

down to anonymous subscribers of half a crown and five shillings. No time was lost in getting to work: a district nurse was in the field within a few weeks of the first inception of the project, and in the following Autumn Term, a year after Mrs. Acland's death, a meeting was held to announce that the 'Sarah Acland Institution for Nurses' was in full working order. A house had been taken at 37 Wellington Square, and placed under the supervision of Mrs. Rutherford Smith, and a district nurse was already visiting and treating the sick in their own homes.

The 'Sarah Acland Home' is now one of the most flourishing and most valued institutions in Oxford. So great is its usefulness, so indispensable do its nurses seem, that one marvels how the town or the University had existed without it. Dr. Acland had had some terrible experiences both in the cholera days and in his general practice. He had known what it was to spend half the night looking for some one to sit up with an undergraduate in delirium, and he had had daily evidence of the misery suffered by rich and poor alike in the absence of trained nursing. The memorial to his wife could have assumed no form more acceptable to him.

CHAPTER XIV

THE 'LOST MEDICAL SCHOOL'—SIR BARTLE FRERE—VISIT TO AMERICA—PUSEY AND NEWMAN—THE VIVISECTION DEBATES

1878-1884.

IN the Long Vacation of 1879 Dr. Acland, accompanied by his son Theodore, paid a second visit to the United States. He was in need of a change, for, apart from his private sorrows, he had been passing through a time of much worry and annoyance. In 1877 the second University Commission had begun its sittings under the Chairmanship of Lord Selborne. The Regius Professor of Medicine was an important witness both as to the scientific studies of Oxford and the facilities afforded there for medical training. With regard to the former point he bore testimony to the great progress which had followed the establishment of the Museum, and the general encouragement afforded to Natural Science by the University and College authorities, but he insisted that the existing number of Professors on the Scientific side was inadequate, and that the distribution of subjects among them needed reform. He was strengthened in his demand for an increase in the teachers and plant by the recently published Report of the Commissioners on Scientific and Technical Education. They admitted that the University of Oxford had in recent times acted with great liberality to Natural Science, and they gave unstinted praise to the existing arrangements of the Museum. But they added that these, 'in extent of appliances and in completeness of range even for purely educational purposes,

are at the present moment far outdone by many institutions upon the Continent of Europe.'

So far the medical and scientific world was entirely with Acland, but when he came to expound his views on Oxford as a 'Medical School,' there was a strong division of opinion. Amongst some of the younger generation at Oxford, men who for the most part had received their early training in the Museum, there was a growing desire to follow the example of Cambridge, and attempt to form a complete School of Practical Medicine, from which, after graduation, the medical student might embark direct on his professional career. It was hoped that the Commissioners would be brought to this point of view and report accordingly, and several of the most distinguished of the younger Oxford teachers gave evidence on its behalf. But from Acland no support was to be gained. He admitted that it would be possible—and in the distant future perhaps desirable—to organize a practical school with clinical instruction at the Radcliffe Infirmary. To do so would entail the extension of the Professoriate by at least a dozen new teachers, with a corresponding outlay on apparatus, if the standard of the best London and provincial hospitals was to be aimed at¹. But against any such scheme he found grave objections.

A purely scientific school of biology, using the word in its widest sense, was a national want. That want Oxford had for the last twenty years been endeavouring to supply; much still remained to do towards the completion of such a school, and the reorganization of the Oxford curriculum on a purely practical basis would be fatal to it. It was impossible, he contended, that the Radcliffe Infirmary could ever afford to the student the same opportunities for the practical study of medicine

¹ Professor Ray Lankester estimated that £20,000 a year would be required to maintain a staff adequate to the requirements of a course of practical medicine, and that £50,000 would have to be sunk in additional buildings.

as were to be found in London and in the larger provincial hospitals. And moreover Acland felt most strongly that the University could not allow the Science School to run the risk of having to adapt itself to imperfectly-trained pass students in medicine whose interest it would be to drag down the teaching of the Science Classes to the minimum of professional requirements. To his mind this flooding of the University with mere medical students, specializing from the date of their matriculation, unaffected by the spirit of the place, and with the smallest conceivable touch of humanistic learning, was an ever-present danger. And the language used by many of the supporters of the so-called practical school went far to justify his alarm. Men who came up intending to be doctors were advised to give up their first year to chemistry and physics, their second to biology, and so on through their whole undergraduate residence. It appeared to Acland an organized effort to drive Oxford men preparing for the medical profession out of the ranks of literary, historical, or philosophical culture. His whole life had been devoted to enforcing the combination of 'Arts' (in the Oxford sense) and Science, and to rendering such a union practicable and easy. He had striven to make it possible for the medical man to pass his early years in an atmosphere of intellectual interests and discipline where the purely scientific side of his studies might be taught with a thoroughness and a breadth of view rarely attainable in the laboratories and lecture-theatres of the best-equipped hospital. Seventeen years' experience of the Museum and its capabilities had confirmed him in these opinions.

The Commission heard the evidence on the other side which was put before them, with all his wonted vigour and lucidity, by Professor Ray Lankester. A memorial in favour of a closer connexion between Oxford University and the study of medicine, signed by a number of the leaders of the medical profession,

was duly presented and put in, but the signatories refrained from committing themselves to any details. It was accompanied by a strong representation on the part of the majority of the medical graduates of Oxford against the proposed practical medical school, and by letters of a similar tendency from the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, from Sir William Gull, from Sir James Paget, and from Professor (now Sir William) Turner.

The decision of the Commissioners was adverse to the reformers, but, before any definite conclusion had been arrived at, a campaign against Acland and those who held his views had been opened in the columns of the *British Medical Journal*, then under the control of the late Mr. Ernest Hart. The first number for January, 1878, contained, in a prominent position, a letter from 'A member of Convocation,' deploring the fact that 'as a medical school Oxford has within the last twenty-five years ceased to exist.' The letter was 'echoed' in the editorial columns in a manner significant to those who have been behind the scenes in journalism, and for the whole of that year a brisk, if intermittent, correspondence was kept up on the so-called 'Lost Medical School.' The world was informed that 'vacuity and annihilation now reigned where once medicine flourished and science found her own.' Rolleston was assailed in language of great bitterness, and he was accused of 'occupying himself and his pupils with any variety of collateral subjects provided that they had no relation to human anatomy and physiology and could not be pressed into the service of medicine.' He was held up to special derision for the use of illustrations derived from 'Saxon interments, early ceramic ware, and prehistoric pigs.' Nor was Acland spared, though the covert malice of some of the anonymous attacks was veiled under an assumption of outward respect. He was told that he made no attempt to fulfil the duties of his Professorship otherwise than by pocketing the stipend,

and that he must be held responsible to the profession for the degradation of the Oxford Medical Faculty and its conversion into a sinecure.

To any one who knew what Acland had done for medical education in Oxford these charges seemed hardly to need refutation. The Museum was his monument, and the long years of unselfish labour on behalf of the teaching of science were a sufficient answer to these coarse insinuations. He had his own views of his functions as Professor, and he had been upheld by the University Commissioners. The question of practical medical teaching at Oxford was a very wide one, and admitted of much argument and much diversity of opinion, but the hollowness of the present outcry was shown in its very title. 'The Lost Medical School' was a glaring misnomer, and those who invented it obviously knew little or nothing of modern University history. The earlier chapters of this book have shown that there never had been, during living memory, any practical medical school at Oxford, and that whatever might have been contemplated in that direction when Acland was elected to the Clinical Chair had been abandoned as impracticable. The troops of medical students who were assumed to have swarmed at some unknown epoch in Oxford lecture-rooms were mere figments of the brain. When Acland was appointed Regius Professor he found the faculty of Medicine as dead as it was on the appointment of Dr. Kidd thirty years earlier.

