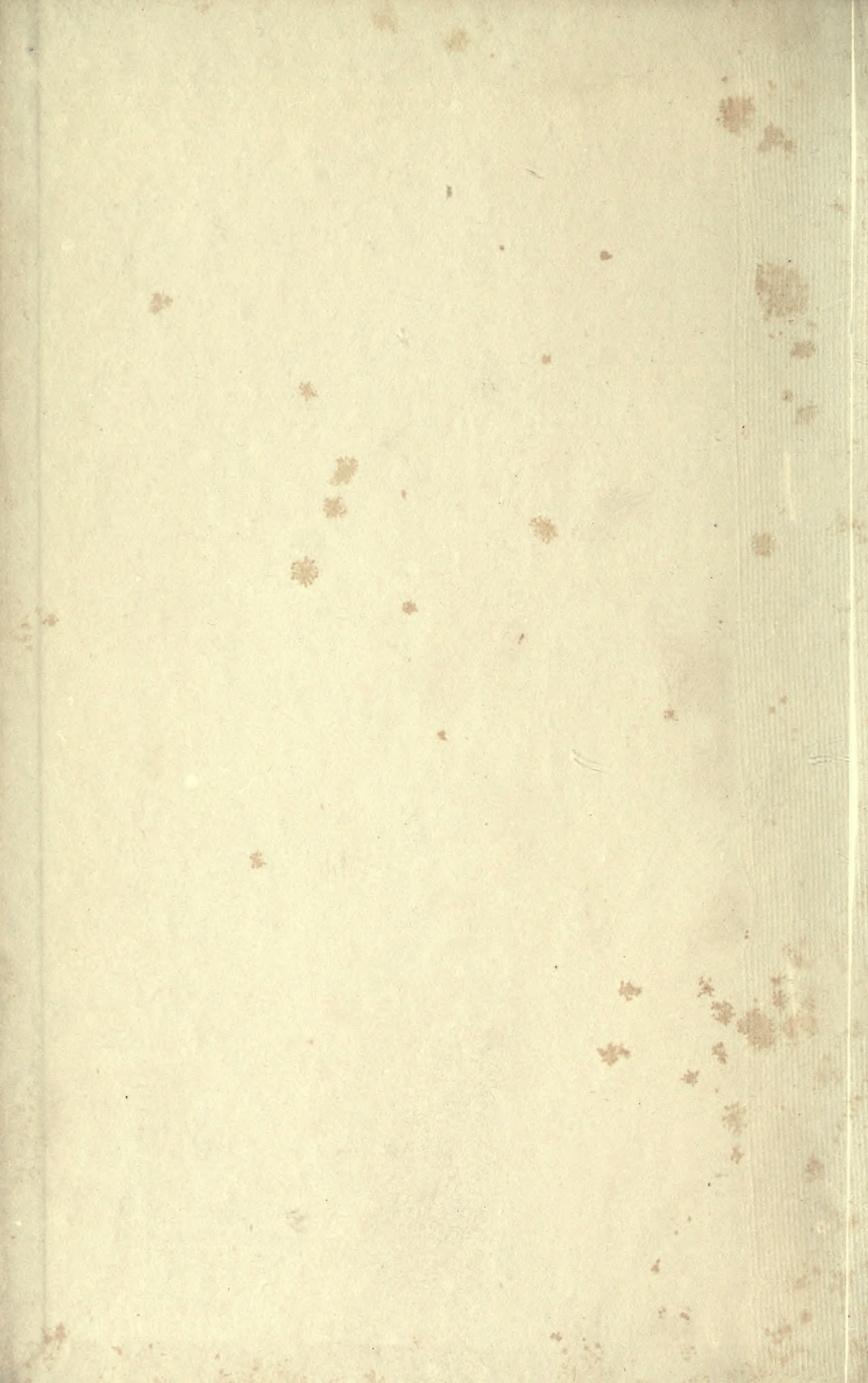

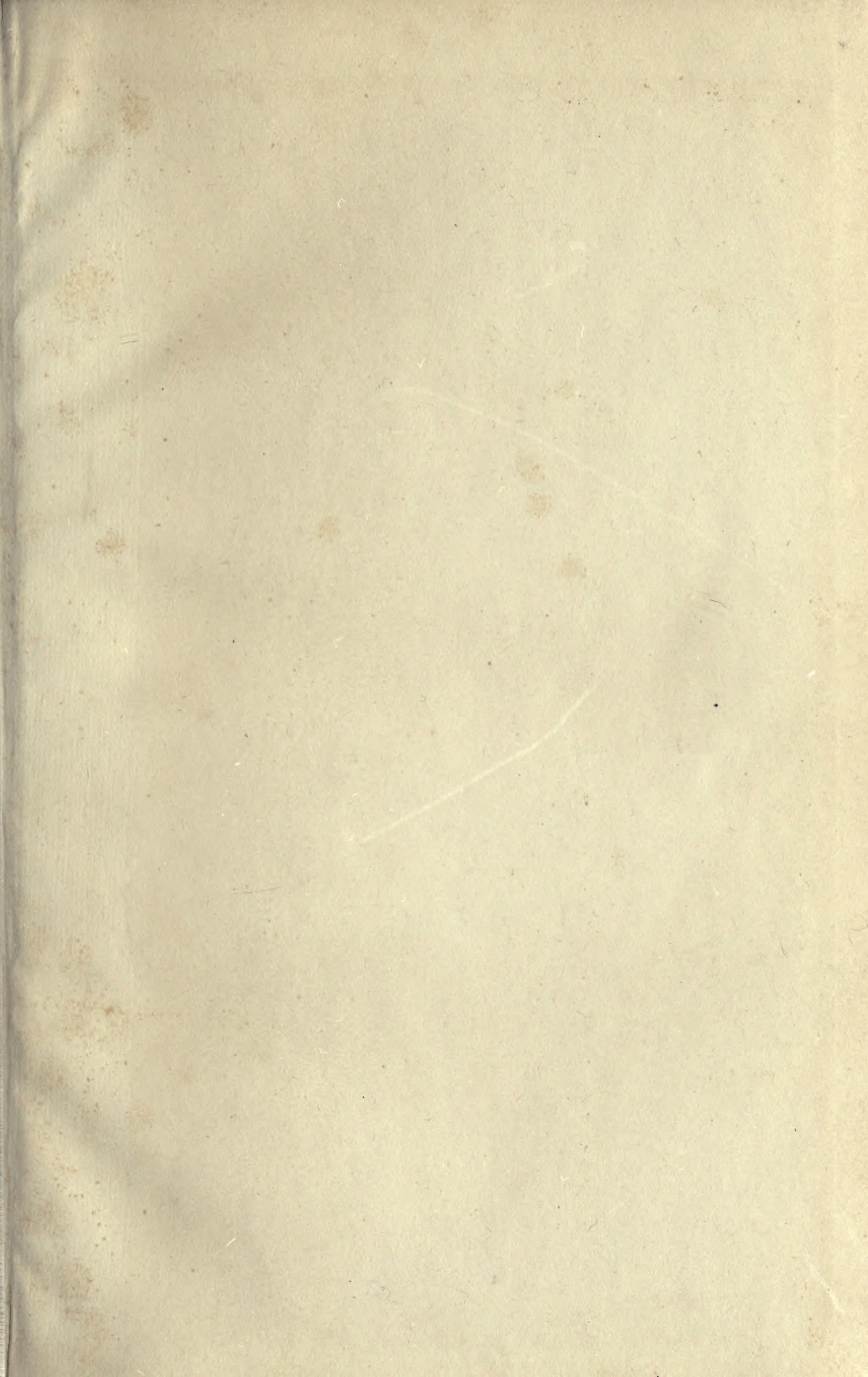

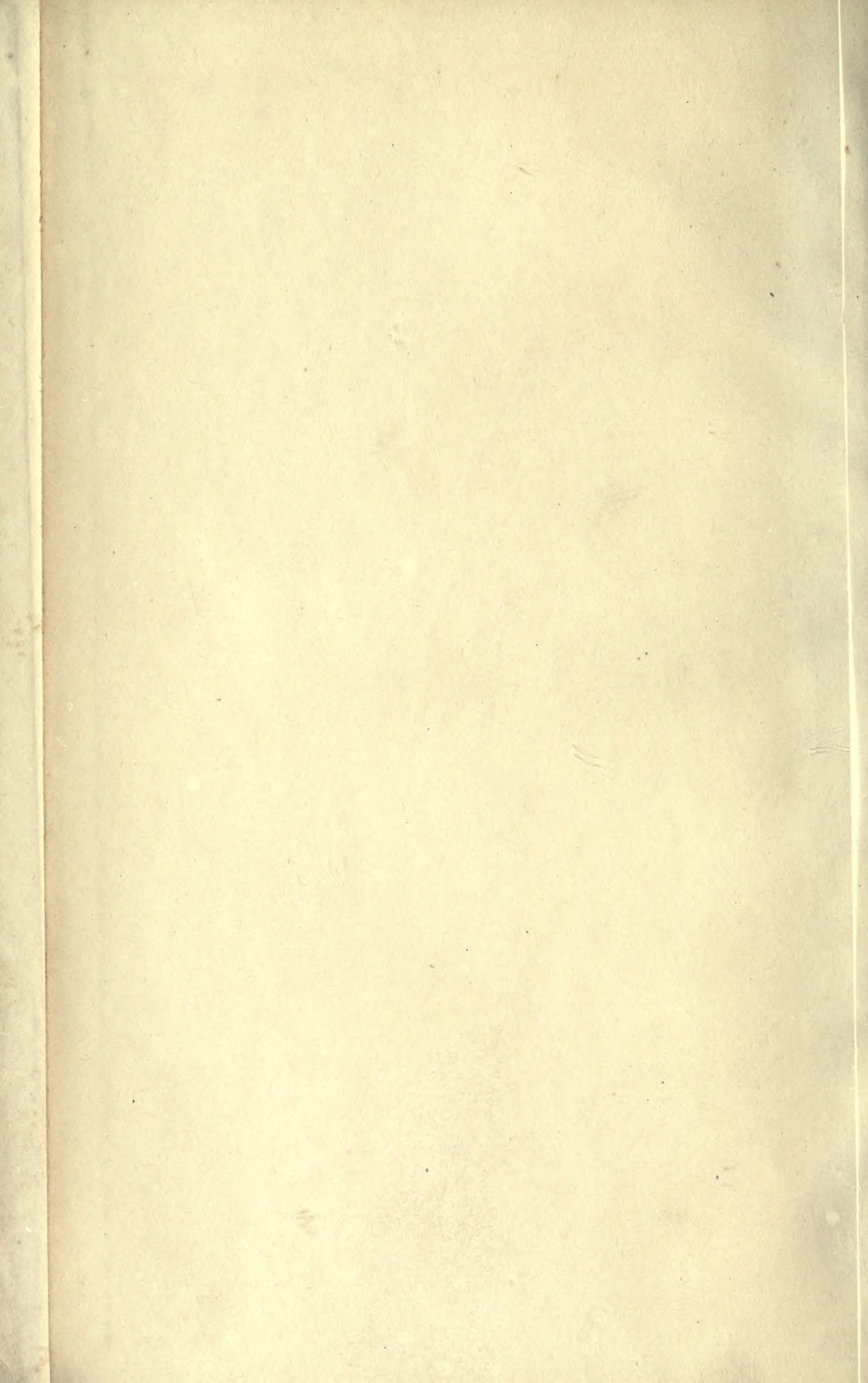

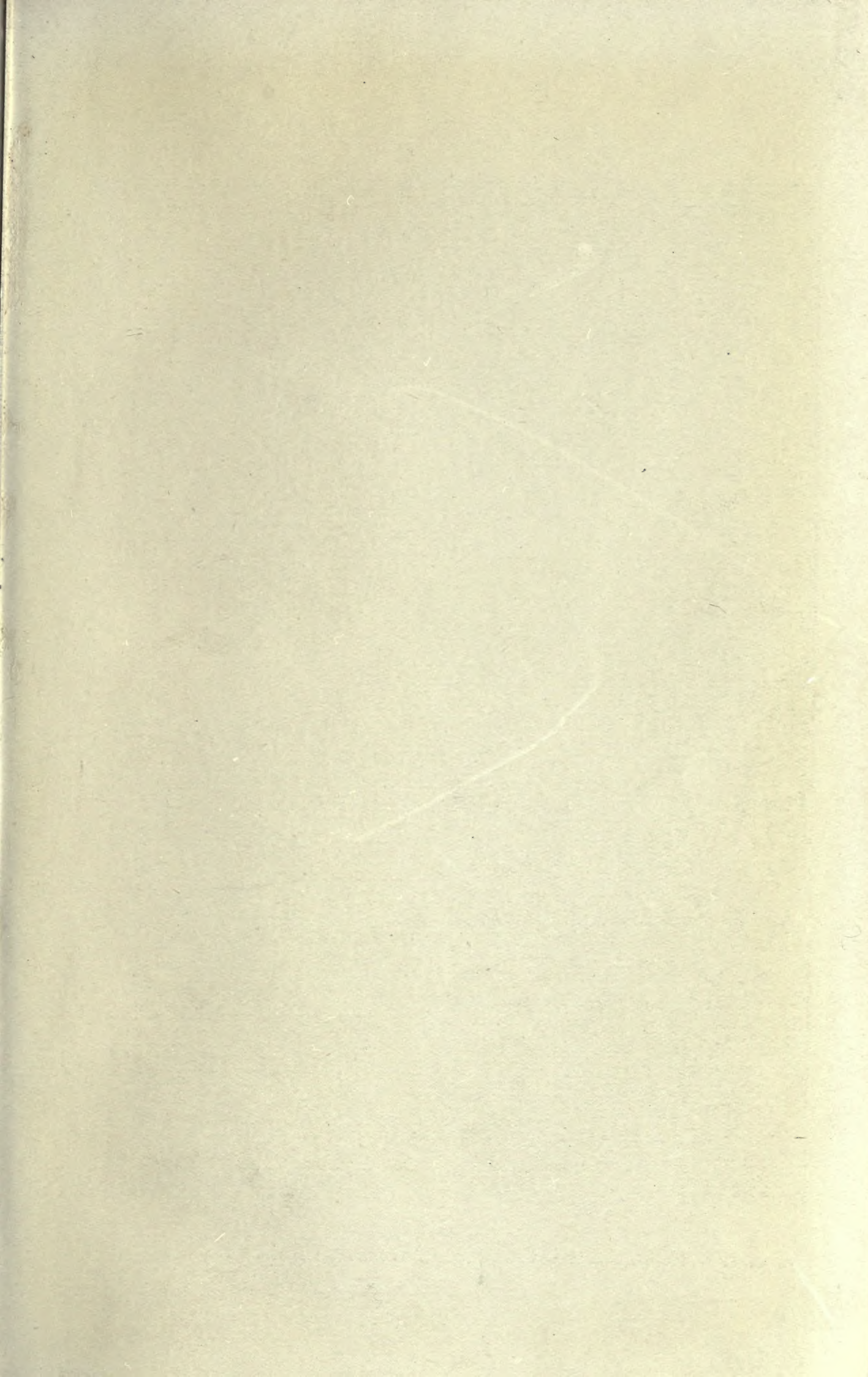

EARL ROBERTS

Of Kandahar, Pretoria, and Waterford, P.C., K.P., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., V.C., K.G.

Reminiscences

OF

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B.

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I Dedicate

THE FOLLOWING PAGES TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD BLYTH,

OF BLYTHWOOD,

GRAND CROSS AND KNIGHT COMMANDER OF MANY CHIVALRIC ORDERS,
WHOSE UNBROKEN FRIENDSHIP I HAVE ENJOYED FOR
MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY.

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FOREWORD.

MANY of my friends, especially those who are members of the Dublin Corinthian Club, have frequently asked me to put some of my "Reminiscences" into print. After much hesitation, I have the temerity to do so. My hesitation arose from the reflection that, although I hold some public positions, I am not in the broad meaning of the phrase a public man. One naturally expects "Autobiographies," "Reminiscences," "Memoirs," &c., to be given to the world by Statesmen, Leaders of Society, and celebrities generally. As I can lay no claim to be included in any of these categories, I hardly expect that my "Reminiscences" will prove attractive to the general public, but I venture to hope that they will not be quite uninteresting to the many friends and acquaintances whom in my long life it has been my good fortune to gain. Perhaps, even to those with whom I am unacquainted, some of the incidents which I record may not be devoid of interest.

I am indebted to my friend Mr. Henry Hunt, B.L., for his kind correction of the proofs of this book.

DUBLIN, *December*, 1912.

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ERRATA.

In haste to get this little book out before Christmas, final proofs were not revised, hence the numerous errata :—

Page 10, last line, should read "Demonstration did not make the late Queen Victoria feel uncomfortable."

Page 10, fourth line from bottom, for "Legitimist" read "Legitimists."

Page 12, twelfth line, for "nearly old men," read "nearly all old men."

Page 18, fifth line from bottom, for "freklets" read "pikelets."

Page 30, line 11, for "as" read "am."

Page 34, line 5, for "Helen" read "Ellen."

Page 63, line 10, for "the thumb" read "a thumb."

Page 118, seventh line from bottom, for "such" read "when such." Sixth line from bottom, omit "and."

Page 131, sixth line from bottom, for "Lintaigne" read "Lentaigne."

Page 133, sixth line from bottom, for "Harly" read "Harty."

A LINK BETWEEN ME AND THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN

FOUGHT 1746.

My ancestors were adherents of the Royal Family of Stuart; and although my father fought for King George III., and received eight wounds in his service (a French bullet and an American bullet accompanying him to his grave), yet he always regretted the replacement of the ancient Scottish, by a German, dynasty. My opinion is that had that wonderful little army of Highlanders, in 1745, extended their march from Derby to London, the Stuart dynasty would be still in existence,* the history of these countries would have been much the same as it has been, and the Battle of Waterloo would have been fought. No candid, astute historian could maintain that George the Second was in any way superior to Prince Charles Edward

When the Highland army withdrew to Scotland, they were pursued and defeated at Culloden, or Drummosie Muir, six miles from Inverness. There were five thousand in the Highland army, including some Irishmen; and nine thousand troops, mostly regulars, opposed them. To two cannons in the Highland host there were twenty in the Royal army. The powerful clan Macdonald, vexed at the van of the battle (which had been assigned to them since Bannockburn) being given to another clan, took almost no part in the fight, and consequently one Highlander fought two soldiers. Although the Highlanders broke through the first line of the Royal army, and performed prodigies of valour, it was inevitable that they should lose the battle.

A little girl, not far from the field of battle, but within hearing of the cannonade, saw the Macdonalds withdrawing from it. My earliest reminiscence is seeing that girl, when a very old woman, in 1834, or 88 years after the battle, which was fought on the 16th April, 1746. She had been a nurse

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* I believe, then, that had Charles marched onward from Derby he would have gained the British throne."—Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. iii., page 277. Macauley was much of the same opinion.

in a Scottish family with whom my parents were acquainted, and I was brought to see her, so that I might thereafter be able to say that I had seen a spectator of the Battle of Culloden. She had lived with three generations of the family, who would not allow her to leave them in her old age. I remember her distinctly, as I do many other persons known to me in the days of my childhood; on the other hand, many of my acquaintances of middle life have passed quite out of my memory: I presume I am not singular in these respects.

There are Jacobites still in existence who maintain that the rightful Sovereign of these realms is the Bavarian Prince Rupert, ninth in descent from King Charles I. His mother is Maria Theresa, wife of Prince Louis of Bavaria, and daughter of the Duke of Modena, a descendant of the youngest daughter, the Duchess of Orleans. In 1891 the "Legitimist" made a demonstration in favour of the Princess Maria Theresa, whom they styled Mary III. and IV. I think that this demonstration did make the late Queen Victoria feel uncomfortable.

A DAUGHTER OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

Major-General Sir Guy Campbell was either Adjutant or Quartermaster-General in the 'thirties and 'forties. My father knew him from the time of the Peninsular War, and occasionally dined with him. He married a daughter of *the* Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Pamela, the reputed daughter of the Duke of Orleans, the *Philip Egalite* of the French Revolution.

In the late 'thirties I resided near Palmerstown, and was fond of surmounting a garden wall. Sir Guy, in full uniform, used to ride past. He was afraid I might tumble off the wall, and when passing used to shake his whip at me in a very threatening manner, to discourage my performance.

Lady Campbell often gave me fruit. It may not be generally known that the Right Hon. George Wyndham, formerly Chief Secretary in Ireland, is a descendant of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

I recollect, but not very accurately, hearing the following story:—Sir Guy, when a young officer, was at a *fete champetre* where Pamela's daughter was present. A young man, one of the guests, called out to the band to play "Croppies Lie Down." Campbell conceiving the request to be intended as an insult to Miss Fitzgerald, demanded an immediate apology from the young man. I remember, so far, the story, but whether an apology was made or a duel ensued I cannot recollect, but I often heard that Miss Fitzgerald was so pleased with the action of the young officer that she said if ever she got married it would be to the gentleman who championed her on that occasion. I refer to Lord Edward Fitzgerald at page 86.

TOWN-MAJOR JOHN CHARLES SIRR.

As the Dublin Metropolitan Police were not instituted until 1838, I have a clear remembrance of the old watchmen and police officers, replaced by the new police, nicknamed "Bobbies," after Sir Robert Peel, Prime Minister. The watchmen were provided with shelters similar to sentry boxes. Part of their duty was to cry out the hours during the night. Very often, awaking from their doze in the box, they would not take the trouble of ascertaining the hour, but would shout "o'clock!" They were provided with a long pike, having a crook at its end, with which they often used to trip up fugitives they were in pursuit of. The watchmen were nearly old men, mostly failures in other walks of life. They were generally believed to be susceptible to bribery and always prepared to allow a prisoner to escape on the production of half-a-crown. They were really of little use in the detection of crime. Watchmen continued in office in country towns long after the foundation of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

The old Dublin police officers wore a uniform not unlike the undress of a cavalry officer. They carried swords. One of these police officers, named Byrne, was for many years in the Dublin Fire Brigade.

Mr. Byrne told me a very remarkable thing concerning Major John Sirr, who inflicted the fatal wound on Lord Edward Fitzgerald. According to Mr. Byrne, Major Sirr sat as a magistrate in the Police Court, Exchange Court, every Monday morning, at 5 o'clock, to try the prisoners who had been taken into custody for drunkenness or other minor offences on the previous Sunday and Saturday. He dismissed or fined them and let them off, so that they might get to their work at 6 o'clock a.m.

Major John Charles Sirr was an obnoxious person to the majority of the people of Dublin on account of his capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and his energetic action against the United Irishmen. His kindness in relation to

the Saturday and Sunday night captives shows, however, that he had some good points in his nature. I heard it stated of Major Sirr that he had a habit of permanently retaining curios which his friends submitted to him for inspection. My father had a little curio which he had brought from Spain. He showed it to the Major, who put it in his pocket for inspection at his leisure—my father saw it no more. After his death, a large collection of art objects and curios which he had formed was disposed of by auction. Before the Police Courts were erected at the rere of the Four Courts there were Police Courts in College Street, Capel Street, and Exchange Court.

A LONG JOURNEY TO SCHOOL.

The Rev. Mr. Geoghegan had a school in Hume Street in the 'thirties and 'forties. I was first introduced to that academy one May morning when I was about ten years old. I formed the erroneous idea that he was a very severe man, and likely to enjoy the castigation of his pupils. It was arranged that my studies under his direction should commence on the following Monday. On the morning of that day I was sent to the school, and a fat, middle-aged woman, Peggy Carey, who had been my nurse, was my escort for the first day. Instead of going to Hume Street I went into Dame Street, and passing through a *terra incognita,* arrived at Clondalkin. My escort, who certainly was not my guide, frequently on the weary tramp enquired were we near the school, and I always replied "Further and further, Peggy." I often boasted of my truthfulness in making this assertion.

We saw a constabulary man at Clondalkin, and Peggy asked him could he tell us where a school was. He enquired where she came from, and she replied "From Dublin"; whereupon he laughed heartily, and told her that he could not believe that any sane person would conduct a child from Dublin to a day school six miles distant. Mary wept, but there was no course open but to return to Dublin. We partook of the bread, butter, and apples which I had brought with me, and we returned to Dublin, resting many times on the way. As Peggy did not return in due time, enquiry was made, and it was found that neither she nor I had gone to the school. This discovery caused great alarm, and the fact was communicated to the police that I and my nurse were "lost, stolen, or strayed."

As physical punishment equivalent to my offence would have made a wreck of me, I escaped severe treatment, and after all found that Mr. Geoghegan was a kindly man. When Peggy recovered from her fatigue, she viewed the escapade from a humorous point. She lived to be a very old woman, and she often recited her trip to Clondalkin to my children in such a way as if she were rather proud of the performance.

CONNAUGHT HARVEST MEN.

For a few years my family resided in the country, at a short distance from the western side of the city of Dublin. In the autumn months I saw thousands of countrymen on their way to the city to embark for England. They carried the primitive reaping hook, a small parcel containing their slender stock of spare clothes, and a blackthorn stick, or "kipeen," otherwise shillelagh. Their destinations were various parts of England, where they would gather in the harvest. They came nearly all from Connaught. Except for the material of it, their dress corresponded to the evening attire of a gentleman. It consisted of a frieze coat cut like an evening dress coat, corduroy breeches, and stockings, grey or blue, usually blue. Their shoes, or "brogues," were, however, tied by strings, and were not confined by buckles.

The costume of the Irish peasant, at one time the most peculiar in Europe, has completely changed within the latter part of the last century. Knee breeches are now rarely seen.

After spending a few weeks in England, those harvest men would return with money sufficient to pay the rent of their small holdings, for they were generally farmers and not purely agricultural labourers.

At that time Ireland had a population of about eight millions, or nearly one-third of that of the United Kingdom. Agricultural machinery to economise manual labour was in its infancy; there was consequently abundant employment for the agricultural labourer and an ample supply of labourers.

I often heard my father, who was a Scottish Highlander, talking in Gaelic to the harvest men—the Connaught and West Highland Gaelic being practically identical. In those days there was no railway from Dublin to the West, and the harvest men were obliged to walk from the remotest parts of Connaught to Dublin.

MY EXPERIENCE AS A PIG JOBBER.

I have always been fond of animals, and in my youthful days had many pets—dogs, rabbits, guinea pigs, pigeons, &c. It occurred to me that I would like to buy a little pig and rear it. Accordingly I went to Smithfield Market, accompanied by a man named William Egan, who was occasionally employed by my father. Having inspected the porcine display, I selected a tiny "boneen," and paid 4/- for it. William carried the little creature home, and I put it into comfortable quarters. In process of time it developed into a gaunt animal of no great weight, but in thinness and speed it bore some resemblance to a greyhound. It had a disagreeable habit of grunting very loudly, which disturbed my father, who was at the time an invalid. Seeing him coming into the garden with a drawn sword, with evident fell intent against the pig, as I thought, I attached a rope to the animal's leg, and hoisted it into a stable loft. This caused a rupture from which it subsequently suffered. I kept the pig for nearly a year, and derived much amusement from making it one of the principals in an imitation boar hunt. It was so swift that it was rarely the dogs gained upon it. At length I resolved to dispose of it. William Egan drove it with great difficulty to Smithfield, where for several hours it afforded great amusement to the spectators. Never before, they said, was so thin a pig seen. Late in the day it was sold for 1/6—the only bid—as a curiosity, the buyer explained. One penny (luck penny) having been returned to the buyer, the remaining 1/5 was soon afterwards expended by William in sacrificing to the rosy god. This was my first and last experiment in the rearing of swine. When I was a boy pigs were about half the price they realise at present.

SEDAN CHAIRS.

I never saw anyone carried in a sedan chair, but I often observed two of them apparently on hire—one in Hume Street, the other at the Rotunda. I presume, therefore, that they had not quite ceased to be used at the close of the 'thirties.

In my youthful days I heard of a practical joke played on a countryman. On the rustic's first arrival in Dublin he expressed a desire to take a trip in a sedan chair. A so-called friend provided one for him, but first had its floor or bottom removed. The countryman was trotted over several dirty streets, and then delivered to his friend. "How did you like your trip?" said the practical joker. "Well," said the countryman, "only for the honour and glory of the thing, it was mighty like walking!"

In 1787 there were 257 private sedan chairs in Dublin, of which 30 were owned by noblemen and 47 by titled ladies. They were taxed. A century ago there was a tax on windows, and one known as "hearth money." There are some taxes imposed in England, Scotland, and Wales from which Ireland is exempt. Cockades and armorial bearings on plate are taxed in the former countries.

HOW LENT IN THE 'THIRTIES AFFECTED THE BUTCHERS.

When I was a child, Lent was kept much stricter than it is at present with respect to fasting and abstinence: consequently, the trade of the butcher declined considerably during the forty days of Lent. The work of the porters and men engaged in the slaughter-houses was much reduced. I remember seeing on at least two occasions processions of those persons, some dressed in fantastic garments, throughout the streets on Easter Monday. An ass formed part of the procession, its back covered by a cloth on which a cross was painted. The object of the procession was the collection of donations to compensate for the processionists' loss of employment during Lent.

Seventy years ago the shops kept open much later than at present. The better-class shopkeepers generally had their residences in their business places—at least, to a much greater extent than is the case at present. The "week-end" excursion was unknown, and periodical holidays were confined to a limited number of the business and even professional classes. For the working classes there were no half-holidays, and any holidays they took were at their own expense. There were, as compared with the present time, very few hotels.

There is an old ditty called the "Cries of London." In my youth, vendors of freestone, damsons, honey, fresh herrings, freklets (a kind of muffin), shouted out their wares. It was often said of the owner of a stentorian voice that he could shout as loud as a freestone man. The cries of Dublin have almost ceased, except as regards the "stop press," or catchpenny editions of the evening newspapers.

DONNYBROOK FAIR.

"Had you e'er the good luck to see Donnybrook Fair,
An Irishman all in his glory was there,
With his sprig of shillelagh and shamrock so green."

I have a perfect recollection of Donnybrook Fair, having visited it several times before it was discontinued.

The Fair was held in two fields separated by the road leading from the village of Donnybrook to Stillorgan. The larger field to the north side of the road extended to the River Dodder. It was crowded with caravans, booths, movable theatres, "merry-go-rounds," and tents. Travelling showmen came from all parts to this fair, which lasted a week. Acrobats, actors, giants, dwarfs, etc., attracted the visitors to the interior of the "shows" and to dramatic performances which were often no more entertaining than the open-air ones conducted on the platforms in front of the "shows."

The refreshments were for the most part provided in tents. Seats were placed just inside the canvas, and it not infrequently happened that when a head indented the canvas from the inside it received a blow from a shillelagh wielded by a passer-by.

In the smaller field there were no "shows." It was devoted to refreshments served in tents or *al fresco*. There were large iron pots suspended over open fires, and containing small fragments of bacon immersed in the hot water. Anyone, for the sum of one penny, was permitted to make three essays to extract the fragments on a large two-pronged fork. In this way one, two, or three fragments might be obtained, or the effort might be altogether negative.

During Donnybrook week a constant stream of cars poured thousands of visitors into the Fair. Each car held six people, and generally a child or two were accommodated in the "well" of the car. The fare was threepence each person.

Donnybrook Fair was conducted in a tolerably respectable way during daylight, but at night it was the scene of

much disorderly conduct. Fights were frequent, and drunkenness was not rare. It was alleged that Donnybrook Fair at night was unfavourable to morality.

After several centuries of existence, Donnybrook Annual Fair came to an end, the right to hold it having been purchased by a sum of money raised by public subscription. An abortive attempt to revive it was subsequently made.

On St. James' Day a fair was held in James Street, Dublin, from a remote period down to the 'forties. It consisted chiefly of "stands" containing a great variety of articles.

Fairs (the term is derived from the Latin *ferice*, through the French *foire*, meaning holidays) have been held in Ireland from very early ages. Many of them are held by patents. In Ireland they are chiefly used for the sale of cattle and horses.

CHANGES IN DUBLIN, ESPECIALLY NORTH-EAST DISTRICTS.

In my childhood days, many of the nobility and landed gentry still occupied houses on the north-east side of Dublin. Gloucester Street, Cumberland Street, Grenville Street, Summer Hill, Buckingham Street, Gardiner Street, and many others were residential localities. With few exceptions, each house was occupied by only one family. There was but a single railway from Dublin—that which extended to Kingstown. There were no omnibuses and no cabs. The vehicles plying in the streets were "outside" and "inside" cars; the outside cars having wheels inside, and the inside cars theirs outside. The latter, also termed "covered cars," are still to be seen in Cork. Under these poor conditions for locomotion on or in public vehicles, the larger proportion of the well-to-do citizens had inside or outside cars or carriages of various kinds. The coachhouses and stables were occupied for the purpose they were designed for. Now, the vast proportion of them are occupied by cab owners, or are converted into dwellings or stores. The houses once tenanted each by a single family are now nearly all tenement houses. In many of them eight or ten families have replaced one family. Many fine houses in this part of Dublin have become dilapidated, and some are in ruins or have altogether disappeared, their sites being now waste places. In what were once private houses, shops, generally of a poor class, have been formed. Had I been absent from Dublin since the days of my childhood until the present year, I would hardly have recognised a large part of North-East Dublin.

The most beautiful of the Protestant Parish Churches in Dublin is St. George's, Temple Street. Only a wealthy congregation could find funds to build so costly an edifice. My people usually went to that church, but occasionally, when there was some particular service, to St. Thomas' Church in Marlborough Street. I was very much impressed by the appearance of a functionary who stood at the entrance to the

church—the beadle. Equipped in a coat well supplied with capes and gold lace, and his head covered by a huge cocked hat, he held a mace, surmounted by a crown. There was also a beadle for St. George's Church, but either owing to his much smaller stature or less magnificent apparel, he did not impress me so much as the beadle of St. Thomas' did.

At this period the tithes were still collected, and the parish vestry was a miniature municipality. It possessed a fire engine, and, amongst other officers, a sanitary inspector. The Towns Improvement Act of 1841 terminated all the powers which the Parish Vestries, the Paving and Lighting Commissioners, and the Wide Street Commissioners possessed.

The congregations of the two parishes of St. George and St. Thomas were mostly composed of the independent and professional classes. Many of the worshippers arrived in carriages at those churches. I remember on one occasion seeing a footman walking after a lady, proceeding to church, and carrying on a cushion for her the devotional books which she required.

Some time ago I attended a service in St. George's Church. The pews, from which the juvenile worshippers in my early days could not see over their sides, had been replaced by open seats. The congregation was not a very large one, and I could not but in my mind's eye see again the church crowded in every part as it was seventy years before.

There has been a great migration of the upper classes from North to South and East Dublin.

THE WIDE STREET COMMISSIONERS.

The Wide Street Commissioners, provided with large money grants by Parliament, may truly be credited with having made Dublin a beautiful city. They found Dame Street a narrow thoroughfare, 20 feet wide at one part, and converted it into a wide street; and Westmoreland and D'Olier Streets were formed on the sites of mean lanes and alleys. Not long before their dissolution, they nearly doubled the width of Nassau Street, and the handsome wall and railings which bound the college side of the street replaced an ugly dead wall. I think their latest achievement was widening the upper part of Grafton Street, where it enters into St. Stephen's Green.

In widening Dame Street, the Wide Street Commissioners made one mistake. They took down the houses on the south side of the street from College Green to the Castle, but in the rebuilding of the south side of the street (the north side was not dealt with) it was arranged that the new houses between Palace Street and Exchange Court should be on a line with the Royal Exchange. This was an unfortunate decision, for not only did it restore the street to its original narrow width for a considerable space, but it obscured the view of the east side of the Exchange.

I remember the Royal Exchange before it was acquired by the Corporation. When a child I was brought there to get a ride in the "centrifugal railway," which extended round the vast hall of the building. It was the forerunner of the helter-skelter railway of the modern bazaars and fairs.

The Royal Exchange was built for a company of merchants and opened in 1779. The site was paid for by the Government, and the £40,000 spent on its erection was raised by subscriptions and lotteries. When the English and Irish currencies were amalgamated in 1826, and the foreign trade had declined, it was no longer required as a money exchange. For some time it was used as a Corn Exchange, and for several years the Mechanics' Institute had the use of some of

its rooms. In 1851 the trustees assigned it to the Corporation, with the proviso that, if so required, it could again be used as an exchange.

After the Corporation had obtained the splendid gift of this beautiful building, portions of the great hall were converted into offices, which marred to some extent its fine appearance.

