

a sight. There has been no rain for two months. A minutes walk takes me into Regents Park, where, if anywhere in London, there ought to be fresh air. I am afraid I shall soon have to follow London usage and don a tall hat. Don't be long writing to W. W. Griffin

III

Letter from W. W. Griffin to Mr. Walter Bridge, dated from 1 Gloucester Crescent, Regents Park London N.W.

I am living in the same house as Crosby, (of Park Terrace, N.W.) the people being friends of his, and a nice quiet place it is, close to Regents Park and the Zoological Gardens and Primrose Hill, in fact in the healthiest quarter in London. The Hospital I am attending is quite four miles away in Whitechapel, and to get to it I have to use the underground railway every day. I have lunch on the way

at a place called Bishopsgate, generally a cup of chocolate, scone and butter, and a piece of cake, all which costs 6^d. Then I proceed on my journey. Then Hospital work is mostly done in the afternoon, the surgeons and physicians going their rounds about two p.m., operations begin at that hour, and the various outpatients departments are attended to. It is an immense place, of some 800 beds.

Of a morning I am mostly engaged in revising various subjects as I have some exams coming off in July.

I am attending post graduate courses of lectures and demonstrations, on Bacteriology at King's College, Eye work at Moorfields, Ear and Throat at the Throat Hospital, also at the Epileptic and other Hospitals. So my time is very fully occupied, and have not much to spare for letter writing. Getting to the situation of ones work consumes so much time, London is so vast that much

that much patience is required, omnibus travelling is exceedingly slow as the streets are so filled with vehicles of every description. The underground railway is a great boon, but then it only goes round the periphery of the city; cabs abound, but to use them much means money.

Dr. Fleming of Ketchikan is attending the London Hospital with me. We took a run down to Bushy Park a Saturday ago and saw the famous chestnuts all in bloom, and went over Hampton Court Palace which is adjacent; it was built by Cardinal Wolsey and was used as a Royal Palace by Henry VIII, Oliver Cromwell, William III, &c - and you see the rooms they occupied and the very furniture they used. There are hundreds and hundreds of oil paintings by famous masters, but I can't say I cared for many of them. The grounds are lovely, and the sweet Thames runs gently by.

I spent a day with George Bridge at Ipswich

and saw something of the country, trees cover the whole land, it seems to me; they are the chief feature, the scenery is pretty and picturesque, whereas New Zealand scenery is wild, grand, sublime. There is a river, the Orwell, on which Ipswich stands, and a good deal of shipping goes on; the Duke of Hamilton's steam yacht was lying at one of the jetties, its lines were perfect, I have never seen a boat which so captivated me. George took me over the college he is teaching at; it is a very pretty specimen of architecture. By quick train it is an hour and a half's journey from Ipswich to London.

I have been in the reading room of the British Museum, with its huge dome; heard Farrar at St. Margaret's Westminster; seen the Queen in the State procession to the Imperial Institute, admired St. Paul's and the Houses of Parliament from Waterloo Bridge and the Victoria Embankment which to my

mind is the most monumental work in London, and seen many other sights, the mere enumeration of which would be tedious. I have twice lunched with Dr. Colquhoun at the Crichton Club, seen the gorgeous spectacle of the ballets at the Alhambra, admired the well dressed men and women who throng Regent Street and Piccadilly, felt the calming influence of Westminster Abbey, and in the Temple Church gazed on the tombs of the Knight Templars who died 800 years ago.

There is food for thought in every street, every lane has its history and associations. For three months there has been practically no rain; flowers, fruits and trees are six weeks ahead of their time; every day has been fine since I landed. Agricultural people are in despair; such a drought is unprecedented. The sun, too, is quite powerful, and one is very glad to walk in the shade.

I have done no light reading since landing

and won't till I get through these exams. Time is precious in this place, like money. Everything has to be paid for in London, a penny for this and two pence for that, and so on. Clothes and boots seem to me to be the only things that are cheap, and books. There are many more small sources of expense than in a place like Dunedin. I hope you will pass this letter on to Marian, as I really have not the time to write two such epistles.

W. W. Griffin.

Letter IV

From W. W. Griffin to Miss Hastings,

May 28th 1893.

1 Gloucester Crescent
Regent Park, London.

It is now six weeks since I landed in London, six very full weeks for me as you may suppose; not a day has been dull, everything is full of interest—hospital work, study, sight-seeing, it is impossible to be dull in

such a city, at any rate for one who is young like myself. Yesterday I had a very pleasant little visit to New Gardens and Richmond with the Misses Dinwiddie and a few others; I was in a state of continual admiration at all the beauties there displayed; and I actually saw some New Zealand Flax. Have you ever stood on Richmond Hill and watched the river as it makes its beautiful bend at the foot of the tree clad hill; The sun was just setting as a fiery globe, while from another quarter the gentler light of the moon was gradually becoming visible; it was simply lovely.

