succinctly with a large majority of the diseases and conditions which form the bulk of everyday practice. The book is divided into twenty-five chapters, and differs somewhat from the usual plan of such works (at any rate as far as English works are concerned) in including chapters on obstetrics, serum-therapy, opotherapy, hypnosis, balneology, chemical analysis, *post-mortem* examination, public health, and pharmacology. The inclusion of chapters on radiography and medullary cocainization show that the author has brought his work well up to date. There is a useful little table giving the equivalent weights in grams and grains of other nations as compared with the Italian system of notation. Indeed, the amount of information crowded into so small a space is astonishing, and as a reminder of what one has learnt from larger textbooks or from experience, this handy manual, being easily carried in the pocket, completely justifies its existence.

OBSTETRICS.

DR. JARDINE has been for eleven years on the staff of the Glasgow Maternity Hospital, and in that time has had a "varied and extensive" obstetrical experience. From that experience he has written *Clinical Obstetrics*.⁵ It is a didactic elementary treatise on midwifery, illustrated, and we with pleasure say, made more interesting and instructive by records of cases which have occurred in the author's practice. These cases are as a rule well chosen; they are not put in to fill up space, but because they are deserving of record. The value and attraction of the book lies in the strong personal individuality that pervades it. The author is neither an echo nor a copyist; but an observer who has formed his opinions for himself. Herein lies not only the charm, but also the weakness of the book; for it is not possible for one person, even in eleven years spent in the service of the Glasgow Maternity Hospital, to exhaust all the possibilities of difficult labour, and finally decide on the best treatment of everything. Dr. Jardine often frankly and boldly expressed decided opinions sometimes contrary to those held by most obstetricians, without adducing or referring to evidence in support of his views. Thus, in speaking of concealed accidental haemorrhage, he says: "Rupturing the membranes has been advocated, but this I consider dangerous, as the uterus is paralysed, and will not contract." This is apparently a mere opinion, and the statement is contrary to the experience of most accoucheurs. Moreover, the reason given for not rupturing the membranes applies with even greater force to the *accouchement forcé*, which is next described. The author expresses his intention, if he gets another bad case, to try Porro's operation. Ramsbotham says that in his practice of 25 cases of accidental haemorrhage, "of very aggravated nature," 23 were successfully treated by rupture of the membranes. The mortality of Porro's operation has not yet been reduced to this. For *post-partum* haemorrhage, the author strongly recommends the intrauterine injection of suprarenal extract, 5j to two pints of hot water, but does not say how often he has used it. He advises plugging the uterus, but does not mention bimanual compression; nor does he tell the reader that in bad cases plugging has been known to fail. In many respects the teaching of this book is better than that of some recently published American books. Dr. Jardine informs the student of the ease with which in occipito-posterior positions the occiput can be manually rotated to the front, but omits to say that the chin also can, when the face comes down with the chin behind, be manually rotated forwards. He has used Ramsbotham's decapitating hook, and found that it will cut through the neck easily—a fact apparently unknown to most American obstetricians. Puerperal eclampsia is discussed at some length, and 21 cases are recorded. The author strongly advocates the treatment of this disease by saline infusion, but as yet not enough cases treated in this way have been recorded to show that its results are better than those of the general run of cases. The profession has to thank Dr. Jardine for a book well worth perusal.

We need not say much of the second edition of Dr. HAULTAIN'S *Practical Handbook of Midwifery*,⁶ as its first edition was reviewed in the BRITISH MEDICAL

⁵ *Clinical Obstetrics*. By Robert Jardine, M.D. Edin., M.R.C.S. Eng., F.F.P. and S. Glasg., F.R.S. Edin., Senior Physician to the Glasgow Maternity Hospital, Examiner in Midwifery to the University of Glasgow, etc. London: Rebman Limited. 1903. (Crown 8vo, pp. 685, 47 illustrations. 15s.)

⁶ *A Practical Handbook of Midwifery*. By Francis W. Nicol Haultain, M.D., F.R.C.P. Ed., Lecturer on Midwifery, Edinburgh School of Medicine, etc. Second edition. London: The Scientific Press, Limited. (Fcap. 8vo, pp. 261, 18 illustrations. 6s.)

JOURNAL of February 10th, 1894. It gives the student his obstetric food in the most concentrated form: in short detached sentences like the syllabus of a lecture; dogmatic affirmations, without explanation, and without ambiguity or hesitation. Many will find such a presentation of the subject helpful to them. In the main, Dr. Haultain's teaching is sound and good. We submit, however that such a textbook should not to-day contain the statement (p. 17) that a patient, "if infected (by scarlatina) during puerperium, it (the scarlatina) forms one of the most virulent types of puerperal fever, and the patient seldom recovers." This teaching was current fifteen years ago, but in 1888 Dr. Boxall not only knocked away its supports, but proved the exact contrary, and showed that scarlatina, when it affected an aseptic puerpera, was exactly the same disease as it is apart from the puerperal state. Will Dr. Haultain pardon also our questioning the statements (p. 227) that in pelvic cellulitis pain is "an inconstant symptom;" and that "the leg of the affected side is usually flexed on the abdomen?" In a lecture recently published in these columns figures were given which showed that flexion of the thigh was present only in about 10 per cent. of cases.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

