to live through about half of this period. Space tourism might well be within the reach of well-off people. Medicine will make still greater advances - perhaps cloned body parts for replacement surgery, an understanding of how the brain works? Maybe we will see safe fuel efficient transport that is less polluting than the many beasts of burden that used to be the engines of our transport. Food, education and how to bring up children will, I am sure, continue to be points of contention.
I am not good at crystal-ball gazing but I am fairly optimistic; I want to believe that life will be as much better in 85 years time than it is now, as today is to 85 years ago. I imagine things will be as complex as ever for those living through it and many will look back with great nostalgia to the "simple" lives of their grandparents, much as we do to the days of our grandparents and great-grandparents. Will they appreciate our research efforts? Ah! for that crystal-ball...