We then went on and had a rest and some coffee at General Kings' (an uncle of the Dinwiddies) and about nine o'clock returned to town by train. Today I have been strolling about Regent's Park for a couple of hours with a Dr. Gilchrist who is in practice at Nice in France; to night we are going to hear Dr. Hoyal Carpenter preach in Bloomsbury. I have been to St. Paul's twice, the echoes rather spoil the effect

of the reading and preaching there, but not of the music. And how intensely interesting the British Museum is! the mummies, the statues, the inscribed tablets and cylinders from Egypt and Assyria, the immense stone carvings of Rameses II. &c. the actual paintings of the old Greeks and Egyptians, and the actual sculptures from the Parthenon of Athens, and hosts of other things. The National Gallery too, invites one to return again and again. The postgraduate courses are distributed as follows: two lectures a week at the Ophthalmic Hospital, two hours at the Bacteriological Laboratory, one lecture a week at the Epileptic Hospital on Diseases of the Nervous System, one at the Central Lick Asylum on the cases there, and at the Throat Hospital on diseases of the Ear Nose & Throat. The Bacteriological course is really valuable, the others are not so good as I thought they would be, but are not without their value. I saw the Queen on the occasion of the opening

of the Imperial Institute, a magnificent structure in South Kensington between the Albert Hall and the Natural History Museum. There was a State procession from Buckingham Palace in which Indian and Australian troops took part.

The most beautiful weather prevails - I often take a stroll up to Primrose Hill, a few minutes away - and take in the scene from it in an evening after dinner.

I am very well, looking forward to the exams in July for the membership of the R. C. S. I ought to have no difficulty in passing, I think, and then for the Eye Work and the Fellowship! I feel already that this trip to London will do me all the good in the world, in that I can compare myself with other men, estimate my own powers and the force which I may make myself in my own generation.

June 1st I have actually been to the Derby at Epsom, we went by drag (7/6 return) and had a most delightful drive through Clapham

Common, Sutton, Sydenham, Lambeth etc. the day being perfect and thousands of vehicles full of gay and merry people occupying the road, the favourite Isinglass worn.

My exams begin on the 28th of this month, and I shall not be sorry to get them over. Strange to say, London is not the place to come to if one wants to get good and thorough instruction in clinical matters, I am inclined to think that my purposes will be better served by going to Vienna, but of course I am not going to act hastily. I hope this will find you well.

W. W. Griffin.

Letter to Miss Hastings.

1 Gloucester Crescent

Regents Park

London -
July 27th 1893.

My dear Miss Hastings,

It is over a month since I last wrote to you and indeed to any one, the reason

of course being the examinations, and you will be pleased to hear that the result was satisfactory and that I have got the diplomas of M. D. C. S. and L. M. C. P. I think I did well all through, and was quite at my ease; in fact rather enjoyed the whole thing and was on good terms with my examiners all the time.

I hope I shall be able to say the same next November when I go up for the Fellowship.

Though I am glad to have passed, it has gone to my heart to pay the necessary fees for the exams which amounted to thirty-five guineas. I can quite foresee that the £230.00 with which I landed in London will not last me two years, in fact barely eighteen months.

Here is a list of some of my expenses already:

Fees for Hospital practice at the London Hospital £10.0.0 do at the Ophthalmic Hospital £5.5.0

Post Graduate Courses £7.7.0 Ophthalmoscope £3.3.0

Six months season ticket Underground Railway £4.0.0

Fees for M. D. C. S. + L. M. C. P. £36.15.0 Subscription

to Medical Library £1.1.0 Total £68.0.0

Nearly £70.0.0 has gone straightway in unavoidable expenses. Instead of buying the medical books I want I get them from a circulating Medical Library which is a great saving. It costs me quite 27/6 a week to live, exclusive of clothes etc. The Fellowship will cost another twenty guineas. Then one gets so run down in strength in London and so lax, without energy or appetite, that some sort of an outing at the end of each week is the only way to keep in condition and fit for one's duty at all. This hot weather has been especially trying: there has been no rain to speak of, except once since I landed; and worse is yet to come, if August keeps its repute of being the hottest month in the year. Whereas, you I believe, are having a very cold winter. I have just been up to Ipswich again for a Saturday and Sunday, and found George very well and just about to get a seven weeks holiday - which he is going to spend in France. We went down the River Orwell in a steam launch to Harwich and Felixstowe, the afternoon being most lovely and the air balmy and

delicious, so different from London air. This part of the East Coast has a very favourable climatic reputation - except when the East wind is blowing. On Sunday evening we went to the school chapel, and heard an excellent sermon, not quite orthodox, by the head master. I secure literary food for myself by a pinner's subscription to *Mudie's* and have been reading some essays by Augustine Kersell, and W. H. Myers. Those of the latter have considerably strengthened my beliefs in an invisible world, of which we and this world are but an ephemeral manifestation, out of which we have come and to which we return after passing through this chrysalis stage here. At present I am reading with much interest a *Life of Machiavelli* by Villari, and am getting a definite idea of the times in which he lived, the epoch of the Renaissance. I was one of the immense crowd that thronged the gay streets of London on the Royal marriage day. I saw the Princess May very plainly.

and though she is not really handsome, she looked charming. The illuminations in the evening were noteworthy, particularly those of the Mansion House and Bank of England, along Cheapside, and in Riccadilly. The street decorations consisted chiefly of immense festoons of flowers, suspended between Venetian poles, across the street and lengthways, with triumphal arches at intervals emblazoned with words of welcome and good will and the initial letters G. and M. Mr. Cleghorn returns to N. Y. next week, yesterday I was her guide in seeing some of the sights of London - the National Gallery, Zoo and Regent's Park, and Madame Susse's. She has been spending most of her time with her friends in Scotland. Do you know that I have a great idea of settling in San Francisco when I have qualified myself in Eye Work etc here. It was reading Froebel's "Oceana" that put it into my head. He speaks most highly of its climate and its people, and as

being the gate on the Western Coast of America through which all the Pacific trade must pass, it must grow more and more important every year inevitably. A big place and a growing place is where I must go.

