

Peter the Surgeon (temp. Edward II.).

Edward II., in his unfortunate enterprise, the Battle of Bannockburn, would probably be attended by "Peter the Surgeon," for this is the only Surgeon whose name has been found in connection with this reign. In the British Museum is a grant of two tenements in the Parish of St. Mildred, Bread Street, to "Magister Petrus, Surgicus Domini, Rex Angliæ."

John of Ardene (temp. Edward III.).

This remarkable man, who describes himself as a Surgeon among Physicians ("Chirurgus inter Medicos") was born in 1307. He at first practised in Newcastle, but on account of his success came to London and was called to Court. He made specialities of Diseases of the Eye and of Fistula in Ano. Upon the latter subject he wrote a book, and Medical Etiquette being then unknown and the Law of Libel non-existent, he gives in this book the names of his patients, the fees he charged them, and the names of the doctors whom he had supplanted. He went abroad in the suite of Henry Plantagenet, and later was in the train of John of Gaunt. He is also said to have been in attendance upon the Prince of Wales at the Battle of Crécy and to have received from the Prince a grant of lands in the province of Connaught.

It is to John of Arden that we owe the story of the Prince of Wales's Feathers, and the blind King of Bohemia, who fell at Crécy. (See the writer's article upon "Medicine and Heraldry" is "The Antiquary" for December, 1915.)

Nicholas Colnet and Thomas Morestede (temp. Henry V.).

Nicholas Colnet as physician and Thomas Morestede as surgeon both accompanied the King (Henry V.) into France. Both received the same remuneration, namely, one shilling a day and a bodyguard of three archers. As a pledge for the security of their payment, Colnet and Morestede were allowed to hold certain valuable jewels belonging to the King. Morestede took with him twelve assistants, who received sixpence a day apiece. He was provided by the King with money for equipment and also with "a chariot, two waggon, and two sumpter horses."

Morestede was present at the Battle of Agincourt, where he and his twelve assistants must have found abundant scope for their skill, for the casualties are said to have numbered 11,000. Morestede's medical colleague, Colnet, must also have had a busy time, for the English troops suffered terribly from dysentery.

The war over, Morestede took an interest in civil life, and in 1436 was Sheriff of London.

William Clowes (temp. Queen Elizabeth).

William Clowes was the son of Thomas Clowes, and was born at Kingsbury, in Warwickshire, about the year 1540. Coming to London, he studied Surgery under George Keble, and in 1569 was made a member of the Barber-Surgeons Company. He was of a quarrelsome nature, and probably for this reason he never rose to high rank in that Company. Upon one occasion, it is said, he quarrelled with another member of the Company, and the two adjourned to the nearest field to settle the matter with their fists. Possibly it was this pugnacious disposition which induced him to select the Army Medical Service as his *métier*.

In 1563 he accompanied the Earl of Warwick in the expedition against Havre. After this, he was for some time in the Navy. Then he settled in London and was appointed Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. In 1585 he went as Surgeon to the Forces in the expedition against the Low Countries. Later, he served in the Fleet which defeated the Spanish Armada.

Upon returning once more to London he obtained a large practice. Eventually he retired to a country house he had purchased at Plaistow, in Essex, and died there in 1604.

His surgical writing, says Dr. Norman Moore, are of great excellence.

William Gooderus (ibid.).

Gooderus accompanied Clowes to the Netherlands. In this expedition, says, Clowes, neither of them lost single case, although other surgeons "slew more than the enemy did."

Dr. William Harvey (temp. Charles I.).

This great man was not, of course, an Army surgeon; yet he was constantly by the King's side throughout the Civil War, and would doubtless minister to such of the King's ailments as fell within the province of the physician.

At the Battle of Edge Hill, he took charge of the two young Princes in an adjoining field, where, says Aubrey, his biographer, "he tooke out of his pocket a booke and read . . . but the bullet of a greate gun grazed on the ground neare him which made him remove his station."

The King, losing the day at Edge Hill, retreated to Oxford, taking Harvey with him, making Harvey Warden of Merton College. When the King surrendered to the Scots at Newark, Harvey returned to London, and died at his brother's house at Roehampton.

It is curious to note that at Oxford Harvey fell in with young (afterwards Sir Charles) Scarborough, whom he found imbued with the martial

spirit, and whom he advised to "give up gunning if he would become a good doctor."

Sir John Hinton, M.D. (ibid.).

When the Civil War broke out, Hinton, who, like Harvey, was a Physician, attached himself to the Royal Cause, joined the King at York, accompanied the troops from York to Beverley, Hull, and Nottingham, and was present and professionally occupied at the Battle of Edge Hill. He accompanied the King to Oxford, where he was made Physician-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales. When the Prince of Wales fled the country, Hinton followed him, but, unwarily returning to London, was imprisoned by Cromwell, but released by the efforts of some ladies. He received his knighthood from the restored monarch (Charles II.) in 1665.

Richard Pyle (ibid.).

Richard Pyle accompanied the Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles II.) during his campaign in the West of England, and afterwards accompanied him to Jersey, and at the Restoration was appointed Sergeant-Surgeon, with a salary of £150 a year.

Thomas Trapham (temp. Oliver Cromwell).

Thomas Trapham was Surgeon-in-Chief to the Protector and to the Parliamentary Forces. He attended Cromwell at the Battle of Worcester. He is said to have had great influence with the Protector, from whom he could get almost anything he desired. By Cromwell's order he was made M.B. at Oxford, the Protector and his chief officers sitting round in doctors' robes to witness the ceremony. After the execution of Charles I., Cromwell ordered Trapham to embalm the King's body. Trapham did so, and then, standing upon the severed head, said, "I stand on the head of a goose."

In 1654, Trapham was appointed by Cromwell one of the commissioners to examine ministers and schoolmasters as to their ability to preach the Gospel "painfully."

John Watson (temp. Charles II.).

In August, 1660, petitioned the King that he had been sworn-in as Surgeon to the King's father, whom he had served during the late war, and that during the Commonwealth he had been ruined by "imprisonment, plundering, sequestrating, and decimating," and begging to be appointed Sergeant-Surgeon. He was appointed one of the Surgeons-in-Ordinary, with a salary of £40 a year.

Richard Wiseman (ibid.).

Richard Wiseman is a surgeon who is, perhaps, insufficiently remembered. He is seldom mentioned in text-books or referred to in lectures. Yet

to him English surgery owes, among other things: (1) the tying of bleeding vessels with ligature instead of sealing them with pitch; (2) the removal of tonsils by knife instead of by a cautery passed through a tube; and (3) the definition of a wound as a "solution of continuity."

Wiseman was first heard of as an army surgeon on the Royalist side during the Civil War. He followed his fugitive Prince, Charles II., in his travels abroad, and, after the Restoration, was appointed first Surgeon to the Person, then Surgeon-in-Ordinary, and finally Sergeant-Surgeon.

It is interesting to note that when at sea, Wiseman found sea-water an excellent wash for recent wounds.

Wiseman is supposed to have been a natural son of Sir Richard Wiseman, Bart., of Thundersley, Essex, upon which point see the writer's note in the *West London Medical Journal*, July, 1912.

Dr. John Hutton (temp. William III.).

Dr. John Hutton was another physician who engaged in military service. He accompanied King William in his expedition to Ireland, and was present with his Majesty both at the Battle of the Boyne and at the Siege of Limerick. He praises the bravery of the King, who, he says, after being wounded, remained fifteen days in the saddle.

Dr. Hutton was M.D. of Padua and M.P. for Kircudbright.

John Ranby, F.R.S. (temp. George II.).

John Ranby was the last of the Sergeant-Surgeons to accompany the Sovereign into the field of battle. He was present with George II. at the Battle of Dettingen, and although he had nothing to do for the King, his services were required for the King's son, the Duke of Cumberland.

Ranby was the son of an innkeeper in St. Martin's Lane. Upon his retirement from the Army, he was appointed Medical Director of Chelsea Hospital, and lies buried in the graveyard of that hospital.

Ranby published his experience of the German campaign in a work upon Gunshot Wounds, which ran to three editions, and is a notable contribution to the literature of Military Surgery.

