

though high, amongst Britain's grand sons, is the place held by her great medical men, we have but scant records of their lives.

It is extremely satisfactory to be able at least by means of a recent charming publication\* to trace, step by step, the battle of a boy who settled in great London with no advantages but the gift of a medical education from his people and a resolute ambition from Providence, and who rose to such heights that his memoirs have been dedicated by willing permission to the Queen of his country, Her Most Gracious Majesty Alexandra.

James Paget began his hospital studies in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-four. It may be considered that the history of the struggle of a young medical man of so long ago can hardly be of use as an example at the present day. Moreover in reading the life of a great man we are often speedily discouraged from expecting to derive therefrom any benefit but pleasure, by reason of the occurrence, during the early part of that life, of definite bursts of genius. In the first place, however, hospitals and schools were nearly as numerous, competition was quite as keen, and, on the whole, existing relations were much the same as at the present day. In the second place, at no period during the life of this character, from beginning to end, does genius shew itself, to account for success in any other way than by continual and laborious work.

The course at college was influenced by several circumstances. In the first place, there appears on looking back through such length of time a difficulty which touches at once a warmly sympathetic chord in the heart of the present medical student—his means were scanty. In the second place through the previous success of his elder brother, he was introduced into a circle of educated and industrious men, somewhat older and more advanced in study than himself. Under these undoubted stimuli and having for several reasons on his hands the time which others were spending in social pursuits, James Paget took a high stand on his examination and, learnt what he calls the priceless power of being able to read German.

It was during these student days that there came before his observation certain small specks in the muscles of subjects in the dissecting-room. Others including many of the professors, had seen these, but Paget, with his love for and training in botany "looked at" them. He found a little worm inside the little spots, and though he did not at the time obtain the credit, to him was due the discovery of what Professor Owen named the *Trichina Spiralis*.

On the whole the undergraduate days were ones of a fair, but not

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\* "Memoirs and letters of Sir James Paget," by one of his sons: London, 1901, Longmans, Green & Co.