He was not left without his defenders in the press, and Dr. T. K. Chambers in particular found no difficulty in dissipating the myth of the lost school. Rolleston's methods were vindicated, in vigorous language, as being far in advance of biological teaching elsewhere, and as being then universally adopted. And he was declared to be 'an example to the men of science whose narrow sympathies and lack of literary and general culture have produced a reaction against scientific teaching.'

It is painful to know that Rolleston suffered acutely under this controversy, and Acland recorded in after years that the last days of his friend had been saddened by attacks on his methods and aims, levelled by those 'who were incapable of appreciating his greatness and his large views of biological science, or of allowing for his sometimes eccentricity in language.' The Regius Professor himself was of tougher fibre, and the strength of will characteristic of his family carried him on with a serene persistence of purpose in the face of detraction; but it would be idle to affect that the whole affair did not cause him infinite annoyance. And he felt, what he was afterwards to realize only too painfully, that a race of men was growing up which had forgotten, or chose to ignore, the great services he had rendered to Oxford. Desperate efforts were made by the Editor of the *British Medical Journal* to provoke him to a reply; but he was not to be drawn. As a Professor of the University he had acknowledged and welcomed the examination by the Royal Commissioners; he recognized no such right in the case of Mr. Ernest Hart.

Acland, however, never shrunk from newspaper controversy when his friends were the object of contumely or misrepresentation. We have seen this already in the case of Mr. Ruskin¹, and he now intervened on behalf of a great and ill-used servant of the Crown. His early friendship and intense admiration for Sir Bartle Frere have been already referred to². He had closely followed his policy in South Africa, and the following extract from a letter of Lady Frere's will show that, when the news of the catastrophe at Isandhlana came upon the public at home as a bolt from the blue, Acland was better posted in South African politics than most men in England. Writing from Government House, Cape Town, on December 8, 1878, to condole with him on the death of Mrs. Acland, Lady Frere went on to say:

¹ See p. 373, *supra*.

² See p. 361, *supra*.

My dear husband will grieve when the tidings of the loss of another dear friend reaches him in Maritzburg, the capital of Natal, where he has been for the last ten weeks. A very anxious time indeed, and as yet we cannot tell how matters will end. Cetywayo and his Zulus are the keystone of all South African difficulties. The Kaffir War on the Cape Colony frontiers in '77-8 was but the symptom of the true evil, the real cause of all is Cetywayo and his Zulus. Their old dispute with the Transvaal and Natal about their boundary is an ostensible cause, but his insolence to the Natal Government (which is a Crown Colony) has grown worse and grown on. Our force is but scant to defend our frontiers there from invasion, or to have the power of keeping in order Cetywayo and his large body of well-drilled Zulus; some say he is merely pushed into war (the war my husband has so earnestly striven by all the means in his power to avoid) by the young chiefs and the thousands of young Zulus, anxious to wash their spears in blood—and who have had no fighting for nearly five years—and who according to Kaffir law may not marry and settle down until they are warriors, which cannot be attained without a battle. Bartle and the General have had to exercise great care in gathering together and moving to suitable positions the few English troops we have in South Africa—quietly, to avoid that worst of all dangers, panic. In England you seem under too great anxiety¹ to send us the help of another regiment or two so sorely needed out here, and which none perhaps but those who are on the spot, as my husband and the General are, can see the great need of, to *prevent* as well as to carry through war; and few can tell the anxious hours Sir Bartle has had in seeing all that is coming steadily on and finding his appeals for a few more redcoats cannot be complied with. Disasters out here for want of such aid will not strengthen your position in England or in India, and at home you seem to forget Natal is a Crown Colony, and has as much right to be defended from home as the Isle of Wight would have.

Thank God, notwithstanding the immense fatigue and

¹ Lady Frere is alluding to the preoccupation caused by the Afghan War which broke out in November, 1878.

anxiety of the downright hard work and the continued strain, mental and physical, of so much depending on him, Bartle has kept wonderfully well, and in a climate with the weather, for many weeks, of Indian heat. He is living at Maritzburg with the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Henry Bulwer. We are too large a body to have gone travelling with my husband through this, in many places, roadless country, and now of course the fewer ladies he has in Natal the better. He and the General are now awaiting Cetywayo's reply to an ultimatum Bartle has sent to him.

The storm of obloquy which followed the news of Cetywayo's victory on January 22, 1879, is matter of history; and while Sir Bartle was denounced throughout England by the speakers and writers of both political parties, he found himself treated with little sympathy or consideration by his official superiors. Under the influence of strong emotion Acland wrote to the Editor of the *Times*:

SIR,

Will you, in the midst of the free handling of Sir Bartle Frere's character, allow long friendship unmixed with politics, a word? The fairness of your leaders prompts me.

Sir Bartle Frere, before he left England, was, without question, one of the most popular of men. No one was more acceptable wherever he went, and he went everywhere. No one was more beloved by a circle of friends as large as any public man ever had, of every occupation, country, and state of life. It must have struck some of your readers as strange that none hardly of these friends have sent you, in your usual letters, their vote of public and private confidence. The reason is not far to seek. The sudden outbreak of violence which assailed an absent man, in whose province a grave military disaster had occurred, astonished, but did not affect his friends. They have full trust in the breadth of his views, the fullness of his capacity, and the sobriety of his judgement. This sentiment of trust is as firmly rooted as affection for his whole character and respect for his busy life. One of the most staid of your weekly contemporaries, immediately the news of Isandhlana had reached us, spoke of

the anxiety of the High Commissioner in South Africa as 'Sir Bartle Frere's amusements,' of 'his paltry method of escaping his obligations,' of his 'being intoxicated by the chatter of colonial journalists,' of his 'hustling out of sight the mass of his demands'; and then hinted that Cetywayo is 'to be put down' by Sir Bartle Frere 'in the interest of Sir Bartle Frere's reputation.' It was certain every friend of Sir Bartle Frere who knows the brave heart that beats beneath that courteous and gentle nature, and is aware of his deep interest in all 'native races' throughout the world, would keep silence till the nation had, through Parliament, pronounced its verdict. All honour to those who in both Houses of Legislature have, on public grounds, supported this noble servant! His position is hard enough without unjust imputation.

The facts are very simple, but they must be looked at in their right order, and away from the darkness of disappointment and from the great grief of national misfortune. Sir Bartle Frere went to South Africa very reluctantly and wholly on patriotic and philanthropic grounds. He knew the intricate and dangerous character of his undertaking. He found it even more intricate and more dangerous than he, or even Lord Carnarvon, had supposed. He saw himself in the autumn of 1878 in the face of a contingent and overwhelming disaster to the Queen's subjects under his protection. He concluded that action, and not inaction, was the only ground of their safety. As a brave man, he took, without flinching, the measures he thought instantly necessary to this end. A military accident alone marred a plan which certainly would have kept Cetywayo in check till reinforcements had arrived. For this professional disaster he, at least, was not responsible in its details. To discuss these is beyond my province, even if it were needed. The Government have dissented from the Commissioner's policy, or rather the policy which he inherited; they courageously support the man. The policy is doubtless one of the gravest of England's difficulties. But England must be changed if she punish bravery in the execution of her demands by her servants.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

OXFORD, April 6, 1879.