John Hunter, F.R.S. (temp. George III.).

This great man entered the Army for health reasons. He was threatened with tuberculosis, and by the advice of his brother, Dr. William Hunter, became a Navy Surgeon and served in the expedition to Belle Isle and Portugal in 1760. The experience he gained during this expedition he published in his work upon "Gunshot" wounds,

which is still regarded as a classic. The war over, Hunter commenced an extensive practice in London, and, in his limited leisure, founded the celebrated museum bearing his name, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. In 1768 he was appointed Surgeon to St. George's Hospital, in 1776 Surgeon-Extraordinary to the King, and in 1786 Deputy-Surgeon to the Army. Hunter died in 1793, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey.

With this brief notice of John Hunter these little sketches of bygone Army Surgeons must cease. Memoirs of the many brave medical men who followed Hunter have been ably written by abler writers. At the conclusion of the present War it will fall to the lot of some memorialist of note to issue a British Medical Roll of Honour such as it has not been possible to issue before.

"PAST AND PRESENT"

In any search for an analogy to the present condition of affairs in Europe the mind naturally turns to the Napoleonic Era. To many the analogy will no doubt appear a close one, and yet the more attentive the study of the facts the more richly will be revealed the points of difference.

Perhaps the most striking resemblance lies in the wide-world extent of the War, although even in this respect the analogy in some measure fails, for hostilities had ceased in Canada and India before Napoleon's star had definitely appeared above the horizon, while Kiao Chou, the Bismarck Archipelago, the Falkland Islands, and German South-West Africa are regions infinitely further remote from the centre of battle than any of the fields fought over during the Napoleonic Period. In Europe, on the other hand, the present War so far has been engaged within narrower limits than those of a century ago. Spain, Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, Scandinavia, and vast tracts of France, Germany, and Austria have scarcely heard a shot. Belgium, Poland, and North-Eastern France, have, as usual, borne the brunt, and for the first time in what may be fairly described as a Pan-European conflagration, all the horrors of war have been suffered by the Balkans.

Another resemblance is that Napoleon sought with the sword to obtain for France the hegemony in Europe as has Wilhelm the Second for Germany. Here the analogy is close, for both strove to establish a military autocracy, and both showed the most complete indifference to civilians' rights; for there is little, if any, evidence that Napoleon, unless it suited his immediate purpose, appreciated any of those principles enunciated in the Rights of

Man, principles so liberal that many of them, not even to-day, are incorporated in our Social System. Close though the analogy be, there is yet a notable difference in the personality of the protagonists. Napoleon had genius—a genius for War, a genius for Organisation—and was spurred on by a purely personal ambition; whereas Wilhelm's ability has never been such that it could be mistaken for genius by even the most generous of his admirers, and he has been impelled into a struggle for, it is thought, dynastic reasons.

A further resemblance between the two periods is found in the Atrocities. Whatever heights we may hereafter reach in virtue, it may be at once admitted that we can never exceed in depth the horrors of the Past. The atrocities committed in Belgium in 1914 are almost identical with those committed by the Russians, Austrians, and Prussians in France in 1814, atrocities which for devilish ingenuity could not be, and have not been, surpassed. It must, however, be admitted that something of what was done during the earlier period might be regarded as reprisals by the soldiers for what their country and countrymen had suffered at the hands of the French. No such extenuation can be urged for the crimes committed on Belgium. The crimes against History and Art as the destruction of Libraries and Churches, the complete contravention of international law, and the disregard of all the principles of chivalry, are features of the present War which it is difficult to parallel in any former conflict.

The attitude of the High Command on this subject has also undergone an ominous change. Now it would appear that the encouragement, if not the initiation, of excesses has formed part of the strategy of the Military Staff, whereas formerly some attempt appears to have been made to maintain order and discipline among the troops. General York had the decency to say, "I thought I had the honour of commanding a corps of the Prussian Guard; I find I command a band of brigands."

If the two epochs approximate in three striking features, they equally diverge in three important particulars.

The steadiness of the alliances among both groups of belligerents has been one of the most marked distinctions between the two periods. Russia has given us anxious moments, and there are signs that disruptive forces are at work among our enemies; but so far at least, and it may be equally due to a sense of honour as to a sense of self-interest, the various belligerents have hung together. In the time of Napoleon, on the other hand, the peculiar relationship of the Emperor of Austria, "Papa Beau-père," made the position of

Austria difficult and doubtful, while Russia had already once made peace very much to the disadvantage of Prussia at the dramatic meeting on the Raft on the Niemen. A secret addition to this Treaty of Tilsit was directed against England, Russia's ally, and it is thought that it was Canning's learning through his secret service of the provisions of this that led to Nelson's seizure of the Danish Fleet at Copenhagen. There can be little doubt there was a considerable amount of bad faith between the allies.

Another difference between the Past and Present is the unanimity with which the peoples have supported their Governments and the glowing interest with which they have followed their armies. With the exception of certain of the Slav population in Austro-Hungary, the various nations have each remained steadily united. Such was notoriously not the case in France, where the Royalist party had never ceased to be active on behalf of the Bourbons, those "revenants," as the Marquise de Coigny called them. Many formerly of Napoleon's party had withdrawn their support, and drank *à la dernière victoire de l'Empereur*. Talleyrand's mot as Napoleon takes the field, "C'est le commencement de la fin," passes from mouth to mouth. Well might Napoleon say, "I know well that I am leaving behind me in Paris enemies besides those I am going to fight."

The third distinguishing feature of a major kind is to be found in what may be termed the secondary aim of the War. The primary aim now as formerly is to prevent the establishment in Europe of a military autocratic rule. The secondary aim, however, is widely different. A century ago the efforts of statesmen were directed to the strengthening of the various Great European Dynasties and the abolition of the small independent nations which it was thought had not the strength to organise their own defence, and merely served to tempt their more powerful neighbours to aggrandise themselves at their expense. Now, on the other hand, it appears that the energy of statesmen will be applied to the removal of all but the most democratic dynasties and to the reconstitution of the smaller nations with probably some form of loose confederation.

Time brings many changes, dissolving many fears and shattering many hopes. Pitt's policy of inviting Prussia to the left bank of the Rhine in order to support Belgium against the aggression of France sounds strange in our ears; that our later policy, whatever it may be, will not sound equally strange in the ears of posterity only the sanguine will believe.

A further comparison may be readily instituted between the military operations of Napoleon and

those of the present Franco-British Armies—a comparison which possesses special interest when the operations are conducted over the same ground and directed to the same end.

The last days of 1813 found France, as now, invaded. Two large armies—the Army of Bohemia under Schwarzenberg in the South and the Army of Silesia under Blücher in the North—crossed the Rhine on a wide front between Basel and Coblenz, and directed their advance on Paris. On January 26th, 1814, Napoleon, leaving Chalons, suddenly falls on Blücher's Army, defeating it at Brienne. Blücher falls back on Schwarzenberg at la Rothière, where again battle is joined. This time the French, greatly outnumbered, are compelled to retire, retreating across the Aube to Troyes. Their entry into Troyes is described as lamentable. All the streets were deserted, the inhabitants keeping inside their houses behind locked doors and shuttered windows. The Army had become a rabble of beaten, hungry, and dispirited men. Had the Allies pressed their advantage, it seems probable that the campaign of 1814 might have ended there and then, and the greatness of Napoleon might never have been clearly shown, for it is by the way he bore the adverse fortunes of 1814 that his claim to greatness can be most certainly established. In the whole French Army he is said at this juncture to have been the only man who did not despair. Arrived in Troyes, he at once began to refit his Army and collect all possible reinforcements. He then waited to see what the Allies would do. They, after a fortnight's delay, resumed their advance on Paris, Blücher advancing along the Marne, Schwarzenberg along the Seine. Blücher thus exposes his left flank to Napoleon who, rapidly advancing through Sezanne, cuts the Silesian Army in two at Champaubert. Moving westward, he defeats the two leading Corps at Montmirail and drives them in disorder through Chateau Thierry to beyond the Ourcq. Blücher, ignorant of what has happened, and true to his *nom-de-guerre* (Vorwaerts), continues to advance. On the night of February 13, Napoleon leaves Chateau Thierry, and early in the morning of the next day attacks the two remaining Corps as they debouch from Vauchamps. Taken in the rear by the French Cavalry who, under Grouchy, have worked round to Fromentière, what remains of the Silesian Army retreats in the utmost confusion to Chalons.

