# PART I

# MEMOIR

# HENRY JACKSON

## PARENTAGE AND CHILDHOOD

HENRY JACKSON was born 12 March 1839, in St James' Row, Sheffield. Both his father and grandfather were surgeons in that town. Henry Jackson, sen., his grandfather, was a native of Wentbridge near Pontefract, and married (1 January 1801) Olivia, daughter of Benjamin Sayle, of the same place. He settled in practice in Sheffield in 1794, having been articled to Mr William Lunn, surgeon, of Sheffield, and completed his medical studies at St Thomas' Hospital and Edinburgh. Only two children of this marriage survived infancy—Olivia, who was born 27 December 1801 and died 17 September 1870, and Henry, who was born 29 November 1806, and died 25 June 1866. Henry Jackson, sen., died 12 November 1836. His grandson, born after his death, writes of him, from letters in his possession: 'I gather that my grandfather, though perhaps somewhat masterful, was sociable, genial, and attractive: and a portrait, which is no doubt one of the many pastels drawn by Chantrey in the first decade of the nineteenth century, shows that he was an uncommonly handsome man.' His son, Henry Jackson, jun., father of our Henry Jackson, followed his father's profession. The following extract from a prefatory note written by his son (1914) for a Descriptive Catalogue of 'The Jackson Collection' in the Sheffield Public Reference Library, is of so much interest in itself, and of such importance for realising the influences which surrounded Henry Jackson's youth, that I make no apology for inserting it in full.

My father, Henry Jackson, jun., surgeon, of Sheffield, received his general education at the Rev. Peter Wright's school in Sheffield, and, later, at Bingley Grammar School, of which Richard Hartley, D.D., of Christ's College, Cambridge—'an excellent classic, a hard-reading man, and of irreproachable character' (Gunning's *Reminiscences of Cambridge*)—was then head master. The second Henry's medical education began with apprenticeship to his father. In 1828 he proceeded to Dublin that he might study anatomy under James Macartney,

and surgery under James W. Cusack. As appears from his letters to my grandfather, my father made excellent use of the great opportunities which the hospitals of Dublin afforded; while occasional references to 'sack-em-ups' remind the modern reader that in those days the study of anatomy had a peculiarly grisly side. In 1830 my father left Dublin for London, where he attached himself to St Bartholomew's Hospital. In the same year he obtained his diplomas at the College of Surgeons and the Apothecaries' Hall. The letters in which he describes the two examinations are detailed, and, if a layman may have an opinion, very interesting[1].

On his way home, my father visited at Cambridge his old friends William Henry Brookfield—Tennyson's 'Brooks'—and John Henry Brown, then undergraduates at Trinity College.

Returning to Sheffield, he began practice with my grandfather, and on 10th September, 1832, was elected to the post of Surgeon to the Infirmary, which he held till a few days before his death. My grandfather died 12th November, 1836. On 27th June, 1838, my father married Frances, daughter of James Swettenham.

This is not the place for an estimate of my father's capacity and success as surgeon and medical practitioner. But I may briefly note certain personal characteristics. He was always observant, always ready to take responsibility, always quiet. He had a wonderful gift of sympathy. He was as discreet and reticent as a father confessor. He was the friend of his patients and the confidant of his colleagues. He called himself a Tory, but progress was his joy. He kept himself thoroughly posted up in medical literature, and was eager to avail himself of every new invention and discovery. At first he had doubts about anæsthetics, but they *very* quickly disappeared. When he died, antiseptic and aseptic methods had not yet established themselves: but I fancy that his use of a solution of nitrate of silver for scalds, burns, and bedsores, saved my life when in childhood I charged into a large saucepan of boiling water. Once, and once only, I went round the Infirmary with him: and, to my great surprise, I found that, in talking to his patients there, he dropped without an effort into the grammar and the vocabulary

[1] For extracts from my father's letters to my grandfather, see the *St Bartholomew's Hospital Journal* for October, November, December, 1904.

of old Sheffield. I had long known that he could read *Tom Treddlehoyle* as no one else of my acquaintance could do: but it had not occurred to me that he would use the second person singular as easily as if he had never known the conventional 'you' and 'your' of modern English. The Infirmary occupied much of his thoughts. I have waited for him there for hours when he had miscalculated the time which his work would require. He was devoted to his profession: and he was sorry when his brother-in-law, Wilson Overend, a brilliant surgeon, gave himself to municipal affairs. Nevertheless, he knew that a professional man should have a hobby or hobbies. He read widely in English literature; in particular, history, biography, and good fiction, were favourite subjects. He had an astonishing knack of discovering important books the moment that they appeared: for example, he knew Thackeray's *Second Funeral of Napoleon*, Oliver Wendell Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, and J. F. McLennan's *Primitive Marriage*, before they were famous. He was a constant reader of *Notes and Queries*, and sent to it occasional contributions signed 'H.J.'[1]

Meanwhile, he was keenly interested in local antiquities. An accomplished horseman, he had gained in his youth, and always retained, a curiously exact knowledge of the topography of the district. He collected books printed at Sheffield. He noted additions to Hunter's *Hallamshire* in an interleaved copy. But it was not for him to do more than collect: he made no serious attempt to record his antiquarian knowledge.

