

REGISTER OF HOSPITAL  
APPOINTMENTS

## MEDICAL REGISTRARS

FROM  
Dr. W. J. O'Donovan... June 16th, 1913..  
Dr. R. A. Rowlands... June 8th, 1914..  
Dr. J. G. Chandler... Oct. 20th, 1913..

## SURGICAL REGISTRARS

FROM  
Mr. W. S. Perrin... Oct. 20th, 1913..  
Mr. R. H. Campbell... Sept. 18th, 1914..  
Mr. A. B. Lindsay... Feb. 25th, 1916..  
OBSTETRIC—Mr. Gordon Ley Oct. 15th, 1914.

## RESIDENT ACCOUCHEUR

Tenure of appointment: three months

FROM  
Mr. T. A. Jones... July 1st, 1916.

## HOUSE PHYSICIANS

Tenure of appointment: three months

FROM  
Mr. S. Morris... June 14th, 1916.  
(Dr. Percy Kidd and Dr. Wall).  
Mr. E. C. Davenport... July 6th, 1916.  
(Dr. Hutchison).  
Mr. M. J. Cronin... Mar. 6th, 1916..  
(Dr. Hadley and Dr. Lewis Smith).  
Vacant.  
(Dr. F. J. Smith and Dr. Leyton).  
Mr. G. S. Hackett... July 11th, 1916..  
(Dr. Head and Dr. Thompson).

## HOUSE SURGEONS

Tenure of appointment: three months

FROM  
Mr. T. Reed... July 15th, 1916..  
(Mr. J. Hutchinson and Mr. Warren).  
Mr. L. D. Cohen... Mar. 6th, 1916..  
(Mr. T. H. Openshaw and Mr. A. J. Walton).  
Mr. W. A. Stewart... April 6th, 1916..  
(Mr. Furnivall and Mr. Kidd).  
Mr. H. W. Molesworth... May 9th, 1916..  
(Mr. Sherren and Mr. Milne).  
Mr. D. C. Norris... July 3rd, 1916..  
(Mr. Russell Howard).

## To Ophthalmic Department

FROM  
Mr. T. C. Summers... Nov. 5th, 1915...

## To Aural Department

FROM  
Mr. C. G. T. Mosse... Mar. 6th, 1916...

## RECEIVING ROOM OFFICERS

Tenure of appointment: three months

FROM  
Mr. F. Waldron...  
Mr. S. A. C. Pantou...

## EMERGENCY OFFICERS

Tenure of appointment: three months

FROM  
Mr.

## OUT-PATIENT CLINICAL ASSISTANTS

Tenure of appointment: three months—and renewable

FROM  
Medical  
Mr. G. E. Spicer... July 19th, 1916..  
Mr. S. K. Vaidya... Feb. 3rd, 1916...

## OUT-PATIENT CLINICAL ASSISTANTS (continued)

## Surgical

FROM

Mr. D. G. Perry... July 13th, 1916..  
Mr. T. S. Rippon... July 15th, 1916..  
Mr. W. H. Sarra... June 12th, 1916..  
Mr. E. R. T. Clarkson  
(Special)... Nov. 1st, 1915...

## To Ophthalmic Department

FROM

Mr. Roxburgh  
Mr. J. Eadie... May 21st, 1912..  
(Renewed).

Mr. Lister

Mr. H. R. Jeremy... July 31st, 1914...

## SKIN AND LIGHT DEPARTMENT

FROM

Mr. J. B. G. Skelton... April 28th, 1916.

## SENIOR DRESSERS TO OUT-PATIENTS

## PATHOLOGICAL ASSISTANTS

FROM

Mr. R. Donald... Aug. 10th, 1914...

## ASSISTANTS IN INOCULATION DEPARTMENT

## Senior

FROM

Dr. G. T. Western... July 25th, 1905...

## Junior

## CLINICAL ASSISTANTS FOR COUNTY COUNCIL CASES

## To Ophthalmic Department

FROM

Mr. A. D. Davidson... Jan. 24th, 1910..  
Mr. M. L. Hepburn... Jan. 24th, 1910..  
Mr. E. A. Thomson...

## To Throat and Ear Department

FROM

Mr. W. S. Perrin...  
Mr. R. H. Campbell... July 4th, 1911...

## To Skin and Light Department

FROM

Mr. W. J. Oliver... Sept. 10th, 1914.

## OUT-PATIENT CLINICAL ASSISTANTS (UNPAID)

## To Ophthalmic Department

FROM

Mr. Roxburgh

Mr. Lister

## Throat and Ear Department.

FROM

Dr. Lack

Mr. Tod.

## ORTHOPÆDIC DEPARTMENT

## Senior

FROM

## Junior

## DENTAL DEPARTMENT

## Anæsthetist

FROM

Mr.

## House-Surgeon

FROM

Mr. W. S. Herman... Mar. 1st, 1916...

Printed for the Proprietors, by H. HORNER, 5, Rupert Street,  
London, E., in the County of Middlesex, Wednesday, 2nd August, 1916.

## THE LONDON HOSPITAL GAZETTE

No. 193]

JANUARY, 1917

[ONE SHILLING

## EDITORIAL

Once again we have experienced the opening of a Winter Session shorn of all enthusiasm, once again we have reassembled to our duties under the shadow which our heavy losses have thrown over us. Since our last issue we have lost no less than nineteen of our number killed in action or died of wounds:—Lieutenant-Colonel A. N. Walker, Surgeon G. A. Walker, R.N.; Captains W. A. MacCombie, H. G. Morris, F. G. Francis, G. R. Heard, J. M. Stenhouse, M. W. Loy, H. F. G. Noyes, J. Deighton, T. L. Ingram, W. R. Pagen, I. M. Brown; Lieutenant H. S. Jackson; Second-Lieutenants W. G. Fletcher, A. J. Harris, C. W. Odam, R. D. French; and Private R. Child. In addition, P. C. Allingham and J. Sainsbury have been reported severely wounded. The former is now sufficiently recovered to visit the Hospital occasionally, the latter is, however, still we believe in France. Their progress to recovery is watched, we would assure them, with the deepest sympathy by all of us. A large number of others have been reported wounded, happily we understand, only slightly:—Captains N. M. Rankin, A. C. Perry, I. S. Wilson, G. D. R. Carr, W. G. Grant, A. E. Quine, R. Griffith, R. Burgess; Lieutenants L. M. Ingle and H. R. Maxwell; Second-Lieutenants T. C. Oliver and H. S. Robinson; Sergeant J. A. Hart; Private R. S. Swindell; and Rifleman A. Bray. It is also with deep regret that we have to report the death, in civil practice, of two of our most promising Students of recent years, J. E. Adler and Owen Parry-Jones.

Since going to Press we have heard with the deepest sorrow of the tragically sudden death of Sir Frederic Eve. We hope to publish an obituary of him and also of Dr. J. E. Adler, in the next number of the *Gazette*.

As is in keeping with such great sacrifices our list of Honours steadily grows; a bar to his Military Cross has been gained by Captain G. D. R. Carr, while the Military Cross has been awarded to Captains C. S. Cloake, C. C. Beatty, T. Bourne-Price, N. M. Rankin, H. G. Oliver, F. Sanders, W. A. Sneath, J. M. Stenhouse, and H. H. Robinson, to Lieutenants J. A. Liley and J. E. S. Wilson, and to Second-Lieutenants E. Croft, J. C. Russell and C. C. Rowlands. Major E. V. Aylen; Surgeon

Hitch, R.N.; Captains R. K. Mallam, M. L. Puri, and G. F. Rudkin; Lieutenant J. B. Thackeray; and Surgeon-Probationer C. K. Cullen, have been mentioned in Despatches, while in addition, Fleet-Surgeon A. R. Bankart, C.V.O., Staff-Surgeon A. R. Schofield, and Temporary-Surgeon R. S. Carey, have been noted for early promotion by Sir John Jellicoe for services rendered in the Battle of Jutland.

In the issue of the Medical Directory, for 1917, appears a list of the Honours conferred on Medical men, and in it we notice that the only recipients of the D.S.C., are D. Loughlin and A. R. McMullen, both London Hospital men.

