

THE LONDON HOSPITAL GAZETTE

No. 199]

DECEMBER, 1918

[ONE SHILLING

EDITORIAL

Victory so long on the wing has at last settled on our Arms, where we all felt that sooner or later she would surely rest, and now we are in full hope that by the time the next number of the GAZETTE is published our grey old world will be again at peace. Among the many changes to which we then look forward, few give us more unalloyed pleasure than the return of the GAZETTE to a more sprightly manner and a more regular habit.

Once again, but let us hope for the last time, it is our mournful duty to refer to the losses we have sustained since our last number. Surgeon A. R. MacMullen, D.S.C., R.N., Captain (Acting Lieut.-Col.) R. A. Preston, M.C., and Captain F. A. J. R. Brooke, both of the R.A.M.C.; and Lieutenant E. W. Griffin, R.A.F., have all to our great regret been reported killed; while Captains R. D. Brownson and J. H. Connolly have died on active service. Our Roll of Honour contains no less than 100 names.

The time has now, we think, come when we should naturally turn to the consideration of the form which the memorial to our dead shall take, and we should be glad to receive any suggestions from our readers. We may at once say that we shall all agree that their names shall be inscribed on a tablet or other memorial to be placed in the Hospital, College or, as some may prefer, in the Garden; but, beyond this, we hope that funds will be forthcoming whereby we may institute something which will weave the memory of their sacrifice into the work and life of our College and Hospital for all time to come.

Since our last issue we regret to say that Major G. B. Holroyde, Captains H. M. Stephenson, T. V. Somerville, E. C. Bowden, N. F. Graham, and Lieutenant H. A. Chodak have all been reported wounded: to them we offer our warmest sympathy and best wishes for a complete and early convalescence.

Our Honours List has again received many notable additions. A Bar to the D.S.C. was awarded to the late Surgeon A. R. MacMullen, R.N., and the D.S.C. has been awarded to Surgeon H. B. Parker, R.N. Captain H. W. Voolllett, M.C., R.A.F., has received the D.S.O. In the R.A.M.C., a Bar to the Military Cross has been awarded to Major J. D. Fiddes, Captains T. V.

Somerville and S. J. A. Beale. The Military Cross has been awarded to Major W. B. G. Angus, C. F. Burton, J. W. Linnell, Captains H. A. Chodak, H. A. Crouch, G. A. Lilly, D. G. McRae, J. W. Rammell, D. J. Valentine, and Lieutenant D. Davies.

The Order of the British Empire has been conferred on Captain D. H. Fraser and Lieut. A. R. Moore, both of the R.A.M.C.

The Croix de Guerre has been awarded by the President of the French Republic to Lieut.-Colonel A. B. Soltau, C.M.G., and by the King of the Belgians to Staff-Surgeon H. Cooper, D.S.O., R.N.

Among those who have been mentioned in despatches are: Lieut.-Colonel W. V. Field, S.A.M.C., Majors J. J. Abraham, W. B. Cosens, W. W. Treves, Captains G. V. Bakewell, M. C. Cooper, F. Corner, C. W. Jenner, and G. F. Rudkin, D.S.O., all of the R.A.M.C.

With the advent of peace we look forward to welcoming our men back to the College and Hospital—Staff, Residents, Students and Attendants. Of the changes which will be no doubt observed, the transference of the teaching of the preliminary subjects to East London College, and the introduction of women students will no doubt be particularly apparent. Whether the teaching of these preliminary subjects will ever be resumed at our College is a question which we believe is not finally settled; all we can say with regard to it is that the arrangement so far has proved highly successful. As to the introduction of women students, of whom there are at the moment eleven in the College and Hospital, the innovation has, we believe, been universally popular, and there is no sign so far of their admission affecting adversely the entry of men students. The policy of the "London" in admitting women was speedily followed, we observe, by University College Hospital and King's College Hospital, so that the Schools in London which still close their doors to women are now reduced to four, viz. St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, Guy's and the Middlesex. Much of the smoothness with which the change has been effected here is, we feel, due to the enthusiasm and tact of Miss Basden the Advisory Tutor.

Two other changes of an important character may here be mentioned: the first is that the

Hostel has again been opened for students, of whom there are at present seven in residence, a number which under the wise and genial rule of Miss Wilkin will surely and rapidly increase, and so the Hostel may again become the prominent feature in our College life that it was in the past and as we sincerely trust it will again be in the future. The second matter is that our Rugby XV. still shews no signs of life. While at the beginning of the season a sense of decorum, not unnaturally prevented us from entering wholeheartedly into games, we think that the position since the Armistice has been entirely transformed, and we earnestly hope that after Xmas our colours will be again seen in the field, and that preparations will be made in good time for the Season 1919-20, when, no doubt, we shall be called upon to defend the trophy which Deighton, Fawcett, Hughie Morris and J. H. D. Watson did so much to win.

Other changes not yet apparent, but likely, we believe, to ensue, are in the direction of a greater systematisation of Clinical and Post Graduate Teaching.

The work of the present Session has been much interfered with by the prevailing epidemic, many of our students having been absent from time to time. It is with deep regret that we have to record the deaths of E. A. Pearson, who only qualified in October, and of C. W. Tomkinson. Much sympathy has also been expressed with Mr. Candy on the loss of his only daughter.

With the advent of Peace, the beating of swords into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks—we already notice the concrete raid-shelter is being converted into a rock garden—there is a danger that the damages the GAZETTE has sustained may be overlooked. We, therefore, venture again to draw the attention of our readers to the Special Appeal which we are making for financial assistance, in the full confidence that we shall not do so in vain.

And now there only remains to express to all "London" men, wherever they may be, with an easier heart than we have known for the last four anniversaries, our warmest wishes for Christmas and the New Year.

As we intend publishing in our next issue as full and correct a list as possible of those who have served during the War in H.M. Forces, the Editor will be glad if our readers will assist him by forwarding any addenda or corrigenda.

MEMORIES OF AUGUST, 1917.

By F. G. CHANDLER, M.A., M.D., Temporary Captain R.A.M.C., Medical Registrar London Hospital.

PREFATORY NOTE.

DEAR Mr. EDITOR.—This is a portion of the diary I promised you long ago. I have intended, many a time, to polish it up, but, have either not had the time or else have not been able to bring myself to do so. I send it to you now as it was left last year, and if you care to publish it, would you kindly add this prefatory note.

After a period of being out of the War, and after acting for some months as Physician at the Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, I received sudden orders to proceed to France, and in three days was in the train from Boulogne to Poperinghe.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4th, 1917.—Up the line. Noted on the journey from Boulogne to Poperinghe the richly-cultivated fen country intersected by dykes with queer canoe-like boats upon them. Noted the early morning mist and the stillness. Detained at Pop. Had to report to A.D.M.S. near Vlamertinghe. Left all luggage except pack, and started to foot-slog it; on the way was passed by an artillery orderly leading a spare horse, he offered me a ride, and although I had not been on a horse for over a year, I was only too glad of the chance, so jumped on, and after a fast trot, arrived all of a muck sweat and somewhat aching, and reported to the A.D.M.S. Was sent to 113th Field Ambulance—stayed night there—reported next day to 111th Field Ambulance.

An epic should be written about the road from "Pop." to Ypres.