The house in which my father was born, lived, and died, continued to be occupied by my brother Arthur and my mother until 1878, when the prospect of street improvements caused them to remove to a house in Wilkinson Street, now numbered 53. In 1883 the old house in St James' Row was pulled down, and the narrow paved walk was widened into a street.

Mrs Henry Jackson (1806–1899), daughter of James Swettenham, mother of our Henry Jackson, was a remarkable woman. 'If I am good for anything,' he writes to his brother Bernard in 1918, 'I owe it to father, mother and Cally.' 'I always feel that if I can teach at all I owe it to mother and Cally.' A long

[1] His old friend James Montgomery signed himself 'J.M.G.' I was myself 'H.J. (2)'; but I think that I was not alone in using this signature.

series of letters from school and college testifies to the close bond which knit mother and son throughout. 'One of the wisest people I have ever known' is another of his notes. On her death at the age of 93 in 1899, a letter from Dr H. J. Hunter of Sheffield thus describes her character:

So that sturdy model of Truth, Honesty and Friendship is called away at last. She was by much the last of that generation both in her own family and in those allied to her. She seemed like a faithful rearguard holding on until the signal was given for retirement.... Never was a woman so little deceived by appearances: she looked through the surface into the realities of life more than anyone I knew.

To this may be added a note on it from Mr Bernard Jackson:

The broad clear outline (of this passage) gives so true a picture of my mother that I can hardly venture any attempt to fill in the details. But I cannot help feeling that it wants enlargement in one direction:—it does not sufficiently represent the happy, loving, sympathy which so admirably balanced the integrity above depicted, and so completely removed from my mother's character anything of the hardness and censoriousness which is frequently associated with uprightness. It was this happy combination of qualities which made her the confidant and adviser of her sons through life. In considering my mother's early influence on the career of a great scholar perhaps something should be said of her own attainments in that direction. Born just after the battle of Trafalgar her education should not be judged by modern standards, and it may be at once admitted that she would have had little chance of a diploma at a modern university. But even in those distant days the schools did sometimes turn out pupils well equipped for the duties of life. Perhaps my mother was fortunate in this respect: she escaped both the superficial proprieties of a 'finishing school' and the cut and dried chips of Miss Mangnall's *Questions*, and somehow acquired a full share of requisite knowledge, and a genuine appreciation of things of interest, and no delusion that she had finished her education. She could hardly be called a great reader, but she had a keen interest in literature and literary people. Scott's novels appealed strongly to the vein of romance in her character; she was not indifferent

to the possibly overstrained pathos of Miss Sewell and Miss Yonge; she read with interest the 'Salem Chapel' series of Mrs Oliphant; and I well remember the keen appreciation with which she read the earlier novels of 'George Eliot.' She took little or no interest in politics, but followed closely certain ecclesiastical controversies of the time—the Oxford Movement, Tracts for the Times, Essays and Reviews, Bishop Colenso—besides more local subsidiary storms. She was a regular reader of *John Bull*—the Tory weekly with Church and literary tendencies in no way connected with the modern paper of that name: but the paper which most strongly appealed to her was the *Saturday Review* in its earliest days when under the control of Beresford Hope and his band of vigorous writers.

Mrs Bernard Jackson writes:

Mrs Jackson had a remarkably strong personality. She used to boast that she had been educated on Walter Scott's novels; her schoolmistress used to purchase them as they came out and her pupils read them with avidity. She had a strong dislike to untruthfulness or inaccuracy of any sort and an incident she told me herself well illustrates this trait in her character. A servant in her employment told her an untruth and she at once gave her notice, saying, 'I cannot have my children taught to tell lies and if they hear you they also may learn to be untruthful.'

I always thought that Mrs Jackson had wonderful self-control, for during twenty years of intimate friendship I do not remember seeing her lose her temper nor hearing her say a rash or unkind word and her judgment and advice were always sound and practical. She was simple to severity in her tastes and dress. She once remarked to a friend, 'that if she had had a daughter she should not have known how to dress her,' and her friend replied, much to her amusement, 'You need not have troubled, she would have found that out for herself.'

Mrs Jackson's two hobbies were genealogies and gardening. The former not from any snobbishness but from a keen interest in pedigrees, and she surprised Sir George Darwin who told her that she knew more about his ancestors than he did himself. And she often came across acquaintances whose relationships she could trace to others. She often mentioned

two servants in her employment called Wilkinson, who had a pedigree of 500 years in the same farm, which was afterwards purchased by Mr Bernard Waters of Sheffield.