In the Hospital we are all delighted to see Mr. Rigby and Mr. Lett back in their accustomed places after their period of service in France and the Levant. The difficulty in obtaining Housemen and Out-Patient Assistants, has led to considerable changes in the work of the Hospital. The Ophthalmic and Ear, Nose and Throat Out-Patient Departments are now only open on two days a week, instead of four days, and only one Surgical and one Medical "end" is open in the afternoons. This last measure has necessitated the undertaking of more work and responsibility by the Receiving Room Staff, who are now under the able control of W. H. Forshaw as Senior Casualty Officer.

One of the greatest innovations in connection with our Hospital has been quietly made during the last few days—the introduction of Women Residents of whom there are at the moment, we believe, five.

In the College there are now only men in their fourth or fifth years, men under military age, men medically inefficient, and a few who are not subject to the Military Service Act.

A recent examination of the figures has shewn that since the War began, no less than 160 men have qualified from the London Hospital. During the next two years another 100 men, it is anticipated, will qualify. These figures furnish, we think, a complete justification of the policy of keeping the College in being, a policy which is now tacitly approved by the War Office, as is shewn by the number of Combatant Officers who are released by its order for the completion of their studies.

We feel it would be the wish of all our readers that we should not close without expressing to



our much respected friend and Senior Physician our deepest sympathy with him and Mrs. Kidd on the loss of their eldest son, Major Kidd, killed in action.

To all London Hospital men scattered over the earth and waters, we send from our heart warmest greetings and best wishes for the year 1917.

## THE ACTION OF MAY 31st THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND

On the afternoon of Wednesday, May 31st, we were out at sea off the coast of Jutland. We were enjoying our tea about 3.45 p.m. when the alarm sounded for "action stations." Everyone therefore hurried off to his respective station with rather bad grace, since tea is a bit of an occasion in our routine at sea. Rumours however soon got about to the effect that we had sighted some enemy light cruisers; this cheered us up at once, as everyone thought that an unhappy hostile patrol had been cut off which we would use for battle practice before resuming our tea. Following messages, however, showed that we were up against their battle-cruisers, etc., so, abandoning all hope of tea, we sat up and began to take notice.

Before proceeding, I must briefly describe the "action station" of the medical staff. Under ordinary conditions, all medical duties are carried out in the sick bay, which is situated on the upper deck and is not protected by armour. It is fitted up like a miniature hospital and we are rather proud of it, as it is one of the best in the Fleet. It met a sad end, however, for during the action sundry shells wrecked it completely. Before going into action the sick bay is evacuated, and all the necessary gear is shifted down below to a place called the "distributing station," which is then fitted up as an operating room for the treatment of the wounded during action. After the action the wounded are transferred to the sick bay, provided of course the sick bay is still in existence. In the older class of ships the distributing station is generally a bath-room or may be only a workshop. Ours consists of several "flats" grouped round the trunk of a main turret. It is well protected, and very commodious compared to most distributing stations. This place, therefore, is our action station when the alarm goes.

The medical staff at action stations consists of one fleet-surgeon, two surgeons, several sick-berth stewards and attendants, several stretcher parties made up of cooks, writers, etc., and last, but not least, our organization includes the padre and fleet-

paymaster. If there are any strangers about, we are told off to look after them.

The alarm having sounded, the medical staff assembled at our station, and for the next half-hour were busy getting the station rigged for the reception and treatment of the wounded.

About 4.40 p.m., having a few minutes to spare, I went up on deck for a look round. All the armoured hatches had been closed down, but by crawling through various man-holes I managed to get above. Everyone had vanished. The battle-cruiser fleet presented a magnificent sight, every ship was going at full speed and belching out great clouds of smoke which made the sky astern quite dark. The sea was crowded with destroyers and light cruisers, which were steaming along on all sides of our line to protect us from submarine or destroyer attack. Steam was roaring from our escape pipes, indicating that down below all were working hard stoking our many boilers.

The enemy's battle cruisers, now plainly visible on our port bow, were also going at full speed and leaving clouds of smoke behind. Everything looked so like the start that I went to earth like a rabbit. Our first gun went off just as I arrived below—it was 4.53 p.m. For the next few minutes we sat and listened to our own guns. Those in the turret above us made a terrific noise, and the salvoes shook the ship from one end to the other.

Soon after we began to get hit, and in quick succession we received several large "prodges" close to our station. The concussion was terrific, and the whole ship trembled. The "blast" followed a second or so later, and came tearing along the "flats" and passages, carrying smoke fumes and rubbish into our quarters; those men who were standing in the entrance were blown back, and everything not securely fixed was thrown over on to the deck. Then the wounded began to arrive, crowding into the station. Thank goodness, we had plenty to occupy our attention. The poor men were, for the most part, terribly burnt about the face and hands, quite black from head to foot from charring and a dirty oil deposit. The heat from an exploding shell in a confined space is simply enormous, and although practically instantaneous, it does deadly work during the time. With hands held limply up, and skin literally dripping from their hands and faces, the men presented the most piteous spectacle.

Many were groaning with pain, and one or two quite hysterical were flopping about the deck like fish out of water; these required considerable holding down to prevent them injuring themselves any further. Each time the turret above fired they would give a yell and lash out, and maybe give a wounded man alongside a kick, who, too feeble to move, would only give an extra groan or

curse. Some wounded were brought along quite beyond help, some of them even dead—they only added blood and confusion. One poor man, quite demented, staggered in with a practically limbless body and collapsed with his burden at the feet of the fleet-surgeon. This man had been close to a large shell when it exploded; although mortally wounded himself he had picked up in the darkness the nearest wounded man, and with his hopeless burden had made his way along to the distributing station. This is one example of the bravery of our men. This poor man died very shortly afterwards.

All this time there was the strangest medley of sounds going on. Our own guns were firing continuously, and every now and then a hit would add to the noise and vibration.

In addition to human wreckage, the station was full of smoke and fumes, so that it was difficult to see and all had to wear respirators. The deck was covered with blood, vomit, burnt clothes, odd bodies, and the place stank horribly. The veriest War Lord would turn pacifist if obliged to witness many such scenes deep down and away from all natural light and air.

The initial confusion did not last long, our attendants and helpers worked like Trojans, and the wounded were wonderful. Only the roughest first-aid could be given. A monstrous dose of morphia was given to each man which acted like a charm, and then they were shoved into a corner.

By 8.30 p.m. we had finished doing the rough dressings of our first batch of wounded. During a lull I was sent along to attend some wounded in one of the turrets. I went by way of the open deck, which I managed to reach. The deck was covered with splinters and debris. The fifth battle squadron were firing steadily quite near by, and the boom of their 15 inch guns sounded very pleasant. It was impossible to see the enemy owing to mist and smoke. I was unable to do much in the turret as the "commence fire" was expected any moment, so, having given a few directions to the first-aid party, I returned.

We started firing again when I got back, but it lasted for only a short time, and by 9.30 we had fired our last gun.

In response to an enquiry, we were informed that no further fighting was likely to take place that night, but that we were certain to engage the enemy at daybreak.

We then started to dress the wounded properly. Most of them were given anæsthetics and gone over thoroughly. Even such things as compound fractures are passed over when rendering first-aid to a man with extensive burns, and are only discovered later on when he is stripped on the table. I gave 26 anæsthetics that night, and at the end

of it was more than half asleep. Chloroform was used and all the patients took it well; only very little however was required, since all had had 4 gr. morphia. No amputations or major work was undertaken, since it is found that even the slightest wounded suffer tremendously from shock, and it is far better to let them recover from this and run the risk of septic gangrene than to avoid this and add to their collapsed state. That this is sound may be judged from the fact that we did not have a single death after the first 24 hours and after leaving the ship. My opposite number was very keen on some of the cases but his ardour was restrained by the fleet-surgeon.

We finished by 4.30 the major cases, and, as we were all fagged out, we had a stand-off, everyone going to sleep on the steel deck till 6 a.m., when, after some food, we started again.