The Corporation have been for several years past meditating on the erection of new Municipal Offices. It is to be hoped that when they are erected they will afford accommodation for the Town Clerk and City Engineer and their staffs, and for the Waterworks Committee's staff, now occupying the offices carved out of the great hall. It would then be possible to restore the hall to its original proportions.

Dublin seems to have taken the lead in making wide street improvements. Early in the eighteenth century the Corporation widened many narrow passages; but no important improvements were made until the Wide Street Commissioners were appointed in 1757 by an Act of the Irish Parliament, 29 George II., chapter 19. This Act was amended in 1759, in order to make clear some doubtful points. The Commissioners numbered 24, and included the Lord Mayor and the Speaker of the House of Commons. The title of this important statute was "An Act for making wide and convenient way, street, or passage from Essex (now Grattan) Bridge to Dublin Castle, and for other purposes."

The Irish Government were very liberal in making grants of money for wide street improvements, and comparatively little for that purpose was contributed by the Corporation.

In 1764 an Act was passed granting £13,286 18s 4d for the purchase of ground on which an exchange was to be erected by "The Masters, Wardens, and Brethren or Corporation of Merchants, or Guild of the Holy Trinity of the City of Dublin." Another sum of £3,700 was granted by Parliament for the purpose of purchasing grounds and houses situated on the north side of Essex Bridge, and to clear the passage between Inns Quay and Arran Quay.

On the site of the City Hall, before the Royal Exchange was built, there were old houses which extended so far up Cork Hill that the entrance to the Castle was only twenty

feet wide. Swan Alley and Lucas' celebrated coffee house were eliminated by this improvement. The Government added to the area ceded by the Commissioners to the Merchants by granting ground 17 feet in width taken from the Castle Yard.

The Act 21 and 22 George III., chapter cxviii., 1781-2, imposed a duty of one shilling per ton on coal (except Irish coal); the money so raised to be granted to the Wide Street Commissioners.

Sixteen public Acts of Parliament have been passed for improving the thoroughfares of Dublin under direction of the Wide Street Commissioners; only one of them under the reign of Queen Victoria.

On the extinction of the Wide Street Commissioners, their property came into possession of the Corporation, and now produces an income of about £300 a year.

GUERNSEY.

I have many agreeable reminiscences of this pleasant, prosperous little island, in which I lived in 1844 and 1845. Before going to Guernsey I was in bad health. I had a prolonged cold, a severe cough, and occasional hæmoptysis. In Guernsey I rose early, and practised for two hours with skittles in a covered building. There were two balls—one round, the other partly flattened (the cheese ball): both were heavy. One ball was rolled up to the pins, the other thrown at them. After many months of this exercise my health and strength much improved, and my chest, which was becoming "pigeon-breasted," greatly expanded. I became such an adept at the game that I was frequently asked to take part in it when three persons desired to play. Lots were drawn as to who would be my partner; my expertness in the game having become widely known, my services were in frequent requisition. Half a battalion of infantry was at that time stationed in the island, and it was their officers who requisitioned my partnership; when there were three of them only to play, I made the fourth.

Late on Christmas eve, 1844, I was standing in the garden of the house in which I resided, when suddenly the ground began to move under my feet, and a terrific noise was heard. There was an extensive quarry near, of which I thought a portion had collapsed. I heard a loud noise in the house, and on entering it found many articles upset and broken, and china and delph ware scattered about. The road was soon crowded with alarmed people, and the excitement was very great. There was much damage done by this earthquake, but very little loss of life resulted from it.

Guernsey enjoys Home Rule, except as regards military affairs. I remember the case of a soldier who was drunk and disorderly, being arrested, and placed in durance vile. The officer in command peremptorily requested the civil authority to deliver their prisoner to the military authority, and met with a refusal; whereupon a cannon was pointed at

the door of the prison, and a threat made that it would be blown in if the prisoner was not forthwith delivered to the military authority. The civil one yielded to superior force. Much popular indignation was created by the incident, and the "Guernsey Star" had a violent leading article on it. The subject was referred to in English newspapers, and a comic one (I forget whether it was "Punch" or not) suggested that the Duke of Wellington should have the island dug up and brought to London to fill flower pots.

There was no duty in this happy island on tea, wine, spirits, tobacco, etc. In the taverns tobacco was free to all who called for liquor. In Ireland at that period the cheapest tea was 5/4 per lb. and refined sugar 1/- per lb. On the other hand, the duty on whiskey was small: a gallon of it could be procured for eight shillings. As in the case of Ireland, Guernsey enjoys freedom from reptiles, whilst in the neighbouring island of Jersey there is a small one termed *crapeau*. The nickname of a Jersyman is *Johnny Crapeau*. There is a legend that St. Patrick had visited the island and driven the reptiles out of it.

I have in other pages mentioned the links connecting me with remote periods. I may mention another one of the kind. A relative of my father resided in Guernsey whilst I was in that island. He was General Sir John Cameron, Colonel of the 9th Regiment. He married a niece of Admiral Lord de Saumarez, a distinguished sailor, who with a squadron of six ships defeated a French-Spanish fleet of fourteen vessels, three of which were destroyed. The Admiral was born in 1757, and his niece was my connecting link with that year.

Lady Cameron had a pronounced squint, and I was never sure whether she was looking at me or not. I thought that Sir John had not married for beauty.

Sir John said he hoped I would be like my father—a soldier. That also was my hope, but the death of my father when I was fourteen years old extinguished it. At that time commissions in the Army were purchased. To equip for the position of ensign or cornet cost at least £500, including the price of the commission.

HOW I CLEANED AN ASHPIT BY CHEMICAL MEANS.

I was always, even from childhood, fond of making experiments. When I began, in my own abode, to make chemical experiments, my bedroom was practically a little laboratory. There is a very powerful explosive body formed by a combination between the elements Chlorine and Nitrogen. One of the methods of preparing free nitrogen is to pass chlorine gas into a solution of ammonia. On one occasion I prepared nitrogen in this way. I should have allowed a little of the ammonia to remain free, for when all the ammonia is neutralized and the chlorine still passed into the solution, the nitrogen set free from the ammonia and the chlorine combine, and form a highly explosive body. It was two or three days after this experiment that I was about to disconnect the apparatus, when I saw in the "Woulfe's bottle," that contained the ammonia, some oil-like material. This, then, was the dreadful chloride of nitrogen. The quantity seemed large. It is an unstable body, and I knew that contact with a greasy or dirty substance might explode it. My bottle was not very clean, and I felt I must get it out of the house; so taking it up very cautiously I brought it out to the yard, carrying the vessel with as little agitation as possible. I placed it on the side of the ashpit, and then having procured some stones, I went to my bedroom and made a cockshot of the bottle. I was naturally very nervous, and my aim was not good, but at last a stone smashed the bottle. The explosion that followed shook the house, and I have no doubt the neighbours thought there was an earthquake. It certainly cleared the contents of the ashpit, and distributed them over the adjacent spaces. It is believed that the famous Admiral, the Earl of Dundonald, proposed to destroy Kronstadt by chloride of nitrogen during the Crimean War.

THE DUBLIN CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

In 1852 the Dublin Chemical Society was established, and I was unanimously elected its Professor of Chemistry. It was a pretentious title to give to the teacher of an unchartered private society, but as "Professor Cameron" I was known for many years. This year is my diamond anniversary or jubilee of my office of Professor. In 1852 I was a chemist and a medical student, and was twenty-two years old.

The Society took part of a house in Capel Street, and fitted up a laboratory and a lecture room.

My opening lecture was delivered on the 13th December, 1852, at 8 o'clock p.m., to an audience of about seventy persons. Amongst those present were Sir James Murray, M.D., of "fluid magnesia" celebrity, and Dr. Aldridge, Professor of Chemistry in the School of Medicine of the Apothecaries' Hall (now the Medical School of the National University, Cecilia Street), from whom I derived much of my knowledge of chemistry. I felt complimented on seeing Surgeon Lover, a well-known Lecturer on Chemistry in the schools, and who, from his constant use of the oxy-hydrogen lamp to illuminate the magic lantern pictures, obtained the *soubriquet* of "Oxy-Lover." He was a step-brother of the poet and novelist, Samuel Lover. There are many men still alive who remember Lover's lectures. There was also present a gentleman, James Haughton, who was a philanthropist, a teetotaler, and a vegetarian. He subscribed to the funds of the Society and acted as Treasurer. He was an uncle of the celebrated Professor Samuel Haughton, of Trinity College. I had no notes for the lecture—I have never used lecture notes—but owing to inexperience I took no heed of time, and kept talking and making experiments until a card was quietly passed up to me, with the following words written on it: "Do you know that it is past ten o'clock?" I got quite a shock, and brought my lecture to a close. After the lecture, a meeting of the committee, or, as they were styled, council, was held, and a unanimous vote of confidence in me was passed. A fairly

long account of the lecture appeared in the newspapers on the following morning.

For many years the late Alderman J. W. Gregg, J.P., a dear friend of mine, was Honorary Secretary of the Society. I have very pleasant recollections of the Dublin Chemical Society. It had numerous social re-unions, and on one occasion a most successful ball. I made many good friends through it: for example, the late Sir John Gray, through whose influence I was almost unanimously elected Public Analyst for Dublin, in October, 1862. I was the third Public Analyst appointed, and as now the senior one, in the United Kingdom.

The Dublin Chemical Society played an important part in my professional career. The accounts of my lectures which appeared in the Press made my name known to the general public. This Society existed up to 1862, when, owing to chemical teaching being carried out in the Royal College of Science, with better equipment, there was no longer a necessity for it. During its existence its meetings and the lectures were well attended. My first appointment in a medical school was the result of the reports of those lectures in the newspapers. I received a letter, in 1856, from the late Dr. Edward Hamilton, whom I had never met, offering me the Professorship of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy in the Dublin School of Medicine. I accepted the offer, but in the following year the School was, so to speak, transferred to Dr. Steevens' Hospital, and re-named Steevens' Hospital Medical College. The following year I was offered, and in a similar manner, the Chemical Lectureship in the Original School of Medicine, subsequently renamed the Ledwich School of Medicine, Peter Street. But for the Dublin Chemical Society I am sure I should not have obtained those appointments.

For many years I was connected with three medical schools which were practically rival institutions. I lectured on chemistry and physics in the Ledwich School of Medicine and in Dr. Steevens' Hospital and Medical College, and on public health in the Royal College of Surgeons. Many of my happiest hours were spent in lecturing to the students in those institutions, and I often meet with some of them, especially at congresses. The Steevens' Hospital College has

long been extinct, and for many years past the Ledwich School and the Carmichael Medical College have been annexed to the Royal College of Surgeons and merged into the School of Surgery. Formerly there were many medical schools in Dublin; there are now only three, those of Trinity College, the National University, and the Royal College of Surgeons.

Chemistry is now taught efficiently in several institutions —Trinity College, University College, the Royal College of Science, the Royal College of Surgeons, the Technical Schools, Kevin Street, and the Alexandra College. In several of the larger schools the science is taught, not only by lectures, but by the students engaging in practical work.

BELLEEK CHINA.

In the 'fifties I spent several of my Christmas holidays with the late Mr. John Caldwell Bloomfield, D.L., and his first wife, at Castle Caldwell, on Lough Erne, County of Fermanagh. One day, when out shooting along with my host, I noticed a white patch of clay, and took a portion of it to the Castle. I heated it to redness, and on removing it from the fire and allowing it to cool, I found that it had not lost its white colour: this showed the absence of iron oxide. I then said to John Bloomfield that I believed he had a good porcelain clay on his estate. I subsequently made an analysis of it. At that time the late Rev. Joseph Galbraith, F.T.C.D., was interested in mineralogy, and he doubted the existence of a real china clay in the County of Fermanagh, and addressed a letter to that effect to the editor of "Saunders' News-Letter," a daily paper since extinct. I, of course, replied, and others joined in the discussion, which continued for many days, and was spoken of as the "china war." That I was right was, however, proved by a factory being started to work the clay. I have the first article made from it—a saucer, manufactured from a small quantity of the clay sent to Kerr's Porcelain Factory, Worcester. In process of time the clay was exhausted, but feldspar replaced it.

Most of the money which founded the Belleek factory was provided by the late Mr. M'Birney, of M'Birney & Collis' firm, Aston's Quay. It was not a profitable enterprise, and Mr. M'Birney lost heavily by it. I am, however, glad to state that the Belleek factory is still turning out good china, and I hope is now a paying concern.

My dear, lifelong friend, Mr. Bloomfield, has passed from us. I often regretted that he had not embraced the profession of barrister, for which he was peculiarly fitted.

DUBLIN THEATRES IN THE 'THIRTIES AND 'FORTIES.

In the 'thirties and 'forties, the Dublin theatres had stock companies, and many an actor spent nearly the whole of his theatrical career in only one of them. The Theatre Royal, Hawkins Street, was under the management of a Mr. Calcraft; the Queen's Theatre was then named the Adelphi; Calvert's Theatre was in Lower Abbey Street; and Fishamble Street Theatre was a survival of the music hall in which Handel's oratorio of the "Messiah" was first produced. My first visit to a theatre was paid to Calvert's. The play was "Demetrius, or The Evil Eye," a blood-curdling piece founded on a superstition in southern Italy and Greece, which has not yet quite ceased to frighten people. It greatly affected me, and for several nights after I had witnessed it I would start up out of my sleep thinking that an evil eye was fixed upon me. Calvert's Theatre was in the 'forties converted into a mechanics' institution and lecture hall. It is now the Abbey Theatre. Opposite Calvert's Theatre there was Batty's Circus, in which I often saw equestrian entertainments and exhibitions of trained lions, elephants, and other animals. Its site is now occupied by the Metropolitan Hall, in which religious services are carried on.

Melodramas of the most sensational kind were produced in Fishamble Street Theatre, which I several times visited. The prices for admission were very small. A wag once put up a notice in the passage leading to the boxes: "Gentlemen in their bare feet are not admitted to the boxes." A small fee admitted visitors behind the curtain. A century earlier a fee of half-a-guinea was charged for admission behind the scenes in Smock Alley Theatre.

Fishamble Street Theatre lasted until late in the 'fifties. I think the last performances in it were "Statues Vivants" and "Poses Plastique."

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES I HAVE MET OR SEEN.

I have always been an ardent admirer of the drama, and have enjoyed the friendship or acquaintance of many distinguished members of the dramatic profession, amongst whom I may mention Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, Gustavus Brooke, Miss Bateman, Sir Henry Irving, Miss Helen Terry, Barry Sullivan, Sir George Alexander, Ada Cavendish, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Harvey, John L. Toole, George Grossmith, Mr. and Mrs. Benson, Olga Nethersole, Forbes Robertson, Julia Neilson, and many others. From early youth I was a playgoer, and there were very few, if any, actors and actresses of celebrity who performed in Dublin from the year 1838 whom I have not seen. The same remark applies to the celebrities of the lyric drama. I have a vivid recollection of the most famous *danseuse* of the nineteenth century, Madame Taglioni. When I witnessed her wonderful terpsichorean performances, she was accompanied by Monsieur Silvain, a splendid dancer. His real name was Sullivan, and he was an Irishman.

When I was only ten years old I saw the greatest Irish comedian of the last century, Tyrone Power. The moment he appeared on the stage, and before he said a word, he was greeted with an outburst of mingled cheers and laughter. He perished in the "President" steamship, with all on board.

I have seen dozens of pantomimes, but only one of them made a permanent impression upon me; that was one entitled "O'Donoghue of the Lakes," produced in 1840 in the Theatre Royal, which was then under the management of Mr. Calcraft. The scenery was magnificent. The "Red Cross Knights" appeared in real armour, and The O'Donoghue rode out on the stage in full armour and mounted upon a white steed. A large number of children appeared as leprecauns, so made up as to present the appearance of adults. Their number was apparently largely increased by the clever device of the scene painter. At that time the performance commenced at 7 o'clock with a "curtain-raiser," i.e., a one- or two-act play. The pantomime followed, and lasted till 11 o'clock,

and sometimes later. The harlequinade—in which Harlequin, Columbine, the Clown, and his venerable but active colleague, Pantaloon appeared—lasted fully an hour. This was the part of the pantomime most enjoyed by the juvenile spectators. The harlequinade has long been given up, and the modern so-called pantomime is really not a pantomime at all. Formerly there were produced performances much the same as the modern pantomimes, but they were termed "extravaganzas."

I was eighteen years old when the famous Swedish vocalist, Jenny Lind, appeared in Dublin. She was brought over at great cost by Mr. Calcraft. Her fee was, I believe, £500 a night. The prices of admission were greatly increased. I paid five shillings for a seat in the top gallery, to which sixpence on ordinary occasions procured admission. On this one the hitherto bare seats were covered with cloth. The theatre was crowded, notwithstanding the high prices for admission. The opera was "Sonambula," and it made a great impression upon me. The conductor was Balfe, the composer of the "Bohemian Girl" and other operas. There was at that time a stock chorus in the Theatre Royal, but it was greatly increased by additions from London. There was an exceedingly large *corps-de-ballet*, for then the ballet almost rivalled the music.

Many times I witnessed the performances of the most celebrated quartet of opera singers of the last century, namely, Grisi (soprano), Alboni (contralto), Mario (tenor), and F. Lablache (bass). Their operas were nearly all of the Italian school, such as "Norma," "Puritani," "Anna Bollina," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "The Barber of Seville," etc.

Giulia Grisi was a very beautiful woman, quite of the Juno style. The great German poet, Heine, described her as the "singing flower of beauty." She married the Marquis de Meley when in the zenith of success, and after his death espoused Giuseppe Mario, son of an Italian general. Alboni had not the same personal advantages as Grisi, but possessed a magnificent voice. Like Grisi, she was twice married—first to Count Pepolo, secondly to Monsieur Tieger. Unlike Grisi, she retired from the stage after her second marriage.

Mario was handsome, but was hardly up to the average height of man. The late Sir Thomas Jones, President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, had a striking resemblance to him, which acquired for him the *sobriquet* of "Mario Jones."

Luigi Lablache, though born in Naples, was the son of a Frenchman and of an Irish mother. He was often described as the greatest deep bass that was ever heard. Amongst his pupils was the late Queen Victoria.

In the 'fifties an Irish singer, Catherine Hayes, acquired a considerable reputation in opera. A conundrum of the period was, "Why has Catherine Hayes a good figure?" "Because she is neither 'all boney' (Alboni) nor 'greasy' (Grisi)."

When Catherine Hayes was 10 years old (in 1835) she was singing in the grounds of the Earl of Limerick. The Hon. and Right Rev. Edmund Knox, Protestant Bishop of Limerick, happened to hear her and was struck by the remarkable quality of her voice. On inquiry, he found that the voice was owned by a pretty child of humble parentage. He took an interest in her, which led to her receiving a musical education. She was only 36 at the time of her death.

Catherine Hayes' popularity was almost, at least in Ireland, equal to that of Jenny Lind's. Fond as I was of the opera, I only witnessed her performance on one occasion, which, however, was a remarkable one. The opera was "Lucia di Lammermoor." The tenor's singing did not satisfy Catherine, and after a few passages between them she refused to continue her part. A scene followed which might have ended in a row, had not the celebrated vocalist, Sims Reeves, who was a spectator of the opera, volunteered to replace the discarded tenor. Great applause followed, and the opera went on smoothly to its close.

Sims Reeves was wont to stand upon his toes when reaching his top note. When singing, the tenor generally looks upwards, and the bass downwards.

The late Mr. Levey, of violin fame, told me that Catherine's fees amounted in her short career to nearly £60,000.

In 1860 English opera was revived and rendered popular chiefly through the efforts of Mr. W. Harrison and Miss

Louisa Pyne. During the performances of the English Opera in Dublin I went almost every night to witness them, as I had the free *entree* to the Theatre Royal. So completely up to that time had the Italian opera possession of the stage, that the experiment of introducing English opera was considered to be a bold one, incurring great pecuniary risk, and entailing on the *entrepreneurs* an amount of work, both mental and bodily, which if foreseen the task might never have been undertaken.

The company commenced their operas in May, 1860, with Meyerbeer's last charming work, "Dinorah." Miss Pyne's singing was simply perfect. Harrison proved himself so excellent an actor that had his fine voice failed he might have taken exclusively to the "sock and buskin" with great success.

On the first night the house was completely filled, as it was also when "Lurline," the, at the time, latest composition of William Vincent Wallace, whom we claim as an Irishman, because he was born in Waterford, but not of Irish parents. Ireland, however, had no doubt some influence upon him. For some time he was the conductor of the orchestra in the Theatre Royal.

The choral portion of "Lurline" alone would render it a masterpiece of melody and arrangement. It is a pleasure to me to remember that I was personally acquainted with three of the vocalists who sang the beautiful quartet "Through the World with Transport bless me"—a combination of exquisite harmony and melody. They were—Miss F. Cruise, Mr. Haydn Corri, and Mr. Grattan Kelly. The fourth in the quartet was Miss Pyne, to whom I had only the pleasure of a mere introduction at a supper party. Quite lately I and some others got up a fund to have a memorial of Grattan Kelly placed in St. Patrick's Cathedral, where for many years he had been a Vicar Choral.

After Mr. Calcraft, the late Mr. Harris had control of the Theatre Royal. I was intimate with him, and often dined at his house, where his wife proved herself a good hostess. Until Mr. Harris retired from the theatre I was free to all the performances in it. The boxkeeper was for many years a little man who rejoiced in the cheerful name of Joy. He was

a medical man, but had abandoned the healing profession for the dramatic. He retired from the Theatre Royal in order to become manager for Miss Bateman, who had acquired a great reputation as an actress, and in the character of "Leah" had attracted large audiences. I wrote several critiques on Miss Bateman's acting, and she entertained me at dinner on two occasions in the Gresham Hotel, where she stayed whilst in Dublin. She had the finest head of bronze-colour hair I have ever seen. People, when they saw it let down whilst she was performing, believed that part of it was tacked on. That this was not the case she showed me on one occasion by allowing her hair to descend to her knees. It was not only long, but abundant. Miss Bateman married Mr. Crowe, an artist of merit. Miss Isabel Bateman is her daughter.

A popular actor, Tom King, who for many years was a member of the stock company at the Theatre Royal, frequently dined with Dr. Joy. On one occasion, whilst sitting beside him at dinner, he mentioned that after he had performed in "The Corsican Brothers" (his great piece) he felt so depressed that he always remained for the farce which in those days generally followed a tragedy. Viewed from a box or other place, the laughter-making farce dispelled the gloom of the tragedian.

The late Mr. Michael Gunn, one of the two brothers who founded the Gaiety Theatre, was much given to generous hospitality, in which he was assisted by Mrs. Gunn, one of the best hostesses I have ever been entertained by. There were few theatrical stars who visited Dublin who were not in their time entertained at dinner or supper by Mr. and Mrs. Gunn. To many of those entertainments I was invited, and in that way got to see the actors and actresses when they appeared as themselves and not as some other persons. Mr. Gunn has passed from "life's fitful stage," but Mrs. Gunn still retains almost the freshness of youth. Before her marriage she was a favourite actress with the Dublin playgoers. Her daughter is now showing that she inherits the excellent dramatic qualities of her mother.

CHARLES KEAN.

In 1863 I made the acquaintance of Mr. Charles Kean and his wife, who before her marriage was Ellen Tree, and a well-known actress. I frequently dined with the Keans on Sundays, the only day they could entertain, and several times called on them in London. We occasionally corresponded. At the time I first became acquainted with the Keans, I was the editor and part proprietor of a newspaper, the "Agricultural Review and Country Gentleman's Newspaper," in which paper, and also in the "Irish Times," I wrote critical notices of dramatic performances. I had a high appreciation of Charles Kean's representation of various characters in the plays of Shakespeare. Immediately before his time, the works of the great dramatist had almost completely ceased to be presented, but chiefly by Kean's efforts there was a marked revival of them. Although he did not possess the genius of his father, Edmund Kean, yet he was a scholarly exponent of the wonderful creations of the Bard of Avon, and in melodrama he stood in the first rank. In the "Corsican Brothers" and "Louis XI." he has never been excelled.

I was very pleased on receiving the following letter from Charles Kean:—

"The Gresham, Dublin,
Wednesday Evening,
12th December, 1863.

My Dear Sir,

I cannot leave Dublin without writing a line to express my deep gratification at the kind manner in which you introduced my name to the readers of the 'Agricultural Review.'

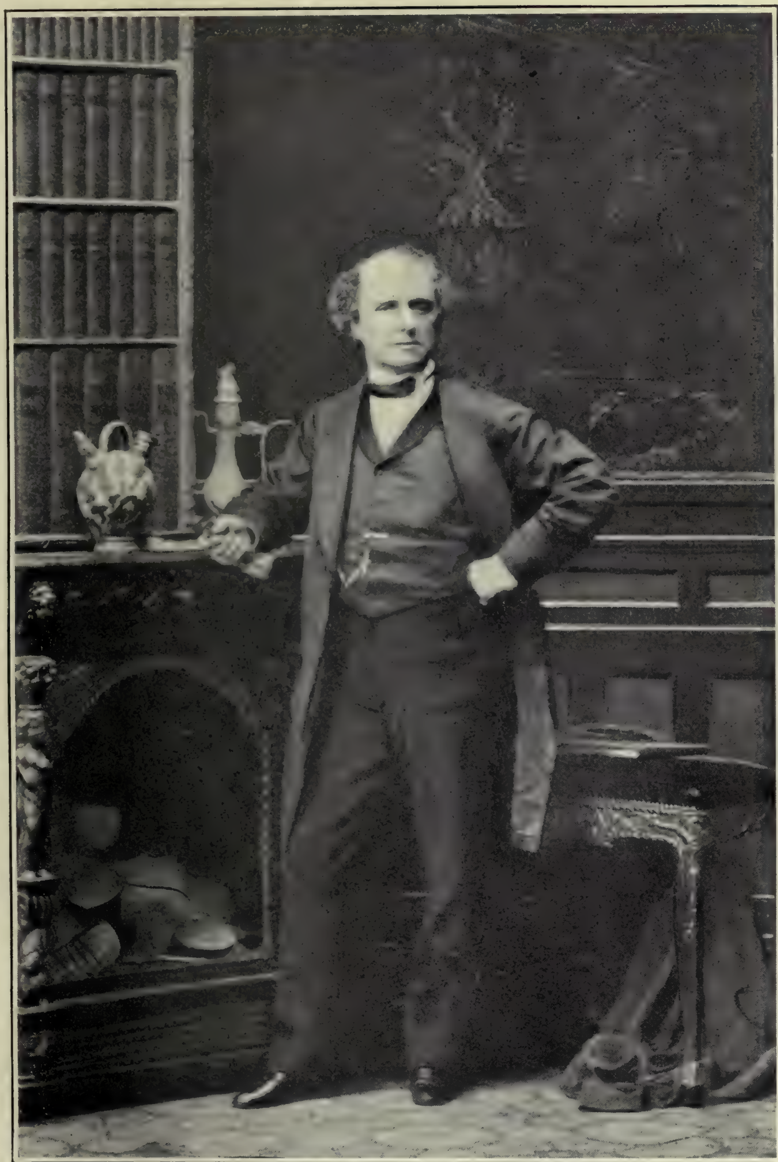
As an artist, it is always pleasant to receive words of commendation from those whose good opinion we covet; but praise is doubly valuable when written in language remarkable for power and finish by one who has evidently so thorough an appreciation of the great master whose chief characters I endeavour to embody.

I may truly say that I feel most proud of such beautifully written notices on my acting. Let me at the same time take this opportunity of assuring you of the very

great pleasure it has afforded me in having been so fortunate during my stay in this city to have made your personal acquaintance, and sincerely hoping that we may soon and often meet again.

I remain, my dear Sir,
Most faithfully yours,
CHARLES KEAN."

I frequently met the Keans after receiving this letter. He died in 1868, and his wife in 1880. As Charles Kean was born in Waterford, we might regard him as a countryman. When a great man is born in Ireland of English, Scotch, or Welsh parents, we claim him for Ireland. When a great man is born in England or elsewhere of Irish parentage or descent, we also claim him as virtually an Irishman. From this point of view we may regard the late Marshal MacMahon, President of the French Republic; Marshal O'Donnell, of Spain; and Count Taaffe, of Austria, as Irishmen.



CHARLES KEAN, EMINENT ACTOR.

SIR HENRY IRVING.

I enjoyed Sir Henry Irving's friendship for many years. He had some peculiar mannerisms, but he undoubtedly attained to the highest position as an actor. In only one character did I consider that he was a complete failure, namely, as "Macbeth."

Whilst "Faust" was running on in the Lyceum Theatre, Mr. (he was not then Sir Henry) Irving invited me to witness it, and afterwards to sup with him at the Arts Club, Hanover Square. At the conclusion of the performance, he, Mr. Bram Stoker (his manager), and myself went to the Arts Club, where we found a company of about a dozen of Irving's guests assembled. Toole, Irving's great friend; Hayes, the Irish painter; Vitzelly, of the "Illustrated London News;" Wills, and other well-known men made up the party. Toole, who was as amusing off the stage as he was on it, kept us brimful of merriment until three o'clock a.m. Irving was anecdotal. He told us that at his first engagement in the stock company of the Queen's Theatre, in Dublin, his salary was only thirty shillings a week. He lodged in a house in Great Brunswick Street, near the theatre. He laid in a supply of beer and coffee on Mondays, and "took stock" of them on the following Sundays. He always found that some of the beer bottles and a certain proportion of the coffee were unaccounted for. Mr. Irving said it was worth the loss to witness the surprise and virtuous indignation of the landlady as to how the deficits could possibly have occurred.

GEORGE GROSSMITH.

I knew the late George Grossmith for many years, and often enjoyed his delightful society. Few there are, or have been, who could, like Grossmith, command, unaided, the attention of a crowded audience for two hours. As a rule, he had only his piano to aid him in his entertainments.

George Grossmith was, equally with Toole, as great a humorist off the stage as he was on it. He was most amusing at dinner parties, where he "kept the table in a roar." On one occasion when he and I and some others were dining with Dr. Houston, K.C., and his beautiful wife, in Fitzwilliam Square, he was particularly amusing. He produced a silver cup, the property of Dr. Houston, and in a speech brimful of humour presented it to me on the part of the company. As the cup belonged to a lawyer, I did not venture to bring it home.

Grossmith told me the following story:—At the theatre the janitor one night informed him that a gentleman desired to see him, but would not give him his name. "Tell him," said Grossmith, "that I do not receive nameless persons." The janitor retired, and on returning said that the gentleman still declined to give his name. "When I pressed him for it, he said 'Tell Mr. Grossmith Euston wants to see him,' and I replied that he might as well say his name was 'White-chapel.'" "Oh," said Grossmith, "that is Lord Euston; show him up."

Lord Euston has recently died, whilst his father, the Duke of Grafton, still survives and is active at the age of 92. Lord Euston was the lineal descendant of Charles II., but with the bar sinister. I knew him intimately and liked him greatly. He had some of the best characteristics of the Royal Stuarts, whose blood he inherited. He married a lady whom he divorced on the ground that she had already been married and her husband was still alive. Subsequently it transpired that her first husband had been previously married to a woman who was alive at the time of his second marriage, so that Lord Euston's marriage was valid.

On the 10th April, 1897, the London Savage Club celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of the late Queen Victoria by a banquet. It was held in the Holborn Restaurant, and nearly four hundred members and guests were present. My guests were Lord Euston, Mr. J. Fletcher Moore, D.L., of The Manor, Kilbride, County of Wicklow, and his son, Captain Moore. Mr. (now Sir Herbert) Beerbohm Tree occupied the chair.

A huge illuminated menu card showed me that I was to propose the toast of the guests, and that Lord Euston and Mr. (subsequently Sir Samuel) Wilks, President of the Royal College of Physicians, were to respond to it. The College of Physicians' Hall is a fine building in Pall Mall. Just before I proposed the toast, Lord Euston received a telegram which caused him to leave hurriedly. In the course of my speech I said that many of us had left Euston (all for Ireland leave London by Euston Station), but Euston had now left us pell-mell, so Dr. Samuel Wilkes, from Pall Mall, would now have to do duty for both.

The Saturday night dinners of the Savage Club are very entertaining. I have had the pleasure of presiding at several of them, and of inviting my friends to them. The best music is sure to be heard at those dinners. It is always of a varied character, serious and comic. There are recitations, and occasionally even scientific demonstrations. The club is limited to 600 members.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE.

The professors of the drama have to regulate their meal hours to suit the convenience of their profession. Late dinners are impossible. They usually breakfast later than other people, have a kind of mixed luncheon and dinner about two o'clock, and a late and substantial supper.

On one occasion I was invited by Miss Olga Nethersole, an ornament of the stage, to sup with her in the Shelbourne Hotel, Dublin. She enquired was there any particular dish that I would like, and I replied that supper was not a meal I cared much for, but that if I were ordering one in my own house, and only for myself, it would simply be a bowl of warm bread and milk. "That is exactly the kind of supper," said Miss Nethersole, "that I usually have."

Miss Nethersole's supper party was a large one, and the menu differed but little from that of a dinner. There were soup, fish, entrees, sweets, hock, champagne, etc. Miss Nethersole and myself confined ourselves to our bowls of bread and milk to the evident amusement of the other guests.

Miss Nethersole's stature is much above the average. She is endowed with a profusion of hair, which has one of the most pleasing shades of red. She is much interested in the prevention of tuberculosis.

WILLIAM GORMAN WILLS.

William Gorman Wills was a cousin of my wife's, and a great friend of mine. He was a poet, a novelist, and a painter, as well as a dramatist. His father, the Rector of Durrow, Queen's County (where his grandson is now rector), wrote the lives of distinguished Irishmen in ten volumes—a work indicating immense research. Wills was a true Bohemian. He set no value on money, and died on the 14th December, 1891, in a London hospital. On one occasion when he was staying with me, Dr. R. Y. Tyrrell, S.F.T.C.D., the distinguished author of many works on the classics, dined with me. During dinner I said to Dr. Tyrrell, "What a curious man is our friend Wills! He has passed all the examinations for the degree of Bachelor of Arts of the University of Dublin, but has not got the certificate of the degree." Dr. Tyrrell suggested that he should go next day along with him to Trinity College, and arrange to get it. Wills assented, but failed to enter an appearance.

One cannot but wonder that a literary man, who produced works for publication, would not care to have the letters B.A. on his productions! His brother, the Rev. Freeman Wills, whose play of "The Only Way," which Mr. Martin Harvey has made so well known in Dublin, was not so careless. He is a graduate of the University of Dublin.

William Gorman Wills wrote the greater number of the plays which Sir Henry Irving preferred to appear in. It may be fairly claimed for him that he was the greatest dramatic writer of his period. No fewer than three of his plays were on the stage at the same time: "Faust," "Olivia," and "Vanderdecken."

Wills' drama of "Faust" was played continuously for two years in the Lyceum Theatre, London. He wrote some successful novels, and a poem of considerable length, "Melchior." The favourite song, "I'll sing thee songs of Araby," was his production.

One of the charms of Wills' plays is the elegance of the language which distinguishes so many of them, recalling some of the fine passages in Bulwer Lytton's "Lady of Lyons." His plays are numerous, and comprise, amongst others, "The Man o' Airlie," "Eugene Aram," "Jane Shore," "Sedgmoor," "Nell Gwynne," "Charles I.," and "Claudian."

Wills was a man of many sides. He was an artist, and most successful in the execution of pastels.

The following appreciation of Wills' work is from the pen of Dr. Tyrrell, than whom no one is a more competent critic or appreciator of literary labours:—

> "I welcome the opportunity you will have of calling back to the memory of lovers of literature the name and the fame of W. G. Wills. For he was a man of letters to the finger tips. Many a delightful talk have I had with him and my old friend, Professor Graham, in my college rooms more than forty years ago. I hold his two ballads, 'Old Graf Brom' and the 'Countess of Gay Report,' to be examples of the most perfect reproduction of the spirit of the old ballad poetry, not surpassed even by the skill of that prince of literateurs, the great Sir Walter Scott. They were published in early numbers of 'Kottabos' under my editorship, and have been greatly admired. They are republished in 'Echoes from 'Kottabos'' (Hanna & Neale, Nassau Street). 'The Man of Airlie' deserves a high place in the history of the Victorian drama, and some of his novels are excellent, especially 'Notice to Quit' and 'The White Feather.' The late Sir Henry Irving had a great admiration for Wills' 'Faust' and 'Charles I.,' as well as his stage version of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' one of his last works. The very last, I believe, did not meet with the appreciation which in my judgment it deserved. 'Melchior' has for me a strange, subtle charm, and shows a new facet of the many-sided genius of W. G. Wills, who deserves to rank as one of the jewels in the crown of Trinity College, Dublin. Though he is not a graduate, he passed all the required tests, but never presented himself at the conferring of degrees. In a certain negligence of temperament and lack of worldly wisdom, as well as in

some aspects of his genius, he often reminds us of another great son of Trinity, the charming and versatile Oliver Goldsmith."