It was now, however, time that Napoleon turned his attention to the Army of Bohemia, the advance guards of which had reached Fontainebleau. On the 15th he was at Meaux, on the 16th at Guignes. Linking up his armies, he moves rapidly on through Mormant, Nangis, Valjouan, Donnemarie, and

Provins. Schwarzenberg seeks an armistice, which is refused, and the retreat of his Army continues until Troyes is reached, before which town the Army is drawn up in line of battle, its right resting on the Seine, its left at the village of St. Germain. On the 23rd of February, Napoleon prepares to attack; the previous night, however, Schwarzenberg, although in superior numbers, withdrew his army beyond the Aube, leaving only a screen of troops before Troyes. These remaining troops are the next day allowed to evacuate the town, threatening otherwise to destroy it. On February 24th Napoleon re-enters Troyes, amid scenes of the greatest enthusiasm, the people pressing forward to clasp his boots and kiss his hands.

He prepares to pursue the enemy beyond the Aube, when, on the morning of February 25th, he hears from Marmont that Blücher is marching on Sezanne—"Je l'arrêterai le plus que je pourrai." A day was to come when Marmont was to be pointed at as the man who betrayed the Emperor, but that day was not yet. Retreating Westward, fighting as he goes, Marmont crosses the Marne at La Ferté sous Jouarre, where he is joined by Mortier, who at

his summons has come South from Soissons. On February 27th, the two Marshals are at Meaux, prepared to defend the right bank of the Marne. At midnight of the same day Napoleon leaves Troyes, ready to repeat his manoeuvre of a fortnight ago, only this time he will fall on the rear of Blücher, instead of on his flank. Blücher has, however, forty-eight hours' start, and, crossing the Marne at La Ferté sous Jouarre, gains further time by destroying the bridge. His plan is to cross the Ourcq and take Meaux in the rear. To counter this, Marmont and Mortier move out from Meaux, the former to May, the latter to Lisy. On the night of February 28th, six thousand fresh French troops are brought up from Paris. We here have, therefore, a very striking analogy to what was to occur a hundred years later, when Gallieni's Army was brought up from behind Paris, and fighting along the Ourcq beat in the German Right under Von Klück.

On March 1st, Blücher attempted the crossing of the Ourcq, but was repulsed. Preparing to renew the attack the following day, he learns that Napoleon is at Jouarre with his advance guard at



La Ferté sous Jouarre. Owing to the destruction of the bridge, Napoleon is not across the Marne until March 3rd. Blücher's position is now perilous; safety lies in rapid retreat across the Aisne. Unfortunately for him, however, the only stone bridges across this river are at Soissons, a town held by the French, and at Berry-au-Bac, to reach which last he would have to march his Army across Napoleon's front. His Army was, moreover, in the last stage of fatigue; in the last seventy-two hours it had fought three battles and made three night marches. His position seemed hopeless, when occurred what Thiers refers to as after the Battle of Waterloo the greatest disaster in French History—Soissons capitulated, and over its great bridge during the whole day and night of March 4th, the Army of Blücher passed into comparative safety. Had Soissons held out, as it most certainly could have done for a further few hours, the whole course of events might have been changed.

Napoleon was infuriated. He ordered the arrest of Moreau, the Commandant, as well as the other members of the Council of Defence, and their trial before a military commission, and "pour Dieu see that they are shot in twenty-four hours on la place de Grève. Il est temps de faire des exemples."

Napoleon, not halting, swings to the right, crosses the Aisne at Berry-au-Bac—Blücher expecting him to cross at Venizel or Missy—and prepares to advance along the great Reims-Laon road.

Blücher has now, however, rested his Army, and has received important reinforcements—the Corps of Bülow and of Winzingerode, which Castlereagh had been instrumental in detaching from Bernadotte's command. While Napoleon's plan was now to seize Laon, Blücher's objective was to occupy the high plateau which extends from Corbeny in the East to Soissons in the West, parallel to and between the rivers Aisne and Ailette, from which plateau he might fall on Napoleon's left flank. Napoleon at once saw that he could not advance until the menace to his flank had been removed; in other words, he had to give battle.

To understand the battle of Craonne it is necessary to know the nature of the battlefield. As already stated, a high plateau of Chalk extends from East to West, parallel to and North of the Aisne. On both its North and South sides this plateau drops almost perpendicularly to the plain. On each of these sides it is cut into by sharp defiles while near its Eastern end a part is more or less detached—the small plateau of Craonne. In the relatively low-lying ground between the two plateaus is situated the farm of Hurtebise, past which winds the Chemin des Dames, made for the Princesses of France who were in the habit of making country excursions to the old Chateau de

la Bove. At the farm the road turns sharply to the West along the great plateau, and joins the Laon-Soissons road at Ange-Gardien.

The value of Hurtebise lay in the fact that whoever held it was on the Chemin des Dames, was on the road which gave readiest access to the great Plateau.

On March 6th, Blücher occupied both plateaus, as well as the Farm. During that day, however, he was dislodged from the small Plateau, and Ney, who had worked round the Eastern end of the Plateau and had taken the Abbaye de Vauclerc in the valley of the Ailette, attacking from the North, seized the farm of Hurtebise. Furious fighting now took place in and around the farm, which is said to have been taken and re-taken three times in the course of the afternoon. After night had fallen, Ney evacuated the position, bivouacking his troops halfway between the Farm and the Abbaye. He himself slept the night at the Chateau de la Bove.

In the evening, Napoleon prepared his plans which were to bombard the Great Plateau from the Small Plateau across the depression in which lay the farm of Hurtebise, while Ney, passing through Ailles, was to deliver the main attack on the enemy's flank from the North, Nansouty at the same time making a vigorous demonstration from Vassoignes in the South. Blücher's plan, on the other hand, was, while retaining a strong force on the Great Plateau, and holding the farm of Hurtebise, to make a wide turning movement, sending cavalry and artillery under Winzingerode round through Festieux to fall on the rear of the French, to conduct, in other words, the same manoeuvre from which he himself had so hardly escaped with his life at Vauchamps. Unfortunately for Blücher, owing to the unnecessarily wide detour, the badness of the roads, the weather, and the slowness of Winzingerode—the first bungler in Europe, as Blücher called him—long before the movement could be completed, it was seen to be too late. The battle of Craonne therefore resolved itself simply into an attack from three sides on an elevated and naturally strong position held in force—or, in other words, a fortress. It was a battle which required for victory all the élan which Ney was so well able to inspire, a battle in which many positions were only taken after six assaults, in which neither a prisoner nor a gun was captured, and in which it is estimated that a fourth of the combatants lay dead or wounded on the field. The final victory was to the French, and Blücher withdrew his force to Laon. How close is the analogy between the manoeuvres of 1814 and those of 1917 will be seen by referring to any map which shows the present line of battle, or to the official communications. At the moment, the French hold the

Eastern portion of the Chemin des Dames and the Farm of Hurtebise. A communiqué headed Paris, May 4th, 1917, states that "a brilliantly conducted operation made us masters of the village of Craonne and of several strong points east and North of that place."

So History repeats itself, as here, with remarkable fidelity, while the irony which so often lurks in human affairs is plain for all to see—the Chemin des Dames, built as the avenue to an abode of Peace, has, for a second time, become the very highway of War! W.W.

THE GOTHIC REVIVAL—I.

Some 50 years ago Charles Kingsley, the friend of Huxley, Owen and our own Dr. Letheby introduced into that most delightful of fairy books "The Water Babies," a curious version of the Greek myth of Prometheus and Epimetheus. Prometheus the sharp clever inventive elder brother is ever looking forward and guessing as to the future; Epimetheus the slow and dull looks back at the past till he comes to know it so well that he is able to recognise a certain order and sequence in the course of events, and to feel sure that history will under certain circumstances repeat itself. The guesses of Prometheus in Kingsley's story were nearly all wrong, whereas the inductions of Epimetheus were so correct that his fellows came to regard him as more than a prophet.