HENRY W. ACLAND.

Amongst the numerous letters of approbation which Acland received for his outspoken protest was one from Sir Harry Verney, who was even then almost the oldest Whig member in the House of Commons. With the memory of bygone statesmen still fresh before him he wrote that 'Had Lord Palmerston been Minister he would have recalled Sir Bartle if he thought him wrong, or defended him against all the world if he thought him right.'

Lady Frere poured out her gratitude in the following letter, which seems to me to bear so closely on recent events as to need no apology for publication:

CAPE TOWN,
TUESDAY, May 20, 1879.

I cannot tell you how deeply I felt your noble letter to the *Times*, which I read (and sent on to Sir Bartle) with such pleasure amidst the war of words at home. I know how greatly he will appreciate any words of yours.

But really had the state of things not been so serious I should have been exceedingly amused at the marvellous colours in which they have depicted Sir Bartle—like a very bad villain in a novel. They seem really to have believed two years of South Africa had completely changed his character. I was more pleased to see your letter in print, because I know there were many others who had written in England to the *Times* on the subject, but the *Times* would not insert their letters, which was most unjust—so I am especially glad you carried your point and got yours inserted. In the end I feel sure truth must triumph, and common sense must carry the day, and people's eyes be open to see that every act, every step, in the action Sir Bartle took in Natal was the only right and wise one for the safety of the country committed to his charge—though one that needed courage, determination, self-reliance, and no fear of responsibility to do it. (It is rather amusing to read that the Governor-General in Canada has just been found fault with for *not* acting on his own authority but referring matters home.) The Blue Books containing dispatches overflowing with the

very exhaustive information on the Zulu question, with which from the very commencement Bartle furnished the Home Government, were all laid on the table of the House of Commons, and it seems so strange that people should not have read them before speaking and writing on the subject. They could not have done so. I suppose people will have made themselves as little acquainted with the state of the Transvaal!! I wonder if they will recognize the fact that Bartle has averted civil war and bloodshed there by his strenuous personal exertions, and the effect upon the Boers of his calm courage, patience, and personal influence. Few who have not been in South Africa can realize all Bartle personally underwent and personally risked in that journey to the Transvaal. They will, I expect, not say as much of the war averted by him as of that which with honour or safety it was impossible to avoid. It was a great moral conquest of the Boers, whose hearts he seemed to have completely won. One man said to him after he had been talking to them, 'If we had been always spoken to this way all this would never have happened.'

The armed Boer camp twenty miles from Pretoria dispersing on the 18th of their own accord without any coercion or display of force was a silent triumph, which will, I dare say, scarcely get recognized at home, and I daresay he will no more get *thanked* at home for that than he was for all the work he did for this colony in the Kaffir War last year, which he acknowledged to me was harder work than any he ever went through in his life, not excepting the Indian Mutiny. People here were surprised that no public or special acknowledgement was ever made to him for his lion's share in that, though army, navy, and colonial forces received their meed of honour. He could, of course, draw attention to the services of others, but I should have thought his own work would have spoken for itself. Doubtless you will have seen in the newspapers before now accounts of the great mass-meeting of Boers, and how Bartle went through their camp (twenty miles from Pretoria); but the newspapers, I think, do not say what I hear from Dutch friends struck the Boers more than anything else—that he rode very deliberately through their midst unescorted and only followed by his own

personal staff and Colonel Lanyon the administrator of the Transvaal—the physical courage struck them, for they knew he was aware of the bragging of some of their number as to designs of personal violence, but I hear they were still more impressed by the moral courage with which in all his communications with any members of their committee he never flinched from telling them the truth however unpalatable, and never for a moment disguised his intentions or views, or for a moment buoyed them up with promises or hopes he did not intend to fulfil.

Bartle fully believes that when the Boers have time to feel the advantage of a good firm government, a blessing unknown to them for many years, H. M. will have no more loyal peace-loving subjects than she has among this very primitive, very simple, and very ignorant people who have suffered so much from dishonest and interested agitators working on their ignorance.

A Dutch friend here who has many Transvaal correspondents told me yesterday that nothing had had such an effect on them as feeling they could trust him implicitly. He left Pretoria on the 1st, the Boers' camp having broken up on the 18th, and he told me then he was full of hope of turning their strength *in aid of us*, instead of opposition to us, and with this view he sent Colonel Lanyon—who was to have gone on with him to Kimberley, the Diamond Fields (where he had lately taken charge and where therefore his presence with Bartle was wanted)—back from Potchefstroom (Transvaal) towards Utrecht to endeavour to obtain some help in mounted men from the Dutch themselves for Lord Chelmsford's and General Wood's operations. Imagine how glad I was to hear last night that this move is eminently successful, and the very men who were lately the ringleaders in the camp, Pretorius himself included, are recruiting a mounted contingent to help us up there! Do you not call this a moral conquest? My last tidings of Bartle from Kimberley, where he was most enthusiastically received, lead us to hope that in another fortnight he will return here after nearly nine months' absence. The people here are preparing garlands, addresses, banquets, &c., &c.; meanwhile Bartle (junior) has just come from Gibraltar on a short leave, and rushed up to

join the General (Lord Chelmsford), who has made him his extra A.D.C., so our anxiety is not at an end.

I am sure in common with all our friends you will have been anxious to know how Bartle would deal with the open censure sent out to him (and really, I cannot but feel, so shabbily published for party reasons at home) and whether he would continue to work for the Government which had so dealt with a distant servant. I am sure you will not have doubted that his first and last thought will be for the good of the work in hand; and as he writes me, 'this is not a time for private or personal feeling but for doing one's best for the country,' and at that he will continue to work until they find a better or a stronger man, which I defy them to do! but at present he is a sentry at his post and will not desert it until relieved. It is rather amusing to see the consternation of both parties—and I have been amused that in all the violent newspaper abuse no name of any one fit to take his place has ever crossed their ideas! They feel I should fancy that only *himself* can draw *Ulysses' bow*! Most providentially Bartle had put down the Boer excitement in the Transvaal before news of the dispatch of censure of the 19th of March, which was telegraphed out by Reuter's agency, had reached the Transvaal.

It was there that I most feared its dangerous effect, but I cannot say even now how greatly it has embarrassed his position (quite apart from all personal consideration!). But he will maintain it, nevertheless, in spite of the tying of his hands—especially at such a critical moment—and I have no doubt that the world at home will be convinced in time, and I hope it will be ashamed of the hasty and unworthy judgement passed, of which I should never have thought England could have been capable. Meanwhile all thanks to you and all the other loyal friends whose faith did not depend on seeing which way things would turn! He would, I am sure, have liked to write to you himself—but writing private letters is an impossibility—those to me have been written in pencil on his knee in the cart, travelling down the country. You must know all these journeys have had to be made either riding long distances or going over rough roads in a cart; when I last heard he had just received all the newspapers and accounts from home, and tells me how much he felt

Lord Carnarvon's noble speech in the House. I, you know, cannot help feeling no one can say too much, or even enough! I was very much delighted with Lord Elcho's manly action.

