
James Matthews Duncan,

M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., &c., &c.

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J Matthews Dineen

*Mrs F. Honey,
from
Jane M. Matthews-Dun
1892*

JAMES MATTHEWS DUNCAN, M.D., F.R.S.,
&c.

A Sketch

FOR HIS FAMILY.



B.P.
12/10/1917

“No good thing will He withhold from him who walks
uprightly.”

“He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.”

Bailey.



JAMES MATTHEWS DUNCAN, M.D., F.R.S.,

&c.



GREAT solemnity, akin to awe, steals over my mind on sitting down quietly to write of my beloved brother James. I would tread softly, as on holy ground, while tracing his path from the cradle to the grave. Many of my memories of the past are too sacredly personal to be shared with any one else. He himself said, "Our holiest and deepest feelings are never properly expressed, or are not expressed at all." So in what follows I shall try, reverently, simply, to give his history as much as possible, either in his own words or in those of friends who knew him well. His family, remembering him in his maturity, may wish to hear specially of his early years and of his surroundings in boyhood, for the child is father of the man. In his life Aberdeen, Edinburgh, London, were all links in the same priceless chain.

Speaking of himself on a public occasion, my brother James said modestly, "We are certainly the creatures of circumstances to a great degree. In my case the great circumstances have been few. The chief and the first of these is good parents." His description of them showed his consciousness that their influence rested as much on what they were in themselves as on what they inculcated. The following pages will exhibit his resemblance to one or other of them in various points. Certainly the mental and moral atmosphere which my brother James breathed in early life gave a tone of no doubtful pitch to his whole future career.

When he came into the world his father, William Duncan, had a commission and shipping business in Aberdeen ; and held, besides, extensive lime quarries in Banffshire, from which a considerable part of his income was derived. The lime works and the names of his ships were words very familiar to the ears of his children. He was quite equal to the task of developing intelligently and sweetly their various faculties. Like several of his sons after him, he was an A.M. of Marischal College and University. His mind had a metaphysical cast, he could reason logically, was deep-questioning and clear-headed, a great reader, a quick mental calculator, very orderly, regular and nice in all his ways, and possessed of marked conversational powers. Generous to a fault, he not only assisted impoverished relatives, and on doing a good stroke of business gave coals to the poor, but became also—I fear often unwisely—surety for needy acquaintances, or helped them with money. Some regular pensioners he survived, so they must have been people whose earning days were over. On his daughter Elizabeth getting married to her second cousin, James Matthews, her father said he would give him one piece of advice, “Never become security to a bank on a cash account. I have done so six times, and have had them all to pay.”

Our mother, Isabella Matthews, was about thirteen years her husband’s junior ; she became his girl-wife at the early age of sixteen. A bright, handsome, vivacious woman, she was at the same time full of quiet motherly tenderness, and gifted with what more than one who knew her well called a touch of genius. For anything insincere or mean she had always the utmost scorn. Both father and mother were typical lowland Scotch parents, God-fearing, careful, and, as their son James testified, devoted above all things to the education of their family.

James was the fifth of their eleven children. The register of his birth states that he was born at Aberdeen on the 29th of April,

1826, and baptised by the Rev. Alexander Thomson at a house in the corner of Bon-Accord Square, then quite on the outskirts of the gleaming granite city. His mother was twenty-five at the time, and during convalescence enjoyed reading Sir Walter Scott's newly published story, *Woodstock*. Her father, a man of saintly character and a steady congregationalist, had brought up his family very strictly ; so when after marriage her husband got to amuse her while he was at business, the later Waverley Novels as they appeared, it was with considerable qualms of conscience that she began to read them, though afterwards no one more thoroughly enjoyed a good story. The necessities of a crowded nursery made her children very early independent. At busy times they would be laid on the floor, and could generally creep to its every corner before venturing to walk. Their mother had a strong desire not to bring up her children effeminately. My earliest remembrance of James is, strange to say, connected with a little incident which occurred before his baby clothes were shortened. He must have been left asleep in his cot in the nursery and had awoke, when his elder brother, three years of age, lifted him and began to carry him downstairs. Some sound had reached my ear in the next room, and I rushed out to see with dismay the infant in its flowing white robes in little George's arms. Of course my cries soon brought both mother and nurse to the rescue.

When James was about a year old the family home was moved to a house built by our father at Broadford, a northern suburb of Aberdeen, that his wife might be near her parents who lived close by. What a privilege the children esteemed it to spend a day with grandmamma and aunts ! The large flower and vegetable gardens, the greenhouse and vinery, the hay meadow, the factotum, Arthur Rankin, in corduroy knee-breeches and blue woollen hose, the pock-pitted cook, Annie Ironside, who deemed a little foot-mark on her kitchen floor nothing less than

a crime, the pony and phaeton, the great watch-dogs, all were objects of unfailing interest. James, being a sweet-tempered, tractable child, was often invited to be grandmamma's guest. In after years he had a clear remembrance of sitting by her side and saying his hymns. Our Aunt Pirrie tells a little story of him when he was barely three years old. One day, being with his grandmother, who was then an invalid—the dear old lady died that same year—to keep him still she gave him a large needle to thread. Presently he left the room, and for some time this excited little notice, but, at length, it was thought well to ascertain where he had disappeared to. All the rooms being searched in vain, it was conjectured that he had slipped unperceived out of the house and gone home. Before inquiring as to this our aunt thought she might go down-stairs to the cellar regions and look there. To her great relief she found him in the wash-house standing below the window, and on asking what he was doing got the simple reply, "Freeding my yeedle." The little fellow had been absorbed in this for nearly an hour, which was adduced at the time as an extraordinary instance of childish perseveranee. This trifling incident is mentioned simply to show that the perseveranee must have been innate, or the outcome of mysterious heredity, for at that tender age he could scarcely have learned it as a duty.

Oddly enough too, a little later he chose his future profession. His next older brother William, being of delicate health, often required the care of an uncle by marriage, Dr. Pirrie, afterwards Professor of Surgery in Aberdeen University. Little James, seeing how much this uncle's frequent visits were desired, and the relief he could give the sufferer, thought he would like to follow in his steps, so one day on being asked what he was to be when he became a man—a frequent query to boys—he replied without hesitation, to the amusement of the

listeners, though he could only lisp the words, "A dotta." Moreover, he stuck to this decision, no doubt encouraged by his parents, with a pertinacity which made it quite understood in the family that this brother's life work was a settled matter. At this time he was a slim, small-boned child, with great deep bluish grey eyes and a capacious forehead. A clergyman, calling on his mother one day, singled him out at once from the others saying, "What wonderful eyes that little boy has! There is surely a future before him."

About this time too, unfortunately, a certain tinge of superstition gave a hue to the mind of the impressionable child which tinted it more or less for many years. A young nurse used to frighten him when she put him to bed by threatening that if he did not keep quiet some one would appear from behind the curtain and carry him off. He would cover his head in terror asking himself who would come, and where would he be taken. When older he could laugh at this mysterious horror, but frankly confessed, even when a young man, to an eerie feeling on finding himself alone in a darkened room.

It is not without interest to observe in going on some of the differences between then and now, though little more than a generation has passed. Domestic servants in the north at that time, especially those from the country, were in the habit of talking among themselves of wraiths, warnings, haunted houses, bewitched cows, churchyard ghosts, water-kelpies, &c. Without exactly believing the tales they told, they spoke as if they did; and the children listened with greedy ears, though they too, observing the way their parents pooh-poohed these superstitions, never really regarded them as more than mere stories. The contrast between then and now is shown also in the books read in the nursery. Not only were there fewer of them, which led to their being conned over and over again, but their character was somewhat different. Our

mother taught us Watts's Catechism and Hymns when we were quite young ; afterwards we had to learn the Shorter Catechism of the Church of Scotland for our father's Sunday afternoon lessons in the dining-room ; and while the young people had *Gulliver's Travels*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Babes in the Wood*, *Cinderella*, *Jack the Giant-Killer*, *Puss in Boots*, *Hop o' my Thumb*, and other of Perrault's fairy and ogre tales, which are still the delight of juveniles, they had also *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Holy War*, *Mrs. Barbauld's Stories*, *Sandford and Merton*, *The Wonders of Nature and Art*, *Æsop's Fables*, *Quarles' Emblems*, *Graciosa and Percinet*, and two monthly serials, called *The Child's Companion* and *The Teacher's Offering*. The servants bought chap-books from wandering pedlars—they called them packmen—such as *Blind Harry* and *Dr. Faustus* ; and also slips from street hawkers, giving the last speeches and dying confessions of men who had been hanged—there seemed many such then—which often fell into the children's hands, and, being contraband, were perused with avidity. We may safely conclude that James read most of these productions, though at that early time he was not considered such a bookworm as some of the others. In those days, too, we were all taught, the boys to make a bow, the girls a curtsey, on entering a room ; and once when some untrained children from the country came to see us, and neglected this ceremony, we were shocked at their want of manners.

When four years old James was sent, along with William, to " Mr. Meston's Academy." This teacher had a well-earned reputation for " grounding his scholars well." They were from the first thoroughly drilled in spelling, grammar, and arithmetic, and, if they remained long enough, were made properly acquainted with geography, astronomy, the use of the globes, and history as then understood by schoolmasters—mostly dynasties and wars—besides being taught to express themselves correctly in formal epistles and

short essays on abstract subjects. His methods were those almost universal at the time. The children shook in their shoes when, cane in hand, he entered the class-room. While it was on them his eye made the boldest hold their breath. The inevitable sequence of a badly prepared lesson or a careless reply was personal chastisement without regard to age or sex. Tender parents knew that he was a severe man, but this was considered an essential qualification in a thorough teacher, so to him they sent their little boys and girls. No wonder truancy was frequent—James, however, was never guilty of this enormity. Mr. Meston's pupils invariably left school deeply impressed with the seriousness of education.

During the midsummer holidays, which only lasted a month then, our father for several years rented a farm-house at Dyce, to which we were sent for change of air. While her children were young our mother seized every opportunity to take us to bathe in the sea. This laid the foundation for that amphibious love of sea-bathing which most of us had ever after. James, for one, never found himself near the ocean without indulging in the luxury of a daily plunge. He was with Mr. Thomas Meston only four years. Quickness of apprehension and simple docility were then his chief characteristics. The coaxing ways, too, he had with his father made the other children say that he could always get whatever he wished. He seemed never to be without a penny to spend on apples, rock, candy-glue—a kind of toffy—or parliaments, which were at the time the staple temptations of young people. Then and afterwards his father used to call him a wag, and an entirely delightful one he always was. But not till sent to the Grammar School—the old house in the Schoolhill—did any very special trait stand out to distinguish him particularly from others. Though of robust health he was a slenderly made child, and the youngest in the school. Association with boys only, many of them rough

and quarrelsome, put him on his mettle. Unable to cope with sturdier lads in personal encounters, his ingenious evasions of trials of strength, his absolute contempt of danger in daring exploits, and his unfailing good humour, were observed by the other urchins, and gained him such thorough respect that he came to be considered a leader in all kinds of boyish pranks and fun. His school-fellows used to speak in after years of his "feats," as they called them, and of how they challenged him to do the most foolhardy things to try how far his pluck would go. But whatever he was at school he was always amenable and gentle at home. The Rev. George Wisely, of Malta, may here be quoted:—

"My brother" (Dr. William Wisely) "and he entered the Grammar School at the same time so far back as the year 1834. James was then only eight years of age, and must have been the youngest—certainly one of the youngest at school. He may have been sent so early in order to have the advantage of being under Mr. Dunn for three years. There were three masters besides the Rector in the Aberdeen Grammar School. Each master carried his pupils on for three years till they reached the Rector, who had them for two years (the fourth and fifth classes) at the close of which period they went to the University. The Rector at that time was the celebrated Dr. Melvin. None of the other masters had any great celebrity. Two of them were somewhat old, and possibly on that account not very energetic. Mr. Dunn, who was a man of middle age, was considered the best teacher of the three, and hence parents tried to arrange that their boys should be under him. . . . I remember being often entertained by my brother and others of his school-fellows with the "feats," as they called them, performed by James Duncan. These "feats" were of an innocent character, but they showed that the boy was full of animal spirits. At the same time he was a good scholar. I have a vivid recollection of calling on him in those Grammar School days pretty late one evening, and finding him hard at work in his study (which was a very comfortable one) with grammar, dictionary, and all his books before him, preparing his Latin exercises. He enjoyed fun at the proper time, but from his earliest days he was pains-taking and hard-working."

Few of James's escapades were known at home till he himself spoke of them in after years, though occasionally a broken pane of glass or damaged clothes had to be accounted for. He did not require punishment from his parents, but I believe he did not escape it at school—none did then. In an old account book of his father's I see many entries of sixpence to James for being at the top of the class. While at the Grammar School the brothers went regularly in the mornings, at eight, to Mr. Straith's, Drum's Lane, for arithmetic and writing.

James had the great advantage, as seen above, of being the latter part of his time at the Grammar School, under the accomplished classical scholar, Dr. Melvin. This teacher had the gift of winning the admiration of his class, though, like boys, they nicknamed him "Trux," or "Grim." His pupils felt the influence of his accurate scholarship, and of his unusual skill in imparting it. He drew forth many of James's dormant faculties, and so impressed him with the desirableness of being trained by the exact study of Latin and Greek, that he remained ever after a strenuous advocate of classical education. At the same time it is no doubt matter of regret that James's preparatory teaching at Mr. Meston's was stunted for the reason Mr. Wisely gives. He scarcely had a fair start. He missed the benefit of the abstract essays.

Notwithstanding the favourable opinions of his schoolfellows our watchful parents began to fear that James's high animal spirits, and keen relish for all kinds of amusement, would lead to his becoming what their moral earnestness called a trifler. Too often his lessons were looked at only when with a private tutor who came in the evening to help the children with their tasks. The half holidays on Wednesday and Saturday were devoted to shinty and other games on the Links or elsewhere, and were eagerly looked forward to and talked about as if school was nothing compared to the absence from it. Perhaps the severity of the masters made

this natural, for at that time the children were inspired with fear, and school made as miserable as possible, certainly a great contrast to now, when the aim is to make it cheerful and inviting. Of James's abilities his parents had no doubt. A spurt was always made before an examination, which resulted in a more or less brilliant appearance. The boy knew the pleasure it gave when he brought home a prize, but in those rudimentary days no higher motive swayed his conduct.

About this time his two elder sisters returned from what is called "finishing education" in London, and their mother gave them as occupation—probably also from motives of economy—the task of teaching their juniors when school was over for the day, and the evening tutor had left. Elizabeth gave lessons in music and dancing, while I undertook French and drawing. We were always a merry party, but especially so on the dancing evenings. After the giddy waltz, then newly introduced, and the stately minuet de la cour and quadrille, the busy mother would be enjoined into laying aside her needle or knitting to play reels and strathspeys on the piano, while the children capered and shouted, wild with fun. Occasionally their riotous spirits would become uncontrollable, and a summary dismissal to bed ended the evening. The discussions at table too were sometimes very energetic, the give and take being quietly controlled by the gentle father. All the children had one accomplishment; they were good at building castles in the air. James was one who excelled in this art. Eventually his castle towered higher than his dreams.

About this time our father retired from active business, and to occupy his leisure profitably, rented a large farm in Skene with a house sufficiently spacious to accommodate his numerous family during the summer holidays. The original house, which had to be kept up in Aberdeen because of the children at school or college, was left under the charge of the elder sisters alternately. In winter

all were reunited. This summer residence became a veritable paradise to the children. James and his brother, William, after school was over for the week, would walk impatiently the twelve intervening miles, and on reaching the house scarcely rest to take a meal, so eager were they to be coursing over the roads and fields on a pony their father had given them, or, were the weather favourable, to set out for the Loch of Skene or the Corskie burn hoping to fill their creels with trout. No book so full of interest as the wide spread volume of nature; no music so sweet as the soft lapping of the water on the shores of the loch, or the rippling over its pebbly bed of the mountain stream. Weighty consultations were held daily with Peter Cruickshank, a worthy old man who had known better days, whom their father had rescued from the work-house to keep the garden. He had once had a large one of his own, but had been ruined by a ne'er-do-well nephew. An adept in lines, flies, bait, &c., the boys eagerly consulted him; while his religious influence was good for the other out-door servants. They all lived in a bothy near the farmyard. This rural visit was looked forward to by the brothers all the week to the injury of lessons, and doubtless began that love of wild country as God made it which James cherished to his latest breath. Riding and fishing were varied by picnics with neighbours, or schoolfellows on a visit, to the Hill of Fare, the Barmican, Paradise of Monymusk, or other notable places, when the phaeton, the pony, and sometimes a cart were all in requisition. The summer was too short for what had to be done.

After leaving the learned Dr. Melvin, James was sent, with his brother William, to Marischal College. His first session there was remarkable only as laying the foundation of several friendships which remained ever after unbroken. Among them were his professor, J. S. Blackie, Dr. John Smith, afterwards of Sydney, and the brothers Keith. But the more serious work of life was what

his father had in view. Desirous that the summer months, when there were no College classes for first-year students, should not be wasted, he sent James to the village of Banchory, where his brother George had been, and boarded him with the Rev. Alexander Munro, that under his superintendence reading might go regularly on. Mathematics, logic, algebra, and English literature, for the teaching of which there was then no provision in the Aberdeen Grammar School—to this was due probably the latinity and chiselled terseness of James's after style—occupied working hours. Afterwards fishing in the Dee or the Feugh replaced the loch and burn of Skene. His letters home contained constant demands for various kinds of fishing tackle. Were there not also breezy uplands all around to be rambled over? Was there not the fir-topped hill of Sculty to climb? Could not hundreds of feet of stags-horn moss be gathered intact, rolled up into a huge ball, and carried triumphantly to the village without the moor appearing poorer? Moreover, the four months spent at Banchory left impressions on his mind which, though afterwards modified, were pervasive and lasting. Mr. Munro was a total abstainer, and the arguments he advanced in favour of this course had so much weight with James that he signed a limited pledge and adhered strictly to it for several years. And all his life he was a strong advocate for general abstention, in health, from the habitual use of alcohol in any form.

Referring to this period, Mr. Wisely says:—

“ It was at Banchory in the summer of 1840 that he and I became intimate friends. We were continually together, and were like brothers. Few brothers love each other as we did. There were other boarders in the house, but, with one exception, they were grown-up people. That one exception was a lad of the name of Fyvie, the son of a missionary in India, and he was but a short time with us. . . . James and I were of the same age. We shared the same room, and were inseparable. The early part of the day was generally devoted to study, but in

the afternoon and long summer evening we were free to roam together over the country at will, and we used our freedom. Oh, they were happy days! Long years afterwards, when at the height of his fame, in one of his letters to me he refers to 'that time at Banchory when we were as happy as the day was long.' He had completed, as I have said, his first session at College. He had not, however, decided on entering the medical profession. If I had been asked at that time what he was likely to be, I should have said a clergyman. He had a liking for theological reading and theological discussion—a liking which he seems to have retained to the last. And, better still, he was religious and devout. As I shared his room I could not but see how faithfully he performed his private devotions. George Arthur, in *Tom Brown's School Days*, could not have set a better example in this respect. Nor was his piety confined to private devotion. I need not say that he was regular in his attendance at public worship; but there is one circumstance which perhaps I may be allowed to mention, and that is the enjoyment he had in regularly attending a weekly prayer meeting at a cottage near the Bridge of Feugh, about a mile from where we were staying. It was a simple prayer meeting, chiefly attended by the peasantry of the district, with nothing to give interest to it but the earnestness of the worshippers. James, however, would not be absent from it on any account, and in after years he used to refer to it with marked respect.

"But I must not dwell longer on our sojourn at Banchory, full though it is to me, as it was to him, of pleasant memories. Nothing, I am happy to say, ever occurred to mar the friendship that was then formed, but our respective pursuits naturally prevented our being so much together. We managed, however, for some years, while we were both still in Aberdeen, to see a good deal of each other. About the time of our return from Banchory he and three of his class-fellows—John Smith, Robert Beveridge, and my brother—formed themselves into a little band, calling themselves 'The Academy.' The idea was taken from some scientific or philosophical institution on the Continent. They met regularly once a-week, and sometimes oftener, for mutual improvement and social intercourse. As the meetings were generally held in my brother's rooms I saw a good deal of them, and they came almost to regard me as a member of 'The Academy.' One or two others were occasionally admitted, but 'The Academy' consisted practically of these four class-fellows. Though often rivals in competition for prizes and other honours, they had not a particle of jealousy, but rejoiced in each

other's success. They all graduated in Arts together. James was barely seventeen years of age when he took his degree of M.A. Subsequently they graduated in Medicine, but not all at the same University."

The next session at college may be called the turning point in my brother James's early history. It formed a landmark in his path through life. After that no one, not even the most exacting, could accuse him of idleness or frivolity. His sisters' lessons were superseded by more efficient teaching. He became profoundly impressed with the seriousness of life and its responsibilities. His intellectual growth was quickened and made more visible. From an easy-going student he grew to be noted for ardour and enthusiasm in the pursuit of learning. This resulted in a large degree from the great personal influence of Professor Macgillivray, one of whose chosen disciples he immediately became. Botany, ornithology, and mineralogy filled his mind. Every specimen he could not otherwise identify was taken to this beloved professor, so that the knowledge James acquired of local plants, birds, and beetles soon rivalled that of his teacher. To the sad day of his departure from us, he could draw with ever fresh pleasure on the stores of knowledge he then accumulated. When summer again came round, he was one who, with several others, all kindred spirits, took many extended excursions to remoter parts of the country under the guidance of the indefatigable professor.

About this time he began to keep a diary, the first entry being dated 26th July, 1842. It gives an account of a botanizing walk to Lochnagar, which lasted five days, and is illustrated, as are succeeding ones, by careful pen and ink sketches of plants, birds, and strata. At the end he observes :—

"I was remarkably gratified by this excursion, which I think took more mist from before my eyes than any other like thing in the same time, perhaps because it was the first time I had been so far from home."

The country people in the villages took the scientific party for strolling comedians.

In autumn our father set out with his wife, his three elder daughters, William, and James for Banffshire, that the young people might see with their own eyes the familiar limeworks and their neighbourhood. The phaeton was heavily laden, and the pony, Dash, cantered by its side, ridden alternately by the two boys. From Keith we drove to Fochabers, thence we walked to Gordon Castle and went over it and its pretty gardens. Then we drove to the town of Banff, and after luncheon walked to Duff House, the seat of the Earl of Fife, which contains many interesting historic miniatures. We returned home on the fourth day. James was in great force, brimming over with fun, he and William constantly chaffing each other, and keeping us amused with droll remarks and college anecdotes. But to James now the supreme interest of life seemed the discovery of a new plant, lichen, or crawler; new, he used to say, cautiously, not to Scotland, but to the district.

While at college James used generally to take tea with his future brother-in-law, James Matthews, and their chat often turned, among other subjects, on their young lady friends; but it never was prolonged till late, much quiet reading having to be got through in the evening. James's next session was characterized, as was every succeeding one, by successful application to the subjects on hand.

In the summer of 1843 he went a scientific excursion to the south of Scotland. The party headed by Professor Macgillivray, started by steamer for Edinburgh. It was James's first introduction to the beautiful town. His father went with him so far, and then the college party, to the number of twelve, after examining the flora and geology of the Queen's Park, Duddingstone, and Musselburgh, went by train to Stirling and Callander, walked

through the Trosachs, and took droskies to Loch Ard. On returning to Edinburgh James left his friends and went to Glasgow, where his father was waiting for him. His diary says :—

“We visited the Exchange, &c., and then drove by rail to Greenock, where we took steamer for Arrochar. We arrived about nine in the eastle of the Clan Macfarlane, oeenpied by Mr. Smith *Sunday, 5th August*.—The non-intrusionists had apartments for worship in this house, though the tenants were eongregationalists. It rained heavily all day, so that we could searcely see the Cobbler. *Monday, 6th August*.—It rained all day, but in spite of it Mr. Smith drove papa and me to Loeh Lomond, and a considerable way along its margin. *Tuesday, 7th*.—My brother George now came up by the boat, and after lunch we set off to Tarbet, and thence by steamer to Glasgow. *Wednesday, 8th*.—This day we took the rail to Edinburgh. *Thursday, 9th*.—Went to Dundee, and saw the cattle show. From Dundee we went to Aberdeen.”

At Mr. Smith’s, among other visitors, was Mr. Hugh Miller, of red sandstone fame. In the evening the party entertained each other with a round of stories of which they themselves were the heroes. My father told of an adventure in the Highlands which we at home knew well. Riding along a bridle path on the side of a steep hill at dusk his horse suddenly declined to go on, and no wonder, for there before them, dimly seen, was a giant some nine or ten feet high slowly approaching. With difficulty my father kept the terrified animal from a mad retreat. As the gigantic figure drew near what did it turn out to be but a tall man with a pile of bee hives built above each other on his head ! Youthful James said, exultingly, that no one told his story better than our father. In reference to their visit to Arrochar Mrs. Suwerkrop, at that time one of the young ladies, writes :—

“Dr. Duncan was then a lad of seventeen, very quiet and retiring, but came out of his shell over some rare wild flowers which he and I examined together. I was older than he, and I remember thinking him such a nice clever boy.”

Recalling these long ago days our brother John, now Vicar of Calne and Canon of Salisbury, who was a good many years James's junior, says:—

“I remember him well in my early years—perhaps I specially remember his good temper: he and I used to box together, it being my part to do what I could to him, while he was not to injure me.”

In their study at this time James and a brother or comrade were in the way of fencing as well as boxing. I sometimes examined with curiosity and doubt their boxing gloves and single sticks.

In 1843 James finished the fourth session of the curriculum of arts, and took the degree of A.M. Two winters before he had begun the study of anatomy under Professor Lizars, and surgery under Professor Pirrie. This winter he studied materia medica with Dr. Henderson, and practical chemistry with Professor Clark or his assistant, Mr. Shier. Since 1841 he had attended the Infirmary with regularity: he acted for five months as dresser to Dr. Keith, and as conservator of the Museum of Anatomy. Afterwards he became clinical clerk to Dr. Kilgour, and kept his fever book. He gained the Breadalbane Medal for surgery, and several others. In 1844 the diary says:—

“Professor Maegillivray, who has ever proved one of my best friends, and who has been my father, guide, and protector in natural history, requested me to write a short account of any vertebrated animal I liked. This he very kindly promised to insert in his *Natural History of Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine*.”

Then follows the description of the hare, the animal chosen by my brother. This summer he attended, as often as he could, a druggist's shop for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the compounding of medicine, for which he got a certificate. In July he records a coast excursion southwards, partly by steamer and partly on foot. The party examined the geology of the rocks as

they went along, explored the caves, and searched the fishermen's nets, besides remarking the varieties and flight of the sea-fowl they disturbed. This summer, too, he acted as Dr. Macgillivray's assistant, and the diary gives long lists of the plants he collected with discrimination for examination by the class.

"*Friday, 26th July.*—My labour connected with the botanical class is now ended, and though occasionally slightly tedious, it has been to me a most pleasant duty, indeed the occasional chats with Macgillivray, the company of old friends (Mitchell, Robbie, and Geordie) the pleasure of viewing nature and examining its parts appear to me to be quite worth living for. *Saturday, 27th July.*—This morning at ten o'clock we met Professor Macgillivray to speak over our excursion to the Highlands. *July 31st.*—On rising at half-past eight o'clock I was sorry that we had not a better day for our projected ornithological excursion to the Highlands." Then follow details of the birds they shot and examined. "*Sunday, 4th August*—I arrived at Newton on Friday and have made no observations since, except that I have observed the wood-pigeon's flight. There are no crows in the rookery just now, but I am in expectation of their appearing soon. They are dispersed everywhere, and at night collect into large flocks (called here marriages) and roost in the open fields. A Sabbath in the country is quite different from the same in town. I always imagine that even in the country there is an apparent stillness which inspires with awe, and imbues the mind with reverence, banishing all worldly thoughts, and inducing a sort of mental rest in which one may recall the week, and attempt to learn from it some lessons of experience. *Monday, August 5th.*—To-day I shot a *Parus Ater*. I observed a great number of them among the trees about the garden. *Thursday, 8th August.*—I went as far as the Fomet's loch and saw a welcome little bird, the wren-chat, also the water-hen, &c. *Saturday, 10th August.*—Got up at four o'clock and went out; shot a blackbird and heard the cushat's solitary song, eoo-oo roo eoo eoo-oo-oo eoo eoo eoo." On this page is a clever drawing of the blackbird's head. "To-day in the belting of firs and willows I observed a great flock of little birds. They seemed always on business and always merry, generally busy searching for food, but occasionally stopping to sing a little song." Then follow a list of the birds and various sketches. "*Tuesday, 13th August.*—This day I rose as early as half-past five and

translated a piece of a French book, and after breakfast went out and shot a collemouse." Again there are drawings of the head, wings, intestines, and claws of the bird. "*Wednesday, 14th August.*—Still great bands of tits, goldcrests, willow-wrens, creepers, &c., hop among our beltings so that you can seldom enter the garden without hearing the cheeps of the merry songsters. This day I saw ten large birds, I think geese, flying not very high, and having a leader a considerable way ahead of them. Papa saw two roes yesterday. *Thursday, 20th August.*—This day Mr. J. Matthews departed to go to Huntly by the coach after sojourning with us since Friday. On Tuesday he, George, William, Isabella, Elizabeth, and Jessie, with myself, evaporated in a cart, drawn by the good mare, Kate, to ascend the great mountain whose base is thirteen miles distant, namely, our old friend, Benaachie. We had good spirits and good weather till we came near the top of the hill when the rain descended in torrents. After reaching the top of the hill we sat down a little; suddenly the clouds rent and behold the green fields and strips of wood, burns and rivers shining in summer pride; gladly we gazed upon the distant country which we saw only by peeping below the ragged clouds which again were blown closely around the mountain. We all got safe and merry to our warm home to see beaming eyes waiting for the return of the objects of their daily solitude."

In 1845 the diary begins with a long quotation from *Life in Earnest*, by the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of the Scotch Church, London, the pith of which may be summed up in the words, "nothing is denied to well-directed diligence."

"*March 17th.*—Mr. Alison was this day installed as Lord Rector of Marischal College. He was also made a Doctor of Laws. I will make no remarks upon his speech as I expect to have a printed copy. I may say, however, that I felt great encouragement to study from various remarks he made. *April 18th, 1845.*—This day the session (glorious session!) was finished in the best of ways by a beautiful address from Dr. Pirrie. The prizes were awarded to the gentlemen whom the students would have selected had there been no competition. I gained two medals. *April 28th.*—Began Auld's drawing—chalks. *May 6th.*—Yesterday I joined Dr. Ogston's class of medical jurisprudence, and to-morrow I begin German with Professor Blackie. *August 31st.*—After

family—sacred affection—comes my love of the Academy. John Smith is now coming from Sydney ; R. B. on way to Greenland ; W. W. at Roschearty ; W. Maitland at Edinburgh ; W. Mitchell on the point of going to Alford. Now last and alone, clinging to the fragments of the miserable wreck of the Academy, remain G. W. and myself. Hurrah for Aberdeen, our home ! *July 18th.*—The summer session of medical jurisprudence has ended, and with it my study of that useful branch of the profession. I have attended a little to Dr. Ogston in the class and at home. I have read a little on the subject. As the result of this I have been crowned with the only prize.”

From the above extracts it will be seen how my brother James cultivated the habit of close observation of nature, initiated by Professor Macgillivray. In the case of the latter this faculty amounted to genius, and the scientific world suffered a great loss by his premature death not many years after this. But here Mr. Wisely may again be quoted :—

“None of the Academy ever thought of entering the army or the navy—why I don’t know. They could easily have obtained commissions. But, though not seeking favour, they were all keen partisans of Sir James Macgregor, who was Director-General of the Army Medical Department, and his repeated election as Lord Rector of Marischal College and University was very much owing to their influence among their fellow-students. They preferred civil practice. James Duncan took a high place both at the Grammar School and as an undergraduate at the University ; but it was not till he began his medical studies that he showed the highest qualities. In the medical classes he carried everything before him. No one that I ever heard of took so many medals and prizes. Had he not chosen the practice of medicine he would have made his mark as a naturalist. Dr. William Macgillivray, Professor of Natural History, looked on him as destined to distinguish himself in that department. His proclivities in this direction were the occasion of my seeing more of him than I otherwise might have done in the latter years he spent in Aberdeen. For a couple of summers I was his companion in most of his botanical excursions. We also devoted much time together to the study of the various treasures in Dr. Macgillivray’s museum, to which we had free access. I am afraid that

James did most of the studying. My love for him was greater than my love for natural science. It was pleasant to be in his company."

From this time forward James seemed to become the favourite of fortune. Success—not unmerited—attended everything he touched, and, as we know, one success leads to another almost invariably. By the extracts I have selected from his diary it will be seen that at this time his thoughts were mostly directed outwards; there is little introspection, no critical self-examination, indeed little regard to his own personality either of body or mind. But as it goes on this becomes somewhat changed. After beginning his medical classes he gives lists of the books he had read during each session. They are mostly medical, but they include also *Chaucer's Poems*, *Byron's Works*, (his father having been a school-fellow of the poet added to their interest), *Law's Serious Call*, *Pollock's Course of Time*, *Mosheim's Church History*, *Rob Roy*, *Thiers' History of the French Revolution*, *Burke's Speeches*, *Coningsby*, *Nichol's Architecture of the Heavens*, *Francesca di Rimini*, *Lord Brougham's Speeches*, *Coleridge's Works*, *D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation*, *Scott's Poems*, *Channing's Self-Culture*, *Professor Wolfe of Jena's German Literature*, &c., &c. The diary goes on:—

"October 16th.—We this day passed for second examination of M.D. in a very satisfactory manner. Tuesday 28th.—This day I received a gratification which those having a home alone can feel. My father, my mother, my brothers and sisters congregated to get a long look and say goodbye to their loved and loving brother. There we were, bound together by the holy relation of blood, rejoicing in one another, and quietly yet sharply regretting a parting even for a season of six months. May God grant that after the season of this life we may meet in heaven! Ought I not to be grateful for the blessing of a large family circle, and thankful that I have a father able and willing to give an unworthy son the advantages of an education from home? And let me see to it that I make a proper use of my time and powers in my own and my parents' cause. My mother showed her usual kindness in cramming me with a heavy larder. To her I am indebted for a course of kindness best

characterised by calling it a mother's. Should I not labour in my own improvement for that among other reasons, that it is an ingredient in her happiness? *October 30th.*—Arrived in Edinburgh yesterday. Lodged at 14, Clerk Street. Oh, the desolation of this wilderness of people and carriages, without a single oasis where congenial friends are to be found! *November 3rd.*—I still experience severe paroxysms of nostalgia. Let not that, however, be accounted the slightest indication that my love and respect for home is of a paroxysmal, intermitting, or even of a remitting character."

Strange to say, a vein of this early home-sickness may, I believe, be traced in his mind to the end.

"The College session was this day opened by Principal Lee in an address just such as was expected from the good old man. The array of professorial visage around the Principal was of the plainest, commonest, and soberest cast, but at the further end sat a man of independent manner, fiery eye, fierce and resolute expression; his hair was long, waving down his back; his face inclined to the tint of the ruby in several parts, the features extremely prominent and rather snubby about the nose—the forehead forming a strong prominence, beneath which, and hid in the shade, might be seen two piercing tiger eyes; he was rather plump—snuffed—seemed quite alone and rather restless, unmoved and indifferent in appearance. This man, with at least two inches of collar lying over all round, was, I imagine, Professor Wilson" (Christopher North).