Never can there have been such traffic on any road on this old earth's surface through all its ages. There is an almost maddening feverish activity, lorries by hundreds, motor ambulances, troops, caterpillar tractors, guns, cars rushing past, scarcely room to pass. The sky dotted with aeroplanes, observation balloons in all directions, shells bursting. Later, noted the view at night, the sky rent with the intense frightful flashes of the guns.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 10th.—111th Field Ambulance, situated in the moated farm Vlamertinghe. Disturbed night. Aeroplanes bombing, much noise and many searchlights. Next day a few German prisoners.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11th.—Up to Ypres; spent

part of the night at the Prison with the C.O. in deep cellars.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 12th, 3 a.m.—Went up to A.D.S. at Potijze, situated in a wrecked house at the side of the Ypres—Zonnebecke Road, surrounded by gun positions. We walked through Ypres in moonlight, under stars and a mackerel sky. Crumps falling all round A.D.S. 3.45 a.m., walked with Lieut. - Colonel B. to "Bavaria House." Just as we started a show began.

A hideous appalling noise, guns of every size; flashes, rockets, machine guns, great earth spouts where crumps fell. Got to "Bavaria House"—a German concrete machine-gun emplacement—found the doctor of an Irish Regiment and a Padre with wounded. On the way passed a shambles of dead and dying mules and corpses of men just killed. Saw a dead German rotting. The desolation and utter devastation of all this region passes description. Trees leafless and branchless, like spectres, most fallen, all broken, as far as the eye can see. Many crumps fell near us. As we walked back the sun rose, and we passed the shambles again, and tried not to feel sick. One horse was lying wounded in a shell hole full of water. Its head and shoulders were held well up with an expression of absolute resignation and patience. We had nothing to shoot it with. 8 a.m. at the A.D.S. wounded and mangled began to arrive. The road is full of shell holes, overturned limbers, littered with shells, and remnants of harness and kit, equipment and rifles. Tanks are lying about stranded. I write this in a foul dugout, stuffy and smelly. There is a sort of excitement about it, but the dominating feeling is one of sickening horror and disgust and loathing. The whole surface of the country as far as eye can reach is one complete desolation, there are great shell holes everywhere, every yard, all filled with water; there are gun positions and old trenches. We are, of course, in front of all the guns. There is no more that I can think of to say. It is always the same. It is worse than anything I saw in 1914-15. No one who has not seen it can imagine an Advanced Dressing Station. We are all tired. There are three doctors here and a gunner doctor sleeps here.

Later in the day the Germans searched the whole country-side with crumps. Two 5.9's fell within three or four yards of the side of our dugout and partly blew the end in; many more just missed the house and exploded a few yards from it. A direct hit on the dugout, so called, and we are all a mangled mass. I watched hundreds of shells drop and explode with the great fountain of earth and pieces of trees hurled into the air. I saw three ammunition dumps blown

up, and one of our observation balloons brought down in flames, so it was an eventful day. Towards evening the shelling increased and the road became impassable; towards the end there appeared through the barrage two galloping horses drawing a light wagon driven by one man all by himself, he was going up towards the trenches, one of the back wheels had been blown off, and the axle on that side went bumping along the *pavé*.

MONDAY, AUGUST 13th.—Shelling last night, crumps pretty near, but got some sleep. Padre P. (Wes.), Padre V., (C. of E.), Drs. M. and L. and self slept together in an "Elephant" dugout, a feeble thing really. To lunch we had in addition A. of the R.E.'s., a good sort, and L. P., in charge of infantry stretcher bearers.

Got knocked over by a crump in the afternoon which made a great hole in the ground eight yards away, another time was saved a nasty knock by my iron hat.

Remember yesterday; the two gunner officers, Captain D. and X., the former a wonderfully virile, fearless man, wounded in the foot, the other wounded in the belly, poor devil, and crying out, "D—, old man, are you hurt?" "Oh, nothing serious, only in the foot" said D—. "Oh, that's good, I've taken it old man, and, Oh, God, I can't bear it, I can't bear it, I can't bear it." "You're all right, old man," D— shouted out in his great voice, "you're doing grandly, that's nothing to worry about, you've only got a Blighty." "A Blighty, by God, I'm finished." And he *was*, probably.

Oh! an A.D.S. is an awful place. Oh! the dead, and the wounded, and the dying, and the smell of blood, and the smell of the cooking dinner, and the smell of the exploding shells, and the crush, and the crowding. The corpses on stretchers. A squad of bearers with a sergeant in charge got caught, two bearers were wounded. The next moment another shell came and the sergeant absolutely disappeared, no trace of him was to be seen. August 13th relieved by MacD., 5.30-6 p.m.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 14th.—Up to Potijze again 5.30 p.m.

Putting up fortifications, crushed fingers between two iron girders. Later heard report that an R.A.M.C. Captain was lying dead in a shell hole near a stranded tank near Ruprecht Farm. Went up to investigate with L. P., the Wesleyan Padre and four stretcher bearers, found the body as reported, an R.A.M.C. Captain. The body was decomposed lying in water. We had to roll him back again and covered him with earth as well as possible. The Padre held a short service, during which we all crouched to keep out

of view, and we put up a rude cross. We came back across country, right across the old German line; we explored dugouts and got some souvenirs. We got back to the "White House" without mishap. Map marking of body, Sheet 28 C. 30.c.2.4.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15th.—"White Chateau," Potijze. Quiet night. Y. day, only a few shells over us to-day. A.D.M.S. 16th Division visited us here; went with him and L. to Brigade Headquarters to see the General and two officers who had been taken ill—gas. Am staying on up here because of Z. day. Later in the day practically all the Brigade Headquarters had to be sent down with gas poisoning from the General downwards. I have to go up several times and arrange this. Could not sleep last night because of finger.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16th.—Z. day. A disturbed night last night; twice when just going off to sleep came the cry of gas, and we had to put our box respirators on. This was my first experience of gas. We all got through all right except one of the men near whom the shell burst, he was gassed. A hellish noise of increased artillery fire began about 4.45 a.m.

This day proved to be awful. While the attack was on I was sent up to "Bavaria House" in charge of the bearers in the most advanced area. "Bavaria House," as I have said, is a concrete dugout made in the cellar of what was once a farm house, the entrance faces the Hun line; the dimensions are about 6 yds. by 6 yds., one can just stand upright. It is crowded with men, and the Signallers have a telephone there, wounded are dressed there with the utmost difficulty, a stretcher has to be passed down the entrance hole tipped up sideways giving the man hell. The floor was covered with bloody dressings, remnants of food, torn clothing, pins, equipment, sacks, etc., etc., but this I had all cleared out.

They shelled us with 5.9's and 4.2's all through the day, sometimes violently; we took several direct hits, but the place stood it; this ferro-concrete of the Huns is wonderful. We had to be outside most of the time to attend to the wounded, to send off bearer squads, and to see wounded sent off down the road on wheeled stretchers. I was talking to L., the regimental doctor at the corner, and he turned to go in to the dugout. I stayed for a moment to talk to the sergeant, when, crump! I turned round to go in, not thinking much of the crump, for they frequently burst within a few yards of one without doing harm, because their effect is extraordinarily local when they burst in the water-logged soft earth of these parts, but I found poor L.

being dragged into the dugout badly wounded; shot through the lung, his chin badly smashed, and another piece in his buttock.

He was very bad, but he regained some colour, and later, when things got quieter, we got him down the damned road. Padre F. M. was sweet beyond words, his presence there was invaluable. L.'s servant simply cried like a woman, the tears ran down his cheeks. L. said, "For God's sake, don't cry, old man, we have been through worse things than this together." But his servant stroked his hand and the tears went on running, but he never made a sound or said a word. These Irishmen are very lovable.

The whole day and night and the next day were damnable. The bearers did wonderful work; going through heavy shell fire and collecting from the Front line in many cases. Many were wounded and killed.

Three squads got all the wounded out of Low Farm which the infantry stretcher bearers could not approach.

No one can ever criticize the work of the R.A.M.C. after the gallant work they have done in this war. Frequently, unaccompanied by any officer or non-commissioned officer, they will go through barrages of shell fire, or shot at by machine guns and fetch the wounded.