I was detailed off to collect the dead, a gruesome task which took all the morning, since there were many fragments and the wreckage hid things from view.

Up to midday we searched for the Huns but found nothing. Under cover of the mist he had cut in behind his mine-fields, and although he knew our whereabouts, since we met a Zeppelin, he was not having any more, and I don't blame him, for he had got a rude shaking the day before and also during the night.

We buried our dead that afternoon, and there were few of us who did not feel pretty queer as we saw them over the side for the last time. The "Last Post" ended a mournful ceremony.

We felt badly the loss of our capital ships since they all belonged to our special fleet: everyone had friends on board. That they died like brave men, and not in vain, is some consolation. Their loss however we can ill afford.

We reached harbour on Friday morning, everyone thankful to be alive and to have taken part in such a good scrap.

Surgeon K. M. DYOTT, R.N.,  
*H.M.S. "Tiger."*

O.T.C., CAMP, 1916

We met at Paddington one Saturday morning and congregated round a small mountain of kit bags, removed our hats, and wiped the manly perspiration from our brows. Next time I shall take a taxi and cast expense to the winds, for the English navy seems to have a rooted dislike to kit bags. At least, the sons of toil did whom I deprived of much sitting room in a metropolitan railway carriage.

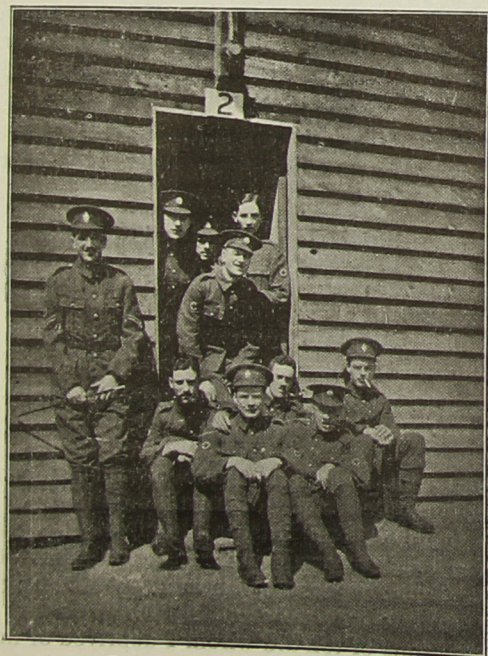


It was soon seen that we were a bigger crowd than in previous years, and there seemed to be hundreds of new faces. Compulsory enrollment in the Corps had raked in men who, two years ago, would have repudiated with scorn the soft impeachment that one day they would be a member of the O.T.C. in 1916, not from any unpatriotic motive, let it be said, but from sheer disinterest in the movement. And all these were not sorry afterwards they had been made to join up, for after all discipline is a necessary evil, and does us all good.

We had a comfortable journey with the exception of various interludes in the shape of tomatoes and banana skins, which were gratuitously presented to us from some ill-mannered brigands in an adjacent carriage, and one apple core which, by the way, worked serious havoc among my layer of rods and cones. We arrived at Codford, and the chief pessimist—he is generally a man who has been to a camp before—announced that we had a five mile march before us. However, this was soon disproved, and we reached our quarters in about ten minutes, for which we were grateful, for it was warm on that particular day.

We paraded at once, and the adjutant read out standing orders for the camp. We dismissed, and for the rest of the day we had leave, with the exception of appointing camp police, and the ever necessary fire picket.

We were rudely awakened in the midst of our first sleep by the sound of millions of bugles, and some individual, being more learned in bugle lore than our ignorant selves, pronounced that it was a



Corporal Carter and his men.

fire alarm. Orders were given to parade at once, and it was announced there was a fire about a mile away; meanwhile half the camp who had paraded, as the Americans say, in their slumber wear, were dismissed to put on their uniforms. Much excitement prevailed, for it was concluded that we should be marched off to help extinguish the blaze. However, we were doomed to disappointment, and after the news came through, that the blaze was a neighbouring hay rick, we were dismissed once more, and allowed to go to sleep.



The Inmates and Interior of Hut, No. 2.

On Sunday we paraded with the R.A.M.C., and it was a real pukka church parade. The service was impressive, and we were dismissed, and marched away to martial strains.

The next Monday the routine work began, and perhaps it would give a more connected picture of the camp if we described a typical day. At 5.30, reveillé, everyone sprang out of bed and started to put on some clothes, at least everyone did with the exception of about nine-tenths of the inhabitants of the hut. Eventually, however, some more rose from their beds of sloth, and dragged the remaining ones from their couches. And here are words in praise of cocoa and biscuits, they are welcome at 5.30 in the morning, when you are shivering with cold, and a white mist curls in at the door of the hut. At 6 o'clock the Sergeant-Major took us through a series of evolutions which removed every particle of breath from one's body, and also much sebaceous excretion. In orders these evolutions were designated as physical drill. Finally the drill ended in running twice round the camp which reduced several portly devotees of "gold flake" to a state of coma. Between physical drill and breakfast we made our toilet, and tidied up the hut, and generally woke up. Then came breakfast: and here another word of praise, it was good and plentiful, as were all our meals at camp, not even the biggest grumblers could say a word of complaint. After breakfast we tidied up again, and the hut was inspected by our own C.O., and then by the C.O. of the contingent. Most things met with their approval, except that in spite of

herculean efforts we could never get our spare pair of boots dressed properly, and many was the "ticking off" we received for this repeated failure.

At 9.15 we marched down to Camp, No. 5, and underwent our morning inspection. We improved very much in this manœuvre, and before the end of the week we came on parade quite smartly.



Mess Orderlies.

9.30 saw the works of the day in full swing, and we had an hour's company drill. And here a few words of condemnation—the subject, our drill ground. It was a blot on civilisation, a fly in the ointment of a well ordered, well appointed and firmly regulated camp. It was stoney, lop sided, on the side of a precipice, riddled with great holes, withal it was hideous, and it was a serious blow to our drill approaching that state known to Sergeant-Majors as smartness. However, we had a good Sergeant-Major, one of the very best, and it is to him, and to him alone, that we can give thanks for the improvement we did make. He was as firm as a rock, and yet at times showed a pretty humour which kept back the ill-temper which the uneven surface of the ground at times evoked. Company drill is difficult, very difficult, and one man who goes wrong will spoil a whole evolution. Still we slaved for Sergeant-Major Fox, and at times our efforts rewarded him. (These occasions were rare and delicate).

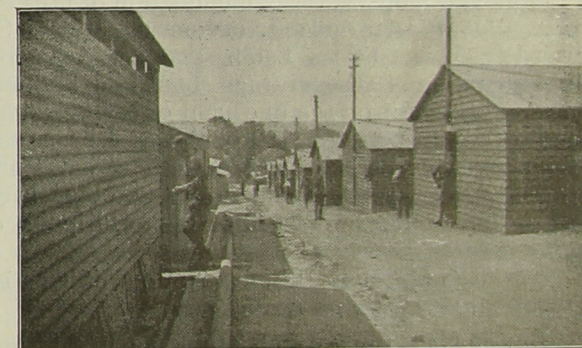


En route to Field Operations.

At 10.30 we had a "spello," and then more serious business until lunch time, stretcher drill, squad drill, tent-pitching, wagon drill, kept us employed. The squad drill was loathsome for we had to go up higher before this could be done, and there Perseus must have been ploughing with the two fiery bulls, added to that one was given the impression that he had not forgotten to sow the dragon's teeth, each of which brought forth a fully armed soldier.

From 12.30 till 2, we lunched, assuaged our thirst, smoked, and rested peacefully until our labours called us once more. Somehow or other the afternoon was always more enjoyable, for very often we were sent on a route march, and this never failed to prove good fun.

On Wednesday, 150 of the contingent, Officers, N.C.O.'s and Cadets, went out for a field-day and night operations. This proved a very useful exercise, for afterwards Major Gray lectured on the manœuvres, and explained the duties of an M.O. when collecting wounded over an extended front. Hints were given on improvising shelters and refuges for the wounded, and also how to improvise splints and crutches, and such-like impedimenta. The chief fault found, strange to relate, was with reference to the bandaging. As most of the men on this expedition had done six months dressing, the reproof was taken to heart somewhat, which result, doubtless, the criticism had intended to obtain.