By inadvertence we have hitherto omitted to mention the receipt a couple of months ago of the thirty-third annual edition of the *City of London Directory* for 1903 (London: W. H. and L. Collingridge. 12s. 6d.). It is a useful work of reference, giving very full particulars with regard to the corporation, livery companies, and charities of the city of London together with street, commercial, and trade directories. We do not quite understand the principle upon which the classified lists of medical practitioners are arranged, and would suggest that the inclusion of names of practitioners who reside outside the City, more especially when placed under specialist heading, is undesirable. Of the value of the work for ordinary purposes of reference there can be no two opinions.

FROUDE AND CARLYLE.

THE IMPUTATION CONSIDERED MEDICALLY.

By Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

IN his paper, *My Relations with Carlyle*, recently published, Mr. James Anthony Froude has fitly crowned the column of calumny which, as Carlyle's trusted friend and biographer, he busied himself, not without profit, for five years after that great man's death in building up—a column, notwithstanding its rhetorical adornments, hideous, distorted, ungainly, on the top of which the true image of the man is lost to sight.

Froude's well-woven falsifications will be unravelled elsewhere, but I desire here to submit to the judgement of the medical profession one cruel imputation of his against Carlyle, upon which it alone can properly decide, but which Froude has not hesitated to lay bare before the general public. When accused of indiscretion in revealing the most sacred privacies of Carlyle's domestic life, and in printing his most secret meditations and those of his wife, Froude and his supporters have invariably taken refuge behind the familiar plea—so often a shelter for rancour—of the frank biography. But the frank biography has its limits, and has not hitherto been held to include the history of a man's sexual experiences. It has been reserved for Froude to set a most pernicious example and inflict a stain on English literature by proclaiming abroad a genital defect in the man whose life he had been commissioned to write, and whom he affects to hold up to admiration as one of the noblest and best of his species. Had this allegation of Froude's been a detached spurt of spite, it might have been passed unnoticed, and left to be blown away by a breeze of popular disgust or to fall back, sink, and vanish in the broad and deep unveracity of the man making it. But it is made the key to the lives of Carlyle and his wife, and is offered as the explanation of much that seemed strange and unsightly in Froude's portraiture of them, and so it is necessary that its validity should be examined.

Froude's allegation, which is set forth in the most unpromising terms, is that Carlyle was one of those persons who ought never to have married, that he laboured under some physical defect which prevented the consummation of his marriage, and which was the cause of his failings and

aberrations of temper and character, and of his wife's misery. In short, Carlyle was impotent.

In inquiring into the truth of this allegation, it is first necessary to ascertain what authority Froude had for making it, and here we discover that he trusted entirely to rumour, to "hints that were dropped in the circle which were gathered in the house at Cheyne Row" that "the marriage was not a real marriage but only companionship," and to a confidential communication made to him by Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, an intimate friend of Mrs. Carlyle.

As regards rumour in such a matter it can be scarcely necessary to point out that it is unworthy of a moment's consideration, and the wonder is that Froude should have sought support from it. He does not name any one besides himself who had heard these mysterious hints dropped at Cheyne Row, and one almost hopes that he was mistaken and that the distinguished people who assembled there found something better and chaster to talk about than the conjugal relations of their host and hostess. The facts that Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle during their life in London occupied separate bedrooms, and that their union was sterile, may have set the gossiping tongues of the unclean-minded a-wagging, but the first fact was sufficiently accounted for by the intense susceptibility of both of them to nocturnal noises and the distressing insomnia from which they suffered, and the second might be accounted for in many different ways, the least probable of all of which was that which Froude tells us was the favourite amongst the tattlers of Cheyne Row. Married couples occupying separate bedrooms have often large families, and physical defect preventing the consummation of marriage is very rarely the cause of sterility.

I am inclined to think that Froude has considerably antedated the origin of the rumour as to Carlyle's conjugal relations which he has so greedily adopted and which has undoubtedly obtained wide circulation. He can produce not one scrap of evidence that there were floating suspicions on the subject during the life of Mrs. Carlyle, and all that I have been able to learn shows that the rumours did not gain currency in London until after he and Miss Jewsbury had laid their heads together over Carlyle's biography. That he had himself had doubts on the subject it is impossible to deny, for he says he was not unprepared to hear Miss Jewsbury's story, "I had felt all along that there must be some mystery of the kind," but the likelihood is that, looking back after he had been startled by her "weird and uncanny" disclosure, his myth-breeding imagination conjured up confirmation in the past where none really existed, and it is to be remembered that Froude was censured by Carlyle for his fondness for "indecent exposure in writing." But even if a rumour of the kind to which he alludes had been widely prevalent long before Miss Jewsbury told her tale, he was not entitled to adduce it in support of the definite statement he has promulgated, for he must have known very well that such rumours have been set afloat from time to time with reference to many eminent men, in some cases with flat contradiction by the march of events, that they are easy to ignite but difficult to stamp out, and that they never are by themselves of the smallest value.