Wills told me the following anecdote: He received a communication requesting his attendance at Osborne to take the portraits of some of the junior members of the Royal Family. He was engaged at the time in writing one of his plays, and was about to say that he was very busy, but would go to Osborne as soon as he could spare the time. Before he had despatched his letter he was visited by his great friend and relative, the Hon. David Plunket, now Lord Rathmore. When Mr. Plunket learned what Wills' intention was, he told him that the invitation to Osborne was a "command," and that he should at once obey it. Wills accordingly departed to Osborne, and proceeded to paint the portraits of some of the juvenile Royalties. The Princess Louise, who is very artistic, both in painting and sculpture, one day asked Wills for his opinion of the portrait of a boy which she had painted. He asked the Princess did she desire to have his candid opinion, and she replied "Certainly." "Then," said Wills, "the face is more like a monkey's than a boy's." The attendants of the Princess were shocked, and the Princess appeared to be surprised at the criticism. She said that he was not complimentary and did not think much of her art. Wills, having momentarily enjoyed the situation, which he had purposely created, explained that he was really highly praising the portrait, which, he observed, was that of a boy at one of the lodges, whose face was really like that of a monkey. In fact, the Princess was true to nature. After this explanation everyone present was pleased.

THE WILDES.

In the early 'sixties I was a constant visitor at the house No. 1 Merrion Square, in which resided Sir William and Lady Wilde. Sir William was an oculist, an antiquarian, and a man of many sides. He was the author of the statistics of disease in the Irish Census of 1841. His wife was a poet of some repute, and wrote under the pseudonym of "Speranza." They were celebrated for the number of the dinner parties which they gave and the remarkable people who were at them. Wilde was untidy in his costume, and was often late at his dinner parties. It is said that he proposed marriage to the great tragedienne, Helen Faucit, who refused him on the ground that he did not keep his hands clean.

Lady Wilde was of great stature and large proportions. As the crinoline was at its height, she seemed always to be distant from one. She occupied separate apartments from Sir William, and corresponded with him by notes, but still they were good friends.

There were two well-known "diners out" at that time who, like myself, were always invited to the Wildes' dinner parties, namely, the Rev. Charles Tisdall, D.D., and Dr. Thomas Beatty, an obstetrician in large practice. Beatty was the only medical man who had been president of both the Royal College of Physicians and the Royal College of Surgeons. The reverend and medical doctors had excellent voices. Their habit was to meet in Wilde's study and then to ascend the stairs very slowly, singing a duet, to the drawing-room.

The Wildes had three children—a charming little girl, who died young, and two sons, William and Oscar—the latter called after the King of Sweden, who had conferred the Order of the North Star on his father. They were small boys in those days. Oscar became a celebrity. William, after a short career at the Bar, where he was a favourite, went to London and became a journalist. He was a most amusing man and a good performer on the pianoforte, but he was an

advanced Bohemian. He married an American widow, who divorced him, and after a chequered career died in London. Of the career of Oscar Wilde it is unnecessary to write: it had a sad termination.

It was said of Sir William Wilde that he was Wilde in name and wild by nature. He was certainly a rough specimen of humanity, but better the rough diamond than the polished paste. Once, whilst he and the late Professor Haughton, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, were on their way to London, an amusing incident occurred. At Holyhead Haughton informed the guard that Wilde was a dangerous lunatic he was in charge of, and that it would be safer not to allow anyone into the same compartment with him except himself, his keeper. From Holyhead to London Wilde and Haughton had the exclusive use of a compartment.

I heard many amusing stories at the Wildes' dinner parties, but I shall only repeat one of them. Dr. Evory Kennedy, an eminent obstetrician, and at one time Master of the Rotunda Hospital, often dined with the Wildes. On one occasion he told us that in the early days of his practise a gentleman called upon him to engage his services for his wife, and to enquire the amount of his fee. Dr. Kennedy said "Ten guineas." The gentleman observed, "I suppose that is ten pounds?" but the doctor repeated "ten guineas." In due time the doctor was sent for, performed the required services, and, being winter, took up his position in front of the fire-place. The gentleman appeared and said, "Your fee is ten pounds, doctor?" "Oh, no; ten guineas, as I have already told you." The gentleman smiled, left the room, and on returning paid the doctor his fee. He placed his hands behind his back and felt only ten coins wrapped in paper. He slipped them into his pocket, and threw the paper into the fire. On his return he found ten shillings in his pocket, and regretted that he had burned a £10 banknote.

A Miss Travers was a constant visitor to the Wildes. Having alleged that Wilde was too familiar with her whilst she was under the influence of chloroform, she brought an action against him, which proved unsuccessful. Miss Travers' father lectured on medical jurisprudence in Trinity College and the Ledwich School of Medicine, and was assistant

librarian in Archbishop Marsh's library. He was a man of great erudition, and had an extensive acquaintance with *black-letter* books. He was not particular as regards his costume, and in warm weather sometimes regarded stockings as superfluities; but inside his unornamental exterior might be applied to him the words of the poet—

> "Ingenium ingens,
> Inculto latet hoc sub corpore."

At a dinner party I happened to make some remarks about Dr. Travers' costume to a lady who was sitting next to me. "Oh," she said, "I know all about his peculiarities, as I happen to be his wife." Her avowal was made in such an off-hand way, a broad smile irradiating her pleasant face, that my confusion was soon dispelled. However, the incident made me thereafter very cautions in conversing with people with whom I was but slightly acquainted.

"THE AGRICULTURAL REVIEW."

In 1859, Mr. David Rogerson, Mr. Emerson Dawson (both now gone over to the great majority), and myself started a weekly paper, "The Agricultural Review and Country Gentleman's Newspaper." It lasted for a few years. I edited the paper, and gave as much time to its interests as I could spare from my professional work.

At that time a penny stamp was affixed to every newspaper. My partners and I attended at the Custom House to register the paper and arrange about the stamp. Having ascertained that a Mr. Murphy was the official to whom we should apply, we entered his office. We found him seated before a fire reading a newspaper. To attract his attention I gave a gentle tap on the counter, of which he took no notice. I then gave a louder tap, upon which he held up his hand, but did not look at us. We understood by the gesture that we should keep quiet until he had finished reading what apparently interested him in the newspaper. In order to bring him to attention I gave the counter a violent blow with my walking-stick, and shouted, "Is this the way business is transacted in this office?" Mr. Murphy then rose from his chair, and, advancing to the counter with leisurely gait, enquired what our business was. The matter we came about was then arranged. I subsequently became on friendly terms with this gentleman, and found him an agreeable acquaintance. Being far above the average stature, he was nicknamed "Long Murphy."

On leaving the Custom House we proceeded to the Four Courts, where I had to enter into recognisances, before a Baron of the Exchequer, for my proper conduct as editor and part proprietor of the newspaper. My two partners had also to enter into recognisances in the capacity of my sureties. A nice young man took charge of us, prepared the necessary documents, and introduced us to the Baron. In acknowledgment of his courtesy, we invited him to adjourn to the Angel

Hotel, hard by the Four Courts, to join us in a champagne libation to the new literary venture. He surprised us by saying that although he had been three months in office, our business was the only transaction in which he was engaged! This young gentleman, whose name I forget, was, I believe, the son of a former "Master" attached to the Law Courts.

During the 53 years which have elapsed since these occurrences, I have no doubt the Treasury remembrancers have recommended that some vacancies in public appointments need not be filled up; one certainly was, namely, that ancient sinecure the "Clerk of the Pipe."

After a few years' existence, the "Agricultural Review" copyright was purchased by the proprietors of the "Farmers' Gazette."

ANNIE LAURIE'S HOUSE.

Mr. David Rogerson resided in that beautiful villa, "Olney," Terenure, now occupied by the Right Honourable Thomas W. Russell, M.P. "The Agricultural Review" was posted on Friday evening in each week, and on the same day I generally dined at "Olney." There I made the acquaintance of Mr. Rogerson's brother-in-law, Lieutenant John Kennedy, whose regiment, the 4th Light Dragoons, was stationed in Portobello Barracks. The Lieutenant invited me on several occasions to dine with the officers of his regiment. I have a vivid remembrance of one of those dinners. A noble Irish Earl, a fellow-guest, succumbing to the influence of Morpheus, or Bacchus, or both, fell asleep. On awakening he found that his face had been decorated by the aid of a partially burnt cork.

One of the officers was the Hon. Frederick George Ellis, eldest son of Lord Howard de Walden, at that time British Minister at Brussels. Captain Ellis insisted on seeing me home, and ordered his gig to be brought out. He drove at a furious pace along the wrong side of the canal between Portobello Bridge and Leeson Street Bridge, narrowly escaping several times from going into the water. Although grateful for his courtesy, I felt relieved when I bade him good night.

Lieutenant Kennedy invited me to accompany him to his home in Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, as he had to take part in a county ball which was to be given to signalize the marriage of a member of the ducal house of Buccleuch. I accepted the invitation, and on arrival in Thornhill was cordially received by my friend's family.

Mr. Kennedy's father was one of the best known men in Scotland. He had extensive tracts of grazing lands, especially in Invernesshire, and possessed more sheep than any other man in Scotland.

I was informed that Mr. Kennedy's handsome mansion had been the home of Annie Laurie, of the famous song. The bedroom assigned for my use was, according to tradition, Annie's apartment.

A resident in Thornhill gave me the following version of the origin of the song "Annie Laurie," the author of which is unknown:—Annie fell in love with a handsome groom in her father's service. They eloped, but were pursued and captured. Annie being under age, her clothes were, in law, her father's property. At that time theft involved the penalty of death. The groom was indicted for stealing her clothes, condemned, and hanged. A wandering minstrel composed the song "Annie Laurie," but his name has not been preserved.

In the early part of the last century petty thefts were often punished by death. A young woman, left destitute by her husband having been taken by a "press gang" of sailors, stole a piece of cloth from a London shop. For this offence she was executed at Tyburn. She was permitted to carry her babe with her on her way to the gallows. The event created a great sensation, and probably helped to have the barbarous criminal laws amended.

An Oxford don was hanged for forgery, and an Irish clergyman for having set fire to his own house.

During my stay in Dumfriesshire, I had the honour of being introduced to the eminent historian, James Carlyle. His home at that time was in Chelsea, but he paid frequent visits to Dumfriesshire, in which he had so long resided. He has been described as a brusque man, but I found him very agreeable.

THE ACTUAL CAUTERY.

When I was a medical student the *actual cautery* was becoming obsolete in surgical practice. It is an instrument with a steel, iron, or platinum blade, which is heated to a high temperature in a fire or a gas or spirit lamp flame.

My hospital education was carried out in the Meath Hospital and County Dublin Infirmary, but I occasionally witnessed operations in other hospitals. In one of these—Dr. Steevens'—I had friends on the teaching staff, and in 1857 I became Professor of Chemistry in its Medical College. A Mr. Cusack was one of the surgeons to this hospital, and had an extensive practice. In one of the wards an old army pensioner was a patient, suffering from gangrene in one of his legs. Mr. Cusack determined to use the actual cautery in the case. The patient declined the use of chloroform or ether. Mr. Cusack applied the actual cautery to the diseased part of the leg, passing it rapidly down from the knee to the ankle. "Oh," said the patient, "that's barbarous." "This is worse," said Cusack, quickly passing the cautery upwards from the ankle to the knee in the front part of the leg.

The old-fashioned actual cautery is superseded by instruments in which black, red, and white heat is produced by electricity, concentrated solar rays, internal combustion, etc.

Mr. Cusack's operation was successful. When the patient was convalescent he said to him, "Do you feel weak?" "Do I what?" said the old man. "Wake, wake," repeated the doctor, with altered pronounciation of the word. "Yes, doctor, powerful wake," replied the ancient warrior. Mr. Cusack then said to him that he would order for him any delicacy that he would like, to which the old man responded by requesting " a pig's face resting on a bolster of cabbage." This *delicacy* was accordingly supplied to him.

Dr. Steevens' Hospital was founded in 1720, and was endowed by Dr. Steevens and his survivor, Madame Steevens. It is popularly known as Madame Steevens' Hospital. The popular idea that her face resembled a pig's arose from her habit of wearing a veil when dispensing her numerous charities in order that the recipients thereof should not recognise their benefactress.

JOHNNY ROCHE'S CASTLE.

For many years the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland performed most useful work. In 1888, owing to the land agitation and other causes, it was deemed expedient to wind it up and transfer its property to the Royal Dublin Society.

The Royal Agricultural Society held annually a show in some provincial town. On those occasions it was usual to have a banquet and a ball. I went to several of those shows, because I was Analyst to the Society, and also, but only for a few years, the Editor and part proprietor of the *Agricultural Review and Country Gentleman's Newspaper*.

In 1861 I attended the Society's show at Cork, where I met a friend, the late Mr. John Harold Barry, of Ballyvonare, near Buttevant, County of Cork. I accepted an invitation to stay for some time with him before returning to Dublin. Mr. Barry's father I found to be a jovial, portly old gentleman who took a great interest in young people, especially lovers. He pointed out to me a shady avenue which he designated "the lovers' walk."

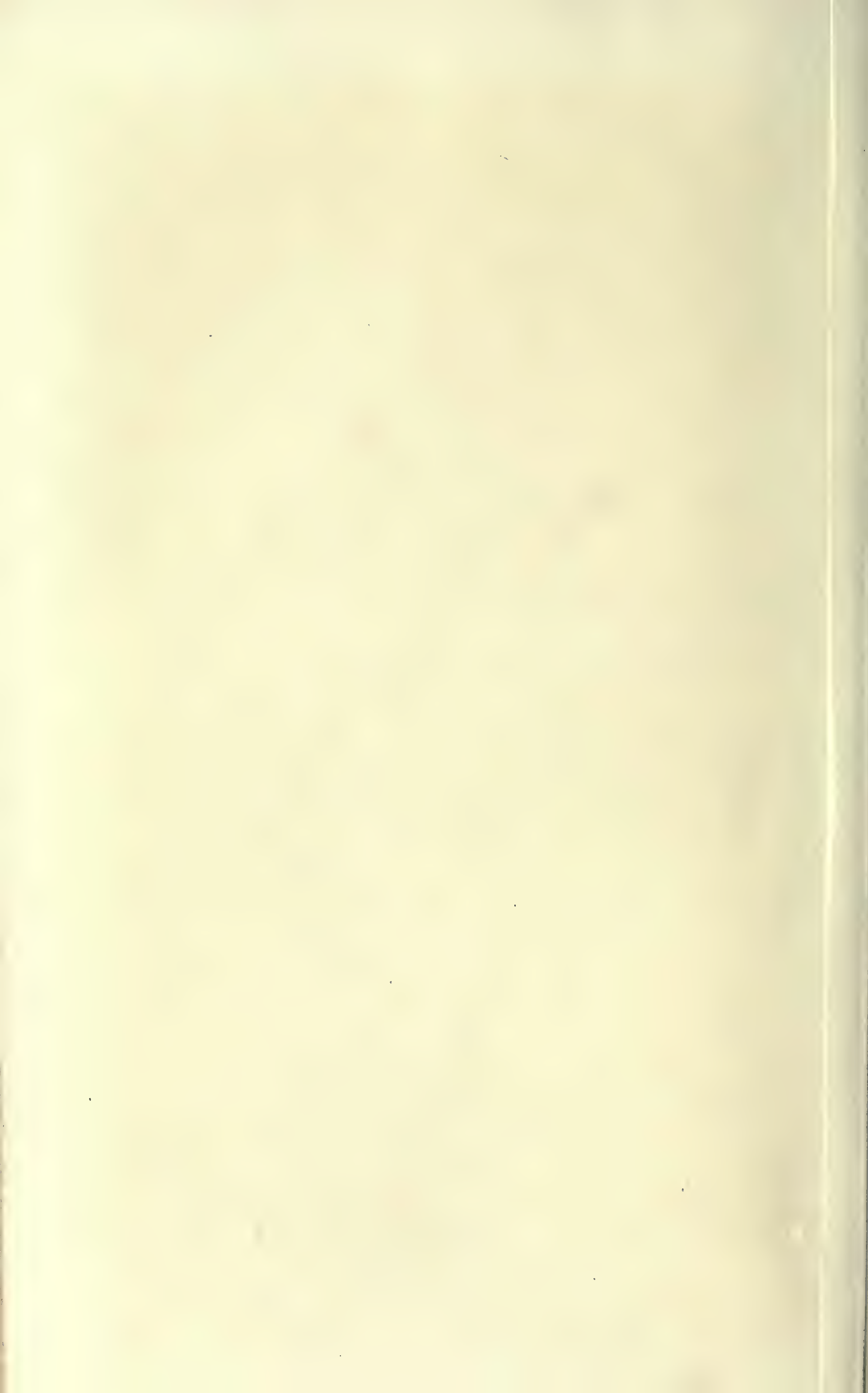
I greatly enjoyed my visit to the Barry's. They were most hospitable people, as every day during my stay with them, they had guests at luncheon and dinner. Many of those guests invited me to visit them. Surely in no part of the world are there more hospitable people than are to be found in the South of Ireland!

On the lawn of Ballyvonare are the ruins of Kilcolman Castle, where Edmund Spencer, one of the greatest poets of the Elizabethan period, lived for many years. In it he wrote, in great part, and probably altogether, his *Fairie Queene*. I was much amused by the efforts made by the elder Barry to restore part of the castle. For this purpose he employed an Italian, who was accustomed to modelling, but the material used for the restoration was plaster of Paris!

One morning young Mr. Barry enquired had I heard of Johnny Roche's Castle. I replied that I had not. "Then,"

"CASTLE CURIOUS" AND MILL.

(*From a Photo by T. J. Roche, Esq.*)



said he, "we shall pay it a visit." We drove to the place, a distance of six miles. I found a miniature castle, resembling many of those built by the Normans in Ireland. Outside the gate there was a horn attached to a hook. Mr. Barry blew a loud blast on it, which brought the castellan to a window. "Is that you, Mr. Barry," shouted the castellan, who was Johnny Roche himself. "I'll let you in." The gate was opened, and we were admitted. I was introduced to Johnny Roche, who received me politely.

It was with the greatest astonishment that I learned that Johnny had, unaided, built the castle. He quarried the stones with which it was erected. The internal fittings and furniture were made by him without any help.

This extraordinary castle was about 45 feet in height, and consisted of three stories, surmounted by two turrets, on one of which floated a flag. The castle was 27 feet in length, and 17 feet broad, and was lighted by 13 windows. The heavy door or gate had some curious carving work decorating it.

Johnny Roche I found to be a man of many sides and of a romantic nature. There were few things that a single man could fabricate that he could not produce. He played on several instruments, made by himself, but chiefly on the violin, with which he used to enliven the festivities of the country people for miles round. He built a little mill in which oats and wheat were ground.

In early life he parted from his wife in America, and lived alone in his castle.

The River Awbeg, the *Mulla* of Spencer's *Fairie Queene*, runs close to the castle. Johnny pointed out to me a tiny islet in the river on which he had constructed an Æolian harp. "It is there," he said, "I desire to be buried, and the Æolian harp will sound my elegy." I understand that when he died in 1884 his relatives disregarded his wish and buried him where his ancestors were interred.

The view of Johnny Roche's Castle is from a photograph taken by T. J. Roche, Esq.

A portrait and memoir of this remarkable man appeared in the *Journal of the Cork Historical and Archæological Society*, No. 16, Vol. 11, 2nd Series, 1896.

Mr. James Byrne, J.P., Coroner for the County of Cork, of Wallstown Castle, Castle Roche, near which Johnny Roche lived, informs me that the castle still exists, but is uninhabited. Mr. Byrne was the most valued of the contributors to the *Agricultural Review*, and still wields his pen with as much vigour as he did in the days of the journal, half a century ago.

MY EXPERIENCE OF TRIALS FOR MURDER.

For eleven years I acted as an expert for the Government in cases where bloodstains had to be examined and human viscera analysed for the detection of poison.

In those days the assize judges did not leave for their districts on the same day, as, practically, they do now. A fortnight usually elapsed between the day the first assize opened and the departure of the last judge from Dublin.

Owing to this fact, and to arrangements made by the Crown solicitors of the counties, I was enabled to give evidence in many cases in different parts of Ireland during the assizes. I often went down by the night mail to Ennis or Tralee, or other southern assize town, gave my evidence the following day, returned by the night mail, and next morning went to a northern or some other assizes.

During the period that I acted as an expert in certain criminal trials it was difficult in the South and West of Ireland to secure convictions in murder cases where the guilt of the persons seemed to be clearly proved. In the case of the county juries there was a disinclination to send a man to the gallows, even when no political or agrarian elements entered into the case. Knowing this unwillingness to find a verdict which entailed death to the accused, the Crown prosecutors were generally willing to receive a verdict of manslaughter instead of murder.

In cases of sheep-stealing, county juries were so anxious to convict that many Crown solicitors only prosecuted when they were absolutely certain of the guilt of the accused.

In a case in which there was a conviction on what I thought was unconvincing evidence, I mentioned my doubts to a member of the jury. "Very likely," he said, "he did not steal that particular sheep, but I am sure he stole many another one."

At Kilkenny Assizes a man was tried on a charge of manslaughter. In a fight at a fair he had fractured a man's skull. Dr. Lyster, who had made the post-mortem examination, stated that the deceased's skull was unusually thin; whereupon the prisoner shouted, "What right had a man with a thin skull to go to a fair!"

THE LONGEST MURDER TRIAL ON RECORD IN IRELAND.

On the 22nd July, 1873, J. H. Montgomery, Sub-Inspector Royal Irish Constabulary, was arraigned at Omagh Assizes fo· the murder of William Glass, a banker. Two juries had disagreed in previous trials, but the third found him guilty, and he was executed on the 26th August.

Three days before Montgomery's trial commenced, James Moore was placed on trial at Maryborough Assizes charged with the murder of Edward Delany. He was found guilty on the 9th September, fourteen days after the execution of Montgomery. The jury in this case were kept forty-six days virtually in confinement. They were allowed a jaunt into the country under police escort, but practically they had no exercise. They were placed upon a good diet, allowed a liberal supply of whiskey, and provided with packs of playing cards. It was noticed that under these conditions some of the jurors increased in weight. On their enlargement one of them found a very youthful addition to his family, another juror lost one of his. Several became bankrupt, due, they alleged, to their prolonged absence from business.

The Crown was represented by the Solicitor-General, Mr. Hugh Law, who subsequently became Lord Chancellor; Mr. Pakenham Law, and Mr. Dames Longworth. The prisoner was defended by Mr. John Adye Curran (now a County Court Judge) and Mr. Constantine Molloy. The judge was Chief Baron Pigott.

There were seventy witnesses for the prosecution, of whom I was one. The case was about one month going on when I was examined on a Saturday. I was tired of it, although a paid expert witness, for the atmosphere of the court was unpleasant, and I was residing at Bray at the time. I was walking on the Bray esplanade on the following day, when I saw a sergeant of the Royal Irish Constabulary approaching me. He informed me that soon after I had been

examined, the Chief Baron wished to ask me a question, but it was found that I had just left by train for Dublin. The next day I appeared before the Chief Baron, who mildly reproved me for departing without his leave, and made some trivial enquiry. He then informed me that my presence was necessary until the termination of the trial, as he might want to put a question to me. I had to attend every day until the end of the trial, but was not asked any further questions.

The weather was very warm, and owing to the crowded condition of the courthouse, the atmosphere could be distinctly smelled. The Chief Baron complained of the unpleasant atmosphere, and asked me what could be done to improve it. I suggested limiting the number of persons admitted to it, but he said that the Queen's Court must remain open to all who sought admission to it. I then suggested that besides the half-hour the court was empty during the adjournment for luncheon, it would be desirable to have it unoccupied for five or ten minutes twice a day This suggestion was adopted, and the doors and windows fully opened. It helped to improve the state of the air.

The long continuance of the trial, the unusually warm weather, and the vitiated condition of the air of the court, inspired on the average for seven hours daily, had an injurious effect upon the health of the persons engaged in it. The Crown Solicitor, Mr. Thomas Gerrard, suffered from blood poisoning. All the counsel engaged in the case were more or less affected. Mr. Adye Curran and Mr. Molloy had to go abroad to recruit their health. The Chief Baron never tried another case.

Fifty-three days after Moore's trial commenced, and near midnight, a verdict of guilty was found, and the prisoner was sentenced to death. He made a severe, but only verbal, attack upon the Chief Baron, informing him that he would rather die a thousand deaths than be tried before him again, and, winding up, shouted to the judge that he would be dead before him (the prisoner). This scene seems to have had a most unpleasant effect upon the Chief Baron. I was told by Lord Justice Barry that the Chief Baron called upon the executive authorities and induced them to recommend the Lord Lieutenant to reprieve the prisoner.

His reason for intervention was that he felt he should have told the jury that it was open to them to find a verdict of manslaughter if they so desired. The Chief Baron died soon after the trial, but Moore lived for many years a prisoner for life.

The speeches of the counsel and the charge of the judge occupied much time. The concluding speech of the Solicitor-General went on for seven days, Mr. Adye Curran's address on behalf of the prisoner five days, and the Chief Baron's charge three days.

I went from Bray to Maryborough every day from the 18th July, when the Grand Jury sat to hear *ex parte* cases, to the 9th September, Sundays excepted. The days numbered 48. The distance from Dublin to Maryborough by rail is about 50 miles, Bray to Kingsbridge 14 miles—total, 64 miles. I, therefore, travelled 128 miles daily for 48 days, or a total of 6,144 miles.

It is a curious coincidence that whilst the trial of Moore was going on in Ireland, the longest trial in England, that of the Tichborne claimant, was slowly progressing all the time and long after.

Death during the last 39 years has removed the judge, the jury, the two solicitors, and four of the five counsel engaged in this case. Judge Adye Curran still lives, and is one of the most able of the County Court Judges.

"A MEAN DEFENCE."

The late Lord O'Hagan, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, when Attorney-General and in Parliament, got an Act of Parliament passed which greatly increased the number of petty jurors. The first case tried after the passing of the Act was one of attempted murder. It was held at the summer assizes in Ennis, County of Clare. The prisoner was charged with shooting at Mr. Creagh, a country gentleman and landowner, with intent to kill him. Mr. Creagh identified the prisoner as the man who fired at him. The gun used for the purpose exploded, and blew either a finger or the thumb (I forget which) off the assailant. An unusually large number of jurymen appeared, by far the greater number having only a short time previously been placed on the list of jurors. When the sheriff's officers called out in front of the courthouse, So and so, "come and appear on pain of five pounds," many of the jurors mistook the word "pain" for "pay," and forthwith vanished from the scene. There wère scores remaining. Occasionally, when a juror was called, instead of proceeding to the jury-box he moved towards the dock, whereupon one of the Counsel remarked, "That is the place he is accustomed to go to." . To the Crown solicitor and the prisoner's solicitor by far greater number of the new jurors were unknown. Very many of them were ordered to "stand aside" by the "Crown." An unlimited number of jurors may be directed by the "Crown" to "stand aside," and those so directed may be recalled. The prisoner's right is confined to "challenging" twenty jurors peremptorily, that is, without assigning any cause for the challenge, and as many more as he can show good cause for their disqualification. A small minority of the jurors wore neckties, but all who had them and were called were objected to by the prisoner's solicitor. Ultimately the jury who tried the case were wholly unprovided with neckties. Although the judge charged strongly against the prisoner, and all but gave them a direction to convict, yet the jury, after a somewhat long consultation, acquitted him. The thumb or finger lost by the man who

fired at Mr. Creagh had been found, was preserved in spirits of wine, and was produced in Court. Its custodian enquired what was to be done with it, and the judge directed it should be given to its owner, the prisoner.

Late on the day of the trial I was walking down the principal street in Ennis in the company of the Crown solicitor, the late Mr. Alexander Morphy, when we met one of the jury who had tried the case. "So you let that man off to-day?" said Mr. Morphy to the juror. "Well, your honour, we were nearly letting him swing." "Oh," said Mr. Morphy, "I am glad to know that you hesitated about acquitting him, for you know very well he was guilty." "It was not on that account, your honour," the ex-juror replied. "It was the mean defence his counsel set up for him." The mean defence was to the effect that the prisoner had no intention to kill Mr. Creagh, but wished to warn him of the danger he ran if he did not treat his tenants better. He, therefore, did not aim at Mr. Creagh. It was this defence, made by his counsel, the late Mr. Denis Caulfield Heron, K.C., which made the jury hesitate about acquitting him. If his counsel had not put forward that plea, the jury would probably have acquitted him without leaving the box.

A FALSE CHARGE.

One day, in 1882, a sergeant of the Royal Irish Constabulary brought to me from the County of Kerry a parcel of man's clothes to examine for bloodstains. He informed me that they belonged to a farmer who was lodged in Tralee Jail charged with the murder of a woman and her child, a young girl. On interrogating the sergeant, I elicited that the farmer was denounced by a man who swore that he saw him late at night come out of the woman's house, which soon after burst into flames. The man who had made the charge had been on too intimate terms with the woman before he had been convicted for a crime and committed to prison. On his discharge, the woman refused to renew relations with him.

I enquired what motive was it believed that led him to commit so terrible a crime. The sergeant replied that the only motive assigned for the deed was the trespassing of the woman's hens on the farmer's land, and for which he had summoned her to the Petty Sessions Court. I said that I could not believe that any man would commit a murder for so trivial an offence, and that it was far more likely that the man who denounced the farmer was himself the murderer.

On the following morning I called upon the late Mr. Thomas H. Burke, Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, and expressed a strong opinion that in the County of Kerry murder case the wrong man was arrested. Mr. Burke said that I was probably correct in my surmise, and that he would request Mr. Alexander Morphy, Crown Solicitor for the Counties of Kerry and Clare, to proceed forthwith to Tralee to investigate the case. The result of Mr. Morphy's investigation was the liberation of the farmer and the arrest of his accuser. The latter was shortly afterwards tried for the murder of the woman and her child, whose charred remains were found in the ruins of their cottage. It was clearly proved at the trial that the accused farmer had not left his house on the night of the murder, that a hatchet which the prisoner had borrowed from a blacksmith was found concealed in the

ground and stained with blood, and that he had been seen by several persons lurking near the cottage on the night of the murder. His clothes were much stained with blood. Although the evidence was overwhelmingly strong against the prisoner, the jury disagreed, a small number only being in favour of a conviction.

The prisoner was subsequently tried at the Winter Assizes before a Cork City jury, who, without leaving the jury-box, found a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced to be hanged. Some doubt as to his sanity having been expressed at his trial, the death sentence was not carried out.

At the same Cork Winter Assizes a man was tried for the murder of a woman in the County of Limerick, and was, after a few minutes' deliberation, found guilty. He had previously been arraigned before a county jury, who had disagreed.

HUMAN HAIR IN EVIDENCE.

Soon after the disposal of the cases above referred to, a man and his wife were tried at Tralee Assizes for the murder of a neighbour, with whom they were on bad terms. The three persons were returning from a fair, when passing through a lonely part of the country, the neighbour was killed and his body concealed. After some days it was discovered, and in the right hand was found what appeared to be human hair, tightly grasped.

Suspicion fell upon the persons who were on bad terms with the murdered man, and they were arrested. Their clothes and the hair found in the dead man's hand were sent to me for examination, as was also a specimen of the male prisoner's hair. The two specimens of hair were red, but with the same percentage of grey hairs in each. The hairs were in each case of the same average thickness. That of the male prisoner's was a little longer than the hair found with the dead man, but that was to be expected, as the hair of the prisoner had been taken a week after the murder. As regards the thickness of human hair, in a thousand people it is likely that not two of them would have hair of exactly the same thickness. By the aid of a microscope, or a little machine of American invention, the thickness of a hair can be accurately ascertained.

In this case it was agreed to take a verdict of manslaughter, and as hanging would not follow such a verdict, the jury agreed to find it. The prisoners subsequently confessed that they had quarrelled with their obnoxious neighbour, and had killed him. The judge who tried the case was the well-known Mr. Justice Keogh, and the leading counsel for the Crown was Mr. Peter O'Brien, now Lord O'Brien, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland. Both were very successful in getting convictions, but, of course, not against the weight of evidence.

Lord O'Brien is noted for his affable manner to Counsel and witnesses, and his frequent humorous remarks from the Bench.

A MAN UNKNOWINGLY CONVICTS HIMSELF.

A prisoner was tried at an assize in Longford for having grievously wounded a young man. The evidence was not very strong against the accused. I had examined his clothes, and found numerous stains of blood on them. His counsel stated that the prisoner had killed a fowl, and that the stains on his clothes were caused by the blood from the fowl. Now, at that time it was not possible to state with certainty that a bloodstain was of human origin. In the advancement of science an unerring test for human blood has lately been discovered. In the Longford case I was, however, able to swear that the stains were caused by the blood of a mammalian animal, and it might be from a man, or a dog, or other mammalian animal, but not from a bird. If the prisoner had not put forward the plea that the stain was caused by a bird's blood he would probably have been acquitted, as the evidence against him was weak.

JUDGE KEOGH AND THE APPRENTICE BOYS OF DERRY.

The last time that I attended at Omagh Assizes I was invited to dine with the Grand Jury. One of the two assize judges was a Roman Catholic—Judge Keogh. As the toast of the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of King William the Third was usually given at the Grand Jury dinners, there was considerable hesitation before inviting the judge to the dinner. The judge accepted the invitation, and the toast was given, but before it was responded to Judge Keogh rose and requested to be allowed to say a few words in reference to the toast. To the surprise of all present, the judge suggested that there should be added to it the memory of the Apprentice Boys of Derry. He said that King William was in favour of religious liberty, and he had been aided in achieving it by the Apprentice Boys of Derry. Great applause followed the speech, and the toast with its addendum was drunk with great enthusiasm. King William was not an Episcopalian, and during his reign the Dissenters were not troubled. Judge Keogh was for some time a member of the House of Commons.

NEGATIVE TESTIMONY.

On another occasion, whilst at Omagh Assizes, a man was charged with loitering. He was asked whether or not he could call any witness to give him a good character. He replied in the negative, whereupon a man in the courthouse shouted that he could give him one. Having been sworn, he was asked what he had to say in reference to the prisoner, and he replied that he had never seen or heard of him before, but he knew all the bad characters within twenty miles of Omagh, and the prisoner was not one of them. On the strength of this negative evidence the prisoner was acquitted.

I APPEAR FOR BOTH SIDES AT A TRIAL.

An action was taken by a farmer against the Maypole Dairy Company for injury to his cattle by polluting the river water which they drank. The case came before Co. Limerick Summer Assizes, and I appeared as a witness for both litigants. Plaintiff and defendants were satisfied with my expert evidence, and each paid my reasonable fee. An arrangement was arrived at which satisfied both sides.

The solicitors of the company and the farmer, some other persons, and myself were subsequently entertained at dinner in the hotel at Castleconnell, on the Shannon, near Limerick. I was surprised to find in this little hotel that the table equipment and the wines were as good as could be found in a first-class metropolitan hotel. The representatives of the company paid for the dinner.

At the annual dinner of the Royal Institute of Architects, 7th May, 1911,* I proposed the toast of the guests. In responding to it, the Right Hon. Richard E. Meredith, Master of the Rolls, referred to this triel. He said—"He had one distinct advantage over the previous speakers. He happened to be an Irishman. His friend Sir Charles Cameron might remember that at the banquet which he attended with him, and at which, he thought, His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant was present —a banquet given by a Scottish regiment on St. Andrew's Day—he informed his audience, at some late hour of the evening, that he had led a charge of the Highlanders at the battle of Waterloo. His Excellency, they all knew, hailed from a sister country, and their distinguished President* could only claim Irish descent through the Scots arriving about the time of the plantation of Ulster. He felt it a very great honour indeed to be permitted, in so distinguished an assembly, to respond to the toast which had been so cordially, so warmly, and so felicitously proposed by Sir Charles Cameron. He had

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* I am the only Honorary Fellow of the Institute. I was elected in 1867.
* Albert Edward Murray, R.H.A.

alluded to him (the Master of the Rolls), not merely by name, but he had also penetrated into secrets of his judicial life, and he had referred to proceedings which took place in his Court. He might say that he had the honour and privilege of seeing Sir Charles Cameron before him on many occasions as a witness, and he remembered one occasion upon which he did him the honour to appear and give evidence on both sides. If there was anything wanting to show the versatility of Sir Charles Cameron he thought that was quite sufficient. He had relieved him to a certain extent from dwelling on the personal aspect of the toast."

