

**REMINISCENCES OF A
LITERARY AND
CLERICAL LIFE. IN
THREE VOLUMES, VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649183869

Reminiscences of a literary and clerical life. In three volumes, Vol. II by Frederick Arnold

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FREDERICK ARNOLD

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BY
THE AUTHOR OF "THREE-CORNERED ESSAYS," ETC.

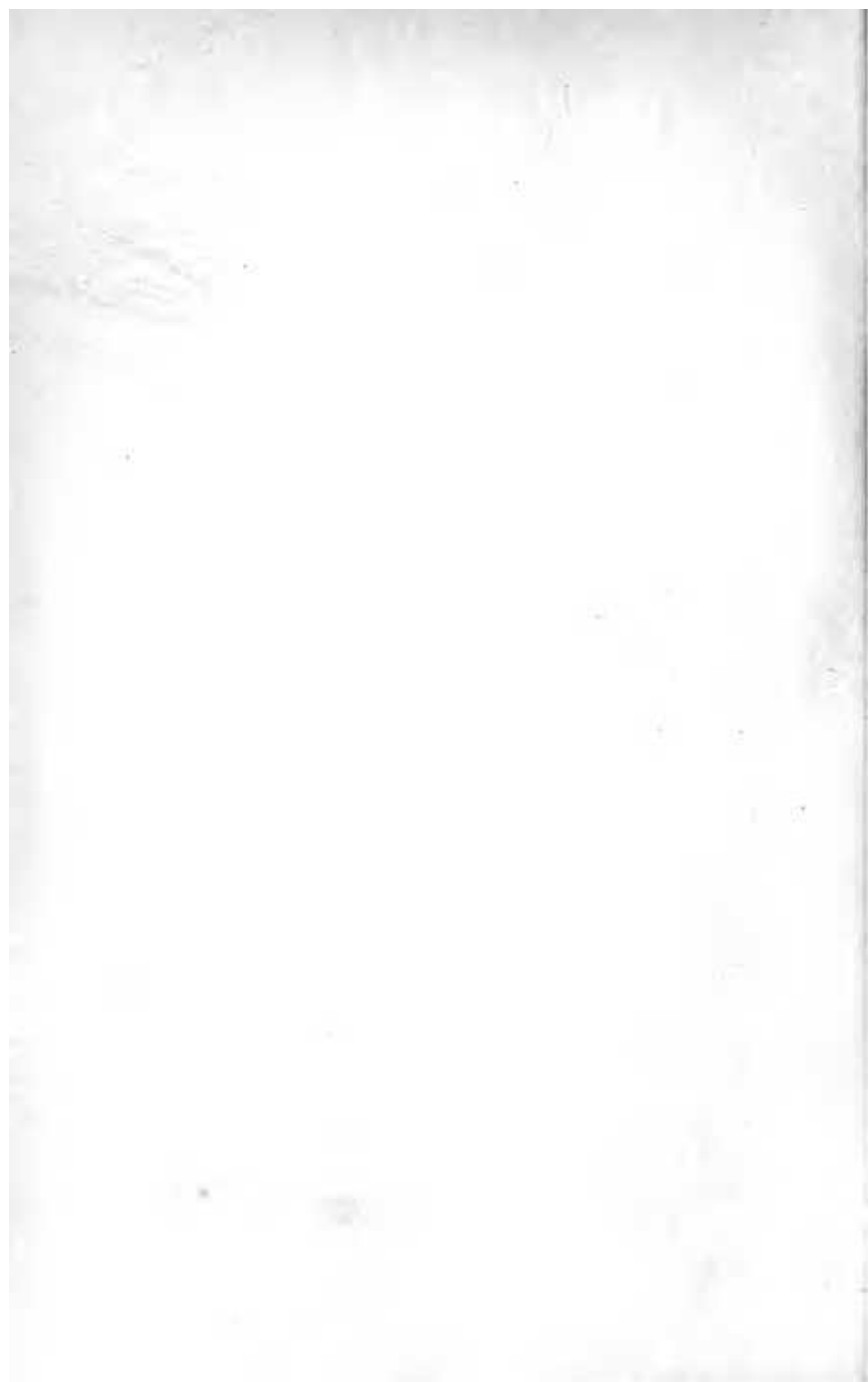
In Two Volumes,
VOL. II.

LONDON
WARD AND DOWNEY,
12, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.
1889.

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REMINISCENCES
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CHAPTER I.

IN THE WEST COUNTRY.

THE condition of health which I have mentioned, very much determined my course for all future years. Except for very occasional years in London, I have always lived south of London, principally on the coast, or very near it, contriving, however, to be in London a longer or shorter time each year. I became by means of my experience, in a small way, a kind of authority on climatology, and indeed contributed a chapter on the subject to a medical work. I know pretty well all the south coast of England, from Broadstairs to Penzance, and beyond to the Scilly Isles. I have stayed, more or less,

at Hastings, Eastbourne, Ventnor, Bournemouth, Dawlish, Torquay, Plymouth, and in different places on the southern Cornish seaboard. I have been down the whole northern coast of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall, making some stay, more or less, at the best-known places. The localities where I found the best protection against the severities of the English winter, and I may also say the severities of the English summer, were Hastings, Ventnor, and Torquay, where you get some measure of protection from the cliffs. I also went all down the south coast of Wales, staying some time at Cardiff, the bays of the peninsula of Gower, Southerdown, Tenby, and round to Aberystwith. I found that I could pass the winters and springs, with care, very tolerably, with the exception of one very serious relapse of some months at Dawlish, another in town, and some weeks at Eastbourne. In after years I took up my quarters at those places on the south coast which were in the easiest connection with London. When I was in town, or near it, I mainly took my holidays on the Continent. Finally I tried the south coast of France for the winter. Two winters, many years back, I passed

on the Cotswolds, and found the dry, bracing air beautiful. To this day I cannot settle the question about the respective merits of a cold climate or a warm climate in chest cases. The doctors will say that they respectively suit different kinds of cases, or perhaps the same cases at different times. The Brompton Hospital people have sent out patients, with not very prosperous results, to Madeira, to try the warm climate; it is to be wished that they would send out another detachment to Davos, to try the effect of the cold. I have twice ventured to pass a winter in London since the time of my last chapter, being, however, very much improved in health, and suffering comparatively little. I did not venture to do so for years, but I thought I had fixed myself in London for the winter, when a good friend and physician, Theodore Williams, dropped in upon me one night to say from himself, and from his father, that I must get out of town, and not think of remaining there for the winter. I remember being struck with two reasons which my friendly doctor gave. One was that it was impossible to keep your feet unaffected by the penetrating mire of the London streets, and the