The attack in front of us was not a success and the Germans took a good number of prisoners, and things looked a little nasty for a time.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 17th.—The morning was very quiet. I think the Huns and ourselves were busy getting in wounded; and for once each side seemed to respect this. But later on, about mid-day, the shelling started again. Hearing a rumour that 12 wounded were left in Low Farm, Padre F. M. and I went over to Square Farm to investigate, and, if necessary, go across to Low Farm. We got there safely, to the Battalion Headquarters of the Connaught Rangers in Square Farm, the lower rooms of which had been strengthened by ferro-concrete by the Germans. While we were there they shelled us heavily, but there were no casualties. We learned that Low Farm had no more wounded and we came away. The place itself and the ground was a shambles, corpses of our own men and Huns; in all this country you have to pick your way between great shell holes, there are shell holes every yard or two without any exaggeration, all, except the most recent, filled with water. As you go along you see a body half buried, and a face sticking out of the earth, or a limb. It is ghastly.

In a small piece of trench near Square Farm that had not been blown in was a pony. It was a machine-gun pony, whose fellow pony was killed coming up with ammunition a little after dusk the

night before, while this one got loose and bolted for the line and got caught in our barbed wire. A man crawled out and cut it loose and took it to this bit of trench, and there the poor thing had remained untouched, by some miracle, with crumps falling all round and bullets going over its head. Its gas mask was tied in readiness over its nose. It had been fed with biscuits; and in the evening, when the battalion was being relieved, they were going to take the pony down.

As Padre and I were going back they put a machine gun on us, so we dropped down and waited a bit, and went on with more caution.

From where we were we were in full view of the German line, which was quite close and on a slight elevation. I think the wretched infantry were only too glad to let each other alone, and but for artillery and a few machine guns, I don't believe there would have been any firing. I am quite convinced that on this day the infantry of both sides left the stretcher bearers quite unmolested. We never wear brassards now, nor show the Red Cross in any way; but I am inclined to think that this is foolish.

In the afternoon they shelled us again. I sat in the dugout and read the *Daily Mail* that one of the men lent me and saw the bitter comments and repudiations of the Pope's peace proposals. I felt angry and indignant. We have got to consider the Pope's peace proposals and the Armies have got to do the considering, no *material* thing can justify this war nor afford any compensation. This war cannot go on for ever. It is asking too much of men. I was relieved by M. between 5 and 6 p.m. and went down to White House, Potijze.

The bearers were just about done; no sleep, little food, long carries, and the terror of imminent death the whole time. We had had practically no sleep for three days and three nights. Shelled at, stunk out by gas, living in filthy dugouts, walking in the desolate land of horrors, seeing sights that ought never to be seen, subject to a nervous and moral strain that no human being ought ever to be put to. I was glad to get away. Hardly had I gone when they shelled "Bavaria House" worse than ever, killing one and wounding seven of our men.

At Potijze I got into an ambulance and sat in front, and as we approached Ypres the sun was setting behind the old ramparts, and a feeling of joy went through my whole being like something warm.

I got back to Vlamertinghe, had dinner, went to bed, and, though aeroplanes bombed all round,

slept a wonderful sleep, and awoke fit and fresh this morning—August 18th.

The Division has been relieved, and I pray God we do not go back to the Ypres sector.

MONDAY, AUGUST 20th.—Trekking from V. via — to —. Billeted in charming country in full view of the hill of Cassel. Passed the Mont des Cats with its Trappist Monastery.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 21st.—Orders to report back at 16th D.A.C., near Vlamertinghe.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22nd. Nothing to do. Walked into "Pop." and bought various things. A sponge, baccy, cigars, etc. It was terribly hot, so I went into Skindles and demanded something very good to drink, and got a half bottle of Veuve Cliquot!

They shelled us a bit with their beastly high-velocity gun, but no harm done.

Aeroplanes have been over every night bombing. Forty-eight mules and horses were killed the other day.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23rd.—We trek early tomorrow morning. To-day inspecting the sanitary condition of our lines. Colonel H. the C.O. of the unit, is a perfectly charming and wonderfully versatile man.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 24th.—Up at 4 a.m., trekking to —, had tea and a little bread and butter. Walked round the camp. Dawn just breaking; great fires all round where rubbish is being burned. Bivouacs being taken down. The hundreds of horses and mules with an air of expectancy. The clouds in the eastern sky beginning to be coloured a faint red. All bustle and preparation: in about ten minutes everything will be in order, and we shall shake the dust of this hellish region off our feet.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25th.—We trekked yesterday 5 a.m. and arrived near—about 8 a.m. I will quote from a letter sent to-day to E.B. "We are out at rest now amongst green fields and grazing cattle and rich hop plantations. The sun is shining, and we can hear no guns except as a faint booming, and I cannot tell you how heavenly it is. The days we have gone through seem like a nightmare that is past. Now one walks along and sees a water-hen on a willow-girded pond, instead of part of a human face staring up from a shell hole. Tobacco leaves dry on the walls, and flax is worked from rough grass, and lace made in the red-tiled, prosperous farms, and all this restores one's mind after the grotesque tracerics of the trees and ruins of the firing line. And one hears the wind in the tree-tops instead of the shriek of shells. Pan is here, not Caliban."

The flax grass is cut, tied into bundles and thrown into a pond to rot. Then it is taken out,

dried and stacked. Then separated into smaller bundles, passed through metal rollers and turned rapidly by hand into a twist. Then thrashed by a simple machine-worked flail.

I rode to Provins yesterday across country. I called to see P. H. W., but he had gone off with a regiment.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 26th.—Up 4.30 a.m., started off after breakfast to trek to Ochtezele, via —, and —, skirting Cassel. The country all round Cassel, especially to the west of it is beautiful. Cassel itself is on a big hill rising abruptly from the plains of Flanders. It is said that on a clear day you can see the sea on one side and beyond Ypres on the other. To the west of it there is fairly flat country again, but in the distance is the hilly country west of St Omer,

It is curious to note how French begins to be spoken all of a sudden, as it were, directly one crosses the Belgian boundary. At Waton the natives do not speak French, but only Flemish. In Eeke French is spoken, though most of the people have some knowledge of Flemish as well.

It is very nice here at Ochtezele. I wish we were staying a month. The days at Ypres and beyond seem unreal and untrue now. It is hard to realise that those things really happened: thus does the mind heal itself; it is impossible to realise that before long we may again be under those conditions; but from what people who have been in most big battles of the war tell me, we are not likely to strike again a spot so awful—not for a long time to come, anyway.

It is hard to describe one's feelings and sensations at those times. There is partly personal fear and partly fear for others. There is the horror of seeing men and animals wounded and maimed and mutilated, or torn to pieces, or lying dead in some grotesque attitude. In the great pictures of war the dead are usually depicted lying gracefully, but this is far from the truth. In real war the dead are often grotesque and ghastly, sometimes almost laughably hideous. One has to inhibit nausea and disgust, and the feeling that one may oneself be like that in a few minutes' time, and I believe that it is these inhibitions that constitute the chief strain of this kind of warfare. The thought of pain and wounds is nothing. There are many times when one would give all one possessed to have a leg blown off. Much mental and emotional inhibition is necessary to preserve one's reason. The true impressions are relegated to the subliminal consciousness, and there is no immediate natural reaction. Something else is put in its place, perhaps a laugh or a joke. This, I believe, may explain a little what constitutes the strain of war. Those who have not been actually through it

cannot realise. One frequently hears people talking as though wounds and death are the fearful things, but they are not. They are nothing.