The Master of the Rolls has since retired from the Bench, and has been succeeded by the Right Hon. Charles O'Connor.

POISONING OF ANIMALS.

I have had to investigate scores of cases of poisoning of the lower animals. In some instances the poisoning was accidental. A valuable brood mare died soon after the administration of a "bolus." I found that death was due to croton oil instead of linseed oil being used in preparing the "bolus." The mistake cost the compounder £100. Several fatal cases occurred by washing soda, nitre, and borax being sold in error as cattle salts (sulphate of soda).

Animals have died from eating the leaves of laburnum and yew trees. Sixty-three oxen were poisoned by water dropwort (*Œnanthe crocata*) in irrigated fields near Adare, County of Limerick. Fatal cases from eating water hemlock (*Licuta virosa*), foxglove (*Digitalis purpurea*), meadow saffron (*Colchicum autumnale*), and black bryony (*Tamus commume*), found sometimes in hedges and waysides. A hedge plant, cuckoo-pint (*Aram maculatum*) is very poisonous to animals.

In 1909 the deadly poison, *aconite*, caused the death of 12 oxen on a farm in the County of Westmeath. A herd of 35 of those animals were in two places—12 where no persons outside the premises had easy access to, and 23 in a place practically open to outsiders. The 23 oxen almost simultaneously became ill, and 12 of them died. The other 12 cattle were not affected. Mr. Andrew Watson, an experienced veterinarian, examined the viscera of some of the animals, and found no evidence of natural disease. He suggested that they must have been poisoned. The viscera were submitted to me, and I found the deadly poison *aconitine* in them.

Aconitine is an alkaloid to which the poisonous properties of the plant known as Wolf's bane or Monk's hood (*Aconitum napellus*) are due. An examination of all the pastures available for the animals proved the absence of Monk's hood. Enquiries showed that it was not known in the neighbourhood. It was clear that it must have been given to the animals in the form of a preparation of acotine, most likely its tincture, which is easily procurable.

As the poisoning appeared to be malicious, a claim for compensation was made to the Court of Quarter Sessions, and granted by Judge Adye Curran. An appeal brought the case before the judge at the following Assizes. One of the most distinguished members of the Bar, Mr. Denis Henry, K.C., appeared for the ratepayers to oppose the claim. The judge (Lord Chief Baron Palles) confirmed Judge Adye Curran's finding, with costs.

In cross-examining me, Mr. Henry asked was it possible that a man could have carried the *large* quantity of poison with which the evil act was accomplished, without his increased dimensions being noticed? I replied, "Mr. Henry, if you sat down to dinner, and your decanter contained the same quantity of whiskey, you would consider yourself on very short commons." After this answer no further question was put to me.

HOW DUBLIN MIGHT HAVE HAD A WINTER GARDEN.

In 1865 an International Exhibition was held in Dublin. A convenient site was secured for it in a large area facing Earlsfort Terrace. A substantial building was erected, at the rere of which there was a large glass-house and ornamental grounds.

The exhibition was opened by the Prince of Wales, who on the occasion represented the Queen. 900,000 visits were paid to the exhibition. Soon after it had been brought to a conclusion, the buildings and grounds came into the possession of Mr. Edward Cecil Guinness (now Viscount Iveagh). For several years flower shows, public dinners, concerts, etc., were held in the exhibition buildings and grounds.

In 1872 a National Exhibition and Portrait Gallery were opened in the Exhibition Palace, as it was generally styled. It was under the management of Mr. Edward Lee (who was subsequently knighted by the Lord Lieutenant), but was financed by Mr. Guinness. 400,000 visits were paid to this exhibition.

In 1868 I was elected Professor of Hygiene and Political Medicine to the Royal College of Surgeons,* and for several years delivered courses of lectures on public health subjects in the college medical school, which were open to the general public.

In the 'seventies great interest was taken in sanitary subjects by the general public. My lectures at the Royal College of Surgeons commenced at 4 o'clock, but frequently by 3 o'clock every available place to sit or stand on was filled. Amongst many notable persons who frequently attended these lectures were Sir Robert Ball, F.R.S., and his wife, and the Right Hon. T. W. Russell, M.P., and his wife. Sir Robert Ball, whose popularity as a lecturer has probably never been equalled, once told me that he sometimes had repeated the jokes he had heard at my lectures.

* The first Professorship of Hygiene in the United Kingdom was that instituted by the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland; and to the University of Dublin is due the credit of the first creation of a Diploma in Public Health.

I was invited to give a course of twelve lectures in the exhibition building, referring in a popular way to such subjects as ventilation, food, disinfection, etc. I accepted the invitation, having first ascertained that the council of the college had no objection to my giving the course. The lectures were delivered at 8 o'clock p.m., and were numerously attended. Each lecture lasted one hour and a-half. The maximum attendance (1,500) was at the lecture on "The Skin and Hair." Many probably came with the idea that they might get some useful information relative to the preservation of the colour and quantity of their hair. I did mention some preparations suggested for that purpose, amongst others a well-diluted solution of phosphorus. One of the audience, in getting the solution made up, had in error made it much stronger than it should have been. The result was that his hair burst into flame, and were it not that he was beside a good supply of water, he might have been severely injured.

From 1872 up to 1879 the Exhibition Palace and its beautiful grounds were much in use. Flower shows were held in them, and concerts were given in its splendid music hall. Many public dinners were given in its spacious dining-room.

In 1879 Mr. Edward Dwyer Gray, M.P., was a man of considerable influence. He was proprietor in succession to his father, Sir John Gray (whose statue is in Sackville Street), of the "Freeman's Journal," and in 1880 was Lord Mayor of Dublin. It occurred to him that the time had arrived when an International Exhibition might be held in Dublin with every prospect of success. I had been a member of one of the committees, and also a juror, of the exhibition of 1865. Probably on that account I was invited by Mr. Gray to co-operate with him in his project. An exhibition general committee and an executive one were formed, and I acted as honorary secretary to the latter, of which Mr. Gray was chairman. A deputation of the executive committee, comprising Mr. James Talbot Power, D.L., Alderman Mulligan,*

* Alderman Mulligan retired from the Corporation and was for many years managing director, and lately director, of The Hibernian Bank. He was one of the most benevolent of men, and was always pleased when his acts of charity were known only to those who benefited by them. He has recently passed away greatly regretted.

and myself, waited on the Corporation of Belfast, who received us most cordially. They promised to form a local committee to assist in making the proposed exhibition a success.

Now, at this time everything appeared *couleur de rose.* The exhibition buildings, glass house, and grounds were placed at the disposal of the committee, without cost.* The Hibernian and Alliance Gas Company volunteered to supply free all the gas the exhibition would require. At that time there was an electric lighting company in Dublin, who for experimental purposes had put in the centre of Westmoreland Street a series of arc electric lights. That company promised that the exhibition would be supplied with electric power free of charge.

It was felt that with all these advantages there would be a very large surplus of money at the close of the exhibition, which would suffice to purchase the buildings and glass houses, so as to ensure them permanently for the use and enjoyment of the citizens. Unfortunately, these aspirations were not realised. It was stated in the prospectus of the exhibition that it would be held under the patronage of the Queen. At a large meeting held in the Mansion House to promote the project of the exhibition many present protested against the Queen being patroness. A motion to omit her name from the prospectus was rejected by a large majority, Mr. Gray, Alderman Mulligan, and many other Nationalists voting with the majority.

Notwithstanding that the amendment was rejected, it was subsequently decided to abandon the project of establishing an International Exhibition in Dublin, in consequence of the hostility to the proposal to have the Queen its patroness.

Soon after this fiasco the great glass house was purchased by Mr. Lever, an ex-M.P. for Galway, and brought to

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* Hotel Victoria, Schlangenbad,
Prussia, June 4, 1912.

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—Your letter of the 1st inst. has been forwarded to me here. You are quite right in your recollection as to the proposed Exhibition in Dublin, in 1879. I did promise to lend the Exhibition buildings and grounds, at Earlsfort Terrace, to the Executive Committee free of charge.

Believe me, yours very truly,

IVEAGH.

London, and is now to be seen in Battersea Park. The buildings were subsequently sold to the Government to locate in them the then recently established but now extinct Royal University.

It was in this way that Dublin lost the opportunity of having a winter garden and permanent exhibition building.

In my time a great change has come in Dublin in the attitude of the "masses," and even to some extent of the "classes," towards Royalty. Long ago, after the performances in the theatres, the orchestra always played "God Save the Queen," and then "St. Patrick's Day." Should anyone in the pit not stand up or take off his hat he would be shouted at from the gallery "Take off your hat," or "Stand up," as the case might be, though it was usually one of inadvertence.

MR. EDMUND DWYER GRAY.

Mr. Gray and his handsome wife entertained very liberally whilst occupants of the Mansion House, and, indeed, afterwards when they resided in the large house No. 34 Upper Mount Street.

A curious incident occurred whilst Mr. Gray was High Sheriff of Dublin in 1882. He offended Mr. Justice Lawson. Now, when anyone commits the offence known as contempt of court, the judge may direct the Sheriff to take him into custody; but who was there to take a sheriff into custody if he fell under the displeasure of the judge? Mr. Justice Lawson quickly determined that point by sending a policeman for the city coroner, Dr. Whyte, and directing the coroner to take the high sheriff to prison. Dr. Whyte, who was a friend of the high sheriff, at once arrested him in court, and conveyed him in a cab to the prison.

Mr. Gray's father, Sir John Gray, was a sanitary reformer. It was he who got for Dublin its splendid water supply. Before his time there was only one sanitary inspector; he increased the number to twelve, all sergeants of the Dublin Metropolitan Police.

Mr. E. D. Gray, during the period he was connected with the Corporation, took a great interest in sanitary subjects, and helped to carry out reforms in public health administration.

TWO FRENCH RESTAURANTS.

Shortly before the Franco-German War I spent a few days in Strasburg. It was then French, now it is German. All the people I met were bi-linguists, and it was amusing to listen to some of them alternating French and German whilst addressing me.

From pure curiosity, and not owing to indigence, I dined at a cheap table d'hote in an unpretentious restaurant. There were fourteen persons present, about equally divided in sex. The proprietor presided. We opened with soup of fair quality, fish followed, and then came a *ragout*, the composition of which I could not discover, but its flavour was fairly good. A savoury next came, followed by a pudding. The dessert consisted of small grapes. A bottle of red wine, holding about a pint, was placed before me. A man sitting next to me, with whom I opened conversation, informed me that he was a barber. He described the occupations of all the other "paying guests"—they were nearly all the owners of, or attendants in, small shops situated close to the restaurant. What struck me most at this table d'hote was the perfect decorum of the diners. The repast was *a la Russe*, and each person was supplied with an ample serviette. The conversation was carried on in a most polite manner, and I could observe no sign of vulgarity in the little company. As the cost of the entertainment was only one and a-half francs, I bethought me what kind of a dinner party would there be at a table d'hote in these countries if the dinner fee was only fifteen pence!

Shortly before my visit to Strasburg I had been staying in Munich, where I made the acquaintance of the celebrated Professor Pettenkofer. I had several conversations with Bavarians on the subject of the threatened war with France. Although none of them expressed friendship for the Prussians, they were unanimous in declaring that they would never again give a friendly reception to an invading army. In the

18th and 19th centuries the French always counted the Bavarians as allies. They fought against Britain and Austria in the Marlborough campaigns, and they welcomed the French in Napoleon's time. It is probable that Louis Napoleon calculated on Bavarian and South German assistance when he declared war against the North German Confederation.

Munich has one of the finest opera houses in the world. Whilst listening to one of Wagner's operas, I enjoyed the use of a comfortable armchair for the moderate fee of two shillings. When I was in Germany the purchasing power of money was much greater than it is now, and a student could live respectably upon a very moderate income. I am informed that such is not the case at the present time.

Major Massy (father of "Redan" Massy, of Crimean celebrity) was war correspondent of the "Irish Times" in the 'sixties. The late Major Knox, who founded the "Irish Times," gave me an introduction to the other Major, which I made use of during the time I acted as a juror at the Paris International Exhibition of 1867. I invited Major Knox on one occasion to dine with me at the Maison d'Or. He happened to say that he was fond of asparagus, and as we were dining *a la carte*, I ordered that vegetable. When the bill was presented, I found that the asparagus was charged for at the rate of three francs for each of us. This high price was due to asparagus not being in full season, the time being early in April. I thought of my fifteen-penny banquet at Strasburg!

At the banquet of the Royal Institute of Public Health in Dublin, in 1899, Major-General Massy, V.C., was present. He came from the County of Tipperary to be present at the congress of the Institute. I had never met him before, but he was greatly pleased when I told him of my acquaintance with his father in 1867 and later. Both father and son have passed away.

I have pleasant recollections of the month I spent in Paris as a member of the Jury of the International Exhibition of 1867. I was invited to the Tulleries (the palace of the Emperor), three entertainments given by the British Ambassador, and to several dinners and receptions given by other persons. At the opening of the exhibition by the Emperor

and Empress, the only foreign department that was quite completed was the British. A liberal conferring of the Order of the Legion of Honour took place, but the British Jurors were exempted from the compliment, as our Government at the time refused to allow it to be worn at court unless conferred on British officers co-operating with French soldiers. I received from our Treasury a honorarium of fifty pounds. Each Juror was presented with a set of medals and quite a small library of reports and essays relating to the exhibition, by the French Government. From our Government I obtained several volumes of a similar kind, but in the English language.

THE HISTORY OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.

On the 28th October, 1883, I had the misfortune to lose one of the best and kindest wives man ever had. In a memoir of her, written by her cousin, the late William Gorman Wills, poet, dramatist, and artist, he described her in the following terms:—

"Lucie Cameron was not a 'society' woman; she shrank from publicity; she did not care to see her name on Committees or Subscription Lists, yet few in such circles as hers have succeeded in winning so many warm and devoted friends. She was equally popular with men and women. A lady who goes much into society said of her that she was almost the only lady concerning whom she had never heard an unkind word uttered.

"The reasons why Mrs. Cameron was so much beloved by all who knew her are simple enough. She never spoke unkindly of anyone; she never did unkind acts. Her friendships were not hastily formed, but they were enduring. Amongst mere acquaintances she was liked on account of the sweetness of her manner, her gentleness, and her amiable excuses for those made the subject of unfavourable comments. In addition to all this, there was something indescribable in her kind face and sweet voice which charmed everyone who conversed with her.

"Mrs. Cameron's claims to be long and affectionately remembered rest, however, upon a better basis than charm of manner. She was a woman of the most active benevolence. It was only during her last illness and since her death that anything like the extent of her private charities became known. She never deserted friends because of their failing fortunes, and she never refused to assist those who appealed to her for help, pecuniary or otherwise."

After the death of my wife, I did not go into society for a year, and only to a slight extent during the following two years. In those years I devoted all my time, free from pro-

fessional work, in writing the history of the Royal College of Surgeons, and an account of Irish Medical Institutions, Literature, and Teachers. The work was finished in 1886, and the first copy of it presented to the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant, on the 27th May, 1886, on the occasion of his unveiling a statue of Professor Dease in the Royal College of Surgeons. I was President of the College at that time, and in the evening I gave a banquet, at which the Lord Lieutenant and about two hundred others were present.

In collecting materials for the History of the College, some incidents occurred which I think are worth recording.

I intended to give a short biography of everyone who had been a President, Professor, Curator, or Secretary of the College. To get reliable information relative to those who were connected with the College in the eighteenth century and beginning of the nineteenth century was often very difficult. The documents in the Records Office, Four Courts, Parish Registries of births and deaths, old newspapers, &c., had to be examined. Surgeon John Halahan, who was a member of the College from its foundation, was appointed its first Professor of Anatomy in the year 1786. In a curious, and now very rare, book, entitled "The March of the Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries of Dublin to the Temple of Fame," written by Dr. John Gilborne, and published in 1775, I found a short poetic description of Halahan—

"John Halahan our just esteem deserves;
His curious art dead bodies long preserves
Entire and sound like monumental brass,
Embalm'd Ægyptian mummies they surpass—
Surpass the labours of the famous Ruysch*
He does injections to perfection push."

Now, I was anxious to discover a descendant of this man, who was famous in 1775, and was born in 1753; and, adopting my usual practice, I wrote for information to all the Halahans whose names appeared in the directories, hoping that some grandson or great-grandson would answer my letter. I was surprised to receive one from his own son. He proved to be

* A famous Dutch anatomist.

the late Reverend Nicholas Halahan, Rector of St. Luke's Protestant Church, Coombe, Dublin. I visited the venerable cleric; and whilst I obtained some information about his father of which I was ignorant, I told him some things concerning the Professor which he had never heard of. He was delighted when I showed him the poetical eulogium on his father.

I noticed the portrait of a man, having one of his hands resting upon a skull, and in an attitude suggestive of giving a lecture or address. I suspected that it was the portrait of Halahan lecturing to the Hibernian Society of Artists, the predecessors of the Royal Hibernian Academicians, and my surmise proved correct. At my request Mr. Halahan promised to bequeath it to the Royal College of Surgeons.

At a proper interval after his death I called to see his granddaughter (who had kept house for him), and to claim the portrait of her great-grandfather. She said that the Rev. Mr. Halahan, of Enniskillen, had also claimed it as a family heirloom. I said that was nonsense, it could not be regarded as such. Then I said to her that if I could get the boy she had referred to at my last visit a situation, would she consent to the picture going to the college. She promptly said she would, and in due time the portrait was placed in the college. When I saw Mr. Halahan he was 87 years old; his father had been born 134 years before that time (1886).

Captain Halahan, lately Adjutant of the 4th Battalion Dublin Fusiliers, is a descendant of Professor Halahan.

Surgeon John Timothy Kirby, founder of the Original School of Medicine, subsequently known as the Ledwich School, Peter street, was President of the College in 1823. The late Mr. John Baker, a well-known dentist in Clare Street, met me one day, and knowing that I was looking for information about Kirby (whom he knew), informed me that Kirby's son, a retired naval chaplain, had taken a house in Northumberland Road. On the same day I wrote to the reverend gentleman that I would call upon him at 10 o'clock next morning, and explained the object of my proposed visit. He received me most courteously, and gave me an autobiography of his father, detailing a long portion of his life. On the same day Mr. Kirby died from an attack of apoplexy Mr. Baker was

astonished when he learned that I had got the desired information. The incident illustrated the advantage of prompt action.

Surgeon John Armstrong Garnett was President in 1810. I wrote to all the Garnetts, whose names and addresses I could discover, about the President, but none of them had even heard of him. Quite accidentally I heard that a Miss Colles, daughter of the Librarian of the Royal Dublin Society, had a grandfather whose name was Garnett. I interviewed her, and found that her grandfather was the man who presided over the College in 1810. She gave me a diary which her father had kept whilst in medical charge of Lord Edward Fitzgerald when he was in Green Street Prison, and which had never been published. It proved to be an interesting diary, and contained information about the last days and death of Lord Edward hitherto unknown. I determined to put the whole diary into the History, from which it has since been several times copied into periodicals.

John Whiteway succeeded Samuel Croker King as second President of the College in 1786. The name is an uncommon one, and the few persons bearing it, including an official in Newfoundland, with whom I communicated, had never heard of President Whiteway. One night it suddenly occurred to me that I had met with the name whilst reading the Life of Dean Swift. The next day I got the Dean's biography and read his will, learning therefrom that Whiteway was the son of Martha, the cousin and housekeeper of Dean Swift. This information to begin with, I was enabled to write a biography of Whiteway.

Although the collection of materials for my History of the College, with its 759 large pages, entailed great labour during three years, I felt quite fascinated with the work, and a feeling of loneliness came over me when it was completed.

At the request of the Council of the College, I intend to produce a second edition of this history.

A VISIT TO THE CLARET COUNTRY.

I am indebted to the great firm of Messrs. W. & A. Gilbey for many pleasant days and many kindly acts. In 1886 I accepted an invitation to join their party and pay a visit to Loudenne, their historic chateau in the Medoc district, near Bordeaux—associated with the family of the great poet and writer, Chauteaubriand—to witness the vintage.

The party leaving London included the late Sir John Power and Lady Power (Co. Wexford), the Hon. Richard Bellew; Mr. (now Sir) Ernest Clarke, then Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and several members of the firm with some ladies of their families. The great scientist, Dr. Dewar (now Sir James Dewar), and his wife joined us later on.

From the hour we left London until our return to that city the guests were not allowed to spend one penny. We were not permitted to give tips to servants, or even to stamp our letters.

Luxurious sleeping-cars conveyed us from Paris to Libourne, near Bordeaux, where we embarked on a steamer which conveyed us on the Rivers Dordogne and Gironde to Chateau Loudenne, where we spent three most pleasant weeks.

On our arrival there at once occurred to me the lines of Byron—

> "Sweet is the vintage when the showering grapes
> In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,
> Purple and gushing: sweet are our escapes
> From civic to rural mirth."

We witnessed, first, the picturesque scene of the gathering of the grapes; then the grapes being pressed, neither by men nor women, but by the then recently invented machine called the "agrappoir," which mechanically separates the stalks, thus modernising the method mentioned by Macaulay in his "Lays of Ancient Rome"—

> "And in the vats of Luna
> This year the must will foam
> Round the white feet of laughing girls,
> Whose sires have marched for Rome."

Then followed the fermentation of the juice, we examining it from day to day in the cuves as it progressed until it was by Nature's own chemistry converted into wine.

We visited all the famous claret vineyards, especially those in which first growths are produced. The growths are graded according to the repute of quality, Chateau Lafite, Chateau Margaux, and Chateau Latour being the first growths of the Medoc; while Chateau Haut Brion, the only other of the first growths, lies outside the Medoc and quite close to Bordeaux in the Graves district. There are four lower grades of classified "crus" all of great reputation, viz., the second, third, fourth, and fifth, numbering about sixty, while there is an infinite variety of clarets unclassified among the bourgeois, artisan, and peasant proprietors, some of which in certain highly-favoured years rank with even the very best of the classified wines.

We all heard for the first time that the French Government had just awarded the coveted prize, the gold medal for the best cultivated vineyard, to Messrs. Gilbey for their Chateau Loudenne domain.

That magnificent river, the Garonne, 360 miles in length, effects a junction with another—the Dordogne—almost of as great length, and the united rivers form the wide river, or rather estuary, termed the Gironde. The largest department of France is named after the latter, which divides it from Charente Inferieure. On the east it is bounded by the Department of the Dordogne, on the south-east by that of Lot-et-Garonne, on the south by Landes, and on the west by the Bay of Biscay. It is almost a peninsula, and has a coast line running north and south nearly 75 miles in length. The area of the department is 3,761 square miles, with a population of nearly a million. The capital of the department is the handsome city of Bordeaux. The country between this town and the sea chiefly comprises the district termed the Medoc, in which nearly all the claret produced in France is prepared. Below Bordeaux, the rich white wines — Sauterne, etc. — are produced.

The Medoc is a very flat country, chiefly composed of alluvial clays, but close to the Garonne and Gironde there are a series of shingly hillocks, which extend from Bordeaux to

the sea. While in some places only a few yards in width, in other parts they extend inland from a quarter to two miles. Their soil consists of sand, a large proportion of water-worn pebbles, and a small proportion of clay; in some places it is calcareous. The great plains which extend to the dunes, or sandhills of the coast, produce good crops of Indian corn, millet, and rye. The sandy and calcareous hillocks and reaches of slightly elevated land are almost wholly under the vine. In a less favoured climate they would be almost worthless, as they are little better than sand hills; yet in the Medoc, vineyards situated on them have been purchased at from £50 to £200 per acre. The vine delights in light and warm soils and in bright sunlight; and these conditions are completely fulfilled in the claret country. The stones and sand store up the heat received during the day, and long after sunset the soil round the roots of the vine is found much warmer than adjacent low-lying rich alluvial clays. Steaming down the Garonne and Gironde from Bordeaux, one sees on the left bank of these rivers such world-famed places as Chateau Margaux and Chateau Lafite, in which the finest wines in the world, I hesitate not to say, are produced. From Bordeaux to the sea, 70 miles in length, there is almost nothing to be seen in the way of crops save the vine. The finest claret is that which is obtained from the districts which lie within 40 miles of Bordeaux. In many places the vineyards extend inwards a long way from the rivers, covering hundreds and even thousands of acres. Perhaps no better proof can be given of the enormous quantity of grapes grown in the Medoc than the fact that it is only rarely a fence protects the vineyard from the public road. Even in the vicinity of towns it is usual, in the vintage season, to see the roadsides fringed with bunches of delicious grapes. There seems to be less temptation to the passer-by to pluck the clustering purple grapes than there is to the British waysider to pick blackberries from the roadside hedge. When people talk of the adulteration of claret and other wines, they must be ignorant of the fact that there is no material so abundant or so cheap to prepare wine from as the grape.

I visited many of the celebrated wine-producing estates. On each there is a handsome chateau, generally richly fur-

nished. As a rule they are owned by very wealthy persons—such as, for example, the Rothschilds, one of whom is the proprietor of the estate on which the well-known Mouton Claret is made. As much as £170,000 has been paid for a vineyard of no great extent. So well established is the character of the wine produced on certain estates in the Medoc that it is bought when quite fresh on the strength of its reputation. For example, the wine made at such a place as Chateau Lafite may be purchased when quite new at £50 per hogshead, whilst wine of older date, prepared on the property of a peasant proprietor may not realise £5 a hogshead.

On examining the soils, elevation, and aspect of several of the most famous vineyards of the Medoc, I failed to discover in what way they differed from other, and what I may term commonplace, vineyards; and yet undoubtedly the wine which bears the brand Lafite or Palmer is intrinsically superior in flavour and odour to the ordinary claret. Even when a chemical analysis is made of a claret sold at 84/- per dozen, and one purchased at 12/- per dozen, very little difference can be detected as to amounts of solids and alcohol. The alcohol, sugar, and extractive matter may be identical, and the only striking difference will be in the amount of free acid and of the fragrant ethers. As to the preparation of the wine, there is little to distinguish the process used at Lafite from that employed by the peasant proprietors. The vines are grown in rows in the field, and as a rule are not more than four feet in height. The grapes are gathered chiefly by women and children, and brought by men on a cart drawn by oxen to the wine-house. Here, by means of a machine, the stalks are removed, but occasionally this operation is not performed. The grapes, more or less crushed, with or without stalks, are pressed into a vat, the lid of which is carefully closed—a tube, however, passing through it to permit the gases of fermentation to escape. In a week or two the active fermentation is completed, and the "must," as the liquid part is called, undergoes for a long time a slow fermentation. The floating masses of skins, stalks, and seeds are removed, mixed with water and a little sugar, and fermented; the produce is a low class wine, used only by the workpeople. The

wine produced in the Medoc is usually kept in wood for three years before it is bottled. The term "claret" is exclusively applied by the British to the red wines of the Gironde, but the French word *clairet* means any red wine. The word is derived from the Low Latin, *vinum claretum*, or wine clarified with honey. It was probably this wine which in the olden time was known in England under the name of *Hippocras*. Very little French red wine, save claret, is now consumed in the United Kingdom.

The peasantry of the Medoc seem to me to be a fine race; both men and women are well developed, and a large proportion of the women are very fat. So far as I could learn they are a healthy population, and rheumatism and gout are not so common as they are in the United Kingdom. Bread and garlic are largely consumed, and everyone, young and old, drinks wine. Workpeople are paid partly in money, partly in kind, the allowance of wine being half a hogshead or more a year to each man. As claret is in such great demand in Great Britain, the United States, Belgium, etc., most of the best wines produced in the Medoc are exported to those countries, and the people in the Gironde largely use cheap imported wines.

There is a common notion that "cheap" claret differs greatly in strength from the higher priced varieties; this is an error. All clarets are "light," that is, contain much less solid matter than Burgundy, port, and sherry; but I have met with a claret at 12/- per dozen which contained as much alcohol as a specimen of Lafite or Chateau Margaux. The differences between a cheap and a dear claret are chiefly in the points of acidity and flavour. The idea that cheap claret is generally adulterated is quite erroneous, for, as I have already stated, there is no cheaper material for wine-making than the grape itself. Clarets are sometimes mixed with each other, a thin one with a full-bodied kind, for example, but this blending is perfectly legitimate and desirable.

The very low duty on wines under 30 degrees of alcoholic strength places a very small tax upon the alcohol in them; whilst an enormous duty is levied on the alcohol in whiskey, gin, brandy, rum, and spirit of wine. As wine could be adulterated only with some kind of alcoholic liquid, how

could it pay to sophisticate claret when the latter can be retailed pure at a shilling a bottle!

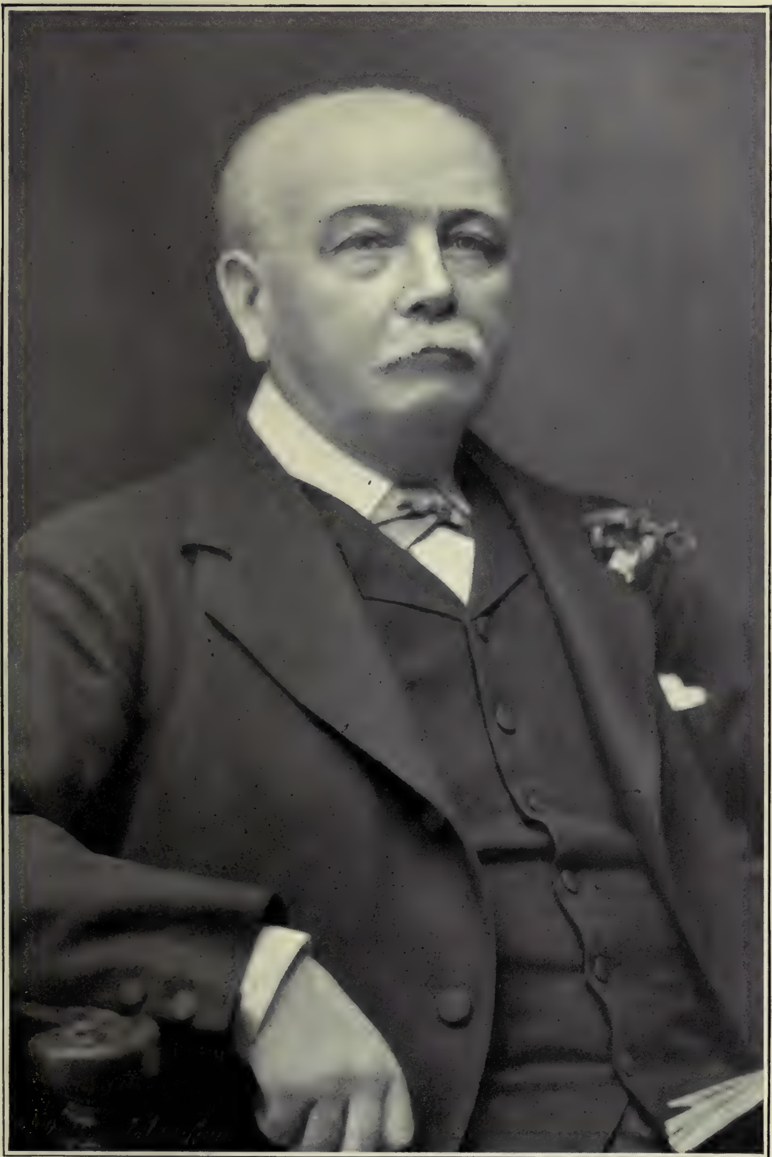
Claret contains about 10 per cent. of alcohol and 2 per cent. of solid matter. It includes a mere trace of sugar, which proves that its fermentation has been perfected—a dietetic point of great importance. The pleasant taste and flavour are chiefly due to its richness in certain ethereal principles, and volatile aromatic oils. Its slightly rough but piquant flavour, its fragrant odour, and its magnificent colour, account for the high estimation in which millions of people hold the wine of the Medoc. I can hardly realise the idea of a man becoming a drunkard through the use of claret. In the Gironde a drunken man is a phenomenon, and yet wine enters largely into the diet of all classes.

I wrote from Chateau Loudenne to the editor of the London "Times" a geological description of the soils of the wine-producing districts of France, which he was good enough to publish.

During my three weeks' sojourn in the Medoc the temperature hardly varied up or down from 70 degrees Fahr.

I did not see a single beggar or drunken person, and in the same number of middle-aged and elderly females I never saw so large a percentage of hugely proportioned women.

One sequence to this pleasant expedition was the marriage of the Hon. Richard Bellew to one of the two daughters of the late Mr. Henry Gilbey, soon after they had been at Chateau Loudenne.



LORD BLYTH.

THE BROTHERS BLYTH.

Of the senior members of the firm who formed part of the company at the Chateau, three only now survive—Sir Walter Gilbey, Mr. Henry Grinling, and Lord Blyth.

The late Mr. Henry A. Blyth, one of the principal members of the firm of Messrs. W. & A. Gilbey, I knew intimately for half a century. He was one of the most charitable and generous of men, and his benefactions were very numerous. Presiding once at a Masonic dinner in Dublin, he insisted on providing the wines (which were of rare quality) and gigantic cigars for the company, numbering nearly 200. It is usual at Masonic dinners to make a collection for Masonic charities, the brethren contributing sums varying usually from sixpence to a sovereign. When the collection plate was put before Mr. Blyth he put a cheque for two hundred guineas upon it.

Mr. Blyth and his brother, Lord Blyth, married two Dublin ladies, the daughters of the late Mr. W. Mooney, of Clontarf. One died some years ago; the other, Mrs. Henry Blyth, is still with us, and happily enjoys the best of health.

I have spent dozens of pleasant days in the homes of those brothers in town and at their country places in Essex. There are no residents in London who have given more brilliant entertainments. For many years the late Mr. Henry Blyth gave a large dinner party on the eve of the greatest Epsom race. At those "Derby" dinners many distinguished persons were present. I was at a great number of them, and on the day following the Derby dinner I generally accompanied my host to see the Derby run. The late Sir William Kaye, C.B., Assistant Under-Secretary, and the late Mr. Maurice Brooks, of Dublin, attended several of those dinners.

Lord Blyth has contributed largely to the improvement of many industries, especially those relating to agriculture and viticulture. He has received numerous foreign decorations. His dinners at 33 Portland Place are not likely to be forgotten by those who, like myself, were privileged to attend them. They included on many occasions both the late King

Edward and King George before their accession to the throne.

On one memorable occasion, namely, the year of the death of Queen Victoria, when the usual Royal Academy banquet had to be abandoned, Lord Blyth was asked to replace it by entertaining the President, Academicians, and Associates at dinner to meet the Duke of Cambridge and distinguished guests of the art world.

On the important occasion of the meeting of the Tuberculosis Congress in London, in July, 1901, Lord Blyth, as honorary treasurer, entertained at dinner many of the distinguished British and foreign representatives of medical science. I give a reprint of the plan of the table, which will be interesting, at least to the members of my profession.

Mr. Malcolm Morris

Professor Priutzjöld	Professor Holmböe
Mr. Rube	Professor McFadyean
Dr. Philip	Dr. Perkins
Dr. Alfred Hillier	Dr. McWeeney
Dr. Jobson Horne	Mr. Thomas Cutler
Sir Hugh Beevor, Bart.	Professor Woodruff
Mr. Herbert Blyth	Dr. Heron
Mr. Swithinbank	Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, Bt.
Professor Koránji	Professor Pel
Sir Hermann Weber	Sir Wm. MacCormac, Bt.
Professor Gerhardt	Le Prince d'Arenberg
Sir William Church, Bt.	The Earl Cadogan
Professor von Schrötter	Professor von Leyden
Lord Mayor of London	The Duke of Cambridge
THE EARL OF DERBY	SIR JAMES BLYTH
Prince E. Saxe-Weimar	Duke of Northumberland
Professor Koch	Professor Brouardel
Rt. Hon. R. W. Hanbury	The Lord Strathcona
Professor Clifford Allbutt	Professor Osler
Professor Thomassen	Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bt.
M. le Sénateur Montefiore	Professor Lannelongue
Sir Jas. Crichton Browne	Dr. St. Clair Thomson
Sir Charles Cameron	General Williams
Professor Dewar	Sir John Moore
Professor Sims Woodhead	Dr. Newsholme
Dr. Theodore Williams	Dr. Hector Mackenzie
Professor Boyce	Dr. Bulstrode
Professor Bradley	Professor Cantacuzino
Professor Denison	Sir Felix Semon
	Professor Fraenkel

Sir William Broadbent, Bart.

