Chancellor of the University, the Rt Hon Harold Macmillan. By this time the Observatory had been converted to provide common rooms, dining hall and kitchens, library, and music room; and residential accommodation had been made available in or near the College for 55 single and 12 married students.

The College's special concern for clinical medicine is now reflected academically in the high proportion of its fellows who are members of the clinical faculty (at present about two-thirds), in the large number of the hospital teaching staff who are members of its common room, and in the lectures, seminars, and symposia that are held in its premises. It has sought, moreover, to further the interests of the clinical students in the University as a whole, irrespective of the colleges to which they belong, by purchasing a house in the grounds of the new hospital for the use of the students—now known as William Osler House—and by allocating a substantial proportion of its income from clinical students' fees for the maintenance of the house and the support of the students' club.

There is, however, danger in narrow specialisation, and Green College has sought to enrich its academic life by extending membership to teachers and students in other faculties whose interests border on and sometimes overlap those of clinical medicine. The students, however, are limited to graduates to make them comparable with the clinical students who, in Oxford (as in Cambridge), have previously taken an honours degree in some non-clinical subject. With this in mind a special effort has been made to attract students taking the MSc course in applied social studies with a view to becoming social workers in the hope that by mixing together in the college common rooms and attending joint seminars men and women who are going to be doctors or social workers will come to understand and respect the complementary nature of work in the two fields. In addition, individuals are admitted to membership (as fellows, research fellows, or students) who are working in a wide range of physical, biological, and social subjects.

Not surprisingly perhaps, in view of its origins, the College has been acutely aware of the need for universities to involve themselves more directly in the industrial life of the country, on which the welfare of the whole community depends. With this in mind visiting fellows have been elected from the nominees of pharmaceutical and other firms with biological interests. As yet it is too early to know what this is going to mean in practice; but hopefully it will lead to the development of research programmes of mutual interest as well as providing a source of topics for joint discussion.

The three years of the College's existence have seen a steady growth from a small beginning. Its membership now includes 38 fellows, nine research fellows, and 95 students. There is still room for some expansion, but the College plans to remain small. It has already shown that it is capable of being a focus for clinical medicine in Oxford which can provide an attractive base for visiting scholars, and it would probably be unwise for it to grow much larger. It has also awakened an interest in clinical medicine in other colleges, and most likely it will best serve the interests of the subject by setting an example rather than by attempting to consolidate all work in clinical medicine under one collegiate roof. Experience has shown too that the Oxford tradition of mixing disciplines is as valid now as it ever was in the past and that those concerned with clinical medicine have much to learn from experts in other fields.

The illustration on the cover is of Green College.

The Barsetshire doctors

DAVID WALDRON SMITHERS

There were in Barchester, at the time of which I write, a number of doctors, good, bad, and imported. Miss Thorne's opinion was that they were not what they used to be; once she had thought the doctors were talented, observing, educated men but she feared that now any whippersnapper out of an apothecary shop could call himself a doctor. Opinion on this matter varied in the county, but it was clear that some of the doctors shared Miss Thorne's opinion about their colleagues. There were, indeed, some medical disagreements so violent that on one occasion it was said that there was war in Barsetshire.

Well-intentioned interference

When John Bold put up his plate it was to the great disgust of the nine local practitioners (soon to be reduced to five, not counting old Scalpen the retired apothecary and tooth-drawer) who were already trying to get a living out of the bishop, dean, and canons. They had no cause for anxiety, at least on their own account, for in the first three years John Bold took but three fees. John's father had been a successful physician in London and had purchased property in Barchester: The Dragon of Wantly inn and posting-house, four shops in the High Street, and a moiety of the new row of genteel villas just beyond Hiram's Hospital. John had been trained at a London teaching hospital and returned to Barchester when his father died and left him the property. Instead of applying his considerable energy and undoubted ability to medicine, however, he fancied himself as a strong reformer, became a town councillor, and set out to deal with all abuses—State abuses, church abuses, corporation abuses, abuses in medical practice, and general abuses in the world at large. The consequences resulting from reforming drive and political ambition in young doctors have been known to give cause for concern in more recent times. John Bold's activities so worried three consecutive mayors that it became somewhat difficult to find a fourth.