At the present time many are asking themselves what will happen in the years after the War, not so much the months in which the chaos and confusion must be set right, but the 10 or 20 years which will follow. How will political and social movements shape themselves? What will be the future of the medical profession? How will the Democracy use its undoubted power? Careful and complete examination with accurate analysis of the forces at work to-day would, no doubt, lead to correct solutions of these problems, but "who is sufficient for these things?" There remains the other and less ambitious method of looking back at the past, and if we come to particulars we are led to consider the conditions which prevailed here at home and in Europe generally after the close of the Napoleonic Wars; and the changes introduced by the 20 years of contest; changes which profoundly modified the whole condition of the people at large.

I am not competent to deal with so large a topic, but I invite my readers (if such there be!) to consider with me the changes in one small corner of the field of enquiry. I mean the changes in

Architecture which are so evident to anyone who compares the current ideas and the carrying out of those ideas in, let us say, 1750 and 1850, the middle years of the 18th and 19th centuries, or the mid Georgian and mid Victorian periods.

In 1750 the architects of the day were fully persuaded that the revived classical styles, and they alone, were suitable for modern times. Public buildings, town halls, churches, mansions in the country, small houses in the streets, all were designed by men steeped in classical architecture, and familiar with classical ornaments and details. The result was often graceful, and nearly always pleasing. Our own hospital at one time had a long and simple front which was at any rate free from all trivial detail, and presented no incongruities, but of this front only one door, a few windows and the cornice now remain; Guy's has been more fortunate. The entrance gates and the first court are singularly graceful examples of Georgian work. The old buildings of St. Thomas', which once stood opposite to Guy's, must have been extremely dignified to judge from what is still left of them in Southwark Chapter House and the College of St. Saviour, where the Minor Canons of Southwark Cathedral live together, and are very proud of their old house. No one could have supposed that in two generations the old designs would be obsolete, the mouldings abandoned and the ornaments forgotten, but so it came to pass. The despised "Gothic" architecture of the middle ages began to attract attention as far back as the days of Horace Walpole who at Strawberry Hill erected a sham Gothic "Villa," and composed a Gothic romance "The Castle of Otranto," which had a great vogue in its day. I have tried to read it, but I gave it up, as it set me roaring with laughter at its grotesque absurdities. Its author was most amusing when he attempted to be serious and impressive. His architecture was, I believe, equally absurd.

During the Napoleonic Wars, and for some years after them, no one had any spare money for the graces and amenities which mean so much in a great city. The dark red brick walls and bright red pantiles of Georgian London were replaced by dull yellow stock bricks and slates. The columns and pediments without which no house could claim distinction were beyond the means of those who had to provide for the rapidly increasing suburbs, and plain useful buildings sprang up on all sides. One good thing happened: panelling disappeared. It was a perfect place for dust, dirt, bugs, fleas, and probably T.B.s., but alas another thing happened. The new walls were damp, for the stock bricks were porous and soft, so there came in the dreadful practice of coating the walls with stucco—cement and sand; as this was liable to peel after a frost it was painted—drab! The whole of Regent Street was, till recently, an awful

example of what can be done with cheap materials hidden by plaster which *must* be protected by paint. The fashion spread, and for 30 years after Waterloo, English architecture, public and private, civil and ecclesiastical, was smothered in stucco, e.g., St. Margaret's, Lee, S.E. Neither design nor decoration could live or thrive, and the old details of the classical architects who flourished before the French Revolution were so vulgarised, and so debased, that nothing but extinction remained possible for them, especially when reproduced in stucco, or worse still, in plaster of Paris, and painted "stone colour."

Sir Walter Scott's novels had turned men's thoughts to the Middle Ages, and his wonderful knowledge of the life and colour of the days of chivalry made his readers dissatisfied more than ever with the drab monotony of their surroundings. The Oxford movement had set the Church of England wondering whether the rational religion of Bishop Butler and the architecture of Wren and his followers were after all better than the work of the builders of our Cathedrals and the compositions of S. Thomas Aquinas. The Roman Catholic Church obtained its freedom even before the influence of the Duke of Wellington had seriously waned—and in spite of it. Rickman, Pugin, Bloxam, Parker, Brittain and Gilbert Scott had begun to study the buildings of the mediæval architects from the Conquest to the age of Elizabeth, and to try to adapt their designs to the wants of their patrons, many of them new men who had come to the front in the great upheaval which was bound to take place as soon as the nation recovered from the exhaustion of the war.

In another direction the Reform Bill ended the old state of things in Politics and began the new age in which the House of Commons at once became supreme. Here again new forces, undreamt of in the Parliaments that listened to Pitt, Fox and Burke, came to the front. In every direction men shook themselves free from their traditional ties, and looked about them with a new and hardly realised freedom. This movement culminated in the widespread activities of 1848.

To return to our subject. Who were the men who turned the eyes of their fellows back to the old paths in architecture? and how far did they succeed in creating a real and genuine Art? Why did the tide flow for so long, and then—somewhere about 1880—not merely ebb, but disappear apparently for ever.

As a boy at Rugby School, I had the good fortune to know Matthew Holbeche Bloxam, F.S.A., then over 70 years of age. He had published, nearly 50 years before, a little octavo volume about half an inch thick, binding and all, on "Gothic Architecture," and was only too delighted to talk to anyone interested in his favourite subject. He still worked at his book,

and in 1882 brought out the 11th edition of it; he died in 1888, aged 83. He was one of the 7 sons of a well known Oxford clergyman. By profession he was a Solicitor, and architecture was merely the occupation of his leisure hours. He was a great authority on all connected with ancient British and Roman Roads, Earthworks and Burial Grounds, and many a long walk have I had with him on the Roman and British lines in Warwickshire. He was a great collector of every kind of antiquity, armour, flint weapons, printed books, pictures, woodwork,—nothing came amiss, and his house was a fascinating museum filled with the accumulations of his long and industrious life. He had an enthusiastic love for his old School, and before our most omnivorous Natural History Society, which had an Antiquarian Section! he read a paper on the School as he had known it. It closed with the words—"Be sure that whatever happens you will never forget your old School "and you will never forget your old playground." Rugby has a very fine "Close."

Thomas Rickman began life as a grocer and did not attempt to obtain work as an architect till his 42nd year! though he had for a long time given the whole of his leisure to the careful study of mediæval buildings. About the year 1825 he published his book, "An attempt to discriminate the Styles of Architecture in England," in which he divided mediæval architecture in accordance with the shapes of the arches used by the architects of various periods as follows:—

| | |
|--------------|---|
| Round | Saxon and Norman. |
| 1st Pointed. | Early English. Lancet arches. |
| 2nd Pointed. | Decorated ... Equilateral arches. |
| 3rd Pointed. | Perpendicular. Obtuse or compound arches. |

These divisions have been generally adopted and form the basis of all subsequent classifications not only in this country but elsewhere. The nomenclature of architecture as based on Rickman's work, as that of geology, rests on the patient journeys of William Smith, a humble Surveyor. Science and art were not unknown outside Germany after all, even in the days of Goethe. I have seen one of Rickman's churches, Stretton-on-Dunsmore, Warwickshire. Nowadays it would be called a very poor and lifeless copy devoid of all artistic merit, etc., *ad. lib.* I cannot say that even in my own early enthusiasm for Gothic architecture, I preferred it to the famous Church of S. Mary's, at Warwick, built in pseudo Gothic about 1720, with a strong leaning to classical work. Rickman settled at Birmingham, and for 20 years had a large practice. He died in 1841, aged 66. He came of a Quaker family. He founded no school, and does not seem to have left behind him any successor.

G. JONES.

A GLIMPSE OF LIFE IN A RESERVE UNIT OF THE I.E.F.

At the other end of the world, so they say, there is a War. But not here. Not within thousands of miles of here. This is the back of the front, where we wait, week after week, month after month, for our turn to come.

We climb the hills, explore the valleys, and follow winding and cobweb-strewn jungle paths to Katuri camps. We splash through the mud of rice-fields, thread our way through processions of pilgrims celebrating their feasts, and bargain for curios in the bazaar. We take photographs of waterfalls and village children. We dole out scanty backsheesh to conjurors and snake-charmers. We spend hours on the verandah, following the example of the celebrated country yokel: "Sometimes I sits and thinks, and sometimes I just sits." We collect butterflies. We kill large black ants, lots of them.