As far back as 22nd September, 1894, Lord Blyth entertained the British Dairy Farmers' Association and their President, the Earl of Cork, at his beautiful house and grounds, Blythwood, Essex. The luncheon given on the occasion was upon an enormous scale, the principal marquee containing 700 persons. There were many distinguished people present, including several noble personages. It was marvellous how a luncheon, chiefly hot, could be served to such a number!—but the great firm of Spiers & Pond, caterers, were equal to the occasion. The toast of "The British Dairy Farmers' Association" was proposed by Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart., in very happy terms, and, according to the "Herts and Essex Observer," I made the following observations:—

"Sir Charles Cameron, of Dublin, who was asked to speak in support of the toast, having referred in fitting terms to his long friendship with Sir Walter Gilbey, said the toast was one which their host had deemed of sufficient importance to ask at least two persons to propose it. He took it that Sir Walter had dealt with what might be called the temporal affairs of the Association, and he supposed he would, as a medical man, have to say something as regards their sanitary condition, whilst, no doubt, some eloquent divine who had not yet turned up, had been asked to say something on a matter they wanted more talking about—namely, their spiritual condition. (Loud laughter.) He had taken pains to study the physiognomies of the Association, and he ventured to say their sanitary condition must be excellent—(laughter)—and that local medicos in their respective districts made very little out of them. (Laughter.) The caterer told him that whenever he catered for the Association he was obliged to add 50 per cent to his contract owing to their enormous capabilities of disposing of agricultural produce. (Laughter.) Their worthy host had asked him to restrict his observations to three minutes, and yet told him to say all he could about Irish agriculture. Ninety seconds had already elapsed, and the destinies of Ireland were entrusted to him to bring before that great meeting in a period of another ninety seconds. (Laughter.) None felt more kindly towards his country than their excellent host, but he would mention that that short space of time is another injustice to Ireland. (Loud laughter.) With regard to

Ireland, the first thing he would say was that he thought Irishmen ought to be very much indebted, not only to their worthy host, but also to the nobleman who represented in his (the speaker's) country their most gracious and beloved Sovereign. (Applause.) Their host and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland* had joined together in paying the expenses of a large number of delegates from Ireland—selected gentlemen—to come over to hear and see all that was instructive, so that they would be able to do good in that country in improving the dairy industry. Ireland had long been celebrated for its bulls—(laughter), and they wished now to attain an equal degree of celebrity with reference to their cows. (Applause.) He regretted to say that there was still a great deal to be improved in Ireland with respect to the dairying husbandry. They had in Ireland the best breeds of cattle for the production of meat, but there was a singular deficiency in the cultivation of breeds which produced the milk richest in fats. Therefore, in Ireland he would be glad to see the example followed which their host had shown them in having the very best meat producing animals and the best animals for the production of butter. A great deal of the butter now produced in Ireland was made in a better way than formerly, and that he largely attributed to the existence of creameries in Ireland. He looked upon that as a sign of the prosperity of dairy farming in Ireland—the establishment of nearly 250 creameries.* He thanked their host for his magnificent entertainment, and suggested that the Association should make him their perpetual President. (Applause.)"

"Sir Chas. Cameron, replying to the toast of the B.D.F. Association, proposed by Sir W. Gilbey, was received with storms of applause from beginning to end of his speech, which was characterized by a vein of happy humour possible only to an inhabitant of the Emerald Isle."—"Farmers' Gazette," 29th September, 1894.

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* Baron Houghton, now Marquis of Crewe.

*No one has done more to improve the dairy husbandry in Ireland than the Right Honourable Sir Horace C. Plunkett, K.C.V.O., F.R.S.

AN ABORTIVE ATTEMPT TO DEFRAUD ME.

In 1890 I received one morning a letter from a London barrister, with whom I was not acquainted, informing me that a young man appeared to be personating a son of mine. This young man called on the writer of the letter, and, representing himself to be my son, requested a loan to enable him to get to Dublin. He said that he had been on the Continent, and that his funds were exhausted. The gentleman gave him a shilling, and told him to telegraph to his father, asking him to telegraph to him (the gentleman) a request to lend his son money. As the young man did not return, he concluded that he was an impostor. Immediately after getting this letter, a telegram was received, requesting me to send to my son, who was in London, a telegraphic money order for £3. The telegram came from Euston Post Office. Suspecting that the telegram was from the impostor, I put the matter into the hands of the police. The London police were informed by telegraph of the suspicious case, and accordingly two detectives were in the Post Office waiting for the arrival of my son or his personator. A young man applied for the telegram, but as his appearance did not correspond to the description of my son which the detectives possessed, he was arrested and brought to the police station. Meantime, my son was found in the Euston Hotel, and he proved that the prisoner was an impostor. It appears that my son had played a game of billiards with him in Euston Hotel, and that the prisoner had elicited from him who his father was. The case came before the Police Court, and was sent on to the sessions. Conviction followed, and the prisoner was sentenced to three months' imprisonment. It transpired that he had obtained several sums of money from persons to whom he represented himself as my son, temporarily out of pocket. He was the son of an organist, and, I am informed, was apparently well educated. He was a tall young man, with reddish hair.

A kinsman of mine, Professor Howard Irvine Cameron, M.D., of the University of Toronto, happened to be in the Great Western Hotel at the time of the above-described

occurrence. A tall young man who was in the hotel accosted him, enquiring was he a son of Sir Charles Cameron, of Dublin. He replied that he was the son of Sir Matthew Cameron, of Toronto. This was the same man who tried to swindle me.

Professor Cameron occupies the unique position of being an Honorary Fellow of the three Royal Colleges of Surgeons of the United Kingdom.

AN ATTEMPT TO ROB ME, WEDNESDAY, 25TH JULY, 1894.

I spent a pleasant few days as the guest, not for the first or last time, of Professor William R. Smith, M.D., B.L., J.P., and his charming daughter, at 74 Great Russell Street, London. My fellow-guests were the Very Reverend T. Cameron Lees, D.D., C.V.O., Dean of the Thistle, and a great favourite of Queen Victoria; and Professor Sir Henry D. Littlejohn, M.D., LL.D., lately Medical Officer of Health for Edinburgh, a gentleman renowned for his kindness and humour. Returning one night from a conversazione in King's College, the Dean and Professor Smith proceeded up Drury Lane, and I followed in the company of an Irish engineer who had been at the conversazione. Sir Henry D. Littlejohn had left the King's College an hour or so earlier.

When we had made some progress up the lane, and arrived at a spot immediately opposite the place where the famous Nell Gwynne was born, two men jostled us. The engineer was on my right side and next the street. His watch was snatched from him, and the thief ran off. I clapped my left hand over my watch chain, and so defeated the object of the second man, to whom I gave a shove which sent him reeling into the street, whereupon he, too, ran off. The engineer was a fat man, nevertheless he gave pursuit. His hat fell off and revealed a bald head. I joined in the pursuit, receiving cheers and encouragement from the denizens of the lane, and ultimately the thief was captured by a constable. We proceeded in triumph to the Bow Street Police Station, where the charge was made against the prisoner, and he was detained in durance vile. My two friends, being well in advance, had not noticed the incident I have related, and searched for some time for us, and then proceeded to Great Russell Street. There they found Sir Henry seated upon the doorstep and looking very disconsolate. The servants had retired to bed—naturally believing that the house party would be in possession of the latchkey (but, unfortunately, Sir Henry Litlejohn had left the College before the rest of the party), and were in a part of the house in which the noise of rapper or bell was inaudible.

LORD ARDILAUN AND ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN PARK.

St. Stephen's Green was only available to the inhabitants of the houses which surrounded it up to 1879. In that year it was made a Royal park, and taken in charge by the Board of Works. The Corporation of Dublin gave up their right to derive a small rent from it.

The great expense of converting the dreary stretches of grass in St. Stephen's Green into a beautiful park was provided by Lord Ardilaun. For eleven years there was no tablet or inscription indicating to whose princely generosity the citizens owed this magnificent gift. It occurred to me that it was only necessary to direct attention to this omission, and to the inference of public ingratitude to which it led, in order to raise a fund for the purpose of placing within the park a memorial of its generous donor. I enquired from Lord Ardilaun whether or not he would object to such a proposal. He replied that although he had never thought of anything of the kind, yet if there was a general desire to place a memorial of him in the park, it would naturally be gratifying to him and Lady Ardilaun.

At the time (1890), Mr. E. D. Gray was an influential man, a member of the Corporation, and the proprietor of the "Freeman's Journal." He approved of my proposal to place in St. Stephen's Green Park a memorial in honour of Lord Ardilaun, and said that he would have a leading article on the subject in the "Freeman's Journal." However, he changed his mind soon after, and suggested that the project should stand over for a while. This was because political feeling ran high at the time, Lord Ardilaun's brother, Sir E. C. Guinness, being Conservative candidate for Parliamentary representation of Dublin.

The matter remained in abeyance for some time; but when, in 1891, the Right Honourable Alderman Meade became Lord Mayor, I brought it under his notice and secured his co-operation. A meeting was held in the house of my old friend and colleague, the late Dr. Edward Hamilton, Stephen's Green, to inaugurate the movement. I sent out a large

number of invitations, to which there was a very good response. A committee, with the Lord Mayor as chairman, was formed, and I became the acting honorary secretary. My proposal was that the memorial should take the form of a handsome gateway, similar to that which has since been erected at the Grafton Street entrance to the park, a statue of Lord Ardilaun or a bust of heroic size to be placed over the gate. This proposal met with much support, but ultimately it was decided to erect a statue of his Lordship in the park facing the Royal College of Surgeons. It is the work of the late Sir Thomas Farrell, President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, and is considered to be one of his best productions.

Although Lord Ardilaun was, and is, a Conservative, the working classes, nearly all Nationalists, showed great enthusiasm in reference to the honour proposed to be paid to him. Books of subscription forms were widely circulated amongst the trade unions, and thousands of shillings and sixpences were subscribed by the working men.

On May 7th, 1891, the foundation-stone of the Ardilaun Monument was laid by Alderman Meade, Lord Mayor. There was a great procession of trades unions and their bands to the scene of the function, on the west side of St. Stephen's Green Park. Speeches appropriate to the occasion were made, and great enthusiasm displayed. On the evening of the same day a banquet was held in honour of the event in the great hall of the Antient Concert Rooms. The Lord Mayor presided, and there was present a numerous and distinguished company. Many ladies were in the gallery, and it was noticed that Lady Ardilaun was much affected by the numerous complimentary references to her husband made by the various speakers.

On the 18th June, 1901, Lord Ardilaun's statue was unveiled by the Lord Mayor in presence of an enthusiastic and appreciative assembly, and was taken into charge by the Chairman of the Board of Works, the late General Sankey.

THE FATHER MATHEW STATUE.

In 1893 a statue of the celebrated "Apostle of Temperance," Father Mathew, was unveiled in Upper Sackville Street. The Catholic Archbishop of Dublin was unable to be present at the ceremony, but his place was taken by the Protestant Archbishop, the late Lord Plunket—a broad-minded, just man, deservedly popular even with those not belonging to his own communion. The Corporation, with great willingness, granted a site in Kildare Place for his statue.

Sackville Street was crowded with sightseers, and there were several bands present. They created much amusement by the variety of airs which they played at the same time, some slow, some fast. It was remarked that unusually large numbers of inebriates were seen that day in Dublin.

Although I am not a teetotaller, I found myself one of the honorary secretaries of the committee of the fund subscribed for the erection of the statue. Sir Robert Jackson, C.B., who is not a teetotaller, was an honorary treasurer. I was asked to put up a couple of visitors from England, and I selected Sir Wilfred Lawson, Bart., M.P., and Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M.D., F.R.S. Sir Wilfred had a great reputation as a humorist, and was known as the jester of the House of Commons. Sir Benjamin was a sanitarian and the author of a book, "The City of Hygiène." He also wrote a novel. I gave a dinner party on the day of the unveiling of the statue, and amongst those who accepted my invitation were Sir George Owens, Sir Robert Jackson, and Monsignor Nugent, who had come over from Liverpool for the function.

I had some labels prepared to put on vessels containing non-alcoholic beverages corresponding to labels sometimes attached to bottles or decanters containing wines, etc. I labelled the lemonade "1862," zoedone "1870," apolinaris "1868," and so on. The water carafe I labelled "Vartry water," giving the day and hour of the dinner. All this

greatly amused Sir Wilfred. As I knew Sir George Owens and Sir Robert Jackson would not enjoy a strictly teetotal dinner, I had a bottle that had contained zoedone (a cordial then in use) filled with Madeira, and gave directions to my butler to help only the two knights out of that particular bottle. Sir George's grave face assumed a cheerful aspect when he found his zoedone was a very different beverage. Next morning Sir Wilfred said to Sir Benjamin that it was very nice of me not to have any form of alcohol at the dinner, although I was not a teetotaller.

My servants having expressed a wish to have Monsignor Nugent's benediction, I readily acquiesced. They assembled in the hall, and he not only gave them his benediction, but administered to them the teetotal pledge, which they did not like to refuse to take. I believe the women kept it, but the man did not, as he thought his promise had been unfairly extracted from him.

AN OYSTER PATTI.

One day, long ago, I met the late Father Healy, parish priest of Bray, and a celebrated wit. I said that I was about to send him an invitation to meet his and my friends, the Blyths,* at dinner in my house. He said he would accept the invitation if I did not intend to invite Dr. Fitzpatrick (the author of many biographical and other works, with whom I was intimate). I replied that I did not, and he then accepted my invitation. I enquired why he did not like to meet Dr. Fitzpatrick, and he said that it was because he was afraid that if he predeceased him the doctor would write his biography. In about a year after this conversation Father Healy's interesting life came to an end, but he will long be remembered as one of the Irish celebrities of the nineteenth century. A few days after his death Dr. Fitzpatrick called upon me and informed me that he was about to write a biography of Father Healy, and would be pleased if I could tell him any anecdotes of him from personal knowledge. I felt much inclined to mention Father Healy's apprehension of the biography he proposed to write, but I refrained from doing so, as I thought he would not like to know of it. I said that although I had met Father Healy at dinner dozens of times, I could not recall any anecdotes of him which could be put into print. Father Healy was a most amusing man, and often "set the table in a roar;" but unless one were actually present and understood the *raison d'etre* of his humour, he would not appreciate it if he saw it recorded in cold print. The late Mr. Maurice Brooks, who frequently met Father Healy at dinner, told me that his answer to Dr. Fitzpatrick's enquiries was similar to mine. The late Mr. Fry, Treasurer to the Corporation, agreed with Mr. Brooks. He, too, was a frequent host of Father Healy's.

In due course Dr. Fitzpatrick's biography appeared, but I think it did not give a good narrative of the life of the

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* The present Lord Blyth and the late Mr. Henry Arthur Blyth.

THE REV. JAMES HEALY, P.P.

celebrated ecclesiastic, an admired friend of many distinguished people, such as the late Duke of Cambridge, the late Marquis of Salisbury, etc.

Shortly after the publication of Father Healy's biography I had the pleasure of being a guest of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, at Baronscourt, County of Tyrone. One day at dinner another guest, Major-General Stewart, of the County of Donegal, who had recently returned from London, remarked that a good joke of Father Healy's appeared in several of the London newspapers, extracted from Dr. Fitzpatrick's biography of that gifted cleric. It was that whilst Father Healy was lunching at Corless' Restaurant, Dublin, well known for the excellence of the oysters dispensed in it, the proprietor showed him a telegram from his daughter announcing that she had won a vocal scholarship. Thereupon Father Healy exclaimed, "Bravo! We shall now have a real oyster Patti." On hearing this, the Duke exclaimed, "It was Cameron who said that when he and I were lunching at Corless'." I had no recollection of the incident, but on returning to Dublin I asked Mr. Corless did he remember it, and he confirmed the Duke's assertion. Corless' Restaurant is now known as Jammet's.

The following is a *facsimile* of one of the many letters which I received from Father Healy, and in which he refers to my attempts to persuade Mr. O'Reilly Dease *not* to leave his money to help to reduce the National Debt. I refer to Mr. Dease in another place:—

KING EDWARD VII. IN DUBLIN SLUMS.

In 1885 the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII., visited Dublin in his capacity of Chairman of the Commission relating to the dwellings of the working classes. He was accompanied by the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Clarence. I suggested to Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant at the time, that as the Prince of Wales had visited many model dwellings for the working classes, he ought to see some of the wretched dwellings in which the poor lived and which it was desirable should be replaced by healthy abodes. The proposal met with some opposition from the Prince's *entourage*, but ultimately it was agreed that he would visit the slums, but strictly *incognito*. At 11 o'clock one morning, the Prince, the Duke of Clarence, and Sir Dighton Probyn, Comptroller, left Dublin Castle in a plain carriage to visit, under my guidance, slums, and also the model dwellings erected at the expense of Sir Edward Cecil Guinness (now Viscount Iveagh). We went to Golden Lane, which was not far off. Just as we stopped at a large tenement house a woman discharged into the channel course a quantity of water in which cabbage had been boiled and which contained fragments of leaves. In getting out of the carriage the Duke of Clarence unfortunately stepped into this fluid, slipped, and fell. He was much startled, and his coat and one glove were soiled. We wiped him with handkerchiefs, and Sir Dighton, a man of almost gigantic stature, took off a light overcoat and invested the Duke with it. As the Duke was of moderate height, the coat reached nearly to his feet. On entering the large yard of the tenement house, a ragged boy familiarly took the Prince by the arm and enquired what he was looking for. The Prince took all this, including the Duke's *contretemps*, with great good humour, and in visiting the rooms he left something behind him which delighted its recipients.

At this time there was great political excitement in Ireland, and the Fenian movement was going on. Many people were under the impression that the Prince's life would

[illegible] Bray. June 24th 1886

My D. Sir Charles

Book me for the 1st half

but. don't forget to tell

me the time for dinner

I heard of your visit to

[illegible] Deane, [illegible]

Believe me most

truly yours

[illegible]

Sir Charles Cameron.

&c——

not be safe in a Dublin purlieu. I held a contrary opinion. I knew that the Prince, if recognised, would be well received, for the poorer classes in Dublin have generous instincts and would respect any visitor who with kind intentions would come amongst them. It soon leaked out (was I responsible for it?) that the Prince of Wales was in Golden Lane, and an immense crowd assembled within a few minutes. I never witnessed greater enthusiasm than was exhibited by those poor denizens of a slum. Many of them shook hands with the two Princes, and all cheered loudly. We were followed for a long way by the younger members of the crowd. We subsequently visited Rialto dwellings for the working classes, erected by Sir Edward Cecil Guinness (now Viscount Iveagh), to whom I had previously written requesting him to meet the Prince.

The London "Times" had a leading article on what it termed the Prince's levee in the slums, which, it declared, was of great importance. Unfortunately, some Conservative newspapers made political capital out of it, arguing from it that it showed how loyal the Irish people were and contented under existing political conditions. It was probably those articles that gave rise to an unpleasant incident which occurred at Mallow, whilst the Prince and Princess were on their way to Cork. Some of the illustrated papers sent their artists to the house at Golden Lane which the Prince entered first, and gave various illustrations of the scene, which they did not witness.

After a quarter of a century, I had again the opportunity of showing the Prince, who had in the meantime become King, Dublin workingmen's dwellings. They were those erected by the Corporation in Bride Street. On entering the first of the two-room tenements we saw pictures of the King and Queen on the wall. I said to the King, "There is the portrait of their temporal sovereign; now I shall show your Majesty the picture of their spiritual sovereign." We went into the bedroom, where the portrait of the late Pope Pius the Ninth graced the wall. The King looked earnestly at it, and exclaimed, "He received me very kindly."

I had the honour of meeting the late King Edward on several occasions, exclusive of levees and receptions. He was very affable, and more easy to converse with than many of the *nouveau riche* are. I had a short conversation with him once at a dinner party given by the late Sir Edward Clark, President of the English Royal College of Physicians. I reminded him of his visit to the Dublin slums, and asked him when he intended to visit Dublin again. He said that he always liked to visit it, as there was no place in which he was better received. Then I said, "But, sir, when may we expect you again?" He laughed, and said that he could not say when it might happen.

The "London Daily Telegraph," July 24th, 1904, described the King's visit as follows:—

"The King and Queen in Ireland. His Majesty among the Poor and Lowly.

"Then His Majesty walked down Ross Road, where he was taken by Sir Charles Cameron, Superintendent Medical Officer of Health, to see a block of reconstructed buildings. The moral of this visit was that reconstruction is an expensive and unsatisfactory process, and that it is better to pull down and rebuild. Along Werburgh Street the narrow pavement just permitted His Majesty and Sir Charles Cameron to walk side by side. In their wake came Mr. Wyndham and Lord Dudley, otherwise His Majesty was quite unprotected. The poor folks of the neighbourhood crowded along the path, cheering continuously. The children, too—the little, barelegged, hatless, and unwashed children, who never hoped to see a real live King pass by their gutter playground—joined in the demonstration; while from windows and doorways men and women shouted a chorus of 'Good luck to ye.' As for the King, his smiling face told unmistakably how much he sympathised with what he saw and how delighted he was with his reception by some of the poorest of his subjects."

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B.

A GATHERING OF THE CLAN CAMERON.

There are several associations formed by members of the Scottish clans, amongst others the Clan Cameron Association, of which Lochiel is the chief. In January, 1892, I presided, in the absence of the chief, and at his request, at a gathering of the association in Glasgow. I arrived in that big city barely in time to don my Highland costume before proceeding to the gathering. There were speeches extolling the glorious deeds of the clan,* songs in Gaelic, and an address from myself. Amongst others who took part in the proceedings was Dr. Charles Cameron, M.P. for the College Division of Glasgow. He, like myself, was born in Dublin, but we are sons of Scotch fathers. Since we became members of the medical profession we have constantly been mistaken for each other, and he has always termed me his *alter ego*, or other self, and I have always addressed him as my *alter ego*,

Dr. Cameron referred in a humorous way to this confounding of the two Dr. Charles Camerons. He said that we both, when in London, stayed at Morley's Hotel, and letters intended for him and addressed to the hotel were frequently opened by me. "I did not care," he said, "whether he read them or not, for their contents were always such that anyone might have perused them; but when, on the contrary, I opened his letters, the case was very different!" This sally, of course, made the audience laugh at my expense. He continued: "We agreed that one of us should put up at some other hotel, but there he had the advantage of me, for it was I who had to leave Morley's Hotel. Notwithstanding this arrangement, people continued to mistake us; so we agreed that one of us should get a title. Here again he won, for he was made a knight, and I have got no title."

After the speeches there was a ball, and about 3 o'clock a.m. several of us returned to the Central Hotel. As I had hastily dressed and had not fully taken my bearings on my arrival at the hotel, I could not at first remember where my room was. A little party escorted me whilst we were searching for it. An ardent Cameron, P. Cameron, known, accord-

*In the rising of 1745 a small party of the clan captured the City of Edinburgh.

ing to the Scotch custom, as Corrychoillie, from his estate, was one of my escort. He had his own piper with him, and there were also in our procession the pipe-major and two other pipers of the Cameron Highlanders, who had come from Edinburgh to take part in the function. Suddenly, Corrychoillie directed the pipers to play the "March of the Cameron Men." It is easy to imagine the effect which the loud notes of the pibrochs produced on the sleepers. Many doors were opened and heads thrust out, amongst others that of the late Sir William Thompson, M.D., of Dublin, who was staying in the hotel. He told me afterwards that he was astonished to see me, attired in full Highland costume, slowly walking along a corridor, followed by Highland soldiers performing on the bagpipes. Some of the comments made next morning by the sojourners in the hotel were not complimentary to the Clan Cameron.

Seven years after the Clan Cameron meeting I was made a "Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath," and in the following year my *alter ego* was created a baronet in recognition of his valuable services to the State. Of course, I wrote to congratulate him, and to point out that during eight years we were easily discriminated from each other, for whilst he was Doctor Charles I was Sir Charles. In reply to my congratulations, I received the following letter, which subsequently appeared in a large number of newspapers on both sides of the Channel:—

"My *alter ego*, you say true,
How shall I know myself from you?
Perplexed to verge of mind paralysis,
Let us fall back on an analysis.
Though you have changed the old notation, *
I still can work out an equation;
C A C you; C C am I,
We'll get the equation by and by;
Oh, thrice O plus Ca, plus C,
Should work out Ca CO_3. †

* He studied chemistry under the late Professor Apjohn, in Trinity College. Professor Apjohn did not adopt in his lectures the new chemical notation, which, for example, changed the term "carbonate of lime" into "calcium carbonate." I at once adopted the new notation in my lectures in the medical schools.

† Calcium carbonate.

In my case add the O four times,
To suit requirement of rhymes,
Twice C plus four times O, that's true,
Equals, of course, twice CO^2,‡
And why it makes one 'thick of spache.'

Your strong $C_2 H_5 OH$,§
Which only suits my temper placid,
In water and carbonic acid.
These differences set down at random,
Exist—quod erat demonstrandum.
For, *alter ego*, clansman, brother,
If you're a chemist, I'm another."

Soon after my admission to the Order of the Bath, my *alter ego* sent me a threatening letter, of which the following is an accurate copy:—

"Balclutha, Greenock,
23rd September, 1899.

My Dear *Alter Ego*,

You have been hardly absent from my thoughts for one hour during the past week, so much so that I am beginning to doubt which of us is which. And so, apparently, does the editor of 'Who's Who,' for in a proof of the paragraph supposed to be devoted to myself he puts me down as 'C.B., 1899.' As the Secretary of the Royal Institution does the same thing, I am more convinced than ever that that C.B. was intended for me. Please, therefore, to send over the decoration by return of post, and save me the pain of instituting criminal proceedings against a clansman. You will, I am sure, the more readily comply with my request when I mention that I am sending you a piece of property which has come to me, but which, I believe, has been meant for you, namely, Corbyn's and Stewart's 'Physics and Chemistry,' price 6/-, which has been sent to me by Messrs. Churchill, with a request that I should recom-

‡ Carbonic acid.
§ Alcohol.

mend it to my classes. They make me a professor, too, but I am content to forego that honour if you will give me back my C.B.

Seriously, I see nothing for it but either to go into partnership under the title of Sir Charles Cameron, Unlimited, duplicate the badge, and use the honour conjointly, or toss up which of us shall change our name.

By the way, have you sprained your ankles lately? I believed I had, and suffered accordingly, but now I am beginning to doubt whether it may not have been you. Meanwhile expect the 'Physics,' and return the badge, and

Believe me, yours ever,

(the real) CHARLES CAMERON.

Sir Charles A. Cameron, C.B., M.D."

A PROCESSION OF TWO LORD MAYORS.

On the 2nd January, 1893, the Lord Mayor of Dublin (Mr. James Shanks) and the Lord Mayor of London (the late Sir Stuart Knill), certain civic officers of the two cities, a military band, the fire brigade, members of the Corporation, and others perambulated from the Mansion House to the City Hall. The Lord Mayor of Dublin was installed in the usual way, and the Freedom of the City was conferred on the London Chief Magistrate.

The carriages and servants' liveries of Sir Stuart were magnificent. He was the first Roman Catholic Lord Mayor of London since the Reformation.

The London City Marshal, Captain Stokes, an ex-army officer, was a tall man of military bearing. He was quartered in the Shelbourne Hotel along with other civic officers who came with the Lord Mayor. A few "good fellows" made an attempt to get him completely under the influence of the "rosy god." They invited him to a supper party, and installed one of their best topers as chairman. They knew he could imbibe much whiskey before he succumbed to its intoxicating influence. Captain Stokes was requested to take tumbler after tumbler of toddy, in order to keep up with the chairman, and he responded to the requests. Late in the night the chairman and others showed the effect of the potations, but Captain Stokes was as "sober as a judge." The chairman, addressing him, said he thought no Englishman could take so much whiskey without being affected by it. "Oh," said the Captain, "I am a County Mayo man!"

TWO GREAT AFRICAN TRAVELLERS AT THE SAVAGE CLUB.

On the 7th June, 1893, the Savage Club entertained Mr. W. M. Stanley, the celebrated African traveller, at dinner in the Criterion. There was a large number of members and guests present. Another great African traveller was present as one of my guests, namely, Commander Verney Lovett Cameron, R.N., C.B. There were many distinguished men at this dinner, including Sir Charles Russell, K.C., M.P., afterwards Lord Chief Justice; Jerome K. Jerome, Heniker Heaton, M.P., of Post Office reform fame; Sir A. K. Rollit, M.P., who married a dowager duchess; Harry Furness, the humorist; Squire Barcroft (now a Knight), Lord Headley, Sir D. Solomons, Count Vander Steen, Sir Philip Magnus, General Ford, etc.

One of the most amusing after-dinner speeches I ever heard was made by Lionel Brough, the comedian. Stanley had recently returned from his last visit to "Darkest Africa." He had published an account of his expedition, and had given a list of the crew and carriers, etc., whom he had engaged. Brough caricatured the list of employees in a very amusing way. He said that he, too, had been to South Africa (which was true), and equipped his vessel with a skipper, mate, two sailors and 24 stewards, the latter corresponding to the 24 Zanzibari Stanley had shipped. Whilst all present laughed heartily, Stanley maintained a grave face. He rose from his seat, and, leaning against the wall, glared at Brough.

Before the dinner commenced I was introduced to Mr. Stanley (he was not then a Knight) by Commander Cameron. He was at first impassive, but the moment I mentioned that I was a great friend of Surgeon Parke, who had been with him in Africa, he became greatly animated, and we conversed about him for several minutes. "But for Parke," said Stanley, "I might not now be alive."

Thomas Heazle Parke had studied for his profession in the School of Surgery of the Royal College of Surgeons in

Ireland, and was a favourite pupil of mine in its chemical department. Having entered the Army Medical Staff, he served in the Nile campaign for the rescue of General Gordon. He crossed Africa with Stanley in his expedition to relieve Emin Pasha.

Parke brought me a specimen of reddish coloured water taken from a lake in Central Africa. Several scientists in London endeavoured to obtain it from him, but he determined to keep it for my examination. It proved to be the densest water ever examined, containing far more solid matter in solution than is present in the dense water of the Dead Sea in Palestine.

Surgeon Parke received many honours and presentations. In appearance he was very good-looking, his face grave but kindly. He died suddenly whilst a guest of the Duke of St. Albans. I took a part in getting a statue of him erected in Leinster Lawn, Dublin.

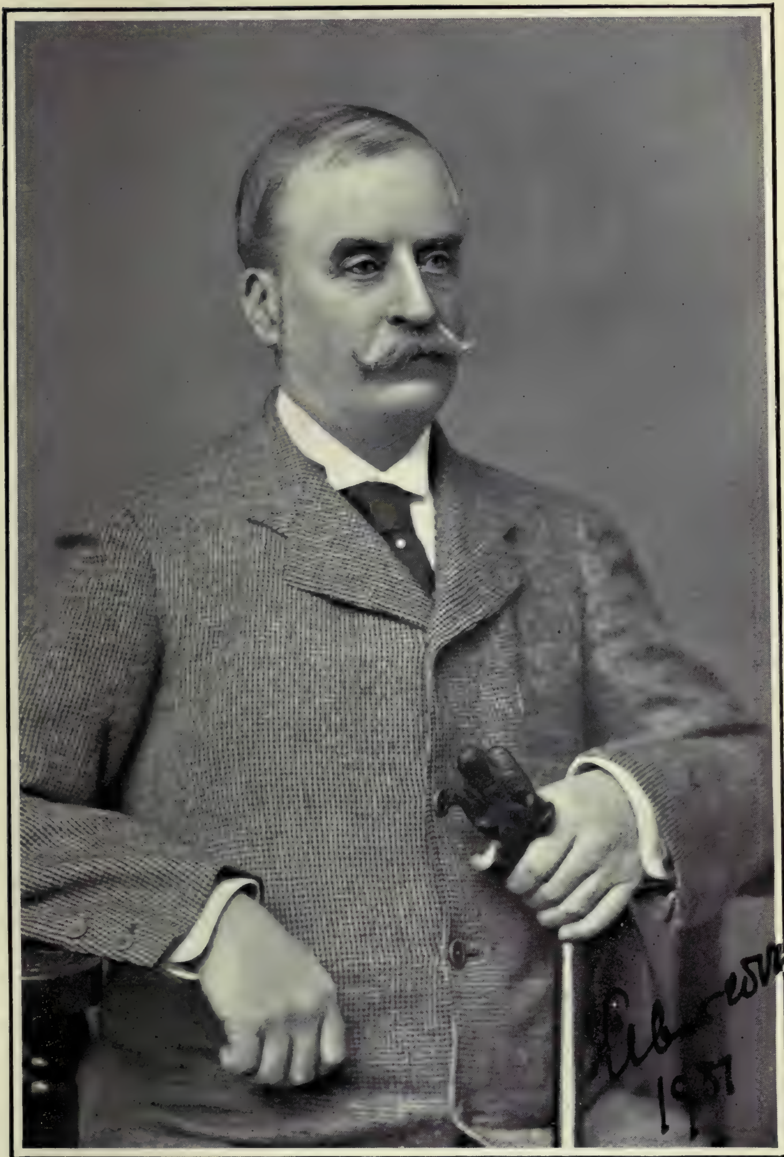
I think the journey of Commander Cameron across the vast extent of Africa is more remarkable than any of the journeys of other travellers in the Dark Continent. No one else crossed the vast continent from side to side through its central regions—a distance of nearly 5,000 miles. It is also remarkable that he had no white companions in his exploration.

Cameron told me that on his return from his first journey in Africa, he strongly pressed upon the Government of the day the desirability of proclaiming a protectorate over the Congo and other regions unappropriated by European powers. A few forts were all that it was necessary to erect. His advice was not taken, and regions which he and other British explorers traversed are now largely in possession of Belgium and Germany.

After the banquet at the Criterion, Cameron and I went to the Club House, Adelphi Terrace, where we met another of our name in the person of J. Macdonald Cameron, M.P. After our chat, we sallied forth for our temporary homes, and as I was the senior of the three, the other two escorted me to Morley's Hotel, where I always put up in London when not staying at a friend's house. On our way we discussed the subject of the Clan Cameron and their heroic deeds.

Macdonald Cameron was born in Scotland, Commander Cameron (a relative of mine) in England, and I made my first appearance in Ireland. "It does not matter," said the Commander, "where we were born, for the Camerons are a nation in themselves!" It was not very long after that night that the Commander met with a fatal accident whilst hunting. He was one of the most brilliant men I have ever known, and his linguistic attainments were wonderful.

Cameron received many decorations, medals, and presentations.



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ABERCORN, K.G., C.B., H.M.L.

TWO DINNER PARTIES AND A SUPPER ON THE SAME DAY.

In 1895 the British Medical Association met in London. I was invited to dine with a celebrated Irish surgeon, Sir William M'Cormac, who resided in Harley Street. On the morning of the day on which Sir William's dinner was to take place I received a telegram from the Duke of Abercorn, inviting me to dinner on the same evening at 8-15 o'clock. As the dinner hour in Harley Street was 6 o'clock, in order that the guests might leave early for an entertainment in the Imperial Institute, I accepted the Duke's invitation. I showed the telegram to Sir William, who said, "We shall be going to the Imperial Institute soon after 8 o'clock." At 8-15 o'clock p.m. I arrived at Hampden House, Green Street, and found a large party assembled. I sat next to the Marchioness of Londonderry at dinner, and had a chat with her. When I had last seen her in Dublin she was very pale and had been for some time unwell. I was, therefore, pleased to see that she had a good colour and appeared to enjoy excellent health.

The Conservative Party had in that year come into power, and that distinguished nobleman, Earl Cadogan, had been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. I remarked to Lady Londonderry that there had been a general belief in Dublin that Lord Londonderry would again be Viceroy. She said, "We had the offer." At that time the English properties of the Marquis, comprising extensive coal fields, were yielding but little revenue in consequence of strikes; but I was glad to learn that the revenue from their Irish estate was maintained. Lord Londonderry's hospitality when he was Lord Lieutenant was very great, and probably he did not care to incur a repetition of his former large expenditure when Governor of Ireland.