To me there are two things which are powerful to heal the torn and violated emotions; they are the effects of nature shewn in the sky, in the clouds, in the sunset; and, secondly, the memories of the melodies and harmonies of great music. Often have the stately airs of Cesar Franck, the mighty harmonies of Brahms and the wondrous rhythm and melody and energy of Bach sustained me and helped me to carry on, and the rapid, busy movements of the Handel violin sonatas, and the Brandenburg Concertos of J. S. B. filled my mind to the exclusion of morbid imaginings. I have been through bombardments with my back against a wall watching the sunlight and the clouds, which I could hardly have supported shut up in a hideous, smelly dugout.

One of the greatest incentives to action is, I believe, affection.

Men who are friends love to work together, and will, together, go anywhere and do gallant deeds that would not be done with strangers. All commanding officers and higher commands should remember this. For if a man goes home wounded or sick he will probably not be able to rejoin his unit where his friends are, and this is a very legitimate grievance of the men.

MONDAY, AUGUST 27th, 10 p.m.—Trekking to the Somme. In the train from Cassel station on the way to Bapaume. It poured with rain all last night and most of to-day. We started to trek from Ochtezele in a misty rain. We all got pretty well wet through. We had some hours to wait while the horses, mules, wagons and limbers were entraining, so we turned into the Hôtel du Commerce, at Cassel station, and had drinks and a good dinner. Colonel H., who is a most extraordinary versatile old man of 58, played the piano most of the time. He plays very well, and to-night played Gilbert and Sullivan, opera music, songs, dances, and rag-time. We had great fun. The Colonel also paints and draws extremely well, is very well read, and has a very fair knowledge of science. He is strong and healthy as a young man, and full of enthusiasm and vitality. He is a most courtly gentleman and the French people love him. He is a fine type of soldier.

In our carriage now are the Colonel, the Adjutant, the interpreter and myself. The Adjutant and I went into the next carriage, laid down on the seats and slept.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23rd.—Came via — and — to —. Detained about 8.30. a.m. and were in the Somme area with its utter destruction.

THE "QUADERNI D'ANATOMIA."

Two Aris and Gale Lectures delivered at the Royal College of Surgeons in February, 1918, by
 PROFESSOR WILLIAM WRIGHT, M.B., D.Sc.,
 F.R.C.S., F.S.A.

INTRODUCTION.

THE works of Man—Statuary, Paintings, Manuscripts, the silent but faithful witnesses of his Spirit—are exposed to the same "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" as is Man himself. Were it doubted I venture to say it would be sufficient to recall to memory the strangely romantic history of the various works of Leonardo da Vinci, and neither least nor last the history of the Quaderni d'Anatomia.

While it was well known to his contemporaries that Leonardo for many years devoted himself with characteristic ardour and with no less characteristic interruptions to the study of Anatomy, the first reference to his collected papers on this subject of which I have knowledge is found in the "Travels of Cardinal Luigi of Aragon," as related by his Secretary, Don Antonio Beati. In the course of their journeys Amboise was visited October 10th, 1517, on which date Leonardo was living there under the protection of François I. Calling upon the old man, with whom was the young and devoted Francesco da Melzi, friend and pupil, they were shewn the painting, manuscripts and sketches then in Leonardo's possession, being particularly impressed, so it appeared, with the drawings of Anatomy, in reference to which Antonio adds that Leonardo told them he had dissected over fifty bodies—men and women of different ages.

The next statement regarding the work on Anatomy is met in the Life of Leonardo by Vasari, where we read that Messer Marcantonio della Torre, an excellent philosopher,* who then taught and wrote on the subject of Anatomy at Pavia, enlisted the assistance of Leonardo "who made with the greatest diligence from bodies he had with his own hand dissected, pen and crayon drawings in which he shewed the bones, the 'nervi' (tendons) attached to them and the muscles which covered them. With these illustrations are words of ugly form (di brutti caratteri) made with the left hand backward; and no one unless he

has had experience can read them, for they are only to be read by the aid of a mirror."

At Leonardo's death all the manuscripts of the Master, anatomical and others, numbering in all several thousands, passed under the terms of his will, dated "the 23rd April, 1518, before Easter," into the possession of Francesco da Melzi, by whom there can be no doubt they were reverently and carefully preserved. On the death of the latter they appear, however, to have been dispersed; and of the thirteen volumes of sketches forming the main collection, twelve of them were presented by Duke Galeazzo Arconato to the Ambrosiana at Milan, where they remained until Milan was captured by the French in the Napoleonic Wars, when they were taken to Paris, and were only in part returned at the Peace Settlement. The thirteenth volume which contained almost all the anatomical drawings had reserved for it a different but no less romantic fate. In 1610 it was in the possession of Pompeo Leoni of Arezzo, for we hear of the drawings being shewn to Peter Paul Reubens, upon whom they made a highly favourable and deep impression.

Shortly after this date they passed into the collection of King Charles I. of England, probably about the time 1629-32, when that monarch was purchasing the collection of the Gonzaga family, the hereditary Dukes of Mantua.* Possibly the interest of Charles in Leonardo had been quickened by the gift of the Master's "St. John Baptist" from Louis XIII., or by hearing Reubens, who it is known advised and assisted Charles in his purchases, describe what he had seen at Arezzo.

When the king's estate was sequestered after his execution, and the whole of the Royal collection with a few important reservations was offered for sale in the winter of 1649, Leonardo's drawings for some reason or other were among the things not sold. In a large calf-leather folio with the inscription "Disegni di Leonardo da Vinci restaurati da Pompeo Leoni," they, together with certain drawings by Hans Holbein, were preserved in a special case at Kensington Palace, apparently forgotten until brought to light by Dalton, Librarian to George III.† Dalton shewed them to William Hunter, who made a public reference to them in the first of "Two Introductory Lectures" to his last Course of Anatomy. Hunter expressed the hope that he would be granted permission to engrave and publish the principal drawings—a hope which unfortunately was not to be realised, for he died in the spring

* At this time the study of Anatomy formed part of the course in philosophy, in fact "at Bologna every professor in the University had at some time or other to undertake the representation of this subject, no one must refuse when asked by the students to dissect a dead body."—(Haeser.)

* Charles I. as a Picture Collector.—H. E. Hewlett, "The Nineteenth Century," 1890.

† Geschichte der Anatomischen Abbildung (Choulant).

of the following year 1783. In 1796, however, and again in 1812, a John Chamberlaine published in folio a series of Leonardo's drawings engraved by F. Bartolozzi. Six of the seven plates which the work contained deal with the Anatomy of the Bones and Muscles from the point of view of the artist; the seventh representing a male and female figure in sagittal median section gained considerable notoriety: a copy of it was in the possession of Blumenbach, in Göttingen, where it was seen by Fiorillo, who referred to it in his "Geschichte der Zeichnenden Künste."

In 1852 appeared Choulant's *Geschichte der Anatomischen Abbildung*, in which we find for the first time a connected account of the history of Leonardo's anatomical drawings.

Interest in the subject was again stimulated by the publication of the Literary Works of Leonardo, edited by S. P. Richter, in 1883, when certain pages of the Quaderni were reproduced. In 1898-1901 there followed an edition in two volumes of Folios A and B, by Sabachnikoff and Piumati. A further edition by Rouveyre, in ten volumes, was published at Paris, in 1901, the sheets being published in facsimile, but the text being neither transcribed nor translated. Finally, in the years 1911-16, we have had the magnificent Kristiania edition of all the anatomical writings and drawings of Leonardo preserved in the Royal Library at Windsor. The text and figures are published in facsimile together with a transcription from mirror-writing into ordinary chirography, and with translations into English and German. The edition was undertaken by three distinguished members of the University of Kristiania, Herren Vangensten, Fonahn and Hopstock, and is published by Jacob Dybwad. To anyone who examines the edition it will be apparent that there has been a most fortunate combination of linguistic and scientific talent, together with unusual technical skill in the art of reproduction. Nor must tribute be refused to the untiring patience with which the task of transcription was performed, nor to the unflagging interest with which the whole work was prosecuted.