"The students behaved like all other students—being inclined to make noise as often as was at all convenient. *November 1st.*—This day my kind father sent me £25 to pay my classes here. Let me see to it that I do my duty to myself with as much zeal as he does his duty to me, and let me ever act as deeply grateful to him. *November 10th.*—'Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labour. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advances which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation. I need not therefore enforce the necessity of continual application. You must have no dependence on your own genius. If you have great talents, industry will improve them. If you have but moderate abilities, in-

dustry will supply the deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour ; nothing is to be attained without it.'—*Reynolds.*"

This extract shows strongly how eager my brother was to keep himself up to the mark. Line upon line, and precept upon precept, he impresses on his mind the teachings and training which in the first place he had received from his mother. This constant reiteration was not at all necessary, for as a matter of fact his mind was a singularly retentive one. What he once made his own he always remembered ; and we know that intelligence and memory are generally proportionate. James was besides sensitively conscientious, as well as easily moved to do what commended itself to his good sense however difficult it might appear. I may mention here that he had no undue dread of examinations. His self-possession seldom deserted him ; at the same time he was never sure that his answers or papers would prove correct. The diary goes on :—

"December 20th.—Year after year rolls on—with many each hour passes slowly and anxiously—on looking back all are astonished at its rapidity, and must have reason to be ashamed of the use they have made of it.

Called on Mr. K——. Intrusion of religion at a minute's acquaintance without my hinting about it. Great danger of disgusting those who think they ought to think for themselves. Greatest good done by quiet, unobtrusive, meek yet assiduous, unwearied labour, and that guided by judgment or a sense of propriety.

Great kindness of Dr. George Keith. Tom Keith is a fine fellow, good-hearted, open, like his hand-writing."

While in Edinburgh at this time James, as a rule, went on Sundays to Argyle Square Chapel, where he had the privilege of listening to the Rev. Dr. Lindsay Alexander, whose powerful and attractive sermons drew large audiences. We were all brought up congregationalists, though our father till shortly before his marriage had been a presbyterian, and belonged to the Church of Scotland.

His father, George Duncan, was a douce elder of the East Kirk, Aberdeen; but our father, when he grew up, went to Gilcomston Church to be under the spiritual guidance of the Rev. Dr. Kidd, who, amid the general torpor, was considered the only earnest preacher in the town. I suppose, however, that intercourse with his wife's family changed my father's opinions on church government; so when he and she returned to Aberdeen from Keith, in Banffshire, where they lived for three years after marriage, he avowed himself a congregationalist, and remained so to the end. But he was a man of so liberal a mind that he recognised goodness under any name, as shown by his sending Elizabeth and me to the Bible class of the Rev. John Brown of St. Paul's, an episcopalian, and by the high esteem in which he held Mr. M'Kenzie, the parish minister of Skene, and his intimacy with him.

It was not long before James found an 'oasis' in Edinburgh and congenial friends. He was asked to dine with Mr. R. Mackay Smith, of 4, Bellevue Crescent (the son of his father's acquaintance at Arrochar) who ever after remained one of James's steadiest allies, and whose house was the scene of many a kind welcome till closed by death a number of years later.

While in Edinburgh James, as at Aberdeen, made medical progress his chief aim. He regularly attended both the general and the maternity hospitals. His classes were Dr. Simpson's for obstetrics, and Dr. Alison's for practice of physic. He was constantly to be seen at the clinical lectures of Dr. Christison, Dr. Alison, and Mr. Syme. At Dr. Simpson's class he gained two gold medals, which his family still have. Those medals shaped his future medical career.

My remembrance of him at this time brings before me a spare—indeed almost lank—well-proportioned figure of middle height, with a colourless complexion, clear, large, grey eyes, deep set beneath a prominent forehead, and a mass of nicely arranged soft

brown hair. The nose was the weak point—weak only as being far from a model of classical beauty, for it was flexible to follow his words, visibly dilating or contracting with the words he uttered. The mouth, though firm, indicated the peculiar sweetness of disposition James inherited specially from his father. The hands and feet were small.

“1846, *January 2nd.*—Tremendous amount of drunkenness about Edinburgh. The drinking or merry-making brings in the cases thick.”

After his return home, knowing that his father found that he was losing money by farming, James began to feel that he ought to try to be helpful, and to keep his eyes open for remunerative employment. He writes:—

“During the end of June, July, and August of this year I hit upon Dr. Cooper’s, Old Deer, where I made advantageous tarrying, and the acquaintance of several whom I may now call friends. Good and worthy people they are.

“John Smith returns from a terrestrial (*sic*) tour—N. S. Wales, India, China, &c., &c.

“In the end of session 1845-6 (the last three months of which were spent in the Royal Maternity Hospital, where I succeeded Dr. Martin Barry, and had Dr. Le Marchant for a colleague), I applied to Mr. Syme to be allowed to take a degree in Edinburgh, but the want of Dr. Henderson’s class of pathology and my youth (a year below age) prevented my being allowed.

“1846, *October 16th.*—Date of my diploma of M.D. at Marischal College, got by petition, as I was only twenty and a-half years old.”

From all of the above extracts it will be seen that James continued to go through the world with keen yet quietly observant eyes. He was not often wrong in his estimate of character. At first he met everyone with a predisposition to find out the good in him and to like him; disappointed in this he felt it as a sharp blow. Wherein lay his evident power of winning love in return is a subject for consideration. Perhaps his associates recognised

the genuine goodwill with which they were always welcomed, his loyalty to his friends, and the uniform tone of amiability, kindly humour, personal interest, and readiness to oblige, which, along with a vein of pleasantry, characterised his conversation. Certain it is that by some kind of magnetic influence he attracted those he was thrown with; wherever he went he made attached friends, many of them even becoming enthusiastic when speaking of him.

In October of this year he went by Dieppe and Rouen to Paris with the intention of going afterwards through the hospitals at Vienna and taking some classes there. In Paris he went first to the well known Hotel de Lille et d'Albion, and then settled himself permanently at the Hotel Brittanique, near the School of Medicine. Here he made the friendship of a fellow student several years older than himself, whose good influence, he modestly said, kept him from yielding to any of the temptations of Paris. Dr. Montgomery, afterwards of Ayr, was a deeply religious man, and together they went regularly to church, and to an evening meeting for protestant young men. While medicine was James's principal object, he took care at the same time to make himself well acquainted with Paris. A little note book, in which he jotted down his expenses most carefully, shows that he went to the circus, the hippodrome, the Italian opera, Pere la Chaise, Sevres, and to the Louvre and the Academie Royale, as well as to see various celebrated churches. He attended the classes of medical chemistry, anatomy, therapeutics, pathology, and the clinical lectures at the Hotel Dieu, the Ophthalmic Hospital and those of de la Pitie, and de la Charité. He devoted himself chiefly however—encouraged by his success in Edinburgh—to obstetrical studies under the teaching of Baron Dubois, who presided over that department in the Clinical Hospital. And I find he obtained certificates, some of them expressed in the most flattering terms, from Velpeau, Sichel, Dumay, Orfilat, Piarry, Gerdy, Moreau,

Denouvilliers, and Andral. One from Guerin says that "Mr. Duncan dissected in his pavilion all the session, giving himself to his studies in anatomy with a very remarkable zeal and intelligence," and his colleague or assistant, Gosselin, adds that "the above is just and deserved." Pappschein, another professor, supplements his certificate by saying that "it had given him great pleasure to have the advantage of making the personal acquaintance of a young *savant* who will one day render great service to science."

While writing I feel full of regret that our father never saw these eulogistic certificates. At least such is my strong impression, else I should have heard of them before. For a reason to be mentioned afterwards James never returned to his early home except as a visitor, and these papers would have passed from his mind before he saw his father again. He had evidently been over-working himself however. In a letter to me he says:—

"When I write home to you that I am ill, it is not that you may tell Dr. Pirrie or any other mortal under the sun, but that I may get a little sympathy from yourself. I am now better, but headache sometimes comes on yet when I try to work. However, I shall begin smartly to-morrow. The introductions have been wholly useless as yet, and will I hope continue to be so. If I were invited I could not go without expense and no comfort, for my *black* coat is three years old and grey as granite. Give my best compliments to every kind enquirer—Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. Pirrie, &c., &c. Was papa pleased with my manifesto in my last? Tell him I keep count of what he sends and of what I spend. In your next you will give me *some news* which you keep so close-fistedly. Love to all."

In February, 1847, Dr. Simpson sent him a pamphlet on the inhalation of sulphuric ether, and asked him to translate it for one of the French medical journals, which he did. Dr. Simpson's letter also informed him that Mr. J. Keith would be in Paris in a few days; and I believe it was from this gentleman that James first

heard of the intention of Dr. Simpson to propose that he should become one of his assistants. This idea made James at once renounce all thought of going to Vienna. His future seemed suddenly made clear to him in the brightest aspect. As soon as the classes were over he left Paris in the company of his friend Montgomery. He had a strong desire to see, before recrossing the channel, the scene of the great Waterloo battle. Its glamour lingered so long in the national mind, that James in earlier years had had his imagination filled with it. And his father possessed a heavy Waterloo sword which his sons used to try to wield, and regarded with superstitious reverence. James's residence in Paris must have revived this interest. He seems, however, to have paid little attention to French politics, though they were full of significance during the time of Louis Philippe.

Of James's accuracy in keeping his accounts one entry in his note-book bears sufficient witness. At a balance he says, "exact, except five *sous* unaccounted for." Here it is again of interest to remark the difference between then and now. The English are in the way of complaining that Paris has been spoiled by travelling Americans. However this may be, it seems certain that no one could now live so long there in comfort, provide himself with various articles of clothing, pay so many class and hospital fees, go to several places of amusement, expend money for passports and journeys, and spend only about fifty pounds sterling. From the note-book I find also that James paid two hundred francs for two microscopes, but they may have been commissioned by friends.

On the 17th of April he left Paris and travelled by Amiens to Brussels, which he reached the same night. The next day he went to the field of Waterloo, and saw the memorial lion and the relics. On the 21st he sailed from Ostend to London. His very correct note-book shows that of the money sent by his father to France he had on leaving Ostend two pounds and some shillings.

After paying his passage by steamer to London and his breakfast on board there could have been very little remaining, so in after years he used to say, with a quizzical air, that on reaching his native shores he was possessed only of the proverbial half-crown! The little note-book shows, however, that his father soon sent him a further supply.

After spending more than a month in London at the house of his uncle, Charles Duncan, in Islington, and making himself acquainted with all the metropolitan wonders—often having his brother William as a companion—James took a steamer to Berwick for Edinburgh, and on arrival at this latter place was hospitably welcomed at the house of Dr. George Keith in Howe Street. The next day, however, he went to lodgings in Dundas Street. His first step was to become a licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons. He was now of age, and no barrier stood in the way. The last money he got from his father for professional education and degrees seems to have been to pay the registration fees and stamp for this surgeon's diploma. He had already made an arrangement with Dr. Simpson and became at once his assistant, along with Dr. George Keith, at a salary of a pound a-week. Both were allowed to gather patients on their own account. To be at hand he went to other lodgings in Cumberland Street. One item in the note-book of his simple expenses at this time is significant to the house-keeping mind—for a quarter of a pound of tea he paid one shilling and threepence!

James was still only a half-awakened youth, notwithstanding his scientific knowledge. Heretofore he had relied on his father, and looked at life through the magical glass of hopes, dreams, and high ideals. The world of stern, prosaic realities was now to be faced. It was thought at home that it would be impossible for him to maintain himself with any degree of comfort without further help; but he nobly declined to be longer a burden on his

father, knowing how many younger children he had to bring forward.

James threw his whole heart and soul into the work he had now to do. He laboured his hardest to justify the choice Dr. Simpson had made. And this clever man, who possessed much experience of the services of young medical men, freely acknowledged that he never had a better assistant. Dr. Simpson's patients began also to place unlimited confidence in this beginner, though at first some of them objected to him as being "a mere boy."

When in Edinburgh, before going to Paris, James had become greatly interested in the experiments carried on in America, Germany, and by Dr. Simpson, with anæsthetics. He now began them himself with the utmost enthusiasm, literally working day and night in the interests of his employer. He had been busy before, but, compared with now, former times seemed leisure. Referring to this he said long after to his wife, "I toiled and sweated as I never did either for you or for myself." I should like to convey to my readers some idea of the amount of work which fell on him at this time. Naturally a busy man, he told me more than once that then only he learned what work really was. He had generally in the early part of the day to see patients in Dr. Simpson's house; in the afternoon he had to take a cab and hurry through a number of expectant invalids, confirming or supplementing the treatment begun by Dr. Simpson or Dr. Keith; in the evening and at all odd times came the experiments with anæsthetics, which were often interrupted by urgent messages. Then late at night, often early in the morning, he had to hasten to his lodgings and get quickly to bed, uncertain how long he might be allowed to remain in it. As a sequel to the hazardous inhalation of strange vapours his health was temporarily affected—he became the victim of headache and indigestion. The discovery of chloroform took place in the beginning of November, 1847. As

the story come to me, some time after however, one morning, in a quiet back room in Dr. Simpson's house, James, after sniffing at various bottles and inhaling sundry new vapours, some of them deleterious to sickening point, found himself awaking slowly and pleasantly from an unconscious sleep, which the timepiece showed him must have lasted about quarter of an hour. "Eureka, I have found it!" I can imagine him exclaiming mentally with natural excitement. The substance which had put him into this peaceful swoon was called, if I remember rightly, chloride of formyle. It had been given with some other bottles to Dr. Simpson by a chemist in Liverpool, where the doctor went occasionally to visit his wife's friends. I may be wrong as to this, however, for I had it only from hearsay. James seized the first opportunity to tell Dr. Simpson his opinion of this compound, and it was arranged that it should be tested in the presence of the latter one evening after supper. The successful issue of this trial fully satisfied Dr. Simpson, and he at once considered the discovery of an admirable anæsthetic accomplished.

It must be acknowledged that James felt rather hurt, when a little later Dr. Simpson published a monograph giving an account of how he discovered chloroform—the label he gave the substance—to find that his name was merely classed with Dr. Keith's as one to whom its discoverer was indebted for help. No doubt it was somewhat hard on Dr. Simpson to see the crowning point reached by another after the thought and trouble he had given the subject of anæsthetics; yet one cannot help feeling that he would have gained rather than lost had he, in justice to his young co-worker, generously detailed the circumstances more minutely and accurately. It would have done him no harm to have told that the evening meeting was the sequence to a previous successful experiment by an assistant. However assailable Dr. Simpson might be, James never claimed, nor wished to claim the discovery. He was Dr.

Simpson's subordinate and had been working in his interests, with his materials, so loyalty to his chief kept him silent.

Many years after this, when Sir Robert Christison was writing his autobiography, he said to James that the discovery of chloroform being one of the great medical events of his time he should like to be told some of its details. What he heard in reply struck him much. Soon after James received a letter from Sir Robert asking that the facts should be written as they occurred, because he would like to leave the document among his papers. James complied with this request in the most guarded manner, taking care to claim no more credit than was justly his due, perhaps even less. This letter agrees substantially with the version of the story I have given above. The following is a *verbatim* copy :—

“For Sir Robert Christison, Bart.

March 6th, 1875.

Dear Sir Robert,

According to your suggestion I contribute to the history of the discovery of the anæsthetic property of chloroform—in which you are at present interested—this little note.

A few days before the evening when the discovery was completed, I, acting as Dr. Simpson's assistant, accompanied him to the laboratory of Dr. Gregory, professor of chemistry. From him Dr. Simpson got a variety of substances which had respirable vapours, and we looked at many chemical preparations which were stored with them in the room below the seats of his classroom. When the former came to Dr. Simpson's house they were placed beside others of a like sort in an oaken cupboard that stood in a waiting room behind the dining room.

It was part of my work to experiment with these, and all other substances I could find, that had any smell or respirable vapour. On the day of the discovery I selected, from the collected mass, chloroform and other two or three, as deserving more careful trial than I could make at the time. I am very nearly certain that the chloroform bottle was one of those brought from Dr. Gregory's laboratory. At any rate, having had considerable experience in all kinds of breathings, I took particular notice of chloroform as the best, and likely to be most useful, judging from its effects on myself. Among the others selected was what

was called nitric ether, which gave me a bad headache of a peculiar kind.

In the evening I brought these bottles to Dr. Simpson; and, supper being finished, I drew his attention to the chloroform. The result was the discovery. I do not remember what we called the substance then. Certainly it was not called chloroform.

The incidents of this after-supper sitting, in which Dr. G. Keith took part, are related with a near approach to accuracy by Professor Miller in his "Surgical Experience of Chloroform," published shortly afterwards. Miller made his picturesque statements after getting particulars from the parties interested with the sensation of the evening.

I have written this from memory, and have intentionally avoided referring to any kind of document.

Yours most truly,

J. MATTHEWS DUNCAN."

Meantime his busy life went on. He had little time to let his thoughts dwell on the dear ones at his early home, and less time to write to them. But they were not forgotten. A hurried annual visit was somehow contrived, and in that of 1848 he took his sisters handsome presents bought with the first good professional fee he received. I believe it was from Mr. R. M. Smith. In May of the following year he writes to me:—

"I am not taking up house till next year. My interview, which has harassed me, so long expected, with Dr. Simpson, I have had. I get £100—stay in the house—make what I can. Dr. Keith never had but £120 staying out of the house. I should have liked to stay out of the house. But never heed. I am doing as well as can be. Lady Bute (the Marchioness) sent me £5 for three visits. She consults me regularly. I have made about £70 this year already. All absolutely secret. In great haste,

J. M. D.

N.B.—I am in debt. My carriage costs me about £70 a year."

It is noticeable here that James had added Matthews, which was his mother's maiden name, to his own. There was another Dr. Duncan in Edinburgh, a well-known practitioner, and some

confusion had arisen in consequence. What brought the final decision, however, was James being called to attend a case which he afterwards discovered was intended for his confrere. To take advantage of such a mistake, or to run the risk of its repetition, was to his sense of uprightness intolerable. He immediately began to sign himself, and soon after got the registrar to dub him "J. Matthews Duncan."

About this time Dr. Simpson's health failed him during the session, and he had to leave Edinburgh for six or seven weeks. During his absence James conducted the class, and adjudged the prizes. It was a sudden change of position. So lately he had been eagerly trying to win honours; now he was dispensing them. When commencing to gain the ear of the class it was with no little apprehension that the students would be noisy, and decline to hear the voice of so young a man, instead of that of their favourite professor. His fears were not realized. He was listened to with great attention, and his quiet yet dignified bearing recommended itself, notwithstanding his youth. At this time he still fully shared the students' enthusiasm for their famous teacher. The freshness and wide excursiveness of Dr. Simpson's mind attracted his own more cautious nature, spurring him on to further diligent researches, and opening his mind to more varied interests.

On his return from his visit to Aberdeen in the summer of 1849, he took me to Edinburgh to make the acquaintance—by invitation—of our friends in Bellevue Crescent, only two of whom I had hitherto seen. The intention was that I should afterwards remain in Edinburgh with him as he thought of taking up house immediately. This journey was the first I had made on a railway, though the line from Aberdeen to Edinburgh had been completed a year or two before. The idea of commencing house-keeping faded into thin air almost immediately. I had been only about a week with my friends when, to James's consternation, as well as

mine, Dr. Simpson asked him to travel with the Marchioness of Bute and her infant son as their medical adviser. What was to be done? He considered it quite beyond the scope of his engagement to be sent on an errand like this; and absence from Edinburgh for any length of time would open a wide gulf between him and future practice. At once he came hurriedly to me, and I could see that he was both anxious and doubtful, but I did not venture to give advice. The only comforting suggestion I could find was that Lady Bute, travelling with a delicate child, would not be likely to make a lengthened tour. He consulted also a new but warm friend, Professor Miller, and at length came to the decision that there was nothing for it but to acquiesce in Dr. Simpson's proposal. This was made more easy by the thought that already he stood well with Lady Bute, and constant companionship with her would probably seal the intimacy and lead to future sympathy. I may mention here that James's first regular patients were, along with Lady Bute, the friends in Bellevue Crescent, and two families they recommended. Next to them came Mrs. Inglis, wife of the late Lord Justice General, and some members of Dr. Alexander's church.

On July 1st he left Edinburgh for Carlisle, where he was to meet Lady Bute. Though this journey on which he was setting out was far from his seeking, he foresaw that his wanderings might prove a source of great pleasure, and that his acquisitive mind would be gratified by greater topographical knowledge of unknown parts of England, so he began his travels with hearty cheerfulness. While at Ambleside the note-book says:—

“In the morning walked with Mr. Wordsworth and our party through the poet's grounds—saw his mad sister; came into his studio—saw picture presented by the Queen of her own children.”

Afterwards the travellers went through North and South Wales to the Bristol Channel, Devonshire, Cornwall, and by South-

ampton to London. They lingered for some time in North Wales, and James records that while there he read several medical books and also *Rienzi*, *Jane Eyre*, *Peter Simple*, *Macaulay's History*, and *Lyell's Second Visit to the United States*. While at Exeter the note-book says:—

“ Read *Eothen* (clever), *Stent's Holy Land* (poor), *Marigny's Circassia* (watery), *Mrs. Ward's Five Years in Kaffirland* (thin), *Sejour's Napoleon's Moscow* (excellent), *Nicholas Nickleby* (first-rate), *Lady Sale's Journal* (moderate), *Crock of Gold*, Tupper, *Alison's Marlborough*, &c. &c. Read at Clifton—*Lord Lovat* and *Duncan Forbes*, *Sketches of Physicians and Physic*, *Miss Strickland's Henrietta Maria*, *Curzon's Monasteries in the Levant*, *Pope's Works*, &c., &c.

On leaving London the party went to Cardiff, and, after remaining a fortnight there, by sea to Bristol, and thence in a few days to Stratford-on-Avon.

“ Visited the church at Stratford and saw the tomb of Shakespeare, his wife and daughter, and daughter's husband. The Avon glides quietly past the church—thence to the house where the immortal Shakespeare was born—Sir W. Scott's name, &c.—humble dwelling. Walked with a party through Charlecote Park—saw the Hall and Hampton Lucy Church. Park well stocked with deer. Here William Shakespeare poached, and in this house he was pulled up.”

From Stratford they went by Warwick and Leamington to York, and thence by Newcastle to Edinburgh. At last James was where he wished to be. He had enjoyed his protracted tour, but was glad it was over. This journey led to a close friendship with Lady Bute, which terminated only with her life.

In the meantime my kind friends in Bellevue Crescent wished me to remain with them till my brother's return. A month passed and still no promise of an early conclusion to his wanderings, so I accepted an invitation from Mrs. Miller, wife of the Professor of Surgery in Edinburgh University, and went to their summer quarters at Trinity. Professor Miller was already a great friend of my

brother's, and eventually became the most staunch of his allies and supporters. After being six weeks at Trinity I consulted with James by letter, and he agreed with me that I had better go home, as Lady Bute's programme of travel would detain him much longer than was anticipated. I said goodbye accordingly to my kind Edinburgh friends, and went north, taking with me Professor Miller's little girl—now Mrs. Heron Watson—to be a playmate for a time with my youngest sister, who was of the same age.

It was the 24th of October when James returned. He went at once to reside with Dr. Simpson and fulfil his engagement to him. Scarcely had he been a week in the house, however, when another objectionable proposal was made. Dr. Simpson wished him to go for a time with Lady Mary Abercromby to Turin as physician to the British Embassy there. James firmly declined. The diary adds, "Curious conduct of certain parties." There can be no doubt that at this time the little rift within the lute began to be discernible. Mrs. Simpson and her sisters were very kind to me while I was at Trinity. Their house for the summer was close at hand, and I was several times their guest. On one of these occasions Mrs. Simpson said, "Your brother will have to begin practice for himself by and by. The doctor says there is a good opening at Jedburgh had he been here now." This speaks for itself.

After James's return Dr. Simpson made use of him more as a private secretary to help with correspondence and literary work than to see patients. At times his presence in the house seemed to be altogether ignored, and James found his position most difficult. The medical experience he had gained would remain, and it was invaluable, but what of his hold on the estimation of the Edinburgh public, which was just beginning to be practically useful?

In the end of December he again went into lodgings, this

time at 58, Queen Street. He was now impatient to begin for himself independently. He did not expect anything but slow progress, so the sooner the first step was taken the better, but his engagement did not terminate till June. When I went to Edinburgh the summer before, he took me to call on Mrs. Simpson, and on leaving said, "Remember this is the house where I have to be all things to all men." Now he feared that the man he had loved, esteemed, and served devotedly had become antagonistic. But he was led by a way he knew not. When one influential friend failed him, another was raised up.

In the spring of 1850 an unusually long letter came to me:—

"I think it will in all probability soon be 6, Wemyss Place. It will be a speculation, but never heed. I am not decided but very nearly so. Papa must be ready to lend me a few pounds at a time if necessary. Never venture never gain. If I do take it I will require you or Jessie to look after me and my messages, or else I must get a servant (a bad substitute) for the very purpose. My friends advise me to it, but we will see. In a year or so I surely should be able to make £200 or £300. I suppose William is making twice that already and Matthews four times it. I am getting on as well as possible, but I am making no money. I have been attending the family of 'the bloody Menteith of Carstairs.' The Marchioness of Douro, speaking to one of my own patients (Mrs. Professor Miller), said she had often heard of me, and that I was highly spoken of. That, however, puts not a farthing in my pocket. Last month my expenses in Dr. Simpson's house were £20—awful!—I am almost bankrupt. As soon as I deem it expedient I will begin a carriage. Some advise me to do so already. But *that* would be premature. My cabs cost me about £25 a-year. For all my popularity, if Dr. Simpson do not second me, I may leave Edinburgh when I choose.

I got a silver-gilt Russian mug for porter from one of the doctors at the Court of St. Petersburg, for whom I did some favours. Also a gold pencil case from a lady who wished from poverty to shirk a fee.

To-morrow I am to be forced by Mrs. Miller to sit for a small rough oil portrait to Douglas, a painter of great eminence here. I will send it down to you. I will only have two or three sittings.

I am quite a piece of gossip just now among a class. You see how

vain I become! They name me to five or six. But they are sadly mistaken. I am doomed a bachelor.

Have you seen the *Congregational Jubilee Services*, a volume lately published? Give my best love to Mary, and believe me,

Yours in truth,

J. M. D.

I am glad to hear so well of Mamma."

At the end of April I went again to Edinburgh, and visited at Professor Miller's while helping James to furnish his new house. We established ourselves in it early in June. The furniture was substantial though simple. James had no idea of getting things for temporary use; what he bought he would have of the best that it might be serviceable afterwards. He never condescended to electro-plate—he would rather have what he could not do without in silver, and he preferred old plate to modern. We had no drawing-room in Wemyss Place—only a dining-room and study, but they were made very nice. Neither of us had exalted notions of æsthetic taste in those days, though we both liked suitable surroundings.

In September our father and mother came to see us, and remained a month. The latter brought an acceptable supply of table linen to supplement the scanty one already provided. We all spent a day with Mrs. Simpson and her sisters at Trinity. These ladies were as usual very kind and hospitable. But the Miller family were our special friends. No one could be more helpful than Professor Miller was to James, and no one could be more affectionate than Mrs. Miller was to me. With the exception of Lady Bute, all James's best patients at this time came through Professor Miller.

Strange to say, his parents, and I myself, found James greatly changed. He had become a different man. Though always substantially kind, his nature somehow seemed warped. The youthful light-heartedness and frankness had given place to a staidness

of demeanour and a reticence which, as far as understood, we attributed to the ordeal of self-restraint and imperturbability he had had to go through latterly. All the sweet exuberance seemed to be taken out of him. No more amusing flights of fancy, playful humour, or generous expansion of heart, as in days gone by! Though our parents took little notice, they were, however, very sympathetic, and hopeful that his mental adjustment would soon recover its former poise. On looking back now I believe that part of this apparent impassiveness and reserve was due also to want of defined employment and too much spare energy; for his practice did not nearly fill his time, and though he never let himself be idle, his reading must have seemed comparatively aimless. Besides—and perhaps above all—though he was now in a house of his own, with his name on the door to tell the public that he was a candidate for medical employment, what chance had a young and almost unknown beginner against a skilful, clear-witted, adroit man, with the population at his feet, as an insidious antagonist? By slow degrees, however, James's natural cheerfulness reasserted itself, but I do not know that a subtle element of winning sweetness and a kind of chivalrous enthusiasm he had in youth were ever so conspicuous again.

Notwithstanding our apprehensions I cannot help thinking that his success this, his first year of independent practice, was almost unprecedented. His professional income amounted to upwards of £500.

“1851, *February 4th*.—Proposed by Dr. Simpson, President, as an F.R.C.P., Edinburgh, and seconded by Dr. Taylor. Paid £105; afterwards £25 for stamp for diploma of admission.” His father helped him again at this time.

During this year we made the acquaintance of Professor Hughes Bennett and his charming wife, with whom we afterwards became very intimate. In the beginning of July our sister Jessie

—now Mrs. Scott, of Abbotsmeadow, Roxburghshire—arrived to take my place beside her brother while I paid visits in Lancashire. In August James writes in the diary:—

“Started on Monday, the 18th, to see the Great Exhibition in London—stayed in Long’s Hotel, Clifford Street—was dazzled and delighted with the show. But the most overpowering object is the building itself, and the most grand sight obtained one sunny day standing in the gallery corner overlooking the transept—the sky of glass overhead, and the sea of people below, with prominent objects standing out—statues, gates, &c., and also the most lovely of all—the crystal fountain. 19th.—Went to the Opera in Haymarket—Lucrezia Borgia—had an intense headache before, which soon disappeared in the ravishment of the senses. 20th.—Went to the Adelphi Theatre—stayed about half-an-hour—was disgusted—could not stay longer; can easily comprehend the badness of the influence exercised by a place like this. Went subsequently to the French play at St. James’s—altogether an immensely superior place—good acting, &c. 21st.—Had a call to Herefordshire. 24th.—Was delighted to be back in Edinburgh from London, which I always find very disagreeable. Am afraid that any germs of real piety which I may ever have cherished I now neglect very much to my own damage and loss. Let me in dependence on the cross strive to do better.

1852, *January 11th.*—Find I have entered a new year. I cannot say I am a better man, but certainly find myself in a far better position, and more disposed—thanks be to God—to meditate upon heavenly things. My chief temptation is to direct my feelings against individuals instead of their acts.

The stupid quarrels about homœopathy, still raging, have done much harm to all concerned.

Have just purchased the house No. 55, Castle Street.”

On the 1st of March we moved to Castle Street. From a pocket-book of my own I see that James’s principal friends this and the two following years (after Professor Miller who was his constant companion) were Dr. Thomas Keith, Dr. William Gairdner, Dr. Malcolm Mackenzie, and the Rev. G. Wisely. These young men frequently dined with us either together or separately. I find also in James’s diary records of other visitors:—

“*March 29th.*—Dr. John Smith—now appointed Professor of Chemistry and Experimental Philosophy at Sydney—staying with me for a few days—goes away in summer. I regret deeply the loss. But the appointment is a good one, and I am happy for his sake. *June 11th.*—Dr. John Smith again returned and took leave of me and I of him. I feel it a great loss. Mr. Miller and I have been engaged in defending ourselves from a stealthy attack. I have again, however, felt myself very much under the influence of my besetting sin of dwelling too much on the bad parts of character. Let me remember 1st Peter 2nd and 1st.”

Till this time both Dr. Simpson and my brother seemed desirous of hiding from the public the break in their former cordiality.

“*June 15th.*—Have very much to complain of my want of any high feeling of love to my parents, and would wish to think more of and for them. Most of all do I need to be humbled, and to feel my own insignificance and worthlessness and the nothingness of all my deeds in the way of gaining the favour of Almighty God, and resort to the only safe footing to stand on—faith in my Saviour. On the whole very callous, but am often very sad at the thought that I have never sat down at the Lord’s Supper, chiefly on account of a foolish hope of seeing more and more clearly God’s plan of salvation, as I think clearly, and of settling on the minor questions in my own mind as to God’s divine government, before I take the outward pledge of Christianity. Know that it is monstrously foolish, but am further intimidated by a fear not so much of falling back as of doing and thinking bad things after so solemn an engagement as the Lord’s Supper. Feel much want of some mental job to set about—at present have none; this is a blank after finishing assisting Miller in his 2nd edition. Grieved to find so much hollowness in the profession, and so much toadyism, quackery, and spite. *December 12th.*—Sudden death of Dr. Campbell a few weeks ago; consequent resolution to begin lecturing. Purchase of Dr. C.’s museum for 150 guineas. Have just written a draft of application for membership in Argyle Square Church, and am not without misgivings.”

I may observe here that all this year James had been most industriously perfecting his knowledge of German. His father’s

friend, Mr. Sachs, Professor in the Free Church College, Aberdeen, recommended Mr. Theodore Meyer to help him with its scientific phraseology; and he set me to work at it in spare evenings for his own sake as much as for mine. It was an idea of his that nothing teaches one's self more than teaching others. This year we saw a good deal of a family with whom he was afterwards to be closely allied: Mr. and Mrs. Hotchkis, of Castlemilk, Dumfries-shire, were now living near Edinburgh, and our intercourse was frequent.

“*June*, 1853.—Commenced lectures on May 3rd—getting on very well—like lecturing as a daily intellectual gymnastic. Find it a useful lesson to myself to do so, doubly as teaching me my ignorance and teaching me knowledge, and further valuable as an incitement to study. Great co-operative kindness of Dr. W. J. Gairdner.”

This year we had a second visit from our parents, and in April our sister Jessie was married to the Rev. William Scott, of Glasgow. Among other visitors I find the names of Mrs. Dalrymple, of Norwich, and Dr. Montgomery, of Ayr. Mrs. Dalrymple used to advise James to get married, urging that marriage was almost indispensable in his profession. The reply she got showed the simple genuineness of the man: “How can I get married when I do not fall in love?” When Mrs. Dalrymple went south I accompanied her, and spent three months very pleasantly at Norwich and the neighbourhood with her and her friend, Mrs. Hudson Gurney.

As there was plenty of room in the house, James this year thought he might take a young medical student as a boarder and superintend his studies. His friend, Dr. John Brown, author of *Rab, &c.*, to whom he spoke of this idea, recommended one he had not room for—the son of an eminent London surgeon. This adventure did not prove successful. After being with us nine or ten days, and showing annoying want of punctuality at meals and at night, our new inmate absented himself without notice a whole

Sunday, and did not appear until Monday morning after breakfast. All this time James and I were on tenterhooks, indeed he sat up half the night in expectation, and said in the morning that such a state of things could not be endured longer. When he came in about noon, after his round of visits, he went up at once to the young man's room and found him in bed asleep. James told him, without preamble, that the irregularity was beyond endurance, and that he must change his quarters immediately. In vain the young fellow—a tall handsome youth—pleaded for forgiveness. James was inflexible, and so ended this little interlude.

James was now a most conscientious member of Dr. Alexander's church. Rare, indeed, were the occasions when he was absent from morning service. Even at the height of his practice, in London as in Edinburgh, he contrived so as not to miss this privilege, and always expressed himself as enjoying it greatly. The diary goes on:—

“*December 31st, 1854.*—At the close of another year I enter here a notice to remind me of having resolved to strive to increase my faith, and produce an abiding sense of God's presence. Try especially to give up the sin of too much tendency to self-indulgence. . . . Read lately my first paper before the Medico-Chirurgical Society. Think I succeeded very fairly, but thought I would have been more convincing. However, I cannot say how convincing or not I was. Like my lectures, and mean to persevere. Hope to get married soon, but total uncertainty as to whom. Should try to have more to do with my parents.”

Here I again quote Mr. Wisely, as what he writes points to another of my brother's characteristics:—

“I came up from Leith to Castle Street to consult him about indigestion or something of that kind. He took me into his study and asked me all sorts of questions, and then prescribed. I forget what he prescribed, but he told me what to eat and drink, or rather not to drink. He told me not to take wine. Then I was about to leave but he wished me to stay lunch, which I did. You must have been present at lunch.

We were quite happy together, and in the midst of lunch he said, 'Take a glass of wine, George,' and filled my glass with sherry. 'But,' said I, 'you just told me not to take wine!' 'Oh,' replied he, 'that was in the other room!'