The anonymous rumour on which Froude several times dwells must be peremptorily put aside, and the sole foundation therefore of his vile imputation is the confidential communication made to him by Miss Geraldine Jewsbury. The whole edifice which he has with so much ingenuity and apparent ingenuousness erected rests on the credibility of this witness.

Froude did not of course fail to realize that it was of paramount importance to his theory of Carlyle's impotence and other delinquencies that Miss Jewsbury should be believed, and he has therefore taken pains to show that she had the best opportunities of knowing what she spoke about, and was a faithful, guileless creature, and in doing this he has resorted to methods which I am compelled to characterize as dishonest. Mrs. Carlyle, he tells us, spoke and wrote of Geraldine Jewsbury as her Consuelo, but if she did so she must have used the appellation in an ironical sense, for their correspondence proves clearly that she never took any bit of advice that Miss Jewsbury offered, and snubbed her unmercifully when she ventured to express an opinion. That they were on terms of close intimacy is undoubtedly true, but the intimacy was not of the sort which Froude would have us believe, and which he indicates by the untrue statement that Miss Jewsbury "was about Mrs. Carlyle's own age," the truth being that there were eleven

years between them—Mrs. Carlyle having been born in 1801 and Miss Jewsbury in 1812. Miss Jewsbury was never admitted to the penetralia of Mrs. Carlyle's thoughts and feelings, but was kept waiting and serving in the courts without, and there was always an element of patronage and protection in Mrs. Carlyle's attitude towards her. Mrs. Carlyle was flattered by the worship she offered and was grateful for the many delicate attentions she bestowed, but from first to last she treated her as a weak and wayward being, destitute of discretion and good sense, and it is surely a significant fact that Froude deliberately suppressed every letter of Mrs. Carlyle's in which her candid opinion of her friend is set forth. In the *Letters and Memorials* that Froude selected and edited there is nothing reflecting unfavourably on Miss Jewsbury, whereas in the *New Letters and Memorials* may be found abundant proofs of the light esteem in which Mrs. Carlyle held her. She describes her as a fussy, romantic, hysterical woman, a considerable fool, with her head packed full of nonsense. "It is her besetting sin," she said, "and her trade of a novelist has aggravated it—the desire of feeling and producing violent emotions." Miss Jewsbury's intrigues and love affairs are often contemptuously alluded to by Mrs. Carlyle. "Geraldine," she wrote, "has one besetting weakness. She is never happy unless she has a *grande passion* on hand, and as unmarried men take fright at her impulsive and demonstrative ways, her *grandes passions* for these thirty years have been all expended on married men." In another place she mentions that she was "openly making the craziest love to a man" who was engaged to be married, and in another that she was in "a frenzy over a letter from her declared lover, an Egyptian." And beyond all this Miss Jewsbury's feelings towards Mrs. Carlyle herself, which were well known to Froude, were of a nature that should have made him pause before listening to her revelations on ticklish topics. They were highly extravagant, and in some degree perverted. The manifestation by Mrs. Carlyle of some preference or supposed preference for another woman led on one occasion to a wild outburst of what Miss Jewsbury herself called "tiger jealousy," "which," says Mrs. Carlyle, "on the part of one woman towards another it had never entered into my head to conceive. I am not at all sure she is not going mad." Other instances of violent emotional perturbations over Mrs. Carlyle are recorded, and the language of Miss Jewsbury's letters to Mrs. Carlyle, preserved by Mrs. Ireland, is often highly charged and erotic. It is not customary for a woman of 32 years of age to write to her female friend, eleven years her senior, in such terms as these: "You are never out of my thoughts one hour together;" "I think of you much more than if you were my lover;" "I cannot express my feelings even to you—vague undefined yearnings to be yours in some way." Of delicate, nervous, highly-strung constitution, Miss Jewsbury became a morbid, unstable, excitable woman, constantly complaining of headaches and other ailments, and suffering from mental depression, for she chronicles of herself: "For two years I lived only in short respites from this blackness of despair. It is not sorrow; one could endure that. Oh, it is too frightful to talk about. The depression which falls upon one in a moment, enveloping one body and soul for hours or days as it may be, and the horrid lucid interval which we spend in dread of its return, knowing full well that it will come." All the biographical details of Miss Jewsbury which we possess, and they are ample, establish that, notwithstanding her interesting personality, her brilliant conversational powers and fine literary talent, she was utterly unreliable and erratic, or, as Carlyle summed her up, "a flimsy tatter of a creature."