Painstaking and conscientious to a degree have the editors shewn themselves to be, so much so, that were a critic captious enough to suggest a fault, it would be the singular one of too faithful an adherence to the text. Words of Latin origin are used in the translation wherever possible, while deficiencies and errors are sedulously retained. The result is that not infrequently the texts are ungrammatical and unintelligible for the peculiar disability from which Leonardo suffered, of never being able to finish any work he undertook, shews itself in his sentences and

even at times in his very words. Since, however, the original text is printed side by side with the translations, it may be reasonably assumed that the purpose of the translations is to enable the reader to follow more easily the Italian text, a purpose which they undoubtedly fulfil.

Although in the Kristiania edition all the Anatomical manuscripts of Leonardo which are preserved at Windsor are reproduced, the edition does not include all his contributions to the subject, for anatomical drawings by him are to be found in the twelve volumes already mentioned as being originally in the Ambrosiana at Milan, and still others in the Accademia at Venice, and in the Museum at South Kensington. As these, however, treat the subject mainly from the point of view of the artist, it must be on the Windsor manuscripts that Leonardo's reputation as a scientific anatomist will rest, a decision with which we may be sure he would willingly agree.

As to the date when the "Anatomy" was written, it is probable that it was begun before 1506, and possible that it was largely completed by 1510. Marcantonio della Torre, Professor of Anatomy at Pavia, at whose suggestion it is said the work began, died in 1506, while a note by Leonardo has been found which states, "This winter of 1510, I hope to finish all this Anatomy." Leonardo's hopes were, however, seldom realised, and to find the date, "January 9th, 1513," on one of the manuscripts merely confirms what was feared.

Had Marcantonio not prematurely died, had he been able to arrange, complete, and edit the manuscripts of Leonardo, the history of Anatomy might well have been different; but, on the other hand, we should have lost thereby not merely what must surely be the most interesting work on Anatomy which has ever been or is ever likely to be published, but also the work which may, I think, be said to throw a steadier and a clearer light than any other on the methods and ideas of perhaps the most remarkable man who has ever lived. For the Quaderni, apart from the anatomical, mechanical and architectural drawings with the accompanying text, apart from the precious references to personal and domestic matters, are still further noteworthy for the philosophical reflections they contain, the *obiter dicta*, every one of which possesses the same strangely fascinating quality which is the dominant feature of his Art.

"Eripitur persona," says Lucretius, "res manet," and though it would be idle to deny that the Quaderni are still with us long after Leonardo sank back on his pillow in the Royal Manor House at Cloux, he must be dull of soul

who, studying the manuscripts, does not feel that the spirit of the great Italian still lingers among the pages, teaching us, or so we imagine, the eternal lessons of perseverance, patience and resignation.

And so, like Joseph's bones which were carried into Canaan after they had been embalmed and kept for 400 years, the Quaderni preserved in portfolios and cabinets, known only to the connoisseur and the curious, are at last after four centuries brought into the light of the staring day. So, at any rate for the present, ends their strange eventful history—

Libelli sua fata habent.

(To be continued).

BYEGONE MEMBERS OF THE HOSPITAL STAFF

By S. D. CLIPPINGDALE, M.D., F.S.C.S.

Erratum, GAZETTE, July, 1918.

The Dr. Sequeira, to whom Dr. Little was apprenticed, was the grandfather, not the father, of our distinguished Professor of Dermatology.

Dr. JONATHAN PEREIRA, elected Assistant Physician, March 3rd, 1841; Full Physician, October 21st, 1851; died January 20th, 1853.

Ancestry.—The family (properly Lopes Pereira) to which our physician belonged, was of Jewish extraction, and came from Portugal into this country many years ago.

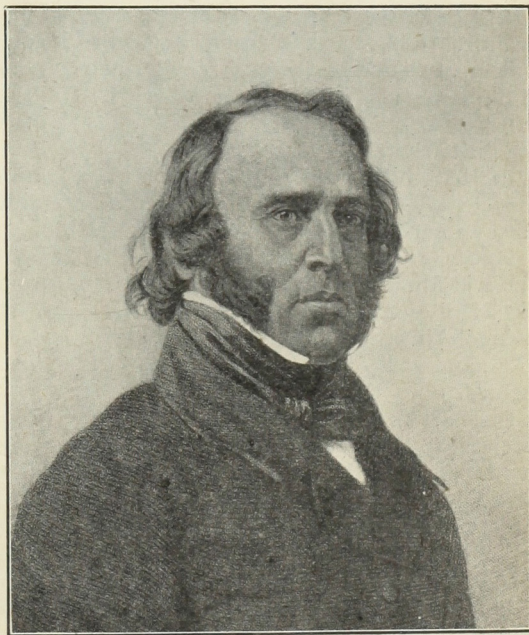
The father of our physician, Daniel Lopes Pereira, an Underwriter at Lloyds, lived in the parish of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch (where our physician was born), but, subsequently, moved into Finsbury. This gentleman's death is thus recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine*: "Died April 2nd, 1853, in King's Street, Finsbury Square, aged 86, Daniel Lopes Pereira, Esq." (It will be noticed that Mr. Lopes Pereira died in the same year as, and but a few months after, his distinguished son.) He had two sons who both became doctors:—

1. Jonathan, our physician.*

* The *prænomen* Jonathan, borne by three members of our staff, the subject of this memoir and the two Hutchinsons, sire and son, has also been borne by some remarkable men, including Jonathan, the friend of David, Dean Swift, and Jonathan Wild, the highwayman. In our profession, in bygone times, perhaps the most remarkable have been Dr. Jonathan Goddard, physician to Oliver Cromwell and inventor of "Goddard's Drops," Dr. Jonathan Binns, the Quaker, physician of Liverpool, and Dr. Jonathan Brooke, a famous accoucheur in the early part of the eighteenth century.

2. Jeremiah, of Aldersgate, L.S.A., 1830, whose son, the Right Reverend Henry Horace Pereira, D.D., Bishop Suffragan of Croydon, has most kindly given the writer valuable help in the compilation of this memoir.

Our physician, Jonathan Pereira (pronounced *Perara*) was born May 22nd, 1804. At the age of 10 he was sent to a "Classical Academy" in Queen Street, Finsbury. At the age of 15 he was articled to a naval surgeon and apothecary named Latham, at that time a general practitioner in the City Road. In 1821, he entered the Aldersgate Street School of Medicine, where he studied Medicine, *Materia Medica* and Chemistry under Dr. Henry Clutterbuck, Natural Philosophy under Dr. George Birkbeck,* and Botany under Dr. William Lambe.



DR. PEREIRA.

In 1822, he entered St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

In March, 1823, he obtained his first medical qualification, *videlicet*, the License of the Apothecaries Society, and, although only nineteen years of age, was appointed Resident Medical Officer at the Aldersgate Street Dispensary. At this dispensary he formed a class of students for whose benefit he translated from the Latin the London Pharmacopœia of 1824.† He also published about this time the first edition of his *Selecta e*

* Dr. George Birkbeck, the well-known philanthropist, founder of Mechanic's Institutes.

† The first London Pharmacopœia was published in 1618. The edition translated by Dr. Pereira was the eighth.

*Prescriptis a Manual for Students and a Table of Atomic Numbers.**

In 1825, he became a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

In 1826, he was appointed Lecturer on Chemistry in the Aldersgate Street School of Medicine. He then ceased to publish and devoted the whole of his spare time to collecting material for the production of the great work (*The Elements of Materia Medica*) which has made his name famous. To help him in this work he took lessons in German and in French.