Acland reached Baltimore in the middle of September, 1879. His main object in crossing the Atlantic had been to visit the newly-founded Johns Hopkins University, and to study on the spot the plans and structure of the hospital which had been erected under the same wise and benevolent bequest. The creation and endowment of Universities and of public institutions has of recent years become such a common feature of millionaire existence in the United States that the princely gift of the late Mr. Johns Hopkins is only one among many visible examples of public spirit combined with munificence. Five-and-twenty years ago it was looked upon, and rightly, as the first step in a new departure. Acland's interest had been excited in it in 1876 by Dr. Billings, who had visited him at Oxford to confer with regard to plans for the projected hospital, and it was largely at Billings's instigation that the trip had been taken. In this new foundation, where a great modern hospital stood side by side with a University, enjoying every advantage which money could buy and experience suggest, he saw the possible realization of those views on medical education of which he was the life-long exponent. Here, in a town of 350,000 inhabitants, in the wards of a perfectly equipped hospital, it was possible to unite a practical training in medicine and surgery with the earlier studies that go to make a liberal education and with the preliminary scientific teaching which is the necessary equipment of a medical man. He was delighted with all he saw both in the University and the hospital, and with the opportunities which the latter afforded for the training of the nurses, and for the teaching of his favourite hobby, 'Comparative National Health.'

He was invited, *more Americano*, to make some

remarks on his impressions at the opening of the University session. This he was prevented from doing by temporary indisposition, but he put on paper in the form of a letter to the Trustees the substance of what he had intended to say, and the Trustees, with whom he was for the most part in hearty agreement, caused the letter to be published. Written with an eye to the controversies he had just left behind him in Oxford, it is a clear statement of his views as to the ideals to be followed in medical education, when these ideals can be pursued free from the restraints and limitations which in the old English University hemmed them in on every side¹.

Not only at Baltimore, but in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, he was able to discuss the broad questions of education and of Public Health administration with the leading authorities and specialists in America. Some were new acquaintances, many of them old friends who recalled memories of his former visit with the Prince of Wales nineteen years before. Among these the most prominent perhaps was Dr. Billings, then occupying an important post in the Surgeon-General's office at Washington, and now Chief Librarian in the Public Library at New York. His duties as Representative of the United States at the various medical and sanitary conventions brought him frequently to Europe and to Oxford, and gave opportunities for an intimacy which ripened into an affection that on the part of the younger man was almost filial. 'My greatest regret,' he has written, 'is that I did not know Sir Henry Acland ten years earlier than I did.' What most impressed Dr. Billings was 'the strong personal influence which he exerted upon his pupils and associates, and upon some of the leaders of public opinion in England.'

¹ Not the least remarkable incident in his journey was his delivery of an address to the students in the Union Theological Seminary (Presbyterian) in New York.

He could be as enthusiastic as a boy over some new discovery, and especially over new methods of research, such, for example, as those of modern bacteriology; his interest in the progress of the United States in science and education, and especially in the work of the Government Departments connected with these matters, was keen and unflagging until the end of his life. I endeavoured to keep him supplied with such recent public documents as I thought would interest him, but I was several times surprised by requests for documents which I had not supposed he would care for.

This was not Acland's last visit to the United States: he crossed the Atlantic for a third time in 1888, and then, as ever, enjoyed to the full the abounding hospitality of our kin beyond the sea. Much of this he was able to return under his own roof in Broad Street, and by smoothing the path of his American visitors in their journeys to places of interest in the old country. To quote only one instance, he was instrumental in obtaining for the Bishop of Minnesota a grant from the Clarendon Press of books of the value of £150. He kept up a voluminous correspondence with these friends, much of which has been preserved. The names of Drs. Bowditch, Gross, Hilditch, Shattuck, Gouverneur Smith, and Weir Mitchell, of Asa Gray, of Bayard, and of the McLellans are only a few out of the long list. Two letters, one from Oliver Wendell Holmes, the other from Justin Winsor of Cambridge, Mass., deserve to be quoted.

BEVERLY FARMS, MASS., August 26, 1879.

MY DEAR DR. ACLAND,

I can never forget the tender confidence of which you felt me to be not unworthy. I have been taught by my experiences of late years that it is better to go to the house of mourning than the house of feasting. Deep sorrow brings us nearer together than any other condition, and I have learned the best lessons of my life in holding the hands of friends who were going through the dark valley where they had lost sight for a time of those who were dearest to them.

I knew you were made to be loved when I first saw you; I know too now that you were made to love, which is a better gift, for out of earthly love grows every heavenly affection. Words are of little value beyond the simplest expression of communion in another's suffering when one has listened to the story of a loss like yours. It is for grief to speak, for sympathy to listen.

You expressed a wish to see the lines I repeated to you. They were written in June last, for the fiftieth anniversary of graduation of my college class, the class of 1829, of which Mr. Lee spoke to you, and read at the Commencement Dinner as the closing paragraph of a poem which is printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August with the title *Vestigia quinque retrorsum*¹.

Believe me, my dear Dr. Acland, most sincerely yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

November 24, 1883.

MY DEAR DR. ACLAND,

I was gratified with receiving a copy of your *Ground Work of Culture*, which reached me safely the other day; and has given me pleasure to read. If I may presume you have any interest in what I am doing, you may spare a moment in glancing at some proofs which I send you by the same

¹ The letter contains, in Oliver Wendell Holmes's handwriting, the well-known lines, which yet may possibly be new to some of the readers of these pages:

Brothers, farewell! the fast declining ray
Fades to the twilight of our golden day;
Some lesson yet our wearied brains may learn,
Some leaves, perhaps, in life's thin volume turn.
How few they seem as in our waning age
We count them backward to the title page!
Oh, let us trust with holy men of old,
Not all the story here begun is told;
So the tired spirit waiting to be freed
On life's last leaf with tranquil eye shall read
By the pale glimmer of the torch reversed,
Not *Finis*, but *the End of Volume First!*

post¹. The study may be quite out of the limits of your interest, and possibly Mr. J. A. Doyle of All Souls may have a more immediate interest in them, as I have already communicated proofs of other portions of the work to him, and he may like to see these if you could kindly in turn hand them over to him.

Since you were here we have lost Longfellow as you know, and his daughters are now for a year or so in your neighbourhood, I think², studying at Newnham. Colonel Lee, who accompanied you to Longfellow's house, is well, and we meet every few weeks. The last time I saw him was at the dedication of the new Medical School Building in Boston, when Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes delivered an address. I was with Dr. Billings for a week during the summer at Niagara; and his friends are looking for his promotion to the office of Surgeon-General of the Army, that position being again vacant. We are looking forward to seeing Bryce here in a fortnight. He has ingratiated himself with us in Cambridge very much in previous visits, and we are great admirers of his charming ways. I was sorry your Chief Justice³ was not here at a time when he could have seen the *personnel* of the college. In August everybody was away, and I was about the only one at home to do the honours of Harvard for him. He fell into the hands of General Butler as the guest of the States, and saw in Boston chiefly that person's familiars. Coleridge made many excellent speeches during his peregrinations in this country; and quite captivated our people by his facility and felicity in this respect. Matthew Arnold, who is now here, is not half the presentable lion that the Chief Justice was, who was perhaps rather over kind in sending Arnold off among us by calling him at a dinner in New York, at which both he and Arnold were present, the 'most distinguished living Englishman!' I am going to Boston this evening to meet Mr. Arnold at a club, the

¹ Dr. Winsor was then engaged as editor upon the *Narrative and Critical History of America*.

² To the American citizen, in the land of magnificent distances, Oxford and Cambridge are geographical neighbours: or could the historian have confused Newnham with Nuneham?

³ Lord Coleridge.

'St. Botolph Club,' so you see we know our Lincolnshire origin and don't forswear it.

I did not mean to inflict on you so long a letter; but you will believe me,

Dear Dr. Acland,

Faithfully yours,

JUSTIN WINSOR.

