

undertaken to examine her for a licence if she would put in five years of apprenticeship and lectures. It was the only medical body unable, under the terms of its Charter, to exclude a woman from its examinations. At the close of the period named, the Society tried to evade its former undertaking, but Mr. Garrett threatened legal action; the Society yielded, Elizabeth gained its licence, and it promptly took action to prevent such a thing from happening again. The book goes on to tell how a year later her name appeared on the Medical Register. She undertook general practice, worked at St. Mary's Dispensary and joined the staff of the Children's Hospital, Shadwell. Then came one of the most difficult steps of all when, without great proficiency in French, she took the M.D. of Paris.

None better than the promoters of the State Registration of Nurses can understand all the prejudice through which she had to struggle on her way to "professional status." Now the objections raised seemed futile enough, but the volume under review shows them to have been regarded as of weight in those days—Biology should not be taught to women—there was the dissecting room—women would make bad doctors, and should stay in the spheres God had pointed out for them rather than join up with men in the lower walks of medicine—entrance to the medical profession would unsex women, and so on *ad infinitum*. Then, too, Mrs. Grundy had to be appeased, and it cost consideration and consultation before Elizabeth could accept the help of a medical man who had "a clear method of explaining and looked at things in a professional, unawkward way." In the end she decided to risk her "reputation," and fortunately her second tutor was "sufficiently quiet and unflighty" to satisfy even the demands of Mrs. Grundy. This worthy made her paraphrase Latin whenever she encountered a difficult piece in the pharmacopœia, and he kept her at it long after she had protested that she was hungry! The names of great women contemporaries with similar aspirations begin to appear when the book deals with the founding of the London School of Medicine for Women, after Miss Jex-Blake's vain efforts to force the doors of the University of Edinburgh. Next comes the story of how the Royal Free Hospital was won as a teaching centre. It is sad somewhat that two such great women as Mrs. Garrett Anderson and Miss Jex-Blake rarely saw eye to eye, although both had similar ideals. The former held that women should take a foreign degree seeing that the doors of the Universities in England were closed to women, while the latter contended that it was better to storm the citadel and gain the right to obtain registration and recognition in their own country. The latter part of the book deals with victories and not with defeats, all of them full of interest to the reader.

Few women who have undertaken reforms have been fortunate in having a father such as Newsome Garrett and a husband such as James George Anderson, "her best counsellor," as she called the latter. He was the son of a Scottish clergyman, who, with five others, had come out at the great disruption of 1843, given up his manse and staff of servants and taken with him, in a cart to a bleak Aberdeenshire coast, his wife and children, two servants who refused to leave him, and, last, but not least, his free will and a conscience that would not bend itself to "appeasement." Ultimately he started a school where many illustrious Scots received their education. John James was educated there and at the Universities of Aberdeen and Bonn; he became a large shipowner, apparently very generous towards the cause which his wife had so much at heart.

One result of the advent of women into medicine was the plan to provide medical women to attend women of India in those places which medical men would not be

permitted to enter. Queen Victoria cannot be said to have given full encouragement to this, although Florence Nightingale did. It is interesting to note here a connection with the Dufferin family. In 1885 the Countess of Dufferin, the brilliant and progressive wife of the then Viceroy of India, founded an Association for the supply of a female medical service for the women of India. This family has indeed done great things for the sick.

We still remember with deepest gratitude the services of Sir Ronald Munro Ferguson (afterwards Lord Novar) when in charge of the Nurses' Registration Bill in the House of Commons. The eloquent advocacy of his brilliant wife, for the nurses' claims for statutory education and legal status, was also a potent factor in leading on to ultimate success. Then in 1919 came the lucid and eloquent maiden speech of Lord Dufferin (son of the Countess of Dufferin referred to above) in the House of Lords in 1919. The name of his sister, "The Lady Hermione Blackwood," is on the State Register of Nurses for England and Wales.

The latter part of the book deals with the days when the Garrett Andersons had gone to live in Aldeburgh, and there they immediately began to take part in the life and affairs of the township. Mr. Anderson was Mayor at the time of his death, and his wife was elected to succeed him having been enjoined, in an amusing passage at the Council table, not to bring to her house "Mrs. Pankhurst, or anyone of that sort."

Dr. Louise Garrett Anderson is sparing in her details of the family life of her parents, and rightly so. It is the picture of a great pioneer that she places before us and she has not thought to make her book more acceptable to the groundlings by unveiling ordinary family intimacies and events with which the world has nothing to do. Yet she gives us glimpses into the romance of Mrs. Garrett Anderson and into her happy home; the story of the death of her child is beautifully told. We get glimpses of Dr. Garrett Anderson as a lover of art and music, one who liked the society of her fellows and who was expert in stitchery. She is pictured as a woman of strong character; adversity and struggle had made a naturally free spirit more free in the best sense of the word but these had never embittered her or rendered her unhappy for long. Wisely has her daughter allowed her to tell, in great measure, her own story through the use of her letters, letters always expressive of clear thinking and containing records of many interesting events, many disappointments, many achievements, and yet they are never prolix.

Not the least valuable attribute of this fascinating biography—or autobiography one might almost say—lies in the illustrations which are so well produced. We have referred to the frontispiece and the last picture is not less fascinating. Here is Dr. Garrett Anderson in age, a face this, bearing the tracings of life yet not less "good to look upon" for that, perhaps indeed more so; again the picture is enhanced by her attire with its beautiful lace—"rich, not gaudy, for the apparel oft proclaims the man" and the woman too.

We advise our readers to procure a copy of this book for it speaks of high courage, high endeavour, high victory and, last but not least, of high failure too. A great spirit and a great example is placed before us in this volume than which there could be no finer literary memorial to a great woman. There are valuable appendices, biographical notes and an excellent index.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Faber and Faber for the loan of the photograph of Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, at the age of 73, by Olive Edis, F.R.P.S., which illustrates this article.

ISABEL MACDONALD.

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