It would be difficult to convey to any one who did not know James well a correct idea of the delicate humour which flavoured his conversation. Its blendings were an apt anecdote, a quizzical but far from striking mimicry, and occasionally a kind of gentle irony. When he was a boy he was the life of the group, scattering flashes of fun and drollery and repartee "fast and furious," enjoying both his own humour and the humour of others. But time and events sobered him as they do us all.

I may make an observation here relative to a different phase of my brother's character. From the first he had an assured clearness of prevision regarding success in practice. He saw sagaciously its great dependence on securing the esteem, both personally and professionally, of his medical brethren. And yet even from the beginning nothing could tempt his drift of mind to diverge from the straight line of truth and honour. No undue pliability could ever be detected in his intercourse with the master minds in his profession.

Professor Miller continued to be a warm supporter. He would often appear about luncheon time, snapping his fingers in his airy way, and saying, "Duncan, I have got another patient for you," nearly as much pleased as the younger man. By him James was introduced to a wealthy American lady, Mrs. Alexander Duncan, who remained as long as she lived one of his most intimate and valued friends. His professional visits to the country became gradually more frequent. Besides calls to Mountstuart or Cardiff Castle, he went to Northumberland, to Dunninald, to Largo House, to Burnhouse, &c. Thus step by step began the practice which afterwards assumed such gigantic proportions.

James had also been appointed one of the physicians to the Edinburgh Royal Dispensary. In connection with this institution he gained much further experience, and had a large number of pupils.

The years as they advance bring grief. No one who continues to live can escape it. This truism was now and, alas, often afterwards, to be exemplified in James's experience. The diary records:—

“1855, *June 26th*.—My father died. Had been severely ill with bronchitis and dropsy many times, specially this past winter. He died suddenly, *i.e.*, after a few hours' illness. I heard nothing of this till the announcement—dread to me—came of his death in the Lord. Died of aneurism. My poor mother's grief who can measure? May God comfort, soothe, and protect her.”

This sad communication came by telegraph. James was not in the house when it arrived, so it lay some hours on his table unheeded. When at length he came in and read it, he sent it upstairs to me with a pencilled note, which I still have, to the following effect:—

“You should go to Aberdeen to-morrow by first train. I have a letter to Charles for you to take. Tell the servants to get mourning and to give me the bills.”

A verbal message also came that he would take dinner alone. So I went north early the next morning without seeing him. I do not think he could trust himself to an interview. In a few days he came to Aberdeen to attend the funeral. Our beloved father was lowered into the grave by four stalwart sons. For several years he had been living wholly in Aberdeen, having given up the farm to his son George. It was always a cause of sorrow to him that he could do so little to raise the condition of the farm servants, particularly of the young women who came to help at harvest. Moreover, to prove a successful farmer a man must be

bred to it. The experience of others does not seem, however, to teach one's self. One fondly hopes to prove an exception to an unfortunate rule. My father's taste of farming left him a considerably poorer man than before, as did his son's afterwards. Too much money was expended on having all his surroundings as he thought they should be. New roads were made, winding paths laid out through plantations of trees, pretty trelliswork fences and gates put to enclose the garden, the house was decorated afresh, and got a new outside door with glass panels to give more light to the passages and staircase. He also brought valuable animals from England and elsewhere. All this was incompatible with adequate remuneration for the money laid out, though adding greatly to our pleasure and comfort. His frequent journeys to and from Aberdeen in all kinds of weather developed chronic bronchitis and heart disease. He was quite prepared for the end when it came, and it came suddenly. The evening before he had been reading and playing backgammon as usual till ten o'clock. Then he went to the bed from which he was not to rise, repeating the verse of Scripture for the night in a little text-book given him by his son John. Next day, soon after noon, he entered into the joy of his Lord. "Well done, good and faithful servant."

James's tender heart felt this loss very acutely. The diary says:—

"*August 8th.*—Isabella came back from her sorrowful visit to Aberdeen, bringing me part of my father's legacy, viz., gold chain and seals, the watch remaining in my mother's possession. She also brought an old silver tea spoon which belonged to my great-great-great-grandmother, Isabella Tower. *December 31st.*—At the end of another year how many trite but important considerations fall to be repeated. May I be strong to see the lessons clearly and to *follow* them. The great event of this year is my beloved father's death—my good mother's widowhood.

To-morrow I commence a one-horse brougham. I regret much

that my father had not the pleasure of seeing this in life, and being seen by me enjoying this evidence of my prosperity. He lived and struggled for his children.

In starting this carriage I feel justified not by pressure of business—my time is easily occupied. Indeed, I am not what is called at all busy in practice. I feel justified in seeking to give evidence to my private and professional friends of my success, and satisfying them, in a way, that their patronage of me has not been thrown away. Moreover, ever since I commenced practice, in 1850, my expenses have been less than my income by what would easily keep such a carriage.”

To witness his father's pleasure was his great pleasure!

All this year James set himself to collect and formulate statistics which have ever since formed the groundwork of many important conclusions; he also contributed various articles to the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*.

After his father's death he began to write to his sorrowing mother with the utmost regularity. A Sunday was never allowed to pass without a letter being posted to her, giving an account of the principal home events of the week, and expressing his opinions on what he heard in return. She, on her part, greatly prized this unflinching proof of devotion, finding ever fresh delight in his letters, and treasuring them with a sacredness which was very touching.

In 1856 I paid another visit to Lancashire, and unfortunately caught a rheumatic cold which kept me in bed for two, and made me lame for six months after my return. Professor Miller attended me assiduously, and my mother came to be with me and spent seven weeks in Edinburgh. As occupation, when I was recovering, James set me to tabulate some of his statistics. He could never rest without frequent visits from his brothers and sisters. Our youngest sister, Mary Rose, in particular, was often our guest. The greater part of her school holidays were spent in her brother James's house. This year Mr. and Mrs. Scott and their baby came to see us. We had now also a large circle of Edinburgh friends

and continual meetings at each other's houses. James greatly enjoyed our evenings with Mrs. Miller, listening entranced to her exquisite singing ; and I went to most of Dr. Simpson's mesmeric parties. James was always hospitable in return, and with those who knew him best a special favourite. His popularity with the public also increased, though many quiet people did not send for him from an idea that his general run of patients was of a high social class who gave him large fees. This was true to a certain extent. His income was exceptionally good considering the number of families he attended. The other doctors called his practice select.

All this year James filled his leisure time by translating medical works from the German, chiefly one by Dr. Carl R. Braun of Vienna. When it appeared a letter came from the author thanking him and rendering a high tribute to the accuracy of the translation ; and some time after Dr. Braun wrote again in his own language another letter, of which the following is a translation :—

“ Vienna, 13th April, 1858.

Esteemed Colleague,

About a month ago I sent my thanks for the kind sending of your works and troubled you with several messages.

To-day I advise you that the Imperial Royal Society of Physicians in Vienna has elected you a corresponding member at a full meeting on the 24th of March, of which the English Ambassador will send you the diploma in the course of some months. I shall be very glad if you do not dislike the distinction, which is very seldom given.

With especial consideration,

Your humble servant,

Prof. C. BRAUN.”

This was among the first of many foreign honours James afterwards received. He was now preparing himself diligently for original work, based on an accumulation of facts ; discarding

assumptions and illogical theories ; probing medical speculations and diagnosing accordingly.

From my little pocket-book I find that in the early part of 1857 five school boys repeatedly spent Saturday with us. They were William and Henry Dalrymple from Norwich, William and Duncan Sherman from New York, and Henry Fisher from Dorsetshire. To me this was a memorable year. My marriage took place in July, at Aberdeen. Mr. Newlands had often been our visitor in Castle Street, but I thought I should like the wedding to be from my mother's house. Notwithstanding prospective happiness, I left Edinburgh with a heavy heart. I liked it, and had made numerous friends. Besides, it was impossible to live with James and not learn many high lessons. His lofty train of thought was most improving : his concentration of noble aim an everyday lesson. I could see that professionally he was the very embodiment of honour ; and that though far from despising the pomps and vanities of the world, he knew and felt that they ought always to be relegated to an inferior place. The spirit of this he expressed in the following quotations from addresses to medical students :—

“ I belong to a profession which, while it equals any other in the virtues and worth of its members, is second only to one in respect of the grandeur of the objects at which it aims ” ; and again, “ The life of a man from his mother's knee to the terminal grave is likened to a thread, whose continuity maintained till then, is abruptly broken. We hold to a different doctrine, that the continuity across the dark valley is still maintained. Enough for us now to consider a part of this eternal life, the part occupied by medical studies.”

Our residence together had endeared James to me beyond any other brother, and it was a great pang to part. I can recall it all. While writing, I seem to live the time I spent with him over again. In some subtle, impalpable way the past becomes the present. He was not the earlier brother, but he was still very lovable, and time

had developed many inestimable qualities of which his younger years had only given promise.

After being married by my brother-in-law, Mr. Scott, my husband and I set off for a long tour through Germany, Switzerland, and France. I may mention here that a little before I left, James took me to a great public meeting which was to be addressed by Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot. James's political opinions had, for some time, been wavering from liberal to conservative. He allowed that this arose, in a great degree, from revulsion to much inconsistent radicalism he had observed while with Sir James Simpson. An ideal sense of fitness had been rudely violated. Yet at this meeting, and occasionally afterwards, James's former opinions seemed to regain their sway. At various points of the democratic orator's speech his plaudits were so energetic that a lady sitting behind us, whom we knew, patted him on the shoulder to ask him to restrain himself.

James's home was now no longer mine. Henceforth my knowledge of his doings and of his success was derived from others. He was alone, and did not like it. The same hospitality reigned in his house as heretofore. Letters constantly told me of one or another of the family being his guest. To show how warm his friendships were I quote from a letter I received from him in 1858, premising first that he sometimes affectionately parodied my husband's name :—

“ I hope you and Oldfield are quite well. It is a pity you did not see Robert Smith. He is in dreadful distress about Latty, and so are the rest. I admire Robert. When I called to see him he was in great grief, and expanded on her beautiful eyes and eyelashes. Her last words were, he said, ‘ Lord, take me.’ After she could not speak she returned his signs with great fervour. How few hearts there are like Robert's! Love to Oldfield.

Yours,

J. M. D.

P.S.—What a fine correspondent you are! Such long letters and so often!”

In 1859 our sister, Jessie had a serious illness which caused great alarm in the family. James thought he could watch over her more constantly were she beside him. As soon as she appeared at all able to travel she came from Glasgow with her husband and mother. For some time there was no improvement, and James and Professor Miller agreed in considering her state most critical. Dr. Begbie was also consulted. James watched her day and night with the utmost solicitude. Eventually his care was rewarded: Jessie recovered, and she and her mother returned to their respective homes. A letter from James tells me of all this.

At the end of this year James makes an entry in his diary to the effect that he had begun to use two horses in his carriage.

“1860, *March 3rd*.—Commenced giving clinical lectures on diseases of children at the Hospital for Sick Children.”

More and more James felt the disadvantage, inconvenience, and dreariness of single life. Not so long ago he had thought himself a confirmed bachelor, now brighter days were at hand. His heart went out to a lovely fragile-looking girl who was visiting her sister, the wife of the late Sheriff Jameson of Edinburgh. He had seen her first when she was about twelve years of age. Both were daughters of his intimate friend Mrs. Hotchkis. James was a resolute man, and there was no reason why the matter should not be settled at once. I risk an intrusion on what is sacred by giving the following extracts from his diary.

“1860, *May 11th*.—Returned from St. Andrews and went to Churchill to see Miss Jane Hotchkis. I spoke so as clearly to indicate my intentions, and I thank God that she seemed to receive them well. My walk with her in the evening was delightful. She is every thing in person and mind that can bless a man. Truly the stores of happiness in this world are varied and inexhaustible. *May 12th*.—This fortunate event nearly coincides with my removal to 30, Charlotte Square—an

additional piece of good luck—I *am* lucky. *May 15th.*—This is the real day of my engagement to Jane Hart Hotchkis—her father having sent me his consent. May God bless this union. *May 24th.*—I have this day entered my new house, 30, Charlotte Square. I begin now indeed a new life. May God bless it, for all my hopes and plans have to be adapted to the married condition to which I look forward with unalloyed pleasure. My mother, brothers, and sisters are delighted. *June 17th.*—The prospect of Jane going away to-morrow cannot be said to make me sad, for of grief or sadness no thought of her partakes, but it induces a gloom or sort of melancholy. May God Almighty bless her, and me to her. Let us ascribe all to the fountain of all good, to God who made us, who preserves us, and casts flowers in our path—jewels into our hands, and attracts us in His mercy to the joys of the heavenly mansion at last.”

The inevitable rhapsodies of love such as this are of too hallowed a nature to go beyond the writer's eye ; so I must omit much I find put down. Indeed, James has apparently at this place torn a leaf out of his diary, as if his feelings were too sacred to be looked at afterwards even by himself. As further evidence of the spirit in which this union was contemplated, I am allowed, however, to quote part of a letter written by James when he and Miss Jane Hotchkis were separated at this time :—

“I have had a very short walk and been thinking of you and nothing else. I had particular pleasure in recalling your words, ‘we love one another, and love the same Saviour.’ We must struggle to prove this to be, as Mr. Montgomery advised us, not mere talk or mere sentiment, for then it would be a load of guilt about our necks, but a living principle and motive, flowered over by sweet sentiment. We must believe in our mutual love, so that if we find we entertain different opinions or require correction from each other, we shall never suspect aught else than true love to be under all. Our conduct must show that we love one another profoundly. In like manner our love to Christ must be in our hearts, no doubt : but that will avail little, or be little else than poverty and wretchedness if it do not lead us actively, self-denyingly, to imitate our great example—meek, gentle, zealous, busy, kind, as He was. We must always lament the dissimilarity, the infinite

distance between His example and our imitation ; but our religion must lead us to try, however little, yet still somewhat, to lessen it. We must not be 'Lo here, or Lo there,' christians, but doers of His will. I fear I have too great a dislike to talking professors—phrasers—for I don't think they are generally the best. The best talk is in the eloquence of deeds, of a holy life, of a happy good life. Talk is essential, but it needs to be very wise, or very simple ; the genuine expression of deep feeling, springing from the heart as water from a fountain."

The wedding was celebrated on the 21st of August, at Ladyhill, near Dumfries, where Mr. Hotchkis was then living ; the Rev. Julius Wood being the officiating clergyman. The bride and bridegroom went immediately to France, Switzerland, and the north of Italy, returning for two days to Ladyfield before establishing themselves in Edinburgh. James's prayers were abundantly answered. God did bless this union. Their interwoven lives were ever after most happy. Trials came—great trials—but consoling each other, and meekly bearing the burden laid on their shoulders, they went on hand in hand, through weal and woe, for many blissful years until at length came the sad unavoidable separation.

James now set himself to more elaborate literary work than he had hitherto attempted. He and his wife dined early for a time, and after high tea he retired to his study, where he would remain till midnight or later, busy with his pen, his wife often sitting beside him till he sent her to bed, and reading extracts as he asked her. This year he published a translation from the German of a valuable book by Professor Litzman of Kiel.

"1861, *May*.—Commenced clinical lectures on diseases of women in the Royal Infirmary."

This brief entry is the last in James's diary. A great pity—we should have liked it to go on ; for who can fathom the depths of another's mind ? I have made many extracts ; but after all, his individuality was so distinct that only those who knew him well

can fit them to the man. No one heard of this diary till it was found after his death, and I suppose he had forgotten it himself.

During this year another new relationship devolved upon him. He became the happy father of fine twin boys. His practice and income advanced by leaps and bounds: the drawback of celibacy had been removed. Invalids from all parts of the kingdom began to be attracted by his high reputation, which seems the more remarkable when we remember that Sir James Simpson was still alive, and at the summit of his professional fame.

My brother James was far from sordid. No medical brother—and the highest of them are noted for this generosity—could excel him in giving freely, without thought of recompense, the best of his valuable advice when required. He was also a liberal donor to charities which commended themselves, especially to medical ones. Moreover, he was often greatly moved by sad cases which came before him—sometimes they haunted him for hours, and were only dismissed by a strong effort of will. Soon another son was born to him, to whom he gave the name of Charles, after a brother he loved, and then a little daughter. This was undoubtedly the happiest period of his happy life. Everything he touched went well with him. The blessings he had asked were abundantly granted—wedded life flowed sweetly on. He was rich in the love of wife, children, and friends. His brother Charles, a successful Aberdeen advocate, afterwards Procurator-Fiscal for Aberdeenshire, was now his chief adviser. For eight or nine years James had observed, with singular delight, the steady development of this younger brother's powers, and then and afterwards placed a rare confidence in his now riper counsel. As the days went on the two brothers became more and more to each other; and till one was taken from earth they kept up a continuous correspondence. Never did the slightest suspicion of coolness arise between them, or even difference of opinion. In 1864 Charles was married to Miss Emily

Moir, daughter of the late Dr. Moir of Musselburgh, known in literature as "Delta," whose statue, erected by his fellow-townsmen, stands near that town. All our family mustered in Edinburgh to be present at the wedding. James's house was full to overflowing, for some of us, including my husband and myself, had to sleep at an hotel, while spending the day at 30, Charlotte Square. Such a re-union made this a delightful time for me. I was once more in the midst of those I loved best. The evening of the wedding day there was a large "At Home" at James's house, with good music. This marriage proved another exceptionally happy one.

Some time before, my brother George and his family had gone to New Zealand, where he had bought land; and soon after my husband and I went to India. While there I received, among many letters from brothers and sisters, one from my sister-in-law, Jane, telling me of the death of her father. The following came from James:—

"September 10th, 1865.

My dear Isabella and Newlands,

I have quite an admiration of you and exile George's letter-writing. The talent was latent, and foreign climes have brought it out. I sympathise much with you all. You certainly have special troubles and anxieties (we all have). But you have society, even some advantages over ordinary mortals, and you have unbounded hopes. Poor George and his family are truly exiles. To George the hardships are nothing to the advantages. Perhaps it is otherwise with his family, but I believe they have the goodness even to think this. His last letter seems to me to show that they are beginning to feel the way to plenty. I would be almost satisfied were the dangers of Maori war away from their door. I hope you will soon see the way to plenty. In your case that seems the only great want, for you have nearly every comfort but home. And if you had plenty you would likely soon have superabundance, and 'lay by,' so as to be able soon to come home. May God spare us all to meet again. I see no prospect of ever shaking hands with George and his family again, but I may still hope for it.

I have little to tell you. Every reason I have to be thankful for my lot, relations and friends, and moderate prosperity, above all my wife and our family of four soon to be five. I have got quite sickened of absence of my family lately. April and May at Pinkieburn—where I saw them very often. Then home for ten days. Then to Deanston for three weeks. Then on to Ladyfield till now. At last I am to have them all home to morrow. The house has been undergoing extensive doing up for them. The top storey papered, painted, gassed, watered, &c., &c., &c. Now with exception of one little lumber-room every benmost bore is occupied. We will be sorry to give up our guests' chamber, and hope this necessity may not arise. I feel it quite impossible to equal, and do not equal your descriptive letters. But I must tell you of our trip this summer to Aberdeen, where we stayed with William now a housekeeper. I hope you have congratulated him on this advance. He sits at the head of the table, and *entre nous* is, I hear, quite a good fellow, and for his housekeeper easy to deal with. We found a most comfortable jolly little house with all the old chairs, tables, pictures, that I reverence. We went to Johnstone House, returned the same day and went to Culter, where we stayed with C. and Emy and their baby. C.'s cottage and Matthews's are very nice, in the old style of country lodgings which I like. Thence to Aberdeen. Thence we took Jim as our guest to Aboyne, Ballater, Braemar, and all its sights, and sent him baek. We went on to Glenshee, over the hills to Pitloehrie, on to Dall on Loeh Rannoeh side, thence to Struan and to Faseally where we stayed three days, and thence by Dunkeld to our home. Jane went baek to Dumfries, and here I am.

Meantime my love to you both,

J. M. D."

Along with this his wife wrote of her children, especially of her little girl, who was really a charming child. How precious these letters are to me now! And alas! they were the fore-runners of a great sorrow. Not long after this a letter came from my sister, Jessie, which reached me in Bombay, and brought me heart-rending news—their first-born was taken from them. And the manner of it! How my heart ached when I read this epistle in the far off land!

“ October 5th, 1865.

My very dear Bella,

Jane has deputed me to tell you the sad story of dear Jamie's death—it is almost too painful for me to write, but as I went there on Saturday morning I am able to give you a full account, and shall try to do it in a coherent manner. Such agony as James's I never witnessed. Jane kept calm and collected after the first outburst.

On Tuesday, 30th September, the children came down after dinner, as usual, to have their romp with their papa. They then all sang their little hymns, 'Happy Land' and others—Jamie in particular leading—and when his father said, 'Now say, "This night when I lie down,"' he said 'No, no, papa—say that to Lees—that is Lees' prayer.' At eight they went up to bed, and after saying their prayers the under nurse, Margaret, carried the two boys to their own room in the top flat, which they had only occupied a fortnight. Lees had promised to go up and give them a sweetie, so when Margaret left them the little fellows, in frolic, had jumped out of bed and followed her to the top of the stair to meet Lees. She heard terrific screams, and rushed up to find Jamie in flames! A gas bracket projected from the landing. Jamie had taken hold of his nightgown and shaken it to make the gas fluff, it ignited, and for one moment they were amused—up it blazed! All this was enacted in less than a minute. Lees enveloped him in her skirt, fortunately merino, and it was put out immediately. She burned her hands very much. James was close at her back, and carried the little fellow to his bed, then took off the nightdress, and what a sight met his eyes! His dear little son was one mass of raw flesh from below the knees up to the throat. A cab was sent for Mrs. Jameson, and Drs. Watson and Sanders came immediately. Oh Bella, it was the most heart-rending thing I ever witnessed to hear James tell the story as he was able to do for the first time on Saturday after dinner to Mrs. Hotchkis. He said to Jamie, 'Now darling, it is far worse if you touch it, be steady,' and the little dear held himself like a rock—such obedience is marvellous to think of. The doctors came, and James, who was then quite calm, said to them, 'Now consider what is best to be done, for the child must die in a few hours.' 'No,' they said, 'he will live at least a few days.' James yielded, but never changed his opinion. Darling Jamie was in frightful agony whilst the dressing was going on. 'Cover me, papa, I am cold, cold.' When he saw Lees's hand rolled up, though in the midst of his own agony, he said, 'Poor Lees,' and lugged and kissed her. James

says his selfish nature rebelled when the time came to give him chloroform. He grudged every moment he did not know them, for he knew the child was dying though the doctors still said he would live a few days; so after he had been four hours under it James entreated them to desist that he might see if his boy would know them again. Jane and Mrs. Jameson had been sent to bed. The darling's agony was again fearful, but the insensibility of death was now coming on, so Jane was sent for. Pain was now gone—he was dead—body cold—but the little spirit not fled. James said, 'Jamie, you are now going to leave us, you are going to the Happy Land you were singing about.' He did not seem quite to understand. 'You are going to heaven,' Jane said, 'to be a little angel,' and the darling with the greatest effort kissed his mamma, papa, and Lees, hugging her. Then James said, 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,' and darling Jamie took it up and said, 'look upon a little child,'—child hardly being heard. Jesus did look—in another minute he was no more. Lees had her head down on his neck. With his last breath he said, very distinctly, 'What is it? Is it not sweet?' gazing intently. All the time he was under chloroform he was playing with his father and brother, giving them sticks and whips; and rending his poor father's heart. After all was over then the outburst came. I never witnessed such grief, and yet I must say, both beautifully resigned to God's will. Poor Jane took ill, and had to be kept under morphia. Mr. Matthews and Charles came to the funeral. . . . How often did James say 'It is only religion that keeps me from going mad. We never would allow that Jamie was the favourite, but he was for four years the idol of my soul, my daily, my hourly delight.' Willie has not recovered the shock he got—he took hardly any food for two days. . . . As painful a thing for me to witness as James's grief was when on Sunday Willie went to the nursery James began playing with him, schooling himself and acting to the dear child as if there was no grief; but all the time you saw the effort it cost him. At night, after Matthews and Charles had gone to bed, he came to Jane's bedroom. I was lying on the bed beside her, he said—'I am better now—I am resigned to God's will. It is kind of these good fellows to come from Aberdeen—but I don't love any of my children yet—my heart is buried with my dead boy.' After that he was more composed, and said 'Shall I grudge God? Four years of unclouded happiness I have had—oh, such years.' But I need not go on. . . . Such sympathy as they have got! I do not exaggerate when I say that upwards of two hundred letters came—

some of them so beautiful . . . James was composed at the grave, but they had to lead him away. He stood as one whose thoughts were far away. We feared for mamma, but I am more assured since seeing James who is in communication with her doctor. I am afraid my letter is very rambling, but I cannot help it. It has been a most painful time for us all, but the Lord is good, as James said when some one reminded him it might have been worse, it might have been his wife, 'We have many mercies and blessings left.' My kindest love to your husband.

Yours most lovingly,

JESSIE M. SCOTT."

Some very harrowing scenes described in this letter I have omitted. Is it not best to draw a veil over the greatest suffering and sorrow?

In November another son was born, and called Andrew Jameson. In reference to this event James writes:—

"My dear Isabella,

Maggie has no doubt given you all the particulars as to the colour of baby's eyes and hair. He is the largest child we have had. I am thankful to say Jane is doing well under the charge of her friend Mrs. Mackay.

I was glad to hear from your last letter that Newlands was safe again in Bombay. I don't like these travellings about on horseback, and camelback, and gharry, &c., &c. Our children are very well. Mrs. Doddles especially is quite charming, fat, good tempered, and quick. Poor Willie has twice asked, unprompted, that his new brother should be called 'Jimmounic,' the favourite name of his beloved companion. Jane has been sadly pulled down and looking ill lately, but goes on well. We sent George a fine box for Christmas—full of everything—books, clothes, boots, sweeties—all contributed. It is very gratifying to know that now John is quite provided for. . . .

Ever yours,

J. M. D."

From the first letter—dated January 21st, 1866—I had from Mrs. Matthews Dunean after the dreadful blow she had received, I give some extracts referring to her husband:—

“ We have had a great sorrow. All the circumstances are so painful to remember that they seem to overbalance the memory of his sweetness and loving little ways. We were both wrapped up in him. I don't think we shall ever get over it, though I am thankful to say we are both quite cheerful now. We cannot, even to each other, speak of that dreadful night. . . . What a bright little spirit he was, but how much brighter now ! How I wish you could see Doddles ! She is such a pet, such golden curls, and black eyelashes, and dark blue eyes. Her papa makes a great pet of her. I hope Rosie is coming to stay with me soon, for James is in his study all the evening, and I cannot be beside him as he has a clerk working at statistics. He has been writing on a subject that has never been gone into, *The Laws of Population*, and has brought out some very curious things from statistics. He reads a paper at the Royal Society on the 5th of February.”

In reference to this book the late Sir William Farr, the Registrar-General for Great Britain, expressed himself in most eulogistic terms ; and Sir Arthur Mitchell, the head of the Lunacy Board for Scotland, wrote :—

“ The book is admirable, and will be a mine for reference. I have gone pretty carefully through it, and have nothing but praise to bestow. It is a book I shall often take from the shelf.”

Sir James Paget, after some preliminary details regarding a case he had been doubtful about, adds :—

“ I am very glad to hear that your observations confirm this view. I have heard much of the value of your book and hope to hear more.”

Darwin, of world-wide renown, writes :—

“ Down, Beekenhams, Kent,
October 24th.

Dear Sir,

I am much indebted to your great kindness for having sent me the new edition of your *Fecundity—Fertility*, &c., which I shall be very glad to read, for some of your papers in transactions of R. S. Edin.

interested me much, and appeared to me a most valuable contribution to science. With very warm respect, I remain, Dear Sir,

Your truly obliged,

CH. DARWIN."

Sir William Turner, Professor of Anatomy, Edinburgh University, wrote of this book as exhibiting "a remarkable power of analysing and reaching the root of difficult physiological problems."

From one of the many highly favourable reviews of this work in medical and other magazines, I select as a sample these few words from the *Dublin Quarterly Journal of Medical Science* :—

"Dr. Duncan has set us a good example how to rightly conduct statistical investigations, so as to avoid the shoals and quicksands which beset the explorers in these regions. We are not speaking too strongly when we affirm that this, in truth, is an original and philosophical work, and gives abundant evidence of deep thought, severely logical exactness, and patient industry."

After this, two or three uneventful years passed away, and mercifully with them the earlier sharp agony following the death of their firstborn, when James and Jane were again to become acquainted with grief. A baby, Richard, eight months old, died; and in November, 1868, their beautiful little girl, Margaret, now four years of age—mentioned before by her pet name, Doddles—whose peculiarly winning grace struck every one who saw her, was, after a short and mysterious illness, taken from them. Of this fresh sorrow I have no written record, but I remember well hearing of its exceeding bitterness. More children came, and the tender care of them helped the heart-stricken mother, his busy professional life the father, to bear without murmuring this new affliction. Otherwise who can tell how much these repeated fearful blows might have overwhelmed them both? I linger over the memory of this sweet child. Even now I can see clearly the witchery of the smile on the dear little face, and her pretty, merry, coquettish

ways with my husband, when after our return from India we paid a short visit to Edinburgh just before the unforeseen end. How did she greet her father when many years later he joined her in the spirit world? Ah, the mystery, the silence!

Weeks and months of sad resignation followed. James's busy brain, always demanding employment, seemed, however, to raise him above domestic sorrow. This year he compiled and published his *Researches in Obstetrics*, a volume which was equally well received as its predecessors. The *British Medical Journal* mentioned it as:—

“A book well worth reading on account of the clearness of statement, the accuracy of argument, the labour shown in many investigations, and the interest of the subjects brought forward.”

I may here give an extract from a letter written by James to Sir Robert Christison's son, referring to his father's nomination for the Principalship of Edinburgh University:—

“Sir Robert's letter to the Lord Justice-General is one of the noblest and most honourable documents I ever read. He showed me it and other writings confidentially. I remember he particularly insisted he was not, and would not consent to be, a candidate in the sense of a competitor; and his being represented to be a competitor he felt acutely. His disinterestedness was singular and admirable; and I shall not forget calling on him about some consultation just as Sir A. Grant left his room. I knew he would have accepted with pride the Principalship; and yet he, on my walking into his room, put his hands on my shoulders, and said, ‘I have just seen Grant, he is the man’; or some such words, with evident great satisfaction.”

In 1869 our youngest sister, Mary Rose, was married to Martin L. Heelas, B.M., who had commenced practice at Hampstead, London. During all these years James's teaching and writing went regularly on. As one of the physicians in the Royal Infirmary he continued to lecture there to increasing and attentive

classes. He never omitted to send me any of his addresses which were not strictly medical. Indeed, he more than once made remarks to the effect that he had something of the desire to get my approval which formerly he had directed towards his father. This must have arisen from our long residence together, and the criticisms I then presumed to make with an elder sister's superior worldly wisdom! To give an idea of the lofty spirit with which he imbued his own life, and endeavoured to form those of the young men who came under his influence, I may quote a sentence or two taken almost at random from one of his many forcible addresses, at the opening of the Surgical Hall Session, in 1863:—

“Great physicians struggle to reconcile experience and science. . . . *Medicine* is a noble and beautiful maiden only to be won by those who bring the offering of true, loyal, loving hearts to lay at her feet. . . . The teacher should, like a good purveyor, arrange the feast and carefully prepare the viands, so that the guests may have wholesome and delicious food, which will not only nourish their frames, but also, by fine, though less important qualities, excite and sustain their appetites for the repast.” And again—“Unless, gentlemen, you truly love your pursuits you will never be happy in them; unless you cultivate the faculty of attention laboriously you will never be successful in them; unless you are discriminating, logical, exact, you will never be thorough or secure in them.”

James's reputation was now allowed to be second to none in Europe, and from all parts of it patients came to seek his advice. For some time he had been a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and he was also chosen a member of the Council of the Royal College of Physicians.

The year 1870 was one which put my brother's character to a severe test. On the unexpected death of Professor Sir J. Y. Simpson, he offered himself to the University Curators as a candidate for the vacant chair. The result is well known. Long ago James had been taught, both by experience and observation, that patronage can do

little for a man if he is not above the need of it: yet he considered it a duty to lay before the Curators testimonials, which from their number, their authorship, and their quality, were allowed to be unparalleled. The highest medical names in Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland, Austria, Russia, and America, bore witness in glowing terms to his fitness for the appointment he desired. One from his old and highly-esteemed friend, Dr. John Brown, particularly gratified him. It not only enlarged on his peculiar merits as a physician but also on his private virtues as a man; concluding with these words:—

“He can forge as well as furnish the minds of his pupils, addressing himself to their reason not less than to their memory, and guiding all the energies of their nature, not merely in what is best to be known in his own *métier*, but in all that is manly and honourable, thorough and just.”

These are not the words of course, which form the general terms of testimonials. There can be no doubt of the great mortification it was to James to find that he was not the man chosen to fill this important chair, for he was very human. It was the paramount disaster of his career. One of his brothers, Canon Duncan, wrote:—

“It seems to me that James’s connection with Simpson was *the* misfortune of his life: I should say as far as I know, the *one* misfortune of his life. How little we can see the future! We all rejoiced over his appointment to be Simpson’s assistant: we thought his future assured: whereas it was the great obstacle in his future: it really cost him the Edinburgh Chair: caused him endless trouble and worry: and gave a most loving man a thought of bitterness which perhaps may never have quite left him.”

But though James must himself have felt it keenly, he seemed more concerned about the frustration of his warm-hearted wife’s anticipations. What sweeter comfort could he have given her

than he did when saying, "Don't let us mind; it does not interfere with our happiness!" The issue of the election excited universal astonishment in the scientific world, and even in Edinburgh, though the mistaken influences at work were known there. The leading Edinburgh newspaper wrote:—"Excepting the deed itself, nothing more appalling than the arguments for it has been beheld in this quarter for many years." The general indignation extended to every country to which the names of Simpson or Duncan had penetrated. This also was a consolation. Outwardly the decision made no difference to James; he took the first opportunity to shake hands with his successful rival and to wish him well, and cheerfully set to his daily labours as before. Not only was there no change to be seen in himself, he suffered no loss of prestige in the eyes of the public. This was fully attested by their attitude towards him. His classes grew larger, and his patients increased and multiplied at a quicker rate than hitherto.

James's absolute freedom from the odious vices of envy or jealousy had always been remarked. While he left no stone unturned to forward his own interests, he never moved consciously to the injury of another, and never grudged prosperity to a neighbour.

When the British Association met in Edinburgh James and his wife kept open house. They had staying with them Mr. and Mrs. Huxley, and Professor Silvester, the great mathematician. They entertained in the same way at the meeting of the British Medical Association, and had as inmates Dr. and Mrs. Priestley, Professor and Mrs. Humphreys, of Cambridge; Professor Rosander, of Stockholm; and Professor Slavianski, of St. Petersburg, an old pupil who had formerly been sent by the Czar Nicholas to Edinburgh to attend classes.

Another letter in reference to James's medical works may be given here. In October, Sir R. Christison says:—

“Many thanks for your very interesting book, into which I have already made deep inroads with great satisfaction. It is strange to see men of Simpson’s genius so hurried away by preconceived whims as to disregard with open eyes manifest incompatibilities. But it is also delightful to behold how their nonsense can be demolished in the eyes at least of all thinking men, by an impartial and searching hunt, even in their own line of inquiry.

That you have dedicated your inquiries to me, I shall ever consider a great honour. As for the new title of honour you have conferred on me in your dedication, I fear I am not entitled to it in a strict interpretation of medical life. Are you not afraid that John Gairdner, Combe, Simson, William Brown, Overton, and William Howison will take it ill that their undoubted seniority has been ignored?”