There is no War here. Not within thousands of miles. But who can say how soon it will come?

All the morning has been spent in an expedition to the top of a rocky hill near by. Now, after lunch, we sprawl inelegantly in misshapen easy chairs on the verandah. It is hot, very hot. It is preternaturally quiet here, far away from cities and from work. This whitewashed plaster wall, this floor of cocoanut matting—we have looked at it all a thousand times before. There is nothing arresting in the bamboo trellis, nothing of absorbing interest in the red-tiled roof. Even the lizard hanging head downwards from a beam, shows no sign of life. His tail, in the bright sunlight, gleams with a lemon-yellow colour. It is like carbolic lotion, 1 in 20. The sky against which he is silhouetted, is blue, like perchloride, 1 in 1,000. The tiles overhead remind one of the bottles of biniodide in spirit (3i to 5i makes 1 in 1,000), a dull red. Somewhere near—it must be where the women are filling their big brass pots at the well—there is a faint clatter and splash, as though a theatre attendant were taking instruments out of a steriliser and dropping them (with all imaginable care) into a tray. The air drifting slowly across from the jungle, bears vague odours, sometimes they dimly suggest anaesthetics. From time to time a figure, dressed in loose white robes, walks silently by, like a surgeon in his aseptic gown.

For a long while it has been like this, but we have nearly finished operating now. There has

been heavy fighting, and a big convoy of wounded has come in. They have had a rough time, these men. The ambulance train was held up miles away—a derailed supply train blocked the line. We heard by telephone just as we were finishing work yesterday afternoon. So we went out at sunset with the motor ambulances. It was dark when we gave the password to the sentries at the city boundary. Then came the long straight road, lined with tall poplars. Carefully, Pierre! Not so fast. Remember the barriers, the big tree-trunks laid across the road, and the pits and barbed wire every few miles. We halted for a few minutes in a village, and while the petrol-tank was replenished we walked up and down to keep warm, for there was a hard frost last night. A moment longer, Pierre, to look at the map. Voilà, encore dix kilomètres, à peu près. We must pass the bridge, and then turn to the left, down the hill, to the wayside station where the train has been shunted while the breakdown ahead is put right. And in half an hour we are soothing an excited station-master who, unaccustomed to these responsibilities, is explaining to a harassed médecin-major how impossible it is to find food for so many in this village. A few women from the cottages near by are carrying bowls of soup and coffee along the train.

Another hour, to see the cases which require attention, to change a few dressings, and to transfer the most severely injured, who cannot wait till the line is clear, to our ambulances. One or two have been carried into the little goods shed, where they lie very still, with their faces covered. A woman enters with steaming coffee, stops short, then hurries away, with a muttered prayer.

And then the journey back, at a walking pace, at first, until we reach the main road, then a little faster, while Pierre carefully avoids the ruts. In the early hours of the morning we get back. The night sister, warned by telephone from the station, has all in readiness for their reception. This one can wait, with a little morphia, till he has got over the journey. That is gas gangrene in the foot—tell the theatre people we shall have an amputation in half an hour. Here is a head injury that must be trephined. This one can wait, so can the next. But that must be done to-night.

So we began, as the dawn crept up in the East. We have done the amputation, and the head case. There is only this—

"Beg pardon, sir; but will you have tea now, sir?"

We awake with a start, to find ourselves here, in India. The hospital in France was only a vision, born out of the heat, the silence, and the dreary absence of anything to keep the mind in the world of real things.

"Shall I bring your tea now, sir?" "Yes, bring it along."

We look at the retreating form of the orderly. With a peculiarly ferocious and concentrated vehemence, we long to rush after him and amputate his leg for wholly fictitious gas-gangrene. Only by a supreme effort of will do we check the furious impulse to dash the very largest and most impossible trephine into his entirely unoffending skull.

Who can say how much longer we shall live here in peace? War, red war, floats constantly before our eyes. In the heat of the day we see shattered limbs, in the darkness of the night we smell blood. Thousands of miles away, at the other end of the world, there is a War.

DONALD C. NORRIS, Lieut., R.A.M.C.,
No. 44, General Hospital, I.E.F.

A STALKING REMINISCENCE

In my "stalking-life" I have had many days ever to be remembered, and the pleasure of going all over them again to myself—I do not, I hope, inflict them often on my friends—does not get less as I get older. In fact, every night of my life I get away from "things" that might trouble and go stalking, and so to sleep.

The 13th October, 1916, was one of my red letter days, not only because it was a successful day, but because the unexpected happened. I had taken Achdaliu Forest, near Fort William, from Cameron of Lochiel. The stags, by many signs, were more backward than they had been for years past, and we had hardly heard one roar before the 1st October. The East wind is a bad one for that forest, and we had it as the prevailing wind for two weeks before the 13th, so Lochiel allowed me to stalk till the 13th, instead of ending on the 10th. The 10th would be too late in most forests, but not so in Achdaliu, which apparently is always rather a late forest, and in that district all the forests are stalked till the 10th. Even when the wind was not in the East it had, that season, blown a hurricane which made the stalking exceedingly

difficult because of the swirling eddies in the corries.

I had not been lucky in getting any good heads. The best stags were all in the sanctuary of the Achnacary Forest, which marched with Achdaliu, and had not been disturbed. But there was one stag I had seen several times, a very fine nine-pointer, and three times had I tried in vain to get within shot of him. On each of these days he had been with the same lot of hinds, in the same place, on the side of a hill facing N. East. Imagine a teacup broken in half, and you have the shape of that corrie. The broken side faced N. East.

On one of these three days when a hurricane blew from the West, and came over the top of the unbroken side of the cup—to continue my simile—it seemed easy enough to go into the corrie on the N. East side, and work up wind and get within shot. This was so obvious that I could not understand why Macdonald, the stalker, one of the best have I ever stalked with, did not propose it directly we had spied the stag in this corrie. I soon learned why.

I asked him why he was spying other hills when our much longed for stag was in such an easy place. "You can't get him there, he would get your wind before you could get to that black rock," was his answer,—and then he explained to me the difficulty of stalking in that corrie in a high wind. It was indeed a high wind by this time, with sleet which cut one's face, and came over the top in long white curtain-like columns.

I do not say I disbelieved him, but I thought he had perhaps been unduly discouraged by failures he had told me of in that corrie, but I said we would try. So we started, and we had got to the black rock, about 800 yards from the stag and the hinds, when the weather got so bad we were obliged to shelter under it and try to eat our luncheon before it got reduced to pulp. Then I had to admit he was right. Though the wind was blowing straight from the stag to us, as the long ghost-like columns of sleet shewed plainly enough, yet when they got past us, some would be caught by the wind striking the side of the hill, and back they would come, swirling past us, straight to the stag.

You see, or rather feel, the same thing happen in a motor. Though you are rushing through the air, yet there is a wind behind you which you feel all down your back, and your hat is blown off forwards.

We had not been there many minutes before the deer got our wind, and at once collected together, and went up wind over the top and out of the corrie. "It's no good going after them, they will not rest on the other side of the hill in

this wind, it is too exposed," said Macdonald. I did not feel like disputing anything then, except the suggestion that we should make a long walk to spy another hill. It was too beastly.

Twice more, on other days, despite the fact that failure was almost certain, did we try, and all in vain, to get within shot of that stag.

But all this was past history on the 13th of October, and here we were on the last day of the season. I had given up all hopes of getting that stag.

On the 13th I rode up to Macdonald's house arriving at 8, summer-time. He told me he had already spied our "teacup" corrie and the hill above it, and had seen nothing of the stag, nor of any other, but added, "We will go up higher and see if there is anything else." We went up the path and got on to a flat between two hills, the teacup corrie,—the top of which was 2,200 feet high,—on our left, and a 2,500 feet high hill called Phòbull on our right. We sat down and spied, and soon made out a nice stag half way up Phòbull with about ten hinds. "That one will do, won't it?" said I. "Yes, indeed, I think he is a Royal, but we can't get him to where he is unless we go right round Phòbull."