The Lines.

Apart from route marches, we pitched advanced aid posts, and field dressing stations in the afternoon, and this technical work was always interesting, and kept us actively employed until 5 o'clock. After this time we were free until last post, and we employed our spare time in many ways, devious and common to the medical student.

There was always a hot and cold shower to be obtained before dinner, and this certainly was a luxury of the better kind. After dinner one generally went down to the canteen and indulged in pints of beer, and revelled in fragments of tune



from the latest revues. Or else one tempted fate with cards. The more amorous indited long epistles to their inamorata, and derived much enjoyment therefrom.

A camp rubs the edges off a man. When one has to keep one oneself groomed, and a whole lot of kit clean and tidy, whilst rubbing shoulders with twenty other fellow mortals in a rather limited space, much of the humour of life is evoked. Anyhow we all enjoyed our week's camp thoroughly.

## AN APPRECIATION OF CHARLES LAMB

*The Renaissance of a Youthful Essay*

By F. G. CHANDLER

*Medical Registrar, London Hospital*

When one mounts a hobby-horse one is apt to ride the horse to death, and one's readers to sleep. If, however, I am tedious, it is through no fault of my subject, but from my own inability to express myself as I would, and from the inadequacy of my pen to sketch, a faithful or worthy portrait of that unique personality and inimitable writer, Charles Lamb. Scientific literature does not tend to improve the powers of essay writing, nor does the study of biology make one a biographer.

More and more, as the contemplation of my task proceeded, did its difficulty become apparent. So well-known is Charles Lamb, and so exhaustive and numerous are the writings about him, that one has to steer clear on the one hand of saying things so obvious, that as Fuller would say, "even tho' the eyes were shut so clear a truth would shine through the eyelids," and on the other hand to avoid being swept into the whirlpool of plagiarism.

Not only so, but the description of Charles Lamb himself is by no means easy.

Just as his letters, which are some of his best work, range from the display of subtle and brilliant criticism of men and books, to mad hilarity almost, from the depths of pathos and gentle humour to the heights of clever folly and excruciating puns; so is his character marked by extremes almost as great. He was strong and yet weak. His life was stamped by noble self-sacrifice and true heroism and depth of feeling, yet, at times, we see him acting with a frivolity and flippancy which is quite out of accord with popular notions of greatness, and the mode of behaviour of a hero, and if we apply stereotyped or "highly respectable" criterions in estimating his worth we may come away sadly disappointed.

Leigh Hunt describes him as "one of humanity's wisest tho' weakest children," while Sir Charles Noon Talfourd, Lamb's friend and biographer, writes, "when the dismal emergencies which chequered the life arose, he acted with as much promptitude and vigour as if he had never penned a stanza nor taken a glass too much: or was strung with herculean sinews."

Many people with a superficial knowledge of his life and writings are prejudiced against him. Others, confining themselves to the essays on "Roast Pig" and "Poor Relations," the latter of which in its slight vein of snobbishness is totally foreign to Lamb's nature, form an estimate of him from these, and think he is "an extremely amusing man with a stammer, a devil of a joker, and the author of a number of (unknown) puns," and nothing more. If any of my readers have any misconception of this kind, and if I can correct this impression, I shall not have wholly failed.

Macdonald makes a point of insisting "that his intellect was the primary and really great thing in him, greater and rarer far than his humour or any other separable qualities recognised in literature, just as the intellect, the independent thinking power of Burns, is, taking all things into account, more astonishing and more immediately and inherently his, than even his lyrical gift."

I should like to quote an entry in the diary of Thomas Carlyle:—

"I return from Enfield where I have seen Lamb, etc., etc., not one of that class will tell you a straightforward story or even a credible one about any matter under the sun. All must be packed up into epigrammatic contrasts, startling exaggerations, claptraps, that will get a plaudit from the galleries! I have heard a hundred anecdotes about Wm. Hazlitt for example: yet cannot by never so much cross-questioning even form to myself the smallest notion of how it really stood with him. Wearisome, inexpressibly wearisome, to me is that sort of clatter: it is not walking (to the end of time you would never advance, for these persons, indeed, have no whither): it is not bounding and frisking in graceful natural joy: it is dancing—a St. Vitus's dance! Charles Lamb I sincerely believe to be in some considerable degree insane. A more pitiful, rickety, gasping, staggering, stammering tomfool, I do not know. He is witty by denying truisms and abjuring good manners. His speech wriggles hither and thither with an incessant painful fluctuation, not an opinion in it, or a fact, or a phrase that you can thank him for—more like a convulsive fit than a natural systole and diastole." "Poor Lamb! Poor England, when such a despicable abortion is named genius! He said:—'There are just two things I regret in England's history: first, that Guy Fawkes' plot did not take

effect (there would have been so glorious an *explosion*): second, that the Royalists did not hang Milton (then we might have laughed at them), etc., etc. Armer Teufel!"

Thus falsely, and even coarsely, writes Carlyle, who wasted an afternoon by walking to Enfield to visit Charles Lamb. Thus he describes the man who, above all others, charms us by his delicate and quaint humour, his grace and beauty of style, and his wonderful and unsurpassed critical genius, and by his bravery, his generosity, and his lifelong unselfishness.

Birrell only echoes the sentiments of many great writers and critics when he says, "It is impossible to know whether we most admire the author or love the man."

Few writers have inspired so many affectionate appreciations—like that, for example, by Canon Ainger—as Charles Lamb.

How then is it that we have this surprising criticism by Carlyle?

Never were two men more uncongenial. Carlyle was a Scotsman. Lamb disliked Scotsmen, and his wit, had he troubled to exert it, would have fallen most probably on unappreciative ears. Moreover he was nervous. Carlyle would be disgusted, not amused, to be told (as Lamb told someone) that of all things he most desired was "to draw in his last breath through a pipe and expel it in a pun." Carlyle, a young man, perhaps full of conceit—that not infrequent concomitant of youth—more of a philosopher and prophet, a pseudo Heraclitus, pays a quizzing visit to a true Democritus, and Democritus likes it not and plays the fool: and if anyone could play the fool to perfection Lamb could.

For example there is the story of the unhappy comptroller of stamps, a self-invited bore to a gathering of friends, where were present Coleridge and Wordsworth and Keats and others, in the house of one, Haydon, an artist. During the progress of tea, the comptroller, looking up the table and down the table, remarked, "Do you not think, Mr. Wordsworth, that Milton was a great genius?" Haydon tells the story, and says, "Keats looked at me, Wordsworth looked at the comptroller; Lamb, who was dozing by the fire, turned round and said, 'Pray Sir, did you say Milton was a great genius?' 'No Sir, I asked Mr. Wordsworth if he were not.' 'Oh,' said Lamb, 'Then you are a silly fellow.' 'Charles! my dear Charles!' said Wordsworth, but Lamb, perfectly innocent of the confusion he had created, was off again by the fire.

After an awful pause the comptroller said, "Don't you think Newton a great genius?" I could stand it no longer. Keats put his head into my books. Ritchie squeezed in a laugh. Wordsworth seemed asking himself, "Who is this?"

Lamb got up, and, taking a candle, said, "Sir, will you allow me to look at your phrenological development?" He then turned his back on the poor man, and at every question of the comptroller he chanted—

"Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John  
Went to bed with his breeches on."

On Lamb again exclaiming "Do let me have another look at that gentleman's organs," he was hustled off by Keats and Haydon into another room and locked in.

It is with the life of this "staggering, stuttering toomfool," that I now propose to deal, and I think we shall find that he who wrote in his Table Talk that "The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident," or who inspired Wordsworth to write, "Oh, he was good, if e'er a good man lived," is not altogether devoid of virtue: or that he who called out at whist to his old friend, Admiral Martin Burney, "Oh Martin, if dirt were trumps, what a hand you'd have," is altogether devoid of wit.

