

It is not fitting that the name of Dr. L. O. Fox, of Broughton, whose death on Tuesday, June 17th, we regret to announce, should pass away without some record, however slight. Though for the last few years illness had forced him to give up his old pursuits, yet for the forty previous years he had been a prominent figure in South Hants. The interests of education, improvements in sanitary matters, the providing of better cottages for the poor, lectures, penny readings, in short, whatever was likely to rouse and raise his neighbours, supplemented the duties of his profession. It was his misfortune to be confined to a narrow field, yet still whilst he was in health this did not make him flag, nor was he soured by having worked 40 years under the poor law. His knowledge of country life and of every detail connected with the district was almost unrivalled, and his acuteness in reading character and understanding classes was worthy of his experience, so that a new comer could find no wiser or genial counsellor. If he had been placed where his great natural powers, combined as they were with unusual social gifts, could have found full scope, the world at large would have profited by their exercise. But it is a good and honourable career to lead those immediately around you, and to launch a family fairly in the world. He died ten days after the too early death of his eminent son, Dr. Tilbury Fox. It is now seven years since Dr. Fox lost his assistant and right-hand, Dr. Edward Fox, to whose memory an organ was erected in Broughton Church.

We have received the following from another correspondent:—It is with very deep regret that we have to announce the death of Dr. Luther Owen Fox, of this village, which took place on the 17th instant. Dr. Fox had been in indifferent health for some years past, and had gradually found himself more and more unequal to the demands which a large country practice made upon his strength. The sad intelligence of the sudden and untimely death of his distinguished son, Dr. Tilbury Fox, which he received on the 7th instant, made necessarily a very deep and very sad impression upon him, and tended, no doubt, to hasten in some degree his own end, although his friends have seen for some time past that the end was certainly and surely approaching. The death of Dr. Fox leaves a void in our neighbourhood which is not likely to be quickly filled up. His professional character stood very high indeed, and for many years he had the entire confidence of a large circle of patients in Broughton and the adjoining districts. His professional career embraced a period of 51 years, and during the whole of this long space of time Dr. Fox's character was ever that of an upright, considerate, skilful and generous physician. His social qualities were of a very high order. Endowed by nature with a singularly handsome face and figure; with a highly cultivated mind; with musical talents of a high order and with an extraordinary fund of humour, Dr. Fox was always warmly welcomed at all social gatherings, whether public or private. As a parent Dr. Fox set an example to all, and he might well be proud of the success which attended his efforts to give each member of his large family a fair start in life. John Fox, his eldest son, a young man of great promise, died at the Cape, whither he had gone for his health. Dr. Tilbury Fox's success as a physician was of no ordinary kind; Dr. Edward Fox, after a most distinguished career as a student, joined his father at Broughton, and died deeply lamented some six or seven years ago; Captain Walter Fox, R.A., has, after a brilliant sojourn at the Staff College, been selected for special service at the Cape on the Staff of General Clifford; Dr. T. C. Fox has already distinguished himself in the department of medicine, which his brother Tilbury had made peculiarly his own; and the youngest son, Alfred, after a meritorious career at Oxford, has entered the Church. The poor of Broughton have lost in Dr. Fox a friend who was always ready to advise them, to help them, and to cheer them in their afflictions, and we have no hesitation in saying that amongst all classes he will be greatly missed, and his memory as greatly honoured.