For several years at this time James rented Woodville, in the southern suburbs of Edinburgh, as a summer residence for his family. In 1871 I spent a week with them there. James was an early riser. On looking out of my bedroom window before breakfast I generally saw him pacing round the lawn with a book which he read as he strolled on. Asking about it when I went out, he told me he was enjoying the company of Meg Dods. Two years later I was there again, and again saw him reading as before. On his saying he was finishing a Waverley novel I remarked, “You were at one of them when I was here last?” “Yes,” he replied, “early morning in the country is the only time I have for them, and I enjoy them and wish to get through them all. As yet I have managed only twelve or thirteen, and half of those I read when a boy.”

This year some of the children had whooping cough. In a letter to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Jameson, he says:—

“Georgie is wonderfully well. I hope she may be able to go home to her children for a while. Jane and the children are well. Joek is a little better, and baby is reported as being as bad as Jock now. The rest are all unworthy of much sympathy in their illness. We like Woodville much. It is a pretty and pleasant place.”

The baby here referred to was another daughter who had come to them after four sons in succession. James used to say facetiously that he never liked the nursery without a baby in it.

Mrs. Jameson's husband had died the year before. She writes :—

“ I can never forget that to me and mine James was always the kindest of friends and brothers ; and at my husband's death he was full of love and sympathy and kindness to me and my sons.”

In 1871, a well known physiologist writes :—

“ 42, Rutland Gate,
London, 18th October, 1871.

Dear Sir,

I write at once to thank you for the most acceptable present of the second edition of your work. There are some points in your first edition about which I had desired to ask you, and intended first to re-read the work. The appearance of your second edition is the greater inducement to do so. I will leisurely go through it, and with your permission will again write to you

It is almost needless that I should assure you of the extreme value I attach to your determinations. Unluckily, when I wrote my book on *Hereditary Genius*, I had a very imperfect and second-hand knowledge of them. Subsequently, when staying at Mr. Darwin's house, I had the opportunity of reading your papers in the *Edinr. Phil. Trans.* more carefully and with the greatest interest.

Believe me, yours faithfully,

FRANCIS GALTON.”

A month later Mr. Galton writes again, saying he has been deep in the book, and in the authorities quoted, and asking for further information.

In 1873, sorrow came again to the happy household. An infant named after my husband, Alexander Newlands, was taken from his parents after a short sojourn of four months. This little life cut short destroyed one of my illusions. My husband and I fondly hoped that the name would be carried on to another genera-

tion, as no one else bore it. But this was not to be. James told me that when he saw that his baby was really dead, his mind went first thing to my disappointment. But a deeper sorrow was in store for both of us. Our youngest sister, Mrs. Heelas, took diphtheria, and passed sweetly away after a week's illness, leaving her sorrowing husband with three little girls, the youngest only a month old. On hearing of the extreme gravity of the case, James threw aside every engagement and hastened to London. For a long day and night he remained unremittingly at her bedside, watching tenderly over her, noting down every symptom, every remedy, and anxiously consulting with her other medical attendants, till her loving eyes closed in death. He had not been able to save her life, but he had the satisfaction of witnessing the peculiar pleasure it gave her to see her mother, brothers, and sister beside her at the closing scene. How lovely her face looked in death, as if radiant with the joys of heaven! And alas! her young husband survived her only three years. The children were entrusted to their aunt, Miss Mary Heelas. Some time thereafter, James said to me, "I feel jealous of Miss Mary having the bringing up of Rosie's children, though I fully allow she is nothing less than a second mother to them."

For some years my husband's health had been unsatisfactory. When any of us were ill—here I include not only his own relatives, but also his wife's—our first thought was James. At this time he wrote to me from Edinburgh:—

"We are all well, and have had much pleasure in Newlands' visit. William also has been with us, and stays on. My Willie is paying visits in Perthshire—Charlie riding his pony, &c., &c. Cousin Bella leaves us to-morrow, we are sorry to say. She is good, and makes herself so useful that we shall miss her much. I examined Newlands' chest, but found nothing inconsistent with long life; and I am sure I hope nothing will occur to cut it short."

This brotherly wish was not to be realised.

I may here introduce another quotation from Mr. Wisely, referring to his intercourse with James after the latter accompanied him to the train and saw him set off for Malta :—

“Since then we have met only two or three times, when I paid hurried visits to Scotland. The last time was in 1874. He was as kind as ever, but there was a great difference in his personal appearance. He was now stout and portly, whereas in his early days he was lithe and nimble. I also remarked that he rather took a pleasure in occasionally using the Scottish dialect with a markedly Aberdeen accent. In his boyhood he never did so. None of his companions in his early days spoke the English language with greater purity. To the last he retained great affection for the friends of his youth, and, when opportunity offered, he was delighted to identify himself with them.” And again :—
 “James and John were the likeliest to each other ; both were quite out of the common in ability and in power of application. Your father thought John the cleverest of the family. I well remember that tablemaid letting fall the tray, and James never moving a muscle. I ought to have mentioned his great self-command.”

This refers to a trivial incident which occurred in 1852. Mr. Wisely was dining with us, when the tablemaid, bringing in a tray with meat and vegetables, let it slip from her hands to the floor, behind James’s chair, making a great crash. He went on quietly with his fish, never even looking round to see what had been broken.

In 1876, my husband became so ill that, in reply to an inquiry from James, his doctor wrote that there was little hope of his recovery. This was enough for my beloved brother. He set off for Liverpool immediately, and was soon with us. What an unspeakable comfort his visit was ! My husband was enduring great suffering very quietly, and James made the remark that he was the most patient man he had ever met. Their parting was very touching. After James had said goodby to him as he sat submissively in the little country parlour where we had gone for

change of air, James returned to the house twice and lingered beside him, knowing that he should see his face no more. On getting home he wrote to him:—

“Dr. Imlach and I had a long and close consideration of your case, which is, I am sorry to say, a very grave one. . . . I took too much tea from Isabella’s fragrant pot, and for that enjoyment paid in sleeplessness; but although Morpheus did not embrace me I was cool and calm. The night was chilly, especially at the top of Shap and the Moffat high levels. Love to Isabella. Yours ever affectionately, &c.”

A week after I was a widow. To this day my thoughts continue grateful to James for this unselfish journey, undertaken in the midst of such a busy life. It was, however, no more than he did every time any of those he loved was seriously ill. A bugle call seemed to sound in his ear. He felt an imperative responsibility from which he could not escape without seeing them, and judging for himself how far the treatment they were undergoing was in accordance with what he thought right. I joined my mother at his house soon after, and as distraction he gave me some proof-sheets to correct. This year saw also the death of Mrs. Hotchkis, at Greenhill Gardens, Edinburgh, where she had spent the declining years of her useful life. She was devoted to her son-in-law, who attended her to the end. I give a paragraph from a Dumfries paper:—

“In the Vale of Milk and about Dumfries she was highly esteemed for her kindness and benevolence. It was her delight to see old and young contented and happy around her; and she was long held in remembrance by the old people, to whom she had been considerably kind. Sustained by strong faith, she bore her last illness, though it was one of great pain, with Christian patience and resignation.”

To her family and to James, whose old friend she was, her departure made a great blank. Who can replace a mother?

About the time of his marriage James had taken an active part in establishing the Edinburgh Hospital for Sick Children, now he was chairman of the Board. Medical honours, unsolicited, came to him from every side. The Edinburgh University conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. In the spring of 1876 James delivered the Harveian oration in Edinburgh. He took for the subject of his address William Hunter, whom he thought as great, if not greater, than his brother John. The concluding words are worth repeating:—"This oration, Harvey says, is to commemorate benefactors; and then come in his will the following memorable words, which I most solemnly and sympathetically repeat in your ears:—"With an exhortation to the members to study and search out the secrets of nature by way of experiment, and, for the honour of the profession, to continue mutually in love." In reference to this address, Sir James Paget wrote:—

"Let me thank you for your memoir of William Hunter, from which I find that I may gain help for an essay on his brother. I think your appreciation of his work is very just, especially in the assigning to him so great influence in the improvement of anatomical teaching."

Another medical book was issued the next year. Regarding it Mr. Huxley wrote facetiously:—

"Accept my best thanks for your new book, which reached me last night, and which is sufficient proof of a thesis which I have long maintained, that the manner in which we are born into this world is preposterously complicated, and might be much improved. Let us hope that in a wiser generation selective breeding may give rise to an improvement. I am going to be an anchorite during my week in Edinburgh, but I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you occasionally."

About this time James published an address delivered at the opening of the Royal Medical Society on *The Father of Medicine*.

It was Hippocrates he so denominated. In reference to this address Sir William Gull wrote:—

“The thoughts it contains are most just. The treatment of disease, in contradistinction to drugging as a cure, is everywhere to be proclaimed. Alas! when will that truth prevail? Not until society is better informed, and practitioners too.”

Sir James Paget also wrote:—

“1, Harewood Place,
Hanover Square, December 29th, 1876.

Dear Dr. Duncan,

I thank you for your essay on *The Father of Medicine*. It was very pleasant reading, and gives me still the pleasure of thinking about it.

I am, truly yours,

JAMES PAGET.”

As an example of the leading conclusion embodied in this address I may quote a sentence or two:—

“So far as they produced such hypotheses, Hippocrates, Galen, Van Helmont, Stabe, Hoffmann, Boerhaave, and Cullen are mere philosophic triflers; prematurely, but yet as impelled by necessity, mimicking scientific theory, and guiding generations of medical men by *ignis fatui*. They are the jigging bears, and all the doctors jig after them, and noisily rejoice and believe they are gracefully dancing to the music of the spheres.”

And again:—

“Hippocrates and the real physician do not cure; they pretend only, and in a very humble way, to treat disease. . . . In the great sense there are no cures, except those miracles, which are appropriately so designated.”

One of my brother's greatest friends at this time was Professor Tait, of Edinburgh University. Many hours did the two spend in the College laboratory, hard at work in anatomical and other investigations. Besides his regular family practice, and his employment as an obstetrician, James was now largely sought after as

a general consultant. This part of his duties increased sensibly after the premature death of his friend, Dr. Warburton Begbie. He was sent for to Perthshire, Ayrshire, Morayshire, Inverness-shire, Liverpool, Carlisle, York, Leamington, Belfast, and Ostend, not to mention places nearer home. He also kept himself fully abreast of the scientific and medical literature of the day, in French and German as well as English. Nothing was lacking to form a highly equipped scientist, for to his early acquirements had there not been added an intimate knowledge of the latest discoveries and theories? To the latter he gave little heed, unless he found that they were based on precisely ascertained and indubitable facts.

James was very domesticated. Though he was not without enjoyment at dinner and evening parties, his greatest pleasure was to be in his well-ordered home, surrounded by his family. In his own house he was, however, what is called easy-going. All household and social arrangements he left entirely to his wife. Every afternoon, when his regular work was over, before making ready for dinner, he went up to the nursery and spent an hour in his dressing-gown among his little ones, who were under the charge of their faithful nurse, Mrs. Lees. What with parents, children, visitors, patients, and domestics, 30, Charlotte Square was a lively enough house. Of tedium or monotony there was none. James was very gentle and tender with his children. Moreover, he liked them to be independent, and to have free scope for the exercise of their own sweet wills. Lees tells a little anecdote illustrating this. One day the second boy, Charlie, then about seven years of age, went out after breakfast and did not come home to dinner. In the afternoon his parents began to get very anxious, and about six o'clock several of the family set out to search for him, and the police were informed of his disappearance. To the general relief, about eight at night his father met him in Princes Street, going leisurely home. He had walked to Portobello sands,

some miles off, and back. Instead of reprimanding him as expected, James, no doubt secretly overjoyed, led the tiny adventurer to his bedroom, and, thinking of the hot, tired feet, took the little boots and socks tenderly off with his own hand, that the weary legs might be bathed and soothed.

In the midst of these pre-occupations a momentous change was looming through the mists of the future—momentous James and his wife knew it would prove—how momentous was mercifully hidden from their eyes. In 1877, the authorities of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, invited him to become obstetrical physician to the hospital and lecturer in the medical school. Naturally, at first, there was some indecision about accepting this offer: his position, practice, and income in Edinburgh were of the best, and why change? James's greatest pleasure, however, lay in teaching. He firmly adopted the opinion expressed in the following words:—"A man may do infinitely more good to the public by teaching his art, than by practising it. The good effects of the latter must centre in the advantage of the few individuals that may be under his care as patients; but the influence of a teacher extends itself to the whole nation, and descends to posterity." James's ideas of the paramount importance of teaching scientifically and logically had been greatly fostered by his early intercourse with a man for whom he had the highest admiration, the late Professor Goodsir, of Edinburgh. James himself was a born instructor of young men; he had been disappointed about the Edinburgh chair, and here was presented unexpectedly an opportunity of exercising this gift in an authoritative and widely influential position, second to none in the kingdom. His family were at the time in summer quarters at Garrion Tower, He went to London to see the hospital and the treasurer, Sir Sydney Waterlow, and on his return met his wife with a beaming face, saying, "We go to London on the 1st of October." The sight of the hospital had decided him at once. He felt that there was to be

found everything he most desired in the world. The result did not disappoint him. I am tempted to give it here as a forestalment, but must forbear.

Before leaving Edinburgh, a public dinner was given to my brother by about 170 friends. Dr. Keiller, president of the Royal College of Physicians, occupied the chair. Among others present were the Lord President of the Court of Session, Principal Sir Alexander Grant, the Lord Advocate, Professors Sir Wyville Thomson, Sir Douglas Maclagan, Tait, Crum-Brown, Gairdner, Glasgow, Pirrie, Aberdeen; Dr. P. H. Watson, president of the Royal College of Surgeons; the Rev. Dr. Macgregor, the Rev. Norman Macleod, Mr. Duncan Maclaren, M P.; Mr. R. M. Smith, Mr. George Barclay, Mr. James Matthews, Mr. Charles Duncan, &c., &c. Sir Douglas Maclagan proposed the health of the guest of the evening. As a conclusion to other remarks, he said that Dr. Duncan would be greatly missed in Edinburgh:—

“The profession would miss him whom they were accustomed to look to for advice in critical emergencies—the medical school would miss one who had done so much to uphold its reputation by his writings and teachings—they would miss him in the college of physicians, whether in full college or in council, where he always took a sage, prudent, and vital part in their deliberations—they would miss him in their social meetings—and some of them would miss him in another capacity, that of the kind and hospitable entertainer.”

I may give also a few sentences from the speech of Mr. Benjamin Bell, as being descriptive of some minor matters—my brother's personal appearance and manner:—

“Allow me to gather up a few more aspects of our loss which occur to me. We shall miss him on the street. His quiet, leisurely, yet steady onward walk, not to be lightly interrupted; while his grave, thoughtful countenance relaxes with a friendly recognition for those whom he happens to meet. The truth is that he has an appointment, and wishes to reach his destination at a certain time. Dr. Duncan is a punctual man, and you never see him in a hurry or fussed—recalling

vividly to my mind in this important quality two members of our profession, one of them a great physician, whom some of us remember—John Abercrombie ; the other a still greater surgeon, whom most of us knew—James Syme. We shall miss our friend in the chamber of sickness. He has arrived punctual to a minute, and comes in with a quiet step. His expression may be grave, but it indicates self-reliance, and brings hope and confidence to the patient. They say he is reticent. So he is, but he knows when to speak and when to be silent. And we know that silence is golden. Some people say that his manner is dry. There is nothing certainly that can be called gushing about Matthews Duncan ; but let me tell these people that there is a deep fountain within the man which can show itself on due occasion. The examination of the patient over, we leave the sick-room for the consultation. I speak now for general practitioners. You feel that you have to do with a man who forms his conclusions and opinions with care and caution, and then holds them tenaciously—a man all whose professional work suggests by its solidity and durableness the granite formation of his own native Aberdeen. There is no reticence now. He places his own doubts and difficulties candidly before you, and never leads you to suppose that he has a store of wisdom in the background unrevealed. His opinion is unmistakably reasonable and trustworthy.”

The private conversation among the Edinburgh doctors present turned much on their loss of a medical Amphytryon (such was the word used, after Moliere, I suppose) ; for the ready hospitality of James and his wife was a prominent feature in the professional circles of the town. This public dinner took place on October 30th, 1877, and that night James left for London. He took time first, however, to accompany his early friend, Mr. R. M. Smith, to his house in Bellevue Crescent, and said to Miss Smith, “This was the first house I was welcomed to in Edinburgh, and I wish it to be the last to say goodbye.” And so Edinburgh lost him.

I must not dissociate James from his wife if I wish to convey a true impression of this time. They had gone together a few weeks before to the great metropolis—illimitable, appalling London!—while the future was still shrouded in mystery, and, without

much misgiving, had chosen a house, 71, Brook Street—the lease of which James bought—a street where many other well known men of the same profession had settled. A short time after the public dinner all the children and old servants followed the belongings of the heads of the family.

When my brother went to reside in England, he and his wife were confirmed by the Bishop of London. He was unfailingly present on Sunday morning in St. Mark's, North Audley Street, where he was also a regular communicant usually with his wife at mid-day ; but at one period when she and the children were dangerously ill he went by himself to the early celebration at eight.

In London, as in Edinburgh, as in Aberdeen, James's glory was his nobleness of character, his elevation above everything mean or ungenerous, no matter how great the provocation. Duty also continued to be his watchword ; he saw it at once, and acted accordingly. This has been often testified by those who knew him best.

At this point I give the first of a series of letters written by my brother to his valued friend, Mrs. Tait, wife of Professor Tait, of Edinburgh University, with whom he and his wife were very intimate. This correspondence, which went on for many years, throws a vivid light on his ideas regarding various important subjects then and still occupying men's minds. The letters also allude to family details, which render my task as biographer much more easy :—

Dear Mrs. Tait,

“ April 30, 1878.

The cakes are so good and so well appreciated that they may be the cause of disaster to me and others. We thank you for a pleasant memento—though in my case it is, considering 52 years, a *memento mori*. Meantime we are hilarious, and hope to see many days with our friends.

My wife is rather feeble, and already there are premonitions of exhaustion from hot weather. The climate is milder than with you. A

very pleasant time at Peterhouse Lodge—the guests and the hosts and everything else quite to my taste. Dr. Paget dined on Saturday, and the Master of Pembroke on Sunday.

What a glorious place Cambridge is—a place of delight, and of grandeur and beauty. The Chapel of King's! and the singing!!

Speaking of Willie, the Master suggests Trinity—Dr. Humphrey suggests King's or John's (I forget which)—I suggest Peter's. I wonder what Tait says, or if he says none of them, &c.”

James rented for the summer and autumn of 1878 the old house of Ashiestiel on the river Tweed, in which his immortal compatriot, Sir Walter Scott, had lived for several years before building Abbotsford, and in which he had written *Marmion* and some other of his works. It was sacred ground to my brother, for he was full of reverence for the great author. Every visitor was shown the old-fashioned easy chair used by Sir Walter in his last illness, and transferred to Ashiestiel from Abbotsford. My brother grew singularly fond of the place, telling us that in London, at meetings, on the streets, his heart was constantly returning to the “Three Brethren,” his favourite hill when on his rambles with his family.

“ May 31, 1878.

Dear Mrs. Tait,

Your letter was welcome. Tell Tait that my experience convinces me that he should never lecture more than once a day. All are well here—even my wife improving slowly. Now she takes a visible amount of food, and we hope that the quantity will get nearer a school boy's portion.

Jane will be packing up soon for Ashiestiel—where I would like to arrange for a visit from you and Tait while I am there. Only we have no billiard room! Yet we might put him into Sir Walter Scott's library (still as he left it) to spend his overflowing energies in writing of unseen universes. This only in case of bad weather. The scenery is enough in fine weather. The floundering of Robertson Smith's enemies was ludicrous. Their zeal for the unknown quantity characteristic. If Rainy's motion is finally lost then the Free Church damages religion by deliberately going in for superstitious adherence

to old ideas, after they are shown to be false. However they may appear to flourish, they are under the blight of unanswered criticism of a positive and almost objective character. With kind regards to all friends, &c."

One of James's weekly epistles to his mother may be given here. It carries on his history from this date. At this time she and I were living together at Raeden House, near Aberdeen.

"Ashiestiel, Galashiels, September 15th, 1887.

Dear Mother,

I hope you are well and also Isabella, and that you have enjoyed the visit of John and Alice. I know they enjoyed it very much, and will be the better of it to think about all the winter through. I have repeatedly asked you to send me any letters from George, and I am sure you do not forget your promise to do so. Yet none comes, and I am anxious to hear of him and his family. We are all well here. This is our first rainy day; and it certainly has done its best. The anglers are pleased because they want a flood to bring up the salmon. The boys have had pretty good fishing, but no salmon as yet. We have neighbours here at Holylee who have been very kind Barclay comes from Aberdeen originally. The boys go back to school on the 20th, and I go to London on the 24th. Jane and the children go to Edinburgh when the month ends, for a fortnight before coming to London. I am tired of this life. The hills are pretty, and I get health by walking over them. But I feel the want of my proper work, and doing duty. Idleness has no charm for me. Mrs. Jameson comes to stay with us for the winter, while her son is gone on his travels round the world. She would have been too lonely at home. We expect it will do her health good. The accounts of Jim from Australia are not favourable—poor fellow. With love from us all, &c., &c."

A fortnight later he writes:—

"71, Brook Street,

Grosvenor Square.

Dear Grandmother, or rather Mother,

I came here by night train on Wednesday with the men-servants, two women-servants, and the heavy luggage. I tried a Pullman sleeping carriage, but did not find it a very great improvement on an ordinary lavatory one. Jane is now in Edinburgh with her

sisters. We enjoyed our stay at Ashiestiel, and I am sure it has done us all good. Fine river, and hills, and scenery, and a fine neighbour at Holylee about four miles away. Love to Bella. I have not yet seen Lizzie, but I daresay she will make her appearance soon. Matthews had no success in fishing the Tweed. The river was too high, always in flood. With much love, &c.”

I may mention here that, as long as their mother lived, her sons on this side of the globe, never failed to pay her and Aberdeen an annual visit. This year the following very characteristic letter was received by my brother from Dr. John Brown:—

“Elmhill, 25th September, 1878.

My dear and victorious ‘M. D.,’

I am so thankful to you for seeing Mrs. —, and for your letter—so thorough, so simple; may you (you always will) always write so. . . . She is very dear to all who know her true and tender-heartedness, and her brave and bright nature. She will be glad for Mrs. Jameson, and as sorry for herself, that she is to be with you in winter. The two sisters will make London couthy. As for you—keep strong, and sleep eight hours every twenty-four, and you’ll be greater than William, and as great in your own line as John Hunter; greater and better in much also, for John was a rough unspiritual giant. Barclay writes me what Sir James Paget said. I am sure you will like him and find him true. I hope, for the Barclays’ sake, as well as your own and Miss Russell’s, you will go back to Ashiestiel and the lovely Tweed of the Peel-burn and the hills. Thanks again for your letter. If you see Lister or his wife remember me much to them. I wish he were half as far on in the big Babylon as you are. I can never reconcile myself to his leaving, nor, personally, to yours. Edinburgh felt, and feels, less safe—and the Town Council curators!

Yours and Mrs. Duncan’s, ever and much,

J. BROWN.”

What Sir James Paget said, referred to in this letter, was a prediction regarding the amount of income James should eventually make in London. This prophecy, as well as Dr. John Brown’s anticipation as to Sir James’s character, were both, in course of time, fully verified.

Mrs. Jameson writes, in reference to her residence with her sister and brother-in-law this winter :—

“When he wished me to send my son James a tour round the world he asked me *himself* to come and live with them in London while he was away, as he would not hear of my living alone in the delicate state of health I was then in. With my old servant Grace I stayed with them eight months. It was a happy time, and I can never forget his great kindness to me ; and every summer that they had a country place I was asked to stay for weeks with them.”

In Brook Street, as in Charlotte Square, his house was a second home to all his relations.

In the end of the year he wrote to his mother :—

“It has rained all day, and few of us have got to church. I have just left them all chatting, prattling, and romping. Isabella and Janie say, ‘My love to Granny and to Aunt Bella,’ so I am faithful and send it. What have the long heads of you, Bella, and Charles decided on in the case of the first marriage of a grandson? There should be something done to signalise our interest in the worthy young fellow. Surely marriage is right for the boy in such loneliness as he has at Newlands. We are anxious to know if you have recovered from your fall. As soon as you do so, I intend to read you a long lesson, the object of which will be to teach you that you are not a young lady to frisk about the house, and go out and in to town as you once did. Matthews will be at home and at work again. All are anxious now to hear of Jim at New York. I shall be much interested in the report Matthews is sure to get from his brother. George’s letter was a very pleasant arrival. I was longing to hear of them all out there. Be sure to keep your room warm, and your heart too, with the affectionate regards of your sons and daughters, and grandsons and grand-daughters, &c.”

Next year I had the following letter :—

“71, Brook Street,
January 9, 1879.

Dear Bella,

Love to Granny. We are all well, only the boys may be kept from school by Charlie having something like chicken-pox.

The magazine came to-day, and I like the article very much—judicious, temperate, well-said. A little mis-spelling shows that you did not learn Greek.

While I would not assent to any repression of women in medicine, I would not encourage them. There are far more suitable occupations. In teaching there is a boundless field, and in art, not only as these branches stand, but as they may be made.

I wish you had developed further the idea which you scarcely state—that women's advocates make an egregious and fundamental error in regarding, as they tacitly or avowedly do, women's present occupations as inferior to men's. I look upon the real state as quite the reverse. Women have now the highest occupations, at least many of them. The women's advocates have a baneful tendency to encourage competition between the sexes. Of this there should be none allowed. Helpful co-operation. Competition should be discouraged, even among those of the same sex. The sentimental is as wide and full of occupation as the intellectual. Women predominate in the former, men in the latter. Yours, &c."

After writing to his sister, Mrs. Tait again received a letter, written from London:—

"January 13, 1879.

Dear Mrs. Tait,

You are 'our own correspondent,' not to be surpassed by Archibald Forbes or any other. The following is our private and confidential news:—All well, even Mrs. Jameson. Jane recovering from a severe attack of indigestion, during which she spurned the application of medical skill. Charlie, not chicken-pocky, goes to-morrow with Willie to Fettes.—Yours truly, &c."

The nephew "Jim," referred to by James in some of the above letters, was James Duncan Matthews, the only son of his sister, Elizabeth. Unfortunately, as the result of a fever, this talented young man's lungs became affected, and for many years his life was a long battle with grim death. Sometimes youth and vitality gained the ascendancy; at other times illness was triumphant. His uncle was his constant adviser, and felt for him great affection and esteem. Their devotion to science was similar and unremitting.

Next summer, James's family went again to Ashiestiel, and again luxuriated in its lovely scenery, returning to London with renewed vigour and elasticity both of mind and body. Some of the children had been laid down with fever in London, so this summer renovation was indispensable. He distrusted himself in prescribing for his family when very ill, his intense sympathy tending to aggravate in his own mind the seriousness of the illness, so another medical adviser was generally procured.

My brother and his wife found London a great change from their more restricted sphere in the north. He had practised in Edinburgh with phenomenal success for twenty-seven years, a vast portion of a brief human life. In London, with nine children to educate and bring forward in the world, he still felt that, though of a very different age from the long-ago time when he commenced practice, his efforts must not relax; so he went heart and soul into his new duties at St. Bartholomew's. In the theatre he was very particular when examining cases with his class, but he soon inspired them with admiration. After his first lecture he told his wife, that one or two wild spirits wanted to make a disturbance. He stopped speaking at once, and fixed his eye on the man who was at the bottom of it, for a full minute. There was dead silence. Then he went on, and never again was there anything but the most fixed attention on the part of the students. His own earnestness, and the exact arrangement of the different parts of his subject conveyed to the listeners an impression which stamped itself on their minds more deeply than mere rhetoric, however brilliant, could have done. Many of his pupils thought he was frequently eloquent; his explanations were so full and graphic. There were few unnecessary words, and every necessary one.

Mrs. Duncan writes of his saying to her more than once that, after his own home, the hospital was the place nearest his heart. To it he presented his museum, which he had brought from

Edinburgh. A man, however, cannot but like the position in which he finds himself successful. I believe my brother almost remodelled the teaching, both in his ward and of his class at the St. Bartholomew Medical College. Instead of lecturing three days a week, like his predecessor, his zeal led him to address his students every day, Sundays excepted. Of such great practical and scientific value were these prelections considered that not only large classes of learners, but also many qualified practitioners hastened to listen to them. The students, moreover, got into the way of calling him "the Great Master." All the time he was spared to train them his pupils took medals and honours at various examining boards as none from the same medical school had done before. Many of them have since testified publicly to the great satisfaction and intense interest his lectures inspired. Sir William Turner, speaking of his influence medically, says:—

"His old pupils will not easily forget him as he worked with them in the wards of the hospital. His grave and serious face, surmounted by a black velvet cap; the care with which each case was examined, the appositeness of his remarks, often accompanied by a sparkle of dry Scottish humour, made up a personality which is imprinted deeply on the memory. . . . Much of the original work in obstetrics that has been done in London during the past ten years owes its initiation to his suggestions, and in this direction, quite as much as in his power of exposition, he showed his greatness as a teacher."

I would not willingly use a word of eulogy which those who knew my brother James best would not fully sanction. In London, as in Edinburgh, the charm he exercised on all who were well acquainted with him was soon found out. From the first they could not but see the power a sense of duty held over his actions. With this was soon combined a consciousness that in the man beside them dwelt a most loving disposition. He got attached to all his colleagues in the hospital, and in return was respected and admired by every one of them. His affection

for his poor patients was intense ; he averred that he found them more interesting than his great ones and much less trouble. And they, in their turn, idolised him. He said to his wife that he believed if he told them to lay down their heads to be chopped off they would do it. The sister of his ward and the nurses under her showed similar devotion. His success in practice equalled his signal success in the hospital. Few names of note in London could be mentioned into whose homes he had not been called. Not only was he sent for to outsiders, his own house was generally crowded with waiting patients. Though the wear and tear were great, he accomplished all his work by dint of method and punctuality. One day's work was never allowed to run into the next. He carried on his hospital teaching ; his immense practice—one of the largest, if not quite the largest, in London ; his regular attendance at Medical Society and other professional meetings ; his unceasing correspondence, answering deftly, when at home, with his own hand, sometimes as many as fifty or more notes in a day ; his reading of scientific and general literature ; sociality in the evening ; all with the same air of abundant leisure he had in the country. He found no time, while in London, for literary work beyond some indispensable remodelling of his lectures ; this he left till he got to his summer quarters. He was in the way, however, of preparing it mentally beforehand. When going to Scotland his wife would ask him if he did not require any books of reference. " No," he replied, " I have it all ready," pointing to his forehead. In the country he rose at six, and wrote till breakfast time, and after that till one o'clock. The rest of the day was devoted to his friends. He had an extraordinary memory, partly natural, and partly the result of cultivation. Little that he read was forgotten, so much so that his professional brethren, when they did not know where to find a medical reference, would apply to him ; generally he could tell them not only the book but even the chapter it was

in. His recollection, too, of long past events was very vivid and correct. The use of a Scotch word was enough to produce a torrent of humorous reminiscences, which seemed to amuse himself as they did his listeners. A little run of quiet laughter was a not unusual ending to some droll anecdote, all of the olden time. Walking or driving in the country, every other stream, tree, heathery hillock, barn, or hen-pen, took his mind back to something resembling it when he was a boy. I like to chronicle these little characteristics before they recede into the forgotten past.

Soon after James settled in London his mother and I paid him a visit in his new home, which we were curious to see. The only memorable incident was our mother losing herself in the labyrinth of London. A police sergeant, after driving her in a cab to two other Dr. Duncan's houses, brought her safely to her son's just as we were beginning to get anxious. She had forgotten the name of the street. In July, 1879, James writes :—

“ Dear Mrs. Tait,

You would have had, as justly due, an earlier answer to your note than this, had I not waited a little for the appearance of your friend.

The amended libel is as clear and simple as possible. I hope it will answer its purpose ; yet I fear not. Few will read it with open or unprejudiced minds. The mass will be guided by sentimental dread of criticism, however just and careful, hatred of change however truly progressive. As Pym managed it against Charles 1st, so will it be against R. Smith. Only I believe the enemies of R. Smith are conscientious, while Pym can scarcely be credited with ignorance of the trumped up basis of his proceedings.

I hope Tait has finished his exams. without more dyspepsia than St. Andrews and a golf club will drive out of him. I miss very much the furious talks of Edinburgh, and especially of his room. Here there reigns an enforced snobbish and money-worshipping and hunting calmness, which induces stagnation. No doubt there is a great deal of good here. Yet, except some ingenuous youths, no one takes interest in my department, except with the ulterior and *only worthy* object in view—

money! Then the history of the place makes me dread that these good youths will, in due time, be dragged into the speciously grand whirlpool. We are all as well as may be in this weather. Darwin is predicting the appearance of scales and a coating of shine on the human variety of the ape. We are far past the chimpanzee umbrella stage.

Tell Tait that he must look after your health, as it is plain from the end of your letter that you are overworked in literary duty! *Would like*, hope, expect—I can't get farther in my visit to St. Andrews than the first. I have to be in Aberdeen for an event, and thus my short holiday will be almost prevented.

Yours truly, &c."

In 1880 James rented Fernie Castle, Fifeshire, as a summer residence, but none of the family liked it as they did Ashiestiel, so the next year they returned to it. The Tweed had an attraction in various ways. Besides its associations and its beauty there were boating and fishing to supply the young people with daily occupation. In March, 1880, James writes from London:—

“Dear Mrs. Tait,

Thunderstorms, moral and physical, are quite the common-places of the day, and P. E. J. comes in quite opportunely. I hope political education is so advanced that the most timid will be able to join their more robust fellow-creatures in watching fearlessly, but still of course with wonder and admiration, the Midlothian duel.

The lecture is excellent, and I wish it were all easy reading to me. I am grateful to you for it. I hope you are all well. Your letters are by far our most valued remittances from Edinburgh—except the sad notes of our poor everlasting invalids.

Tell Tait that I live here in a mere medical atmosphere—quite big and deep enough no doubt—yet without the many advantages of varied scientific association as in Edinburgh. Mere medicine gets tiresome without reflections from other departments, which latter I do not enjoy in this too commercial place. My hospital is my scientific home, and I hope from it to do some good in making the young love medical science, if not better at least as well as they—without making—do love medical money. Our children are counting the hours for Worthing—on Saturday. My wife needs it as much as any one. Moe can crawl and hobble about, and is in good spirits.

Yours truly, &c.”

In December of the same year James writes from London :—

“ My dear Mother,

It is once more getting near Christmas, and I hope it will see you well and happy. The boys are all safely with us now for the holidays. Willie likes Cambridge, and has passed a part of his first examination called ‘little go.’ Charlie will likely be going to America next year to farm. Andy, John, and Bruce are all well, &c.”

On Christmas day he wrote :—

“ Dear Mrs. Tait,

I must first send you and yours the best compliments and wishes of the season from us all. The day here is as it should be—bright and frosty, not green and muggy (and filling the churchyard). We have all been at church together, and sang loudly, and admired the flowers. Our vicar gave us a plain, short, wise sermon. So we must all try to be good boys and girls for another year. I really cannot do justice to your kindness in thanking you, and I shall therefore not try. You will take strong will for utterly failing deed—a splendid letter!

The portrait of Tait surpasses all former ones. It has not the Bismarck, nor the finger to the forehead, nor the slaying a man style. Indeed, it could not be better, and I shall keep it carefully accordingly. I have read the Herbert Spencer fray, and for me the final result of the whole is not ‘Kilkenny Cats,’ but Achilles in play with Hector. The result, as I read it, is most instructive, and applies to the whole free-thinking class. They reason in their own dreamland, and talk as if it were all fact and indisputable; while, in such things as religion, bristling with facts, they ignore them, and despise reasoning which is modest beside their absurd stick-togetherations. I feel inclined to write on, but my boys want me to go out to walk. Yours, &c.”