After the retirement of the ladies, I found myself next Mr. Beit, the South African millionaire, and a director of the

Rhodesia Company. He gave me a few particulars of his career which were interesting. In early life he went to South Africa on account of his health. He died in the prime of life, unmarried. He bequeathed three-quarters of a million for the purpose of extending railways in South Africa.

Mr. Beit conveyed Mr. Wrench, one of the guests (now the Right Hon. Frederick Wrench, P.C., Estates Commissioner), and myself in his carriage to the Imperial Institute. The other guests also went there, together with the Duke and Duchess. About 12 o'clock we left the Institute, and on my invitation Mr. Beit and Mr. Wrench accompanied me to the Savage Club, Adelphi Terrace, where we supped. It was nearly 2 o'clock a.m. when Mr. Beit, who all the time had his carriage in waiting, left Mr. Wrench and myself at our respective locations. This was the first and last occasion on which I had been present at two complete dinner parties on the same day, although I have often gone from one dinner party to another on the same day whilst both were proceeding at, or nearly at, the same time.

As I have so often referred to dinners, it may not be inappropriate to refer to the custom of proposing toasts. Toasting, or taking wine with one another, as symbolical of friendship, began to decline after the accession to the throne of the late Queen Victoria.

At the Court dinners of the Queen it was not etiquette for a guest to invite the Queen to take wine with him, and it was never the custom for ladies to invite gentlemen to join them in their libations.

The custom at Court dinners is imitated at the festivities of the "Upper Ten," and gradually creeps down to lower circles of society.

In polite society it was usual to ask the lady, requested to take wine with a gentleman, what kind she preferred, and both to drink the kind she indicated. It was said that such a query was addressed to Irish ladies, and they always replied "Port, if you please."

At private dinners toasting has almost completely fallen into disuse. It is not much in evidence at public dinners except when used in proposing such toasts as "The King," "The Navy and Army," or to specially honoured guests.

In my time there has been a great change in the relative quantities of sparkling and still wines used at public dinners. Formerly about equal quantities of champagne and all the others (sherry, hock, port, claret, etc.) were used. Now at least four-fifths of the wine consumed is champagne, and sometimes champagne alone is produced.

During the last thirty years the price of champagne has increased, and that of the best kinds of claret has decreased.

It was not unusual some years ago to finally serve whiskey, sugar, lemon peel, and hot water, and to wind up with "toddy" (punch) at a feast at which champagne, claret, port, etc., had been drunk.

Sixty years' experience of dinner parties enables me to state that cases of inebriety at them are becoming rarer and rarer.

A HUGE DINNER PARTY.

On the 7th June, 1888, I was present at a banquet in the Albert Hall, South Kensington, London, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Masonic Institution for Orphan Girls. More than 1,600 Freemasons were present at the banquet, and all parts of the vast building (excluding the floor and orchestra, where the diners plied their knives and forks), were filled with ladies and Freemasons as spectators of the proceedings. The Prince of Wales, Grand Master, presided, having at his right hand the King of Sweden, to whom I had the honour of being presented. I had a good seat, low down on the orchestra, and not far from the Royal personages, which was due to my being the guest of Colonel Shadwell Clarke, Grand Secretary to the Grand Lodge of England.

It was a very striking scene when, in response to the toast of the Prince of Wales, all the diners and spectators rose and waved their serviettes and handkerchiefs, whilst cheers resounded from all parts of the vast building. The King delivered his speech in faultless English, but he excited much amusement by kissing the Prince on both cheeks. The Prince, however, was accustomed to this Continental mode of salutation, but he did not repeat it on the King's cheeks when proposing his health.

After this remarkable banquet, I went to a conversazione given by the *Salon*—a society of literary, dramatic, and artistic people—at the Water Colour Painters' Hall, Piccadilly. There I saw many distinguished people, to a few of whom I was introduced.

THE EARL CADOGAN AND AN HISTORIC BANQUET, 13TH MARCH, 1897.

It was my good fortune to be invited to the most splendid banquet probably ever given in Ireland. The occasion was the celebration of the 60th year of the reign of the late Queen Victoria. The host was Earl Cadogan, Lord Lieutenant, whose hospitality has never been surpassed. The scene of the banquet was St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle, which was decorated in a manner indicative of cost and taste. The food and wine were such that the most critical *gourmand* or *gourmet* could take no exception to.

At the dinners given in Dublin Castle strict adherence to precedence is rarely observed, but on this occasion the guests were placed at the tables according to their rank. On the right of His Excellency sat the Lord Chancellor of England, on his left the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Why should the English Lord Chancellor take precedence in Ireland of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland? This is a real injustice to Ireland.

The most striking feature of this great anniversary banquet was the extremely large number of titled persons at it. There were the two Lord Chancellors, the Dukes of Devonshire and Abercorn, the Marquises of Ormonde, Downshire, and Dufferin; the Earls of Pembroke, Huntingdon, Fingal, Cork, Granard, Drogheda, Arran, Belmore, Mayo, Donoughmore, Ranfurly, Annesley, Kenmare, Erne, Limerick, Gosford, Carysfort, Rosse, Courtown, Bandon, Castlestuart, and Earl Roberts; Viscounts Doneraile, Powerscourt, Southwell, De Vesci, Monck, Avonmore, Duncannon, and Chelsea; Barons Louth, Crofton, Ventry, Rathdonnell, Castletown, Inchiquin, Ashtown, Greville, Farnham, Castlemaine, Emly, Massy, Monteagle, Ardilaun, Cloncurry, Bellew, Deramore, De Freyne, Dunleath, Rossmore, Athlumny, Lurgan, Langford, de Robeck; Lords Maurice Fitzgerald and Arthur Hill; the Hon. O. Cuffe and Hon C. Crofton. There were eight baronets, two of them Privy Councillors, and nine other Privy Councillors, a K.C.B., a K.C.M.G., two knights who were also C.B.'s, fourteen knight bachelors, and seven Companions of the Bath.

There were seven judges of the High Court, and a great many high officials, ecclesiastics, military men, high sheriffs, the Lord Mayor of Belfast, heads of colleges, etc. Thus it will be seen that in this distinguished gathering, comprising 251 persons, there were two Lord Chancellors, two dukes, three marquises, twenty-two earls, eight viscounts, twenty-three barons, two lords—a total of 62 noblemen. There were few present who had no prefix or affix to their names.

The banquet took place on Saturday night, and on the following Monday I imitated it in a very small way by giving a dinner party, at which, amongst others, I had the honour of entertaining the following:—The Duke of Abercorn, K.C.; the Earl of Rosse, K.P.; the Earl of Mayo, Sir Henry Bellingham, Bart.; Mr. Justice Ross, Sir Andrew Reed, K.C.B.; Sir Christopher Nixon, Bart., now Vice-Chancellor National University; Colonel Pratt Saunders, D.L.; Surgeon-General Preston, Sir Arthur Vicars, Ulster King-at-Arms; Sir George Duffey, President of the Royal College of Physicians; Dr. James Little, President of the Royal Academy of Medicine; Dr. Stafford, L.G.B.; Dr. Kraus, of Carlsbad (a celebrated physician); Mr. A. D. Kennedy, Major Maunsell, Mr. C. Thompson, Mr. J. M. Gerrard, Mr. J. D. Gerrard, and my sons. My musical friends, Dr. Power O'Donoghue, Mr. Charles Kelly, Mr. John Horan, Mr. Cox, and Mr. A. Williams, kindly dined also, and contributed by their excellent music to the pleasure of the evening. The Earl of Mayo sang in great style "The Widow Maloné."

The Duke and the Earl of Mayo were guests of Lord and Lady Cadogan on the night of my dinner. There was one at the Castle at which the Duchess of Abercorn and the Countess of Mayo were present. That their husbands under such circumstances had come to my dinner party I felt to be a great compliment. General Viscount Frankfort, Sir David Harrel, Sir W. Kaye, and the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, who had accepted invitations to my dinner, dined instead at the Castle, as I presume the invitation to the dinner was regarded as a "command." My party did not break up until long past 12 o'clock, and when the Duke and Lord Mayo reached the Castle they found the Lord Lieutenant waiting up for them.

PRESENTATION TO EARL CADOGAN.

Lord Cadogan was a very popular Viceroy. I often heard Nationalists expressing respect for him and appreciation of his services to Ireland. It was mainly through his influence that light railways were formed in Ireland. No Viceroy exceeded him in the dispensation of hospitality. Kind and affable, he yet is dignified. He possesses a great sense of humour. At a banquet on the occasion of the congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health, in 1899, at which, as President, I presided, I was venturesome enough to say, referring to His Excellency, that if he had not been born in the high social class which he adorned, he would probably have been a great comedian.

On resigning the viceroyalty, which he had held for the long period of seven years, a presentation was made to him. Whilst in office he was sounded as to whether or not he would receive a presentation, but he declined to accept one. The presentation was in the form of a magnificent piece of plate manufactured by Messrs. West & Son, Dame Street, Dublin; a portrait of himself painted by Mr. Solomon, and an illuminated address containing the names of the subscribers, comprising persons of various political and religious opinions.

The following deputation proceeded to the Earl's mansion, Chelsea, to make the presentation:—Lord Iveagh, Lord Blyth, Sir James Henderson, Sir Lambert Ormsby, Alderman Cotton, D.L., Percy Bernard, D.L., Henry Hunt, B.L., and myself.

The chair was taken by Lord Iveagh, and nearly all the members of Lord Cadogan's family were present.

At the request of the deputation, I made some remarks to Lord Cadogan expressive of the esteem in which he was held in Ireland during the long period of his viceroyalty, and concluded by reading an address to him signed by the Earl of Shaftesbury as chairman of the presentation committee. His Lordship replied in eloquent language, after which a presentation was made to Lady Cadogan. We were entertained at luncheon, and enjoyed a most agreeable afternoon.

A GENEROUS LANDLADY.

In 1895 I was invited by the town authorities of Rhyl, North Wales, to be present as "their principal guest" at the opening of their marine lake and new waterworks.

The function took place on Whit Monday. A procession of the members of the local Council was formed at the Town Hall; and, headed by a band of the Volunteers, we proceeded to the lake. It had been formed by excavating a large area near the sea, which supplied the artificial lake with salt water, which was not sufficiently deep to drown anyone who might fall into it. A large number of boats were on the lake; a procession of them was formed, and we were rowed round the lake two or three times. Almost on starting, one of the town councillors, leaning too far over the side of the boat, fell into the water, to the great amusement of the spectators.

There was a banquet in the evening held in the principal hotel in Rhyl. I was placed at the right hand of the chairman, and found that I was down in the programme for a speech. I felt that I was expected to refer to all that had been done to make Rhyl a first-class health resort, and I did my best to fulfil that expectation. Before the dinner took place I was introduced to the proprietress of the hotel—a comely lady of ample, but not excessive, proportions. During my speech I referred to her in complimentary terms, not omitting a comment on her physical charms. I was, at the time, unaware that she was listening to my speech from a point of vantage invisible to me. My remarks made a favourable impression on her, for at the conclusion of the banquet she assured me that henceforth I should regard the hotel as a second home. I could live in it as long as I chose, but under no circumstances should I be allowed to pay for my maintenance as far as food and lodging were concerned.

In the lapse of time, should all the sources of my income fail, it is pleasant to know that I shall have a home, even a better one than I now possess, for whilst the latter entails expense, my Rhyl abode will be a costless haven of rest.

A CHAT WITH THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA.

One of my most pleasing reminiscences is that of having a long chat wtih the Queen of Roumania, *nee* Pauline Elizabeth Ottilie Louise, daughter of the late Prince Hermann of Weid, well known by her *nom de plume* of *Carmen Sylvia.*

In 1890 the Queen visited Dublin. Her Majesty having intimated her intention of visiting the City Hall, I received an urgent message from the Lord Mayor to be present on the occasion. Accordingly, I was at the City Hall when she arrived and assisted the Lord Mayor to receive her. There were very few present. Her Majesty was shown everything likely to interest her, including some of the Old Charters, granted to the Corporation. She was invited to take tea at the Mansion House, and accepted very graciously the invitation. The Lord Mayor whispered to me, "You must come and help to entertain the Queen.

When I entered the Mansion House I found no one there except the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress. The former, Mr. Edward J. Kennedy, a tobacco manufacturer, was rather a younger man than is usual to find occupying so high a position as chief magistrate of a large city. He was of an amiable, but retiring disposition. The Lady Mayoress was quite a young woman and very good-looking. Her father, Mr. John O'Connor, had been Lord Mayor in 1885. Both the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress were very nervous, and both requested me to do my best to entertain the Queen.

Shortly after my arrival the Queen and an attendant lady came and tea was dispensed. I found that the *onus probandi* of interesting Her Majesty rested with me. Fortunately I was not altogether ignorant of German literature or of the works, poetical and prose, of *Carmen Sylvia,* so we chatted on for nearly an hour. Then the Royal visitor, after some gracious and kindly words to the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, left the Mansion House. On the evening of the

same day I posted to her a copy of my "Translation of Poems from the German," the receipt of which she graciously acknowledged. The Queen was a tall, graceful woman, of some pretension to beauty. She spoke English correctly and fluently. Although she was at that time only 47 years of age her hair was quite white. This loss of colour may have been due to the loss of her only child—a daughter, whose early death appears to have deeply grieved her.

I know of no other foreign sovereigns who have visited Dublin, except the Empress of Austria, who hunted for several months in its neighbourhood, and Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. The Empress was murdered in Switzerland. Dom Pedro, one very early morning, took a view of the city from the top of Nelson's Pillar, Sackville Street. Poor Dom Pedro is one of the "monarchs retired from business," to use a phrase of the historian, Doctor Doran.

AN EARLY VISIT.

One morning in January, shortly after six o'clock, I was informed that two countrymen desired to see me on important business. On interviewing them, I found that they had come from Ballyhaunis, County of Mayo, by the night mail, and that the police had indicated the way to my residence in Pembroke Road. "Well," I said, "you are very early visitors." One of them replied, "We feared your Honour might be going out early." The spokesman then proceeded to explain the object of their visit. Two brothers, merchants in Ballyhaunis, had sold immense quantities of guano to the farmers in the County of Mayo. The usual price was 18/- per cwt. A general falling-off in the produce of the land manured by the guano raised the presumption that it was adulterated. The farmers who bought it on credit refused payment. They were summoned before the Petty Sessions Courts, and orders for payment were made against them. From the decision of the Petty Sessions Courts several hundred appeals were taken to the Court of Quarter Sessions.

The spokesman produced a soda-water bottle filled with guano. "We want your honour to analyse this guano" (he termed it "juana"), "and to do us justice at next Swinford Quarter Sessions." "Why did you keep this specimen of the guano?" I enquired. He replied that he had mixed some of it in water and tasted the solution! "It hadn't a strong taste, and I thought it might be bad stuff, so I put some of it into this bottle and locked it up." I said that it would be expensive to bring me to Swinford, whereupon he produced a bag and poured out of it a large number of silver coins. They were threepenny pieces, sixpences, and shillings, but no larger coin, and in the aggregate exceeded £8. They were the result of a collection made after Mass at the Catholic churches on the previous Sunday. I agreed to analyse the guano and to attend at the Quarter Sessions, for I knew by the appearance of the sample that it was adulterated. No matter how small the fee I would have taken up the case, for at that time I was analyst to the Royal Agricultural Society and the Anti-Adulteration Association—both long extinct. On parting, the spokesman declared they were moneyless. "Won't your honour give us the price of our breakfast?"

said he. I complied with his request, but subsequently learned that he was a "gombeen" man, or moneylender.

In the following February I proceeded by rail to Ballyhaunis, where the "gombeen" man received me. His car was not provided with springs, or, if it were, they were inelastic. The cold was intense, and the nearly twenty miles distant Swinford was reached after an unpleasant journey through a poor, uninteresting country. A large crowd had assembled at the town, and some of them lifted me off the car and carried me to the only hotel there, amid great cheering.

I enjoyed the usual dinner of the country hotel of the period, namely, chicken, bacon, and cabbage. I ordered a bottle of claret, which proved to be of excellent quality. Next day I noticed in my bill that only two shillings were charged for the wine. I asked the landlord had he a good stock of the claret. He replied that he had about 18 bottles, but that I was the only one who had ordered claret since he had taken the hotel over from a former proprietor several years before. I said that I would take his stock of claret at the price charged for the wine in my bill, and he gladly consented. It was a remarkably good wine, and worth more than the price paid for it.

On the following day the cases came before the County Court Judge, who reversed with costs the decisions of the Petty Sessions Courts. I proved that the guano was almost worthless. Only one case was tried, and to the others the principle of "like case like rule" was applied by consent of the defendants.

It was nearly dark when I started for Ballyhaunis, but light soon radiated from all directions, for huge bonfires had been lighted to signalize "the victory." I drove off amidst even greater cheering than greeted me on my arrival the previous evening. The vendors of the guano subsequently took an action against the Liverpool firm who had supplied the adulterated guano. The venue was laid in Galway, and my services were retained for the plaintiff. When the case came on for trial it did not reach a jury, the defendants having agreed to a settlement.

The Fertilizers Act has greatly lessened the sale of spurious and very inferior artificial manures and cattle foods.

THE CORINTHIAN CLUB.

On the 18th October, 1897, I invited a few friends to my house to discuss a proposal to establish a club in Dublin on the lines of the Savage Club in London. It was agreed to make the attempt, and soon after a committee was formed comprising the following:—President—Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.D., F.R.C.S.; Vice-Presidents—The Right Hon. the Earl of Mayo, the Right Hon. Lord Bellew, the Right Hon. Joseph Meade, P.C., LL.D.; Honorary Treasurer—W. Alexander Craig, J.P., M.R.I.A.; Committee—Professor Charles B. Ball, M.D., F.R.C.S.; W. M. Battersby, J.P.; A. H. Benson, M.D., F.R.C.S.; G. D. Burtchaill, LL.B., B.L.; J. P. Dwyer, B.L.; Michele Esposito, J. J. Farrell, Henry Hunt, B.L.; Earl of Portarlington, Lieut. Wyon, R.N.; Musical Director—Dr. Jozé; Honorary Secretaries—Thomas M. Gerrard, Rev. J. J. Nesbitt, M.A.

By the end of the year, 289 members were enrolled, and by the 18th May the number had risen to 382, including 197 whom I had proposed.

Mr. Nesbitt, soon after the formation of the club, resigned, and left Dublin to reside in England, where he died. Mr. Henry Hunt, B.L., took his place, and after some years Mr. Gerrard, who had given much of his time to the club, resigned, and took the higher position of a vice-president. Mr. Hunt has for a long time past been the mainspring of the club's doings, and has devoted much of his time in securing the highest class music at the club dinners. Several young ladies, amateur vocalists, have, so to speak, made their *debut* at the club's entertainments, and have become professionals.

Mr. Alexander Craig, the treasurer for many years, possesses considerable poetic ability, and wrote many excellent lines for the menu cards. He has been succeeded by our present energetic treasurer, Mr. Charles Smith.

We determined to open the dining campaign of the club by having a large dinner party. It was held in the great hall of the Antient Concert Rooms, which, though at considerable expense, was made suitable for a dining room. About

200 were present, and several hundred ladies, arriving when the speeches were commencing, crowded the galleries and orchestra. There were many noblemen, judges, high legal officials, and public functionaries present.

Field-Marshal Earl Roberts had been one of the earliest guests invited to the feast. He had replied that on the day named for the dinner he would be a guest of the Marquis and Marchioness of Waterford, at Curraghmore. I wrote to the Field-Marshal suggesting that he might be able to postpone his visit to Curraghmore until the Monday following the banquet, which was fixed for Saturday. The Earl promptly replied that he had acted on my suggestion, and had written to Lady Waterford on the subject. Exactly one week before the dinner Major Streatfeild, the Earl's military secretary, called upon me to state that the Lord Chancellor and the benchers had invited the Field-Marshal to dinner to meet His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant on the day fixed for the Corinthian dinner. "You know," said the Major, "that is a kind of 'command,' and the Earl will have to go. I am sorry, for I shall have to accompany him, and would much prefer to dine with the Corinthian Club." I said that I felt sure the Earl would not disappoint the many persons who were looking forward with pleasure to meeting him at the Club dinner, and that I would communicate with him at once on the subject. I accordingly wrote to the Field-Marshal the substance of my conversation with the Major, and promptly received a reply to the effect that he had declined the Lord Chancellor's invitation on the ground that he had already accepted one from the Corinthian Club. "Bravo, Lord Roberts!" I exclaimed, when I read his letter. "You are the only man in the army who would not break his promise under such circumstances."

When I received this letter it was the Sunday before the day of the two dinners—the Benchers' and the Corinthians'. The Right Hon. Gerald Balfour, Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, was in London, but, I ascertained, was expected back in Dublin the next day. I suspected that he would find on his arrival an invitation to the Benchers' dinner, and that although he had accepted the club's invitation, he might feel

constrained to accept the Benchers' instead. I wrote to him stating that Lord Roberts had been invited to the Benchers' dinner and had declined, and that I felt sure he would act like his Lordship. On Monday morning I received a letter from him stating that he had received the invitation I had referred to, and had declined it.

Both Lord Roberts and the Chief Secretary made excellent speeches. The latter, referring to the club, said that he had often heard about united Ireland, but never knew where it was until he dined with the Corinthians.

When Lord Roberts had concluded his speech, I asked Lord Bellew, who sat near to me, would he second my proposal to "suspend standing orders" in order that I might propose Lord Roberts as an honorary member of the club. He replied in the affirmative. I accordingly moved the suspension of standing orders, which, being seconded, was carried unanimously. I then made a short speech, remarking that the Field-Marshal's coat was covered with so many decorations that it was difficult to find a place on it for another one. I then took off my club badge and affixed it to his coat. There followed general applause. Lord Roberts then made his second speech, in which he said that he felt as proud of the decoration he had received from the Corinthians as he did of any of the others which he had received. Great applause followed the speech.

It is certain that no General of the British Army was more popular in the army and out of it than Earl Roberts.

The club rejoice when any of their members receive an honour, and entertain him at dinner to celebrate the event. The honours dinners have been very numerous, as may be seen by the following list of the entertained:—Police Commissioner Jones, Right Hon. Sir James B. Dougherty, K.C.B.; Sir Heffernan Considine, C.B.; Sir George Holmes, K.C.V.O.; Sir Plunkett O'Farrell, Sir John Lintaigne, Sir Charles Ball, Sir Joseph Redmond, Mr. Justice Dodd, Judge Todd, Right Hon. Charles O'Connor, Attorney-General (now Master of the Rolls); Mr. E. R. Bate, Solicitor to the Post Office; the Recorder (now the Right Hon.) Thomas Lopdell O'Shaughnessy, the Attorney-General (the Right Hon. Ignatius J.

O'Brien), the Solicitor-General (Hon. Thomas F. Molony), Sir Malachy Kelly (Chief Crown Solicitor), Mr. Gerald Byrne (President of the Incorporated Law Society), Mr. Henry Hunt, B.L., and myself.

The Saturday dinners were first held in the Hotel Metropole, Sackville Street; next in Maple's Hotel, Kildare Street; for several years in the Dolphin Hotel; and lastly and at present in the Gresham Hotel.

For some years the club dined every Saturday night, except in the summer months. Towards the latter part of this period the attendance one night might be very good and in another very small. This was chiefly due to the fact that there was springing up a desire amongst the members to have some celebrity at every dinner, and when it was known that no particular guest was expected, they did not attend, as a rule, numerously. Gradually the Saturday night dinners died out, and were replaced by large banquets held at irregular periods, but generally with some attraction. The largest dinner ever held by the club was that in honour of Madame Melba, and at which 350 members and guests were present.

The Corinthian Club has entertained, chiefly at dinner, but occasionally at luncheon, a great number of distinguished persons, amongst others the following:—Earl Cadogan (twice), Earl of Dudley, and Earl of Aberdeen—all three representatives of the Sovereign in Ireland; Lady Aberdeen, in recognition of the great efforts she has made to combat disease; Sir William Ramsay, K.C.B., F.R.S., the great chemical discoverer; Colonel Pellatt, C.V.O., who brought a Canadian regiment to London at his sole expense; Admiral Lord Charles Beresford; Sir Ernest Shackleton, who so nearly succeeded in reaching the South Pole; the motorists who competed in the Gordon-Bennett motor race; the aviators who had a demonstration at Stillorgan, and one of whom, Mr. Grace, subsequently perished. General Lord Grenville, a popular Commander of the Forces, was entertained on two occasions.

It is, however, chiefly those who distinguish themselves in music and the drama who have been enter-

HENRY HUNT, B.L., HONORARY SECRETARY CORINTHIAN CLUB.

tained by the club. The Moody-Manners Company are prime favourites, and have frequently accepted their hospitality, and have always most willingly added to the pleasure of the entertainment by their beautiful vocalism. The Carl Rosa Company, the Italian Opera Company, the Quinlan Opera Company, the Phillips' Concert Troupe, Madame Clara Butt, Madame Melba, Signor Caruso, Mr. H. B. Phillips (a Corinthian concert party, which included Madame Nicholls, Mr. Ben. Davies, Mr. Robert Radford, and Mr. Hamilton Harly), Mr. John M'Cormack have honoured the club by accepting their hospitality.

On the 3rd May, 1910, a well-attended dinner, in honour of Irishwomen who had achieved distinction in the domain of literature, was held. Mrs. Green, wife of the historian of that name, and Mrs. Thurston, author of several successful novels, made speeches. The club is non-political, but Mrs. Green's eloquent oration might properly have been delivered at a Home Rule club; nevertheless, everyone present was interested by, and applauded, it. Mrs. Thurston made a speech in excellent taste.

By the death of Mrs. Thurston, in 1911, Ireland lost one of its most successful novelists. She had not attained to middle life. She informed me that she received £16,000 from the sale of her most famous novel, "John Chilcote, M.P.," of which £12,000 came from America.

Amongst the actors who have been the guests of the Club I may mention Sir H. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Edward Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Benson, Sir George Alexander, Mr. and the late Mrs. Cyril Maude, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Harvey, Mr. L. Irving, Mr. George Grossmith, Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Julia Neilson, and Mr. H. Irving.

MADAME MELBA AND SIGNOR CARUSO.

The largest attendances were at the dinners given in honour of Madame Melba and Signor Caruso. There was some really good music at Madame Melba's dinner, and I asked her which of the items she liked best. She replied, "Mr. Kearney's comic song." He was for many years until his lamented death a constant attendant at the club dinners. If he had become a music-hall vocalist instead of devoting himself to legal matters, he would have made a fortune.

Signor Caruso is a good caricaturist, and often caricatures himself. On the night he dined with the club he made a caricature of me, which he presented to me at the dinner. On the next morning he sent me a larger edition of the caricature, which I have put into a frame and hung up in my billiard room. He also sent a caricature of me to "La Folia," an Italian paper published in New York.

I quote from the "Daily Express" of the 19th August, 1909, the remarks which I made in proposing the health of Signor Caruso:—

"The next toast proposed was that of the health of Signor Caruso, which was submitted by the Chairman, who was received with applause. He said he need not tell that company that when they heard that someone had achieved a world-wide celebrity they should not jump to the conclusion that he was a philosopher or a scientist, a historian, or even a statesman; it was far more likely that he or she would be a poet or a novelist, but most likely of all a vocalist. (Applause.) That night the Corinthian Club and their guests enjoyed the company of one whose name was a household word in every civilised part of two hemispheres—he referred to Signor Caruso. (Applause.) There was a poetic as well as a corporeal side to life to which the senses administered. The sense recognising sounds was used for both purposes, they employed it in their corporeal life; but there were sounds which profoundly affected their poetic life, and these constituted music. There were persons who were colour-blind, so also there were persons insensible to music altogether or in a

minor degree. He had met with persons who could not discriminate between 'God Save the King' and 'St. Patrick's Day.' (Laughter.) He pitied these defectively organised people. But the vast majority of mankind loved music, and the more they cultivated their faculty of appreciating it the greater was the pleasure derived from it. The lovers of music were deeply indebted to Italy, Signor Caruso's country. The invention of recitative music by the Florentine Academy in the sixteenth century originated opera, oratoria, and the various forms of aria. The Italian composers had excelled all others in the melody of their compositions. Immortal names of Italians crowded the annals of musical composition. Those of di Lasso, Monteverde, Carissemi, Palestrina, Cherubini, Rossini, Donizetti, and Verdi—who, when nearly ninety years old, composed 'Falstaff'—by no means exhausted the list of great Italian composers. Then, what great singers had not Italy produced! Think of Catalini, Grisi, Trebelli, Rubini, Guigleni, and Mario. (Applause.) That night they had with them one who has not been surpassed—perhaps not even equalled—by any of the greatest vocalists of former days. (Applause.) He had delighted millions of people in many lands. He was not only a great vocalist, but being animated with no small spark of the Promethean fire, his dramatic powers almost rivalled his wonderful musical genius. He was so much interested by a description of Signor Caruso by an eminent critic, that he copied it, viz.: 'Unspoiled by success such as does not come to one singer in a thousand, unaffected, good natured, generous, debonair, an excellent man of business, a warm-hearted friend, a light-hearted companion—that is how one could best describe Enrico Caruso.' (Applause.) Now, from his intimate acquaintance with Signor Caruso, which commenced about two hours previously, he could fully endorse the eulogium of that eminent critic. (Laughter.) In conclusion, he could not avoid congratulating Signor Caruso in having associated with him on his present tour such distinguished artistes as Madame Rio, Miss Saxe, Signor Lecompte, and a conductor so celebrated as Signor Vaghera. (Applause.) He asked all present to join heartily with him in drinking long life and continued prosperity to Signor Caruso. (Applause.)"

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL AT THE CORINTHIAN CLUB.

Some time before Mr. Winston Churchill became a Minister of the Crown he dined with the Corinthian Club. During the dinner he said to me, "I believe you intend to propose my health?" "Of course I do," I replied. "You are our principal guest." "What are you going to say about me?" he queried. "I don't know yet," I replied. "Have you not prepared what you intend to say about me?" he asked, smiling very pleasantly. I replied that I did not prepare speeches—that I trusted to the inspiration of the moment. He said that he made some preparation for his speeches in and out of Parliament. I proposed his health in due course, taking to some extent the liberty allowable in such a club as the Corinthian. In replying, he said—"The President tells me that he does not prepare his speeches, but perhaps he belongs to the category of which we find examples in the House of Commons, who do not know what they are going to say before they stand up, who do not know what they are saying when they do stand up, and forget what they said when they sit down." This produced great laughter, and when it had subsided, Mr. Churchill said something to the effect that although I might not remember what I had said, those present would. There was again great applause.

After Mr. Churchill became head of the Board of Trade, I wrote to him recommending a man who had been in the Transvaal Police, for a situation in the service of the Labour Bureau. I expected to receive a reply from his secretary, instead of which I was surprised to get a nice letter in his own handwriting. I felt much honoured by so kind an action.

Mr. Winston Churchill possesses considerable ability, and in his account of his travels in East and Central Africa he has shown great descriptive powers.

From Mr. Churchill's grandfather, the Duke of Marlborough, whilst Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, I received much kindness. He was an enthusiastic fisherman, and on more than one occasion I received a fine salmon that he gaffed in the Blackwater. I spent a short time at the huge palace of Blenheim, and admired its beautiful collection of paintings. The palace was so large that only a part of it was occupied.

SPEECHES AT THE CORINTHIAN CLUB.

I may safely say that during the fifteen years' existence of the Corinthian Club, there have been more speeches made at the luncheons and dinners than, if put into print, would fill a large quarto volume. Amongst the most humorous of them were those delivered by one of the Vice-Presidents, the Right Hon. Mr. Justice Ross. It is to be regretted that many of the speeches, which were well deserving of verbatim reports in the newspapers, had only brief abstracts given of them. This was owing to the limited space which can only be usually given to accounts of festive gatherings. As an example of, first, an abstract of a Corinthian speech, and, secondly, a verbatim report of another one, I give the following from the "Daily Express" of 24th January, 1904:—

Abstract Report.

"The President proposed 'The Health of Mr. Winston Churchill' in a witty speech. In doing so, he regretted that he was not in proper form, as he had been confined to bed for the last fortnight with influenza and bronchitis. The Club brought together citizens of Dublin of every shade of politics and religious belief, and they had no censorship as to their members except that they must be very good, pleasant, and agreeable fellows. They had another rule which he thought would be sufficient to keep the Club in existence and to win for it the support of the citizens. That rule was that no distinguished person of any nationality could come to Dublin whom it would be desirable to entertain in a semi-public manner that the Club was not always willing and ready to entertain at the shortest notice. (Applause.) That was a rule which he (the President) said with emphasis ought to be commended, and which he was sure was appreciated even by those who were not members. They had from time to time the honour and the privilege of entertaining at their humble board very distinguished persons, and that evening were honoured by having as their guest a gentleman whose name was well known in the English-speaking world, and perhaps

through the Dutch-speaking world, too. (Laughter and applause.) Mr. Churchill was the representative of a family of ancient and honourable lineage, and although they had in that club persons of all kinds of lineage—(laughter)—they were always glad to welcome one of the 'rale ould stock.' (Applause.) Having referred to Mr. Churchill's ancestor, the famous general, and to the popularity of his grandfather, the Duke of Marlborough, who had been Viceroy of Ireland, he went on to refer to Mr. Churchill's career as a soldier, a war correspondent, and politician, and to his adventures in India, China, and South Africa. The Corinthians did not care what Mr. Churchill's politics were—they were glad to see a good fellow amongst them. (Applause.) When he heard that Mr. Churchill was coming to Dublin, they thought they might drop a line to Mr. Chamberlain to meet him, but Mr. Chamberlain regretted that an engagement for a debate prevented him accepting the invitation. (Laughter.) They would have been very glad if Mr. Chamberlain had come, but as he had not, Mr. Churchill had the whole place to himself, and could say what he liked without fear of being contradicted. (Laughter and applause.) The toast was honoured with enthusiasm."

Verbatim Report.