The Americans think a great deal of English qualifications and I must make mine the best. I have also an idea eye to the M. O. of Brussels, but of course, it means paying fees.

Through the *Quintinellies* I have become acquainted with a Dr. Gray who is in practice in his neighbourhood (Regent's Park.) he was a doctor in India for twenty years, but in trying to work a tea plantation as well he lost his money. He has a fair practice, next month he wants me to look after it for two or three weeks while he takes a holiday. August being the slack month in London. I hope to see and hear Gladstone in the House this or next week, through the offices of one of the *Waddelays*

Whom you may remember as living formerly in Ch. Ch. W. W. Griffiths.

Extracts from Letter of Dr. Griffiths to Mr. Walter Bridge - London, August 11th 1893.

I have been twice down to Ipswich for a couple of days with G. Bridge - the last time we went down the Orwell in the Steamboat to get a breath of sea air at Harwich and Felixstowe. Ipswich is a quiet town of 40,000 inhabitants, with one or two interesting old buildings dating back from the time of James I. The air at Ipswich and along this part of the coast is bracing and healthy, especially noticeable after London - suffocating London, as Canon Farrer termed it in a sermon I heard him preach last Sunday. He is a man from whose mouth words and images bubble out as from a spring, the matter apart from the words is commonplace, and he is not a preacher whom

I should rate highly or care to hear often. During the last week I have been talking matters rather comfortably, for I am done with examinations for the present i.e. until November, having just concluded those for the M. B. C. S. & L. B. C. P. which you will be glad to hear I passed, and have now got those diplomas, the fees for which cost me thirty-five guineas to my great soreness of heart. I am now attending the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital at Moorfields for about three hours every morning, and this is fairly arduous work, especially in this hot weather which I dare say you would like in place of your cold and wet. Mrs. Cleghorn is on her way back to N. Y. this week, I have been devoting a day or two to showing her some of the sights of London. I think we found Madame Tussaud's Waxworks the most enjoyable of all, you can't imagine how excellent they are, with one of the figures I fell in love straightway - viz. the Duchess of Kent - the Queen's Mother.

On Saturday night I went to see Faust performed by the Royal Italian Opera Company, it was simply magnificent. The Princess of Wales was present, but I did not see her unfortunately -

W. W. Griffin.

Letter from Dr. Griffin to Mrs. C. H. Bridge.

London, August 17th
1893.

While you in New Zealand are being shrivelled with cold, we over here are parching under the tropical heat which has been the order of the day since I landed. Yesterday was so far the hottest day in the year, 93° in the shade, but they all seem the same, and much effort or enterprise is impossible, in fact, London is deserted by most of those who can afford to leave it. I am acting as locum tenens for a fortnight to a doctor in the neighbourhood, only 2 guineas a week and found.

but I had to pay £5.0.0 to register my diploma, so that I don't gain anything. Still it is easy work, and a change, and I take a constitutional drive round the Park every day to get an airing, with a solemn-faced coachman on the box. What I have an eye on other things than these - viz. the F. R. C. S. the M. R. C. P., and the M. D. of Brussels. Good diplomas count a great deal in after life, and of themselves entitle one to respect among one's medical brethren; and they are within my reach by the end of next year, if I choose to go in for them. By that time I shall be 25, and fitted, I hope, to do my part vigorously in the battle of life, as is becoming a man. Sydney Smith says, "Take short views," I prefer to take long ones and to perceive means to the end, and then to follow them if circumstances will allow. I have been reading the Life of Machiavelli, and thereby learnt that he was not by any means the monster that people in general choose to imagine him, in fact he was a patriotic, clear-

sighted Florentine, with more brains than the rest of his countrymen, and who saw in the then state of anarchy in which Italy was that the end justified the means, i.e. to bring about a state of order and cohesion. A prince or ^{statesman} was justified in being, nay, was absolutely called upon to be unscrupulous, even to the extent of wholesale murder, breaking of contracts, and unlimited deceit, provided that thereby solidity of the state resulted.

I have now got on to "The Oracle of Richard Feveril" by Meredith; let me recommend it to you, you will find it pass an hour or two very pleasantly and not unprofitably, at least that is my experience. Of course such reading comes but as a relief from my studies properly so called. I find one gets very stale if nourished on nothing else but books. And it is well to develop evenly and be in touch with the times, instead of so warping oneself as to imagine that it is the times that are disjointed. "Diana of the Crossways" by Meredith is also well

worth reading, he is so aphoristic and pointed.
 * I was very sorry indeed to hear of poor Harry
 Saunders death, the last time I saw him was in
 Omeidia about two years ago, he said then
 that he was tired of the sea and would like to
 give it up and go farming, but did not see his way.
 He was frank and full of boyish goodnature,
 very lovable in fact, will surely be a great blow
 to his father sisters and mother. He was a
 friend of Risley's too.