In April, 1881, James wrote as follows :—

“ Dear Mrs. Tait,

I have read all that has come near me from newspapers, and from ‘our own correspondent,’ with much interest, and ‘our own’ deserves, and gets, best thanks. The address has been reported, so far as I have seen, in an imperfect, if not garbled manner, and I would like to see the full text. The ‘*Eustwind*’ is not sprightly writing, and

it is mere abuse. It exites me to cry, 'Hit him again, it will do him good.' Only it is not good policy to get into a stout fight. I am sure Tait's views are right. The *Scotsman* labours in its worst way to defend the Land Bill, which is the worst, the most antiquated, illiberal, against free trade, against whiggery, piece of legislation I ever read of. It might have been the production of a degenerate and effete Tory in a moribund state. To come from a modern Radical Government is a phenomenon to me quite incomprehensible. Tell Tait I have no news for him. The longer I live in London the more I see it has not so prevalent or potent a scientific spirit as Edinburgh. Money and mere power and favour go farther. After all, it is a very good place. Yours, &c."

"Dies Natalis, 1882.

Dear Mrs. Tait,

Willie is off—just saved it, the boat taking in its last retaining cable. Andie saw him safe away. Willie is such a commonsense fellow that he is sure to do well at anything. He is strongly bent towards engineering; and what for no? I am hoping soon to see Carlyle's life. I admire the old growler much. Meantime I am reading, here and there, Lilly on Newman. Yours, &c."

In May he writes:—

"Dear Mrs. Tait,

I have been badly used. Not a mouthful of my own birthday cake have I got, and I would not wonder though it had all been consumed by the young barbarians—all at play. I shall make inquiries when the mistress of the house comes in, and perhaps report the result. I trust it will be favourable.

Said lady's head is getting daily fuller and fuller of politics. Last night, till after all decent people were asleep—after midnight—she and Lees were in the Ladies' Gallery; and she has the barefacedness to say she would go every night if she could, adding the insulting remark that I should go, for I would enjoy it very much, she was sure. I said, in reply, 'I would give a guinea any day not to go.'

No doubt the political behaviour of the Whigs is getting worse and worse—more revolutionary and communistic. But I daresay I shall die before they insist on getting all the port wine out of the cellar, and the half of the silver spoons for the mint. If we escape, what does the rest of the world matter?

Thanks for all your news. I have none to give in barter. The boys go to Edinburgh on Friday. Cookie has no intention of retiring on her laurels; she is getting young again.

I hope the telescope is safe in the drawing-room. That is the only place for it.

I am sorry, though not astonished, at what you tell me of Sir ———. Yours, &c.”

“June 28, 1882.

Dear Mrs. Tait,

I hope I have not done wrong in sending the sermons to my brother the Canon. I can easily make him restore them if you want them in the least degree.

Huxley's lecture, so far as I have seen it reported, does not contain a new idea, nor a new aspect of an idea; and it does not touch the real difficulty. All the world, including, no doubt, Dean Reichal, admits that there is much truth in the doctrine of evolution, much beauty in it as a doctrine, so far as it can be called true doctrine, much scientific gain by it, much credit to Darwin. But that is only a grain of sand to what Huxley, Hæckel, and Tyndall claim for evolution. They deride as idiots or imbeciles all who do not hold their extreme views, even though they are generally rejected by men of equal power and eminence. Their view involves a credulity far greater than they ascribe to the Christian. They profess to be able to see or comprehend the development of mind in all its forms—of conscience—as a result of evolution. Yet they have not shown the evolution of a single animal, or of a single organ—say the mechanically perfect eye. Evolution is, in the position in science, as compared with Huxleyian evolution, what Newton ascribed to his department—gathering shells or sand on the margin of the great ocean. The Huxley evolutionist takes for himself the comprehension of Deity. He sees and knows not the margin, but the whole ocean of life—not modest like Newton, but omniscient.

There is more of the spirit of true science in Reichal's admirable sermons than in the evolution of Huxley, Hæckel, and Tyndall.

J. M. D.”

A story was told about this time of my brother's exact punctuality, not unlike some related of other trusty men. A doctor, speaking to Dell, James's oldest daughter, said her father was in the way of joking him about his want of this virtue. One

day the doctor made a great effort, and reached an appointment ten minutes too soon. When her father arrived the doctor said, "Ah, Dr. Duncan, who is the most punctual this time?" "I am at the appointed hour, you were before it," was the reply.

In 1882 the River Tweed was on its good behaviour, and yielded salmon in abundance to well-directed skill. James was very proud of his oldest son's success as an angler, and wrote of it to his old friend Mr. John Colquhoun, author of *The Moor and the Loch*. He got the following reply:—

"Aviemore, September 24th.

My dear Dr. Duncan,

I was much interested in the young fisherman's exploit. I prophesy that he will be a great Tweed salmon angler, like his grandfather and great-grandfather. When visiting the late Sir Archibald Dunbar, and asking him about his schoolfellow, Mr. W. Maule, who was then 80, and considered about the most skilful salmon-fisher of his day, Sir A. remarked, 'I had another schoolfellow, of the name of Hotchkis, whom we considered superior to Willie Maule.' This was Mrs. Duncan's grandfather, but I hear her father was equally good.

We have made a number of very fine additions to the museum since you saw it. If you are in Edinburgh, and can spare time, do take a look at it, for it is now in fine order.

I was proud to hear the way your friend Sir William Gull spoke of you the other day. When taking leave he said to my daughter (taking her kindly by the hand), 'I wish to repeat all I said of Dr. Duncan at luncheon.'

We were at Loeh Morlich, in Glentneve Forest, on Monday last. I had a long interesting chat with the head forester. The lodge and loch were perfect gems. With all kind regards to Mrs. Duncan and yourself, not forgetting congratulations to 'Willie,' believe me, for auld lang syne,

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN COLQUHOUN."

James must have been longing for the country this summer, for before going to it he writes to his mother in July:—

“Isabella safely returned on Friday, and goes home to-night. She will arrive before this letter. William has been here to meet her several times. We hope you are well and enjoying the fine season, and the little walks you have among green fields. The coming and going of the seasons are always interesting in themselves, and emblematic of much in our life. We come and go. May we all be as useful as we can on the journey. The children are now at Ashiestiel, and we hear only of happiness.”

On August 6th he writes :—

“I go on Wednesday to Ashiestiel, and shall see you, I am happy to say, in a few weeks. Jane has gone to Rothesay to her sister Isy, and will be again at Ashiestiel before I am there. All the rest are there, and some cousins and visitors as well. We expect John at Ashiestiel this season on his way to you.”

After his return to London from the north, he wrote in October :—

“We are all well here and all at work. The governess has begun daily tuition, and the girls like her. Jane is well and has too much to do. Willie is of age on Monday, 23rd. Willie’s coming of age makes Jane and me old people.”

In November he goes on to tell his mother, as usual, the little incidents of daily life :—

“We have seen William here twice. He has gone to Ventnor, where I hope he will find his lodgings comfortable. It is as good a place as he could have in this country. Jane and I were at the Royal Review yesterday—a great sight. We hear that Scott is somewhat better. Poor Jessie is very wearied.”

James’s oldest daughter—a true and sweet daughter to her father—tells that about this season a lady was sitting with one of her friends when James, who detested unreality, came to see her. The lady, wishing to make society talk, asked him, “Are there many people left in London?” “Only about four millions, I believe,” was, with an arch smile, the curt reply. From London James again wrote :—

“ March 19, 1883.

Dear Mrs. Tait,

I am sorry to hear of Eva in distress. Remember me to her. She is evidently in good hands.

People speak of ague and jungle fever and so forth, but for good, tiresome botheration and misery get your enemies into a series of bad head colds. I am suffering, and no doubt I deserve it—whatever Tait may do. Avoiding dining out does not save him; but I can tell you that dining out aggravates the misery. I sympathise with Tait, and remember he has the consolation of a pipe.

It is amusing to live in London, and see how some scientific men strive (and succeed) to make evolution a test of orthodoxy, and persecute all who don't hold it. In the case of a late chair this was manifest—any one suspected of doubting the most exaggerated evolution (which turns God out of his own universe) had not a chance.

No doubt science has a great future, but it has to come to great difficulties resembling those of religion—intolerance—persecution for truth's sake, or the opposite, &c., &c. This arises from scientific men, in their extreme conceitedness, leaving their own sphere and entering the theologian's. They enunciate doctrines so grand and vast in influence that the theologian must look at them as rivals of his doctrines. These scientific men now despise the weaklings with black coats, and trust to connecting their boastful theories by a few hairs to facts in nature—forgetting that the theologian connects his doctrines also with facts in nature infinitely bigger and more various than those about protoplasm and eggs. A sentiment is infinitely more powerful than a 91-ton gun. Sentiment as a mode of motion is infinitely greater than heat as a mode of moisture. But I am preaching, and when I began I intended only three lines. My excuse is a lonely half-hour before dinner—the wife and bairns being nearer you than me. I hope you told Tait about ‘living low and lying hard.’ Yours, &c.”

Ever since James went to London, he had not failed to post every night an evening newspaper to his mother, directed by his own hand. These papers came as regularly as they were issued; and every autumn he came in person to see her. Though he and his wife had on one occasion stayed nearly a week with her at Raeden, he generally, after two days with his mother, spent the rest of the

time given to his birth-place, at Deebank, about five miles off, the beautiful residence of his brother Charles. Every day, however, took him to the town of Aberdeen, where lay various imperative obligations he would not readily avoid. Had he not to bathe in the sea; to walk to the point of the pier; to visit the Infirmary and shake hands with the doctors; to call on his favourite niece and her husband, Professor Ogston; to make some other visits to old friends or relations? Moreover, had he not to drive to Springhill to see his sister Elizabeth; and, crowning all, once and again to Raeden to embrace his mother? In 1882, her four sons, William, James, Charles, and John were by chance in Aberdeen together. On reaching Raeden, they all, after kissing her, took seats in different parts of the room. Then came a moment of manifest indecision on her part—which of these dearly-loved sons was she to sit beside? Watched by us all, she looked from one to the other, and at length came to the conclusion to go to James. Her powers both of mind and body were slowly giving way to age, but her intense love of her children never knew any diminution. When James went to see her the next year, he was alone. After bathing in the sea, he had walked fully three miles to Raeden, and felt rather tired. He went into the dining-room and placed himself in a weary attitude on a distant chair. His mother had met him in the avenue, and on entering the room before him had hastened to her usual seat by the fire. But, seeing that he did not come beside her, she rose, took the chair next his, and laid her dear old head on his shoulder, as if every earthly wish was now gratified, and there she would rest. It was a touching sight, and James was greatly moved. With tears in his eyes, he stroked her cheek and kissed her. The visit to her the following December (1884) was more memorable still. Just before he arrived, she was seized with a sudden faintness, and, when he entered the room, was lying back in her easy-

chair, apparently unconscious. I was standing by, ready to put little sips of brandy into her mouth, and beside me was her nurse, fanning her lightly. James seated himself at her side and felt her pulse. "She is dying," he moaned softly. "No," I replied, "I have seen her like this before." But I was greatly alarmed notwithstanding. James said nothing more, but, holding her hand, kept his eyes intently on the sweet, pale face. Suddenly, to our great relief, she raised her arm and began to pat him vigorously on the shoulder, with evident intense delight. The crisis had passed: she had recognised him the moment she opened her eyes. James remained and took luncheon with her, returning full of anxiety to Deebank, where he was expected. Next day, she was helped down stairs about noon, with some little difficulty, and got seated as usual in her easy-chair. Immediately she began to breathe heavily, and in half-an-hour the once brave, bright spirit passed calmly away. I had sent to Springhill for my sister Elizabeth, and she and her daughter Janet came at once, but all was over before they arrived. We carried the wasted form tenderly upstairs, and her sons came to take a last reverent look at the beloved face. After she was laid beside her husband and infant children in Old Aberdeen Churchyard, under the shadow of the venerable grey cathedral, I was taken to Deebank for a time. Along with my brother John, I went to the station to see James depart for London. While together in the brougham, on our way to Aberdeen, his feelings were moved beyond control. He wished to speak of the dear mother to whom he had paid his last visit, but again and again tried in vain. Subdued sobs choked his utterance, and his eyes were blinded with tears. Yet, we were in a way far from unhappy. A mournful satisfaction was in the reflection that length of days unto her mind had been our mother's, and that they had only increased the deep love and gratitude her children felt for her; while her best desires for all of them had been richly granted.

James found in London an ever-widening sphere of activity. He and his assistants, at certain seasons of the year, were generally occupied the whole livelong day. No idea had they of working only eight hours. It was no uncommon thing for those visiting at Brook Street not to see him till dinner at eight in the evening. He was for several years in the way of rising early, breakfasting simply on oatmeal porridge, and for exercise setting off on foot to the distant hospital before any one appeared. He lunched early by himself, again on the same homely fare; and the constant work thereafter detained him until dinner-time. After dinner, he looked at an evening newspaper or conversed, and at ten went to bed; so visitors had his company only the last two hours of the day. During dinner he seemed sometimes quite pre-occupied; at other times he became expansive, and brimmed over with bright talk. Occasionally, in expressing an earnest opinion, or when wishing to convey a strong impression, he would playfully strain a point; but no sooner were the words out than he would check himself and say—"But I am exaggerating."

Of his tender-heartedness no one who was much with him could have any doubt. He never, amid all the trying scenes he passed through year after year, became case-hardened. I remember one evening at dinner, after I had just arrived from the north, he was very silent. His wife joked about it, and asked across the table if he had nothing to say to his sister when she had come so far. "Ah," he replied, shaking his head slowly, "if you had been where I have been, and seen what I have seen the last two hours, you would be quiet too." His wife always knew when he had a serious case, for he could not sleep. On him often devolved too, the sad task of telling near relatives that their loved ones were soon to be taken from them; and an extremely painful duty he always found it. His daughter Dell told me that one day she drove with her father to a suburb of London, where his errand was to see a

young married lady who was seriously ill. He expected Dell would only be kept waiting about a quarter of an hour. She was armed with an illustrated magazine, and did not mind sitting alone. A considerable time passed, however, and no appearance of her father. At length, nearly half-an-hour after he was expected, he came. His story melted her to tears. After a critical examination of his youthful patient he found, as he had suspected before, that she was the victim of a deadly disease, which would speedily end her life. When he went into the next room the young husband asked him to tell exactly his opinion of her state. As tenderly as he could, James broke the dread intelligence. No sooner did it reach the mind of the anxious listener than he suddenly dropped down as if dead on the floor! Then he had to be revived; and asking once more, imploringly, if there were no hope, a sad shake of the head gave reply. With what pathos the imagination can fill up the blanks in this story! James had a strong opinion, which he impressed on his students, that in such cases, the only right, as it was the only kind thing to do, was to tell the truth. If a patient or his friends neither wished nor asked to know the nature and probable issue of a case, it was needless to enlighten them. Otherwise, the plain state of matters must be disclosed. He considered it an "an awful thing, deliberately to mystify a patient, or lie to one. The practitioner had to care for his own soul." Nor did he believe that a knowledge of the truth had an injurious effect on the progress of most diseases.

I think it was during this same visit that James appeared one evening in the drawing-room with a bundle of manuscript, which he began to look over. On being asked about it, he said it was an address he had prepared for delivery at the opening of the session of the Abernethian Society. It treated of medical education. His two elder girls, three sons, and myself were, amid quiet harmonies of colour in the eastern rugs and hangings, grouped around

him. He was seated in his usual chair beside the tall lamp. The rush of the outside world was quieted. But for the occasional passing of a carriage we might have fancied ourselves far in the country. The restful spirit of the hour was over us. Jane proposed that my brother should read the address aloud. He seemed pleased, but looked at his sons diffidently, like a schoolboy, and said, "You will think I am preaching and priggish—and I wrote it hurriedly." By general acclamation it was decided that he should let us hear it. He began with a kind of modest hesitancy, but as he went on he seemed to pick up courage, and gave it as he would give it at the meeting of the society, distinctly, emphatically. I think, however, that he omitted some medical passages. He seemed greatly pleased when his son Andrew signified approval. No higher note could be struck than rings through the whole of this address. In reference to it Dr. John Williams wrote from Queen Anne Street, "I feel refreshed: I have read your address concerning medical education."

How suggestive as to the character of my dear brother is the above incident. His humility, his modesty, his thorough gentlemanliness are all exhibited. He liked to stand well with his sons. I believe it was on this visit he remarked to me that he had never refused them any money they asked for; no doubt desirous to shield them from the distasteful limitations he had to endure in his own early days.

It was generally remarked of my brother that he was always equal to the occasion, or as the colloquial phrase goes—he had always his wits about him. Nothing so startling as to take him unawares. His guiding consideration was to be ready to do his duty on every emergency, however unforeseen. And there were few things he recoiled from more than asking favours from patients or their friends, though often sorely tempted to do so. As an example of the kind of letters James received almost daily from

those he attended professionally, I give two, written by well-known people, which may add to the interest if not to the weight of their communications. The following is one of many in the same strain from Lord Rosebery :—

“ July 19, '83,
38, Berkeley Square, W.

My dear Dr. Duncan,

I enclose a cheque which has been near my heart for days (in my pocket-book) and has escaped my mind. It seems to me very inadequate, but I do not know how to correct the estimate, and your friendship I do not dare to value. I can only thank you for that princely addition to your skill.

Yours sincerely,
R.”

Mrs. Gladstone wrote, after the birth of the first child to her eldest son :—

“ It touched us very much your writing to me. Your letter was very valuable, for I had been *very anxious*, and your words showed me that it was not without cause. The good report coming from *you*, therefore, was invaluable, and further, I am very glad of the excuse to trouble you with these few words ; thanking you *with all my heart* for your great skill and care of our precious daughter. My son will never forget it, and both my husband and myself feel we owe you a debt of gratitude. I may be in London with my husband to-morrow. It will be an additional pleasure if we fall in with you,” &c.

This year James was appointed Gulstonian lecturer to the Royal College of Physicians. Some time before he had been summoned to Windsor to see the Queen. She wished him to attend her daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Albany, which he did, while she was at the historic castle. He was honoured by several confidential interviews with her Majesty, and was asked to sign his name in her birthday book. In 1884, instead of going to Ashiestiel, James took his family to Apps Court, an old family seat, dignified by great cedars, some of them said to have been planted by Cardinal Wolsey. Apps Court was not far from the

Thames, and on my visit to Jane and James while they were there, I greatly enjoyed being rowed by the young people on the lovely reaches of river beyond Hampton Court. Occasionally James took an oar himself. We were within easy distance of Claremont, which, though then and now inhabited by the Duchess of Albany, I always associate with Princess Charlotte, the daughter of George IV., of whom my mother used to tell me when I was a child. After the birth of the little Duke of Albany, the Queen gave James, with her own hand, a set of diamond and sapphire shirt studs. Some time afterwards James attended, at Windsor, the Princess Victoria of Battenberg, eldest daughter of Princess Alice. The Queen then gave him the whole set of her books, with his name written by herself, and with pencilled marks at places about her daughter, Princess Alice, to which she wished to draw his attention. Though he was consulted by several other members of the royal family, he did not see the Queen again till sent for to let her know about the Duchess of Fife. At first James had declined to attend this royal lady, having given up such cases, but as the Prince and Princess of Wales desired it, he considered their wish a command and undertook it.

Honours continued to flow in. James became a Fellow of the Royal Society of London; an LL.D of Edinburgh; an honorary M.D. of the University of Dublin; he held in succession the office of Obstetric Examiner to the Universities of St. Andrews, Oxford, Cambridge, and London; he was president at various times of medical societies, and an honorary member of many scientific societies in Great Britain, Europe, and America; he was nominated by the Crown as a member of the General Medical Council; in short, every worthy ambition was fully satisfied. His dazzling success made no change in his bearing to those around him. As he was at the beginning of his career so he remained to the end.

About this time James received the following letter from Sir William Bowman:—

“Joldwynds, Dorking,
December 13, 1883.

My dear Dr. Duncan,

I thank you heartily for the letter of congratulation you have sent me. I feel the distinction conferred on me enhanced by such a commendation—coming from such a source, so esteemed and honoured. The announcement of the offer was quite a surprise to me. I did not suppose I was in ‘any such runnings.’ The greetings I receive from so many whom I regard assure me that in accepting it I have not made a great mistake. Thank you very heartily.

Yours sincerely,
W. BOWMAN.”

The next letter I give came from Dr. Thomas Keith, one of my brother’s schoolday friends, who at this time lived in Edinburgh, though he has since gone to London:—

“2, North Charlotte Street,
Edinburgh, Monday.

My dear D.,

I have just noticed the *dedication*. I thank you for your goodness to me. What a long time now since the school days—*Eheu fugaces anni!*

With all good and kind wishes to you and yours,

Yours in sincerity,
THOMAS KEITH.”

Mrs. Matthews Duncan writes that her husband “had strong opinions about consultants, especially in regard to upholding the family doctor.” About patients he said to her—

“‘I rather push my patients from me than attract them, you lose your influence if you see them too often.’ Another opinion that he held very strongly was never to make himself a nurse to his patients. He held that if he saw his patient too often he could not diagnose improvement or the reverse. He always refused to sit up at night or remain in the house. If it was necessary for a doctor to be there he advised a young one; and yet though he did push his patients from him,

I do not think there was a man in the profession more beloved by patients than he was—beloved in the best way, being respected, looked up to, and relied on—as many letters testify that came to me when he was no longer with me. Sometimes it was almost trying to listen to some patients calling on me and telling me of his goodness to them.”

The following letter from Dr. Jeffery, of Jedburgh, came about this time :—

“ Dear Dr. Duncan,

My most sincere thanks for the book. I shall read it with the deepest interest, and it helps me to know that I passed into your mind when you were thinking in such regions. I really wonder how you have got to your present resting-place—for you are a doubter if ever doubter lived. I suppose you could tell no one the way along which you have journeyed, but, my revered friend, the thought that you, with your massive and deeply doubting mind, have seen this and that in Christianity to be, after all, really true—this thought is a kind of pillar to those like me, &c.”

The reference in this letter is to a wave of thought which flowed over my brother James’s mind, rather to the unsettlement of his earlier belief, about the time when Darwin, in the wake of Lamarek, first wrote of the theory of evolution. This theory had gained a favourable reception from the scientific world, and as a consequence men of less research proceeded hypothetically to develop it beyond a sure scientific basis. James had long before felt keenly “ the retarding effect on science of a superstitious dependence on the authority of great men,” and had set himself against it ; so on this occasion his mind soon shook itself clear of all that was assumption, and gladly, as some of his letters to Mrs. Tait show, returned to a secure rest on the Rock of Ages. “ Who never doubted ne’er believed.”

“ There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.”

In the summer of 1885, James took his family to Golspie. He wished to be near the Marchioness of Stafford, at Dunrobin.

After a pleasant time there, he spent a few days at Deebank on his way south; and I was invited to meet him. As usual, the talk went much to old days.

When he came to my house—I had left Raeden—we talked of later times; and I showed him a letter from one who knew our mother well, in which were the words, “When we were with you, we missed Mrs. Duncan. She had such a sweet smile, peculiar to herself. I never saw any one give a welcome as she did.” Some English friends had also made a similar remark. This went to James’s heart. For a long time he expatiated on his mother’s charm of manner and unselfishness, and recalled several instances of her great self-denial for the sake of her children. We also spoke of our brother-in-law, Mr. Scott, who had finished his course in the spring of that year. James had gone to see him some short time before, and told me of his calmness, and of his wife’s unwearied devotion.

The next spring there arose great indecision as to where James and his family should go for the summer and autumn months. Ashiestiel House had got so out of repair as to have become too uncomfortable; so, however much they liked the neighbourhood, it was generally felt out of the question to return to it. Since they had been there, James had seriously thought of ending their varied migrations by the purchase of a country residence at which to settle when away from London. One in Argyllshire, among others, came under consideration; and also one in Perthshire. Jane, with her usual energy, had gone to see both places, and had decided against the first, and thought well of the second. Negotiations regarding the Perthshire estate were accordingly entered into, but, rather to the disappointment of the young people, they came to nothing. They soon, however, acquiesced in this result when their mother, after a second wearisome journey to the west coast of Scotland, described the place she had gone to see as “simply perfect.” This was Appin House in Argyllshire, on the shores of

Loch Linnhe. They rented it immediately, and four happy summers were spent at this enchanting spot, all quite agreeing that their mother had not misled them as to its charm. Well might it be called perfect, for nature has lavished around it every gift capable of giving delight to the eyes of man. Moreover boating, shooting, and fishing were at hand to the heart's content. No one was disappointed. Jane and James, with their usual hospitality, invited many friends to share their pleasure, and all of them look back on their visits as a privilege never to be forgotten.

Notwithstanding eager anticipations of spending a pleasant holiday in the summer of 1886, a cloud hung over my dear brother which was to darken the future as it deeply shaded the present. A double calamity was at hand. His brother William, an affectionate, kind-hearted man, who had never been strong, and who in early days had been James's constant companion and class-fellow, drew near his end at Ventnor, where he had lived for some time for the benefit of his health. James went to see him, and at once wrote to his sister Jessie that her duty was to be near this suffering brother, who, he feared, had not long to live. James's second visit to him was a farewell one. So deep was his emotion at parting that he had to wait till he mastered it before leaving the house. William's delight at having his sister beside him at the end—he had never married—was overpowering. Again and again he thanked her for coming so far. He had thought he was to be spared a little longer, for he had often been as ill, and asked her what James had written about this. When told that his brother thought he had only a few days to live, he said, "If James says it, it must be true." He died in March, full of happy anticipation. James went to Ventnor again, and laid his brother, for his long sleep, in the hill cemetery, where a simple stone marks his grave. This year James gave up practice, except in consultation—only attending a few old patients. At this time he made the remark

that he had done everything he hoped for at the time he intended. To how few is it granted to say so truthfully!

Sorrow and joy alternate in our chequered human life. A month later, James wrote from London as follows, to his nephew by marriage, Mr. Andrew Jameson, on his appointment as Sheriff of Roxburgh, Berwick, and Selkirk:—

“April 17th, 1886.

My Lord,

I beg to inform your Lordship that, at a meeting held here this evening—Alice Stibbard not in the chair—your health, happiness, and prosperity was drunk in a flowing bumper: and your Roxburgh subjects were congratulated on their new ruler.

Yours,

J. MATTHEWS DUNCAN.”

In June and July I was on a visit at Arran. The following letter reached me after some delay. It was addressed to Mrs. Scott, and filled both her and myself with great anxiety:—

“Brook Street, July 2, 1886.

Dear Jessie,

This letter is written to Bella and in answer to her kind note, which is very welcome. I beg you to forward it, as I do not know where she is. I feel quite ashamed at not having written to Abby, for I am very sorry to hear of her family bronchitic illness. I trust she will make now a good recovery.

We have good news from Charles at Kissingen, but I am very anxious about him. He is severely disabled and seriously ill, and will require always—as long as he lives—the greatest care, if he is to live at all. His lungs and heart are so bad that he has extensive dropsy. Take care what you say of this. I have not had a more severe blow in my life than the sight of my dear brother's legs, swollen as I remember papa's were.

Here we are in the greatest pleasurable excitement. Jane is delighted in every way with Appin House, Argyllshire. The children, &c. (eleven of a party), start to-night for Oban, *en route*. Bessie Honey has just gone home, having been to say good-bye to them all. W. O. is at Henley, rowing in the regatta.

Bella must take great care of herself; and how much is it to be lamented that Charles can't take equal care. I have a very short letter from George, acknowledging my letter about William, and telling me of John Smith. Love to all, &c."

Towards the end of August I went to Appin and spent a happy fortnight at that delightful place. James busied himself with literary work in the library until luncheon time; after that going in heartily with whatever pastime was on foot. There were two boats, and we often went fishing on Loch Linnhe. We also used the boats to cross to Shoona—their own island—and had a picnic there, Mrs. Lees and a footman having gone beforehand to prepare. Then James and his wife, who arranged all the amusements with skill and tact, took me beautiful drives—to Duror Bridge, Loch Creran, Port Appin, Ballyveolan, Shian Ferry, &c. Dell and I made out several sketching expeditions with varying success. James saw, with great pleasure, this daughter's taste for drawing, and was most desirous that it should be cultivated; examining and criticising her sketches with the utmost interest. On our rambles along the shore, his quick eye descried on the one hand rare ferns and mosses, and on the other strange sea-weed and shells, all of which he could readily name. We were never alone, however, without the conversation showing that his heart at this time was in the north with his brother Charles, a man of great mental power, and his favourite brother, who had returned home from Kissengen with no improvement of health. Before I left Appin he went to Deebank to see him. It was their last meeting on earth. James went back to London with a heavy heart, though as much as possible he kept this to himself, not desiring to trouble others with his private sorrows. Events gain a weight, more or less, according to the situation. Death, though always momentous, is sometimes of immeasurable significance. Such it was in this case. For years this strong brother had been James's right-hand

man. To him he went for counsel and suggestion on every occasion of any importance—in short, after this loss, James felt maimed, and all around him saw that he was never again the same person. He was busy in London when the blow came. A slight indication of the state of his mind may be gathered from the following letter to his sister-in-law, Miss Isabel Hotchkis. It was written on the eve of his departure for the north, to lay his brother in the grave:—

“October 16th, 1886.

Dear Isy,

Your sympathetic letter is in accordance with my feelings, and I am grateful to you for writing. I have lost a friend, and help, and adviser—the best of sons, brothers, husbands, fathers. His children were his passion. He died happy in the best sense, but his last words—in pencil—to me were, ‘it is terrible to leave them.’

Kisses to the girls. I shall return here on Wednesday, and hope to find them here then, and safe. John and Willie go with me this evening. Ever yours, with love to Maggie, &c.”

When the two brothers and Willie reached Aberdeen they drove first to my house. Being ignorant of some of the later details, they wished to be better prepared for the mournful visit to Deebank. We did not meet again until the day of the funeral. Of what it was to see the sad procession going down the long avenue I dare not write, nor of the general intensity of grief at the grave on the loss of this helpful brother. James covered his face with his hat to hide the rivers of tears. I insert here another letter to Sheriff Jameson, as showing some of his feelings. It was written from London after Charles had been laid in the old churchyard:—

“October 24th, 1886.

Dear Andrew,

I have had so much communiation with you in joys and in sorrows—regarding you as being as good as a blood relation—that I knew your kind sympathetic feelings without the testimony of your autograph. But your letter is very welcome.

We are very deep in mourning—not as those who have no hope—but very sad over the best of sons—of brothers—of husbands—of fathers.

Thanks again for your letter.

Love to Chrissie and all the children. We shall be anxious to hear that all goes on well and ends well in her case. Love to your mother when you see her.

I have heard of you being ill Do take care of yourself, &c.”

As further indicative of James’s feelings I quote part of a letter I had from his sympathetic wife, written from London :—

“October 18th.

I thank you very much for your full account of our dear brother’s last moments. We had heard nothing, as no one had written. Your letter was a great comfort to me, for being alone, with not a child even with me, my thoughts were always at Deebank with nothing to disturb them, and I had such a longing to hear all particulars. They are very touching—his last look to Emily—they were truly one. I cannot bear to think of what she will feel by and by when the boys come from Cambridge, poor dear—she has too much to think of just now to realise the loneliness. One great happiness and consolation to her and us all, is that he is at rest, and free from all the sorrow he had for leaving his dear ones, and free of the terrible restlessness, for ‘over there’ it is rest for evermore. James is very much cut up. I don’t think Charles knew his love for him. I don’t think any brother was ever more loved—not only loved but looked up to, and his opinion on every thing asked and acted on. It is terrible to think we have him no more for advice; but what is our loss to that of his children! The little ones will never remember that good, loving, devoted father. . . . I wonder if you are at home, or at Springhill, or Deebank—it would be very sad for you to be alone. I did not go with James because I thought I might be in the way, and when John and Willie went with him I did not mind, &c.”

As will be seen above, my brother Charles left some very young children; so, for their benefit afterwards, I wrote a short sketch of his early life and character, concerning which I had the following note from James :—

“ January 28th, 1887.

Dear Bella,

Thanks for the very good biographical sketch of dear C.— a bright example to us. Apart from its truth, it is a good piece of work. Have you sent one to George, or will you send me a copy to forward? I don't know where you are, but Jane has, I believe, your address. I suppose we shall see you here soon, &c.”

The busy world went on. I give the following letter to James from Dr. Champneys, who was much associated with him at this time, and who eventually became his successor at St. Bartholomew's:—

“ 80, Great Cumberland Place,
Hyde Park, May 17, 1887.

Dear Dr. Dunean,

I write to ask a favour, not for the first time. The favour is that you will allow me to dedicate to you my ‘opus primum’ on Artificial Respiration, the substance of which you already know, and which you have been good enough to commend. Apart from sincere and affectionate personal regard, of which I think I need not assure you, it seems to me that no dedication could be so appropriate as to one who has done so much work of this kind, and with such valuable results.

Believe me, &c.”

The next letter I give came from one of the oldest and most highly respected practitioners in Scotland. It refers to an address my brother delivered on “The Continuity of Medical Life,” at the opening of the Medical Department of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, on October 3rd, 1887:—

“ Craigin, Pitloehry, N.B., 19th October, 1887.

My dear Dr. Dunean,

My signature will remind you of an old friend, who I am pleased to know you have not forgotten, as I heard from Dr. Wyman yesterday. This is only another reason for writing to you, as I often think of you and of the position you occupy in your great city, and which is so gratifying to your old friends, who would have been disappointed had it been otherwise. My eyesight does not permit me to

read much, so that only two or three days ago I stumbled on your address at the opening of the Leeds School of Medicine. It is no flattery, but due to you to say that, in excellence and fulness, ay, and high principle inculcated, it stands head and shoulders above any similar address I ever read. Long may you be able for the great and good work you are doing.

Your neighbour, Sir William Gull, you will have heard, has had an attack, but is recovering slowly. His intelligence was never disturbed, but it is too soon yet to say what remains of useful health, if any, he may be restored to. I am doing very little work; my nephew now largely occupies my place, and at 75 I am quite thankful that I was allowed so long and so busy a life. With every good wish for your welfare, believe me, my dear Dr. Duncan,

Your very sincere old friend,

W. T. IRVINE."

In the spring of this year I visited James and Jane in London, and was present at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, when their two oldest girls Dell and Janie were confirmed. James was then paying a daily visit to his opposite neighbour, Sir William Gull who, as seen above, was recovering slowly from a serious illness. In the summer the family went again to Appin, and had, among other visitors, my sister Rosie's three daughters, who even now dilate with rapture on their enjoyment of the lovely place, and of the society of their cousins.

As a specimen of many letters written to James by nervous patients, speaking of his skill in curing them by telling them the truth, and that they would only get well by battling against their fancies themselves, I give one from a London lady, dated 23rd December, 1887:—

"Dear Dr. Matthews Duncan,

I feel that I cannot let the season, at which one always calls to mind so many reasons for thankfulness, come and go without writing you a grateful note, which, however, I will make as short as possible, for I know how busy you always are.

Perhaps you will not remember me, but your case-book will recall to your mind that you saw me on November 26, 1886, when I was suffering from complete nervous prostration, resulting from severe mental trial.

I want now to tell you that, through your great kindness, your remedies, and your most helpful advice for the future, I am quite restored, and my nerves are as strong as they ever were.

I feel that, under God's blessing, I owe, not only my health, but my reason, to your skill; and when I look back upon the depth of the misery into which your reassuring tones brought the first ray of light, there seem to be no words in which I can adequately thank you. I think of you every day, and never without deep gratitude.

Trusting that you and yours may have a very happy Christmas and new year,

Believe me, yours truly and gratefully, &c."

Many highly appreciative letters from Sir William Jenner, Sir James Paget, Sir Andrew Clark, Virchow, and others of like renown, cannot be given, on account of the manner medical cases and phraseology enter into them.