And this is the sole witness called by Froude to support his case and to brand Carlyle as a Narses. Purely in the interests of the frank biography this unmarried woman came to Froude, who was not a medical man, and discussed with him the marital inefficiency of the man for whom she had professed undying gratitude, and the causes of the barrenness of the woman whom she called her dearest friend. We need not suppose that Miss Jewsbury suffered from maidenly embarrassment or was suffused with blushes during her interview with Froude, for we have Mrs. Carlyle's authority that she had herself allowed that she had "absolutely no sense of decency." She sought an interview when a letter would have done quite as well, and she and Froude seem to have gone into considerable and, as he said, "curious details," for we learn that it was on the nuptial night that Carlyle discovered his infirmity, that it was Mrs. Carlyle's disappointed longing for children that was at the

bottom of all their quarrels and unhappiness, and that at one time Mrs. Carlyle made up her mind to go away and even to marry another person. Not one line or word, be it noted, could Miss Jewsbury point to in all her confidential correspondence with Mrs. Carlyle extending over a quarter of a century, or in Mrs. Carlyle's secret journal and most retired communings with herself, when her bitterness against her husband was at its height, giving the faintest colour to the revelation.

It depended upon her memory of alleged conversations with Mrs. Carlyle, about which she could produce no collateral evidence; and yet, without an atom of corroboration, Froude accepted as gospel her wild and whirling words. Nor did he think fit to test Miss Jewsbury's statement in any way, although he regarded it not as a mere bit of idle talk, but as of vital importance, and made it the keynote of his whole biography. Carlyle was alive; many medical men who had attended Mrs. Carlyle were accessible; judicious friends of hers, like Mrs. Russell, of Thornhill, who had been in far more confidential relations with her than Miss Jewsbury, might have been appealed to; but no step did Froude take to apply the touchstones which lay ready at hand. He received Miss Jewsbury's disclosure with avidity. He was prepared for it. He had scented a mystery from afar. He had had "anonymous letters" on the subject, he tells us. Anonymous letters! Save the mark! And why should the anonymous miscreants have written to him rather than to any other of the Carlyle's large circle of friends? Froude simply appropriated the slander, allowed it to tincture all his writings about Carlyle, and left it behind him as a sweet-smelling legacy to his children. He was bent on writing a "popular" life of Carlyle, so he has told us, and popular means one that will sell, and there can be no doubt that the tragic element and contentious material which he introduced into the volumes for which he was responsible, and the discussions to which these gave rise, added largely to their piquancy and increased the sales.

In connexion with Miss Jewsbury's disclosure to Froude, we have another illustration of the extraordinary and persistent inaccuracy of the man. He tells us that Miss Jewsbury came to him with her secret when she heard he had been selected to write Carlyle's biography; that was according to his own statement in 1873; and then two pages further on, evidently forgetting what he had written, he tells us that Miss Jewsbury died soon after—that is, soon after communicating her so-called facts to him. But the truth is that Miss Jewsbury did not die until 1880, and therefore lived seven years after her communication to Froude, who thinks that "soon after" correctly describes the sequence of two events separated by the tenth part of a human life. This strange Miss Jewsbury seems to have been not only a supreme fabulist herself, but the constant cause of fabrication in others; for we have Mrs. Ireland, her biographer, telling us that "the short time spent by the bedside in St. George's Hospital (on which Mrs. Carlyle's dead body lay) had shorn away much of what remained of the buoyancy of her keen and ardent spirit." "A violent shock had been given to those mysterious links which bind men and women to life." There began the "process of ceasing to live." But the truth is that Miss Jewsbury survived her visit to St. George's Hospital by fourteen years, and died of cancer, which it would be as reasonable to connect with a meal of tomatoes as with shock at her friend's sudden death.

Miss Jewsbury must have known very well that it would not do to ascribe Carlyle's impotency to any physical malformation, known to himself before his marriage. Who would believe that this man of noble soul, of unimpeachable honour, would blight a young woman's life by drawing her into a marriage that was no marriage. No! No! that would not do, and besides any allegation of that kind might have been readily refuted. There were those who had seen Carlyle bathing. During the later years of his life he suffered from an inguinal hernia, and the person who many times adjusted his truss is still alive and is ready to testify that he was in all respects normally formed. A visible physical cause of impotence could not be maintained and therefore Miss Jewsbury and Froude fell back on some occult state of his organization or "physical constitution" of which Carlyle was not cognizant when he married—but which was speedily brought home to him. "The morning after the wedding day," says Froude (on the authority of Miss Jewsbury), "he tore to pieces the flower garden at Comely Bank in a fit of ungovernable fury." But, unfortunately for Miss Jewsbury, there was no flower garden at Comely Bank, but only a bit of

a border, in which there were not likely to be many flowers in Scotland on October 18th, the day after the wedding, and the violent wrecking of which must have been carried out under the observation of neighbours, probably on the alert from knowledge of the fact that a newly-married couple had on the night before taken possession of this house in a row. The supposition that a man of Carlyle's temperament and sagacity, finding himself incapable of normal coitus on the first night of his marriage, would conduct himself like a raving lunatic in public view is too preposterous to be for one moment entertained. Medical men, and especially those practising in honeymoon resorts, are familiar with the effects of first-night failures, and I am sure they will not include in them fits of ungovernable fury. Prostration, anxiety, trepidation, terror, even suicide, they may have seen, but fury in a flower garden, I imagine, never! Had Carlyle found himself impotent on the first night of his marriage—of which there is not one vestige of proof beyond Miss Jewsbury's reminiscences of Mrs. Carlyle's conversations, he would have exercised that patience under which trouble of the kind due to mental impressions so often disappears, or would have consulted some member of the faculty in Edinburgh, or perhaps his brother John, who was a qualified physician.