I hope little Margaret has got back the full
 use of her arm, as of course she ought to, and
 that her spirits have not unduly suffered -
 but being a child of such vitality they are hard-
 ly likely to. Is Isabel getting more robust? Shall
 want care, I fancy. You ought to be happy in
 your children, and it is a compliment to
 you when I say that I am proud of them in
 every way, and comparing them with others
 think them greatly superior.

I am grinding at "Eyes", and Anatomy and
 Physiology for the Fellowship.

Note. Son of the late Commander Saunders R.N. He died in London 1893

I enjoyed a great treat in witnessing "Faust" by
 the Royal Opera Company; it was perfect from
 beginning to end. Usually I am not moved
 by an operatic or theatrical performance,
 but over this I was certainly enthusiastic.
 The Imperial Institute - magnificent monu-
 ment that it is - serves as yet chiefly
 as a pleasant evening lounging place, where
 one can view royal wedding presents, listen
 to faultless band music and swallow Neap-
 olitan ices. In London ice is always procurable
 without the slightest difficulty, it comes chiefly
 from Norway, but some is manufactured.
 The display of ice and fish in the fish-chops
 always stay my feet and compel admiration.
 Did I tell you that the idea of settling in San
 Francisco takes my mind or fancy. The climate
 is beautiful, (see Froude's Oceana) and as the
 only outlet for commerce on the coast, or the
 chief one it must grow and grow. With good
 English degrees I should be bound to get on.
 I must try to get some exact information
 about the place.

So Arthur is acquiring the lighter arts of dancing, violin playing etc. and a good thing too.

I hope he'll be more persevering than I was.

I subscribe to *Mudie's* (one guinea) and to a *Medical Library* (30s) so that books cost me nothing beyond these subscriptions.

London is a very exhausting place and a change at the end of each week is almost indispensable.

He. Last Saturday or the one before, I went up the river on one of the steam boats that run so frequently past Chelsea, Putney, Hammersmith and Mortlake to *Row* — a delightful 13 miles for 9^d. At *Row* I went through the gardens and walked on to Richmond to again drink in the fair prospect from the Hill, and to view in the distance the stately turrets and Royal Flag of Windsor Castle (through a telescope of course) and the immense Holloway College.

Then I strolled back and ate "Maids of Honour", very superior cheese cakes at the original shop where George III or IV was so fond of putting in an appearance.

Your affectionate brother Willie.

Letter to W^{rs} C. H. Bridge from D^r Griffin - dated London, Nov^r: 16th 1893.

And now for further news; the great Primary Fellowship Exam is over, and I have passed; one of a small band, there being some 70 or 80% of failures. The fact has given me considerable repute among my fellow workers at the Ophthalmic Hospital, for I went in for the exam solely on my own merits, without any coaching, or attendance on special lectures or dissection rooms, but solely on the basis of knowledge laid in N. Y., supplemented of course by extensive reading here.

So I am in great spirits, and ready for steady work for the final exam in Surgery which will come off in May, and which I have little doubt I will pass, as the first exam is reckoned by far the stiffer. In the meantime I am going on steadily with eye work and

and the practical pathology of eye diseases, and will resume attendance at the London Hospital in order to perfect myself in Practical Surgery. London is agreeing with me very well. I have done six months steady work with practically no more than an odd day's holiday (though of course I usually make Saturday and Sunday off days as much as possible and do sight seeing then) and am in the best of health.

On Lord Mayor's Day the cold was most piercing. I saw the procession of the Lord Mayor's gilt coach as it passed along the Strand; there were camels in the procession, the Eye life-boat and its crew, models of the new Tower Bridge, a tremendous suspension bridge close by the Tower — of Caxton's first printing press, and the usual soldiery, bands, fireworks, boys' brigades &c. — Another function that I witnessed was the

service at Westminster Abbey funeral of Sir Andrew Clark. Gladstone was one of the pall bearers, and I had a close and good view of him, he is only of middle height — but his glance is quick and restless, and his face full of energy and determination; he is rather bent. I had heard Sir A. Clark speaking at the Royal College of Physicians the day before his seizure, he was a good example of how a canny Scotchman can get on.

Another interesting personage I have heard speak is Prince Krapotkin in a lecture on "Savages and Barbarians"; the subject was rather interesting to me as I had just been reading Sir Henry Maine's "Ancient Law". Another lecture that I heard was by Sir James Crickton Browne, but it was too popular in character to be of any value, subject: "Brain rest". Did the photos reach you all right? Cleopatra's needle is particularly interest-

ing I think. It is a solid column of granite originally quarried at Syene (near the first cataract on the Nile) and thence conveyed to Heliopolis where it was first erected in the time of Sotimes the ^{III} Great, 1500 B. C. Two hundred years later Rameses the Great caused the inscriptions to be written on it which we now see. It is quite possible that Moses himself beheld this pillar during his life in Egypt, at any rate it carries us back to his time and before it. Shortly before the Christian era it was removed to Alexandria and set up there when Cleopatra was ruling. And now it graces the suburbium, and may well endure another few thousand years when perhaps England may be of no more importance than Egypt is at the present day.