He was born in 1775. The first 14 years of his life were passed "between cloister and cloister, between the mediæval atmosphere of the quiet temple" and that of his equally beloved Christ's Hospital. This exerted a great influence on his character and his writings. His affections were ever with the old and quaint in literature, and he loved his old Fuller and Burton and folio Beaumont and Fletcher, better far than the plot and sequence of events of the novel.

He and his sister were both great readers in different directions. "While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale, or adventure. Narrative teases me. I have little concern in the progress of events. . . . The fluctuations of fortune in fiction . . . have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship—please me most."

H. Crabb Robinson, in his diary, writes:—"He has the finest collection of shabby books I ever saw: such a number of first-rate works of genius, but filthy copies, which a delicate man would really hesitate touching, is, I think, nowhere to be found. I borrowed several books."

In Lamb's essay "On books and reading" he says:—

"I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury is not too genteel for me, nor Johnathan Wild too low. I can read anything which I call a book. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such. In this catalogue of books which are no books—biblia-a-biblia—I reckon court calendars, directories, pocket books, draught boards, bound and



lettered on the back, scientific treatises, almanacks, statutes at large: the works of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Beattie, Soane, Jenyns, and, generally, all those volumes which 'no gentleman's library should be without': the histories of Flavius Josephus (that learned Jew) and Paley's 'Moral Philosophy.' With these exceptions I can read almost anything."

His father, John Lamb, the Lovel of the Essays, was servant and clerk to Samuel Salt, one of the Benchers of the Inner Temple.

In that incomparable essay, "The old Benchers of the Inner Temple," Charles Lamb thus describes his father in his capacity as servant to Samuel Salt:—"He was at once his clerk, his good servant, his dresser, his friend, his 'flapper,' his guide, stop watch, auditor, treasurer. He (that is Salt) did nothing without consulting Lovel, or failed in anything without expecting and fearing his admonishing. He put himself almost too much in his hands, had they not been the purest in the world. . . . I knew this Lovel. He was a man of an incorrigible and losing honesty. . . . He was the liveliest little fellow breathing. . . . possessed a fine turn for humorous poetry. . . . made punch better than any man in England, had the merriest quips and conceits, and was altogether as brimful of rogueries and inventions as you could desi e."

He had a brother John, several years older than himself, who was a selfish, well-to-do man of æsthetic and artistic tastes, who kept strangely aloof from his family, even in times when they had most need of his help. "James is an inexplicable cousin," writes Lamb of him, and we must leave him at this.

His sister is the Bridget Elia of the essays, the immortal Mary Lamb, and what he owed to her it is impossible to over-estimate. I must quote from a letter he wrote to Dorothy Wordsworth in 1805, though it is anticipating somewhat:—

"[Mary] has been attacked by one of her severe illnesses and is at present from home. . . . I have every reason to suppose that this illness, like all her former ones, will be but temporary; but I cannot always feel so. Meantime she is dead to me and I miss a prop. All my strength is gone and I am like a fool, bereft of her co-operation. I dare not think, lest I should think wrong: so used am I to look up to her in the least and the biggest perplexity. To say all that I know of her would be more than I think anybody could believe, or even understand; and when I hope to have her well again with me, it would be sinning against her feelings to go about to praise her, for I can conceal nothing that I do from her. She is older and wiser and better than I, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness. She would share life

and death, heaven and hell, with me. She lives but for me, and I know I have been wasting and teasing her life for five years past incessantly with my cursed drinking and ways of going on. But even in this upbraiding of myself I am offending against her, for I know that she has cleaved to me for better for worse, and if the balance has been against her hitherto, it was a noble trade."

"She lives but for me," and equally true is it that he lived but for her. But of this later. Her life is so inseparably blended with that of her brother, that there is little need here to speak much of her.

"She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage"—this pasturage being the library of Samuel Salt, their father's kind and benevolent master.

Such was her education and such the training which fitted her to be the life-long companion of her brother, to work with him and to produce writings, some of which were not far removed from his in grace and charm.

After attending a private school, where he was taught reading and writing, Lamb entered Christ's Hospital through the influence of Samuel Salt. Thus at the early age of six or seven years his "pensive, brown, handsome and kindly face" became known and beloved in the cloisters of that old institution, cloisters which are now incorporated in the nurses' quarters of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

Here he had the advantage of learning, though in terror, under the immortalised James Boyer, who had, as De Quincey said, "conceived the gigantic project of flogging all mankind." Under this truculent scholar he attained to a good knowledge of the classics. "Od's my life, Sirrah," he would bellow, making a headlong entry into the schoolroom, "I have a great mind to whip you"; then, with as sudden a retracting impulse, fling back into his lair, and, after a cooling lapse of some minutes (during which all but the culprit had totally forgotten the context), drive headlong out again, with the expletory yell—"and I WILL too."

"Poor J. B.!" said Lamb, when he heard his old master was on his death-bed—"may all his faults be forgiven: and may he be wafted to bliss by little cherub boys all head and wings, with no bottoms to reproach his sublunary infirmities."

Under his tuition Lamb rose to be a Deputy Grecian, and would have become a Grecian had not this honour meant his taking holy orders, for which he was totally unfitted through his stammering. "Posterity has reason to bless

that stutter," says E. V. Lucas, "not that the Church would necessarily have wholly de-Elanated him (the author of "Tristram Shandy" was a clergyman), but one cannot see the Rev. Charles Lamb producing quite such work as came from Charles Lamb, of the East India House, and the least differences are not to be thought of."

Lamb left school at the age of 16 years, and embarked on his monotonous career of clerk, which he was doomed to follow until he was 50 years of age. At first in the South Sea House, then in the East India House, where he remained.

He now began seriously to think of literary work, and wrote a few things, but it was not until over 20 years afterwards that he did his finest work.

In 1796, when he was 21 years of age, he writes thus to Coleridge, who at this time had just gone down from Jesus College, Cambridge: "My life has been somewhat diversified of late. The six weeks that finished last year and began this, your very humble servant spent very agreeably in a mad-house, at Hoxton. I am got somewhat rational now, and don't bite anyone. But mad, I was: and many a vagary my imagination played with me, enough to make a volume, if all were told."

This was Lamb's first and only attack of madness, and though at times he feared a recurrence, it happily never came.

But a worse evil was to befall the family, for in the same year occurred the frightful tragedy so well known in connection with the life of Lamb, and which was to overshadow his life with sorrow.

The family was very poor, Charles was earning very little, Mary earned something by needlework, the mother was a confirmed invalid, and the father was rapidly sinking into a maudlin second childhood. The whole responsibility of management rested upon Mary, and her health and mind broke down before the strain.

Lamb, writing to Coleridge, says:—"My poor dear, dearest sister, in a fit of insanity, has been the death of her own mother. I was at hand only time enough to snatch the knife out of her grasp. She is at present in a mad-house, from whence I fear she must be moved to an hospital. God has preserved to me my senses: I eat, and drink, and sleep, and have my judgement, I believe, very sound. My poor father was slightly wounded, and I am left to take care of him and my aunt."

A little later he writes:—"Daddy and I, for our two selves and an old maidservant to look after him, have £170 (or £180 rather) a year, out of which we can spare £50 or £60 at least for Mary while she stays at Islington, where she must and shall stay during her father's life, for his and her comfort. I know John will make speeches about it, but she shall not go into an hospital. . . .

Poor thing . . . she was but the other morning saying she knew she must go to Bethlem for life: that one of her brothers would have it so, but the other would wish it not, but be obliged to go with the stream; . . . If my father, an old servant maid and I can't live, and live comfortably, on £130 or £120 a year, we ought to burn by slow fires: and I almost would, that Mary might not go into an hospital."

It is here that the great heroism of Lamb's character is shown. He was only 21 years of age, but he took the whole responsibility of his sister upon himself throughout his life, and after his father's death she lived with him: returning to the mad-house at each recurrence of her madness, which occurred with intervals of some months to the end, but of which, happily, she invariably had a premonition, and a friend has related how on one occasion he met the brother and sister "walking hand in hand across the fields to the asylum, both bathed in tears."