It followed that this energetic young man was not much loved in Barchester despite his sincere endeavour to mend mankind in ways other than those in which he had been trained. Archdeacon Grantly went so far, on one occasion, when speaking to the precentor, as to announce that he had a holy horror of this impious demagogue. John Bold, however, was brave, eager, amusing, well-made, confiding, manly, young, and enterprising as well as good-looking and, having a sufficient income to support a wife, was, not unnaturally, loved by Eleanor Harding the precentor's younger daughter.

Dr Bold, in common with some other improvers, did not know when it would be wise to restrain his reforming zeal and, after a success concerned with allegedly false charges imposed by an old

Knockholt, Kent TN14 7JE
SIR DAVID WALDRON SMITHERS, MD, FRCP, retired professor of radiotherapy

turnpike woman, focused his attention on the financial affairs of Hiram's Hospital. This was an unfortunate choice because Eleanor's father, the Reverend Septimus Harding, was the warden, and it was from this source that he derived £800 a year, almost his entire income. John Bold, having reviewed John Hiram's will, sought to show that the income intended to benefit the 12 bedesmen, worn out manual workers who lived there, was being malappropriated to the warden's salary. The warden, who had never seen the will but had added twopence a day to each man's pittance out of his own pocket, was greatly disturbed. Through his honesty, natural goodness, and simplicity he refused to continue as warden even when John Bold, feeling that he had gone too far in threatening the livelihood of his intended father-in-law, withdrew the charge. Mr Harding alone in Barchester remained unsatisfied about his ethical position. The 12 bedesmen who shared the money were no happier: they already had every comfort, a warm house, good clothes, plentiful diet, rest after labour, and the loving care of their friend the warden. What was theoretically just, failed to be beneficial in practice; it is not uncommon to find that unforeseen consequences may follow well-intentioned interference with established, well-functioning biological organisations. The warden resigned and everyone ended up worse off except perhaps Dr Bold who married his Eleanor but died rather mysteriously soon afterwards. He left a son, born eight months after his death, of whom no subsequent history has been traced in the Barchester archives after his infancy when Mr Rerechild, employed when dear old Dr Bumpwell died, instead of prescribing Daffy's Elixir had advocated a shockingly modern succedaneum.

Demise of the bishop

Two great London doctors, Dr Lamda Mewnew and Sir Omicron Pie, came five times to Barchester when the old bishop, Archdeacon Grantly's father, was dying. They shook their heads and announced on each occasion that death was imminent. Despite their predictions the bishop continued, most inconveniently, to survive on wine alone and failed to die until after the ministry fell on which the archdeacon had pinned his hopes of preferment. A message telling of the bishop's death to which the precentor's name was appended, was, nevertheless, despatched by electric telegraph. It was all too late, Dr Proudie was appointed bishop. Years later Dr Grantly was to remind his wife of how the London doctor had been so put out because his prophecies were not fulfilled. The new bishop's chaplain, who was to be the cause of so much disruption of the peace of Barchester, was Mr Slope, lineally descended from that eminent physician who had assisted at the birth of Mr T Shandy and had added an "e" to his name for the sake of euphony.

The leading practitioner in Barchester at this time was Dr Fillgrave. His trifling defects, a bulgy roundness of person and shortness of leg, were more than atoned for by the peculiar dignity of his countenance, his grey hair and whiskers, and pronounced nose and chin. The great feature of his face, however, was his mouth which, by the mere pressure of his lips, could give the assurance of a truly wonderful amount of secret medical knowledge. Nobody of note in the city—or for that matter in the eastern division of the county—was allowed to start on the last great journey without some assistance from him as their hour of going drew nigh. Pronouncing the end with a slow falling motion with his hands had alone on various occasions been thought to be worth all the money paid for his attendance. There were even people who pretended to know how often Dr Fillgrave had said "We are all dust" during the previous 30 years. His name was perhaps unfortunate as he must himself have realised since he dropped one of the l's in later life becoming Dr Filgrave, a practice which was perhaps followed by a famous successor to medical fame, Dr Kildare.

When Mrs Proudie died with such sudden drama, the nearest apothecary with his assistant was sent for in the emergency and when Dr Fillgrave arrived all was over. He saw the bishop and mixed up his information with so much medical Latin and was so pompous over it and the bishop was so anxious to get rid of him that his words did not have much effect.

Thorne-Fillgrave war

Dr Fillgrave's hated rival Dr Thomas Thorne was a modest county medical practitioner in East Barset, that impoverished, agricultural, Tory part of the county where the importance of sons marrying for money was taken for granted. Though a graduated physician he announced that his rate of pay was seven-and-sixpence a visit within a circuit of five miles, which the Barchester doctors thought to be a low, mean, unprofessional, and democratic way of charging. They expected a physician to take his fee without a thought, without a look, without a move of the facial muscles, hardly aware that the last friendly grasp of the hand had been made more precious by the touch of gold.