I have dealt with everything that Froude has to say in support of his contention that Carlyle was impotent—and what does it all amount to? Nothing; and yet on nothing—on the figment of Froude's prurient imagination or the weeds of Miss Jewsbury's prolific imagination—there has been based a most cruel aspersion on Carlyle and his wife. Miss Jewsbury sowed, Froude watered, and the calumny has seeded apace—at any rate in the metropolis, in that fertile soil for piquant and lewd chatter about prominent persons which a high civilization never fails to afford. I have heard it stated in London society many times, with and without facetious accompaniments, that Carlyle was impotent, and that that was the clue to his life-history, and I have invariably asked for authority for or proof of the statement, and the answers I have received have all resolved themselves into these four: (1) It is so reported. (2) Froude said so. (3) Sir Richard Quain said so. (4) The house-surgeon at St. George's Hospital who examined Mrs. Carlyle's body declared that she was *virgo intacta*.

As to report, I need say no more. Detached from a definite and approachable point of origin, it is as the idle wind, which it would be the height of folly to regard. As to Froude, I need merely remark that the fact that he said anything is the best possible reason for disbelieving it. As to Sir Richard Quain, I need scarcely remind my professional brethren that the ascription of the rumour to him is a palpable lie. Sir Richard (then Dr.) Quain was professionally consulted by Mrs. Carlyle, treated her for a number of years and gave her death certificate; and was not, as Chairman of the General Medical Council, likely to commit an act, infamous in a professional respect, by divulging a secret confided to him by a patient in his professional capacity. No one who knew him will believe that he did so, and that he did not do so I have the strongest reason to maintain, for on one occasion on which I dined with him at the table of Woolner the sculptor, when our host propounded the theory as to Carlyle's impotence, Sir Richard laughed it to scorn as a bad joke. I am informed that when Sir Richard was attending Mrs. Carlyle, sometime in the Sixties, he had on one visit, after leaving Mrs. Carlyle's bedroom, an interview in the drawing-room with Mrs. Venturi (the Hon. Mrs. Stansfeld's sister), who was acting as Mrs. Carlyle's friend and taking his directions, he added to these: "You may tell Mr. Carlyle that he may resume marital relations with his wife." To which Mrs. Venturi replied: "I would rather you would tell him yourself."

Froude's final anathema on Carlyle has been delayed so long that much of the evidence that might have been called to prove it unjust has gone beyond our reach. Dr. T. J. MacLagan, who attended Carlyle for two years, and during his last illness, and was supporting his head when he died, has, to the sorrow of all of us, just passed away. He must have had special opportunities of obtaining information, and I have heard him denounce this rumour as to Carlyle's impotency as a foul falsehood. I have applied to Mrs. MacLagan thinking that he might have left some biographical notes, but none have been found. Mrs. MacLagan, however, empowers me to say that she has again and again heard her husband speak in the highest terms of affection and respect for Carlyle. He used to say, "If ever a hasty word escaped Carlyle's lips it was instantly followed by a kind word or look that took away all the sting. His life was grand

and guileless." In describing Carlyle's death-bed he said to Mrs. MacLagan, "That was the end of a great and good man's life, let the world say what it will."

As regards the statement that the house-surgeon at St. George's Hospital pronounced Mrs. Carlyle *virgo intacta* it is almost superfluous to identify it as of the coinage of Ananias and Sapphira. Mrs. Carlyle died suddenly in her brougham on April 21st, 1866, at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Her death was discovered at a point in Hyde Park just opposite the Achilles Statue, and her body was immediately conveyed to St. George's Hospital 200 yards distant. Within two hours the hospital was visited by Miss Jewsbury and Froude who thus describes what he saw, "There on a bed in a small room, we found Mrs. Carlyle beautifully dressed, dressed as she always was in quietly perfect taste. Nothing had been touched. Her bonnet had not been taken off. It was as if she had sat on the bed after leaving the brougham and had fallen back upon it asleep." The recollection of the Secretary of the hospital is that Mrs. Carlyle's body was laid on a bed, not, as Froude states, in a small room, but in one of the wards, where it was screened off; but let that pass. "Two points had to be immediately considered," Froude goes on; "how to communicate the news to Carlyle, and how to prevent an inquest and examination of the body, which Forster said would kill him. Forster undertook the last." And so successfully did Forster manage it that there was no coroner's inquest, no necropsy, and the body was removed to Cheyne Row the same evening.