W. W. Griffin.

Letter from W. W. Griffin to Miss Hastings - August 1st 1894.

Wemyss Bay Hydropathic -
L. A. Luorlic. N. H.

Dear Miss Hastings,

You will see by the above address that I am enjoying a holiday, Annie and I being the guests of a cousin of hers. We left London a week ago, and went to Edinburgh first where we stayed three days with a Mr. Hope and saw the sights, though unfortunately it was so misty that we could not get a really good idea of its loveliness. We wandered through Holyrood Palace, down the Canongate and into John Knox's house by the way, up High Street to the heart of Middlethian (which book I am now reading) and St Giles' and Parliament House. There we saw the room in which Monson was tried lately. We looked into the "Close" where Dr. Johnston stopped on his northern visit, mounted up to the Castle, but the view thence was obscured by the aforementioned Scotch mist. Annie's grandfather was stationed

for years at Edinburgh Castle when in the 42nd Regiment. Scott's monument in Princess Street is striking, and the gardens between the Castle and Princess Street are very lovely. We ascended the Calton Hill, and went on further to Burns' monument but were not impressed by it, except as to its ugliness.

I should not omit to mention the Edinburgh tea shops in one or two of which we regaled ourselves with shortbread etc. the Scotch are good cooks. Leaving Edinburgh we proceeded to Glasgow by train to see friends of Annie's at Hillhead, by one of them, Lewis Sutherland, I was shown over the University which was close by; he is assistant to the Professor of Pathology. I forgot to mention that a medical friend of Mrs Hope's took me over the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary and University; the former is a noble block of buildings erected in 1848.

Our next destination was Etrick Way on the Island of Kute where some Glasgow

friends, the Pitpatricks, had taken a farm house and had invited us. Our stay here was simply delightful, the view is very beautiful and extensive, including the high hills of Arran, the Mull of Cantyre, Ardnamont Point (which we visited, sailing across in a boat.) The Kyles of Mute, the Coast of Arran and one or two small islands. We bathed daily, drank quarts of milk, rowed, sailed, in fact quite enjoyed ourselves. Then we came here, via Brothesay, whose ancient castle (1094) we went over; it is a large circular building with round towers at intervals in the walls, surrounded by a moat and reached by a drawbridge. Inside are a fine banqueting hall and chapel, all in a state of ruin and overgrown with ivy. Wemyss Bay is half an hour's sail from Brothesay and is a much quieter and more fashionable place. We are to be here a week. I went in for the junior House Surgeonship at Moorfield's Hospital, but just failed to get it; a man who had been eighteen months longer at the Hospi-

tal than myself being appointed. The pay is small but the experience would have been valuable. There were ten other applicants, and I was second, and when the vacancy occurs again I am to be appointed at once if I so desire. I have become pretty intimate with Mr. Lang, whose clinical assistant I am at the Hospital, and am assisting him in a book which he is bringing out on Ophthalmic Surgery, and often dine with him. He is one of the best men in London in Eye Work.

I have determined to stay in England, and such being the case, the M. D. of Brussels would be of no use to me, the F. R. C. S. is the only degree thought much of. I should be able to continue working at Moorfields Hospital. Mr. Lang thinks I am taking the best step I could for making a living rapidly. Mr. Nettleship, who operated on Gladstone, has asked me to become one of his assistants at the hospital.

W. W. G.

Dr. W. W. Griffin to Mr. C. W. Bridges — Extracts
London August 24th 1894.

Miss O'Connell and I have had a most delightful three weeks tour in Scotland, enjoying the hospitality of her friends all the time, first in Edinburgh that lovely city so full of romance and then at Ulrick Bay in Kute, from which we made an expedition to its famous Point, the scene of Monro's murder of Hamborough. From Kute we crossed to Wemyss Bay, where we spent a week at the Hydro pathic with a cousin of Annie's, from this as a centre (it is on the Firth of Clyde) we made steamer excursions to Arnan, the Cumbrae, Loch Lomond and the head of Loch Long, and revelled in the wild and beautiful scenery of these parts. Glen Lomond you know, and Herculobots, is the scene of Rob Roy's exploits. From Wemyss Bay we departed to friends in Liffshire, and from there I went down to Edinburgh for two days to attend the International Congress of Oculists, which is held once in six years, and there

said in the flesh many men of European fame, and attended a most delightful conversation at the College of Physicians. Of course (when in Edinburgh before, I visited the Royal Infirmary, University, the Castle, etc., etc. Leaving our Fife-shire friends we took train to Stirling and passed over the field of Bannockburn, reaching Cellender, we got into a coach and were soon in the heart of the Loche Country with its beautiful lakes (Kenmure and Rattray) and heather covered hills, Ben Lodi, Ben Kenne etc. From the Trossachs we returned to Glasgow, spending a night there. Glasgow has two fine buildings, the recently erected municipal building, more magnificent in their interior than any Arabian Nights palace, and the Cathedral erected eight hundred years ago and full of noble beauty. Leaving Glasgow in less than nine hours we found ourselves once more in dear familiar ever attractive London.