Well, it was worth a try, so we started off up the 2,500 feet. Again an awful day with sleet and snow, but we got very hot walking, and in about an hour had got round, mercifully not having to go right over the top. The hill was very steep, and I thought of the advice given in 1838 by Scrope in his famous "Deer Stalking" as to the easiest way to walk up a steep hill. "This hill," he wrote, "is too steep to walk heel and toe,—just stick the side of one foot horizontally against the hill, and bring up your other underneath it, keeping the same foot always uppermost." This

may be all very well but it is a precious slow way of getting along. I always find in walking up a steep hill that it is a great help to breathe out as your left foot touches the ground in front, and inspire as it comes back. The words of a stalker to my twin brother occurred to me as being equally applicable to myself. My brother had apologised for not keeping up as well as he had the year before, and the stalker said quite civilly, "You're gotten deaf, you've gotten fat, and you're varry 'slow.'" So was I.

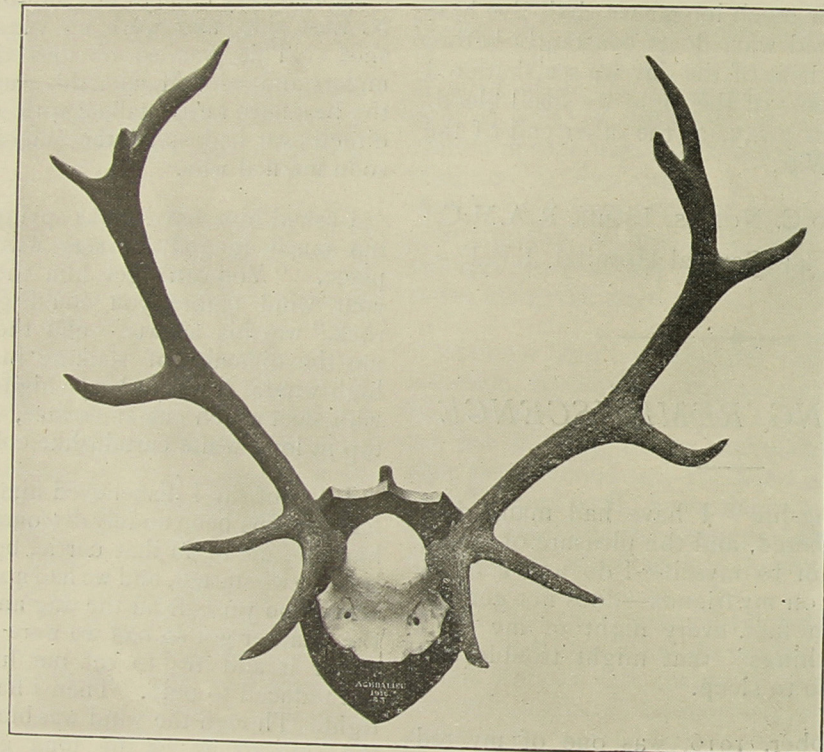
When we were sufficiently high, Macdonald found the deer again at once. I could not have done so. It is always difficult unless you know the ground very well, not to lose the sense of direction when going a long way round, stones and rocks seen from one place look so different when seen from the other side, and all the landmarks you have sworn to yourself to remember have disappeared.

To our dismay when we got "there" we found two hinds lying down in such a position between us and where we knew the stag to be, that we had no chance, till they moved, of seeing him.

"There is nothing to do but to wait," said Macdonald, very

unlike his general policy, as he is not of the waiting type of stalker. I was never out on a day when I felt less inclined to wait. But wait we did for a whole hour, and then I felt so frozen that I

declared I should not be able to feel the trigger if we waited much longer. To get warm we left the hinds and went to spy the other side of the hill; nothing there, so we came back only to find



The Royal.

these blessed hinds still guarding their Chief. Macdonald settled to try and move them, and did so in the right way, which is not, as many men will do, by making a noise, but by showing something moving. He put his hand up just by the side of a rock, and moved it slowly to and fro. When deer see something moving, they are not startled as they are if they hear a strange noise, nor of course are they disturbed half as much as if they get your wind. When they see something move their first sensation is not that of danger, but of curiosity. Up got the hinds—down went the hand. They did not much like what they had seen, became uneasy, and walked away slowly over the ridge to warn the rest of the herd.

We at once took the rifle out of its case, loaded it, and ran forward as carefully as possible. We got to the ridge in time to see the two hinds just reaching the other deer, who all put their heads up, with a sort of "What's the matter?" look, and I saw the stag beyond them still lying down with his head away from me. I had rather a long shot at him, and did not take trouble enough in my hurry, and missed him, the bullet going over his neck. Up he jumped, and all the hinds gathered together between me and the stag, uncertain where the noise came from. I felt sure I should not get another shot, but luckily they moved and left him broadside to me, and I killed him—an easy shot—through the heart. He had not a big head, but he was a Royal, and all the 12 points of fair size.

It was then 2 o'clock—new time. It seemed hopeless to go on, the day was so bad, but Macdonald was very anxious to see what was on the other side of what I have called the teacup corrie, and said the clouds seemed lifting. They did lift, and by the time we had climbed 2,000 of the 2,200 feet, the sun was out and the day good-tempered.

Below us when we got to the top, was a steep grass slope running down to the burn 2,000, or so, feet below. We could not spy all of it at once, so we gradually worked down hill, spying carefully on both sides, and below us, as the ground gradually came in sight. We soon made out a large lot of hinds below us, and felt sure there would be a stag with them, so we sat down and slid slowly forwards.

Sitting down we were, for the first 200 yards or so, out of sight of the deer, and we could get along at a good pace, but we very carefully kept our eyes right and left of us as more and more ground came in sight, lest any other deer should be about, or in our way. The wind was now coming from our right, more North in it than when we had got the Royal, and so our greatest danger was lest there should be any deer on our left who would get our wind, and galloping off would certainly take with them the deer below us. Down

and down we slid, and very cold and wet it was. At last we got to a rock where we could safely stand up and spy the whole herd. How anxiously I put up my glass. I knew it was my last chance that season.

"Do you see any stag?" said Macdonald.

"I can see several," I replied. "Don't you see your favourite,—he is there in the middle of them?"

This was indeed an unexpected surprise. I shifted forward a little. Yes, there he was, and a magnificent beast he looked, with long horns, a fairly wide spread, and big tops. A stag you want very much,—and I did want this one very much,—always looks like a Wapiti till you have killed him, then he is sometimes disappointing. He looms still bigger if you are unfortunate enough to miss him. But there was no mistake about the stag below me, and the other stags evidently realised this as he hunted them away from his hinds. Not one would stand up to him. He was very restless, galloping after any hind which ventured to stray, driving her back to the others, and chasing away other stags. Every now and then he would stand still, look round for any rival stag, and then reach out his great thick neck and roar, challenging any other stag to come near.

The question was how on earth to get within shot. The slope was a very steep one, hardly a rock to hide behind, and no helpful burn down which we could creep. We were in full sight of the stag and all the 30 or 40 hinds, and about 600 yards from them, and if we were to get over those 600 yards they could see us every inch of the way. There was nothing to do but to lie down on our backs and wriggle very very slowly down the hill, and so as to keep as close as possible together, we linked arms, thus giving the deer only one object, and not two, to "pick up." Our clothes were well matched in colour to the yellow autumn grass, and we pulled our caps as much as we could over our faces. Nothing is more easily seen at a distance than a face. I learnt this once when I had left someone who was out with me behind while I crawled on to get the shot. I had looked back to see if he was keeping well down, and though I could not make out his body his pink face shone like a stone with the sun on it. That is why so many snipers wear veils.