James never failed in his regard for the friends of his youth. About this time I dined at Brook Street, with Professor John Smith, of Sydney, who was paying a visit to his native country, and Mrs. Graham, an early, though not so early a friend; and Mr. Wisely writes:—

"Though I had not lately seen your brother, I knew in many ways that he had the same kindly feeling as ever. Only a year or two ago I gave an introduction to a patient. Her husband and she called with it. He was just going out—carriage waiting, &c., and no end of people wanting to see him. They lost hope of being able to get hold of him, but they told me my letter, when he saw the big round hieroglyphics, acted like a talisman. George (my eldest son) and his wife told me how kindly he had treated them, and how kindly he had spoken of me."

I need not say that my sister-in-law seconded cordially all her husband's true-hearted efforts to keep old friendships from falling into oblivion.

The following letter was written by the President of the Medical Council when James had to retire. The writer survived my brother only a few months:—

“ 10, Savile Row,
13th May, 1888.

Dear Dr. Duncan,

I am very pleased to think that I shall see you here at my first dinner, amongst the senior members of the Council. I am even more sorry that we lose your services as a member, in consequence of yours being the first *English* vacancy which has occurred among the Crown nominees since, by the Act of 1886, that unmeaning change was made, reducing the Crown nominees from *six* to *five*. I propose to give you a parting salutation in my address. Our late President *intends* to take a good long holiday. Will he? He is too apt to go to work, even in a holiday.

I am, yours truly,
JOHN MARSHALL.”

On James's return to London from Appin he wrote to his sister-in-law Mrs. Charles Duncan, these touching letters:—

“ September 24, 1888.

Dear Emily,

It is always pleasant to hear from you and of you all. It brings back to me my dear brother—with whom I am in company every day. I like his portrait beside me, and to hear of his beloved ones at Deebank.

I feel very well and am so, but I am not so young as I once was, and sometimes I am unaccountably sad—low, as it is called.

Fred. Honey is at Appin. Charlie leaves, I expect, on Tuesday to go to Kilmaronong to shoot. Bruce went to Appin on Saturday to stay a fortnight. Then all will leave. Jim Matthews is still there. Willie will return to Miteham soon. What do your boys get at Byth? Had I known you were not to be with us at Appin I would have gone to Aberdeen. Now it is too late. I met Lady Aberdeen at Dalmeny on Friday night. She has placed her boy with Mr. Darnell.

Ever yours, &c.”

Dear Emily,

“ December, 4, 1888.

I thank you for your letter. It bears a sweet perfume! I hope Katie will soon be quite well. The illness does not seem important.

We are all well. Charlie is probably going to Ecuador, S. America, to look at a business of which it is proposed he should take charge. I am not pre-disposed to Jessie's going to Perak. I am glad to hear of the boys' doings. With love to all, &c."

A month later he wrote to me:—

"A happy new year to you. It is very pleasant to know your health is fairly good, perhaps very good considering all circumstances. You are lonely, and it is fortunate you have books, and a cat, and servants, and paint brushes to indulge in, and to pet.

We hear occasionally of and from Deebank, and the news is always pleasant—a wholesome household—the work of the dear departed, for whom I still weep.

I shall soon follow him. Yet that may be long delayed, for I have as yet only what you call a 'touch' of the family complaint—lungs and heart.

Jane is not strong—thin, pale, bad headaches. I dread her taking Dell out—late hours. They have been at her first ball, and I am told she danced every dance. I don't care for such dancing, and do not encourage it. Home, small, not promiscuous, dancing I like. Cha still thinks of going to Ecuador. Yours ever, &c."

A few weeks later he commenced a letter to me on private business thus:—

"I have much sympathy with you in love and respect for, and pride in, my dear departed brother. He is every day present with me."

This year, 1889, I was a week at Brook Street on my way to Switzerland. One day I went with Jane to the studio of the sculptor, Bain-Smith, and sat watching him at work for an hour on a bust he was doing of her for her husband. At dinner afterwards the conversation turned on art. The day before I had been at the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy—"Ah," said James, "it may be finer, but somehow I never enjoy it as I used to do the Edinburgh one. There I could trace the progress of the young artists from year to year, and knew at a glance who had painted a picture before looking at the catalogue."

In spring he and his wife went to Paris with Sir William and Lady Turner. James could not fail to think of early days on finding himself again at the Hotel de Lille et d' Albion. He tried to find out his old quarters near the School of Medicine, but all was changed, as was also the former Hotel Dieu. It had been rebuilt.

In the autumn after being at Appin he went to Aberdeen, drawn specially by a strong desire to see Glendavon, a fine highland property, recently bought by his nephew, Professor Ogston. The house, which was then newly built, stands some two miles from the Dinnet station on the Deeside line. Through some misunderstanding James, on reaching this station, found, to his surprise, no conveyance to take him on. It was a very warm afternoon, and the road to the house mostly uphill. On his unexpected appearance his niece found him with his necktie and collar in his hand, and panting with exhaustion. He was stout, and had realised that a long walk on a sunny day is no joke. With his usual good nature he made light of the matter, and enjoyed his short visit thoroughly. The great red moor of Dinnet; the placid lochs; the near hills, so purple with heather; the far, so dim and vague, were quite to his mind. Speaking of them afterwards he quoted sacred words—"The mountains shall bring peace, and the little hills righteousness."

Early the next year I was taken seriously ill. My sister Jessie came to me immediately. An expression in one of her letters to James gave him great alarm, and brought him at once north to see me, though over head and ears at work in London. He came laden with rare delicacies from his kind wife. It was his last visit to his beloved native place. But this was hid from our eyes. He drove out to my house with two other doctors. The three were to consult together on my case. One of them, who had not met him before, told me afterwards of his being struck by the intimate knowledge my brother showed of the various localities they passed

through ; of his telling them that such-and-such a place was or led to so-and-so in his early days ; and of his giving items of information of which his companions, who had spent all their lives in Aberdeen, were ignorant. When he came to my bedside, I was greatly struck with his appearance. It seemed to me changed in various respects. Not only was he stouter and his hair more grey, but his fingers were affected with gout, and in his face was something of a harassed look, and, though he said he was well, I fancied it showed positive signs of disturbed health. On being left alone with his two sisters after the consultation, he seated himself near the fire and spoke to Jessie of her son, William Duncan Scott, M.B., then in the East, and of his prospects. Afterwards he placed himself in a half-reclining attitude on the foot of the bed, and talked to me for nearly an hour. He was to dine with his sister Elizabeth at Springhill before returning south. The burden of his conversation with me was his wife. The state of her health seemed to press seriously on his mind. He said the restlessness and whirl of London were killing her ; she undertook too much—did every one's business as readily as her own, and there was no use trying to check her activities, for she had many friends eager to get things from London, and she liked to oblige them—that even Appin House gave her no repose, for, with her large household and numerous visitors, its commissariat was a responsible affair—he would have to take her abroad in summer, and he ended by saying in a sad tone, “ I may even have to give up practice and go to some quiet neighbourhood where she would have ease and a chance of longer life, for I cannot lose my wife,” adding that he had fully provided for his daughters, but he would have liked to do more for his sons, though they all had shrewdness and industry, and he had no doubt would do well. He had little desire that they should be rich : he wished them, above all, to be good, honourable men. Before he left, I asked his private opinion of my own state. In

reply he said frankly, fixing his steady eye on mine, "You are seriously ill, and, at your age, your life in great danger; for two or three weeks your condition will be most critical; but you are cheerful, and I trust may be spared to us." His visit was an immense solace to me. It filled me with renewed grateful love for this sympathetic brother. I knew he had often before, with considerable fatigue and pecuniary loss, travelled long distances to see brothers and sisters when ill, but this visit to me personally came home to my heart. From the first, he had affection and kindness alike and enough for us all enshrined in his soul, waiting and ready to give what help was in his power. After our mother's death, he continued to send me an evening paper. For a long time it was addressed by his own hand, and so told me daily of his being well; latterly he occasionally devolved this duty on his daughter Dell. This seems a little matter, but it showed I was thought of every day.

James had a high respect for manliness, meaning by that a certain strength of character combined with other noble qualities. He liked one who could look him full in the face. The greatest encomium he could give a friend was to say emphatically that he was "a man." Of three or four persons only do I remember him using this attribute,—Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Kilgour, his brother Charles, and Professor Ogston; his wife says he used it also of Sir William Jenner. Soon after he returned to London, he wrote a long letter to an Aberdeen lady, Mrs. Rodger, the wife of a medical man, and the daughter of the late well-known author and antiquary, Mr. Hill Burton, of Edinburgh, from which I give extracts:—

"71, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square,
April 26, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Rodger,

I have pleasure in answering your note, and I do so more to show willingness to assist you than because I can give you substantial help. Some pleasure in corresponding with you arises from my having

known your father-in-law, who was an intimate friend of my father's. I remember he lived near the Lunatic Asylum, in a white washed house—the position of which I cannot describe from forgetfulness of the names of streets.

In connection with your subject, I need not remind you of your husband's address as president, I believe, of the M. C. Society. It was a most interesting contribution to the history of medical teaching, apart from its Aberdonian details. Its contents might be embodied in your work. I hope you will find room for some notice of Dr. Henderson of Caskieben, often called the founder of the Medical School. He was teacher or professor of *Materia Medica* in Marischal College—a queer, dried-up, old story, travelling, good man. But I look upon the clever Andrew Moir—whose portrait is now before me—as more truly the founder of the school. Ewing of Tartowie has probably equal claims teacher of anatomy in Marischal College.

Andrew Moir—he got no other larger or smaller designation—was an enthusiastic teacher, connected with King's College. He carried on his work under great difficulties. He was dirty, and his lecture-room was in the filthiest, narrowest lane you can imagine. I forget its bad name, but it ran from the Flourmill Brae to the Netherkirkgate, where it ended in steps, opposite the shop of the celebrated Jeanie Mill's rock. His portrait by the well-known Aberdeen painter, James Cassie, was published.

Pirrie and Steel, both diligent anatomists, and therefore resurrectionists, flourished about the same time.

My notion of the hereditary! hierarchy in Aberdeen is Skene, Ogilvie, Benj. Williamson, Kilgour, Pirrie.

You do right in paying particular attention to Kilgour, whom I regard as one of the greatest physicians and ablest men I have ever known, and I have known many such. He was my special master. I did not attend his regular King's College course of lectures as a student, but often heard him in the school where the Vennel was—St. Paul Street, I think—running from the Loch and Drum's Lane up to Gallowgate—where Sir Wyville Thomson taught botany, and where Redfern taught anatomy—Allen Thomson and then Lizars being the Marischal College professors. Of Kilgour, I can give only scattered hints. The titles of his books I forget—on Hygiene, on University reform. He ended life a respectable conservative or thereabout, but I have heard he began as a radical, holding forth from the top of a mail-coach on the

Inches. He bathed off the sands, it is said, winter and summer, when it was at all possible. I can testify to his doing so in rough, cold, wintry weather. I have seen him. He may be said to have done the north of Scotland the great service of orally introducing to practice the great work of Lænnæ. When in hospital, he always carried his old-fashioned cylinder stethoscope, as a police officer carries his baton. I was long his clinical clerk.

He was a *man*, a great man as well as a physician. His devoted admirer and friend, John Brown, called him the modern Sydenham, and I believe you will find above his study fireplace, at Loirston, a portrait of him with this designation underwritten by John Brown. No doubt his many large and carefully written out volumes of cases are still in existence. He was the founder of the pathological museum of the Infirmary, where you will find numerous preparations of his own making. Some stories of his zeal are well known. Of course he was a diligent post-mortemist. He spent his Sunday afternoons often there, as did his worthy successor, W. Williamson, son of the above-mentioned Benjamin.

When the line of great Edinburgh doctors was for a time broken by the death of John Scott, Rutland Square, many turned to Kilgour to come to Edinburgh—Brown and Simpson *inter alios*—but he would not.

In his last illness I visited him at Loirston, in which he took much pleasure—the grand and melaneholy sea! He had the advice of the great Sir Joseph Lister. His racy, grand, common sense, and largely attended clinical lectures in the Royal Infirmary are not to be forgotten—nor his good bedside teaching. But I get garrulous.

Yours truly, &c.”

After my recovery from illness I was advised to go abroad, and resolved to take a long projected tour in Spain, in the company of an old friend who spoke Spanish fluently. Passing through London on my return, early in June, I spent a week with my brother and his wife at Brook Street. To my very great distress I saw plainly that he was far, far from well. He seemed much reduced, even shattered, and had a remote look on his face, as if his mind was absorbed with something serious he could not speak of. He told me he had given up St. Bartholomew's! I could scarcely believe it. When he added that his career was ended,

incredulity came to my relief, and the consoling idea that he required change of scene and rest only to restore him to a moderate degree of strength and spirits. The giving up his hospital lectures—his teaching!—remained as a fact however, not to be set aside. It was proposed, his wife told me, that several of the family should go abroad with him, and that while he went to the Berlin Medical Congress with his intimate friend Sir William Turner, the others should wait his return, and likely proceed then to Switzerland. When I had heard the plan of going abroad mentioned before, it was for her sake not for his. My absence had kept me from being prepared for this shock, and not till long after did I learn the particulars. Now I have before my eyes the words of Dr. Champneys, his successor at the hospital:—

“A man of less indomitable will would perhaps have taken warning earlier, would have sought relief from some of the duties which were his greatest pleasure, as they were his most engrossing work. But he would not yield; he struggled on in harness till, as you all know, and some of you saw, he broke down in the act of instructing you.”

I observed, however, that he was going on with his practice as before, and that some of those around him were joking about his low spirits when he got the least ill, so, though on one of these occasions he shook his head and murmured “I know,” I got less alarmed. Still many things occurred to keep me uneasy. One evening he had to dine out, and I could see he fulfilled this engagement with great reluctance. John, his fourth son, was at an Oxford college and “Commemoration” was at hand. His wife and two elder daughters were going to it, and were very desirous that he should accompany them. Their efforts to effect this seemed in vain, till their friend, Miss Paget, called one day and joined her entreaties to theirs. He half consented, and his family viewed the arrangement as concluded. Another evening he was in his usual chair by the tall lamp. I sat between him and his daughter Dell.

For my amusement she had brought a collection of photographs in various cases which she handed to me in succession, naming at the same time those whom they represented. Her father seemed to wish to look at them also, so I passed them on to him. At length we came to one, lately taken, of his son John. Nothing could exceed the sudden ecstasy with which James regarded it. "Johnnie, Jock," he kept saying, "the best likeness I ever saw—all his goodness in the face. I would like this put beside me in my coffin." He laid it on a little table among the others, then took it again and again, and gazed tenderly on it. I shall never forget the scene. It was full of pathos—a pathos which the issue has not rendered less in any degree. Before I left for the north he made the remark "I should like to see Deebank once more—the braes, the den, the river!" When I said he would have an opportunity, on his return from abroad, he significantly shook his head. He was wearing a little velvet cap, and on my asking why, said he felt it a comfort. I replied that he evidently did not believe the old saying our father used to tell us, "keep your head cool and your feet warm, and you will never die." With a mingled smile and sigh he said, "You almost make me take it off." The two younger girls, Molly and Nan, were at school at Wimbledon, and had at this time a short holiday. Their father's face glowed with love on meeting them, and I observed that Molly's usual seat was on his knee. I left London and never saw him again. This visit was the first I had paid to him and his wife that they did not invite some of my old acquaintances to meet me at dinner; the reason is sadly obvious. No one can help coming to the conclusion that the intensifying strain of life in London had become too much for my brother. He was not one to take duty easily—it must be done thoroughly or not at all. Nearly two years before he had written of soon following his brother Charles; and when the remark was made that he might gratify his wish to see Deebank after being

abroad, the sad shake of his head was of unmistakable import. *He knew.* We did not. Since then we have been told that his approaching end was foreseen by the medical men about him. His near friends did not forebode this—perhaps because they would not: their hopes pointed to length of days yet to a man who had all his life been so healthy: their thoughts to the allotted three score and ten years of mortal life, which was still a long way off. And what grave reflections must have been his during this infirm time! Besides having to separate himself from his teaching and his colleagues, which, as will be seen afterwards, cost him a sharp pang, no doubt, like his brother Charles in similar circumstances, his yearning heart dwelt often on the sorrowful parting drawing nearer and nearer, from this beloved wife, these sweet young girls, those promising sons, who had so blessed his earthly home. Could this loving, emotional man be otherwise than often lost in sad reverie with such cogent reasons for regret?

Some time later I heard that after all my dear brother had not been able to go with his wife and daughters to Oxford. A message from the Queen gave him a good reason for declining what he felt unequal to. While they were there he was very ill, and said to attentive Mrs Lees, “You know I am dying, but I don’t want to alarm my family sooner than necessary.”

In a note addressed to his niece, Alice Scott, dated July 10, after saying that he had read her husband’s interesting account of his journeys in the East, he adds significantly, “We start a party of eight on the 26th, to Blankenberghe, *via* Ostend, then to Baden-Baden, and then to ??”

By Dr. Andrew’s advice he had given up lecturing—he was evidently unfit for work of any kind—and in the end of July he, his wife, their four daughters, their son John, and their faithful attendants, Mrs. Lees, left London, as said above, for Blankenberghe, in Belgium, accompanied by Sir William and Lady Turner

and their daughters. His first intention of going to the Berlin Congress had to be abandoned. He knew well that public life was over, and likely, too, mortal life.

While at Blankenberghe, though his wife caused anxiety by a temporary illness, James recovered spirits and strength, and decided to go on and try the waters of Baden-Baden, as had been recommended by his medical advisers. On the way they slept at Namur and Luxembourg. On reaching Baden they took up their abode at the Hotel Minerva, and were so charmed with the neighbourhood that they thought themselves set down in a veritable garden of Eden. In a letter I had from Jane, dated August 11th, she says:—

“We breakfast and sup in a tent in the garden, and sit out all day, as neither of us have been able to go anywhere yet. The girls walk about with Johnnie and Lees. Sir William and Lady Turner join us to-day again. They come here solely for us. Sir William is James’s great friend, and he has been such a comfort to him lately, I think it more than kind; and if we go to Switzerland they will go too. He cheers James up—you know how low he gets when ill—and Sir William has more influence with him than any one else. This is a hot place, but we have constant thunderstorms and rain, which clear the atmosphere, and it is then very pleasant. It is always cool in the mornings and evenings, so we keep quiet during the day. You have a large party of the Heclases with you. I wish we were at dear Appin to have had them too. We none of us care for hotel life. James is better to-day; he was very poorly yesterday. I doubt if the treatment here is to suit him, but we shall see, &c.”

While sanguine hopes of improved health for her husband were cheering his devoted wife’s mind, a sudden shock on the 15th of August changed them almost into despair. A severe attack of *angina pectoris* seized my brother, and for many hours he suffered extreme agony, those around him watching his state with the utmost anxiety. As soon as possible his son William hastened to Baden, hoping to be of use. After this the friends in breathless

suspense at home were made aware of his state by daily telegrams. In this extremity James's mind maintained its usual prayerful calmness. Life was slipping swiftly through his fingers, but during intervals of pain from time to time he said by rote psalms and hymns taught by his mother many long years before. After repeating the 23rd psalm he remarked to Dell, "That was your uncle Charles's favourite—he was a good man ;" and she adds, "How he loved him!" At this time he was attended by Dr. Gilbert, of Baden, and also latterly by Dr. Aldren Turner, of London, who was sent for, and who, along with him, was of the greatest service to the heroic sufferer. James himself wished for death, saying he knew that spared life would only be prolonged pain, that the world was quite gone from him, and that his mind was in perfect peace. To Sir William Turner he spoke of the suffering, during his illness, of his favourite brother, saying also, "Why seek to prolong my life, I know the end has come." He rallied, however, for a time, and the testimony borne of him is that he was very tranquil, patient, and considerate for everyone. His delight was in the Psalms, and he often got his wife or Dell to read to him, in particular the 86th, prose version. It is a prayer throughout, and how the words, "the son of Thine handmaid" must have touched his heart! His children were surprised at the number of the old Scotch paraphrases he could repeat. Some of those his mother had liked he had read to him, and described how she used to say them in her old age, waving her hand and sing-songing. He was with her before he reached "the happy shore" spoken of in one of the most pathetic. The girls he told to be good and obedient to their mother, who was to be the head of the house; and the words of his wife are, "His dying message to his boys was, 'Tell them I care for nothing in this world for them but that they be good men—good, true men—that is all.' He was good and true himself in thought, in action, and in word." He was able to make some business arrangements,

to give his wife many directions about the disposal of his books and papers, and to send messages and tokens of love to various friends. The only earthly desire remaining seemed to be to get back to London as soon as possible. Dr. Claud Muirhead, of Edinburgh, an old acquaintance, who chanced to be in the neighbourhood, was asked to see him, and thought he might be able to travel early in September. Every preparation was made, a special invalid railway carriage bespoken, and a St. John's ambulance to meet him at the Victoria Station, while Dr. Aldred Turner was to watch over him during the journey. God's will was otherwise.

The day of departure had come for the waiting spirit. I heard soon after from Dell to the following effect:—On this well-remembered occasion, the 1st of September, they were all so happy at seeing the continued improvement in their father's health, and at the idea of getting home, that they gave themselves a little treat and went for a drive up among the hills. When they got back their father, who was sitting up in bed, seemed really cheerful, and wished to hear all about where they had been. Some jokes were made about a waterfall, whose name they could not tell, and he related an anecdote of Carlyle which made them laugh. He also asked Mrs. Lees, after she had got him to go to the other bed, to put the window curtains farther back that he might see a little more of the sky. She then took Janie and Molly out, while their mother, Dell, Nannie, and Dr. Turner went to sit in the balcony. About a quarter past five a sound within as of heavy breathing made Jane go into her husband's room, and immediately the others were startled by a shriek from her, and rushing in found their beloved father drawing his last breath. All was over! This was about an hour and a-half after he had asked to see more of the earthly sky. That of heaven now gladdened the wondering spirit. None of them will ever forget the glorified expression on the dear dead countenance. He was in the presence of the King, and with

his eyes beheld his beauty. Did he not also perceive sweet "angel faces smile, which he had loved and lost awhile?" Things seen and temporal had given place to things eternal!

A tender awe has again come over me. This dearly loved brother's last day on earth has come and gone! His life, like a spread out map, lies before me. I have tried to trace his path, and now the where and how of the departed spirit, the hush of the grave, the veil of mystery enfolding the things which God hath prepared for those who love Him—all press on the yearning heart, and what can we say? Only, with heads bowed down "Thy will be done." At the same time we would not forget to rejoice and thank God that as this our brother was so are many of his brethren still with us—earnest, helpful, true.

This thought brings my mind to those sympathising men who ministered to him at the last, especially to Sir William Turner, whom James called "his best friend." Besides family love, the sweet attractiveness of friendship soothed his latest days. Dr. A. Turner was also most helpful. He and Dr. Muirhead made my brother's final hours on earth greatly less a burden than they would otherwise have been.

The journey home was tedious and mournful, but had to be taken. They would not leave all they now had of one so dear in a foreign land. Andrew thoughtfully telegraphed to my sister Jessie to meet his mother on her arrival in London. He himself went as far as Calais, to be ready for any emergency. The heart-stricken party, after some delay at frontiers, arrived with their precious burden, accompanied by Dr. Turner, whose care had been required by—dear Jane. I was going to use, but cannot of her yet, the sad, sad word, widow. On reaching Brook Street, she was carried upstairs, fainting. The coffin was placed, by her direction, in the study, for so many years the scene of earnest, arduous work. Peacefully the beloved form lay in this hallowed room, aloof from

the stir and stress of the bustling world outside. At length a pause had come: the active mind was still: the fertile brain at rest. Never again would the familiar walls, hung closely with portraits of those he loved, witness the great physician's helpful aid to the suffering, nor re-echo the tones of his tender voice! Had it all led to this? In Islington Cemetery, north of London, they chose a grave where no one had yet been laid, and, after an impressive function, amid a large assemblage in the well-known St. Mark's, carried the husband and father to rest in it till the resurrection morn. A Scotch cross, like the one at Iona, will mark the sacred place, and tell all going to it the honoured name and birthplace of the man who lies below.

Among the relatives from Aberdeen present at the funeral was our nephew, James Duncan Matthews. He and his uncle were mutually attached and confidential. Perhaps his presence was unwise. In two months he followed him to the silent land. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not long divided.

I can not omit to notice the attachment of my brother's old servants to their considerate master. They knew him well: none knew him better: and they wept at his grave.

My task is done. As far as I know them, I have given, however unworthily, the main facts in my brother James's life. Of his medical writings, I can say nothing. Their high appreciation by those competent to judge has been mentioned. I may be allowed to state, however, that on once again reading his less technical addresses at the opening of classes and on other occasions, two or three salient points commend themselves even to my uninformed judgment. I am struck first by his humility. He always seems impressed with the fact of how little he knows; and never fails unassumingly to recognise how much has still to be found out. Then his most tender sympathy with women in their

various feminine trials, early and later, is clearly apparent ; as is also his strong disapproval of falseness, unreality, or pretence. How prayerful he was, his diary shows. On every event of life, God's blessing was asked : the same devotional phase of mind at the closing scene chose his favourite psalm. Among the notations in his bible were some in Latin, copied from the bible of his friend, Sir William Gull. The following lines also—soothing to those left behind—he admired and copied :—

“ Our death is not a sleep, but a transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian
Whose portal we call death.”





AFTER reading the above, my sister-in-law Jane thought she would like to write a more detailed account of her husband's last days, and sent me the following touching pages for insertion, which I give with pleasure, knowing how highly her children will value their mother's testimony as to what took place at the end. It is written in the form of a diary:—

“*August 3rd.*—We slept at Namur, a charming hotel. I went straight to bed, but James and the girls and Johnnie went down and had dinner. This hotel was famed for its *cuisine*. James was very bright and well during dinner. He slept very badly, being breathless. I rose and opened the window and gave him the stuff to smoke, but it had no effect. Towards morning he got better and fell asleep. *August 4th.*—We left early in order to reach Baden that night. The express train was very late and very full. He and I got into one carriage, the others into several others. We had such constant stoppages we were sure something was wrong. A priest in the carriage told us there had been an accident—the line was blocked further on. We got to the place, and found two luggage trains had run into each other and part had fallen across the line. We had to get out and walk a long way over very rough big stones to another train. James got very exhausted and I feared he would not reach it, but at last we did, to find the train full from other trains that had arrived. He and I got into a second class carriage—first all full. We got to Luxembourg to find the express gone for Baden. We made inquiries, as James was very anxious to go on—some said we could not get on, others that we would arrive at eleven at night; at last James saw the station master (had been an officer and decorated). We found him so kind and polite. He advised us to stay all night and go on next day by express we had missed to-day. James agreed. He told him to ask for him next day and he would put us in a comfortable carriage. James was pretty well and slept better though not well. *August 5th.*—Our friend at station put us into a beauti-

ful carriage, and the others got into another—Johnnie looking after them. James was interested passing through the scene of the Franco-Prussian war, and admired the rich country, remarking it was no wonder it was such a sore to the French losing such territory. At Metz Johnnie got us a lunch basket. We were eating our lunch of cold chicken when all at once I saw James throw down his knife and fork and toss the basket on to the opposite seat—his face very flushed, then deathly white—a bad attack of heart, but it passed off quickly. I am sure it was brought on by the exertion of walking the day before and the motion of train. We got to Baden very tired. I went to bed and James followed shortly. He had only a pretty good night. *August 6th.*—He rose and went down to the garden, a beautiful spot with a river running through it, hills and woods surrounding us. He sent one of the girls up to me to tell me to come quickly, ‘for it was just Paradise.’ He sent his letter of introduction to the doctor for the baths, and he came and saw him, and told him the bath and quantity of water to take, but James was much surprised he did not examine him. He began the waters next morning—*August 7th*—they did not agree with him I am sure. He was very poorly every day till Sir William Turner arrived on Monday night, the 9th. I was so thankful to see this kind friend, for I had been ill too, and not able to be much with James the last few days, but he had constant attacks of pain—the perspiration pouring down his face—the anxiety and the sorrow of seeing him suffer made me quite ill, and when Sir William came I collapsed, with high temperature. James did not notice how ill I was, and this sent a knell to my heart—I knew he was feeling too ill himself. Sir William, when he saw him in one of these attacks, said, ‘Now, Duncan, you must see a doctor.’ James said he would not see the one again, he did not like him, had no confidence in him. Sir William then went to the manager of hotel, who told him the best doctor was the Court physician. Sir William went to him and asked him to come and see James, which he did—examined him most carefully. James liked him, and remarked to me when he left the room, ‘That man knows his business,’ and to Sir William, ‘I know by the way he used his tools (meaning his stethoscope) that that man knows his work.’ He put him on digitalis, and this seemed to do him good for a few days. He was to take a bath, and he generally had Dell for his companion, and she took a bath while he was at his, and was ready to go home with him. This went on, he keeping better till Saturday, the 14th; he had a better night than he had for weeks. I had been ill

all this week, so knew little that went on down stairs. That morning, the 14th, he said he felt better than he had done for long, was quite gay at breakfast, and telling some humorous stories to Lady Turner. He was not so well during the day. He came up to his room early (I did not go down stairs yet being weak from the chill), saying he was going to have some milk and a roll for his supper, and not take meat and tea—a very restless night. *August 15th.*—The Turners and the girls went to church, except Dell, who remained with her father, she came up several time for medicine and laudanum. I knew he was bad, so rose and went down, found him sitting in a little room bent double, his face flushed, the perspiration pouring off face and hands and gasping for breath. I could not get him to take brandy. I wiped hands and face with eau de Cologne. At last Sir William returned. I met him at the door, and said to him, ‘I think James is dying.’ I thought the end very near then. He got brandy, and said, ‘Now, Duncan, you must take this.’ James said he thought it bad for him, but Sir William insisted. In a few minutes he got a little better. In half-an-hour he made him take a little more, then he gave him his arm to the lift, and we got him to his room, which he was never to leave. He remained very breathless and uneasy till the afternoon. Sir William went to try and see the doctor, but found he had been telegraphed for to the Crown Princess of Sweden, and would not be back for ten days. We looked over the list of visitors to see if any doctor from England was there; but no. We left it till the next day. A bad night; indeed, he never slept, and was up and down all night, remained very unwell all morning. In the afternoon he said to me, ‘I shall have a bath, it will refresh me.’ I said, ‘You won’t take a cold one?’ ‘Oh yes; why not?’ I begged him not, but he would, and I rang for the hotel valet to turn on the bath, which he did. James went to it, and when he came back he said to me, ‘I had no idea the water was so cold here.’ I started, and said, ‘Oh, James, dear, I hope you have not got a chill.’ He made no answer, but went into bed. He took some milk, and we shut up early, but no sleep for either. I never saw such restlessness; it was painful to witness, but nothing to what was to come. He also complained of a pain in his side, and towards morning a bad cough and wheeze began. *17th.*—He rose and sat in chair about six, and said he would like some tea. I got up and dressed, and rang for breakfast at seven. He drank some tea. He continued very poorly, and Sir William said to me he did not like the responsibility, for he had been so long out of practice.