Mr. Churchill, who was received with applause, said—"I was very anxious to get a little opportunity to prepare those impromptus to which Sir Charles Cameron has alluded, and I asked him at the beginning of the dinner if he would very kindly tell me what he was going to say. He told me he did not know what he was going to say, so I concluded he is among that style of orators who used to be familiar in the House of Commons, of whom it was said, 'before they get up they do not know what they are going to say, while they are speaking they do not know what they are saying, and when they have sat down they do not know what they have said.' (Laughter.) I do not know whether Sir Charles is anxious to figure in that category. I do not know if he remembers now what he has been saying, but certain I am of this, that we remember it. I confess I think it no little test to expose an unwilling guest in compelling him to respond to a toast

which has just been proposed by such a past master of after-dinner speaking as your President. I regard it as a very great honour to have been allowed to come here to-night, and I think it very kind of you to have asked me during my short visit to Dublin. I have not a great many friends in Ireland, but I have a few inherited friends. Some I have inherited from my grandfather, to whom Sir Charles Cameron has made a very complimentary allusion, and some I have inherited from my father. (Hear, hear.) That is my estate in Ireland, and I can assure you I do not mean to sell it under the Land Act. (Laughter.) I shall certainly not take twenty-five years' purchase for it. (Laughter.) I do not mean to neglect it; I mean to work it up, and certainly, so far as that estate is concerned, I shall not be an absentee landlord. (Hear, hear.) Perhaps I have even been able upon this visit, sitting as I am next to Sir Charles Cameron, to add a little outlying plot to my inherited estate. Sir Charles Cameron has alluded to the fact that I have been a war correspondent, and he seems to think it a great advantage to a war correspondent to have been a soldier who had learned to ride a horse. (Laughter.) Well, the duties of a war correspondent are various and complicated. Sometimes he gives a general a dinner; sometimes he tells a general what to do; sometimes he tells the public what a general ought to have done, and sometimes he tells the public what a general has done—and sometimes he does not. (Laughter.) But whatever information a war correspondent sends home, he collects the information on the field, and whatever he sends home is published by the newspapers, a penny plain, a ha'penny coloured. (Laughter.) Of course, it is quite true that this interesting profession is not without its danger. I think there were a great number of war correspondents in the South African War who lost their lives, who were wounded, who lost their limbs, or, for a more or less protracted period, lost their liberty. Some of them succeeded in recovering their liberty. (Laughter.) Three years ago I had the good fortune to come to Dublin to give a lecture on the subject of the South African War, and my experiences and adventures there. That great contest in which we were then engaged is now passed out of life into history, and a good deal of very mixed history has

been written concerning it. The war is over, but the difficulties in that country continue. I trust most earnestly that just because the war is over, the attention of the British and Irish people will not be altogether diverted from South Africa, because I am convinced that when we in these islands lose interest in what is going on in South Africa, very likely many things will be done there of which our sense would not altogether approve. (Hear, hear.) The war is over, but we have not exactly got peace. There is peace in Africa, but there is a little temporary disturbance existing in England. (Laughter.) I find that the subject on which I have come to speak in Dublin this year is almost as controversial a subject as was the South African War. It is a very dull subject, but dull and dry though it be, it seems to excite the most furious passion. I confess I feel very unequal to the task which I have been invited to perform. I feel as St. Patrick must have felt when he landed to convert the Irish nation. I am told that the general opinion in this country is almost entirely against the view of economics which was usual six months ago, and I only hope that I may have, if not the good fortune St. Patrick had, at any rate some proportion of that good fortune in driving out of Ireland the fiscal frogs and tariff toads. (Laughter, and 'Hear, hear.') I am very grateful to you for your kindness in allowing me to come here to-night and for the very friendly manner in which you have drunk my health. I am an excommunicated politician. (Laughter.) My constituency has no confidence in me—they have said so several times, and they appear to derive the greatest satisfaction from repeating it; but a much more serious reverse has happened to me. Parliament is shortly to meet. The Tariff Commission was opened last week by Mr. Chamberlain, and Parliament is to be opened next week by the King. (Laughter.) I have had no invitation to attend the Tariff Commission, and I have had no invitation to attend the Imperial Parliament. The customary letter which the Prime Minister sends to his supporters has on this occasion not been sent to one of his supporters. That is very sad, because I should greatly regret if I missed the opening of the Parliamentary Session, because I have several things I want very much to say. So I hope if any of you should happen to see

the date in the papers, and I should happen to forget, kindly write and let me know—(laughter)—so that I may find my way there all the same. Now, gentlemen, you have certainly shown me a preference to-night, but it is not the sort of preference one would get under Protection. I have certainly had something better to drink than Australian champagne, and I have not been invited to smoke the British North Borneo cigar, nor have I been offered snuff made out of Irish tobacco. ('Oh!') I have been entertained in such a manner as leads me to believe that, concealed here and there amongst the audience I see before me, are a considerable number of the members of the Free Food League. ('No, no,' and laughter.) At any rate I can assure you I am very grateful for the kindness and hospitality you have extended to me, and I shall carry away the most pleasant recollections of the Corinthian Club. (Applause.)"

THREE AGREEABLE SURPRISES.

One evening in May, 1885, I received a note from Earl Spencer, asking me to call upon him should I be in the neighbourhood of the Viceregal Lodge on the following morning about 11 o'clock.

About the time I received this note I had been commissioned by the Board of Works to investigate the sanitary conditions of the Castle and Viceregal Lodge. I concluded, therefore, that it was in reference to some point in the sanitation of the Viceregal Lodge that His Excellency desired an interview with me. I called next morning, and was received by the private secretary. After a brief conversation, I said that I had called at the request of His Excellency. He said that he had heard nothing about my visit, but would inform His Excellency of my arrival, and in a few minutes I was in his presence. After some conversation on things in general, His Excellency said that the Prince of Wales and Sir Charles Dilke had referred to me in favourable terms as regards my efforts to have the dwellings of the working classes improved, also that he was personally aware of my work, and so on. At length he said that he believed me deserving of some honour, and thought that knighthood might be an acceptable one. After the usual self-depreciation on occasions of the kind, I thankfully accepted His Excellency's offer. "Then," said he, "will you wait until there is a levee, or would you like to go to Windsor to receive it from the Queen, or would you prefer to have it now?" I replied, "As Your Excellency is so kind, I might as well have it now." His Excellency smiled, called in an A.D.C., who presented his sword to him. I knelt, was tapped on each shoulder with the sword, and rose "Sir Charles Cameron." Until I had conversed with him, it did not occur to me that it was the Queen's birthday, but even if it had, it would not have suggested to me that he might intend to knight me. The honour came as an absolute surprise.

A few days after this event I received a letter from Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-at-Arms, requesting me to send him a cheque for £16. I called on him with the cheque, and

said that I thought the fees were about a hundred pounds. He informed me that such was the case until lately, and that I was the first knight to pay the reduced fee. At present there is no fee paid on receiving knighthood.

On the 27th December, 1898, I received another agreeable surprise in the receipt of a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

(Private.) "Foreign Office,
26th December, 1898.

My Dear Sir,

On the recommendation of the Lord Lieutenant, I have had the honour to submit to the Queen that you should be appointed a Companion of the Bath on the occasion of the approaching New Year, in recognition of your long services in the very important posts which you occupy.

It affords me great pleasure to be authorized to inform you that Her Majesty has received my submission very graciously.

Believe me,
Yours very faithfully,
SALISBURY.

Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.D."

The letter was altogether in the handwriting of the Marquis.

I had not the slightest inkling of the intended honour, which came to me as a great surprise, especially as at the time the Order was confined to the public services, with only two or three exceptions, one being that of the Duke of Abercorn.

I had always received much kindness from Lord Cadogan, and I often wondered why he had enquired about the work I did. I think he had learned that I had performed some useful work as a member of the Army Sanitary Committee, especially by my report on the unsanitary state of the Royal Barracks, for which I had received the thanks of the Secretary at War. I shall always gratefully remember the kindness shown to me by Lord Cadogan.

My third great surprise occurred in 1911.

For the third time the Royal Institute of Public Health held a congress in Dublin. The event occurred in 1911. The congress was ably presided over by Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen, and was very successful.

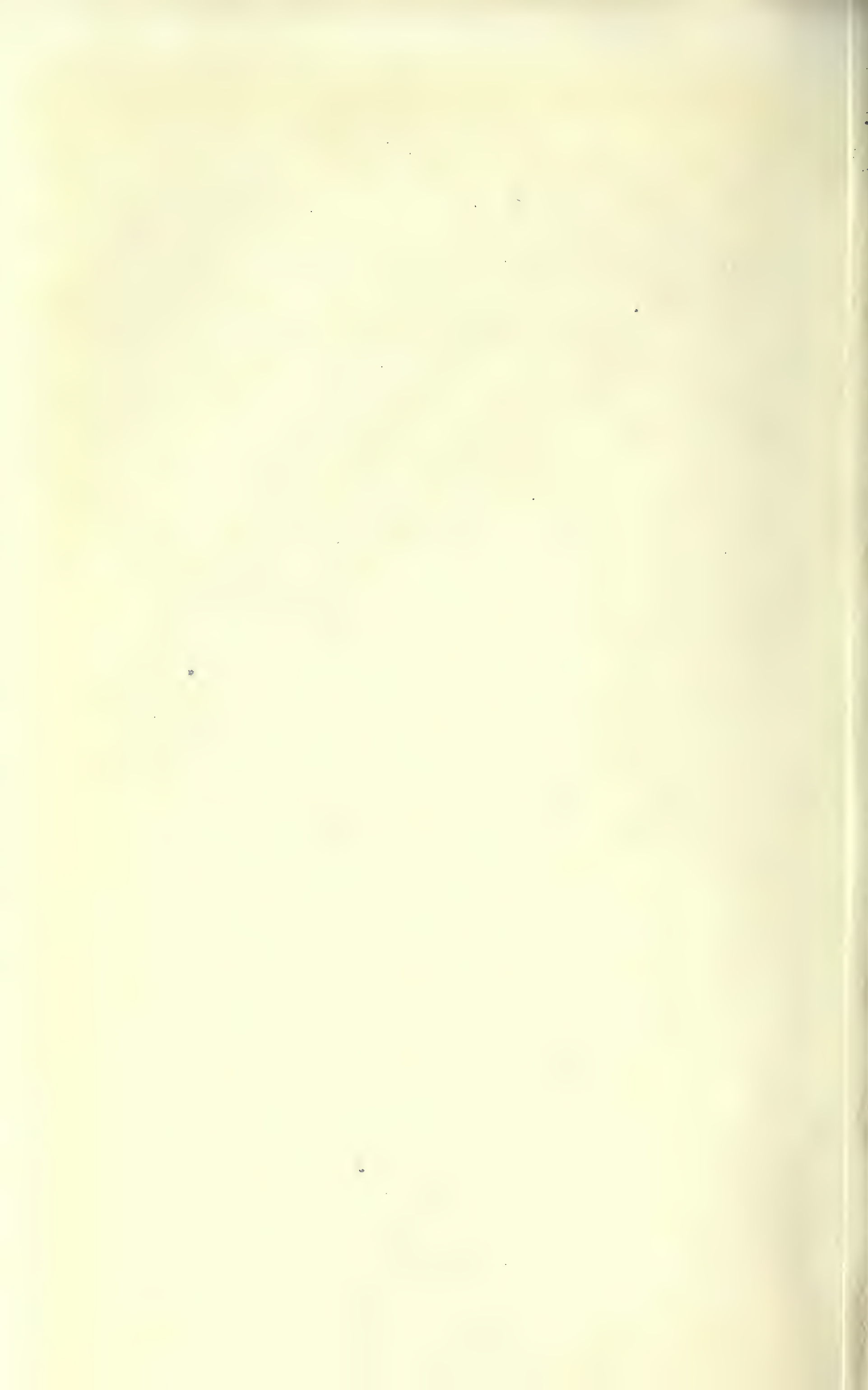
At the closing general meeting of the congress, Her Excellency beckoned to me to approach her where she was seated with a table in front of her. I advanced to the table, whereupon the Countess presented to me a beautiful silver gilt antique cup. I was completely taken by surprise, as the intention to present it had been successfully kept secret. In thanking Her Excellency and the donors of the cup, I said, pointing to the blue velvet dress which she wore, that the present came to me as "a bolt from the blue"—it was totally unexpected. The cup had been provided by the Recorder of Dublin (now the Right Honourable), Thomas Lopdel O'Shaughnessy, K.C., Alderman M'Walter, M.D., B.L., and Dr. Maginnes, who were my principal colleagues in organising the congress. Later in the day, at a garden party in the Zoological Gardens, Phœnix Park, the present was used as a "loving cup," and was repeatedly filled for that purpose with champagne.

Her Excellency took a great interest in the congress, and helped it in many ways.

Ireland is much indebted to Lord and Lady Aberdeen for all their good works to improve the health of the people and advance their well-being.

Amongst the beneficent institutions which from time to time have been established in Ireland, the Women's National Health Association must be assigned the highest place. It has been founded by Lady Aberdeen, who has worked with amazing energy in carrying out its numerous beneficent objects.

HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.



MY VISIT TO OSBORNE.

On the 18th January, 1899, I received the following letter:—

"69 St. George's Road,
Warwick Square, S.W.,
17th January, 1899.

Sir,

I am commanded by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Grand Master of the Order of the Bath, to request your attendance, in levee dress, at Osborne, on Monday, the 30th inst., at 3 o'clock, for the purpose of your receiving from the Sovereign of the Order of the Bath the insignia of a Companion of that most honourable Order.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

ALBERT W. WOOD,

Registrar and Garter Secretary
of the Order.

N.B.—An answer is requested.

Sir Charles A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., etc. etc."

The weather was very cold when, in levee dress, but covered by an outside coat, I went with many others on the 30th January, 1899, to Portsmouth. As our train was special, we made a rapid journey to the headquarters of the Royal Navy. A Royal steam launch quickly brought us to the Isle of Wight. Royal carriages were in waiting for us, and we drove in them to Osborne. Here we were received by the Lord Chamberlain, and were conducted to a large apartment, in which we remained chatting for about a quarter of an hour. Looking out of a window, I saw the Queen driving up to the house in a little carriage drawn by that humble, patient quadruped, the donkey. Soon after, we were summoned one by one into Her Majesty's presence. I was conducted to a room next that in which the Queen was seated on an ordinary

chair. On entering her room I bowed very low, then advanced a few paces and again made an obeisance; another advance brought me close to Her Majesty, and after a third bow I knelt down close to her. An official handed her the decoration, a large gold one, which she essayed to attach to my coat, but fumbled somewhat, as her sight had begun to fail. I assisted her to affix the decoration; she smiled pleasantly but said nothing. Then I stood up, retired backwards, and bowing three times, made my exit by a door other than the one by which I had entered. An official, who had accompanied me, removed the decoration, placed it in a case, and handed it to me. I discovered subsequently that the cost of the decoration was £15, which was paid out of Her Majesty's funds.

The Duke of Edinburgh stood immediately behind the Queen, at her right hand. There were many officials and ladies present.

We all reassembled in the large apartment termed, I think, the Durbar Room, in which luncheon was served. The Duke of Edinburgh and most of the ladies who were with the Queen were present. There was a plan of the table showing where each person was to sit. The luncheon was quite like a State dinner, and the champagne was excellent We returned by carriage and steam yacht to Portsmouth, the Duke being one of the party. Whilst steaming to Portsmouth, tea, coffee, mineral waters, and whisky were dispensed freely. It was dark when I reached London, and I was glad when I got into my warm everyday clothes.

The following April the Queen, after an absence of 40 years, paid a three weeks' visit to Dublin. I met her personal physician, Sir James Reid. Bart., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., at a dinner party. I said to him, "Who persuaded the Queen to visit Ireland, now that she has become infirm and has been so long absent from it?" He replied that it was her own desire to come, because she had been so very much affected by the accounts of the bravery of the Dublin Fusiliers in the Boer War.

Duke of Connaught
Presented to me
by H R H

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF CONNAUGHT.

The first time I saw His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught was when he was Colonel in Command of the Rifle Brigade and stationed in the Royal Barracks. At that time the malodorous emanations from the River Liffey were the subject of much comment, and the Queen exhibited anxiety in reference to the Duke's health being jeopardised by his residence near the river or by any insanitary condition of the barracks. I received a letter from Sir William Jenner, Bart., K.C.B., the Queen's Physician-in-Ordinary, requesting me to make a report on the quarters to be occupied by the Duke for submission to Her Majesty, which I accordingly did, and for the first and last time received a fee out of her Privy Purse.

The Duke would not allow any difference to be made in the equipment of his apartments on account of his high rank. It was to be exactly that which would be provided for any officer of the same military rank.

In January, 1899, the Duke of Connaught arrived in Dublin and took up his quarters in the Royal Hospital, in succession to Lord Roberts, as Commander of the Forces. The Duke is the Grand Master of the Masonic Knights Templar in Ireland, and I am his deputy. I soon waited upon His Royal Highness. In order to get to his official room I had to pass through two others, in each of which there were officers. On reaching the third room, I was received most kindly by the Duke, and when I was retiring he accompanied me to the first of the suite of three apartments. What a contrast was this reception to that so often accorded to visitors by the *nouveau riche!* During the three years that the Duke remained in Dublin I was frequently a guest at the Royal Hospital. The Duchess was very affable, and appeared to enjoy some of my anecdotes. Lady Fitzgerald Arnott told me that the Duchess had said to her that I was the most amusing man she had met in Ireland. One day, speaking to Sir Arthur Vickers, Ulster King-at-Arms, I

happened to mention that I had dined the night before at the Royal Hospital. "Who took the Duchess in?" he queried. "I did," I replied. He was quite shocked when on further enquiry he learned that there was a nobleman, the Attorney-General (Mr. James Campbell, M.P.), and others higher in rank present. When the Duchess retired, the Duke came and occupied the vacant chair, and sat between the Attorney-General and myself. The Attorney-General was in excellent form, and told some funny anecdotes.

About a year after the Duke of Connaught had left Ireland, he presided at a dinner of the Colonial Institute in the Hotel Metropole. About 400 were present, of whom a large proportion were Grand Crosses, Knight Commanders and Companions of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, of which the Duke is Grand Master. I was the guest of Mr. Bruce Joy, the eminent sculptor, and was seated beside him and at a considerable distance from the place where the Duke was to sit. On his arrival we all stood up, and the Duke, casting a hasty glance round, recognised me, to my great surprise. In leaving the hotel I encountered the Duke in the hall, and he had some minutes' conversation with me. I said, "I was astonished, sir, at your recognising me in such a crowd and at such a distance." The Duke replied that "a soldier must have a keen vision." I then asked might I present my host to him, and he said "Certainly." Mr. Bruce Joy approached, and the Duke referred in complimentary terms to his works. When the Duke left, I said to my host, "Now, did not the introduction repay the thirty shillings which, I suppose, you paid for my dinner?" "Yes," he said, "far more than repay."

It is no wonder that the Duke is so much beloved both in and out of the Army, and we need not be surprised that he has captivated the Canadian people, and has been enthusiastically received in a brief visit to the United States.

MY FOUR ESCAPES FROM DEATH.

On four occasions I had narrow escapes from the "King of Terrors." When I was about three years old, I got up one morning, and, whilst still in my nightdress, approached the kitchen fire. Being always of an enquiring turn of mind, I looked up the chimney to see what was there, and whilst so engaged my flimsy night garment caught fire. I hurried to my parents' bedroom, beating down the flame with my hands. My mother was severely burned in her endeavour to get the remains of my nightdress off me, but my father, by rapidly enveloping me in a blanket, extinguished the flame. Wrapped in cotton wadding, I was for several weeks confined to bed, always lying upon my back, which had escaped injury. I have still some marks on my body to remind me of this escape from death.

My father had a habit of taking a pinch of snuff before commencing to write a letter or to do almost anything—even before answering a question. My mother often asserted that he helped himself to a big pinch of snuff before he wrapped me in a blanket. Perhaps my mother meant her assertion to be taken *cum grano salis*, for my father always denied the accusation.

My second escape from death occurred when I was about eight years old. I fell into a mill-race, and was rescued when I was unconscious. It was with difficulty that consciousness was restored.

My second escape from drowning and third from loss of life occurred in Guernsey. One evening I was out on the rocks near the sea coast collecting limpets, the Guernsey name for barnacles. The tide was coming in, and I was so absorbed in my occupation that I did not notice for some time that I was cut off from the land by a considerable expanse of water. I could not then swim, and I soon found that I was getting into deep water. With difficulty I got to the summit of a rock, and began to shout and wave my handkerchief. It was nearly dark, and the water was up to my waist, when I was rescued,

my signal having at last attracted the attention of some men in a boat.

My fourth, and last, escape from death was due to my wearing a tall hat. On Friday, the 10th June, 1910, I went to the funeral of the late Dr. John Barton, Secretary to the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons. The place of interment was Whitechurch, close to the Dublin mountains. On my return to Dublin I did not again that day use my brougham, but went to the Viceregal Lodge on an outside car. There had been a case of diphtheria there, and I was anxious to see that proper disinfection had been carried out. On my return, when nearly at the top of Parliament Street, I was on the point of directing the driver to stop, and had turned round on the seat to take up my umbrella, when the horse fell, and I was thrown off. Had the horse fallen a few seconds earlier I would have escaped, as I always held on to a strap or some part of a car when in motion. When I was lifted up and brought into Mr. John Cowle's shop, 4 Parliament Street, I was perfectly conscious, but unable to speak. It was not until some time after the Corporation ambulance arrived that I was able to say that I wished to be brought home and not to a hospital.

On arriving at my home I was gently carried up to my bedroom by the ambulance men, and in a few minutes afterwards Sir Lambert Ormsby and Mr. William Taylor arrived, and took me into surgical charge. My injuries were found to be the fracture of my collar bone and three ribs, a scalp wound, a wound in the right arm, and severe wrenches to the right arm and right leg. Subsequently, owing to shock, my stomach, heart, and lungs went seriously out of order.

It is clear that if I had not retained the tall, stiff hat, my skull would have been fractured. It has often happened in the hunting field, that the tall hat of the huntsman saved his skull from fracture when he was thrown off his horse. My hat was knocked off with such violence that it inflicted a deep scalp wound.

My good friend Sir John William Moore's medical assistance was invoked when my internal organs became affected. I shall never forget the obligations I owe to my three kind friends, who, for several weeks, visited me

thrice daily. I understand that at one time their hopes for my recovery were faint. I was, however, quite determined to get well, and kept up my spirits all through my illness, and often took a humorous view of it. Many a patient dies merely because he thinks he will have to "shuffle off this mortal coil." When my kind medical friends informed me that two nurses would have to tend me, I said "All right, but they must be athletic nurses, as I am so helpless." When the first nurse arrived I said to her, "Are you athletic?" "I am," she said. "I am fourteen stones weight, and look at my arm!" She then exhibited an arm that Sandow might be proud of. The morning after the night nurse arrived, a servant enquired what answer was she to give to the people who were enquiring about me. I said, "Tell all enquiring friends that nurse and patient had a good night." The nurse first blushed, and then, realizing the kind of patient she had, laughed.

I desire to record how kind, skilful, and attentive were my two nurses, Miss Loverock and Miss Cunningham. The latter has since emigrated to Alberta, Canada.

This accident laid me up for several months, and some slight effects of it remain.

At the first dinner of the Corinthian Club at which I was present after the accident, the Right Honourable James H. Campbell, K.C., M.P., in responding to the toast of the guests, referred to it. He said that whilst being carried by the ambulance men, I said, in nearly inarticulate accents, "Gentlemen, charge your glasses!" Of course, loud laughter followed. Some days later, being in Mr. Cowle's shop, into which I had been carried after the accident, I mentioned Mr. Campbell's joke. "Well," he said, "that is not what you said." "I do not recollect saying anything," I interpolated, "except to say 'Bring me home.'" "Oh, yes, you did; you said to the ambulance men, 'Boys, aren't we having a grand procession?'" The shop and the street were crowded.

My accident appears to have been the cause, I know not how, of a curious change in the colour of my hair. On the day of the accident my whiskers and moustache were grey, as was also most of the hair on each side of my head. During

my illness the greyness increased, but when my convalescence was established, and for some time after, my hair gradually became darker, until it assumed about the same colour it had ten years before. It still remains dark. I did not like this change, as I feared that people might believe that I had resorted to hair dyes.

I made a research in my medical works to ascertain if a similar change of colour in hair in advanced age was on record, and I found that there was. In the "Dublin Journal of Medical Science" for 1847, that eminent physician, the late Dr. Graves, recorded several cases. Sir John W. Moore and Nurse Loverock told me of another and most extraordinary instance. It was that of the late Dr. Ellis, who died in Leeson Street three years ago, aged 100 years. His hair was grey at 93, when it began to revert to its original brown colour, and remained so until his death. As Nurse Loverock attended to him in his last illness, she was able to assure herself that he did not use hair dyes.

I have often asked medical men their opinion as to the cause of the change of colour in my hair, without getting any satisfactory explanation. I have hazarded the following hypothesis as to the cause:—I attained to my maximum weight, 12 stone 12 lbs. in my clothes, at 40 years of age, at which it remained until about 12 years ago. It then began to decline—never temporarily increasing—until at the time of my accident it had fallen to 11 stone 5 lbs. During my convalescence I weighed myself, and found that I had lost exactly one stone. When next I weighed myself I found that I had increased from 10 stone 5 lbs. to 10 stone 12 lbs. It was whilst this increase in weight was going on that my hair became dark. For the first time for many years the gain of tissue exceeded its expenditure. There was, I might say, a general biological revival in which my hair pods participated and produced more colouring matter.

MY FREEDOM OF THE CITY.

I shall never forget the emotion which I felt when on Monday, the 24th February, 1911, I was made an Honorary Freeman of my native city of Dublin. The ceremony took place at a meeting of the Corporation, presided over by the Lord Mayor. A large assemblage was present, including many distinguished persons. The compliment I felt to be greatly enhanced by the motion to confer the freedom of the city upon me being carried without a single dissentient voice.

At the conferring of the freedom, and at the meeting of the Corporation at which the unanimous resolution to confer it was passed, very complimentary references were made to me by the Lord Mayor and many members. I quote from the "Irish Independent" the following remarks made by Alderman Thomas Kelly, leader of the Sinn Fein party in the Corporation:—

"Alderman Kelly said his first impression of Sir Charles Cameron was that he was a diplomat of the first water (laughter); a man who had kept his position there by sheer diplomacy, and who had been 'all things to all men.' But he was not long connected with the Public Health Committee as Chairman when he formed a very different opinion of him. (Hear, hear.) He found him to be a man whose earnest wish was to lift the city from its notoriety of having the highest death-rate in Europe. Were his actions backed up by the Council and by his subordinates, he (Alderman Kelly) had not a doubt they would be in a much better position than they were to-day. It was not because of Sir Charles's charity, not because he was a Unionist or a Protestant, but because he believed Sir Charles had done more than a man's part in trying to combat disease in Dublin that they wished to honour him. (Applause.)"

I trust I shall be excused for stating that I have never instigated, directly or indirectly, the conferring of any honour on, or compliment to, myself, but it is a pleasure to me that I

have done so for others who deserved them. I have, nevertheless, been fortunate in being made a honorary fellow or member of many societies and institutes, of which I may mention the following:—The Royal Academy of Medicine of Sweden, the State Medical Society of California, the Royal Hibernian Academy, the Royal College of Physicians of Ireland, the Royal Institute of Architects, Ireland; the Apothecaries Hall, the Institute of Civil Engineers, Ireland; the Hygienic Societies of Belgium, Paris, and Bordeaux; the New York Agricultural Society, the Institute of Sanitary Engineers, London; two Irish Veterinary Associations, etc.

The freedom certificate, beautifully illuminated, was presented to me in a massive casket purchased by members and officers of the Corporation. It is composed of bronze and Irish marbles, and was made by Messrs. J. & C. M'Loughlin, of Dublin, from a design by Mr. W. Cranwill Wilson, architect.

The conferring of the freedom of the city upon me was made the occasion of several valuable presentations to me. The Municipal Officers' Association gave me a diamond pin, and entertained me at dinner. The superior officers of the Public Health Department entertained me at luncheon, and presented to me a beautifully carved chair, a replica of the Speaker's chair in the Irish House of Parliament.

I received from the sanitary officers a large silver loving cup and an illuminated album.

The Corinthian Club entertained me at a dinner at which the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant, presided. During the dinner I received a "Confirmation of Arms," prepared under the direction of Captain Wilkinson, Ulster King-at-Arms: it is a work of art. The Countess of Aberdeen, who was present, added some very kind words to those of the Lord Lieutenant, who proposed the toast of my health.

I have received much kindness from their Excellencies during both their former and present sojourn in Ireland. These acts of kindness form some of the most pleasurable of my reminiscences.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, K.T., G.C.M.G.
LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

I received a great many letters from friends, expressing their congratulations; amongst others, one which I especially valued, and which is as follows:—

"Archbishop's House,
Dublin,
23rd February, 1911.

Dear Sir Charles,

Allow me first to congratulate you on the well-deserved honour that has been paid to you. I had some hope to be able to be present in the City Hall on the occasion, but I am very much overworked just now, and an unexpected engagement that I had to keep deprived me of the pleasure.

As to the Lenten regulations, when I saw the direction about the closing of schools, I at once applied to the Holy See for the faculty to enable me to use my own discretion as to the relaxation to be given this Lent. I mentioned the action of the Municipal Public Health Department, and as a matter of course I had a wire complying with my request.

You will see by the regulations, when published on Sunday, that every possible relaxation has been made, short of doing away with this year's Lent altogether.

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM J. WALSH,
Archbishop of Dublin.

P.S.—You and I have been working together for many years, and I don't think anyone will be found to say that the city is the worse of it.—W. J. W."

His Grace has always taken the keenest interest in matters affecting the health of the city. During the last epidemic of smallpox, it was chiefly owing to his action that the vaccination and revaccination of children was extensively carried out.

Only sixteen persons have received the honorary freedom of the city. The small number of freemen include Daniel O'Connell, General Grant (President of the United States), and Mr. Gladstone.

MEDICAL, SANITARY, AND SCIENTIFIC CONGRESSES.

I have been present at a great many congresses of scientists, medical men, and sanitarians, and have pleasurable recollections of them. I have attended three of the four meetings of the British Association held in Dublin, and my first scientific paper was read at at the second one, in 1857.

In 1886, when I was President of the Royal College of Surgeons, I attended a meeting of the Association in Aberdeen. A small number of the members, including myself, were invited to visit the Queen's Highland residence, Balmoral. We had an excellent luncheon, at which the Queen was not present. It was explained to us that she had arranged to take a drive, and to pass us on our way back to Aberdeen—I suppose to have a look at the scientists. It was strictly enjoined that no cheering or other demonstration was to take place.

On our way to Aberdeen the Queen's carriage passed us very slowly. We were in char-a-bancs, the one in which I was seated containing many companions, chiefly from Ireland. The occupants of the other vehicles allowed the Queen to pass them without making any demonstration in her honour. I said to my companions that I could not conceive why the Queen would not like to hear a hearty cheer. I set one going, and was followed by all my companions. Lord Playfair told me afterwards that the Queen was pleased at the demonstration, especially when she learned that it was mainly from her Irish subjects.

I am one of the founders of the Royal Institute of Public Health, and was President of it for four years. It was at first a society of medical men possessing public health diplomas, but subsequently its original title was twice altered, and is now "The Royal Institute of Public Health." I presided at all its dinners from its foundation up to and including 1892. Many of them were on a large scale, and with two exceptions, were held in the Holborn Restaurant. Many distinguished foreigners were present at those banquets.

In 1892 the Institute had their annual dinner in Dublin, and it occurred to me that at the same time a small congress might be held. This was the first of a series of annual Sanitary Congresses, the last of which was held in 1912 in Berlin. Professor J. W. Smith, one of the founders of the Institute, has devoted much of his time to its interests, and the high position to which it has attained is almost wholly due to him.

In 1898 the Institute held a congress in Dublin, at which I presided, as stated in another place. For the second time the "London Times" devoted to my presidential address a long leading article, in which it was stated that a "full summary" of my address was in the paper.

The congress of 1898 was a very successful one, and was the only one in connection with which a sanitary exhibition was held. Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Pile was High Sheriff of Dublin in that year. In that capacity it was not incumbent on him to give any entertainment to the congress, but knowing his generous disposition I suggested that he might like to show hospitality to some of the members of the congress. He at once expressed his intention to entertain all the congress at luncheon. It resembled a banquet, as more than 600 persons were present; and several hundred ladies who came to hear the speeches were regaled with pineapples, grapes, and champagne. The luncheon was held in the great hall of the Royal University. The Lord Lieutenant, the Lord Chancellor, and many other eminent persons were present. I often hear references to this splendid luncheon when attending similar congresses.

Signor Marconi gave a demonstration of wireless telegraphy in the theatre of the Royal Dublin Society. The Lord Mayor proposed a vote of thanks to him, but by a slip of the tongue referred to the lecturer as Signor "Macaroni." Loud laughter followed, which was not joined in by the Lord Mayor, who had not intended to make a joke.

The Irish have some claim on the Signor, as his mother (*nee* Jameson) is Irish, and he is married to an Irish woman, a daughter of Lord Inchequin.

On the occasion of this congress, the Honorary Fellowship of the Royal College of Physicians was conferred upon me by

a unanimous vote of the Fellows. There are three grades in this College—Licentiates, Members, and Fellows. I possessed the diplomas of the two lower grades. A Fellow of the College of Physicians cannot be a Fellow of the College of Surgeons, but he may be a Member of the latter. The College of Physicians, on getting legal opinion, found that although they could not elect me as a Fellow, they could as an Honorary Fellow.

In England a man can be a Fellow of both Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. The Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians are elected. The Fellows of the College of Surgeons are admitted after passing a satisfactory examination. The Members and Licentiates of the College of Physicians are admitted by examination.

In September, 1893, I presided at the Portsmouth Congress of the Royal Sanitary Institute. My address was given in extension in the "London Times," and that paper and all the London morning papers had leading articles on it.

I much enjoyed a meeting of the British Medical Association, in Bristol, in August, 1894. I received much private hospitality. I was entertained by that ancient institution, the Merchants' Venture Company. At their festivities a peculiar feature is the dispensation of "Bristol milk," which is really sherry. A huge vat of sherry is kept full by additions to it equal to quantities abstracted. A minute part of a glass of this sherry is therefore of great antiquity.

At this congress I gave one of the three addresses, namely, that on "Public Health." The "Lancet" published it *in extenso*, and devoted its principal leading article to it.

At the usual banquet the pleasing duty of proposing the toast of the President was entrusted to me.

I was requested to distribute the prizes won by the boys in the Bristol Grammar School. The function took place in the largest schoolroom I have ever been in. There was a large number of prize-winners; one of them got a first prize in nearly every subject of the examination, and acquired quite a small library of handsomly-bound books.

The first boy who came up to me looked as if he had seen a ghost—he had quite a frightened expression. I shook hands

with him, and said something which made him smile; his scared look then vanished. I enquired from the Head Master why the boy looked so frightened as he approached me, and he said that a bishop had on the last occasion distributed the prizes, and had such a severe look that the boys were almost afraid to approach him. When they saw that I shook hands with the first prize-winner who came to me, their apprehension of a replica of the prelate was dispelled.

POTEEN.

The question, "What is whiskey?" came before the police courts in London about three years ago. There are two kinds of alcoholic beverages, known as pot still whiskey and patent still whiskey. The pot still whiskey requires some years to mature before it is fit for use. It is asserted that on the contrary the patent still whiskey does not undergo much improvement by storage. It was maintained by several chemists and experts that it could not be properly termed "whiskey." It is, nevertheless, largely used in mixing ("blending") with pot still whiskey.

One of the experts examined by a commission appointed to investigate the subject was the distinguished chemist, Sir James Dewar, F.R.S., who has made most important discoveries in the domains of physics and chemistry. He was asked had he ever tasted poteen (illicitly prepared whiskey). He replied that once, when staying with his friend, Sir Charles Cameron, he had taken some of it, and had never forgotten the circumstance. I can concur with Sir James' unpleasant remembrance of poteen. The article he referred to was a present sent to me from a friend in the West of Ireland. Of course, I should not have accepted it, as no duty had been paid upon it. I considered it a very nasty liquor. One very cold, wet night I came home in a cab. I asked the driver would he like a little whiskey, as the night was so cold. He replied in the affirmative. I gave him some old whiskey distilled by John Jameson & Son (a famous firm), which he preferred to drink undiluted. As he exhibited no emotion on finishing the potation, I enquired how he liked it, and he replied that it was very mild. I thereupon thought, "Here is an opportunity for getting rid of some of my vile poteen;" so I gave him half a tumbler of it. He drank it, and exclaimed, looking highly pleased, "Ah, doctor, I knew you would have some real good whiskey!"

TOXIPHOBIA.

There is a form of monomania which I have named *toxiphobia*, that is, an insane idea that some person or persons are endeavouring to poison the victim of the illusion. Being public analyst for several counties and towns, many toxiphobiacs have called upon or written to me on the subject of being poisoned. From 1860 to 1876 I kept a record of these toxiphobiacs, who in those sixteen years numbered sixty-three. Since the latter year I have kept no account of them, but they continue to write to or call on me at the rate of two or three a year. I do not include amongst the toxiphobiacs decided lunatics, some of whom believe that they have been or are about to be poisoned. Those I refer to were insane only on the one point. Of course, I have occasionally been consulted by persons who had reasonable grounds for suspecting the attempted or actual administration of poison, but I do not include them in the number of toxiphobiacs.

Eight men imagined that women were administering love potions to them, but no woman was under that impression. A Catholic lady was emphatic in her opinion that her archbishop was trying to make away with her in order to become possessed of her property: I found that she was not under a delusion as regards possessing landed property. A petty sessions clerk had some whimsical notions relative to the plans which his supposed attempted poisoners adopted in order, to quote his own words, "to get the poison into" him. He brought me a nightcap and nightshirt which he believed were charged with some subtile poison, for when he put them on they made his flesh "creep," as if he was stung by nettles. His enemy came by night and blew poison through the window if open, through the keyhole, and down the chimney, which caused him irritation of his lungs followed by "weakness." He attributed his persecution to the circumstance that when appointed petty sessions clerk he was not a native of the place, and that local applicants for the office were, "out of revenge," trying to get rid of him. I ascertained from one of the justices in his court that he was an excellent petty sessions clerk.

A lady, highly connected, continued for several years to bring me articles of food and drink for analysis. Her suspicion fell upon her brothers and sisters, who she believed wanted to get rid of her in order to get her property, but she told me that she had never accused them of such designs. She was always satisfied on learning that the wine, bread, etc., which she suspected, contained nothing deleterious, but she would bring fresh specimens some months after. I often met this lady in society, and so far as I could perceive no one suspected that she was a monomaniac.