The year which followed Acland's return from the Baltimore expedition was rendered memorable by the renewal of his friendship with Newman. He had been away in London and Edinburgh during the crisis, now so far distant, which ended in Newman's secession, and he had never seen him since the days when the future Cardinal had been the companion of his undergraduate walks¹. In May, 1880, Newman paid a visit to Oxford after an absence of five-and-thirty years, and stayed at Trinity, of which college he had recently been elected an Honorary Fellow. Acland met him at a reception given by the President in the College Hall, and begged him to come and see him. The next afternoon Newman rang the bell in the house in Broad Street, and the two, parted for half a lifetime, but linked together by such a chain of tender recollection, sat down once more and talked long and earnestly. It was in many ways a trying interview, and the deepest chords in the nature of each of the speakers were sounded. Newman was especially touched to learn from the widower's lips of the comfort that some of his writings had given to Mrs. Acland both in health and in her last illness. The Cardinal, now in his eightieth year, was taxed beyond his strength, and Miss Acland at last induced him to go and lie down on a sofa in the library. Here he was discovered fast asleep, two hours later, by an agitated chaplain, who was profuse in his gratitude for the consideration which had been shown to one so much over-wrought and over-fatigued.

¹ See p. 42, *supra*.

Not many days afterwards Acland received the following letter from the Cardinal¹:

MY DEAR DR. ACLAND,

I return to you by this post your Harveian Oration and thank you for letting me read it. I found it very interesting and very instructive. Your passage at p. 50² is what every serious thinker must feel. It is what St. Paul expresses so forcibly.

How could it but overcome me to receive such a welcome from you and your daughter? I did not know you recollected having ever seen me. And to find such warm friends in Oxford, from which I have been cut off so long and so utterly, was more than I could bear, especially when you told me too of other kind friends I had had, so especially dear to you.

I know there is but one religious house, to the inmates of which faith is promised as the privilege of the *domestici Dei*, the household of God, but it was an additional comfort to me to meet with friends, not only kind to me, but whose reason and whose affections were so drawn and directed towards the Only Truth, our Lord and Saviour, and I pray God to reward you and yours abundantly for the witness you are bearing to Him in a sad day; and to give you grace for grace.

And may He bless you too, for all your kindness to me.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

They never met again, and within a short time Acland was destined to lose by death another of the most revered teachers of his youth, and one with whom he had been for more than thirty years on terms of unbroken

¹ For permission to publish this and another letter I am indebted to the kindness of the Rev. Father William Neville, of the Edg-baston Oratory, the Cardinal's literary executor, and the chaplain referred to on the last page.

² 'It is unnecessary to add another word. No student of Nature worthy the name looks on the problem of this world as other than vast and inexplicable. He pretends no more than to see as by an image, darkly, and to bend before the cause of all, which is by us unattainable, by us only mediately comprehensible.'

intimacy. As far back as January, 1873, Dr. Pusey had been suddenly stricken with illness at Genoa, and Acland had gone out without a moment's delay to attend him. Ever since then he had kept careful watch over him, and had noted with pain the gradual increase of bodily infirmity. For a very long time their intercourse both by word of mouth and on paper had been of a confidential and a sacred nature. To Pusey, Acland stood as a precious witness for truth in an age of rapidly spreading unbelief. For many reasons it is unlikely that their correspondence will ever see the light of day, but an exception may be made in favour of the following letter from Dr. Pusey, undated, but evidently written not many years before his death:

The proverb says that 'when things are at their worst they will mend.' And proverbs are the language of a good deal of observation. Unbelief used to be limited to surgeons. I suppose that the continued handling of the material indisposed them to the belief of the spiritual, which they did not see. It used to be one of those overbroad sayings in 1818, 'All surgeons are atheists, and all lawyers are Deists.' And certainly knowing some Lincoln's Inn Preachers then, Bishop Lloyd and Bishop Maltby, I fear there is no question that there was a good deal of unbelief then among lawyers.

Here we have suffered from three causes: (1) The failure of such as Newman; one said to me, 'We followed our guides implicitly' (meaning N.), 'and they have left us.' (2) That of those who did not go to Rome so many left the University ('The Heads drove out the intellect of Oxford,' Bishop Jeune said to me). It was a continual weakening of the heart. (3) The Heads of Houses were so anxious to keep out Tractarians that they looked to nothing else. They kept out Tractarians at the front door and let in unbelievers *posticâ*. Leading writers in the *Westminster Review*, F. Harrison and, I think, Congreve, were both Fellows of a leading, though small, Evangelical College, Wadham.

Jowett and Stanley were both sceptical minds. It was one of Newman's far-sighted sayings, 'I wonder where J. and S.

are going to.' *The Pall Mall Gazette* said of J., 'A most learned and amiable man exercised extraordinary influence on the education of the most advanced college in Oxford. He led his pupils quietly on to the negation of all creeds; not because he was an unbeliever, in the vulgar sense of the word, but because his peculiar mode of criticism cut the very sinews of belief. The effect of his peculiar teaching may be traced in many a refined mind of the present day.' Mark Pattison, on the other hand, started back from the very threshold of Rome. His mind was one which could only see consistency in extremes. Since he could not become Roman, he became what he has become. We expected him to become a R. C. the earliest of all.

Minds worked together so strangely to one result, e.g. Norris, President of C. C. C., hated Tractarianism. He gave all but finance into the hands of the present President, Wilson. Wilson as Moral Philosophy professor, did not mean to be sceptical; but he balanced things so that he landed his pupils in scepticism. I know not how it was in your department, or whether Daubeny or Baden Powell had any faith. The upshot of both would be to unsettle faith. Then came the reign of dogmato-phobia. People dreaded anything definite; but the absence of definite faith always ends in its slipping through. Then, a fashion of unbelief. Young men who had no definite religious teaching at school came here ready to surrender their faith and accept unbelief as a mark of intellect. The first check to this was by a very able man, Addis, gaining a First Class.

The Oxford Act put everything on a level. M. has as much right to teach Deism as a senior student, as Holland and Paget to teach faith. But I think it only lays open what was less avowed before. We fight without walls, but the battle is open. Newman said he had rather have to meet the open infidelity of the nineteenth century than the concealed unbelief of the Middle Ages.

I write all this, my dearest Acland, because it gives courage. We have failed through men on the wrong side. It has not been the weakness of the cause (God forbid!), but human agency, one way or another; and what man can do, man, by God's help, can undo. The *veteris vestigia fraudis* may

remain; but to be an unbeliever is only regarded as a mark of intellect in one department. And there too there are rising believers, though they have not made their mark yet. The waters are rising, the tide has turned; though there may be a wide sand-waste, visible energy is making its way on the right side, the more God is with it. It is the observation here, 'A man is no longer the same man after he has taken a walk with Holland or Paget,' and 'On Monday there is such a club, on Tuesday such a wine, and on Friday there is King¹.'

As for the din in your department, there would not be any, unless there was something which men wished to drown. A strong surf may hide a lighthouse for the time, as it bursts over it, but it soon shines out again. Din is but an echo of success. If they had things their own way, they would be quiet.

I have heard of the tumult which has been made on behalf of Mr. R. and in the Hebdomadal Council, and how they have been tired out by the sparring between Jowett and Rolleston, but it seemed to leave no impression, except that of weariness. Sometimes after there had been a talk for half an hour I used to ask my neighbour Dr. Bellamy what they had been talking of, and I not unfrequently had the answer, 'Nothing.' I have often in my mind, when trouble comes, Horace's lines, only altering the Trojan name:

'Fortes peioraque passi
mecum saepe viri,
Nil desperandum *Christo* duce et auspice *Christo*².'