James was quite satisfied, and had said several times, 'I want no one but you, Turner.' I said to Sir William I thought he should propose to James to get a young doctor over from London to take him home, as we thought the sooner this was done the better, but that I did not feel equal to it without a doctor with me. Sir William said, 'There is my son, doing nothing in London,' and I requested him to wire for him to come at once, and to tell James he had done so. James was quite pleased when he heard it was some one he knew. About one o'clock he had a bad fit of coughing, and brought up a mouthful of blood. I was sitting near, and shall never forget his face as he looked up to me—'The end is not far off.' He could not lie for wheezing and breathlessness, and got into his chair. About two o'clock another cough and more blood. I was sitting holding his hand. He looked up at me and shook his head—'I am very ill; I should like to see them all.' I said, 'You would like to see the English ehaplain,' and he nodded and said, 'Saerament.' I got Sir William, who was with me, to send for him. Each of them came in, and he had a word for them all. We all knelt round him, and he asked Johnnie to repeat the Lord's Prayer, then the creed. Then the clergyman came (an American doing duty, as the chaplain was away). While waiting for the bread and wine, James gasped out, 'You had better be quiek.' He thought himself just dying then. We all knelt round him and Sir William. He was not able to say all the responses, but when the creed came he gasped out, 'I believe in Jesus'—he could not say more, but it seemed as if he wished to acknowledge his belief and trust in God—at least to me it seemed so, who knew his every thought almost before expressed. It seemed as if the service had calmed him, for he was able to hold out his hand and say, 'Thank you, sir, for your kind attention.' All left the room, and he then gave me many directions and wishes in regard to his children and affairs; sent a message to his absent sons, 'Tell them I have no other wish for them in this world but to be good men'; again he repeated, 'good, true men.' Sent his love to his brothers and sisters. He remained silent, and often would look up with another message or direction to me, always ending with, 'But I know you will do what I like, and what is right. I don't care where I am buried, only it must be where you can lie beside me.' Sir William came in, and said that he had found out there was an English doctor at the Sanatorium, and had telephoned for him. He (Dr. Gilbert) came about seven. He tried many things, but no rest or ease. He could not lie down. Dr. Gilbert remained till

2 a.m. Dell made me lie down on my bed, as, having been ill, I was so weak and worn out. I never saw such restlessness and suffering; it was heartrending to see and to be able to do nothing to relieve it. Dr. Gilbert said he dare not give opium. He quieted slightly towards morning, but remained all day, the 18th, very ill and suffering. A telegram had been received from Dr. Turner to say that he would arrive at six that night, the 18th, which he did. Whenever he saw James he said to him that he would dry-up his back, as his lungs were full of water, and it would relieve him, so when Dr. Gilbert came they did so. He was pleased with telegrams from his sons, and one from the eldest, saying he would leave on Friday for Baden. 19th.—Another restless night and no sleep. He had not closed his eyes, literally, for nights, and sitting up most of the night in chair. He suffered much, always describing it as a ‘feeling of anguish.’ All this time he was so patient and gentle; no murmur or complaint, and always, when I was getting him up in the night looking up at me and shaking his head and saying ‘This is not work for you.’ He was always thinking of me. ‘To please me, lie down.’ I wish I had tried to please him more when he was well in many little ways. Alas! it is a useless regret now. How often it is so. 20th.—James was pleased with a telegram from his son Charles on hearing of his father’s illness—he was away from London. When I read it to James he said, ‘He is a good warm-hearted boy.’ He was also pleased when his eldest son telegraphed he had left for Baden, and asked often if he had not arrived. It was pathetic to see the expression of his face when his son came into the room, it told much to me. Also letters from his brother John were a great pleasure to him, or from the boys, or any member of our family. When asked if he would like to hear their letters read he said, ‘Oh yes, remember I like to have every letter read to me.’ His boys’ letters and John’s especially pleased him. Willie, Johnnie, Dell, and Lees divided the night for watching. I having been so unwell and weak was not allowed to sit up, but I lay on a bed at the foot of his, and every movement I heard and had often to get up to him, as many times he only liked me or Lees to attend to him. This night Dr. Turner and Dr. Gilbert, at my earnest request, agreed to give him something to soothe the restlessness, for they felt he could not go on longer, so he got a hypodermic in the arm—it soothed him at once, and he slept like a child, only once awakening and getting nourishment. When Dr. Turner came in the morning of the 21st he put out his hand and said, ‘I have been in Paradise.’ The relief from the fearful rest-

lessness was so great. He remained very quiet all day, and asked for his favourite psalm, the 86th, to be read to him, which I did. In the afternoon he got very cold and collapsed. He got hot brandy and water and hot bottles all round and gradually came round, though all the time he was quite sensible. Sir William Turner and family had delayed going to Switzerland, as Sir William wished to see how his friend progressed. When Sir William came to say goodbye my husband was much moved, and looking up to him said, 'I cannot thank you for all you have done for me.' Both felt the parting much and tears were in their eyes—the friends were not to meet here again, and James knew it. When Sir William left the room he said to me, 'He has been my best friend, what should I have done without him?' He often said to me he wished no other doctor, 'Turner is all I wish and require.' But Sir William felt the responsibility, and I felt it was not right to leave so much anxiety upon him, especially as it was Sir William's holiday, and he ought to have had as we hoped nothing but enjoyment from our sojourn together abroad, and therefore it was a great relief to me when Dr. Turner came and took the onerous charge; and James liked and trusted Dr. Turner, and had perfect confidence in him, and it was pretty to see the old man giving way to the young one, and ending always by saying, 'But I am in your hands.' He was quite as sharp and keen in intellect and observation, though so ill, as usual—talking over his own case and treatment, and noting every thing. The doctors were wishing to calculate the difference between the German thermometer and the English for skin temperature; before they could calculate it he told them what it was—the same between grains, (English), grammes, German measure. He told them before they had begun to calculate it. He went on improving except being subject to the fits of collapse in afternoon. Dr. Turner had heard that Dr. Muirhead of Edinburgh was at Wiesbaden, and he thought it would be a comfort to have the opinion of their old friend. He kindly came on *Tuesday, the 26th*, and stayed the night. He saw James in one of these collapse attacks and advised that he should get a small hypodermic at twelve in the day—not enough to make him sleep, but to keep up the effect of opium, as he thought the collapse was caused by the effects of opium passing off. He also thought we might, the following week, move him home in an invalid carriage, keeping him under opium on the journey. This was a very great relief to me, but we did not tell him then of this proposal. He was very pleased to see Dr. Muirhead, but able to speak very little, it exhausted him so much. Dr. Muirhead's advice

of the small hypodermic was successful, he never had again a collapse. By *Saturday the 30th* he was much improved, and was able to get on to my bed in his dressing gown and lie there for some hours, and liked his children and Dr. Turner coming in and out. There was a battle of flowers that day and he was pleased hearing of it, and the girls brought him in some of the flowers that were thrown at them—among them was a tea scented rose of a very deep colour which he liked very much and kept beside him till he went to sleep, and asked for it the first thing in the morning. He kept it lying on his chest that he might smell it. (I have it now dried). *Sunday, August 31st*—He asked who were going to church and said, 'Tell them not to be late.' Then he asked me to read the psalms and collect for the day: then, when I had done, Charles's favourite—I said 'What is that?' and he began it—'Prevent us, O Lord, &c.' Then he spoke of the absent boys and hoped he would see them again—spoke of Andie, and said being a lawyer he would help me, and that he had such good abilities that he hoped his future was settled. Johnnie also was settled; a great joy to us, but Charlie and Bruce's future concerned him most, 'But they are good, steady boys, and, if they stiek to their business, they will get something.' Willie's business he often spoke of—of his hard work and getting so little return for it. He began to see the menu, and on this *Sunday (31st)* he chose his dinner of fish, roast partridge, and coffee cream ice. He ate and seemed to enjoy his dinner, especially the coffee cream ice—thought he had never tasted anything so good. The cuisine at this hotel was very first-class, and his food was always most beautifully cooked and sent up—beef-teas, everything of the best—the waiter and chamber-maid on our floor, so kind and attentive. We told him this day of our intention of moving him on Tuesday, the 2nd of September. He seemed very pleased—asked how we would do it, and we told him. He turned to me and said, 'You must see about money and paying the bills. Have my cheque-book ready for me to sign the amount.' He had signed a cheque the week before for hotel bill. He would do it, and he also had got Willie to write a business letter, signing it himself. He slept very well that Sunday night, and greeted Dr. Turner with his usual smile and hand-shake, saying, 'I have slept better than I have done since I became so ill.' Dr. Turner proposed to take the girls a drive after dinner, and Willie and Johnnie, so it was arranged; but James wanted Willie to write a business letter to his dictation, so Willie said that he would remain at home, which he

did. James put on his spectacles and read the letter he wished answered, dictating his answer to Willie, then asked for it and read it over himself—it gave him much concern—he signed it, and wished a post-script added by Willie, which he did, and initialed it, also dating it, but dated it 31st instead of 1st September. As I said before, it gave him great thought, and I never will cease to regret that I did not prevent him doing it, as I know now all business matters were most injurious to him, and I think this exertion hastened the end. When finished, Willie said, ‘Mother, won’t you go out?’ He looked up at me and said, ‘You have never been out; to please me, go into the garden; Mrs. Lees will come and bathe my feet’ (which he always enjoyed), ‘and I will be on the other bed when you come in.’ I answered, ‘I will go to please you, dear, for ten minutes.’ He said, ‘Not ten minutes: an hour.’ I went, and regret it much. I was a very short time, and when I came in found him on the bed in his dressing gown, lying, looking up at the sky. He asked for the curtain to be put more back that he might see it better—anything in nature he loved. The day before was wet, and he liked to look at the rain falling. I went up and kissed him and said, ‘Do you want your tea now?’ He said, ‘Yes; it is always refreshing.’ I rang for it and gave it to him, and then the girls and Dr. Turner came in from drive. I gave them tea, then Lees said she was going out for a turn, and Janie and Molly went with her. Willie and Johnnie were downstairs; Dr. Turner, Dell, and Nan were out on the balcony of the room. He asked me to lay something down for him, and said to me, ‘I wonder you don’t take off that cloak and bonnet, my dear.’ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘I am so cold,’ and I stood talking and arranging the shawl over him. I turned from him to the table, and was putting the table tidy when I heard a loud snort, turned round, found his eyes fixed, and, as I thought, dead; but he did give one or two slight sighs after that. I called to Dr. Turner, Nan flew for Willie and Johnnie; they tried everything—artificial respiration—but no, the spirit had gone to God who gave it, and I was left alone till God sees fit we shall be together again.

All through his illness his patience and gentleness were very touching to those about him. He spoke much to me of our children—of their good qualities and their weak points, and often said he thanked God for giving him such a loving wife and good children, that he had been blessed beyond measure in this respect. I look back with regret now how often I vexed him in regard to carelessness of my health—now too

late to do what he wished. In other things I always followed his advice—his was the master mind and the gentle guiding hand; you were drawn by it—you must follow. Many times in our life I have said, ‘You will not like that, James;’ he has turned quickly on me and said, ‘It is not what I like, it is what is just and right that I must do,’ and he carried this rule out through life in the smallest matter. I never met any man who had such a keen perception of right and wrong, and nothing would swerve him from what he thought right or his duty. I feel deeply the privilege of having been the wife of such a noble man, and I pray daily our children may take him for their example and follow in his footsteps; they will thus fulfil his dying message to his absent sons, of being ‘good, true men.’ We left Baden on Tuesday night, 2nd September, by the same carriage and train that was to have taken our dear invalid—but he had entered into rest. When I said good-bye to all that remained of the tender, loving husband, his face was peaceful and a beautiful smile on it, but it never more would smile on me or his children whom he so fondly loved; but it spoke comfort to me, for I thought the smile was there from having met those he so dearly loved—Jimounie, and Doddie, and many others, too numerous to mention. Few men had so loving and tender a heart; may each and all of us strive to do what he would like, however rough the way, till we all meet once more where there are no more partings.



FURTHER to remedy what is lacking in myself, I give a selection from the unsought testimony of hundreds of friends and pupils fully qualified to estimate my brother's life and works, and also some remarks made from the pulpit. Before doing so, I copy a rough draft of resignation of office at St. Bartholomew's, which was found among his papers after his death—its grand simplicity is eminently charac-

teristic—and the reply of the treasurer, Sir Sydney Waterlow, on it being sent for him to see:—

“To the Treasurer of St. Bartholomew’s Hospital.

Dear Sir,

I beg that you and all concerned will recognise my resignation or demission of my offices in the Hospital, and in the Medical School, on December 31, 1890.

I might, in accordance with my understanding of the duration of my holding office when I was appointed, continue to act for a few months longer, but I press on you the wish that this be not asked of me. My resignation at this time has, ever since I came to London, been my intention. For this I have good reasons which I desire not to enter upon.

I cannot write this resignation without expressing my feelings, which are, on this matter, deep and intense; my love, respect, and admiration of the great hospital, and of its office-bearers of every kind and every grade; my sense of the kindness and consideration and support I have uniformly received in the discharge of my duties; my wish for the hospital’s continued prosperity; my pride in my connexion with it, which I regard as the greatest honour of my life.

With expression of esteem and regard for yourself, I am, &c.

P.S.—I trust this letter is in due form.

J. M. D.”

“Dear Mrs. Duncan,

Many thanks for yours of the 20th, enclosing proposed letter of resignation, which I return herewith. It indicates most clearly your late husband’s love for the work he so efficiently performed here for so many years, and will, I am sure, be read with much pleasure by his colleagues.

Yours faithfully,

SYDNEY H. WATERLOW.”

Some extracts from a letter written by my brother, Canon Duncan, in reply to one of mine, will show the family estimate of James. His brother Charles went from earth before, otherwise I might have had his testimony; which, from their close and free

correspondence, as well as greater frequency of intercourse, would likely have been more detailed :—

“I really do not remember any incidents in James’s middle or later life that I can tell you, except those which illustrate his excellence as a brother. When I had fever in Calne, in the year ’55, he came from Edinburgh to see me. And when Alice was ill, in January, ’90, he came down by the first train from London to Calne to see her. I think the first characteristic of the man was his affection for his relations—for wife and children, for brothers and sisters. He was never weary of speaking of his father, and delighted in reminiscences of him. His love for our brother Charles was great; he enjoyed any loving joke about him while he lived, and he could not speak of him after his death without tears. He had, in fact, a most kind and loving heart, which embraced all his relations and friends, and which constantly expressed itself in kind words and deeds.

I know little about his professional life. One of the last stories I heard about him before his death, and one of the first after his death, both told of patients who had been under medical treatment for a long time, costly and painful, affecting health and spirits, and who on going to James were told that there was nothing the matter with them, and that they need not come to see him again; in both cases the result proved his skill.

Humour such as James’s cannot be recorded. He was not witty, he was humorous, which is something much better: it was a mixture of love and fun, which was very pleasant.

One of his most marked qualities was his love of nature, and his power and habit of observation. He was in this respect like Charles Kingsley. During a walk he observed everything; he had good and keen sight for distant objects, and noticed every little plant or animal with a true naturalist’s interest and delight. This was his primary bond of union with Maegillivray, to whom when living, and to whose memory when gone he was devoted. How happy he was with Maegillivray his diary shows.

James’s professional honourableness was great, *e.g.*, he would never ask, even from people of rank and wealth, the payment of many fees, which are still unpaid. But what are money and success? It is the man, his kindness and his honour, which deserve commemoration; his gains and his honours are alike nothing.”

I may also give the following letter from Sheriff Jameson :—

“Margrie, Borgue, Kirkeudbright, N.B.,
3rd September, 1890.

Dearest Jane,

After all the encouraging news so kindly sent here by Charlie and auntie, from day to day, during the last anxious weeks, I cannot tell you with what sorrow I received this morning the terrible news of your dear husband's death. I well know that in these supreme moments no human sympathy is of any avail, and that you know how much all our thoughts are with you in the deep waters you are passing through ; but I feel I must send you a note, however short, to say how we feel for you in your great sorrow, and how deeply I mourn your dear husband as one of the truest friends ever man had, and as one of the best and ablest of the sons of men whom I ever knew.

My memory seems bursting with the recollection of all his kindness in days past, and even to the last ; of his tenderness and sympathy in all sorrows, of his glad and cheery participation in all joys, of his delightful companionship and friendship, and of all the happy hours at Charlotte Square, at Woodville, at Ashiestiel, and Fernie, with him and you and yours.

What your sorrow must be I cannot intrude either to think or say. All I can say is, God bless and help you and yours in this sore trouble, and raise up your children to comfort you, and to be worthy, each in his own way, of their excellent father. With much, &c.”

Another family testimony I give from James's nephew by marriage, Professor Ogston :—

“252, Union Street,
Aberdeen, 3rd May, 1891.

Dear Mrs. Newlands,

In fulfilment of my promise, I now note down my recollections of Dr. Matthews Dunean, so far as they are of a nature to serve your purpose of preserving facts and anecdotes illustrative of him, or bearing on his character as a physician and a man.

One of the marked characteristics which he possessed, and it was among the first that impressed me, was the way in which he studied character in all with whom he came in contact. The process seemed to be one of which he himself was quite unconscious, but towards all whom he met Dr. Duncan's attitude was that of careful observation, of the

face and physiognomy first, carried out in a steady penetrative look, and followed up by a study of the words, expressions, motives, and impulses, conducted with great but intuitive tact, that speedily rendered him acquainted with the character of the person he was dealing with. This was rapidly done, and no one escaped it, and the conclusions he drew were sometimes expressed in some pithy phrase which accurately summed up the subject. His criticism was never an unkind one: he could see beneath the surface the good that might be hidden by it, and, though he had no high idea of human nature in any one, he leaned always towards a kindly judgment, and appreciated what was good rather than what was bad. He was, though I question if he were himself aware of it, a profound student of human nature, and I think must unconsciously have been so all his life. Even to his patients he applied this habit of appraisal, commencing his intercourse with them by drawing his conclusions regarding their temperament and character, and the habit must have been invaluable to one dealing with gynaeceological diseases. During the first interview I had with him, which took place in his study in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, I think I was submitted to a very critical observation of this sort, but perhaps he thought the good was not entirely overwhelmed by the bad, for his initial reserve speedily thawed into a guarded kindness, which became less and less guarded every time I met him, until he opened his mind to me very freely, but even to the last, never entirely without reserve. Unfortunately, my opportunities of seeing him chanced only at rare intervals, but during them, as I almost always lived in his own house, I saw a great deal of him. I used to drive with him when he was visiting his patients, or accompany him in his hospital rounds, and this opened up many questions of general or professional interest. His kindness to me was great, and he would fill his dinner table with guests whom he thought I would or should wish to meet. In his country holidays I several times saw a great deal of him, and we had long walks and talks together. The last time I saw him in London we drove together to St. Bartholomew's, and afterwards went to the Park, where he quitted his carriage and strolled on my arm through the grounds, along the Serpentine, talking of professional questions, of the phases he had seen of London life, which were singular and interesting, but scarcely suited for being detailed here. It was a beautiful warm day in spring, and he had told me he had not been well. I suggested to him how much good it would do him to retire to the country, among its refreshing sights

and sounds, which he loved, but he said it could not be. Perhaps he was right, but I think it would have prolonged his life. He was a great lover of nature, especially, I think, of animals and children. Looking back on that afternoon, it now seems to me that he had set himself to die at his post.

It is well known that he was intolerant of anything savouring of quackery in the medical profession, and fierce in his denunciation of it. Yet his strong reprehensions were never tinged with personal dislike of those he denounced, and, in speaking of them, he made full allowance for their better qualities. He was an eminently just man, but anything like quackery he could not endure. I am told that when, in a London medical society, of which he was chairman, and, I think, President, a member announced that he had performed, for heart disease in a woman, an operation involving danger to life, in quite another part of the body, and for which no justification existed, Dr. Duncan's remarks from the chair were of such a nature that the offender slunk from the meeting to hide his discomfiture elsewhere.

Those who knew him intimately are well aware that, while his idea of human nature anywhere was not high, it was superlatively low of the inhabitants of London, the great Babylon, where he spent the last decade of his life, and particularly so of the upper classes there. The vice and meanness of the upper ten thousand filled him with a contempt that he scarcely concealed. Under these circumstances it would have been natural for most men to become pessimistic in their estimate of humanity, and perhaps harsh to those who were so despicable. But Dr. Duncan was neither. He was courteous to all, and if he reprov'd, did so by simply stating the truth so clearly that it quietly conveyed its own reproof.

At the same time it ought to be said that he valued and loved the high and pure who exist among the wealthy and aristocratic, and he had many friends among these.

I never knew a man whom I would more willingly have made my confessor than Dr. Matthews Duncan.

Like many other Scotsmen who have attained great distinction, Dr. Duncan was very proud and fond of his country, and of the town of Aberdeen, where he was born and brought up. He loved the manners of the people among whom he had spent his childhood, and the ways in which he had lived in his youth. A luncheon of oatmeal porridge, or a sheep's head for dinner on Sunday, were a delight to him, even when

foreigners and eminent men were guests at his table. A present of bramble jam, or Finnan haddocks, or 'partens' was always sure of being keenly appreciated. He was full of tales of his student days in Aberdeen, and of those who had taught him there. He had a strong veneration for Dr. Andrew Moir, who taught him anatomy, and used often to recall to me stories of his dissecting room in Flour-mill brae, and of the riots it gave rise to. To his old fellow students he was a most devoted friend: and he had an especial esteem for the late Dr. Robert Beveridge, whose talents and acquirements he placed very high. For such old friends, when they required his help or influence, he would be at great pains to promote their wishes or interests. Many such, and many whose claim was chiefly that they were Aberdonians, have cause greatly to thank him for his warm and powerful aid.

One marked and kindly characteristic of Dr. Duncan was his strong sense of humour. Himself a strong character, he enjoyed the humorous side of strong character in others, and of course he particularly well understood Scottish character. My wife tells me that he once induced his Calvinistic old mother to go to the theatre in Edinburgh, and that his enjoyment of *her* enjoyment which she feigned to conceal, was delightful to be seen, for he laughed until the tears flowed down his face. Many a time I have heard him tell some favourite tale of Scottish humour, and he would turn over the point of the tale or the quaint phrase, again and again, unable to rid himself of the enjoyment he derived from it.

Another aspect that few would have suspected who saw him only from his public side, was his softness of heart. The troubles and distresses of a child or woman seemed to touch him deeply, and would affect him to tears. And his tenderness of heart was no mere passing emotion. He would take great personal trouble to do what he could, and his purse was open to those who had a rightful cause to plead. I am ashamed almost to think how many times I asked his help for others, yet the reply was always—how much did I want—and I got it.

His attitude towards the Darwinian theory was peculiar, and should, I think, be told. He was singularly orthodox for one so well informed and logical. For some time after I began to know him he was, like most scientific men at that epoch, meditating on Darwin's facts and theories of development, and he enjoyed their accuracy and logical completeness. He even went further than what was written, and in conversations on the subject with me, in which I was chiefly a listener,

he contributed many additional unknown facts to support the theory of development, some of which have been touched on in his later writings. But all through it was evident that he was unwilling to part with the beliefs of his childhood, and some years later, when we came on the subject again, I found his ideas had changed, he had struggled out of the difficulty on the orthodox side, and died a disbeliever in development according to Darwin.

It may interest you if I say something concerning the place Dr. Dunean held in the estimation of the profession to which he belonged. When he entered it the subjects of midwifery and gynaecology were, like other branches of medicine, in an unsatisfactory state. A good deal of traditional lore, modified by the somewhat hastily formed opinions of those regarded as 'authorities,' constituted the basis, miscalled *scientific*, on which these branches stood. There was little which was firmly established on experiment and wide experience, and hence knowledge was unsatisfactory and unstable. Nearly everything indeed was accepted on what was termed 'authority,' that is, the mere assertions of eminent men (which might or might not be correct) were assumed to be so from the high position of those who were responsible for them, and so generally accepted, that it was considered almost heresy to doubt them. Dr. Matthews Dunean was one of those most active in overturning all such pretended axioms by demonstrating their falsity, and substituting in their place undeniable facts that were capable of being proved; and where a truth existed establishing it on an unassailable footing by extended experiment or sufficiently large observation. His love of facts often took the form of study of figures and deductions from them. He was a minute observer of common facts, and by studying the familiar but often ill-observed phenomena of every-day occurrence, he rectified many an error, and contributed to his specialities much which was new and instructive. Being a diligent student of pathology, he threw light upon many forms of disease that were imperfectly known or sometimes entirely misunderstood. By the use of experiments and of calculations based on them, he simplified the understanding of many processes that had before him been obscured by erroneous hypotheses. And by the employment of statistics he, among other things, added greatly to our knowledge of fertility and sterility of the human race, elucidating the subjects of deformity, monstrosity, and faulty development of the body and nervous system, and passing, in these lines, far beyond what before had been known or surmised, so opening up a new territory, of

which he was the discoverer, for the survey of future students and explorers. It will be apparent how much of this was owing to his love of facts and impatience of whatever was conjectural or unstable. Whenever his clear intellect grappled with any such questions, the sure result was that he mercilessly laid low the edifices founded on 'authority,' and almost never without leaving in their place a new structure that, even if incomplete, possessed the stability of truth, and remained a permanent gain secured by his genius. To him and others working on like methods, we owe the improvements of the past thirty years in the departments of gynaecology and midwifery, and the great saving of human life which has followed upon them.

Greatly as I esteem the opportunity you have given me of paying a tribute to the character and genius of Dr. Matthews Dunean, I feel that I have done him but feeble justice in penning the above lines, and deeply regret that I am conscious it is so. Had I known him more indeed, I could have written more and done it better. But, even under any circumstances, it would have required greater ability than I possess to have drawn an adequate picture of the workings of such a mind as his, and painted such a character. Dr. Matthews Dunean was one who could be properly estimated only by one possessed of genius equal to his own.

I am, dear Mrs. Newlands,

Yours faithfully,

ALEX. OGSTON."

I now insert the sympathetic telegram received by my sister-in-law from the Queen :—

"O.H.M.S. Balmoral, September 3, 1890.

Mrs. Matthews Dunean,

71, Brook Street, London.

I cannot say how shocked and deeply grieved I am at the terrible blow which has fallen upon you, and how truly I sympathise with you. The country and Europe at large have lost one of their most distinguished men, and one who will be sorely missed.

V. R. I."

Two days later, my nephew William received the following thoughtful message from Dr. Reid :—

“O. H. M. S. Balmoral, September 5, 1890.

Am commanded to tell you to ask Mrs. Duncan not to trouble to write till she is stronger.

REID.”

Sir Richard Quain was appointed to act as the Queen’s representative at my brother’s funeral.

Afterwards, the Queen asked for photographs of my brother, and two were sent for choice. Both she retained, saying the small one would be kept for her private collection, and the larger to be framed and hung in one of her residences. She also sent her own likeness to my sister-in-law, with her autograph under it. H. R. H. the Duchess of Albany was also mindful of her friend and physician :—

“Birkhall, September 11, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Duncan,

I cannot wait any longer to send you a few lines of heartfelt sympathy in your sorrow ; and I trust you won’t think it intruding on my part to trouble you at such a time with a letter. But, indeed, I most sincerely feel with you and for you in this your sad loss, knowing its pain too well by own experience ; and then, too, Dr. Duncan has always been such a kind doctor and good friend to me, that I personally feel very sad at losing such a one. I am sure very many will regret for themselves the death of your husband, and what he has done for them will bring you their sympathy now in your sorrow, and one’s fellow-creatures’ sympathy does soothe and bring comfort to a sad and troubled heart. And your poor children—for them, too, it is a terrible loss ! I do feel very sorry for them.

Believe me, I shall never forget all your husband did for me, and most heartily I wish you and yours comfort and help and strength in these dark hours.

Yours very sincerely,

HELEN.”

Sir Andrew Clarke, an *alumnus* of Marischal College, Aberdeen, as was my brother, sent this telegram :—

“Maybole, September 4.

Mrs. Matthews Duncan,
71, Brook Street, London, W.

To be forwarded on behalf of the College of Physicians, and the Medical Profession.

I convey to you the expression of our deepest sympathy with you in the calamity which has deprived you of a husband and us of a great and good man, who, by his life and work, has benefited the whole civilised world. The country will share your grief, and cherish his remembrance.

SIR ANDREW CLARKE,
*College of Physicians of London,
Dalquharran Castle, Dailly, Ayrshire.”*

The official letter is as follows:—

“Royal College of Physicians, London, S.W.,
1st November, 1890.

Madam,

At the opening of the Quarterly Comitia of this College, on the 30th October last, the President, Sir Andrew Clarke, referred in feeling terms to the loss the College had sustained since its last meeting, by the death of its late distinguished Fellow, Dr. Matthews Duncan.

On the motion of the Senior Censor, Dr. Russell Reynolds, it was unanimously resolved:—

‘That the Registrar be requested to convey to the family of the late Dr. Duncan, the sincere condolence of the Royal College of Physicians with them in their bereavement; and to assure them that, while the President and Fellows are deeply conscious of their own loss in the removal of one they so greatly esteemed, their sympathy with his family is deeper still.’

I trust, Madam, that you will kindly accept this communication, however inadequate, as the discharge of the duty the College entrusted to me; and allow me to remain, with respectful sympathy,

Your faithful servant,

EDWD. LIVEING,
Fell. and Registrar.”

I now give the communications received from what my

brother called his medical home in London—St. Bartholomew's. Sir Sydney Waterlow, the treasurer, writes to my nephew:—

“St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C.,
September 5, 1890.

Dear Sir,

I have received, with great sorrow, your letter of the 2nd inst., announcing the death of your dear father.

His sudden decease (dying almost in harness) will, I am sure, be deeply felt by all the staff of the Hospital with whom he was associated, as well as by the Governor and others who had the advantage of his personal acquaintance. His death will be a great loss to the poor patients of the Hospital, and it will, I fear, be many years before we shall find any one to equal him as the head of the Obstetric Department.

Please assure your mother of my deep sympathy with her and all the family, in the great affliction which has fallen on them.

Yours faithfully,

SYDNEY H. WATERLOW.”

Later, the following came to my sister-in-law:—

“St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C.,
September 13, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Duncan,

Enclosed I send you copy of a resolution unanimously passed at the meeting of our House Committee on Thursday.

You must not regard it as a formal matter. Every one present agreed with me in the feeling that not only our old Hospital but the country generally had suffered a great loss which we could not replace, and expressed the greatest sympathy with you and your family in the great affliction which has been cast upon you.

Please accept my sincerest condolence.

Yours respectfully,

SYDNEY H. WATERLOW.”

“ St. Bartholomew’s Hospital.

At a House Committee held on Thursday, the 11th day of September, 1890.

Resolved unanimously—

That this Committee has heard with the deepest regret of the death of Dr. Matthews Duncan, and that, sincerely sympathising with Mrs. Matthews Duncan and the members of her family, the Committee desire to record its cordial condolence with them in their irreparable bereavement.

That the Treasurer be requested to communicate to Mrs. Matthews Duncan this expression of the Committee’s feeling, with the assurance that the Governors of the Hospital will ever cherish a grateful recollection of Dr. Matthews Duncan’s devoted services both to the Hospital and to its Medical School.

SYDNEY H. WATERLOW,
Treasurer, in the Chair.”

“ The Warden’s House,
St. Bartholomew’s Hospital, E.C.,
September 6, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Matthews Duncan,

At a meeting of the Medical Officers and Lecturers of this hospital, held to-day, I was desired to express to you their sympathy with you in your loss. We were all proud of Dr. Matthews Duncan as a colleague, and shall all long regret him.

His uprightness, his friendly disposition, his accurate discharge of his duties, and his vast knowledge of his subject endeared him to us all, and procured for him a universal respect among the students and the staff of the hospital.

That he should die while he was the active leader of his department of practice, and without any period of decline or of rest, however distressing to those dearest to him, was nevertheless an honourable termination to an unblemished career which has had and will continue to have a permanent beneficial effect on his profession.

It is not easy to say all that is due to so great a loss, but I hope that you will believe how deep is our regret and how fully we feel with you in your far greater distress.

I remain, dear Mrs. Duncan, yours sincerely,

NORMAN MOORE.”

“St. Bartholomew’s Hospital, E.C.,
September 4, 1890.

Dear Madam,

As the last house physician of the late Dr. Matthews Duncan, I have been requested by the junior staff and the students of our Hospital to convey to you the heartfelt grief and sympathy we feel at the loss you have just sustained. We have lost a fatherly teacher, the community a ‘Great Man,’ whose memory will live in our hearts for ever!

With the silent expression of our sincerest condolence, I sign,

In the name of the Students,

A. A. KAUTBACH.”

Along with the draft of resignation of hospital duties found after my brother’s death, and intended for the treasurer, was found also the following fragmentary draft of a letter to the Secretary of the Medical Committee of St. Bartholomew’s, which shows unmistakably his feelings at the time:—

“Dear Sir,

I beg to inform you that I have placed in the hands of the Treasurer of the Hospital my resignation of all my offices in or connected with the hospital on December 31, 1890.

This I cannot do without mentioning that while I am sure of the propriety of the course, I feel it a duty which I must characterize as to me most melancholy and even painful. To be finally separated from my beloved colleagues of the medical staff; to give up an occupation which has been the greatest pleasure and pride of my public life——

Disposal of teaching apparatus——”

This memorandum my sister-in-law sent to her husband’s great friend, Mr. Willett, Surgeon at St. Bartholomew’s, and received the following reply:—

“30th September, ’90.

36, Wimpole Street, W.

My dear Mrs. Dunean,

At a meeting of the staff yesterday I read your letter which told in terms so pathetically simple and genuine the deep affection your

late husband had for his colleagues at St. Bartholomew's. They were deeply moved at the knowledge that even in his mortal distress his thoughts should have turned toward us and his *Alma Mater*. It cannot but have the effect (if it be possible) of enshrining his memory and his lovable nature more deeply and more enduringly in us ; and I believe it will make us try to feel and act as we shall believe he would do if still amongst us.

We all return to-day from Newhaven, and I am thankful to say all in good health. Always, &c.

P.S.—I return the enclosed, which I also of course read to the meeting. We were all deeply obliged to you for allowing us to peruse it."

Some time later a meeting of those interested in the foundation of a memorial to my brother was held in St. Bartholomew's Hospital—Sir Sydney Waterlow in the chair. He was supported by Sir William Mackenzie, Sir James Paget, Sir William Savory, Sir Dyce Duckworth, Sir Joseph Lister, Dr. Bruce Clark, Dr. W. A. Griffith, &c. About two hundred well-known members of the medical profession were present. The Chairman said they had met to consider whether they "could raise a suitable memorial to the late Dr. Matthews Duncan, who did admirable work in that hospital in furtherance of medical science, but more particularly of obstetrics and gynaecology. It was proposed that the memorial should take the form of a prize for proficiency in obstetrics, which would incite students to obtain a more thorough knowledge of that branch of study which Dr. Duncan wished to extend."

Sir James Paget moved a resolution—"That the prize be founded to perpetuate Dr. Matthews Duncan's memory," and said, "No words of mine can enhance the reputation of Dr. Matthews Duncan. St. Bartholomew's Hospital even did not enhance it. He was a great man before he came there, but when he left his native country to come to London, he entered upon a kind of work from which, up to that time, he had been comparatively shut out. From that time forward he was known, not merely as a great

obstetrician, but as a great teacher. He remodelled the teaching of this branch of his profession, and rendered a lasting service to medical science."

This resolution was seconded by Sir Dyce Duckworth and agreed to. It was also agreed "that a copy of the bust now in the possession of Mrs. Duncan, be obtained and placed in the library of the Medical School." Many eminent London physicians, as well as those at the various Metropolitan hospitals, entered heartily into the proposal.

It is pleasant to think that James's own country did not forget him and his family. His wife received as under:—

"Royal College of Physicians,
Edinburgh, 5th November, 1890.

My dear Madam,

I have been instructed by the College to transmit to you, with the deepest sympathy of the President and Fellows with yourself and your family, the enclosed excerpt of the minutes of the extraordinary meeting held on 30th October. I beg to remain,

Faithfully yours,
G. N. GIBSON, Secretary."

"Excerpt from the Minutes of Extraordinary Meeting of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, held on 30th October, 1890:—

Dr. Grainger Stewart, the President, in the chair.

The President said that, before entering upon the business proper to the meeting, it was his duty to express, in the name of the College, the keen regret felt on the announcement of the death of their most distinguished Fellow, Dr. Matthews Duncan. His manly and independent character had made him respected by all his compeers, while his genuine kindness of heart, and his unflinching interest in every new scientific fact had drawn out to him the affectionate regard both of those mainly engaged in practice and of those chiefly devoted to research.

It was a great loss to Edinburgh when Dr. Matthews Duncan accepted the invitation to London, but this College had regarded with satisfaction the circumstance that from their number they could supply

one who, with perfect ease, stepped at once into the foremost rank of the London physicians.

The failure of his health had been known to some of his friends within the College, and had caused great anxiety, while the sudden termination of his illness produced profound and widespread grief.

It was not necessary to refer to the value of his scientific labours, which would secure for him a permanent place among the leaders of his department of the profession.

The President expressed for himself and the College deep sympathy with Mrs. Duncan and the family of their departed friend.

After the remarks of the President, it was moved and seconded that they should be transmitted to Mrs. Matthews Duncan in the form of an excerpt, which was unanimously agreed to.

Certified by

G. N. GIBSON, M.D., *Secretary.*"

It has since been resolved to place a portrait of my brother in the hall of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh.

The following also came from that city :—

“Royal Medical Society,
Edinburgh, 27th October, 1890.

Dear Madam,

I am instructed by the Society to forward to you the enclosed resolution, which was unanimously adopted at the meeting held 24th October, 1890. I have the honour to be,

Yours respectfully,

R. D. RUDOLPH, *Hon. Sec.*"

Copy of Resolution passed 24th October, 1890 :—

“That the Society has learned with deep regret of the death of Dr. Matthews Duncan. That, in view of his unvarying kindness and interest in the Society, no less than on account of his eminence in his profession, the Society desires to place on record its sense of the loss incurred. The Society feels that his intellectual ability, his personal integrity, and his kindness of disposition combined to make him a man of whom Edinburgh and the profession at large were justly proud. It would express its deep sympathy with Mrs. Matthews Duncan and her family in their sorrow.

(Signed) W. G. W. SANDERS, *President.*
R. D. RUDOLPH, *Hon. Sec.*"

The two next communications may also be said to have had their origin in Scotland—

“Edinburgh University Club,
2, Harcourt Buildings, Temple, E.C.,
October 20, 1890.

Madam,

At a meeting of the Council held this day—Sir Edward Sieveking in the chair—it was moved and seconded, and then carried unanimously, that ‘The Council have heard with sincere regret of the death of their much valued colleague, Dr. Matthews Duncan, F.R.S., and request the Secretary to convey to Mrs. Matthews Duncan and others of the family their respectful sympathy and condolence.’

In so conveying the resolution of the Club, I will ask permission to express my own feelings of regard for the late Dr. Duncan, having invariably received from him kindly and considerate attention in the course of my duties.

I have the honour to be, Madam,

Your very obedient,

H. RUTHERFORD, *Hon. Sec.*”

“The Scottish Corporation Hall,
Crane Court, Fleet Street, E.C.,
11th September, 1890.

Madam,

I am instructed to forward the following minute of a resolution proposed by Dr. David W. Finlay, seconded by Dr. Farquhar Matheson, and carried unanimously, at a meeting of the Committee of Management of the Scottish Hospital, held last night, and presided over by Dr. D. M. Forbes :—

‘That the members of the Committee of Management of the Scottish Hospital desire to convey to Mrs. Duncan their deep sympathy with her on the occasion of the death of her distinguished husband, Dr. J. Matthews Duncan, who was for many years one of the Honorary Physicians of the Corporation.’

I am, Madam, your obedient Servant,

ALEX. BUCHAN, *Acting Secy.*”

The following speaks for itself:—

“Aberdeen University Club, London,
6, Upper Wimpole Street, W.

Dear Madam,

At a meeting of the Council of this Club held here on October 17th (the first meeting held after the autumn vacation), I was directed to express to you the deep sympathy of the members of Council in the great loss that you have recently sustained. The Council feel that by the death of Dr. James Matthews Duncan, the Aberdeen University Club, London, has lost one who not only had a large share in its formation, but who also took an active and lively interest in all its concerns, and whose counsel was of great value in all its affairs.

I am, faithfully yours,

R. W. BURNETT, *Hon. Sec.*

Mrs. Matthews Duncan.”

I may mention here that on the sad intelligence of my brother's death reaching his native city, a meeting was held by the authorities of the University of Aberdeen—Principal Geddes in the chair—at which it was resolved to place a marble bust of Dr. Matthews Duncan in Marischal College, and to found in perpetuity a medical bursary in his honour. The heartiness with which the proposal has been received everywhere forms a striking proof of the general opinion as to his merits.