Next to his sister, or perhaps equally with her, Coleridge exerted the most potent influence on Lamb's life: no one who knew Coleridge in his younger days could fail to come under the magic and incomprehensible spell of this extraordinary man. Wordsworth, Lamb, Southey and others owed a great deal to his genius and his inspiring and magnetic personality. Lamb was profoundly influenced by him. On the death of Coleridge he writes:—"I feel how great a part he was of me. His great and dear spirit haunts me. I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men and books, without an ineffectual turning and reference to him. He was the proof and touchstone of all my cogitations. He was a Grecian (or in the 1st form) at Christ's Hospital, where I was deputy Grecian: and the same subordination and deference to him I have preserved through a life-long acquaintance. Great in his writings, he was greatest in his conversation. In him was disproved that old maxim, that we should allow every one his share of talk. He would talk from morn to dewy eve, nor cease till far midnight, yet who ever would interrupt him, who would obstruct that continuous flow of converse, fetched from Helicon or Zion?"

This, though it is eulogy, is interesting criticism, for there seems to be no doubt that Coleridge, like Sydenham in a totally different sphere, was far greater in his personality than in his writings, and the influence that both exerted on the thought and men of their times was far more profound than can be explained by a study of their writings. The same, of course, can be said of Dr. Johnson.

Mary was allowed to live with her brother, only on the condition that he should be responsible for her for the whole of his life. This he cheerfully undertook.



For her sake he was willing to sacrifice everything. Later in life he left his beloved London to live in the country for her health, and finally he risked the imputation of insanity upon himself by accompanying his sister to a private asylum, where he lived with her for the remainder of his life.

For the next 30 years Lamb remained a clerk in the East India House, where he worked conscientiously, and well, finally retiring on a pension of £450 a year. But the subduing atmosphere of the commercial office by no means dulled his humour, for the essays of Elia were written while he was a clerk, nor could it repress certain untimely ebullitions of jocularly.

"I notice, Mr. Lamb," said a superior official one day, "that you come very late every morning." "Yes," Lamb replied, "but see how early I go."

Nor could he refrain, when writing official letters to the firm of Bensusan & Co., from addressing them as "Sir—and Madam."

We are indebted greatly to Lamb's clerkship. It kept him steadily employed, and though he found the restraint very irksome at times, it caused him to take his literary work as a relaxation, and most of his best work was done then. It gave him, too, sufficient means by which to live comfortably, so that he was never harassed by want as some of his literary friends were, for he made extremely little by his writings. Not one of his works reached a second edition in his lifetime, except "Rosamund Gray."

In fact, Lamb and all that group of writers:—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor, etc., were somewhat despised and ruthlessly criticised in the Reviews.

The following lines from "English Bards and Scottish Reviewers," may occur to you:—

"Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,  
That mild apostate from poetic rule,  
The simple Wordsworth framer of a lay  
As soft as evening in his favourite May.  
Who warns his friend 'to shake off toil and trouble  
And quit his books for fear of growing double.'  
Who both by precept and example, shows  
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose:  
Convincing all, by demonstration plain,  
Poetic souls delight in prose insane;

\* \* \* \* \*  
Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here  
To turgid ode and tumid stanza clear?  
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,  
Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.  
If inspiration should her aid refuse  
To him who takes a pixy for a muse,  
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass  
The bard who soars to elegize an ass.  
How well the subject suits his noble mind,  
'A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.'"

And again:—

"Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,  
The meanest object of the lowly group,  
Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,  
Seems blessed harmony to Lamb and Lloyd." \*

An asterisk here points to the following note:—  
\* "Messrs. Lamb and Lloyd the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co."

This coarse criticism forms an introduction to the subject of Lamb's power as a critic. Byron here unconsciously pays Lamb a great compliment. It was in the very fact of Wordsworth's, Coleridge's and Keats' verses appearing to him as "blessed harmony" that he displays his discernment and greatness as a critic. When popular opinion raged furiously against these writers, as also against Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt even more, he championed their cause and wrote essays of masterful critical genius and fearlessly praised their writings.

It was this power of breaking through the fetters and trammels of popular opinion that so characterises Lamb's genius. Nearly all his work was new and original: Montaigne's excepted, possibly no essays such as the Essays of Elia had before appeared. Lamb it was who called the public attention to the Elizabethan dramatists other than Shakespeare. Before he published his book of extracts, Beaumont and Fletcher, Chapman and Massinger and the others were unread and almost unheard of even among the literary classes.

The stately convention of classicism was at this period overthrown through the influence of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, Lamb, De Quincey and Hazlitt. There was a bitter struggle. The old order was changed by no means passively. The new school of romantic literature and poetic prose was at first neglected, and later, as we have seen, derided and even spitefully persecuted. But a remarkable consciousness existed amongst the adherents of the new school that their work was good and would last, and, undiscouraged by popular opinion, they persevered in it. Among themselves a school of gentle and appreciative criticism arose, which became, indeed, a society of mutual admiration, but which formed the most congenial atmosphere for the production of their work.

The children's literature undertaken by Charles and Mary Lamb (chiefly by the latter) was a new thing, and one most needed. The ordinary literary pabulum of children in those days was singularly unattractive.

I will quote from a little book written by an ancestor of mine for his daughter, and printed in 1816. The booklet rejoices under the title of "The Moral Nosegay or Preaching Flowers."

"As the strongest, the most beautiful, and the most fragrant flower, is but a frail and short lived consolation, which withers while we gaze upon it: so the fairest and most lovely of earthly beings are liable to be smitten, to sicken and to die, even while we hang over them enamoured with their charms, and are exulting in the hope of increasing excellencies. What a fading flower is earthly

enjoyment, and how weak a plant is human nature!"

"Come then and let us, while we gaze with pleasure upon the lovely and diversified ornaments of the garden, learn to cultivate our own talents for the good of society, and in the fear of God, rejoicing that so many other mental flowers bloom around us, and are united with us as members of the same civil and religious society, tending to make the rational nosegay beautiful, fragrant and beneficial."

Something more thrilling and virile than this was wanted, and children owe a great debt of gratitude to Charles and Mary Lamb, even though they have been superseded by the host of children's books with which our bookshops are filled to-day. Charles and Mary Lamb were both great lovers of children—though on one occasion, after being tormented by some very irrepressible ones, Lamb proposed the health of the m-m-much ca-calumniated good King Herod! Together they produced the series of stories, entitled "Mrs. Leicester's School," the "Tales from Shakespeare," and the "Adventures of Ulysses."

As a critic of Shakespeare Lamb is unsurpassed, and as a critic of the Elizabethan dramatists and the Jacobæan and Caroline writers, unequalled. As his critical essays are perhaps less known than his essays of Elia, I will quote part of his essay on "The Tragedies of Shakespeare," and, to borrow a phrase from Stevenson, would say that a "heavy tax should be levied on all who have read it not."

"So to see Lear acted,—to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night, has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter and relieve him. That is all the feeling which the acting of Lear ever produced in me. But the Lear of Shakespeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano; they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities, and weakness, the impotence of rage: while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear, we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which

baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind bloweth where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks, or tones, to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the heavens themselves, when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that "they themselves are old?" What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it shew: it is too hard and stony; it must have love-scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of the Leviathan for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through—the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation, why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station—as if at his years and his experience, anything was left but to die."

Of his other works, the Essays of Elia are too well known to demand any description. It is interesting to recall, however, that they were not written till he was well over 40 years of age. Examples of this kind of the zenith of a writer's genius appearing so late are comparatively rare in literature. His poems are interesting and clever, and some very amusing, but display little genius; one or two are much above the average, however. His tragedy, *John Woodvil*, is of far greater merit, but absolutely Elizabethan. His best comedy is *Mr. H.*, which is very amusing, but failed when acted. "Damned," Lamb called it, and he himself is said to have hissed with the loudest at its failure. It is, however, a clever play, and still reads well, but the matter was too slight. "The audience looked for comic situations and droll horseplay and were offered only a literary jest."