W. W. Griffin.

Letter from Dr Griffin to Mr C. D. Bridge

32 New Cavendish Street

October 5th 1894

Portland Place W. London.

I am making the experiment of starting as an oculist in London and have some hopes that it may succeed, I have been in my new rooms about ten days and have earned three guineas in that time, Mr Lang will put what he can in my way, and thanks to the Dinwiddies I know a fair number of doctors who have promised me their support. New Cavendish Street runs across Harley and Wimpole Streets and is right in the midst of the consulting region. I am getting the rooms at a very low rental, owing to the fact that one day a week another doctor, a well known throat and nose specialist occupies them, on that day I have the use of another room in the house which suits all my purposes. If it were not for this arrangement I should have to pay at least £100 a year for two rooms in this quarter. With the F. K. C. S. I have a good chance of getting some hospital appointments soon. As assistant to Nettleship and Lang I might

perhaps get some New Zealand cases if only they knew of me. I have been elected a member of the Ophthalmological and West London Medico-Chirurgical Societies, and have no doubt that if I can pay my way for a year or two longer I shall get a footing in London. I am also learning Spanish and Italian, for I have been told by the sub-editor of the Medical Press and Circular that there is money to be made in translating medical literature. I may also be able to do some coaching as I know pretty well what is required at exams. — W. W. Griffin

Letter to Miss Hastings —

1 Gloucester Crescent

Regent's Park, London, March 23rd 1895.

I hope there has been no such influenza epidemic with you such as we are having here. Lord Rosebery is suffering from one of its after effects, insomnia, and actually went to Windsor to resign the Premiership, but the Queen was just starting for the

Niviera and refused to accept it, so says Rumour.

I spent two pleasant days at Richmond while Annie was there recruiting with her uncle, General Ling. From there I walked over to Twickenham across Richmond Bridge to call on Mr. Hutton, the editor of "The Spectator"; Will Rutherford had kindly got me an introduction through his aunt, Mrs. Roscoe. Mr. Hutton has a house close to the river though not overlooking it; we had a pleasant chat, in the course of which I learnt that Alec Rutherford had just arrived in England and had called on him that day, in fact was then out walking with his niece, Miss Elsie Roscoe. But I did not see him or her that day, as I had to get back to Richmond.

This morning I breakfasted at the Devonshire Club, St James Street, with Mr. Hutton, and had for company Canon McColl (about to be made Dean of Ripon) and Mr. Wilfrid Ward. I need not tell you how I enjoyed the conversation of such men; my own part was chiefly that of a

modest listener, but I don't think I was
 gawkish. Furthermore, Mr. Sutton is coming
 to me as a patient about his eyes next Tuesday.
 A few weeks ago I accompanied Mr. Lang to
 Sutton, where he had suddenly been sum-
 moned to a case of Acute Glaucoma requiring
 immediate operation, for my services I got
 twelve guineas. Another piece of good fortune
 is my being appointed Spanish Correspondent
 to the "Medical Press and Circular," the ^{subj.} editor
 of which is a friend of mine, for this I get ten
 shillings a page. I will probably be able to do
 the same for the Lancet and British Medical
 Journal. They get the newspapers by exchange
 from Madrid etc, and I translate the articles
 and news. By this time I can do it with the
 greatest ease. Mary Quinoidie has given me
 a very old copy of Don Quixote in Spanish,
 I find I can read it with very little trouble.
 I am making headway with Italian, which is ex-
 tremely like Spanish, the want of time being the
 only impediment to rapid progress, I think.

W. W. Griffie.

Letter from Dr. Griffie to Mr. C. H.
 Bridge - 1 Gloucester Crescent
 Regents Park, London W.
 June 22nd 1895

The marriage duly took place on the 4th
 of June at All Souls, Langham Place. It was
 a lovely day, the church was full of friends,
 and at the reception afterwards there
 were quite a hundred and fifty guests, I should
 think - rather a good advertisement for me,
 by the by. Accounts of the wedding appeared
 in several of the ladies' journals, with photos.
 The presents were numerous and valuable, I
 cannot attempt to enumerate them. We
 left about five in the afternoon for Folkestone,
 and spent the night there, joining the party
 for Switzerland next day. We halted a night
 and a day at Paris, and made the most of
 our time in seeing the sights - the Boulevards,
 Louvre, Tuileries, Place de la Bastille, Champs
 Elyées, and Arc de Triomphe, Notre Dame
 Cathedral, Hotel de Ville, etc, etc. Paris is a very

clean city, the buildings are on the whole much higher than those in London, and painted white or green with outside shutters to the windows, the general effect is bright and gay; the traffic is also very great, and seems more than it is because Paris is such a compact city; London by comparison is overwhelmingly immense. Leaving Paris we travelled across France all night to the furas, where the scenery became interesting; we passed great pine forests and then down the lovely Val de Travers to Neuchâtel, across the lake we had a fine view of the whole chain of the Alps, including Mont Blanc. At Yverdon, a delightfully interesting quaint old town on a fine river, the day, we had dinner about 10 a.m. got into another train which took us to Thun, a sweet place. The lake of Thun is almost the most picturesque in Switzerland and we enjoyed exceedingly the steam across it to Interlaken, another most delightful spot. It is situated

