

**AUTO-BIOGRAPHY
OF FREDERICK
JAMES GANT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649068968

Auto-Biography of Frederick James Gant by Frederick James Gant

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

FREDERICK JAMES GANT

**AUTO-BIOGRAPHY
OF FREDERICK
JAMES GANT**

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY
OF
FREDERICK JAMES GANT, F.R.C.S.



Frederick James Gault

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY

OF

FREDERICK JAMES GANT, F.R.C.S.
CONSULTING SURGEON TO THE ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL
AUTHOR OF
WORKS ON SURGERY, SCIENCE AND RELIGION,
AND WOMEN OF THE TIMES



LONDON
BAILLIÈRE, TINDALL AND COX
8, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN

1905

(All rights reserved)

13269 .75 Wint

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY

I HAVE often thought that next to the things done for good in the course of a man's life, and their interest in the eyes of mankind, the many traits of character which distinguish the same life are scarcely less worthy of record for a true biography—or for none at all.

Such a combined record must be necessarily, for the most part, personally narrated, and a disclosure of strictly private matters, which have tended to build up the character of the writer—reflected, in my own case, in authorship, hospital experiences, and other matters of public concern—being included in the memoir.

It is in the hope and reasonable belief of fulfilling this twofold purpose that the following narrative is now submitted to the public

by the author in his eightieth year, when the rays of light from a world unseen are illuminating his conscience and his memory, and guiding his pen to the truth.

It will, however, be understood, that *all* the recesses of such a life-story could not be laid open without mentioning other persons, even relatives and friends, of whom the mellowness of age is wont to think and speak with that 'charity which never faileth'; and certainly the picture of all one's self-doings and character would be the expression of a retrospect which the writer would not bear to acknowledge as his identity—look upon it he dare not. If censors judge harshly of this confession, let any such one draw his own picture in *full*, and look at that!

Now, passing from this prelude to my story. It begins from the egg, just hatched, showing a bird of many-coloured plumage, flitting through life's devious journey, yet leaving some footmarks behind him, anon soaring beyond the skies, but ever to visit earth again in his love of humanity.

Born December 3, 1825, son of Lieutenant-

Colonel John Castle Gant* (King's Own, 2nd Light Infantry Militia),† I have still one faithful companion left from my earliest childhood to solace or reproach me. Memory and I have lived together since 1828, as certified by his telling me of my grandfather, a little, dark-haired, irascible, but mechanically-good man, who scolded a weakly, red-haired, infantile child for daring to play with the well-nigh nonagenarian's legs as he reposed in his old armchair—yes, there by the fireside, in the dining-room of a small house in Acton Place, Kingsland Road, my father's house adjoining and communicating. Never were two men, as father and son, more unlike. To say more would be an uncharitable digression. I should mention that my grandfather and I were further connected by my having honoured his birthday in making mine the same day in the year. The story goes that, at a small dinner-party, nearer mid-day than midnight, on the anniversary of the 'little, dark-haired man's' natal day, the 'weakly,

* Buried in a vault in Hackney Churchyard.

† Originally, the Home-Army of Defence, when England was threatened with invasion by Napoleon I.