The play recounts the adventures of a conceited coxcomb who suffers under the name of Hogsflesh, and who curses the fates and his ancestors for giving him such a name. "My plaguy ancestors! if they had left me but a Van, or a Mac, or an Irish O, it had been something to qualify it. Mynheer Van Hogsflesh, or Sawney Mac Hogsflesh, or Sir Phelim O'Hogsflesh—but downright blunt —. O my cursed name! that it was something I could be revenged on! if it were alive that



I might tread upon it, or crush it, or pummel it, or kick it, or spit it out." . . .

He cannot shine in society, and no girl will have him because of his "cursed unfortunate name," as he calls it. He goes, therefore, to Bath, where he is unknown, and will only give as his name Mr. H. All goes well for a time. Great curiosity is aroused. His manners and address are pleasing. The women consequently flock around him, while the men hate him.

In telling a conceited egoistical series of stories about himself and his great friend, Lord this and that, to the admiration of the ladies, he accidentally lets fall the secret and his name is out. At once all the ladies repel him, and consider his name as filthy, abominable, unutterable, disgusting, and his newly acquired young lady deserts him. He accordingly, amid the jeers and gibes of the men, beats a hasty retreat and tells his landlord to pack his boxes, when the following dialogue occurs:—

(Enter Landlord)

Mr. H. "Landlord, I must pack up to-night; you will see all my things got ready."

L. "Hope your Honour does not intend to quit the "Blue Boar,"—sorry anything has happened."

Mr. H. "He has heard it all."

L. "Your Honour has had some mortification, to be sure, as a man may say: you have brought your pigs to a fine market."

Mr. H. "Pigs!"

L. "What then? Take old Pry's advice and never mind it. Don't scorch your crackling for 'em, Sir."

Mr. H. "Scorch my crackling! A queer phrase: but I suppose he don't mean to affront me."

L. "What is done can't be undone; you can't make a silken purse out of a sow's ear."

Mr. H. "As you say, Landlord, thinking of a thing does but augment it."

L. "Does but hogment it, indeed, Sir."

Mr. H. "Hogment it! Damn it, I said augment it."

L. "Lord, Sir, 'tis not everybody has such gift of fine phrases as your Honour, that can lard his discourse—"

Mr. H. "Lard!"

L. "Suppose they do smoke you—"

Mr. H. "Smoke me!"

L. "One of my phrases; never mind my words, Sir, my meaning is good. We all mean the same thing, only you express yourself one way and I another, that's all. The meaning's the same: it is all pork."

Mr. H. "That's another of your phrases, I presume."

(Bell rings and the Landlord called for)

L. "Anon., anon."

Mr. L. "I wish I were anonymous."

(Exeunt several ways)

Just as he is about to depart, however, a paper arrives announcing that the King has been graciously pleased to grant unto John Hogsflesh, Esq. . . . his royal licence and authority that he and his issue may take and use the surname and arms of Bacon in pursuance of an injunction contained in the last will and testament of Nicholas Bacon, Esq., the late uncle.

At once there is a revulsion of feeling in his favour, but he mortifies the ladies in turn by retaliating upon them the very phrases they used in rebuffing his advances after the escape of his former name, and the play ends:—

"Your ever grateful servant takes his leave;  
Lay your plans surer when you plot to grieve,  
See, while you kindly mean to mortify  
Another, the wild arrow do not fly  
And gall yourself. For once you've been mistaken,  
Your shafts have missed their aim—Hogsflesh  
has saved his Bacon."

So much for Lamb's works. Of his character I intend to say little more than what has been incidentally brought out in his life. And there is little need, for in the essay "A Character of the late Elia," we have a sketch written better and more truthfully than would have been possible for any other pen, the author being Lamb himself.

He was the truest and staunchest of friends; and the kind-heartedness of his genial friendly nature, shines out in all his writings, and nearly all his actions.

There seems to be a widespread misunderstanding, however, about the religion of Charles Lamb. Of himself, he wrote, "With the severe religionist he would pass for a freethinker, while the other faction set him down for a bigot," and if I may ask your indulgence once again, I will give two quotations, and I have done.

The first is from a letter to a man named Wilson:—

"I know you think a very important difference in opinion with respect to some more serious subjects between us makes me a dangerous companion, but do not rashly infer, from some slight and light expressions which I may have made use of in a moment of levity, in your presence, without sufficient regard to your feelings—do not conclude that I am an inveterate enemy to all religion. I have had a time of seriousness, and I have known the importance and reality of a religious belief. Latterly, I

acknowledge, much of my seriousness has gone off, whether from new company or some other new associations: but I still retain at bottom a conviction of the truth, and a certainty of the usefulness of religion. I will not pretend to more gravity of feeling than I at present possess; my intention is not to persuade you that any great alteration is probable in me: sudden converts are superficial and transitory. I only want you to believe that I have a stamina of seriousness within me, and that I desire nothing more than a return of that friendly intercourse which used to subsist between us, but which my folly has suspended.

Believe me,

Very affectionately yours,

C. LAMB."

The second is Lamb's autobiography.

"Charles Lamb, born in the Inner Temple, 10th February, 1775; educated in Christ's Hospital; afterwards a clerk in the accountant's office, East India House; pensioned off from that service, 1825, after 33 years' service; is now a gentleman at large; can remember few specialities in his life worth noting, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste sua manu*). Below the middle stature; cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism, or a poor quibble, than in set and edifying speeches; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit, which, as he told a dull fellow that charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dulness; a small eater, but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper berry; was a fierce smoker of tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff. Has been guilty of obtruding upon the public a tale, in prose, called "Rosamund Gray"; a dramatic sketch, named "John Woodvil"; a farewell ode to tobacco, with sundry other poems, and light prose matter, collected in two slight crown octavos, and pompously christened his works, though in fact they were his recreations; and his true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall Street, filling some hundred folios. He is also the true Elia, whose Essays are extant in a little volume, published a year or two since; and rather better known from that name without a meaning than from anything he has done, or can hope to do, in his own. He also was the first to draw the public attention to the old English dramatists, in a work called 'Specimens of English Dramatic Writers who lived about the Time of Shakespeare,' published about 15 years since. In short, all his merits and

demerits, to set forth, would take to the end of Mr. Upcott's book, and then not be told truly

He died 18 , much lamented.

Witness his hand,

Charles Lamb, 10th April, 1827."

I have attempted, poorly enough, to present to you my hobby-horse. Adopt him and you will be led into the charms of the old writers and the mysteries of Shakespeare. You will be introduced to that wonderful circle of his friends, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Keats and Shelley, Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt, Southey and Carey, Tom Hood and Landor, Talfourd and Robinson. Follow him wherever his caprice may lead you, and the hobby horse will prove the winged steed of Don Quixote, and you will be transported to a literary Elysium.

## ON SYMPATHY

By A PATIENT

Some will think the consideration of so simple a subject superfluous, but a few remarks may, perhaps, be permitted to one who has recently received a good deal of this, shall we call it, "commodity"?

People who are seriously ill, or have just undergone an operation should be protected from all sympathetic enquiries as to how they feel. We feel *too rotten for words*. (Kind friends please note). And when asked how we feel, we growl or groan out "oh! a little better, thanks," and pray, privately, that the next enquirer may drop dead. We are not responsible for all our prayers at such times, but that is the net result of much uninformed "sympathy."

In essence, I suppose, sympathy is a pain—felt by the sympathizer, often someone we care for, and that alone should be enough to prevent any very overt expression of its existence as such.

It is no great help or comfort to feel that someone else, someone we care for, is suffering from a pain they are conscientiously trying to make as much like ours as possible, so they can feel with and for us. All the worse if we think they are imagining it is just like the particular pain which is doing its best to oust our senses or our life.

Most people, unfortunately, know how a toothache may begin with one tooth, but by accumulation of painful impressions, may gradually spread along one side of the jaw, face, neck, and even arm and body. To some of us—in hospital—every full bed forms one more painful impression, each patient contributes to the general sense of misery, until



the accumulation of suffering seems to pile upon our own with a maddening sense of hopelessness. Add on top of that the visit of someone you care for, oozing with an attack of sympathy, and, perhaps Heaven will forgive a patient one private expletive . . . or even two. We feel we have increased the sum total of misery in the world by communicating it to this friend.