between the Lakes of Thun and Krien, and commands a fine view of the Jungfrau, the finest of Swiss mountains after the Matterhorn. We pursued our journey from Interlaken to Grindelwald, but now in the rain, so that our first evening there was rather dull and damp. At Grindelwald one is in the heart of Alpine scenery, the mountains of the Bernese Oberland lie all about us, giants 12 and 14000 feet high — the Wehlerhorn, Eiger, the Jungfrau and a host of others. There are two easily accessible glaciers at Grindelwald both of which we visited, in the upper is an ice cave or grotto into which we went. We took several long walks — over the Little Schiedegg Pass and Weugen Alps (6400 feet high) and the Great Schiedegg Pass, and made an expedition to the adjoining valley of Lauterbrunnen and there saw the far famed Staubbach Fall (1000 feet); its nebulous misty appearance is its chief beauty, for it contains very little water. Not far from it are the

Trummelbach falls, here an immense volume of water gushes out of the solid rock with tremendous force and noise, it is most impressive. From Lauterbrunnen we ascended by cable railway to about 5600 feet, and then along the level by electric railway to Mürren, the highest Alpine village, from it you look down into the deep Lauterbrunnen Valley and across to the giant mass of the Jungfrau — a sight I shall never forget.

We stayed a week at Grindelwald and found it none too long. Our route now lay to Lucerne by way of the Lake of Urien and the lovely Kuning Pass. Lucerne is a small town at the north end of the lake, and is surrounded by walls and watch towers erected in the fourteenth century. The Reuss river on whose banks Lucerne lies, is crossed by two very old wooden bridges, roofed over. The inner surface of the roof is adorned with quaint old paintings,

the subject of which is "The Dance of Death", they were done, I think, in the 15th century. After a day at Lucerne we journeyed by the St Gotthard Railway through the great tunnel $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, and stopped at Airolo on the other, (Italian) side of it. From Airolo we made an excursion down to Lake Maggiore and steamed about its waters for eight hours. The towns and villages along its banks with their campanili (bell towers) are most picturesque, figs, pomegranates, vines, sweet chestnuts etc flourish in luxuriance, but the hills are not so fine as the Swiss mountains, rather reminding one of a Scotch loch. The lake is thirty seven miles long, we had only time to go as far as Limos — half way down. At Locarno, at head of the lake, we had cafe complet, i.e. coffee with bread and butter and honey, on returning, and once more made our way up the beautiful Val Bremula to Airolo. At Bellinzona the train halted half an hour,

so we got strawberries (two pence a pound) and some sweets, and admired the ruins of three old castles.

Next day we sent our baggage through the Tunnel and ourselves walked over the St. Gotthard Pass (7000 feet). The scene at the top is one of great desolation and there are several small lakes full of floating floes of ice. On this pass a hundred years ago fierce fighting took place between the French and Austrians. Descending on the Swiss side of the pass, we at length came to a wild gorge in which the turbulent waters of the Rhens are crossed by the Teufels brücke (Devil's Bridge) — the scene of another sanguinary conflict. Passing Bospenthal and Andermatt we at length arrived at Goeschenen, got into the train and were carried to the South end of the Lake of Lucerne, from which we had a delightful sail to Weggis at the other end. From Weggis we walked up the Rigi and enjoyed the

panorama from its summit. Then back to Paris, where we stopped another day — spent in rambling through the gardens of the Palace of Versailles, and the noble picture galleries of the Palace. On to Boulogne, across the Channel to Folkestone, and on up to London and dinner. A sixteen days honeymoon as delightful as could be wished, and both of us much invigorated and tanned by our travels, ready to face the future hopefully and to put shoulder to the wheel.

W. W. Griffin.

THE LADY

parents. At 5-30 the newly-married couple started to spend their honeymoon in the New Forest. The bride went away in a fawn canvas skirt, with a black satin bodice, trimmed with guipure lace and cut steel.

June, 1896

* WATSON-GRIFFIN — DINWIDDIE.

On the 4th inst., Miss Annie Hamilton Dinwiddie, daughter of the late Commissary-General Gilbert Hamilton Dinwiddie, was married to Mr. W. Watson-Griffin, M.B., F.R.C.S., late of Christchurch, New Zealand, at the Church of All Souls', Langham Place, by the Rev. the Master of St. Katherine's, and Chaplain to the Queen, assisted by the Rev. John Geare, Rector of Farnham, Essex. The bridesmaids were the Misses Alice and Edith King (cousins of the bride) and Miss Daisy Baker. Mr. George Fletcher Bridge, B.A., late of New Zealand, was the best man. General G. F. Hogg, C.B., gave his cousin away. A reception was afterwards held at the Queen's Hall, Langham Place. The bride's dress was of cream brocade silk, with Honiton lace veil, cream ostrich feathers, and orange-blossoms, and she carried a shower bouquet of mixed white flowers. The bridesmaids wore biscuit-coloured crepon skirts and sleeves, the bodices being of white silk, trimmed with white lace, shower bouquets of dark red roses, and crescent brooches of pearls (the gifts of the bridegroom). The happy pair left at five o'clock for Folkestone, en route for Switzerland, where the honeymoon will be spent. The bride's travelling dress was of dove-coloured grey cashmere, trimmed with white silk.