Now, does any one conceive that in one of our great public hospitals such an outrage would be committed as the examination of the body of a lady temporarily deposited there on the question of her virginity? What could suggest such a gratuitous outrage? The idea of such a thing is a foul libel which must be scouted with indignation. And if in the providence of Satan there had happened to be in 1866 some blackguard young medical man or student at St. George's Hospital to undertake such an examination, his report on the result of it would have been absolutely worthless. I believe no gynaecologist will contradict me when I say that, in the case of a woman of 65 years of age who had never had a child, contraction to an extreme degree may have taken place as a result of changes occurring after the menopause, and yet the subject may have had complete sexual relations for many years. Even an expert dare not under such circumstances venture on a positive opinion, to say nothing of an inexperienced youth. Habrida, the Professor of Legal Medicine at Vienna, has lately stated that in at least 50 per cent. of the medico-legal cases examined by him he has been unable to make a positive statement upon this very point. Numerous cases of pregnancy with unruptured hymen have been reported. Achenlach has recorded 25 such cases, and Kanony has collected 43 from the literature of the subject.

But I am in a position to state in the most positive terms that no examination of the body of Mrs. Carlyle took place. Dr. Ridge-Jones, who was Resident Medical Officer at St. George's Hospital, on April 21st, 1866, writes to me as follows: "I remember distinctly attending the late Mrs. Carlyle when brought to St. George's Hospital in her brougham from Hyde Park in 1866. She was dead when I saw her, and no examination was made or thought of. Being the paid and permanent Resident Medical Officer (I had held that appointment for six years) at the time, no one would have dared to make an examination of the body of any kind without my sanction. Therefore you may take it from me as a fact that no examination was made. The late Mr. Froude called at the hospital very soon after Mrs. C. was brought in, and I had a long talk with him. There was no coroner's inquest, and I do not remember to have given the certificate of death."

I have, I believe, disposed of everything that has been urged in support of the hypothesis of Carlyle's impotence. Let me advance a few considerations on the other side. Is the splendid virility of his writings to count for nothing? Was there in his style, his manner, his voice, his appearance, his conduct, one of the traits which we associate with maimed manhood? Quite the opposite. He was every inch a man. And then Mrs. Carlyle. What of her? If there was any frigidity in the union it was on her side. During the courtship, she wrote to him a year before their marriage, "I love you.....but I am not in love with you—that is to say, my love for you is not a passion which overclouds my judgement and absorbs all my regards for myself and others. It is simple, honest, sincere affection." But as time went on, and especially after a visit to Hodham Hill, her feelings grew warmer. "I love you," she wrote, "tenderly, devotedly. I am yours,

oh! that you knew how wholly yours," in response to some ardent expression of Carlyle's, whose anticipations of matrimony were normal enough. "Here," he wrote from Scotsbrig, "are two swallows in the corner of my window, that have taken a house this summer, and in spite of drought and bad crops are bringing up a family together with the highest contentment and unity of soul. Surely, surely Jane Welsh and Thomas Carlyle here as they stand have in them the wisdom of many swallows. Let them exercise it then, in God's name, and live happy as these birds of passage are doing." Mrs. Carlyle's letters after the marriage, and, indeed, at every period of their married life, bear no trace of sexual disappointment. Six weeks after her marriage she wrote to her mother-in-law, "We are really very happy, and when he falls to some work we shall be still happier. Indeed, I should be very stupid or very thankless if I did not congratulate myself every hour of the day on the lot which it has pleased Providence to assign to me. My husband is so kind! in all respects after my own heart!"

During one of her first separations from him, when visiting her mother at Templand, she addresses him, "Kindest and dearest of husbands, are you thinking you are never to see my sweet face any more? I wish I were back and to give you a kiss for every moment I have been absent.....Dearest, I do love you. God bless you, my darling.—Ever, ever your true Wife." Is this the sort of thing one would expect from a young wife whom Miss Jewsbury represents as the brooding and aggrieved victim of an unconsummated marriage? Mrs. Carlyle was no fool, no raw uninitiated school girl. She was 25 years of age when she married; shrewd, practical, and, as her prenuptial letters prove, keenly alive to the obligations and responsibilities of matrimony on both sides. Surely she would have communicated to her mother the baulking of her reasonable expectations; and surely her mother, at first not too complacent to Thomas Carlyle, would have intervened or consulted her trusted friend, Dr. Russell—"a sound-headed, honest-hearted man" Carlyle called him. But no breath of complaint ever escaped Mrs. Welsh, and as time went on her feelings towards her son-in-law became more and more cordial.

Carlyle's letters to his young wife even more forcibly than hers to him negative Froude's monstrous reproach. Here is a passage of his reply to the first letter she wrote to him, six months after their marriage, when he had gone to Dumfries on business: "Not unlike what the drop of water from Lazarus's finger might have been to Dives in the flame was my dearest Goody's letter to her husband yesterday afternoon.....No, I do not love you in the least; only a little sympathy and admiration and a certain esteem, nothing more! O my dear, best, wee woman! But I will not say a word of all this till I whisper it in your ear with my arms round you." Is this the language of the eunuch or of the man addressing the woman to whom he has done a grievous wrong which she is bitterly resenting?