Prebendary Jackson writes of 'Cally':

Her vigour was conspicuous in clearing off the many details of daily work with a rapidity which astonished me as I grew older. In those younger days she would delight us, when her more active work was done and she sat down to the mending of stockings and the like, with her tales of the village life at Stainton where her cousinship included various parts of its population. The tales revealed, of course, something of the characteristics of the *dramatis personae*, but more still of the elements of justice and wisdom of the homely and clever narrator. Occasionally she would break into song; often there was a pithy proverb, a sound aphorism, a phrase or simile from rural Yorkshire. The atmosphere which she spread around us—downright truth, loyalty, justice, duty, vigour—enlivened by shrewd humour—must be accounted a powerful supplement to the influence of similar characteristics in our parents.

She had been a poor disciple in Sunday School when my Mother had tried to teach her to read and write; but her greater qualities had been discerned; and my Mother asked for her, when just 15, as nurse to my brother Henry when he was a month old. That was in 1839: and still in 1866 she was with us —our great help in my Father's illness and death: still with my Mother at Sheffield, King's Teignton, Brighton, she continued her wonderful service till my Mother's death in 1899, and her own death in 1904. She was buried at Stainton, the home of her childhood. I have said nothing of her devoted love for us all—Father, Mother, Brothers, Brothers' wives, and the next generation too—it was like the confident, unquestioning feeling which belongs to the best kind of blood relationship—the love which one neither states nor doubts.

### SHEFFIELD COLLEGIATE SCHOOL

HENRY JACKSON was the eldest of four brothers. He first went from St James' Row to school at the Collegiate School, Sheffield. The Rev. W. S. Grignon was then head master. In a letter to

him written in 1892 Jackson says, 'My years under you at Sheffield were the most important of my school life. You taught me many good things, and above all to be on my guard against self-deception and "the unspoken lie," which according to Plato is more deadly than the "lying word."' He always retained the highest regard and affection for his first head master and that these sentiments were early reciprocated appears from the following extract from a letter of Mr Grignon to Mrs Jackson, on the occasion of some trouble in the school, in which he as monitor had to take a responsible part. 'I write at once to assure you most positively that he stands perfectly clear from fault in the whole transaction, having done his duty throughout it most properly and honourably....Henry's whole character and the proofs he has given of thorough truthfulness and honourable feeling leave not a doubt on my mind that he had acted in the matter just as he had represented to me. I can only repeat to you what I said not many days ago to one of the Sheffield clergy who asked me about the subject, "I would take Henry Jackson's word as readily as that of, I do not say any boy, but any man that I know."'

He began early to show promise that he would be a 'good and accurate scholar' and his record in the school for discipline and government shows his readiness to face responsibility with a strict sense of duty.

## CHELTENHAM COLLEGE

In the autumn of 1855 he left the Collegiate School and went to Cheltenham College, where the head master was William Dobson, Fellow of Trinity, 3rd Classic in 1832 (Lushington, Shilleto, Dobson, Thompson), and was in the division taken by Holden, Fellow of Trinity, Senior Classic 1845, afterwards head master of Ipswich Grammar School.

From February 1856 his letters home are regular, generally to his mother, but often to his father, scarcely one without enquiry after 'brothers.' He receives regularly from his father

*Notes and Queries* and the *Saturday Review* and discusses them. In the first letter he refers to a 'theory on Shakespeare mentioned in the *Athenaeum*[1]—the notion started by a lady.' 'I made enquiries about the Library yesterday: and have got a catalogue. There are, I think, about 1500 volumes; and they are very well selected.' He sends regular reports on work and notes Holden's plan of reading large 'chunks' of the Classics rapidly, a book of Homer at one lesson.

John Morley and F. W. H. Myers were contemporary with him at Cheltenham, the former in the same class. Myers' poetry was already famous in the school. Classics and Mathematics made up the curriculum, the latter treated seriously as well as the former. He notes in one letter that he is reading Conic Sections by himself. He is sufficiently at home with French literature to send a motto from Boileau for an essay by his brother Arthur. But this seems to have been a matter of private reading. He takes a ticket for Thackeray's Lecture on the Georges, 'College fellows admitted half price.' (3 May 1857): 'I was very much pleased with the lecture, though at first a little disappointed, as the beginning, though good, was what might have been written by many men, and was not peculiarly in Thackeray's style. I liked him very much after the introduction. As you say, he looks very old.'

Hockey and football, cricket and fives, gave him exercise. He was interested as always in the rules of the game. He sent the Cheltenham rules of football to his brother Arthur at Sheffield—

[1] 'I am grieved to think that the *Athenaeum* has to change its ways. When *Esmond* came out in 1852, I, aged not quite thirteen, was already a regular reader of the *Athenaeum*, and when I was away from home, my father, to my great joy, sent me the issue of the month, i.e. the issue for the four weeks in a yellow paper cover. I remember to this day the passage which the reviewer extracted from *Esmond*. When I began to write for it, Hepworth Dixon was still editor....I liked writing for a paper which seemed to me to have a tradition of honesty; and I am personally grateful to it, for it gave me the opportunity of exercising myself in this sort of literature.' From a letter to V. H. Rendall, 22 December 1916.