Lady Scatcherd entreating Dr Thorne to stay.

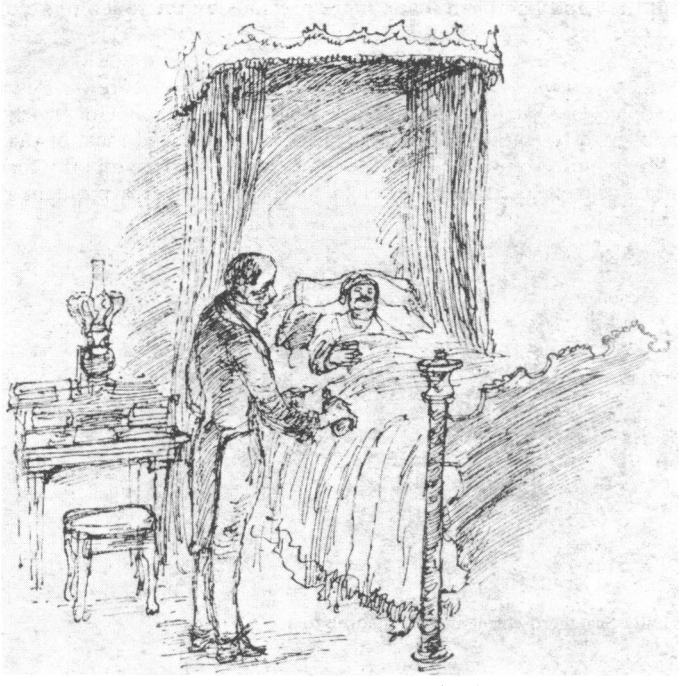
A man who would lug a half crown from his pocket to give in change for a ten-shilling piece had no appreciation of the dignity of a learned profession. Worse, Dr Thorne could be seen compounding medicines in the shop at the left hand of his front door, actually putting together common powders for rural bowels or spreading vulgar ointments for agricultural ailments. Dr Fillgrave positively declined to meet Dr Thorne in consultation. The guinea fee, the principles of giving advice, and of selling no medicine to keep the distinction between physician and apothecary were paramount.

As the war developed *The Lancet* was in favour of Dr Thorne and *The Journal of Medical Science* was for Dr Fillgrave. In Dr Thorne's favour was the fact that he understood his business, laboured at it with energy, and had conversational brilliance, an aptitude for good fellowship, firm friends, and a general honesty of disposition.

The most distressing encounter between Dr Fillgrave and Dr Thorne took place when Sir Roger Scatcherd, who had been the best stone-mason in the four counties and then made a fortune as a railway contractor, dismissed Thorne and sent for Fillgrave. Dr Thorne had advised him, unsuccessfully, to send for Sir Omicron as a man he would really trust. He told Lady Scatcherd, who entreated him to stay, that medical etiquette would not allow him to attend her husband when another practitioner had been called in, to which she replied, "What's etiquette to do with it when a man is a-killing hisself with brandy?" Dr Fillgrave arrived, was kept waiting half an hour in mounting fury, and was then told by a nervous Lady Scatcherd that her husband refused to see him. He was so

affronted and so angry that he declined a five guinea fee. It was just as well that he never knew that Sir Roger had offered to have him put under the pump and pay all damages if only Dr Thorne would come back to him. Dr Fillgrave, however, did get to see a patient at Boxall Hill eventually, he was sent for by Sir Roger's son Louis when he was dying of the same disorder as his father.

The Thorne-Fillgrave exchange was handled more tactfully at Greshambury when Lady Arabella wished to get rid of Dr Thorne and invited Dr Fillgrave, accompanied by Dr Century, to consult there with Sir Omicron Pie. Dr Fillgrave continued for a time at Greshambury, and when he was later asked to retire to allow for Dr Thorne's return, Lady Arabella sent Frank Gresham to do the job with as much face-saving as possible.