At Comley Bank and Craigenputtock—that is to say, for the first eight years of their married life—Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle occupied the same bedroom, and it was only after they migrated to London, with its multitudinous noises, that they had separate apartments. Mrs. Carlyle expressly states that their accommodation when they first came to London (they were living in lodgings in Ampton Street, Gray's Inn Road) consisted of a drawing-room, with a small bedroom opening from it with large folding doors. Froude's statements about the separate-room system are entirely wrong, and, as usual, tinged with malice. He represents that the arrangement was adopted for the sake of Carlyle, who required a bedroom to himself, and was part of his general neglect of his wife. The truth is that it was suggested by Mrs. Welsh, Carlyle's mother-in-law, during one of her visits to Cheyne Row, solely on account of her daughter's state of health at the time, a somewhat significant fact. That it was Mrs. Carlyle who wished to sleep alone is certain. Carlyle told his niece, Miss Mary Aitken, that on one occasion when he and his Jane had gone to Addiscombe they found that there was only one bedroom for them, so that he had to ride home to Chelsea after 11 p.m. to sleep there. Miss Mary Aitken said, "Surely you could both have slept in the same bed for one night," to which he replied with a look of surprise, "It wasn't I that objected."

But besides the inferential evidence as to Carlyle's conjugal relations direct testimony bearing upon them is not wanting. Miss Annie Aitken and Miss Margaret Aitken, now living in Dumfries, inform me that upon two separate occasions Mrs. Carlyle when at Craigenputtock intimated to their

mother, the late Mrs. Aitken, that she was in the family way, and consulted her about her preparations. Carlyle, Mrs. Aitken used to add, took it very quietly and seemed grieved when nothing came of it. Miss Mary Aitken, afterwards Mrs. Alexander Carlyle, when on her aunt's death she became her uncle's housekeeper, was much touched to find in a drawer at Cheyne Row a little bundle of baby clothes made by Mrs. Carlyle's own hands. This reminds us of Carlyle's pathetic and significant allusion in the *Reminiscences* to the child's chair which his wife had herself used when young, and kept in her house with feelings no woman can fail to understand. "Her little bit of a first chair, its wee arms, etc., visible to me in the closet at this moment, is still here and always was; I have looked at it hundreds of times, from of old with many thoughts. No daughter or son of hers was to sit there; so it had been appointed us, my Darling. I have no book thousandth part so beautiful as *Thou*; but these were our only children, and in a true sense they were verily ours, and will perhaps live some time in the world after we are gone, and be of no damage to the poor brute chaos of a world, let us hope. The will of the Supreme shall be accomplished: Amen."

As I have pointed out in my introduction to the *New Letters and Memorials*, Mrs. Carlyle's childlessness was probably the main cause of whatever unhappiness existed at Cheyne Row, unhappiness which Froude has hugely exaggerated and wholly misunderstood, setting it down to Carlyle's selfishness and cruelty. There was a void in Mrs. Carlyle's life which must have been all the more aggravating because she was conscious that she was herself responsible for it. The history of the Carlyle and Welsh families leaves little doubt that the infertility was on her side. All Carlyle's brothers and sisters who married had families, most of them large families. Mrs. Carlyle was an only child, born prematurely, and during her life her family became extinct, so that when Carlyle came to make his will there was no Welsh left to whom he could bequeath Craigenputtock. In the last year of her life Mrs. Carlyle wrote: "One thinks it so sad that one's family should die out. And yet perhaps it is best (nay, of course it is best since God has so ordered it) that a family lying under the doom of a hereditary deadly malady should die out and leave its room in the Universe to healthier and happier people." Darwin has remarked that the last surviving members of a dying-out family are likely to be barren.

Mrs. Carlyle was an invalid from her girlhood upwards. Froude has with unflinching obliquity traced her broken health to the hardships she underwent at Craigenputtock, where, as a matter of fact, she spent her happiest and healthiest days. The real sources of all her sufferings are to be found in an inherited delicacy of constitution, in an injudicious upbringing, and in the shock of her father's death. She was precocious, and her precocity was encouraged. She was studious, and was allowed to study inordinately. She did her best to ruin her health, often reading a great part of the night when a girl of 12. Three or four years before her marriage her health was permanently broken. She was afflicted by frequent sick headaches, which she called bilious attacks, respecting which she wrote to her friend Miss Stodart in 1825: "I have been engaged in this same warfare now for several years, and have never been able to work out more than a few weeks of truce." A little further on she wrote: "One day I am ill and in bed; the next in full puff of an entertainment." I need not rehearse all the symptoms I have elsewhere enumerated which combine to show that Mrs. Carlyle became a highly neurotic woman, and that the vagaries of her condition inflicted much and prolonged suffering on her husband, which he bore with noble patience and forgiveness. How different it might all have been had Mrs. Carlyle had an infant to dandle and a child to rear! But the emptiness of the little chair must I think be attributed to her sterility and not as Froude has without a shadow of sound foundation argued, to her husband's impotence.