In 1828 he was elected a Fellow of the Linnæan Society, and in this year he began lecturing upon *Materia Medica* in the Aldersgate School, lecturing twice, sometimes thrice, in each day. His class was so large that at a personal cost of £700 he erected a new theatre.

Until 1832, he had been Resident Medical Officer at the Aldersgate Street Dispensary, but in September of that year he married. He then left the Dispensary and settled as a general practitioner in Aldersgate Street.

In 1838, he removed to Artillery Place, and in 1842 to 47, Finsbury Square, where he remained until an early death cut short his useful life.

He was offered the post of Professor of *Materia Medica* at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, but as the acceptance of that position involved relinquishing all others, he declined, and, in 1833, succeeded Dr. Gordon at our Hospital as lecturer upon the same subject.

In 1838, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, to the Council of which he was elected in 1843, and in the year following was appointed Examiner in *Materia Medica* at the London University. In 1842, he lectured before the Pharmaceutical Society upon the Composition of Food, and in 1843 upon Polarized Light.

In 1840, after a fortnight's close study, he received the Membership of the Royal College of Physicians, and, in 1845, was elected a Fellow of the same corporation. About this time he received his M.D., conferred upon him by the Bavarian University of Erlangen, and became a Fellow and subsequently Vice-President of the Royal Medical Chirurgical Society of London. He was also made an Honorary Member of the Pharmaceutical Societies of St. Petersburg, Portugal and Paris, of the Medical Society of Erlangen, and the Natural History Society of Hesse.

Marriage.—As stated above, he left the Aldersgate Dispensary in 1832 in order to marry, his

bride being Miss Louisa Ann Lucas, of the well-known Hampshire family of that name. There were no children.

Personal Attributes.—Dr. Pereira was a remarkably well-built man, six feet and one inch in height. He had an iron constitution, rose daily at 6 a.m., and often worked for sixteen hours. Possessed of great amiability, he shewed this quality especially to children, of whom he was very fond. Beyond an occasional trip upon the Continent with Mrs. Pereira, he took but little recreation or rest, realising, perhaps, the wisdom of Pope's aphorism:—

Want of occupation is not rest,
A mind at leisure is a mind distressed.

Financial Success.—“Money,” said Lord Bacon, “is the Sweetener of Human Toil.” This must have been our physician's experience, for, although wholly free from mercenary instinct, he found he needed funds for the prosecution of his laborious study. He was the son of a poor man, and, therefore, had to provide his own finances. When House Surgeon at the Dispensary his income was but £120 a year, less than an artizan receives at the present day. In 1840, by his lectures alone, he was receiving £1,000 a year, and at the close of his life, apart from personal property, he left a sum of £6,000, which is not surprising to read he left to his “affectionate wife,” as sole trustee and executor. The sale, by Messrs. Sotheby, of Dr. Pereira's books and instruments attracted a large concourse of friends and old pupils.

Last Illness and Death.—It would probably have been a source of consolation, if not of satisfaction, to Dr. Pereira to realise that the illness which led to his death was the result of energy in his scientific research. He had gone to the College of Surgeons to consult Professor Quekett either about some microscopic apparatus or some microscopic specimen. Upon returning from the interview down the College staircase he slipped and ruptured the tendon of the Quadriceps extensor muscle of both legs.* This accident naturally confined him to bed, but at the end of five weeks he was able to be removed upon a wheeled chair into an adjoining room. Upon returning to his bedroom he used considerable exertion in raising himself upon his bed, and experienced violent throbbing and pain in the præcordial region. He died within

* The Atomic Theory, devised by Dr. John Dalton in 1807, disclosed the number of atoms with which one chemical element combined with another.

* Rupture, at the same time, of both Quadriceps tendons is, of course, exceedingly rare, and appears to be ignored in modern text-books. An interesting case of it, however, which occurred in the practice of Lister at the Edinburgh Infirmary is reported by Dr. Roxburghs, Lister's House Surgeon, in the *Lancet* for 1877.

twenty minutes. To the three doctors who were summoned, he said: "Gentlemen, you can do nothing. I have broken something near my heart." No post mortem examination was made. The cause of death stated upon the death certificate is, "Rupture of Blood Vessel near the heart." Death occurred on January 20th, 1853. The interment took place in Kensal Green Cemetery. Dr. Pereira's body was at first placed in a catacomb, but upon the death of Mrs. Pereira both bodies were interred in a grave lying a little west of the church.

Memorials.—At the London Hospital a committee of 37 gentlemen "with power to add to their number," and presided over by Mr. Nathaniel Ward, our surgeon was appointed to consider the best mode of perpetuating the memory of Dr. Pereira, and recommended the execution of a bust by Mr. Macdowell and a portrait by Mr. Pound. Both suggestions were adopted.

At the Pharmaceutical Society a similar committee, under the presidency of Mr. Jacob Bell, recommended the founding of a medal to be struck by Mr. Wyon for high proficiency in examination. This recommendation was also adopted.

The portrait here produced is from that in our College Library.

Arms.—In College window. *Note.*—The pear tree (Poirier) is evidently an example of "canting" or allusive heraldry, "Arms parlantes," or speaking heraldry, as the French call it.

Pereira's Work.—Pereira may, perhaps, be described as the modern "Chiron, sage of Pharmacy." Before his time the knowledge of drugs and of drugging was largely empirical. Pereira raised it to a science. *The Athenæum* in an elegant tribute to his memory says: "Dr. Pereira raised therapeutics from the chaos of hypothesis and absurdity and placed it upon a true scientific basis . . . He possessed the great faculty of laboriousness, without which no one can obtain laurels in the uninteresting study of *Materia Medica*. . . . To such men humanity is largely indebted, and the name of Pereira will occupy a prominent place in the history of science in the nineteenth century."

"He was," says the same periodical, "an earnest and zealous promoter of the cause of popular education, and in early life took an active part in founding the City of London Library and Scientific Institution" (now the London Institution in Finsbury Circus).

It would be easy to multiply the number of eulogiums passed by the public press upon Dr. Pereira's life and work. Perhaps the above, taken from a leading non-medical periodical, may suffice. The *Literary Gazette* issued a similar tribute,

Published Works.—The amount of Dr. Pereira's literary output cannot be stated accurately, for he wrote many articles which he did not sign. The *Pharmaceutical Journal* alone is said to contain ninety-five articles by him. The works by which he is best remembered are as follows (in chronological sequence:—

1824.—*Translation of the London Pharmacopœia* (Lond., 16mo.).

1824.—*Selecta e Prescriptis* (Lond., 16mo.). Published when he was but nineteen years of age. 18th Edition published in 1890, Numerous editions in the United States of America.

1826.—*Manual for Medical Students* (Lond., 18mo.). Second Edition, edited and republished with the author's consent, by Dr. Steggall.

1827.—*General Table of Atomic Numbers.*

1839–40.—*The Elements of Materia Medica*, dedicated to his teacher, Dr. Henry Clutterbuck, Professor of Medicine in the Aldersgate Street School (Lond., 2 vols., 8vo.), carefully illustrated and fully indexed.

1842.—Second Edition.

1849.—Third Edition, edited by A. S. Taylor and G. O. Rees.

1854.—Fourth Edition (upon which he was at work at the time of his death).

1857.—Fifth Edition, edited by R. Bentley and T. Redwood. (This great work was extensively republished abroad.)

1840.—*Tabular View of the History and Literature of Materia Medica* (8vo.).

1843.—*Treatise on Food and Diet* (8vo.).