THE LATE EDWARD LLOYD HARRIES FOX, M.D., M.S. LOND.—We have the pleasure to give notice:—"It is our sad duty to record the comparatively early age, of a member of our profession (Edward Lloyd Harries Fox) whose college and professional career led those who were best able to form an opinion on the matter to anticipate for him the attainment of high distinction among his fellows, should his health permit him to follow up the study of his profession, which he had commenced with so much earnestness and success. During his student life, however, and at the post of his duty, he was seized with a pyrexial attack, accompanied by a certain amount of sore-throat, which appeared to be scarlatinal, but was not clearly proved to be such, and this was followed by a sudden attack of hæmaturia, which occasionally recurred. This pyrexial attack unquestionably laid in him the seed of the serious organic disease which has but just carried him to an untimely grave. The deceased was the son of a well-known member of the profession, Dr. L. Owen Fox, of Broughton, who occupies a prominent position amongst our professional brethren in South Hants, and from under whose roof several sons and pupils have been sent to recruit our ranks. He also was a brother of Dr. Tilbury Fox. He was educated first under Richard Dawes's (afterwards Dean of Hereford) care at Kingsomborne, and subsequently at Queenwood College, at which place he was a pupil of Tyndall and Debus, and from the latter he acquired the basis of that knowledge of chemistry which made him the medallist of his class in chemistry at University College subsequently. He entered at University College soon after leaving Queenwood, and was noted from the first as a steady and persevering worker, possessed of remarkable application, and being peculiarly methodical in his work. It is said by those who knew him best that he scarcely, if ever, in his reading, dismissed a page of matter without having mastered the meaning of its contents, and put the gist of the matter on paper in his own language. To this practice may be, in part, attributed the excellence of his memory, and the preciseness of his statement of facts. At the College, where he was a great favourite, and won the respect of the professors, he did not take any other medal than that for practical chemistry, but the success and character of his work at all subjects was evidenced subsequently and abundantly in the examinations at the University of London. At the first M.B. he gained the gold medal in materia medica, and at the second M.B. two scholarships and two gold medals at the same examinations, the scholarship and gold medal in midwifery and the scholarship and gold medal in forensic medicine, and honours in medicine; and the applause which greeted him on receiving from the hands of the Chancellor (Lord Granville) these well-earned honours was a just tribute to his merits. Subsequently he took the M.D. and the Mastership in Surgery. His friend, Marcus Beck, stood first in the honours' list, and he and Howse, of Guy's, who had tied Beck at the B.S. honours, were both placed as having qualified by marks for the medal. The instruction he gained at the University of London led the Council of University College to confer upon Edward Fox the honour of making him a Fellow of the College. About this time the post of resident medical officer to the University College Hospital became vacant, and it was hoped that he would have taken the appointment with a view to enter upon a London career. He, however, declined the overtures made to him, and chose a country life, and joined his father in practice, but too well knowing a fact which he concealed to himself as much as possible, that his life would at best be not a long one, for occasionally albumen showed itself in the urine. Looking back over the last few years of his life, his friends can now understand his resolve. But with remarkable earnestness he seems to have devoted himself—in a not very commonly selected work—to a conscientious discharge of duty amongst the poor, and this was characterised by the exhibition of remarkable patience and gentleness towards them and their foibles which won for him the respect and esteem not only of the poor, but of every class in his neighbourhood. And what he did was done unostentatiously. He still kept up his reading and working. Five years since he had rheumatic fever from cold, which pulled him down a great deal, but he fairly recovered. About three months ago all the symptoms of Bright's disease showed themselves, but Sir W. Jenner and others who saw him thought with care and giving up all nightwork he might pick up and live on several years. But he seems after this to have caught cold, with an alarming increase in all his symptoms—renal and heart—and after seven weeks of intense suffering, with occasional intervals of comparative comfort, borne with rare patience, he met his death with perfect resignation at the age of thirty. His death has cast quite a gloom over the neighbourhood in which he lived. His short life speaks in eloquent terms to the student of the success which may be expected from having a definite object in view and pursuing it with steady application and work. As one of his old fellow students writes on hearing of his illness—"If his career is to be brought to a close he has at least the satisfaction of knowing that it has been one not only of great credit to himself but of utility to others. If, indeed, his term of activity here is drawing to its close, I am sure that the poor of your district will sustain an irreparable loss, and I can point at least to one of his fellow students who has derived large benefit from his advice and bright example, and who feels that his own moderate success has been in no small degree owing to his having constantly before his eyes the practical ends to be attained by honest work." The self-abnegation which he exhibited in the face of his own personal anxiety and the disappointment of all his just hopes ennobled the profession to which he belonged. The death of Edward Fox will not be regretted least by his old fellow students and the College at which he studied."

D. May 11th 1872.

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15.7.1893.

THE AGRICULTURAL OUTLOOK.

