

who would neglect the study of his profession, and yet venture on the charge of interests like these."

The principle which runs through this argument applies with equal force to nurses—which indeed of us has not felt it—and is our best plea for a comprehensive and efficient education.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

In 1852 Sir James Paget resigned the post of Warden of the Medical College at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and entered into private practice, into which, as his custom was, he threw his whole energies. At this time he writes, "It seems now certain that if I live and continue well my life will become more and more practically surgical; the currents of my thoughts, and my opportunities for study, will be more and more in this direction; and if they must be so they had better be so with all advantages. I know that whatever success has been granted to me has been in those things to which I have given the whole or the best part of my strength, and that it has always seemed to be because I did my best in whatever calling each time of my life brought me to. And now when it seems as if surgical practice were to come to the first share of my time I feel as if I ought to give it the first share of my thoughts too."

WOMEN.

Like the majority of great men, Sir James Paget had great respect and admiration for women. His own married life was an idyll. Of his engagement he wrote in later life: "It would have been difficult to do anything not immoral which could have seemed to any reasonable person more imprudent; and it is not to be pretended that wisdom, discretion, forethought, or any method of sound judgment had anything to do with it. I had been for nearly two years falling in love, and now suddenly confessed it, and was believed trustworthy. The indiscretion was the happiest event of my life: the beginning of an engagement which for nearly eight years gave me help and hope enough to make even the heaviest work seem light, and then ended in a marriage blest with constancy of perfect mutual love not once disturbed. No human wisdom could have devised a step so wise as was this rash engagement." It is not, therefore, surprising in the light of this happy experience to find him writing, "Each year one lives one wonders more at women; and admiration of them gains new meaning, while losing nothing of its old one." And again, "I hope Mrs. — goes on well. Oh, how little men would tolerate this weary waiting for suffering." Later, Mrs. Scharlieb, M.D., writes of his relations to medical women. "He repeatedly sent kind messages to the New Hospital for Women, and would have taken the chair at one of our annual meetings, but by that time he had given up all such public duties." His long and warm friendship with George Eliot is one more proof of his appreciation of women of worth.

A HOLIDAY AT LAST.

Although a keen observer and enjoyer of nature, so compelling were the stress of circumstances, and the demands made upon him by his work, that from 1844 to 1861, we are told Sir James Paget never took a real holiday. In the latter year, however, he had a severe attack of pneumonia, and in August went with his wife and daughter to North Wales for three weeks.

He "flung up his hat in the railway carriage like a schoolboy at the delight of getting clear away from work."

ILLNESS.

In 1871 he had the worst of all his illnesses—a terrible attack of blood-poisoning from infection at a *post-mortem* examination. He was moved to the Queen's Hotel, Norwood, that he might have the help of fresh air in his fight for life; and was nursed by his wife and his elder daughter, and by Mrs. Jones (Sister Kenton), who had been Sister of one of his wards at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and in 1871 was in the service of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, who sent her to nurse him, and came herself to Norwood to have news of him.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

On the principle of professional self-government Sir James Paget spoke with no uncertain sound at the festival-dinner of the British Medical Association in 1882, when he said, "I hold that our great anxiety, our great strife, should be to be a self-governed profession, to know our own wants, and not to go to others to help us; to find out the remedies for ourselves; to find out by careful, patient controversy, and mutual concessions, how we may, without any external help, bring about the results which the best and the largest number of us wish for. Let us be, as all highly cultivated persons should be, self-governed. None can know so well as ourselves our need; none can know so well the remedy we require. It tells of feebleness, of cowardice, and want of self-reliance, when we want to go to any Parliament living to help us." It must, however, be remembered in this connection that Parliament had already given to the Medical Profession the protection of legal status and State registration—a solid basis whereon to build up a self-governing profession.

NURSING PROGRESS.

In 1885 he gave an address to the Abernethian Society at St. Bartholomew's Hospital on "St. Bartholomew's Hospital and School fifty years ago," in the course of which he said: "In the department of nursing there is the greatest and happiest contrast of all. It is true that even fifty years ago there were some excellent nurses, especially among the sisters in the medical wards, where everything was more gentle and orderly than in the surgical. There was an admirable Sister Hope, who had her leg amputated in the hospital, and then spent her life in giving others the most kindly, watchful care. A Sister Mary, a near relative of hers, was constant to her charge; and there were some good surgical Sisters, too. They had none of the modern art, they could not have kept a chart or skilfully taken a temperature, but they had an admirable sagacity and a sort of rough practical knowledge which were nearly as good as any acquired skill. An old Sister Rahere was the chief among them, stout, ruddy, positive, and very watchful. She once taught an erring house-surgeon where and how to compress a posterior tibial artery; she could always report correctly the progress of a case; and from her wages she saved all she could and left it in legacy to the hospital. And there was her neighbour, Sister

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