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Extract from letter of Annie Griffin's - date
18th April 1896.

"We went over to Brussels by the seaside for the short Easter trip, got return tickets for less than a pound each and knew of a very moderate pension there where we were most comfortable. We saw the town well, but chiefly walked about in the Park and other pretty parts to get all the fresh air we could. We went out by train to Bea and walked to the Lion Monument at Waterloo and all round, about ten miles, to Hayzumont, La Belle Alliance and other famed places.

The former was most interesting, as my grandfather and his friends in the Black Watch were stationed in the Castle. Just part of the little chapel is left where the battle ceased at the cross over the door, which stopped it, they said. In the walls still can be seen the bullet marks, and in one place a cannon ball firmly embedded. A girl in the Chapel told us a good deal, and gave me a sweet bunch of violets from a little garden where

the Highlanders were. The Cathedral was very fine, we went there on Easter Sunday and heard the most beautiful music. The pulpit is exquisitely carved - it represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve, with the Serpent twining about, but Hope and the Cross above."

Account of same trip by W. W. Griffin.

"Annie and I took advantage of a cheap Easter ticket (£1 return) to go to Brussels for four days, by way of Dover and Ostend. Brussels is delightfully clean, like Paris, of which indeed it is a miniature edition. The finest street is the Boulevard De Waterloo, and we had lodgings (6 francs a day) in the Rue de Stassart, just off it. It is curious to see the milk carts and other small vehicles drawn by dogs. The tramway system is perfect, so noiseless (electric) and quick. One of the chief features of the place is the Palais de Justice, a stupendous pile, far swelling in size the Law

Courts of London, and commanding a most extensive view. But perhaps the most interesting is the Hotel de Ville (Municipal Building) in the old Market Square, which is surrounded by fine examples of 15th, 16th & 17th century architecture. On Easter Sunday we went to see High Mass in the Cathedral of Saint Gudule, (13th century), a very theatrical performance I thought not at all impressive. We refreshed ourselves in the afternoon by walking through the lovely Bois de Cambre which is thought to rival the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. The shops in the principal streets deck out their windows in a most attractive way, and there are some handsome arcades. Things are mostly dearer than in London. Some of the picture galleries (notably the Wiertz collection) are curious and interesting, but they are much superior, I believe, to those in Antwerp. Our most enjoyable day was spent at Waterloo, some 12 miles from Brussels; Annie and I walked to all the interesting points on the field of

battle - the farm house of Hougoumont, La Belle Alliance and Hoge Sainte; these have remained in their primitive condition and bullet holes are to be seen in the trees, walls, and buildings. In one a cannon ball lies embedded and can just be seen. The rustics have always ready for visitors a pocketful of bullets, said to have been ploughed up, but I should imagine the original supply had been long ago exhausted. On the centre of the battle field an immense mound and pyramid two hundred feet high, has been erected, crowned by the Belgian Lion, from it one gains a comprehensive view. At Mont St-Jean we saw the room and bed in which Wellington spent the night after the battle, on the walls are old muskets and rifles; while cannon balls and a skeleton also recall the eventful day.

Naval Review At Spithead

Letter from
W. W. Pitt-RiversTo W^{rs} C. H. Bridge.Regency Square, Brighton
EnglandJuly 6th 1894-

Annie has sent you a paper giving an account of the Jubilee Festivities so that I need not go into details except to say that we went up to London for a few days and saw all that was to be seen. The illumination of the fleet at Spithead was by far the finest sight of all. We went in the "Plymouth Belle" from Brighton, passed up and down between the lines of battle ships and cruisers five miles long, were landed at Southsea for two or three hours during which a most terrific thunderstorm broke over us. This had passed off before we re-embarked, then came the grand moment when in the twinkling of an eye each vessel of the fleet became outlined in glowing light, funnels, masts, yards and hull and along the water line. It was a truly fairy-like scene. At eleven o'clock a parting salute of twenty

Naval Review at Spithead

shots from each vessel was given to the Prince of Wales as the Royal Yacht steamed along, and in the darkness the tongues of flame from each gun showed up most vividly, while the roar of the cannon was heard on all sides. We got back to Brighton about three in the morning.

From Annie Pitt-Rivers to W^{rs} C. H. B. on same subject - 7th July.

We are enclosing within two Jubilee Hospital Stamps - as the Prince saw the die destroyed there will only a limited number which may be very valuable by and bye. You will have had a graphic account of the Procession and Naval Review from Willie, we did enjoy them so much. The Illuminations at Spithead baffled description and we have not seen one picture that gives an adequate representation. The ships were more like diamond palaces than anything else, and people around us were saying there was no need to read "The Arabian Nights" after that.