I think it is of the utmost importance that you should retain your place here. You are a witness for God. Things must come round. Atheism is no *terra firma*. It has been this weakening of the heart by our friends going away which has been a great part of the harm. But 'one generation goeth and another cometh,' and now there is a generation rising for the faith. There has been a partial eclipse, but when the

¹ The present Bishop of Lincoln, then Professor of Pastoral Theology.

² Hor. *Odes*, I. vii. 27 and 30, 31. The first two and the last line in the text are transposed from their place in the original.

eclipse is at its height, it begins to diminish. So be of good courage. I often think of Moses' words: 'Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.' God be with you.

Pusey's strange antipathy to allowing a picture of himself to be painted is well known. Acland was chosen to approach him on the subject, both alone and in conjunction with Liddell, but their efforts were fruitless: 'Please, my dearest Acland,' he wrote in 1878, 'if you pay me one of your kind visits on Sunday, do not say anything about that odious subject—picture. It was very kind of the Vice-Provost¹ to send me the picture of Cardinal Newman to look at, but my own happy memories are of J. H. N. of forty years ago. With me it is a religious question². I need not go over it again. If you look upon it as a disease, it is a disease of forty years' standing.'

Pusey was extremely anxious to preach what he felt would be his last sermon in St. Mary's, in November, 1878. Acland positively vetoed his delivering more than half the discourse. Finally Liddon ascended the pulpit instead of his master, and read, amidst a scene the impressiveness of which can never be forgotten, Pusey's last public message to Oxford. It was published, with the title, *Unscience, not science adverse to faith*, and was dedicated to 'Henry Acland' as one 'who devoted the prime of life to the revival of the study of the book of God's works at Oxford, and through whose kind care and skill God restored to the author the strength to write it.' Before printing the dedication Pusey had written a humbly tender note to Acland saying that he hesitated to do so without permission, for fear that the conjunction of the two names on the same page might injure the younger man!

When Pusey was seized with his last fatal illness at

¹ Of Oriel (D. B. Monro).

² See *Life of Pusey*, vol. 4, p. 326.

Ascot in September, 1882, Acland was away in Devonshire. He was summoned immediately, and on the first impression had hopes of at any rate tiding his patient over the crisis. But it was not to be, and a week later he walked, with Canon Courtenay, as a pall-bearer in the vast concourse of mourners who followed Pusey's body to the grave in the cathedral precincts that bright summer afternoon. He had written to ask Newman to come to him for the funeral, and the Cardinal wrote to explain his reasons for being unable to be present:

MY DEAR DR. ACLAND,

Your and your daughter's kindness to me two years ago will never leave my mind, and your present offer is like it.

I have from the first felt that, as a Cardinal, I represent the Holy See of the Pope so directly, that I had no right to indulge my private feeling by coming to Oxford and taking part in to-day's solemnities. Nor was I sure that I should be welcome to dear Pusey's immediate relatives; even Mrs. Brine, who wrote me a most kind letter, took it for granted I should not come. No hint came to me, implying such a wish, on occasion of the funerals of Isaac Williams and Keble; and, as regards Williams's, the first of the two, Sir George Prevost wrote to me to say that he was sorry he could *not* ask me. I thought then, and think, that even were I not a Cardinal, there would be a technical or ecclesiastical difficulty in (say) a Bishop of Oxford receiving me, both on my side and on his, in what *must* be public.

One of our Fathers is going from this place, and, since this house is mainly made up of converts, I and others make him their representative. One thing struck me just now that I might have done. I might have asked to go to see him, before the coffin was closed; but on Monday I had arranged to go on a matter of private duty to Tenby, returning last night, and my mind was so occupied with the anxieties connected with it, that such a thought did not occur to me.

I have sent your name some weeks ago to my publishers, with the hope you will accept from me William Palmer's

Russian Journal, but the publication has been unavoidably delayed.

Most truly yours,

JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

The armchair in which Pusey habitually sat during his later years had been lent him by Acland, and was returned on his death to the latter; but the most cherished relic of his friend was a picture of the crucifixion, which had been much valued by Pusey. For the rest of his life it hung above his bed's head, and was joined in time by a beautiful picture of the Madonna which had belonged to Jowett and was given as a memorial under similar circumstances.

It is fortunate perhaps that Pusey was spared the necessity of taking part in a struggle which followed shortly upon his decease, and was the cause of much heartburning and bitterness in Oxford. One of the new Chairs founded by the University Commissioners of 1877 had been the Waynflete Professorship of Physiology, for the support of which the revenues of Magdalen were rendered responsible. It seemed a great opportunity for bringing down to Oxford a teacher of established reputation, whose lectures and practical work would place the study of Physiology in a position worthy of the recognition thus accorded to it. In this branch of science the name of Dr. (now Sir John) Burdon-Sanderson stood supreme. He was at the moment Professor of Human Physiology at University College, London, and was pursuing researches of a highly important nature; and it was dubious how far the exchange of active professional life in the metropolis for the career of a teacher in a University town would be acceptable to him. He was persuaded, however, and Acland, who had known him for some time, and had formed the highest opinion of him both on personal and public grounds, was largely instrumental in influencing his decision.

The election was made in November, 1882, and it was

not long before difficulties began to present themselves. The accommodation in the Museum for the proper teaching of physiology was hopelessly deficient, but the Commissioners, while establishing and endowing the Professorship, had made no provision for 'plant' and appliances, and had forbidden any allocation of the income of the Professorship in this direction. It was necessary, therefore, that the University should supply the deficiency out of its common fund. In February, 1883, Convocation voted without demur the sum of £1,500 for instruments and apparatus for the new Professor, and it was intimated that a much larger sum would be required for building purposes. On May 29 notice was given of the intention to ask Convocation for a decree authorizing the Curators of the University Chest 'to expend a sum not exceeding £10,000 in the erection of a Laboratory, Working-rooms, and Lecture-room for the Waynflete Professor of Physiology, and in providing fixtures, warming apparatus, and gas for the same.'

Then the storm began: a considerable party in the University was opposed to the expenditure, partly from the old dislike to the Museum, partly from motives of economy, on which latter score it would be idle to say that they were altogether without justification. But a far more formidable sentiment was aroused. It was matter of common knowledge that Dr. Burdon-Sanderson held a licence for experiments of research under the so-called 'Vivisection' Act of 1876; he had been a witness before the Royal Commission on Vivisection, and he was the Editor of a *Handbook for the Physiological Laboratory* which had been the object of much criticism and some obloquy. When the decree was submitted on June 5, it met with a strenuous opposition on scientific, financial, and humanitarian grounds, and was only carried by a majority of three in a house of 173, 88 placets to 85 non-placets. The late Warden of New College (Dr. Sewell) insisted that while the

University was largely in debt it must learn to do without costly luxuries, and the Warden of Keble (Dr. Talbot, now Bishop of Rochester) expressed himself as not satisfied of the propriety of the vote, though most reluctant to countenance any opposition to scientific studies.