We had been worming and wriggling down thus for about 10 minutes, when to our dismay there came in sight other deer on both sides of us. It seemed quite hopeless to go any further. The deer on our right were within 200 yards of where we must crawl down to get within shot of the big stag, and those on our left, though further down the hill, were down wind of us, and it was quite impossible to pass them without giving them our wind. This was the danger we had feared when

we started our crawl. If I had been alone I should have given it up as hopeless, and here came in Macdonald's great knowledge of what can be done, or dared I should say, with deer. I have never seen a greater "liberty" taken,—it was almost impertinent. "I am not much afraid of those on the right," he said, "if we go very slowly, only moving a yard at a time. We will go on and see if we can get within shot before we get where those on our left will get our wind." This we did, and after half an hour of the wettest crawl I have ever had, save one when I had to crawl down actually in a burn, we came level to the deer on our right. Then we moved only an inch at a time, taking infinite care never to raise head, arm or leg. The deer were feeding quietly up wind, and therefore had their heads turned away from, or broadside to us, and we got past them without disturbing them, though one hind was less than 100 yards away, and lying down which made it worse, but she luckily was facing up wind too.

My heart was beating a good deal from the excitement and the very hard work of the slow crawl, and I was just wondering whether I could stand much more of it, when Macdonald nudged me and made signs that we could not go any further without giving our wind to the deer on our left.

"Is it too far to try him from here?" he whispered. "Not" I said, "if I can get a good rest." In front of me there was, providentially, a small mole-heap, or what would have been a mole-heap if there had been any moles. I twisted round and lay prone with my left hand on this, and so got a beautiful rest. Then I remember I went through all the "things" to do just as one does before a drive at golf,—keep your eye on the ball, and so on. "Take a long breath,"—"squeeze the trigger and don't pull it,"—"take care not to pull off to the right,"—"aim low at a stag below you,"—"keep your head down and do not look over the sight,"—a common fault in shooting down hill.

I put the rifle up, but the stag was moving about too much and was often right in the middle of the hinds. The wait was valuable to me as I had plenty of time to calculate the distance, and get comfortable and steady.

At last after chasing away a rival stag he stood three quarters broadside to me, rather end on, and I aimed just in front of his ribs, so that the bullet if it hit him, would come out near the heart on the far side. He was standing by a large rock, and as he put out his great neck to roar I pulled the trigger. He did what I have never seen a stag do before, he ran round and round in a small circle, stamped with his forefoot, and fell dead.

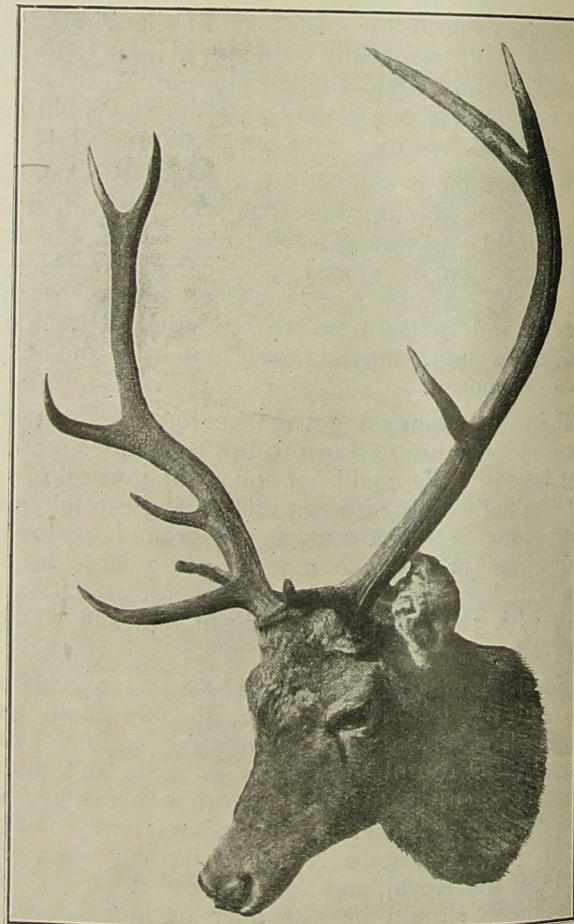
I need not describe my joy, nor Macdonald's who, I am sure, was as pleased as I was. He had

done the best stalk I have ever shared, and it would indeed have been a poor ending to it if I had missed. It was a long shot, but I cannot take much credit for this as I use a telescopic sight, and any man ought not to miss a reasonable, even if a long, shot, with these sights, and an unreasonable shot he ought not to try.

By a happy chance one of my daughters was out on the opposite hill about 2 miles away, stalking with a nephew of mine, and they saw the whole stalk through their glasses.

So ended my last day at Achdaliu. It was a happy thought of the owners of Scotch Forests to arrange that their tenants could send all the deer killed to Glasgow for the Troops. All you had to do was to cut off heads and feet and put them on the train, and I did this with all the stags (24) I killed, except those given away to the people in the Glen who looked to this venison for their winter food. The soldiers must in this way have got a large quantity of valuable food.

KNUTSFORD.



The Big Stag.

TO HIM WHO WILLED THE WAR

Liar and cheat! you thought to win the game
By violation of time-honoured rules;
You mocked at treaty-keepers as at fools,
And, in the flush of first success that came,
Laughed at the burden of a perjurer's name.
But soon you learned beside the Marne's red pools
This lesson taught in War's ensanguined schools,
To slay the foe is not to kill the shame.

Therefore with Cain and Judas shalt thou stand
Lord of the traitor's tongue, the murderer's hand,
Where Fryatt dead and dead Cavell have set their
deathless brand.

Of such reprisals let no stain on Britain's flag be
seen;

We play the game, to win the game, with honest
hands and clean;

Pray thou may learn, before the end, what Truth
and Honour mean.

H. C.

ANCIENT EGYPT

IV.

By A. A. H. EL-ZENEINY
(Continued)

As far back as 12,000 years ago, the land level of Egypt was higher above the sea level than it is at the present day, but the Sahara was still an inland sea. The Sahara (the Arabic word for "desert") was formed by the rising of the land.

From that time the western winds brought rainfall abundantly across the Nile basin. Torrents flowed off the limestone plateau into the great drainage crack, gouging it out to a gorge some 2,000 feet deep. The streams mostly flowed over the surface into it, scoring out great tributary valleys, hence the formation of the tributaries of the Nile. Finally, the face of the country had been carved out into its present shape, which resembles a lotus lily with a long stalk. The land level fell, and the whole was submerged. Rain still continued and the Nile Valley and its tributaries all became filled with debris.

This debris was again ploughed out by the rush of the Nile from Central Africa.

We do not know from where the Pharaohs came, but we know that the bushman type was the earliest human race to inhabit Egypt. This knowledge was obtained from figures discovered in the graves of the earliest agricultural people.

The bushmen used various stone shelters as houses.

Copper was known from the earliest period. When the people were only clad with a goat's skin over the shoulders, a copper pin used to fasten the skin together at the neck.

At a later period the copper harpoon appears, copied from the bone harpoon, by which the Egyptians speared the large fish of the Nile.

The decoration of the person scarcely yet included beads, except of clay; but the hair was twisted up and held by carved combs of bone with long teeth, ornamented with the forms of gazelles or birds. These animal combs were in use in the first 1,000 years of the Egyptian history. Sandals were in use early in the 1st period.

From 9000 to 7800 B.C., a series of changes appeared, during which Lazuli from Persia and silver from Asia Minor came into use.

The Libyans were among the early inhabitants of Egypt. They were a migration from the East, probably proto-Semitic in character, which continued the growth of the early civilisation. Traces of the Libyans can be seen at the present day in South Egypt, but they are very few compared to the great number of Arabs inhabiting that part who are the descendants of El-Abbas, the King and founder of the great Abbyside Empire whose people call themselves Beni-El-Abbas.

The main development of this period was the common use of large galleys or ships. The pictures on a tomb would indicate them to be about sixty feet, but they might easily be larger, as on the vase-painting they have as many as fifty to sixty oars on a side, which would imply a length of over one hundred feet. The large size is also indicated by some of them having three steering-paddles to govern them. As the greatest fighting galleys of the Venetians—the most important war-vessels of the Middle Ages—had only a dozen oars to a side, it is clear that these prehistoric galleys were considerable vessels.