Bold, filthy, scurrilous assertions like Froude's respecting Carlyle's impotence may mislead the unwary and the ignorant, and the blind appetency with which they have been received by a section of the Press is amazing, but they will scarcely deceive the elect who have been admitted into the communion of medical science. In the epitaph in Haddington Churchyard Jane Welsh is described not as "the faithful companion" but as "the spouse of Thomas Carlyle," "for 40 years the true and ever-loving helpmate of her husband." Carlyle was a true man, no hypocrite or slave to convention, and he would not have used these words had Jane Welsh never been his spouse in any true sense, but his

ill-used thrall, who had been often on the point of leaving him. To any one with a spark of knowledge of human nature, Carlyle's long and passionate mourning for his wife, his lonesome visits to her grave, when he knelt down and reverently kissed the green mound, must betoken a tenderer tie than mere platonic fellowship.

LITERARY NOTES.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND Co. will shortly publish, in their series for practitioners, a work by Messrs. A. H. Tubby and Robert Jones, entitled *Modern Methods in the Surgery of Paralysis, with Especial Reference to Muscle Grafting, Tendon Transplantation, and Arthrodesis*. The volume contains reports of many cases which have been operated upon by the authors, and will be illustrated by numerous figures. So much good work has been done lately in this direction, and the methods constitute so great an advance in the treatment of paralysis that the authors have deemed it advisable to bring the question succinctly before the profession.

A work entitled *La Pratique des Autopsies*, by Dr. M. Letulle, has recently been published by C. Naud, of Paris. A review will appear in due course, but we may be allowed to say here that on turning over the pages we have been struck by the extraordinary vigour and fidelity to nature of the drawings by M. Reigner. We have never seen anatomical drawings which give a more vivid or more accurate impression of the methods of exposing the internal parts of the body and of what is actually seen in a necropsy. They are realistic in the best sense without being in the least repulsive. In the preface the author pays a well-deserved tribute of praise to the artist.

Writing of references in medical literature to the red-light treatment of small-pox, Dr. W. Owen Jones, of Bowdon, Cheshire, quotes the following account from Sir Thomas Watson's *Principles and Practice of Physic*:

He (Gaddesden) surrounded the half-suffocated patient with red curtains, red walls, red furniture of all kinds; everything he saw was to be red: for in that colour there was, John pretended, a peculiar virtue. This John of Gaddesden, by the way, was a very sad knave, and the first Englishman, I believe, who had the luck to be made Court Physician. He had one medicine so good as to be fit for the rich only; and he recommended a double dose for the wealthy—*Duplum sit si pro divite*.

Dr. Owen Jones further quotes the following passage from Gregory's *Lectures on the Eruptive Fevers*.

What think you of a prince of the blood royal of England (John, the son of Edward the Second) being treated for small-pox by being put into a bed surrounded with red hangings, covered with red blankets and a red counterpane, gargling his throat with mulberry wine, and sucking the red juice of pomegranates? Yet this was the boasted prescription of John of Gaddesden, who took no small credit to himself for bringing his royal patient safely through the disease.

H. S. P. calls attention to the fact that Sir Erasmus Wilson in his work on *Skin Diseases* (6th edition, p. 487) refers to John of Gaddesden's method of treating small-pox.

THE PLAGUE.

PREVALENCE OF THE DISEASE.

INDIA.

DURING the weeks ending May 23rd and 30th, the deaths from plague in India numbered 10,573 and 8,678 respectively, being a drop of nearly 50 per cent. in the death-rate from plague during the weeks ending May 6th and 13th respectively. The report of plague inoculations in the Punjab is being prepared, and as nearly half a million of the inhabitants of the Punjab have been inoculated, it should be possible to arrive at some really reliable information. There has been an outbreak of plague in Assam. So far a few cases only have been reported, but as this is the first appearance of plague in Assam the authorities fear a panic amongst the people, and already many of the Marwari traders have left the district.

CAPE COLONY.

During the week ending May 30th, the plague report in Cape Colony was as follows:

Port Elizabeth.—Fresh cases, 5; deaths, 1. On May 30th 12 cases remained under treatment at the Plague Hospital.

East London.—Fresh cases, 2; deaths, 1. On May 30th 6 cases remained under treatment at the Plague Hospital.

King Williamstown.—Fresh cases, 5; deaths, 1. Nine cases remained under treatment.

In Graaff-Reinet, Burgersdorp, and Queenstown no cases of plague were reported during the week. At Port Elizabeth, King Williamstown, and Queenstown plague-infected rats continue to be found.

MAURITIUS.

For the weeks ending June 11th and 18th the fresh cases of plague in Mauritius numbered 2 and 2, and the deaths 2 and 2 respectively.

HONG KONG.

During the weeks ending June 6th and 13th the fresh cases of plague in Hong Kong numbered 136 and 126, and the deaths from the disease amounted to 94 and 78 respectively. During the two weeks the number of Europeans attacked by the disease numbered 4 and 12 respectively. Six cases of plague are reported on H.M.S. *Ocean*, on the China station.