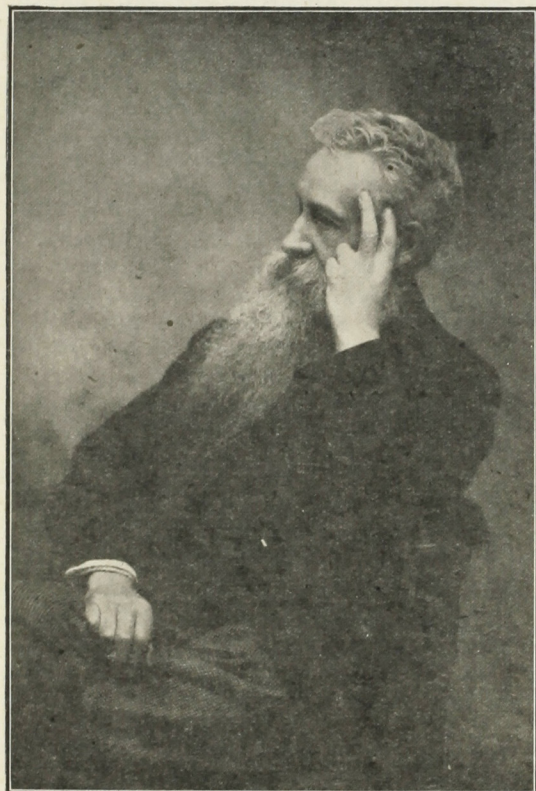
1843.—*Lectures on Polarized Light* (8vo.).

1854.—Second Edition by the Rev. Baden Powell.

1847.—*Translation of Matteucci's Lectures on Physiological Phenomena of Living Beings*. Also papers in the *Medical Gazette* and in the *London Medical and Physical Journal*.

[*Times*, *Lancet*, *British Medical Journal*, *Pharmaceutical Journal*, *Dictionary of National Biography*, *Gentleman's Magazine*, *Annual Register*, *Athenæum*, *Library Gazette*, *Wentsche and Gault's Biographischen Lexikon*, and information kindly provided by the Lord Bishop of Croydon.]

JOHN COUPER, appointed Assistant Surgeon, September 4th, 1861; Surgeon, September 14th, 1869; Consulting Surgeon, September 4th, 1889.



JOHN COUPER.

Mr. Couper.* descended from a long line of medical ancestors, was born in Glasgow, November 7th, 1835. His father, Dr. John Couper, was Professor of *Materia Medica* in the University of Glasgow and married Charlotte, daughter of Mr. Charles Tennant of the St. Rollox Chemical Works.†

Our surgeon received his general education at the Glasgow Academy, and at the junior classes of the University. He then went to Paris to perfect his knowledge of French.

* Our familiar English patronymic "Cooper" or "Cowper," in Scotland is commonly spelt "Couper."

† The history of the St. Rollox factory is interesting. John Tennant, of Ochiltree, and tenant of the farm of Glenconnor, was one of the witnesses to the Baptism of the poet Burns. His son, Charles Tennant, invented, in 1799, a new bleaching process. To develop this invention commercially, Mr. Tennant established the well-known factory at St. Rollox. In this enterprise he received financial assistance from several gentlemen, one of whom was Professor William Couper, grandfather of our surgeon.

Upon his return in October, 1855, to Scotland he entered Glasgow University upon the Medical side and graduated M.D. in 1858. At the University he had, as one of his teachers, the celebrated Professor Allen Thomson, who describes our surgeon as "one of his most distinguished students." After graduating, Mr. Couper came to London, and continued his anatomical and physiological studies at University College, under Professors Ellis and Sharpey. Subsequently he went to Berlin and studied Operative Surgery under Professor Langenbeck. Upon returning to London he became M.R.C.S. in 1859, and F.R.C.S. in 1861. He then entered into active practice as a consulting surgeon.

Largely, it is said, through the influence of Professor Ellis and Professor Sharpey, Mr. Couper was elected to the staff of our Hospital. At the same time he was appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy.

About the same time he became attached to the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, first as Clinical Assistant to Mr. Critchett, but afterwards as one of the Surgeons. He found, however, that without constant work at the London Hospital he would be without access to a large, and at that time, imperfectly explored field of clinical research, namely, the connection of eye diseases with general morbid states. In this work he was for many years in close collaboration with Dr. Hughlings Jackson, by whose acuteness, genius, and transcendent insight he was always profoundly impressed; while Dr. Hughlings Jackson used to say of Mr. Couper that, "no man had more knowledge worth imparting."

With Dr. Hughlings Jackson, Mr. Couper was appointed Joint Professor of Physiology. Later he became Professor of Surgery and gave a special course of lectures upon Ophthalmic Surgery.

At Moorfields he also gave lectures and demonstrations in ophthalmology.

Introduction of Antiseptic Surgery at the London Hospital.—Mr. Couper, who had learned Antiseptic Surgery under Lister at Glasgow, was one of the earliest protagonists of this system in London. He introduced it at our Hospital some years before Lister himself brought it to King's College. It was the writer's good fortune to be Mr. Couper's House Surgeon at the time, and it has always been a source of satisfaction to him that he learned this system before leaving the Hospital and from so good a teacher.

Mr. Couper's beneficent innovation at our Hospital was not at first popular, especially with the dressers, from whom it exacted better work and more time. The system adopted by Mr. Couper was the early spray system, by which all opera-

tions were performed and all wounds dressed in a vapour of carbolic acid and water (about 1 in 40) projected from the spout of a large kettle or boiler. Any intrusion of a "foreign body" (such as that of a student or nurse) between the mouth of the kettle and the body of the patient, rendered an operation nugatory. If the writer recollects correctly, there was no attempt to sterilize either the body of the patient or the hands of the operator. An operation performed under such conditions was naturally tedious, and the writer has known a period of two hours consumed in dressing an ordinary compound fracture of the leg.

Mr. Couper's time for his ward work was, unfortunately, Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, the latter period being regarded by the students as sacred to the sports of football and cricket. To shew their resentment the students inscribed upon the wall of one of those "domestic offices" usually reserved for such manifestoes, the following "limerick":—

There was a great man on the eye,
Who likewise carbolic did try,
The dressers were sceptic
Of things antiseptic,
But John soon made them eat humble pie.

The antiseptic system was also made the subject of comic songs sung at our annual banquets.

To practical Surgery, General and Ophthalmic, Mr. Couper devoted the whole of his time and interest. He never sought publicity in any form; but those who were best qualified to judge have spoken in no uncertain words of the real value of his work to those for whom and with whom he laboured. A former colleague at the London writes of him: "He performed some operations for me on the liver and kidney which was what the Germans call *path finding*. He was always so retiring and non-advertising that these cases were not made enough of. . . . Many people only thought of him as a singular and accurate Eye Surgeon; they little knew what a fine general surgeon he was. He had a remarkably clear, sound, what I may call a fundamental mind in the sense of grip of first principles." Another member of our profession writes: "So ends a most useful life, the man who did more to develop the ophthalmoscope and its use than any other Englishman." Another writes: "Mr. Couper has nobly fulfilled his duty in life for the benefit of his fellow creatures."

Mr. Couper was a Member of the Ophthalmological, Pathological, Hunterian and Harveian Societies, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Medicine. He wrote no books, but communicated any views he had to express (and all his views were valuable) to the pages of some medical periodical. His principal contributions were:—

Wounds of the Intestines (Path. Soc. Trans., Vol. XIV.).

Strangulated Femoral Hernia without sac (Lond. Hosp. Rep., Vol. I.).

An attempt to reduce dislocation of the Lower Jaw which had lasted nearly four months (Lond. Hosp. Rep., Vol. I.).

Diagnosis of Astigmatism by the Ophthalmoscope (Brit. Med. Journ., 1870, II.).

A New Magazine Ophthalmoscope (Trans. Ophthal. Soc., 1883).