A lady, who suspected that her husband desired her death in order to marry a younger woman, never, she said, mentioned her suspicion to anyone except to me. No one suspected her to be a monomaniac, so far as I could learn without raising the question. Another lady, who believed that her husband was slowly poisoning her, persuaded her relatives that her suspicion was well founded, and a separation resulted. Subsequent events proved that the husband had no such intention, but although the lady's relatives recanted their opinion of his conduct, she refused to return to him. This lady was clever, agreeable, and on every point, save the one, was apparently sane.

A person who was an important witness for the plaintiff in a Chancery suit, lived in continual apprehension of being poisoned by emissaries of the defendant. He kept perpetually changing his lodgings, cooked his own food, gave up the use of milk and other articles into which poison could be readily introduced, but, nevertheless, plied his business—that of a solicitor's clerk—intelligently and creditably, as I was informed. I was always most cautious, in making enquiries concerning my toxiphobiacs, not to explain my object.

Many of my peculiar clients were incredulous as to the absence of poison in the articles they submitted for analysis. A young man, of very peculiar appearance—I thought he was probably a Eurasian—frequently brought various articles for analysis. He would not give either his name or address. His delusion was that a young lady, in order to further her matrimonial designs upon his unwilling self, insidiously

introduced into his food some love-compelling substances. He always smiled incredulously on being informed of the negative results of the analysis. On one occasion he brought a specimen of tea to me, which I found to contain very small shreds of tobacco, which I knew he must have put into the tea. When he called, I got between him and the door of the laboratory, and, assuming a stern aspect, I said, pointing to the tea, "Who put it in?" He said, "I did not put the tobacco into it," although I had not mentioned the word tobacco. I told him to depart and never show his face again, and he hurriedly rushed out of the laboratory. I saw him a few times afterwards in the street, but when he saw me he always made off with great rapidity.

A sea captain, who had a suspicion similar to the dark young man, was equally incredulous, but he was disposed to be violent on learning the negative results of the analysis. Several times when he met me in the street he shouted, "I don't believe you, I don't believe you." I was almost afraid of personal violence from him.

At present, two toxiphobiacs, both women, pay occasional visits to my laboratory.

Philters (from the Latin *Philtrum*, a love charm or potion) were used from an early period by the Greeks and Romans; amongst the latter during the period of the Empire. Their manufacture was carried out upon a large scale and their sale openly conducted. It need hardly be said that their use often resulted in madness, imbecility, and physical disease. Caligula's madness was by some attributed to philters administered to him by his wife, Cresonia, for the purpose of retaining the tyrant's affections. Gueretius, it is said, was deprived of his reason by a love potion. In the literature of the Middle Ages there are but few references to philters, but in modern times deaths from their administration have occurred. In the case of the Queen against Manifold for murder (in which case I was a witness), tried at the Wicklow Summer Assizes, the prisoner was accused of having poisoned a girl (his sweetheart) by giving her phosphorus paste. He was acquitted, but the popular opinion was that the phosphorus had been given to the girl as an aphrodisiac or love incentive.

JOKES RECORDED IN OFFICIAL REPORTS.

In taking evidence before Parliamentary, Departmental, Viceregal, and other Commissions, the shorthand reporter puts down everything said, even when a joke is made not intended to be recorded. The reporter, however, does not record the laughter that may follow the joke. On several occasions when I was under examination I said something jocularly, which I did not offer as serious evidence, but which nevertheless appeared subsequently in print. I shall only give one example. Some years ago a commission was appointed to investigate the subject of the boundaries of towns and their extensions. It is familiarly known as the Exham Commission, from the name of its chairman. When the commission sat in Dublin I was examined. Mr. Alfred Harris, at the time an alderman of Dublin, asked me where I resided, not because he did not know where I lived, but wished to get the fact recorded; I replied, "In Pembroke Road." "Is that road within the city?" he queried. "It is not," I replied; "it is in Pembroke township." Then," said the alderman, "you do not contribute to the burthens of the city?" "I do," I said. "How can you, when you live outside of it?" he said. I replied that "I contributed to the burthens of the city, but not to their alleviation." I referred to my salary as a Corporation officer. All this is given in a Blue Book, but there is no reference to laughter having followed my remark. In the newspaper report of my evidence the word "laughter" was not suppressed.

HOW THE DUBLIN POOR LIVE.

During the 32 years that I have been the Chief Health Officer of Dublin, I have seen much of life amongst the poor and the very poor, and I have many remembrances of painful scenes that I have witnessed in their miserable homes.

I have long been of opinion that the proportion of the population belonging to the poorest classes is greater in Dublin than it is in the English and Scotch towns. There are many proofs of the poverty of a considerable proportion of the population of Dublin. For example, in 1911 41.9 per cent. of the deaths in the Dublin Metropolitan area occurred in the workhouses, asylums, lunatic asylums, and other institutions. In the English towns the average proportion of the deaths in institutions is about 22 per cent.

Another proof of poverty is the large number of families who reside each in a single room—33.9 per cent. of the total families.* In Belfast, with few exceptions, each family occupies more than one room. In many of the English towns not more than 10 per cent. of the families occupy but one apartment.

Tenements are generally placed under insanitary conditions. Dr. Russell, Medical Officer of Health, has shown that the dwellers in these tenements (or "houses" as they are termed in Scotland), consisting of a single apartment, have a much higher death rate than is the case of those who have two or more rooms. It has also been proved that the one-room denizens suffer more from tuberculosis of the lungs.

Whilst desirous that the artizans and their families should have healthy dwellings, I have been far more anxious about the condition of the labourers and other workers at small wages. I have always maintained that it is only for these workers municipalities should provide dwellings, even at some cost to the ratepayers. The expenditure of public money in the erection of dwellings to be let at from 3/6 to 7/6 per week does not benefit the whole community. The persons who are

* Census of 1911.

able to pay such rents should be allowed to deal with the ordinary house owners. In the case of one-room tenements, the occupants are usually very poor, and unable to pay for more accommodation. The wages of unskilled labourers are rarely more than £1 per week; many earn only from 15/- to 18/- weekly. Even when the labourer is a sober man, and has a small family, he cannot enjoy much comfort on the higher rate of wages. When he is of the inferior order, has a large family, and precarious employment, it is easy to imagine his deplorable condition. Now, if the Municipality provided for this class of worker a two-apartment dwelling at 2/6, or if possible 2/-, per week, though at some expense to the ratepayers, the general public would at least be benefited from a health point of view. In the homes of the very poor the seeds of infective disease are nursed as it were in a hothouse. They may spread from the homes of the lowly to the mansions of the rich. Insanitary homes cause illness and consequent poverty, and poverty causes the poors rate to go up.

The poverty of a considerable proportion of the population is shown by the large number of persons who are obliged to resort to the pawnbroker—"the banker of the poor." No inconsiderable number of the poor get out of their beds, or substitutes for them, without knowing when they are to get their breakfast, for the simple reason that they have neither money nor credit. They must starve if they have got nothing which would be taken in pawn. But articles of very small value will be accepted by the pawnbroker, and some item or items of a slender wardrobe are exchanged for the price of one or more meals. So small a sum as sixpence may be obtained in this way. When work is procured the articles are, as a rule, released from pawn.

The number of articles pawned in the City of Dublin is very large. From enquiries which I made some years ago I ascertained that in a single year 2,866,084 tickets were issued, and the loans to which they referred amounted to £547,453, or at the rate of £2 4s per head of the population. By far the larger proportion of the borrowers belonged to the working classes. Some families pawn their clothes regularly

every week, thus living a few days in advance of their income. The ordinary money-lender may charge any amount of interest on his loans—60 per cent. is not uncommon; but the interest charged by the pawnbroker is limited by law to 5d per £ per month for sums under £10. A month's interest may be charged though the article may be redeemed within a shorter period.

The general state of things is the following:—The artizan or labourer is out of employment, perhaps for a week or a few weeks. How is he and his family to live until he regains employment? He may not be able to get credit with the food purveyors, and if he does he will, as a rule, be charged more on credit than he would for ready money. To persons so situated the pawnbroker is often the only "friend in need," failing whose assistance the resource might be the workhouse.

The business of the pawnbroker is one of great antiquity, as may be seen in the story of Judah and Tamar in Genesis xxxviii. 18.

EARNINGS OF THE POOR.

Many thousands of families have weekly incomes not exceeding 15s. There are instances where the income is as low as 10s. and even less. Here is an example:—A family, man and wife, resides in Dame Court. His occupation is that of a tailor, but he can only earn 10s. a week. His rent is 2s. 6d., which leaves 7s. 6d. for food, fuel, light, clothes, bedding, etc. Their breakfast consists of dry bread and tea. They have only another meal, dinner and supper combined: it consists of dry bread and tea and herrings, occasionally porridge. It may appear strange that a tradesman could earn only 10s. per week; but such is often the case owing to irregular employment and the poor payment for the making of the cheaper kind of clothes. Shoemakers frequently can only make from 15s. to 20s. a week, owing to the reduced price for hand-made shoes. The use of machinery in the manufacture of boots and shoes has greatly lessened the earnings of the shoemakers who work in their own homes. The great majority are living in very inferior dwellings, and they have but a poor diet. On the whole, they are no better off than the labourers.

I have rarely met a poor man of mature age who was a celibate. A man's desire for matrimony appears to be inversely to his means for maintaining a family. It is rich men who remain in so-called "single blessedness."

Dublin is not much of a manufacturing city. Its importance is due to being the centre of the Local Government of Ireland, the seat of the Superior Courts of Law, the headquarters of the Medical Profession, and the Banking and Insurance business, the seat of two Universities, and its large business as a port. There is comparatively less work for females in Dublin than in most English towns.

The disadvantage of want of employment for women is the smaller average earnings of families, with consequent lower standard of diet, lodging and clothing.

Amongst the labouring population the children are worst off for proper clothing. They rarely get new articles to wear,

and are frequently clothed in the worn-out garments of their parents, ill-adjusted to the size of their new wearers. Thousands of children go with naked feet even in winter. The want of warm clothing in winter often lays the foundation of future delicacy, and renders them less liable to resist the attacks of disease. The want of good food and warm clothing often causes the fatal sequelæ to attacks of measles. Amongst the rich this disease is rarely fatal; but the children of the poor offer up many victims to it—not so much during the attack, but in bronchial and other affections which supervene as consequences of neglect, insufficient clothing and nourishment. The Police-Aided Society for Providing Clothes for Poor Children performs good work in Dublin, and deserves more support than it receives from the general public.

A humorist once said that half the population of Dublin are clothed in the cast-off clothes of the other half. This is true to a large extent.

The diet of the labourers, hawkers, and persons of the same social position is generally very poor and insufficient. The constant items are bread and tea. Butter is not always obtainable. Cocoa is largely used; coffee, never. Very little home-made bread is used. The bakers' bread is of good quality, for even the very poor will not purchase inferior bread. Oatmeal porridge is not so generally used as it ought to be.

Indian corn, formerly much employed in the dietary of the poor, now rarely enters into their *cuisine*.

Beef and mutton are not often found on the tables of the poor. When they are it is generally for the bread-winner of the family. They are fried or boiled, for there is no way of roasting them. Pork is not much in demand, except in the form of "crubeens," or feet of the pig. Bacon is largely used, sometimes as rashers, but more frequently it is boiled with cabbage. The inferior American kind is, owing to its cheapness (5d. or 6d. per lb.), mostly in use.

Puddings, pies, and tarts are practically unknown. There are no ovens to bake them in, nor, as a rule, any knowledge of how they should be made. In very few of the primary schools for girls is cooking taught.

As regards vegetables, few kinds, except potatoes and cabbage, are used. Peas and beans are rarely seen on the table of a labourer's family.

The milk frequently used is condensed skim milk, which is purchased at 1d. to 3d. per tin. There is no fat (the most valuable constituent of milk) in separated milk, and it is, of course, quite unsuitable for infants. The proportion of condensed whole milk to condensed separated milk is very small. The women have been cautioned not to feed infants with the separated milk. Owing to the scarcity of employment for women, the vast majority of them remain at home, and can, therefore, unlike factory women, nurse their children. The proportion of bottle-fed to "nursed" children is not large in Dublin, and greatly accounts for the comparatively low infantile mortality in a city where the adult death-rate is so high.

Milk is much used in the diet of children of all ages, and it is largely the condensed separated milk which the elder children use. This article, of course, is very inferior to the condensed whole milk, and although the former costs much less, the whole milk is the proper kind for children.

Not much fruit appears on the tables of the poor. Oranges and apples are sometimes given as a treat to their children. They also get inferior kinds of sweetmeat. Amongst the very poor fruit and sweets are practically unknown.

As is well known, there is a large consumption of whisky and porter amongst the labouring classes. In many instances an undue proportion of their earnings is spent on these beverages, with consequent deprivation of home comforts and even necessaries.

The workman is blamed for visiting the public-house, but it is to him what the club is to the rich man. His home is rarely a comfortable one, and in winter the bright light, the warm fire, and the gaiety of the public-house are attractions which he finds it difficult to resist. If he spends a reasonable proportion of his earnings in the public-house, is he more to be condemned than the prosperous shopkeeper or professional man who drinks expensive wines at the club or the restaurant, spends hours playing billiards or cards, and amuses himself

in other expensive ways? At the same time, it cannot be denied that there is too much intemperance amongst the working closses, and that the women, who formerly were rarely seen intoxicated, are now frequently to be observed in that state. The publicans themselves dislike drunkards. Their best customers are the men who spend a moderate proportion of their wages in drink, for the drunkards lose their situations, or, if tradesmen, neglect their work, and thereby reduce their incomes.

I give a few examples of the diet of the poor. They are not exceptional ones:—

Number in Family.	Food used— For Breakfast.	Food used— For Dinner.	Food used— For Supper or Tea.	Nature of Vegetables, if any.
6—4 children, father & mother	tea, bread, and sometimes butter – –	Fish, usually meat on Sundays – –	Oatmeal stirabout and buttermilk –	Cabbage and scallions –
5 – – –	Bread, butter, and tea –	Meat and vegetables – –	Bread, butter and tea –	Cabbage and potatoes –
7 — father, mother and 5 children –	Bread, butter and tea –	Week-days–bread, butter and tea Sundays—Bacon	Bread, butter and tea –	Cabbage and potatoes (on Sundays) –
5 – – –	Tea, bread and butter, with occasionally eggs or fish –	Bacon, potatoes and cabbage –	Tea, bread and butter – –	Potatoes and cabbage –
3 children, father and mother and mother-in-law –	Tea, bread and butter – –	Bacon and cabbage, herrings, (occasionally) and bread –	Tea and bread	Cabbage – –
5 – – –	Bread and tea	Bread, tea and herrings –	Bread and tea –	—
6 – – –	Bread, butter and tea –	Potatoes, bacon and cabbage, steak and fish occasionally –	Bread, butter and tea –	Potatoes, cabbage & onions
3 – – –	Tea, bread and butter – –	Fish, meat –	Tea, bread and butter – –	Potatoes
4 – – –	Tea, bread and butter – –	Potatoes & meat	Tea, bread and butter – –	Potatoes
5 – – –	Tea, bread and butter – –	Fish, bread and tea – –	Tea, bread and butter – –	—
4—husband, wife and 2 children	Bread, butter & tea at all meals	Meat & potatoes occasionally –	Sometimes 'stew' consisting of potatoes & meat is made	Potatoes
– – –	Tea, bread, and butter – –	Bacon, bread and tea –	Tea, bread and butter – –	—

Name of Street.	Occupation of Tenant.	Rent per Week.	Weekly Wages.	Constant or Irregular Employment.
Phibsboro'-road –	Labourer –	1s. 6d.	16s. – –	Irregular in winter, constant in summer – –
Hackett's-court –	Labourer –	3s. –	20s. – –	Regular – –
Cottage at rere of 122 Townsend-st.	Labourer –	1s. 6d.	On an average of 14s. – –	Very irregular –
151 North King-st.	Cattle drover (and other jobs)	2s. 6d.	10s. – –	Irregular – –
Belmont-place –	Van driver –	2s. 6d.	15s. – –	Constant – –
5 Johnston's-court	Casual labourer	2s. –	Irregular (wages uncertain) –	Irregular – –
10 and 11 Denmark-place –	Coal porter –	2s. 6d.	18s. – –	Irregular – –
Lamb-alley, off Francis-st. –	Dealer in saw-dust –	2s.	About 12s. 6d. –	Irregular – –
Francis-st. –	Labourer –	2s.	Average 14s. –	Irregular – –
30 Lower Mayor-st.	Labourer –	3s.	17s. – –	Irregular – –
4 Ball's Yard, off	Grocer's porter –	2s. 6d.	18s. – –	Irregular – –
2 Quinn's Cottages	Labourer – –	2s.	14s – – –	Irregular – –

It is not in the power of the Sanitary Authorities to remove many of the evils from which the poor suffer. They cannot augment their deficient earnings: they can only employ a very small proportion of them as labourers in the various civic departments. They can, however, soften the hard conditions under which the poor, especially the *very* poor, exist. How? By providing them with homes superior to those they now have, without increasing their rents. The most urgent want of the labourers and the poorer tradesmen is better dwellings. This is a measure that should be carried out liberally.

Consumptives are not kept for any length of time in the general hospitals, and but very few gain admission to the Consumption Hospital at Newcastle. They are, therefore, obliged to live with their families, sleeping in the same room with other persons, and infecting them. The operation of the Insurance Act now provides treatment for the poor consumptives.

If it were possible to provide the very poor children, who are now obliged to go to school, with a meal, much good would result. There is little doubt that many of the school-children have to learn their lessons on empty stomachs.

Madame Gonne has recently organised a society with the object of providing a daily meal for poor children.

I would like to bear testimony to the wonderful kindness which the poor show to those who are still poorer and more helpless than themselves.

APPENDIX.

From "Co-temporary Medical Men," by John Leyland, vol. ii. Leicester, 1888.

SIR CHARLES ALEXANDER CAMERON,

M.D., M.K.Q.C.P.I., F.R.C.S.I., Ph.D., D.P.H.Cambridge.

A BIOGRAPHY.

Sir Charles Cameron was born in Dublin on the 16th of July, 1830. He is the only surviving son of Ewen Cameron, by his wife, Belinda, daughter of John Smith, of the County of Cavan. Ewen Cameron served with distinction in the Peninsular War, and in the expedition against the United States in 1812, and was severely wounded eight times. According to McKenzie's "History of the Clan Cameron," second edition, page 415, he was the grandson of the amiable and unfortunate Archibald Cameron (younger brother of the "Gentle Lochiel," chief of the Clan Cameron), who was executed for having taken part in the rising of 1745, in favour of Prince Charles.

Sir Charles received his earlier education in Dublin and Guernsey. His father desired that he should enter the army, but, dying when his son was only fourteen years old, this wish was not realized. Having studied chemistry under the late Dr. Aldridge, of Dublin, and pharmaceutical chemistry under the late Mr. Earl of the same place, Mr. Cameron was, in 1852, elected "Professor" to the Dublin Chemical Society, which had been founded in that year. There was at the time no popular institution in which chemistry was taught in Dublin, but this society in some measure supplied the want, and it continued in existence until 1861, when it expired, there being then in good working order the Royal College of Science for Ireland. Mr. Cameron's lectures in connection with this society attracted considerable attention, and, before his twenty-third year, he was engaged by several Dublin and

provincial institutions to deliver popular lectures on various scientific subjects, which he continued for many years with the greatest success.

Mr. Cameron studied medicine and surgery in the School of Medicine of the Apothecaries' Hall, the Dublin School of Medicine, the Original (now Ledwich) School of Medicine, the Meath Hospital, and the Coombe Hospital. In 1854 he went to Germany (where he graduated in philosophy and medicine), and there he acquired the friendship of Liebig, to whom he dedicated one of his works, and, to quote the words of his preface, "whose commendation it has been his good fortune to gain." About this time Mr. Cameron was making experiments in agricultural chemistry on a small piece of ground attached to his dwelling, as well as in the laboratory. At the meeting of the British Association in Dublin, in 1857, he read an elaborate paper, proving that the nitrogen of plants could be wholly derived from urea; and his assertion as to the assimilability of urea was subsequently verified by Hampe, a German chemist, and, more especially, by George Ville, of Paris. In this year he published his "Chemistry of Agriculture," which attained a large circulation. In 1856 he had been appointed Lecturer on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy to the Dublin School of Medicine, and, on that school becoming extinct in the following year, he succeeded Dr. Maxwell Simpson in the chemical lectureship at the Original, now termed the Ledwich, Medical School. Both of these appointments were spontaneously offered to him, doubtless on account of the estimation in which he was held as a lecturer. In 1859 he was also invited to take the lectureship on chemistry to the Medical College of Steevens' Hospital, and retained his connection with both schools until 1874.

In 1863 Dr. Cameron was employed by a number of sugar refiners to help them in their agitation for reforming the method of levying the duties on sugar. Hence he was moved to write a pamphlet on sugar, which attracted considerable attention, and is believed to have had some influence in parliamentary circles. From 1858 to 1863 he was editor and part proprietor of the *Agricultural Review*, in which he wrote hundreds of articles on various subjects. In 1860-62, he was also editor of the *Dublin Hospital Gazette*. About this time he

was elected a Foreign Member of the New York State Agricultural Society, and of the Royal Agricultural Society of Belgium. In 1862 he contributed a series of papers on the inorganic constituents of plants to the *Chemical News.* He showed that it was impossible to develop a plant without the aid of potassium, whilst sodium could be dispensed with. These papers have been extensively quoted in Continental and American works. In 1863 he was awarded a medal by the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland for an essay "On the Uses of Phosphates in Agriculture." For several years Dr. Cameron continued to publish pamphlets and papers relating to agricultural chemistry and vegetable physiology. In 1868 he wrote the well-known "Stock Feeders' Manual," and he is the author of the articles on "Agricultural Chemistry" in Cassell's "Technical Educator."

In 1862 he was elected Public Analyst for the city of Dublin, the only others appointed up to that time being Dr. Letheby, of London, and Dr. Hill, of Birmingham. The Adulteration Act, under which he was appointed, was very defective, but he, nevertheless, worked it so successfully that, within three years, more than fifty persons were convicted of selling adulterated food in Dublin. This Act, which was the first of the kind, was passed in 1860, and was wholly inoperative in every place save Dublin. After the passing of the Sale of Food and Drugs Act, Dr. Cameron was appointed Public Analyst to no fewer than twenty-three out of thirty-two Irish counties, as well as to the cities of Limerick, Waterford, and Kilkenny, and to several large towns. For many years he was expert and analyst to the Government in criminal cases, but resigned that position five years ago. In 1867 he served on the International Jury of the great exhibition in Paris, and in the same year was elected Professor of Hygiene or Political Medicine to the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland. His lectures were open to the public, and, during many sessions, so well attended were they that people came at two o'clock to secure seats for a lecture which was not to be delivered until two hours later. The first course of lectures was published in 1868, and was dedicated to Baron Liebig. In 1869 Dr. Cameron wrote his "Handybook on Health," chiefly intended for schools. Since 1869 he has regularly

contributed reports upon public health to the *Dublin Journal of Medical Science*, which are not merely a chronicle of sanitary affairs, many of them being original essays. A large volume of them was published in separate form in 1874, and another volume in 1887.

In 1874 Dr. Cameron published his "Manual of Hygiene and Compendium of the Sanitary Laws," a book which has attained to a large circulation, and is one of the text-books recommended by the University of Cambridge and the Royal University for Ireland to those studying for sanitary diplomas. This work has been partly translated into Japanese. Amongst Dr. Cameron's other volumes may be mentioned a "Handy-book on Food and Diet," "Translations of Poems from the German," and "A Guide to the Zoological Gardens, Phœnix Park." He has also edited, and in great part re-written, the last four editions of Johnston's "Agricultural Chemistry and Geology," and has edited the well-known "Catechism of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology," which has recently been translated into Danish and Finnish.

Dr. Cameron's contributions to the medical journals have been numerous. His account of a mental affection which he has termed "Toxiphobia," in the *Dublin Journal of Medical Science*, contains some curious matter. His paper in the same journal on "An Epidemic of Typhoid Fever caused by Infected Milk," will, the *Lancet* states, always be a classic on the subject. It was the first paper of the kind in which the higher mathematics were used in proving that the milk was the cause of the epidemic. In the same journal Dr. Cameron discussed the question as to "The Plurality of Fevers confounded under the general term 'Typhoid.'" He has also published important papers on "The Therapeutic Action of Ferric Iodate," and on "The Physiological and Therapeutical Action of the Iodates and Bromates, especially those of Quinine." The latter, in effervescing form, have been largely used in Dublin during the last six years, with great success in the sluggish forms of pneumonia and in neuralgia.

Dr. Cameron was the first to make the important observation that chlorine is absorbed into the blood, and may be detected in the brain—that it is a cerebral poison. This observation has been confirmed by Binz, of Bonn, who has

extended Cameron's experiments to bromine and iodine, which appear to act similarly to chlorine. Dr. Cameron appears also to have been the first to point out that many colours on wallpapers, other than green, contain arsenic. In 1874 he was elected Professor of Chemistry to the College of Surgeons of Ireland, whereupon he resigned his connection with the Ledwich and Steevens' Hospital Schools, but retained his Professorship of Hygiene. In the same year he became Co-Medical Officer of Health with Dr. Mapother, and, in 1880, Dr. Mapother having virtually retired, he became sole active Medical Officer of Health for Dublin. In 1882 the Corporation of Dublin placed the whole of their sanitary department under his direction, increasing his salary to £1,000 per annum, and permitting him to retain his numerous other appointments. His administration of the sanitary affairs of the city has been effective, and has led to the closing, mostly for ever, of nearly two thousand houses unfit for human habitation, while the condition of thousands of other houses has been greatly improved. His sanitary reports, and his papers on hygiene, published in the journals, are numerous and interesting; he has given great attention to the question of the social life of the very poor, and some of his articles on this matter have appeared in lay journals, such as the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Eastward Ho!* His evidence before the Commission on the Housing of the Poor, 1885, is specially referred to in the report of the Commission, and he has been quoted largely by M. Raffalovich in his great work "Le Logement de l'Ouvrier et du Pauvre."

In June, 1885, Dr. Cameron received the honour of knighthood in consideration of "his scientific researches, and his services in the cause of public health." In 1885-6 he was President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, and since 1884 has been Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain and Ireland: he is Examiner in Sanitary Science at Cambridge and the Royal Universities. In the first-named capacity he had the privilege of presiding in April, 1886, when, before a most distinguished company, Fellowships of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland were conferred upon Professor Husley, M. Pasteur, Sir James Paget, Sir Joseph Lister, Sir Spencer Wells, and Mr. John

Marshall, F.R.S., for their great services to medical science. In addition to the appointments mentioned, he is also Lecturer on Chemistry and Geology in the Government Agricultural Institution, Glasnevin, and Chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society, which latter body he induced, in 1883, to found a Board of Examiners for agricultural students, and to grant a diploma in scientific agriculture.

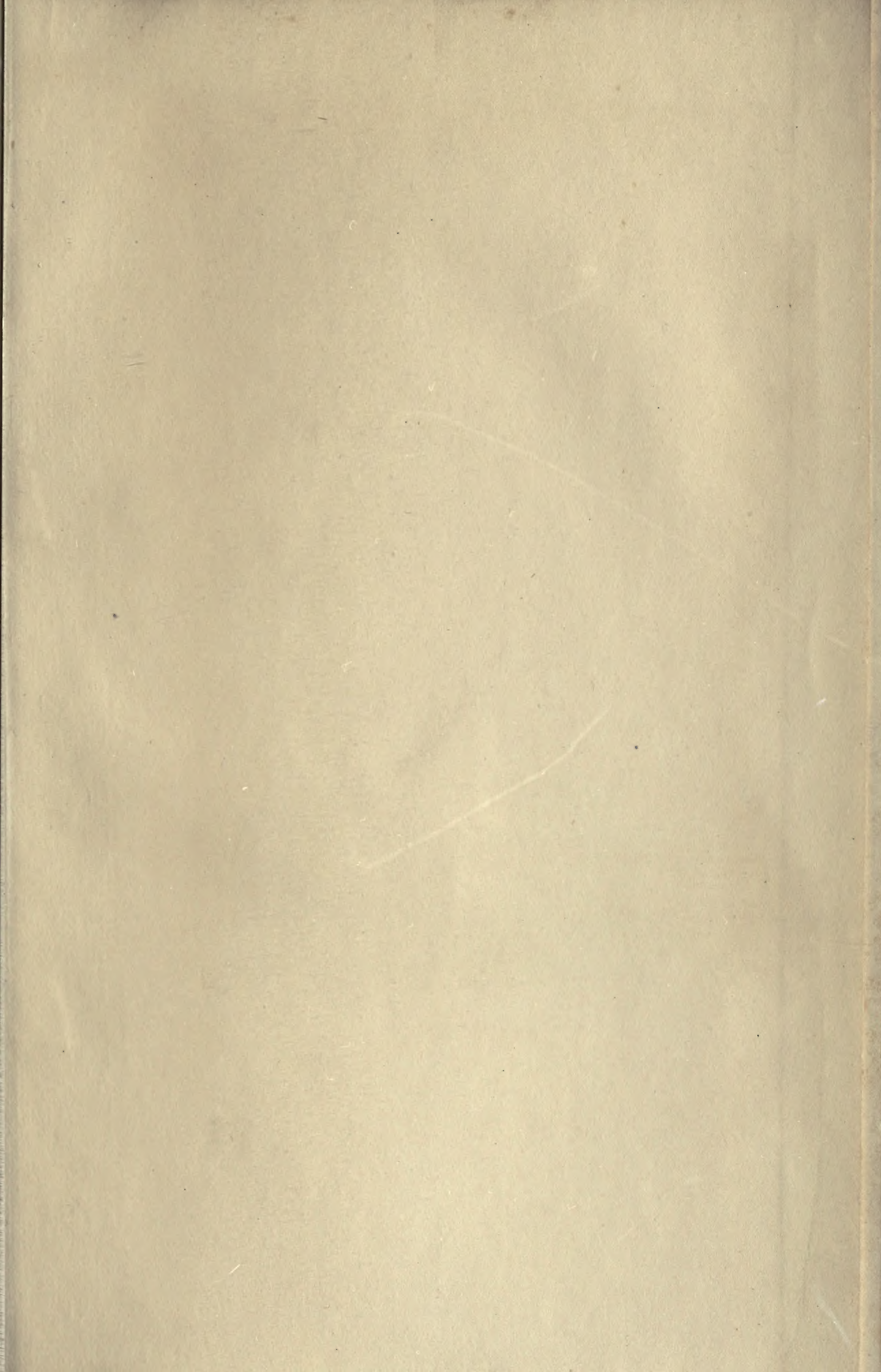
Sir Charles Cameron has been President of the surgical section of the Academy of Medicine, and of various other bodies, and he is connected with most of the useful societies of Dublin. He is an Honorary Member of the Societies of Public Hygiene of Belgium, Paris, and Bordeaux, the State Medical Society of California, the Royal Hibernian Academy of the Fine Arts, the Institute of Architects, etc.

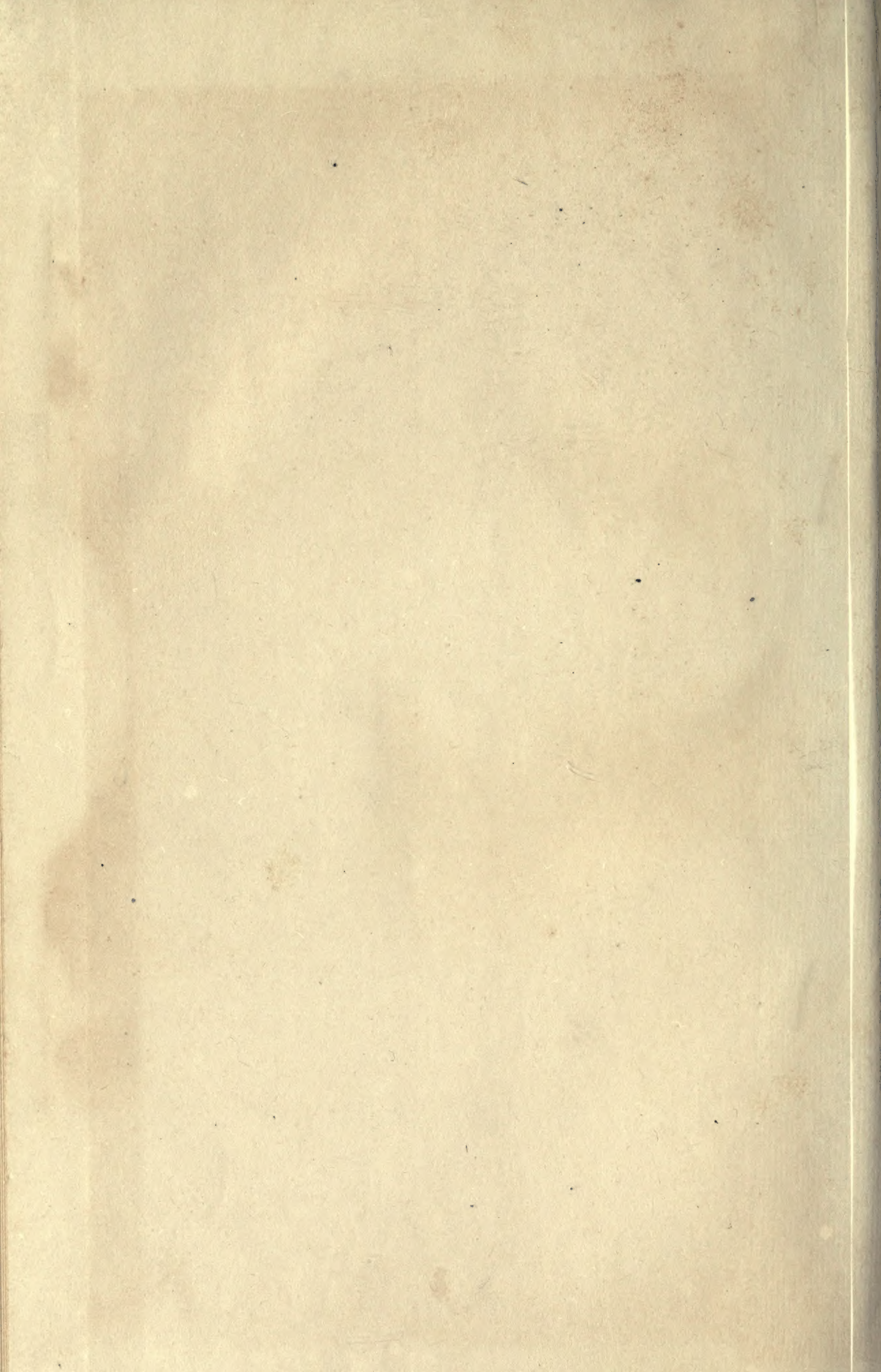
Sir C. Cameron's greatest work, issued in June, 1886, is a "History of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, and of the Irish Schools of Medicine," which includes a medical bibliography. This work is really a history of medicine and medical institutions in Ireland, and contains nearly three hundred biographies, some of which are very full, of the most eminent medical men in that country. Having had access to the archives of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, those of the Dublin Corporation, and of the Public Record Office, as well as to many private and public libraries, Sir Charles Cameron has been able to reconstruct a remarkable chapter of the forgotten history of the capital of Ireland. He begins with an account of the state of medical knowledge previous to the year 1700, wherein he throws great light upon the social condition of the country; and, tracing the gradual progress of medicine through the eighteenth century, describes the constitution of the Irish College of Surgeons, and the rise of its influence from that day to this, an influence which he shows to have been very beneficial to the many medical institutions of the country.

In 1887 Sir Charles Cameron and the Registrar-General of Ireland were appointed by the War Office Commissioners to inquire into the causes of the prevalence of enteric fever in the Royal Barracks. Their report, laid before Parliament in February, 1888, shows that enteric fever is rifer amongst soldiers in barracks than amongst the civil population. The

report is one of the most elaborate and complete on any hygienic question yet published, and its authors have received for it the thanks and approval of the War Office.

Sir Charles Cameron married, in 1862, Lucie, daughter of John Macnamara, Solicitor, of Dublin. She died, universally regretted, in 1883, leaving seven children; and her cousin, Mr. W. G. Wills, the novelist and dramatist, collected, and has published in pamphlet form, a number of testimonies to her high character and unselfish disposition, written by those who knew her.





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