Acland next intervened in the debate. His views on the whole question of experiments on animals had been given before the Royal Commission. He there drew a strong distinction between experiments made for the mere discovery of fresh knowledge and those intended to advance the healing art. He felt not the smallest doubt that he would be morally justified in taking a step which would enable him to save mankind from suffering and pain if he were sure that he would thereby be put on the right path. He was convinced that most beneficial consequences in the past had resulted from experiments on living animals. He had confidence in the humanity of the great men of his acquaintance who had practised vivisection, many of whom, like Brodie, were persons not only of great intellectual power but of tender and gentle natures. But though cruel experiments might be justifiable in themselves, he held it most unjustifiable to repeat them needlessly; he had declined to sign a memorial in which it was stated that the progress of medicine depended mainly upon experiments on animals, and he said it was a very rare thing to find a physician or surgeon, even of the highest eminence, competent to perform these operations profitably.

He had been, since the passing of the Act of 1876, one of the 'certifiers' under it; of the care which he took and the inquiries which he made in the discharge of this duty his correspondence bears abundant traces. On the present occasion he reminded Convocation that 'vivisection played only a small part in physiological inquiry,' and that the latter subject was of the utmost importance in relation to the study of medicine, neither

of which points of view had hitherto received their due attention. Finally Dr. Burdon-Sanderson, after showing the absolute necessity of the proposed expenditure, declared that, while he was firm as ever in his convictions on the moral aspect of the relation of man to the animals, he did not intend that students should make experiments involving vivisection, or that such experiments should be used for the purpose of instruction. But he declined to bind himself not to make use of animals in his own private investigations, though continuing to do his utmost, as he always had done, to limit suffering in the course of such researches.

This declaration was far from satisfying the anti-vivisection party in Oxford. Caught napping, as they declared, in June, they proceeded to organize themselves after the close of the Vacation. A memorial was drawn up and submitted to the Hebdomadal Council praying that the following decree should be adopted: 'That, without further order of the University, buildings and appliances provided by the University be not used for the performance or exhibition of experiments involving pain to animals, or of any operations on domestic animals.'

The petition accompanying the memorial was signed by one hundred resident members of Convocation, including not a few names of weight, and by some forty non-residents. The 'Heads' took pains to ascertain from the Professor whether the proposed decree would be accepted by him, but Dr. Sanderson, while willing that the 'exhibition of experiments involving pain to animals' should be expressly forbidden, could not bind himself or his successors to abstain from the performance of such experiments in private research in his laboratory, or from all 'operations on domestic animals.'

The memorial was accordingly rejected, and it was now war to the knife. Acland had done his utmost to bring about something in the way of compromise, not without some hopes of success, but the morning

following the decision of the Council he was notified by a prominent Oxford anti-vivisectionist that the latter withdrew 'all I have ever said to you or any one else as to what I or others should do or refrain from doing in relation to the Professor and the new laboratory.'

The opportunity for action was not long in coming. It had been decided to raise the £10,000 by a sale of stock representing moneys derived from the sale of lands formerly held by the University in trust for the Bodleian. To do this an application was necessary to the Land Commissioners in whose name the proceeds of the sale were standing, and a decree of Convocation was required for the purpose. Regarding the matter as settled once for all by the vote of the previous June, the promoters of the scheme had set the decree down for Feb. 5, 1884, and had no anxiety as to the result. At the last moment it came to their knowledge that a strong whip was being circulated among the non-resident members of Convocation calling on them to come up and *non-placet* the decree. The appeal emanated from 'a committee of resident members of Convocation' whose declared object was 'to prevent the establishment out of University funds of a centre of vivisection in Oxford.' It was headed *Vivisection in Oxford*, and took the form of a pamphlet of ten closely-printed pages, swelled by a liberal selection of 'extracts relating to Dr. Sanderson from the Report of the Royal Commission¹.'

Much indignation was felt at the unprecedented nature of the opposition, at the secrecy with which the campaign had been conducted, and at the attacks of which Professor Burdon-Sanderson was the object. It was the plain intention of the opposers to drive from Oxford the distinguished man of science whom the University had so recently welcomed. Though it was the eleventh hour Acland wrote to the *Times* the following

¹ It afterwards appeared that the Blue Book from which those extracts were taken had misrepresented the character of one of the experiments.

letter, which appeared in the columns of that paper on the morning of Feb. 4, 1884:

PHYSIOLOGY AT OXFORD.

I venture to hope you will grant space for the following statement in a matter of great importance to scientific education. Professor Burdon-Sanderson, of whose eminence in the scientific world it is not for me now to speak, left London in 1882 to fill the chair of Physiology upon its first foundation in Oxford. The University on June 5, 1883, voted £10,000 for erecting and furnishing a laboratory for him. The vote had been opposed; but it being once carried, it was believed Dr. Burdon-Sanderson would meet with no further difficulty.

On Tuesday next, the 5th inst., at 2 p. m., it is necessary to take a formal vote for selling out the three per cent. stock required to complete the work. I am sorry to learn from London, that non-resident members of Convocation have now, at the last moment, both by personal canvass and by circulars privately distributed, been requested to come up on Tuesday to oppose the vote. May I, through the *Times*, venture to respectfully but earnestly request members of Convocation to attend, in order to defeat so unusual a proceeding, and one which, if successful, would be very prejudicial to the interests of education in the University, as well as unjust to the distinguished Professor?

In response to the rival appeals a strong muster of members of Convocation, resident and non-resident, was beaten up, and the Sheldonian Theatre was packed with partisans of both sides. The Dean of Christ Church opened the debate with a vigorous fighting speech. Then arose Professor Freeman in his most truculent mood. He would not allow any class of men a monopoly in science. As a historian he claimed to be as much a man of science as any one who operated on live rabbits, but he did not ask to be allowed to illustrate the siege of Jerusalem by a repetition of its massacres, or the Elizabethan festivities at Kenilworth by a bull-baiting. He deprecated the establishment in Oxford of a 'chamber

of horrors,' and insisted that a vote of £10,000 would never have been carried for the British School at Athens. The Warden of Keble, while professing little sympathy with vivisection and much with its opponents, based his support of the vote on the Professor's assurance that students were not to practise or be instructed by such experiments. Acland, who spoke next, was able to cut much of the ground from under the feet of the opposition by the announcement that Dr. Burdon-Sanderson had written some time ago to the Home Office stating that he did not propose to apply for the special certificate entitling him to make experiments in illustration of his lectures. But speaking as Regius Professor of Medicine he insisted warmly on the essential importance of researches such as those upon which his colleagues had been engaged, and he hailed the establishment of the physiological laboratory as of the best omen alike for science and humanity.

There followed a good deal more tumultuous speech-making with a strong flavour of personalities, and then the division was taken. Placet 188, non-placet 147; so the vote was carried. But the anti-vivisectionists were not to be daunted. In the following March, Convocation was asked for an annual grant of £500 for coal, gas, water, and the general upkeep of the laboratory. A memorial was brought out, this time openly in the light of day, in which the members of Convocation were called upon to refuse their sanction to 'the performance of physiological experiments on living animals, commonly but inadequately described as vivisection,' and Dr. Burdon-Sanderson's refusal to use such experiments for purposes of demonstration was met by the argument that his successors would be untrammelled by any such decision. The memorial was signed by, amongst others, the Master of Pembroke (Dr. Evans), the Provost of Worcester, and the Principals of St. Mary and St. Edmund Hall, by the Bishop of Oxford (Mackarness), by Dr. King, shortly to become Bishop of Lincoln, by

Professors Bright, Driver, Freeman, and Rawlinson, by Ruskin, and by Charles Dodgson (Lewis Carroll).