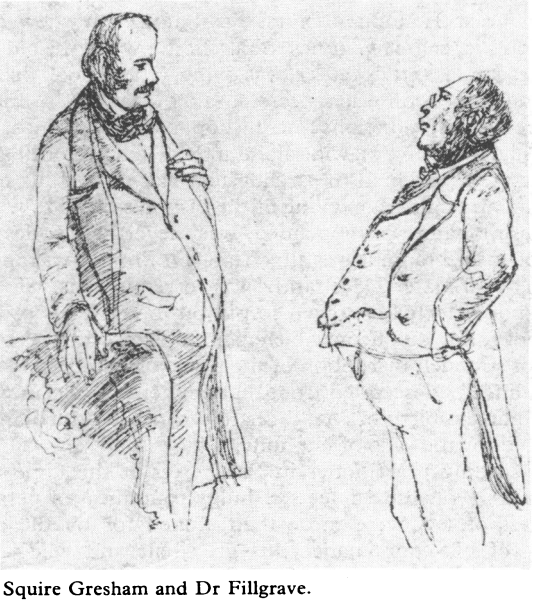
Dr Thorne giving Sir Roger Scatcherd brandy after his return.

Other Barsetshire doctors

Other Barsetshire doctors, such as Rarechild and Century, were followers and humble friends of Fillgrave's; though Rarechild was prepared to consult with Dr Thorne when called in an emergency and even, on such an occasion, to say a few disparaging words about Dr Fillgrave. Dr Century from Silverbridge, an amiable, old-fashioned, old gentleman with an old-fashioned phaeton, went further, so far falling away from the high Fillgrave tenets as at times to call in Dr Thorne in consultation. Old Dr Bolus had once been thought to be a very good sort of doctor when apothecary at Scarington but, at this time, was noted only for his persistence in sticking to Madeira when dining at Gatherum Castle. Greyson never came to Barset, he was a submissive apothecary in London appointed attendant to Sir Louis Scatcherd when in town to report on his drinking habits to Dr Thorne. Sir Abraham Haphazard's father had been a country apothecary and his mother a farmer's daughter but he had become a great lawyer in Lincoln's Inn with no one to thrust him forward when Mr Harding went to London to consult him. Wildman of the 9th, who was left as surgeon at Scutari for two years, only comes into this account of Barset doctors on the slender grounds that Frank Gresham returning from Switzerland with a beard defended his hirsute appendage by the assertion that Wildman's had been vastly longer. Mark Robart's father, a physician with a lucrative practice in Exeter, came twice to Framely Court to discuss his son's future with Lady Lufton. Mark, who acquired the Framley living, hastened to his father's side when he died at the age of 70, leaving the Framley souls at the mercy of a Welsh Low Churchman.

Sir Omicron came to Barchester again when the old dean, Dr Trefoil, had a fit of apoplexy and lost his power of speech. He was called in to advise Dr Fillgrave and Mr Rarechild who were doing their best, because he had proved himself wonderfully adept at keeping life still moving within the old bishop's heart. Once again time seemed important because Mr Slope's aspirations to the comfortable dean's residence with 15 acres of grounds was being much talked of, and it was known that he was already writing letters seeking help towards his own preferment as soon as he heard that one or two days more must limit the tether of the dean's mortal coil. Sir Omicron had indeed announced that the dean had but a few days to live and although the attendant clergy began, as a result, to think that no new appointment would be necessary for some months this time the great man's prognosis proved to be correct. Matters were swiftly and well arranged, however, so that it was Mr Arabin, not Mr Slope, who came to the deanery.

Dr Easyman was a travelling physician retained by Miss Martha Dunstable for the benefit of her health, though she rarely had bodily ailments requiring the care of a doctor and he it was who had generally to be nursed. Dr Easyman was reported to be likely never to forgive her if she did not hurry away to do something she wanted to do and he became so weak that she had to take him off at once to Malvern when she was required to be where she did not wish to go. He formed part of her entourage which included a parrot, a poodle, and Miss Kerrigy.



Squire Gresham and Dr Fillgrave.

Miss Dunstable was a delightful, down-to-earth, kindly, generous woman whose father had left her a great fortune which he had made in patent medicines, notably with the oil of Lebanon. Eventually she married Dr Thorne, a most happy arrangement brought about through the machinations of Mary Gresham. Miss Dunstable was given away by Dr Easyman and Dr Fillgrave spoke his last word on Dr Thorne, "He has been little better than a quack all his life and now he is going to marry a quack's daughter."

Anthony Trollope died in December 1882.

The Trollope Centenary Conference was held at University College, London, in June.

Drawings by Peter Reddick from *Dr Thorne* published by the Folio Society for its members in 1978.