The vessels had always two cabins amidships, connected by a bridge, and cargo was stowed on the cabins, showing that they were strong wooden structures. In front of the fore-cabin was the tall pole with the ensign of the port of origin, like the initial letters on the sails of fishing smacks at present. This ensign was sometimes purely geographical, as two, three, four or five hills, the elephant, or the branch: others were connected with the worship, emblems of the local god, as the hawk on a crescent, or the signs of the gods Min and Neit and others may have referred to the rank of the chief or petty sultan, as the harpoon, which seems to have been an autocratic title. At the stern was

the large steering-paddle with wide blade in some cases. As many as three of them were in use.

Such were the vessels which carried on a trade with Smyrna for emery and electrum, with Crete for oil and ruddle, with Northern Syria for fine wool, and doubtless to many other ports for consumable goods.

The social reorganization was considerable. The varying richness of the tombs shows that wealth could be accumulated; labour could be commanded for very long and tedious manufactures, such as production of vases of the hardest stone. Figures of the rulers made of this stone can be seen in many parts of Upper Egypt.

Of the products of skill none are more surprising than the flaked flint knives. The beautiful effect of the rippled surface of the flint was so highly appreciated that the knives were first ground into shape, and then the whole surface was ripped off with a series of flakes of machine-like accuracy. No race of man has ever equalled this work; even the Scandinavian, justly celebrated for the beauty of his craft, has never reached the perfection of judgment in sight, and handicraft shown by the Egyptian in this most difficult of all products.

Not only did they triumph by skill and sleight of hand, but in the inconceivably tedious work of grinding vases of the hardest stones they likewise achieved results of faultless perfection. The porphyry, granite, basalt, even quartz crystal, were all wrought so truly by hand grinding, the lines crossing diagonally, that no trace of error can be seen.

Not content with mastering the siliceous stones by the use of emery, they even wrought emery itself, as shown by a vase and a plummet.

The use of metals steadily increased. Copper was used for carpentry tools, and a splendidly formed dagger of it has been found. Silver came in use then, gold and lead followed, iron has twice been found, but was so much valued that it was made into beads worn with gold.

Amulets came into common use, and are connected with the animals sacred in later times. The ram's head is the commonest, and the bull's head, hawk, scorpion, fly and frog, are repeatedly found.

The fine necklaces of gold, garnet, amethyst, and other precious stones, were left with the dead with labels showing the names of the ruling kings, and the progress of the art.

Now we can visit the museum at Cairo, and see the wonderful works of the different dynasties of the Egyptians in jewellery specially, which is the most astonishing. The British Museum and that

of Paris, Rome and Greece, contain a good collection of Egyptian jewellery particularly.

From the measurements of the bones, and the comparison of skeletons, it is seen that the pure Pharaoh's race was some three inches shorter than the prehistoric people. But the late prehistoric folk were diminishing in size, and the stature of the bulk of the population when the first dynasty came upon them was already about two inches shorter than before.

The great and essential progress at that time was the hieroglyphic writing, the extension of brick building and carpentry, and high artistic ability.

It was through the labels referred to which were left with the dead that accurate records were obtained of one of the dynasties. Briefly, there were thirty dynasties covering the period nearly 6,000 years, dating back from the year 30 B.C., when Egypt was conquered by the Romans.

King Mena founded the permanent capital of Memphis. His reign beginning about 5,550 B.C., is the greatest starting point of written history, the unification of all Egypt under one king, and the establishment of a new order of society.

Remains of the older separate kingdoms were curiously preserved down to the close of the history in the several titles of the kings. Thus we can understand how the kings of Egypt were in the first place divine hawk-gods of the southern capital of the dynasties, Hiera-konpolis; secondly, princes of the prehistoric southern principality of Nekheb, and the northern of Pe, El-Kab and Buto, distinguished by the vulture and cobra; thirdly, princes of the Horns tribe conquering the Set tribe, the hawk on the Nub sign of Set; fourthly, the kings of all Upper Egypt, marked by the growing plant, Nesut; fifthly, kings of Lower Egypt, marked by the tree, Bati; sixthly, kings of old principality of Heliopolis, sons of Ra, holding the crook and flail, the sacred insignia of rule there; seventhly, lands of both banks of the Nile, Neb-tani (the meaning of which is shown by local princes being so entitled); eighthly, lords of the crowns, Neb-khan, as holding all the rights of rule.

The official system and government of the country is shown by the variety of seals that were used to mark the produce of the royal estates. On these we find the titles of the royal seal-bearer, royal carpenter (= architect), councillor in the palace, private secretary, inspector of the canals, overseer of inundation, gatherer of lotus-seeds, and a few others.

The rapid rise of art is the most surprising activity of that age of the second dynasty.

The vigorous figures on slate of the various races, with their details of dress and action, are excellently given, with increasing technical ability. The ivory carving commenced at that time.

The whole view we get is that of the rapid growth of all the benefits of a widely united rule; the expansion of fine art and of the various crafts as the result of increased opportunity, certainty of demand, and improved facilities; the growth of administration to deal with the problems of the country, especially the inundation; the regulation of the Nile, by great dams across the country, begins in this age, and the lines of embankment have continued to the present time, raised on the old dams as the Nile bed has risen; the establishment of a regular bureaucracy to manage the country on permanent lines with regular registers.

From the year 4950 B.C. onwards a greater fullness of monuments began. At that time the first pyramid (the greatest ever erected) was built by Khufu. The extraordinary accuracy of its work aroused the curiosity of every visitor.

Another branch of art, which is astonishing by its amount as well as its quality, is that of the tombs. Funeral chapels were erected over the sepulchres, in order to provide a home for the spirit of the dead, where it could receive its offerings. These chambers were covered with carvings showing all the possessions and pleasures of life, so that the spirit should enjoy them eternally.

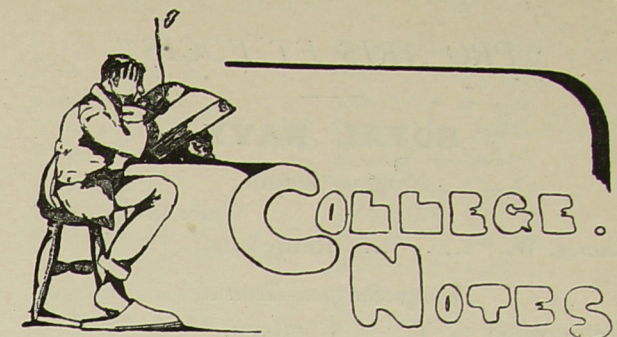
In the year 3800 B.C. and onwards, jewellery was carried to a much greater elaboration than before. Not content with making intricate forms of gold-work, these designs were coloured by the inlaying of brilliant stones, turquoise, carnelian and lapis lazuli.

After that the country went under different races of rulers, the details of which are not known to us with accuracy. But there was a rise of civilization and a fall for many centuries.

The tribute received annually by Ramses II. from the nations which the Pharaoh subdued in Ethiopia and Asia was of immense value. It is described as consisting of gold and silver in ingots, porcelain and metal vases, ivory, rare woods, precious stones, horses, dogs, wild animals, trees, seeds, fruits, perfumes, gums, spices and other luxuries.

It was presented to the King as chief of the nation, but it formed part of the revenue of the state.

The ever-increasing connection between Egypt and the expanding activities of the West, necessitated a convenient meeting-ground outside the tortuous channels and shoals of the Nile.



Everything is very quiet in the College just at present, but we are keeping up our heads bravely. The last examination results were good, and lectures and demonstrations are now in full swing for the July examinations.

The O.T.C. is also in full swing, and in a few days' time there are to be two lectures on "Gas."

REVIEW

When to advise Operation in Ordinary Practice. Publishers, John Wright & Sons, Ltd., Bristol. 5/- net.

This book is very readable, and is full of useful information, and should prove a great boon to the busy G.P.

The several surgical conditions are dealt with in a concise manner, and without too much padding.

The phrase "King Edward VII." Class of Appendix is rather out of place.

CHAS. H. CARROLL.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON WAR LIST

The Vice-Chancellor of the University of London will be glad to receive the following information with regard to members of the University who have served or are serving in His Majesty's Forces:—Name (Christian Names in full); College and University career; Rank and Regiment or other Unit; Particulars of Service (including War Distinctions and whether wounded, retired, or fallen) with dates.

[Note.—Address replies to University of London War List, South Kensington, London, S.W.]