It was followed by a counter-blast, which, after reiterating the precautions which had been taken against the use of the condemned experiments for demonstration or instruction, pointed out that the rejection of the decree would be a fatal blow to all hope of medical study at Oxford. Fifteen Heads of Houses (including Dean Liddell, Dr. Magrath, Professor Fowler, Sir William Anson, and the present Bishops of Rochester and Hereford) were among the signatories, as were five others who were to rise to that position—Bartholomew Price (Pembroke), T. H. Warren (Magdalen), J. Lock (Keble), W. W. Jackson (Exeter), and H. F. Pelham (Trinity). Professors Ince and Max Müller, the Rev. Arthur Butler, the Rev. Aubrey Moore, and Alfred Robinson of New College also appended their names, as of course did Acland. This policy of cutting off gas and water was only too reminiscent of his own tribulations in the earlier days of the Museum.

The 10th of March once more found the Sheldonian crowded to its utmost limits, and Jowett, who now presided as Vice-Chancellor, must have been reminded of the ancient squabbles over his salary as Professor of Greek. Once more Liddell opened the debate. Canon Liddon pleaded earnestly against the decree, somewhat marring the effect of an eloquent speech by too long a pause after the opening words, 'I can never make up my mind.' Acland again defended, urging that the simple question before the House was whether the new building should be handed over in working order or not. The opponents of the vote had made much play by asserting that it 'trifled with the morality of the University.' 'You have already trifled with it,' he declared, 'by inviting a distinguished professor to Oxford and then casting him aside; by taking the responsibility of checking the advance of medical knowledge and the chance of alleviating the suffering of mankind.'

The audience would hear no further speeches. Both Professor Dicey and Professor Freeman were inaudible amidst the shouts, and the vote was taken—412 for, 244 against. And thus the matter ended. Acland's staunch support of Professor Burdon-Sanderson was bound to expose him to much misrepresentation and abuse. The following anonymous letter is a sample of the lengths to which certain minds can go:

TO DR. ACLAND,
THE GREAT PROFESSOR OF SCIENCE.

In your wife's 'Home' her students are taught *compassion, love, and mercy*; but what of her husband's Laboratory, *cruelty* in the *most diabolical* forms on the helpless dumb beings. Which of the twain shall prosper?

'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me.

'Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

Such an effusion could only excite pity, but there were friendships hallowed by old and almost sacred associations which were severed by this Oxford struggle. One lady in particular, with whom and with whose family Acland had been on terms of lifelong friendship, declined, ten years afterwards, to join or to countenance the movement for a testimonial to him. On the other hand may be set a letter in which a humble Wesleyan schoolmaster wrote to congratulate him on 'the most remarkable victory science has gained in Oxford.'

But the most striking sequel to these embittered proceedings was Ruskin's resignation of the Slade Professorship, to which he had been re-elected in 1883. 'To his mind,' says his biographer, 'vivisection meant not only cruelty to animals, but a complete misunderstanding of the purpose of science and defiance of the moral law.' On April 25, he gave effect to his intention, in a public letter to the Vice-Chancellor. It was a sad ending to what had been, with all its storms and out-

bursts, one of the happiest episodes of his life, and it left much hearburning and some disagreeable consequences behind it. It is satisfactory to know that it was not allowed to injure his friendship with Acland.

Before leaving the subject this letter, dated Dec. 31, 1886, should be read in illustration of Acland's attitude towards experiments on living animals, and of the care taken by him as a 'certifier' under the Vivisection Act:

I have carefully considered the letter concerning the certificates under the Cruelty to Animals Act which you write as Chairman of a Committee of the Association for the promotion of Medicine by research.

The matter is full of difficulty. I gather from your letter that the President of the Royal Society, the President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, and the President of the Royal College of Physicians, have each declined to sign the certificate C, to enable Professor M.'s assistant (not Professor M. himself) to exhibit experiments to a class, under the usual conditions of certificate C; you imply that their refusal is a cogent argument that I should do what they decline. No doubt it is so, if they are wrong, but supposing they are right, how wrong I should be to do what they, who are above me in the list of certifiers, have all refused. It is important not to revive unjust and angry discussion on this matter. Professor Sanderson, whose authority on physiological teaching none will dispute, publicly informed the Convocation of the University of Oxford, in a great debate, that he did not and would not hold the certificate C. I am the last person who should, in face of this earnest teacher's opinion as to his duty, act in reversal of the conclusion of the other three Presidents.

The President of the Royal Society has informed me that he approves of experiment for research, but leaves the responsibility of class teaching through certificate C to others. This conclusion is supported, I suppose, by Sir William Jenner and Mr. Savory, whose personal characters as teachers of experience in great schools add weight to their opinion as President of the College of Physicians, and President of the College of Surgeons, in the matter of teaching.

The point of course is, whether showing experiments under certificate C to a class is or is not *necessary* for all students. Dr. Sanderson is clearly of opinion it is not. If it were so in the minds of the three Presidents above named, and especially of the Presidents of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and of Surgeons, I presume they would have signed it. The convictions of a Physician and of a Surgeon of great eminence are of more force in this matter than is that of pure scientists, who are naturally inclined towards the opinion that what is admittedly necessary for first-class experimental physiologists is requisite also for all students of medicine. The Act requires the signatories 'to declare that the experiments are absolutely necessary for the due instruction of the persons to whom such lectures are given, with a view to their acquiring physiological knowledge, or knowledge which will be useful to them for saving or prolonging life or alleviating suffering.'

Under all the circumstances of the case, I propose to ask the President of the Royal Society if he will arrange a meeting of Sir William Jenner, Mr. Savory, and myself, in order to bring about a common understanding as to the grounds on which certificate C should be granted or declined in medical schools, and thus avoid all doubt as to our course in future. I should say that I have lately signed certificate C for Netley Hospital on the ground that the class there is wholly comprised of registered surgeons about to enter the army.

I do not see the force of the remark of the Committee, that the Home Secretary raises no difficulty, and therefore that, *a fortiori*, scientific men should not. I understand by this, that the Home Secretary will honour our certificates. He is not likely to be less disposed to this course if he knows that he can absolutely rely on our careful consideration of all the circumstances under which we give them, but he might hesitate if he knew that the majority of those authorized to sign had declined to do so in any particular case. I hope that the temporary delay will bring about a satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

CHAPTER XV

POLITICS—VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND— THE YACHT—ART AND ARTISTS

1883-1892

IN the Birthday Honour List of 1883 Acland's name appeared among the Companions of the Bath, and in the following year he was gazetted to a Knight Companionship. The years of Mr. Gladstone's second administration (1880-85) were a time of trial to many of the Premier's friends, personal and political. Though never a party man, Acland had welcomed his friend's return to power, for this reason among many—that the Conservatives, in spite of Disraeli's famous 'sanitas' speech, had disappointed his hopes of sanitary reform. His fondness for Ireland and the Irish made him follow with especial interest the trend of events in that island. 'He had an intense love for Ireland,' wrote his friend Mr. Cooke Trench, 'and interest in things Irish such as would have changed the whole history of the country if other Englishmen had shared them.' A visit there in the summer of 1881 under peculiarly favourable auspices suggested a letter to his eldest brother, then as ever one of Gladstone's most ardent followers in the House of Commons.

GLENCOLUMBKILL HOTEL, CARRICK
(COUNTY DONEGAL).

MY DEAREST TOM,

You have been much in my mind during my stay here over a week. I came seeking a stone, and have truly been given bread. The object was to see a cliff of 1,970 feet; the end has been the most instructive and charming intercourse with people, landlords, priests, clergy, and coastguardsmen