My brother was a liberal contributor to many charities: he specially favoured those affording medical aid to the suffering. Among the numerous grateful condolences received by his wife I give these:—

“The East End Mother's Home,
396, Commercial Road, E.,
22nd October, 1890.

Dear Madam,

At a meeting of the Committee of Management held this day (the first since the summer adjournment), the following resolution was moved by Mrs. Cursham Corner, seconded by Mrs. Percy Wigram, and carried unanimously:—

‘The Committee desire to convey to Mrs. Matthews Duncan their sincere condolences on the great bereavement she has sustained by the death of her husband, Dr. Matthews Duncan, who was always foremost in every philanthropic work, and took a special interest in the East End Mothers’ Home, whose cause he so eloquently advocated at the last annual meeting of this charity.’

I remain, dear Madam, yours very truly,

M. LILY ASHTON WARNER,

Lady Supt. and Sec.”

“ 20, Upper Wimpole Street,
London, W., October 18, 1890.

Dear Madam,

I am requested by the Registration Board for Nurses and Midwives of the British Nurses’ Association, of which your late husband was a member, to send you a copy of the resolution passed at its last meeting—

‘Resolved, that this Board desires to express its conviction that it has sustained an irreparable loss by the death of Dr. Matthews Duncan, who was one of the most active helpers and most trusted advisers of this Association. The Board desires also to express its most earnest condolence and sympathy with Mrs. Duncan and her family in their great bereavement.’

With profound respect and sympathy,

I am, dear Madam, yours faithfully,

BEDFORD FENWICK.”

“ Society for Relief of Widows and Orphans of Medical Men,
20, Hanover Square, W., October 10, 1890.

Madam,

I am desired by the Court of Directors of the Society for Relief of Widows and Orphans of Medical Men to forward to you a copy of a resolution passed at the Court held October 8th—

Moved by Dr. Glover, seconded by Mr. Gould—

‘That the Court of Directors of the Society for Relief of Widows and Orphans of Medical Men express its deep regret at the death of Dr. Matthews Duncan, a director and munificent supporter of it, and the Court’s sympathy with his family.’

I am, Madam, your obedient Servant,

JAMES PAGET, *President.*”

I may now be allowed to insert some extracts from letters written by his earliest friends. The Rev. G. Wisely’s friendship dated from schoolboy days, so I quote him first:—

“For years I had been looking forward to the pleasure of seeing him and talking over times very dear to both of us. This summer, while travelling among some of the fairest scenes on the Continent, my thoughts often reverted to those times. I was on my way back to Malta when, in the Bay of Naples, I chanced to pick up an English newspaper. It contained a paragraph about the funeral of Dr. Matthews Duncan! The beautiful scenery at once lost all its attractiveness. The companion of my youth—the oldest friend I had on earth was gone! For a time I was stunned, and all I felt was unutterable grief at the thought that I should never see him again. Yes—I shall never see him again—at least not on earth:

‘Alas, for love, if this were all,
And nought beyond, O earth.’

But, blessed be God, there is something beyond—a land which Christ has brought to light. Meantime, it is a comfort for me to look back on an unbroken friendship extending over more than half-a-century, which never had an unpleasant element in it, and which assuredly is some earnest and foretaste of that which is behind the veil.”

Next to this early friend in point of date, though not in intimacy, comes Dr. Malcolm Mackenzie, H.E.I.C.S., whose parents were family friends in Aberdeen. He writes to me on the 4th September, 1890, from Carshalton:—

“Pray accept my own and my wife’s deepest sympathy on the death of your noble brother, whose decease I see noted in the paper.

Judging from the universal regret of the public at large, and of the medical profession, who alone could, and did, thoroughly know his great abilities and high honesty and probity of character, I can easily understand how much more closely and lovingly he must have endeared himself and been appreciated by his poor wife and you all.

I had the honour, pleasure, and benefit of profiting by his vast knowledge once or twice. My daughters and I were so charmed with his quiet, gentle ways, his most kindly treatment, and his sharp insight into their ailments, that we all bear him most lovingly in remembrance.

At various times, amongst many medical men in London and abroad, I never knew one who did not speak of your brother in the most admiring way; not only for his great abilities and his shrewd way of reading disease, but for his wonderful insight into character, which seemed always ready and infallible. They all spoke of him as so honest and high-principled—above any meanness or wish to arrogate to himself higher knowledge, as kind and thoughtful of them and their feelings as he was of their patients.

Talking some time ago to Drs. Liveing and Critchett, of London, they said, ‘We would not know what to do without him in London; he is as reliable and sound in heart as he is ready in detection of disease.’ He was a noble fellow, and did high honour to his profession and the old town of his birth, &c.”

I shall now try to give letters, or extracts from them, written by various friends or patients, according, as far as I know, to priority of acquaintance. The first is to Sir William Turner, from the Lord Justice-General of Scotland, whose acquaintance my brother made about the year 1850:—

“Logan Bank, Milton Bridge, N.B.

My dear Sir William,

I am much obliged by your letter of the 4th, giving an account of the death of our old friend, Matthews Duncan.

Of course, I had formerly learned the melancholy fact through the newspapers, with great sorrow. Duncan was a man of no ordinary stamp, and his death is a serious loss to the public and to the profession. But I mourn him as a personal friend of long standing, in whose honour and judgment I had the fullest confidence.

If you have an opportunity, I shall be obliged by your expressing

to Mrs. Duncan my sincere sympathy with her in her bereavement, and my earnest hope that she may be enabled to bear with patience and calmness her irreparable loss.

Believe me, yours very faithfully,

JOHN INGLIS."

The next I give is from Professor Gairdner, of Glasgow University:—

" Rosemount House, Montrose,
September 24, 1890.

Dear Mrs Duncan,

All you say is true, and no one better knows it than I do; but, as I had for so many years lost sight of Dr. Duncan's doings in detail in the great field of London practice, it was a great satisfaction to me to find my own views of his character and work so well set forth as they were in the *Lancet* obituary notice.

We may all feel sad that he was not spared to us yet many years—and yet we may all say with himself, 'It is all right—perfectly right.' The impress of a character like his upon his time is really *undying*—and, be the actual earthly life longer or shorter, it has been long enough in his case to make the fact clear, so that even 'the wayfaring man shall not err therein.'

I do not know what may be the future of gynaecology, as it is not my specialty; but there can hardly be a time in our day when Matthews Duncan will not be recognised as one of those who did most to rescue it from quackery, and to improve its tone and quality for all of us.

I am, &c."

I now give a letter from Sir Joseph Lister, the well-known introducer of the antiseptic treatment, and a much esteemed and loved friend of my brother, whose acquaintance dates from early Edinburgh days:—

" Riva, Lago di Garda, 21st September, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Duncan,

A letter from Lucy Syme has told us of the great affliction which has befallen you. I cannot express the grief with which I have received this sad news.

In Dr. Duncan I have lost my best friend in London, and I hardly know how to realise that he is gone. And to the whole profession in

the metropolis his loss is simply irreparable. But we have the satisfaction of knowing that he exercised an influence for good, the effect of which will be enduring. The thought of this, and the sympathy of multitudes to whom he was dear, will, I hope, alleviate in some degree this almost crushing sorrow.

May He in whom Dr. Duncan believed sustain you under it, is the earnest desire of

Yours very sincerely, &c."

The following is from Dr. Ford Anderson, a fellow townsman, with whose Aberdeen relatives our family were very intimate:—

“ Buckland Crescent,
Belsize Park, N.W.,
September 12, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Matthews Duncan,

I trust you will permit me to say how deeply I sympathise with you in your great loss. I only heard the sad news a day or two ago, on my return from the Continent, and too late to be present at the funeral service, which I greatly regret. I mourn the death of Dr. Duncan more than I can express; he was always a kind friend to me, since the days when you and he received me so hospitably in Charlotte Square; he was also my ideal of an upright physician. Personally, I feel that a link with the past is broken. From my student days, no personality returns to me so distinctly as that of your dear husband, now gone—and no teaching dwells in my memory like his, and this must be the experience of many of his old students.

I hope earnestly that you and your children may not be unduly cast down by this sad bereavement, and that you may all find comfort in the thought of his good and most useful life.

I remain, &c."

Dr. J. Macdougall of Carlisle, one of my brother's oldest pupils, writes as follows:—

“ Calgray, Tobermory, N.B.,
September 8th, '90.

My dear Mrs. Duncan,

Will you allow me to send one word of deep and tender sympathy with you and with yours on this day of sad trial? Many, many a heart beats in sympathetic unison, and many, many a tear falls

now at the thought that all that remains of one of the best, the ablest, and the most noble of men is removed from our sight, and that the cherished name of 'Matthews Dunean' represents but a great memory. Strange and mysterious it is that such a life—full of noble purpose and grand endeavour—should, long ere eventide, have ceased to be; and yet there are very few men who in ten times the number of years could have accomplished the work which he has done, and whose removal makes a greater blank in the wide circle of his friends and his admirers. To me he has ever been invested with a very tender interest, for he was the friend of my father long ere he was mine, but from the day I knew him until now he has remained to me one of the highest examples of what was best in man, and noblest and most admirable in doctors.

If grief then and darkness be with me, what must it be with you and with yours, for you have lost your best earthly possession; but you possess a loving memory which will never fade—you bear a name which his profession will ever reverently cherish, and you have the assurance that work done as he did his, that a life so nobly and usefully spent in the interest of others, *has* its certain reward, and that now resting from strenuous and great endeavours he enjoys an everlasting peace.

No heart, and no tongue can express or utter the thoughts that are mine to-day, but I could not refrain from sending you these lines as a mere earnest of the mournful sympathy which stirs what is best within me when I remember what he was, and how very, very terrible his loss is to all who knew him when he walked this earth.

With my kindest regards, in which my wife very tenderly joins.

Believe me, in the fullest sympathy,

Yours, &c."

Another former pupil, Dr. W. Jeffrey, for whom my brother had a great regard, writes the next two letters—

"Jedburgh, September 3, '90.

My dear Mrs. Dunean,

Perhaps I should be altogether silent, and not come to you at all in these early hours of your terrible sorrow, but it may not jar if I just say how profoundly sincere is my sympathy with yourself, and how, in my very heart, I mourn for my dear old master, and (may I dare to call him so?) friend. All of us knew how gifted and truly great he was, but, he was so tender too, so loving, so much the kind of man one bent one's steps to when in trouble.

How well my wife and I remember our visit to you, and how, when we came away, we spoke to each other of your kindness and of his, and of what seemed to us the beautifully peaceful rest you had the one in the other.

Your life must look very dark now, my dear Mrs. Duncan—but I must say no more.

With affectionate regards, I remain, &c.”

“ Jedburgh, October 8, '90.

My dear Mrs. Duncan,

I was pleased beyond what I can express to get your extremely kind and affecting letter. It was really most good of you to take the trouble of writing to *me*, and I have read and re-read what you have written with very singular though very sad pleasure. With full heart I rejoice in all the honour that has been shown to Dr. Duncan's name, and I think with you that Sir William Jenner's words are deeply gratifying. He was all that Sir William says he was—but he was more. Strong, massive, upright, courageous! All these he was as few are—but ah! he was gentle too, so kind and loving-hearted, and his demeanour towards us younger men so winning and modest (his modesty that of a truly great man). I somehow fancy that these things about him have not been quite sufficiently noticed—his winning, really tender manner—his most excellent English *style* (they call it strong, and so it was, but your husband was often eloquent—truly so), and the fact that when in his presence one felt in the presence of a man of the most lofty and most serious character. I think of him constantly, and cannot even yet fully realize that never in this world shall I see his face again. My dear Mrs. Duncan, how lonely you must feel—no living presence now, only a blessed memory—but surely, surely, *this* you have. I sincerely hope that everything about your home will be such as may cheer you, and help to lighten your sorrow—but, be other things as they may, there will always be deep down in your heart 'a hidden river of sadness.' I should greatly like to see you again, and if I am at any time near London shall certainly come to see you—if I should be able to assure myself that you are caring to see people at all.

You say nothing of your health, I sincerely trust it keeps fairly good, although I should like to be assured of this. You looked so wearied and tired when I last saw you. My wife specially desires me to send you her kind love. I send my own, and I remain, &c.”

My brother's boys were placed at school with the Rev. C. Darnell to be prepared for entering Fettes College, Edinburgh. This early friend writes :—

“ Plas Ucha,
Penmaenmaur, 5th September, 1890.

My dear Mrs. Matthews Duncan,

I can hardly express to you the shock it gave us all to see the most sad announcement in the *Times* of the loss which had been experienced by you all, and by us, on the 1st of September. I shrink from intruding upon the sacred privacy of your sorrow, but the loss is so peculiarly on us as well as you, that I venture to hope that you will not think me intrusive. For I valued and respected and loved your husband more than I knew till I found that he had passed away. Looking back upon nearly twenty years now I can only remember acts and words of great kindness, and fearless, unflinching honesty and rectitude. So strong and so fearless, and yet so very gentle and kind, of great and commanding ability, and yet so little self-assertive, and so careful and accurate in all he said. I have said over and over again to many that I have seldom met in all my life a man who so *commanded* my respect and admiration. Schoolmasters see parents of their boys in their most unguarded moments, and receive their confidence on subjects connected with their children which are not possible to other people. And on this side of him it was an education to come into contact with him. And of his tenderness and goodness to my dear wife in her illness how can I speak? I know that you and all your boys, who are as great friends to me always in my thoughts, it will be a pleasure to know how we appreciated him. We were utterly unprepared for the sad news, and are now quite ignorant of the cause of his death, which we deplore. To you all the loss is, I know, irreparable. We can but pray that in His infinite mercy God will help you all to bear the blow as he would have wished—faithfully and bravely; as dear Dr. Potts once said to a friend in like sorrow, ‘Bow like a child, and stand like a man, and may God in His mercy help and keep you.’

With loving sympathy, I am, &c.”

The Rev. W. A. Heard, now head master of Fettes College, and formerly the special teacher of my brother James's boys, writes :—

“Fettes College, September 13th.

My dear Mrs. Matthews Duncan,

Sorrow like yours seems almost too sacred for anyone to intrude with words, however well meant. What it means those alone know who have suffered, and I, who have suffered such bereavement, not only dare, but feel I *must* endeavour at least to let you know that I understand and realise your sorrow. Yet, amidst it all, as you, I am sure, well know, God is nearer to us at these hours than in any other experience. -I know He will uplift the bowed head, and tranquilise the tumultuous grief; to Him alone can we commend you. And to you, more than to most, will this comfort come, who have to look back upon a life in which domestic love shone all the brighter for worldly distinction. Amidst so much that his best friends will remember with admiration, there is nothing they will admire so much as the simple, loving, faithful heart. All the world knew his eminence, but greater than his eminence was the inner glow.

Forgive these words, but Dr. Duncan lies in my mind as one of the most *real* men I ever knew. In sincerest sympathy,

Ever yours, &c.”

Dr. Farquharson, M.P. for West Aberdeenshire, writes:—

“Finzean, Aboyne, N.B., September 10.

Dear Mrs. Duncan,

I find great difficulty in giving expression to the feelings of profound regret with which I heard of your husband's death. I have always valued his friendship and admired his character, and, putting personal considerations aside for the moment, I lament most sincerely the loss of one who was an ornament and an honour to his profession, and who had laboured long and successfully, not only to advance science, but to raise the tone of the speciality with which he had been connected as a leader for so many years. I really do grieve to think that I shall never again see his shrewd and honest face, or hear his friendly words, and I can well appreciate what your loss must be. But I hope it may be some consolation to you to think that he has not lived in vain, but that his memory will long live in the annals of medical progress, and in the recollection of his friends. With much sympathy,

Believe me, &c.”

Another friend, belonging to Edinburgh, writes:—

“West Linton, 11th September, '90.

Dear Mrs. Matthews Duncan,

I must add one little stone to the cairn of respect and love that has gathered over your husband's grave. You knew how much I loved him, and how good cause I had to do so. He was one of the noblest of men. God bless, support, and comfort you. Yours ever,

JAMES MACGREGOR.”

The Earl of Rosebery, after hearing of my brother's death, wrote the first letter I give here. The second was in answer to one of sympathy written to him by my sister-in-law while he was in anxiety about Lady Rosebery, who died soon after.

“Dalmeny Park,
Edinburgh, September 7, 1890.

My dear Mrs. Duncan,

I can truly say that since I have heard this terrible news it has never been absent from my mind. When I consider how irreparable a loss he is to us, I can to some extent realise what your blank must be. He was so true a friend, such a pillar, so splendidly prime a character that I have always forgotten his talents in his manhood. I had no idea that he was ill—or at least seriously ill, and his departure comes as a thunderbolt from a blue sky. Few deaths in my own family could grieve me so much, for I know it is one that can never be replaced. Forgive my running on with my own sorrow. I am not selfish in doing so, for it is only thus that I can attempt to show my sense of what yours must be. That you and his children may be sustained and solaced, not merely from above, but by the consciousness of abundant sympathy and affection on earth, is the hope and prayer of many, and of none more so than

Yours sincerely,

ROSEBERY.”

Again Lord Rosebery writes:—

“Dalmeny Park, Edinburgh,
October 22nd, 1890.

My dear Mrs. Duncan,

I was greatly touched by your note received this evening, for you may guess how often your dear husband's name has been on my lips

and in my heart during this illness. He knew my wife so thoroughly, and she trusted him so implicitly that my thoughts wander to him more than usual, though we have all that medical skill can give us in Dr. Broadbent.

I say 'more than usual,' for he is constantly in my thoughts. I did not know what a grip he had on my heart till he died.

Yours sincerely,

R."

I now insert some extracts from letters written by southern friends, many of them of special worth as testimonies of the high place my brother held in their esteem. The first, and one of the greatest value, as being from Sir William Jenner, than whom no one is more fit to give an opinion on a medical brother, is as follows:—

“ The Palae House, Bishops Waltham,
September 21st, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Matthews Duncan,

I should, had I not been afraid of intruding, have written to you earlier to express the grief I felt for the loss of my friend—as a physician in my estimation the first in his department in the kingdom; as a man most honourable and upright, and most courageous in making his views known. What he *thought* was wise, honourable, and true—what he said was what he thought.

I know no physician I respected more, no one whose loss to the profession would be so great. If this is my feeling I need not say how thoroughly I comprehend how deep must be your grief for the loss of so loving a husband, and for so wise and good a father to his children.

I write from my heart, pray excuse me if I have intruded on your feelings. My wife and daughter beg to be most truly and kindly remembered to you.

Believe me, your sincere friend,

WILLIAM JENNER.”

The next letter is from another medical authority, Sir Henry Acland. He was a great friend of my brother's, and President of the Medical Council while he was on it—

“ Oxford, September 6, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Matthews Duncan,

I learnt yesterday from Sir William Turner the terrible blow which has fallen upon you, and the grievous loss which our generation has prematurely and unexpectedly sustained. It is hardly well to speak of any suffering but yours, but, believe me, we shall all feel in our humble degree that we have sustained an irreparable deprivation for the rest of our days. But one thing remains—the example, and the thankfulness that we have had it so long.

I dare not presume to say more to yourself, and yet I feel what he would feel in like case, that there is no earthly consolation for your life but in those who remain, and in the communion of the Heavenly Father and Disposer of events, for whom and with whom he lived his daily life, to the support of all who knew him.

I hope to be allowed to be among his friends on Monday.

I am, dear Mrs. Matthews Duncan,

Faithfully and respectfully yours,

HY. M. ACLAND.”

One from Lady Gull, who was an opposite neighbour in Brook Street, is as follows:—

“ Edradour, Pitlochry, September 6th.

Dear Mrs. Matthews Duncan,

I feel I ought hardly to break in upon the sacredness of your deep sorrow at this early period of it, and yet few have a greater claim to share in and with your grief.

When I remember all that your dear husband was to my darling during his long illness, and the love and gentleness with which he so often cheered his weariness, my heart aches for you in your terrible loss. I knew of your anxiety before you left London, but little anticipated the extent of its gravity.

I will not add more. May He who has given you this bitter cup to drink be Himself your Father, your Saviour, and Comforter, drawing very near to you in these dark hours of loneliness.

Always, dear Mrs. Duncan, very affectionately yours,

T. A. GULL.”

Dr. Champneys, who took the place of Dr. Matthews Duncan at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, writes sympathetically to the following effect:—

“ 60, Great Cumberland Place,
Hyde Park, September 3, 1890.

My dear Mrs. Duncan,

I cannot refrain from writing a few lines to assure you of what I am sure you know without any words of mine—my deepest sympathy.

For myself, I feel that there is a gap in my life which never can be filled—I have lost a friend who can never be replaced. I think you know, as he knew, my admiration and affection for him. The profession will have much to say—they have lost the leader of his branch, and all honest men are the poorer.

Into your sorrow I do not dare or attempt to enter, but only assure you that for weeks past you have not been many hours absent from my thoughts ; and indeed since Monday night, when the news reached me, I have thought of little else.

Believe me, &c.”

Among the other medical intimates who wrote were Dr. John Williams and Dr. Theodore Williams :—

“ 63, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, W.,
3rd September, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Matthews Dunean,

Allow me to express my deepest sympathy with you in the irreparable loss which you have suffered by the death of one so good and dear— a loss which is irreparable also to others outside of your immediate family circle.

By the death of Dr. Dunean, I have lost what I shall never find again—one to whom I looked up, and whom I admired and loved ; for, whether in trouble or in joy, I could always go to him feeling sure of wise counsel and kindly and affectionate sympathy.

I am, dear Mrs. Dunean,

Yours in deep sorrow,

JOHN WILLIAMS.”

“ 2, Upper Brook Street, W.,
September 10, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Matthews Dunean,

I cannot forbear writing a few lines to express the deep sympathy which my wife and I feel for you in your overwhelming sorrow.

Dr. Duncan's death is a grievous loss to the medical profession and to the public, which cannot be forgotten, and we must trust that the bright example which a great and good man, such as he was, leaves behind him, may excite us to follow in the path of integrity and duty which he trod so boldly and so consistently. Few men impressed me more with what is best in mankind than your husband, and there were few from whose society I derived so much pleasure and profit. What a career of usefulness was his!

With sincere condolence from both of us,

I remain, my dear Mrs. Duncan, yours truly,

THEODORE WILLIAMS."

The following most appreciative letter came from Dr. Clifford Allbutt, one of the Commissioners of Lunacy:—

"3, Melbury Road, Kensington, W.,
September 16, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Matthews Duncan,

It was a shock to us, and a matter of very deep regret to see, when we were abroad, the announcement of the very great bereavement which has fallen so suddenly, first upon you yourself and your family, and secondly upon a very wide circle of the public, not only in England but in Europe and America. On reflection, I think Dr. Duncan did look weary and a little depressed towards the end of the London season, but one sees this so commonly in men far less pressed by the labour and responsibilities of life than he was, that it never occurred, to me at any rate, to suspect anything seriously wrong with his health.

And to me personally, Dr. Matthews Duncan had ever been, and continued to be, so warm and generous a friend, that I should have joined in deep sympathy in any anxiety concerning the life of one whose life was so precious, but whose constitution seemed at any rate so robust and sturdy by nature. I can only suppose that too severe exertion and too close a pressure of engagements have brought about this sadly premature breakdown of our great teacher.

Those of a man's own household perhaps hear least of his reputation outside. But you will not be without the consolation and pride of knowing, however imperfectly, that your late husband was not only one of the greatest physicians of his generation, and so one of the most beneficent of men; but also, and far more than this, that those great abilities were part of a great character, and were combined with a

rectitude of purpose, a love of truth, and a scorn of all artfulness and small meannesses which, in these days especially, were a shining example we can ill afford to lose. I feel as if a great rock were gone from the foundations of our profession; the loss to yourself and your family I will not venture to speak of, save to assure you of the deep sympathy of my wife and myself.

Yours very truly,

I. CLIFFORD ALLBUTT."

Mrs. Garrett Anderson wrote as follows:—

“Westhill, Aldeburgh, Suffolk,
September 4, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Matthews Dunean,

I cannot tell you how deeply grieved I was to hear last night of the terrible sorrow which has fallen upon you and your children. Please accept, from my husband and myself, our deepest sympathy. Dr. Dunean will be sadly missed all through London, and especially by those of his fellow-workers who valued properly his high integrity and singleness of purpose. Nothing will make up to you for his loss, but I hope in time you may be able to remember with satisfaction how much good he did in his life, beyond that known to you and his children, by his high honour and rectitude, and how precious in every walk in life such an example is.

I am, &c.”

A foreign medical testimony or two will show that the general grief was not confined to our own land:—

“Basel, den 17/9/90.

Dear Mrs. Dunean,

It is only now that I have received the news of the death of Professor Dunean, at Baden. In August last, I hoped to meet him at Berlin, and now I am extremely sorry to hear that he must die in the best stage of his life. During my stay at Edinburgh—15 years ago—and the same all the years since, Professor Dunean was always an extremely kind friend towards me. He will always be in my memory as one of the first men of our science, and as an amiable friend.

Believe me to be, yours very truly,

Professor FEHLING.”

“129, Boulevard St. Germain,
7th September, 1890.

Madame,

C'est avec une profonde tristesse que j'apprends la mort de J. Matthews Duncan. Je ne puis vous dire quelle estime profonde j'avais pour le savant qui était, à mon sens, le premier obstetrician de la Grande Bretagne, quelle amitié sincère j'avais pour l'homme si dévoué et si bon. Agréèz, je vous prie, tous mes compliments de condoléance.

S. BUDIZ.”

I may now lay before the reader a few letters received from some of my brother's multitude of patients, who wrote at this time most kindly and sympathetically. The first I give is from Mrs. Goodwin, wife of the Bishop of Carlisle—

“Aix les Bains, France (of Rose Castle, Carlisle),
September 4th.

My dear Mrs. Matthews Duncan,

The announcement in the *Times*, which we have just seen, has been a great shock to us, and I hope you will forgive me for writing you one word of deep sympathy. Your loss is too deep for words, and God only, in his good time, can heal your broken heart. I feel I have lost one of my kindest friends, and there are indeed many who will mourn with you—he was indeed friend as well as physician, he was always so patient and so full of sympathy for suffering; of his great wisdom and cleverness I need not speak, the world will testify to that. The end came suddenly, no doubt. I am grieved that it should have taken place away from his home. By and by will you allow one of your daughters to write to me (at R. C.), and to tell me how you are, if you were with him at the time, if he had in any way expected so sudden an end. Again I must ask you to forgive me for intruding upon your grief, and beg you to believe I am ever

Yours most truly,

ELLEN GOODWIN.”

The next letter I give is from the Countess of Stanhope—

“September 9, '90.

Chevening, Sevenoaks.

Dear Mrs. Duncan,

I trust you will forgive me for venturing to intrude upon your terrible sorrow, but I should like to add my small tribute of honour and

deep respect for one of the noblest men I have ever known. The world is terribly the poorer for his loss, not only for his great powers of healing, but for his tender strength and unflinching straightness of purpose. His presence was a real God-send to London, and I trust it may be soothing to you to know how greatly he was honoured and beloved. May I also be allowed to express my deep sympathy with you and with your children? The loss of such a husband and father must be the greatest of earthly sorrows. May God give you His strength to endure it bravely. With many apologies for these words, believe me,

Very truly yours,

EVELYN STANHOPE."

The Viscountess Templetown writes :—

"Dear Madam,

May I be allowed to offer you my sincerest and deepest sympathy in the terrible trial which has come to you, the news of which in this morning's paper has filled me, as it will have done innumerable others, with the deepest grief. I have known Dr. Matthews Duncan since I was a child, and have the deepest respect and affection for him, and feel that his is a loss that cannot be replaced. I can only seek comfort when thinking of *you*, in knowing you have the certainty of seeing him again, since no one has ever more nobly and faithfully followed in the steps of our Lord than he did. Trusting you will forgive my writing to you, and not dream of answering this.

Believe me, dear Madam, yours faithfully,

Farge Dene, Brighton,

EVELYN TEMPLETOWN.

September 4, 1890."

The following came from one well known in the financial world to my nephew William :—

"Gunnersby Park, 9th September, '90.

Dear Mr. Duncan,

I cannot refrain from acknowledging your letter, as I am anxious to tell you how deeply I regret your dear father. You are quite right in saying that my appreciation of his great talents was all the deeper owing to personal feelings of gratitude to him for his tender care of my dear wife during a very severe illness. I shall always cherish his memory, and with every expression of sympathy, believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD."

A letter from the Rev. J. W. Ayre, Vicar of St. Mark's, North Audley Street, the church which my brother and his family attended in London, is as follows :—

“Schweitzerhof, Neuhausen,
4th September, 1890.

My dear Mrs. Duncan,

We have been inexpressibly shocked by the sad news that has just reached us. Only on Monday I had heard that your dear husband *had been* dangerously ill, but was now better, and out of danger—and now, to-day while talking of and grieving for the anxiety we thought you had passed through and left behind, comes the tidings of the terribly sudden blow upon you and your dear children—and upon us all—indeed, the whole country will feel the loss, and be the poorer for his removal.

I had not known you were at Baden. On Saturday we arrived at Constance, and remained there till Monday. Had I known the state of things and where you were, I should certainly have gone over to Baden on the chance of being able to minister comfort if even by nothing more than by the knowledge that a home friend was near, feeling for you and with you in deepest sympathy.

But in such cases, however, sympathy can do but little. We can commend one another to the care of our Father, whose love never fails even in our deepest sorrow.

I cannot say how much your dear husband had won my admiration. He seemed to me the type of what a leading professional man should be—with the courage of an avowedly christian man—wise, thoughtful, true.

Pray remember me most kindly to my dear young friends your children, and

Believe me in much sympathy, very sincerely yours,

J. W. AYRE.”

Some remarks made from the pulpit by the other clergymen of St. Mark's will not be out of place at this point. At the close of the sermon on Sunday morning, September 8th, on the words, “And He said unto him, arise, go thy way : thy faith hath made thee whole,” the Rev. H. F. Nixon, who knew my brother well, and

who had visited at Appin, where opportunity for conversation was more open than in London, alluding to his death, made these remarks :—

“ In such connection our thoughts naturally travel on to one well known to us here, who has recently been somewhat suddenly called to his rest. In the death of Dr. Matthews Duncan we have all of us sustained a very heavy loss, a loss which will be felt not only by us of St. Mark’s, but a loss which will be felt all over Europe in the profession for which he had accomplished so much, and by which he was universally esteemed and honoured.

One of the best and ablest and kindest of men, he was endowed with gifts such as are given to very few. Foremost among the first in his own department of a great profession, there was upon every thing that he did or said, the mark of originality and power, interpenetrated at every turn with the deepest sense of humanity and honour. And with such graces as absolute truthfulness and straightforwardness in any opinion that he gave, together with a simplicity and humility of thought and manner, which none who knew him could fail to observe, not a little was added to the good influences of his character.

But admirable as these qualities are, there were in him things far higher even than intellectual power and purity of motive. For it must have been patent to all who worship here, how regular and conscientious he was in the discharge of all the most sacred functions of life. Indeed, there were features both in his public and more private character which can never be disassociated from the fact that he was above and before all things a deeply religious, God-fearing man. His faith was of that simple, sterling order which necessarily produces that which is truest and best in those so gifted. His grasp of religious truth was singularly large and singularly comprehensive. No wonder he exerted the influence that he did, not only on the highest interests of his own profession, but on all who knew him. The secret of such an influence is ever the same, *the love of God*, and the love of man for God’s sake.

But I have been led to say more of him than either he would have wished, or I had intended. Let our last thought this morning be for his sorrow-laden widow and her children, who have been so suddenly bereft of a father’s loving counsel and guiding hand. Let us ask for them the comfort and calm, the strength and peace, which the Holy Ghost, the great Consoler alone can give.

They will need it all. For it is not in the first shock of bereavement that death does its worst. It is as daily life comes back again that we realise the depth of our loss, and the dreariness of our solitude.

And for ourselves, dear friends, the lesson of death, be it sudden or protracted, is always the same. It is not for nought that God continually reminds us of the uncertainty of life, and the stern reality of death. It speaks—and what does it say? ‘Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.’”

The other clergyman of St. Mark’s, the Rev. Daniel Felix, taking for his text, “What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter,” made the following reference to James’s unexpected death :—

“We occasionally see men cut down in the strength of their manhood, in the height of their glory, in the flower of their day. In our ignorance we say, ‘What waste of strength, talent, and usefulness.’ O, vain man! canst not thou see that God is gathering home His children, and very often the best of them are first summoned to their rest? Who finds fault with a wise father for taking his own way in the management of his children? And shall we find fault with our heavenly Father, Saviour, and Lord, because His ways are beyond our comprehension, and His doings unknown to us now? Though we do not now know what our heavenly Father does, let us patiently look forward to the time when we shall again meet our beloved ones.

We have recently lost a faithful member of this congregation, who was not only a good man, but a man of the highest attainments possible in his profession, and, above all, possessed of a humble and devotional mind.

While he was eagerly sought for and highly appreciated by the rich and great, he, nevertheless, was always ready to render to the poor of this parish the benefit of his trained intellect and inexhaustive knowledge of medicine and the human constitution, and that without charge.

The loss of such a man cannot be but great, not only to his family and this neighbourhood, but also to the world at large. Such men are the salt of the earth; they disseminate true knowledge, they purify society, refine the world, and fulfil the law of God which saith, ‘Do good to all men.’ To all who mourn the loss of friends and relatives

to-day, Jesus saith: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life. Weep not, what I do ye know not now; but shall know hereafter.'

And let us say, Amen, so let it be Lord."

In beginning his course of clinical lectures at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Dr. Champneys thus referred to his predecessor, the late Dr. Matthews Duncan:—

"The same thought is probably occupying the minds of all of us to-day—the thought that a voice to which most of you have listened with pleasure and with great profit for many years no longer fills this theatre; that a presence, embodying the dignity and the learning which were characteristic of its owner, has disappeared from among us forever. This would, in some sense, have been the position under any circumstances, for to each of your teachers, and to me in my turn, must come the time of retirement, when, in the words of the old Roman poet, Ennius, he '*Serio confectu quiescit.*' And yet how different are the circumstances from what we might have hoped and should have chosen for him. A man of less indomitable will would perhaps have taken warning earlier, would have sought relief from some of the duties which were his greatest pleasure, as they were also his most engrossing work. But he would not yield; he struggled on in harness till, as you all know, and some of you saw, he broke down in the act of instructing you, and after a vain effort to tide over the few weeks which remained of last summer session, he left the country of his adoption—to die. This great hospital has lost, the profession has lost, the country has lost, the world has lost—how much can I say? But you and I have also lost in a special way, for had his absence to-day been due merely to his inevitable retirement, it would have been my endeavour to try to prevent that retirement from being absolute; it would have been my endeavour to persuade him to come among us from time to time, and to give us lectures, which I should have delighted to hear side by side with you, and which his great learning and rich experience would have made, I feel sure, no unpleasant task for him. But *disaliter visum*, and that dream is over. But besides this, I have lost a kind and dear friend, from whom I might have learned very much regarding the management of this great department, the changes which have taken place during my absence of ten years, and the prospects of the future. These I must learn, without this help. Gentlemen, I stand before you as a stranger,

and yet the kindness which I have experienced on my return seems to forbid me to use such a term. Standing, as I do in the place of the greatest obstetrician of our time, I ask you to continue to me the goodwill which I know from him that you never failed to show, and, as a motto for us all, I would say, ‘May the spirit of James Matthews Dunean preside over all our meetings.’”

In conclusion, I have to thank Mrs. Matthews Duncan, Mrs. Tait, and other friends for kindly allowing me to copy their letters; also Professor Ogston for his valuable paper.

I have now rendered, however imperfectly, my beloved brother James the last service I shall ever be called to do for him.

ISABELLA NEWLANDS.

ABERDFEN, *May 4th*, 1891.

“Every noble life leaves its fibre woven for ever in the
life of the world.”

Ruskin.