The following letter appeared in the *Times* of Monday:—

"Sir,—Home Rule, thanks to the House of Lords, is at a distance, whilst agricultural distress is at our doors, yet, save a wrangle in the House of Commons over a Royal Commission and a letter or two in the Press suggesting temporary expedients, our oldest industry is fading away 'unhonoured and unsung.' If this were a question merely touching the pockets of landlords and tenants one might understand the apathy of the outside world, for these are not popular. The landlord, thanks to the outpouring of Radical spleen, has been so long ticketed as an idling and grasping taskmaster, and he has been so listless in his own defence, that his credit has been materially damaged. He has been politically timid, and his casual advocacy of the farming interest has been silenced by the assertion that it was purely selfish. As for the farmer, he has been always as inarticulate as his representatives have been lukewarm. He has also been mysterious in the conduct of his business, and his style of living has been less simple than that of his predecessors, so that any grumbings which were heard now and again from the homestead were put down to professional moroseness and were discounted accordingly. Unhappily the question of agricultural loss involves much more than the fortunes of these two classes, though that would be bad enough. Unless I am much mistaken, the veil is on the point of being rudely torn away, and we shall see behind it a state of things which threatens disaster to the whole country side.

"Experts, at all events, have known that for the last ten years the farmer has been gradually going down hill. Seasons have been bad and prices worse. If an occasional gleam has given a hope of better times, it has only been followed by a steadfast spell of gloom. All the wise saws, such as 'Up horn, down corn,' have proved fallacies. Nothing has gone up but railway charges and arrears of rent. Last year sanguine persons imagined that they had seen the bottom, but 1893 has prepared for them an unpleasant surprise. It is but poor comfort to realise that we only require a dripping harvest to unite all the elements of mischief within twelve months. We have had before a failure of hay and corn crops, low prices for stocks, a want of roots. Some one of these drawbacks the farmer has had to submit to from time out of mind, but the accumulation of them in one season is almost without precedent. Still, the crowning calamity lies in the fact that it is a kick to a man already down. Where are wages to come from? How is the great army of labourers, mechanics, shopkeepers to be maintained? This is a question which will, I presume, awake sympathies of many who would be philosophical enough over the misfortunes of owners and occupiers. I do not pretend to answer it, but the need of asking it shows the gravity of the situation.

"I do not doubt that hereafter this condition of things will work for good. Farming has been for years in a rotten state, as any business must be that does not pay. Its followers have been living from hand to mouth, which means in the end bankruptcy. At the first fall in prices something might have been done to stem the tide by resorting to new methods, and by opening up fresh markets. But the men were not forthcoming; the tie of common interests was not strong enough to knit together agricultural 'items;' individual efforts were confronted and beaten by the greed of railway authorities, the wiles of the distributor, the idleness of the consumer, till we have arrived at the only legitimate conclusion which is now staring us in the face—that of starting fresh with a new team. In the meantime, I fear that we must look to an increased exodus from the country districts, and to much privation amongst those who remain. Inferior land will go out of cultivation, and the numbers of our stock, already shrunk by the present drought, will be permanently reduced.

"It is perhaps a small matter that this collapse will clear the air of many crotchets which have of late attached themselves to the land. The advocates of land nationalisation will have the bread taken out of their mouths, for even they must allow it to be better that this loss, grievous as it is, should fall on individuals and not on the State. Those who have seen the cure of all evils in a tenant-right, when that right must be worthless, will hold their tongues. Those who have insisted on heavier taxation will learn that a bankrupt trade cannot stand any fresh burden. Village Councils will not be tempted, in this generation at all events, to invest in holdings which no sane man will care to occupy. The doctrine of unearned increment is, I think, already dead, and the cry of three acres and a cow is only remembered as a move in the game of politics. On the other hand, the simplifying of land transfer, though by no means a panacea, may be recognised as a necessity when a strong man can be found to deal with legal obstruction. Is it too much to hope that when the new start is made Liberals will be less given to attack, and Conservatives will be more staunch to defend, what has been, and may be again, our great agricultural industry.

"Yours, &c., " J. G. EDWARDS.

"Broughton, Stockbridge."

July 15/93 1426 c