We are—we may freely admit it—those of us who suffer this way, in a morbid state. We need to be directed into a more sane view of all the beds around—but while some of us do suffer this way, an understanding friend could help us most considerably.

If you can get far enough into our minds to see what we are thinking, your own sane and obvious reply will heal us—when your sympathy would harm—you will impose your own non-morbid conviction that these beds mean, not more pain in the world, but pains getting relieved, and our minds will gradually grasp the truth, not only for those other beds, but for the very one we are lying on also.

Not all of us suffer this particular way.

Most *men* worry how their family will get on without the breadwinner. Pain so consumes some of us that we lie repeating to ourselves "it can't go on like this for long." While others, like the man on the third day of *mal de mer*, are "afraid we *won't* die."

Our would-be helpers, if we may make bold to suggest it, might follow a sort of waiting policy; begin by saying, "how much better you look than I expected," and then watch for the result. When we are ill, small things become an obsession; we want to unburden ourselves, if we can find someone tactful enough to be our confessor. A gentle judicious question may be necessary, but if you are genuinely, but self-suppressedly sympathetic, the real root element of our suffering will show out without any questions asked in most instances, and the very telling will give us some relief. Then, friends, you can let your sympathy have its outlet in practical relief of the particular type of misery which dominates us.

The sort of man who worries about his wife and family will, as a rule, scorn to mention his pain; he can stand his own pain *if only* "his missus an' the kids" are all right, and so forth.

A cardinal principle, or rule, seems to arise from all this consideration.

"Sit tight on the safety valve till the real cause of suffering is manifest, then let all the pent-up pressure of the sympathy you have felt and suppressed go in relief of that suffering."

A word or so to the religious visitor.

We often feel, if we are approached while ill, as to our spiritual condition, that a mean advantage is being taken of us.

The above rule should apply here.

If the sufferer betrays an anxiety of a spiritual nature, and if you are certain of your qualification, produce your comfort, remove the anxiety, and relieve the suffering.

But for Heaven's sake don't dangle our souls even prospectively over hell's fires, nor try to make us feel bad, if we do not already, about our past misdeeds. Perhaps you will not forget that one of the titles of the Divine Missioner is "The Comforter."

One patient I know of, will never forget the tact and sympathy of a chaplain, who, knowing him to be a member of another communion, proved his vocation and sympathy by the quiet way in which, ignoring all differences, he committed him and his to the Divine care before operation; and made him feel that here was a man who knew what he was feeling, entered into it, and did just what was needed to show his belief that that patient's family, and he himself, were objects of the Divine care of the All Father.

### AN IMPRESSION OF NOVEMBER 13th.

To the best of one's recollection the last account of medical work during active operations, as distinct from normal trench warfare, appeared in the *Gazette* quite early in the War. So a brief account of a Regimental Medical Officer's experience in the attack of November 13th may be of interest. One writes, moreover, not with a consuming desire to rush into print, but rather because, judging by recent numbers, many old "Londoners" seem intent on keeping out of it.

Imagine a dull chill morning in November, a white mist all around, yet sufficient light penetrating to reveal the nearest few yards of the chalky, trench furrowed land; every few minutes the silence is broken by the bark of a field gun. Such were the conditions as I looked out of my Aid Post, before dawn, on November 13th, "situation normal," thought the Boche, no doubt—unusually so.

At last the time arrived, two guns barked at once; then four; then the air shook with the continuous reports of artillery of every size, and we knew our barrage was in full blast.

It is difficult to describe the sensation given by a barrage in the vicinity. If one is a mile or two away, especially if in a deep dug-out, the feeling is

very akin to that on board ship with the engines doing a bit over their normal. If between the guns and their target there is the added staccato barking of the field guns immediately behind, and the swish of the shells soaring overhead.

Ten minutes later the first walking case arrived, he appeared to have hurried; doubtless he reasoned that having got his wound he could learn the further progress of the attack from the daily papers. And who shall blame him? Impressions of the next few hours are rather blurred; shoals of walking cases arrived, then the long line of grey clad figures that told us that things were going well up in the front. And what shall one say of the type of prisoner? All were well clothed and shod; some certainly very young, and all were very pale, but whether that is their natural colour or the result of long sojourn in deep dug-outs, as the papers suggest, I cannot say. Some were calmly smoking cigars, and all assisted enthusiastically in stretcher bearing. That they were thoroughly pleased to be on our side of the line seemed pretty evident.

About 10 o'clock the same morning, the stream of prisoners had almost ceased, and I received a message that all was fairly quiet up in front. So, after packing our dressings and other stores into the ubiquitous sand-bag, we set off over that hitherto unexplored land, usually known as "The Top." We crossed our recent front line, and passed on further across the old "No Man's Land"—the most dreary waste, I suppose, that ever existed in this world. Arriving at the tangled shreds that remained of the German wire, we left behind a few—a very few—figures of those who had paid in full the cost of success: other figures reminded us that there been a previous attack on this same front. One word as to the wire. The shreds, already mentioned, were all that remained of an impassable barrier of rusty barbed wire, in places thirty or forty yards thick, and nowhere less than twenty. One must pay a passing tribute to the work of the artillery and trench mortars in demolishing the wire; to look for gaps was quite unnecessary, at any rate on the front over which our men had attacked.

By this time the mist had lifted partially, but was still thick enough to prevent aerial observation, and apparently also the enemy's artillery observation. This, doubtless, explained the extraordinary scene on our arrival at the old German front line; men were strolling about in the open, smoking captured cigars, with no interference whatever from the Boche; but for a few rifle shots scarcely a sound suggestive of a battle was to be heard. Apparently the enemy had been completely caught by surprise, and had crawled up from his dug-out with his hands in the air; his gunners, moreover, were puzzled by the mist and loss of telephonic

communication with the infantry, so contented themselves with shelling our communication trenches in the rear.

The next thing was to find a new Aid Post. This was simplicity itself, for we had arrived right over an enormous dug-out, one end of which we took over, sharing it with the M.O. of another Battalion.

As an example of Hun industry that dug-out deserves a few lines to itself. It must have been well over a hundred yards in length—practically an underground replica of the trench above, and thirty feet deep. I counted six entrances, and I daresay there were more. Though right in the front line, and used no doubt by men only, it was fitted with innumerable wire beds, and beautifully timbered—roof, sides and floor. Souvenirs, both useful and ornamental, abounded. The "ornamental" included helmets, bayonets, and all the other articles that the average Tommy loves to bring away with him after a successful "show;" the "useful" consisted of blankets, coats, cold coffee, black bread, and tinned rations, and thoroughly appreciated they were by our wounded. Altogether an ideal place for an Aid Post, except for the entrances, which were scarcely built to facilitate the passage of a stretcher. If every potential disturber of the world's peace could be lowered down such a shaft with a compound fractured femur, I feel sure the peace would remain unbroken, and if every War profiteer were made to assist in the operation it would do him the world of good.

Once down there our cases were pretty comfortable; there were wire beds for all, endless blankets, and, thanks to our "Primus," all were able to have hot Oxo or Boche coffee. Most comforting of all, perhaps, was the security of thirty feet of solid chalk overhead.

After settling down, my colleague and I were able in turn to go out and see how the evacuation from the new front line was progressing, there being, as I say, no shelling for several hours.

The mud simply exceeded anything we ever imagined possible. The trenches were totally impassable; men were to be seen stuck fast in it, and quite unable to move, one was seen in tears from sheer exhaustion. Up on top there was certainly less mud, but the whole area was a maze of shell holes, mostly filled with water.

The difficulties of stretcher-bearing can be imagined; eight bearers to one case was not too many, and, even so, the bearers were almost exhausted after one journey. Fortunately the weather kept good, and after the second day frost set in, so that evacuation became comparatively easy again.

Morphia, dressings and food represent the total of one's armoury under such circumstances. On!y