Mr. Couper married, in 1868, Helen Macfarlan, daughter of Alexander Campbell, of Otter, Argyllshire, Surgeon to the 1st Regiment of Life Guards, and of Helen, daughter of the Rev. Duncan Macfarlan, D.D., Principal of Glasgow University and Minister of the Cathedral.

Mrs. Couper survives her husband, as do four of their six children.

Mr. Couper's place of residence in London was 80, Grosvenor Street, but upon retiring from practice he went to live at Ellesborough, Bucks, but subsequently removed to Falmouth where he died and where he is buried.

There is an excellent bust of our surgeon by Miss Anna Dabis, and an admirable portrait which Mrs. Couper has most kindly presented to our College, and which is reproduced here.

Mr. Couper's Coat of Arms containing two laurel branches inclining towards each other as if sympathising in the object of their veneration, will be found in our College window.

Mr. Couper left property valued for probate at £178,894.

[*Lancet*, *British Medical Journal* and information kindly furnished by Mrs. and Miss Couper, and by Mr. Jeremiah McCarthy.]

PATRICK (SMITH) FRASER, appointed Assistant Physician, January 7th, 1845; Physician, March 2nd, 1853; resigned November 20th, 1866.

The Rev. John Fraser, father of our Physician, a Shetlander by birth, was the minister of the parish of Liberton, co. Lanark. He married Jean, daughter of Mr. Hugh Smith, of Carnworth, by whom he had the following children (six sons and three daughters).

1. Pringle, Captain H.E.I.C.'s service, died unmarried.
2. John, a Planter in Jamaica, unmarried.
3. Hugh, died in infancy.
4. Hugh, married, but had no family.

was not elected. He showed his disappointment by returning his diploma of membership.*†

Dr. Fraser was a Fellow of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, Physician to the London Dispensary in Spitalfields, to the Australian Assurance Company, to the Royal Literary Fund, and to the Society of Schoolmasters. He was an early or original Member of the British Medical Association.

His contributions in medical literature appears to have been as follows:—

On Gunshot Wounds of the Chest (mentioned above).

On Cholera (*Medical Gazette*, 1848).

On Stimulation (*Lancet*, 1860).

On War (*United Service Journal*, 1836).

Late in life he suffered from cataract for which he received much relief from our surgeon, Mr. John Couper.

Upon retiring from practice he went to live at Stoke Lodge, Stoke D'Abernon, Surrey. There he died, November 12th, 1896. In accordance with his wish his body was conveyed to Scotland for interment in the family vault at Liberton.

Dr. Fraser maintained his vigour far into old age, being one of those described by Sir Walter Scott (*Heart of Midlothian*) as "touched" but not "stricken" by years. He appears to have thought the important function of matrimony should be postponed until the age of discretion had been fully established. At the age of 78 years he married the widow of a Mr. Peake, or Peck. No children followed this union. Upon Dr. Fraser's death, his widow took as her third husband the Rev. Dr. Macowen, Presbyterian Minister. Although Dr. Fraser had no children of his own, he was very kind to a little boy, son of the Rev. Hugh Mackintosh, Presbyterian Minister of Brockley, whom he adopted as godson and to whom he left a legacy.

His Arms, three white "Fraziers" on a red shield, will be found in the College window.

Dr. Fraser left estate valued for probate of £435,654 6s.—the largest sum left by any of our staff so far as these memoirs have dealt with them, the second largest being the estate of Mr. Barrett, the Dentist, who left £195,776.

[*Lancet*, *British Medical Journal* and information kindly provided by Mrs. Thomas Wharrie, and by the Secretary of the Royal College of Physicians, Mr. William Fleming.]

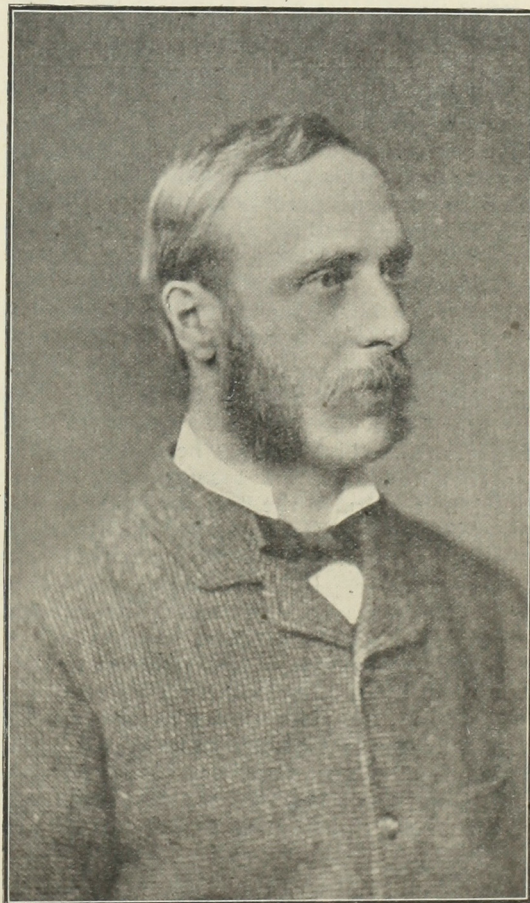
* The Membership of the Royal College of Physicians obtained by examination, the Fellowship by placing within an urn, a slip of paper bearing the name of the candidate for whom each Fellow present votes.

† Only two members of our staff are believed to have assigned the M.R.C.P.—Dr. Fraser and Sir Morrell Mackenzie.

LOUIS STROMEYER LITTLE, elected Assistant Surgeon, June 7th, 1862; became Full Surgeon in 1869;* but resigned same year on leaving England for China.

Mr. Little was the third son of Dr. William John Little, whose memoir appeared in the last number of our GAZETTE.

Born November 23rd, 1840, in Finsbury Square, he received his preliminary education at St.



LOUIS STROMEYER LITTLE.

Ætatis 40.

Paul's School, at that time situated in St. Paul's Churchyard. An old schoolfellow, Dr. Self Bennett, in a kindly appreciation of him,† describes his walks to and from school with "Louis," who evidently had a very warm corner

* At this time Assistant Surgeons, at the end of seven years' service, automatically became Full Surgeons.

† See Dr. Bennett's letter in the *British Medical Journal*, 1911, Vol. II.

in his schoolmate's heart, jocularly describes him as one of "Dean Colet's 153 fishes."*

At St. Paul's School, young Little evidently obtained a good classical education, perhaps at the expense of mathematics and science, which at that time were greatly neglected at our public schools.† He entered St. Paul's School at the age of seven, and left it at the age of fourteen. Then he was sent to excellent schools in Kiel and Hanover,‡ living at Hanover in the family of Dr. Louis Stromeyer, and at Kiel in the family of Professor T. Esmarch Stromeyer's son-in-law.

In 1860 he obtained the degree of B.A. at the London University.

Upon returning from Germany to this country he at once took up his professional studies at our Hospital, and was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Blizzard Carling (GAZETTE, December, 1913). He became M.R.C.S. in 1862, and, in the same year, at the unusually early age of twenty-one was appointed Assistant Surgeon upon our staff. He received the F.R.C.S. in 1866.

He adopted the same special line as his distinguished father, namely, Orthopædic Surgery. "As an operator," says one of his biographers (*British Medical Journ.*, 1911, Vol. II.), "he was original in design, cool, rapid, neat and resourceful." At our Hospital, he performed the first operation in this country for bony ankylosis of the knee. This case he described in Vol. LIV. of the *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions*. In the preceding volume of these *Transactions* he recorded a case where, by means of a hooked probang passed through the mouth, he removed a gold plate and teeth from the stomach of a woman. The lady, who had swallowed the plate during an epileptic fit, was very angry at learning that Mr. Little's operation would not preserve her from further fits. The plate and teeth removed by Mr. Little are preserved in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

About this time Mr. Little became attached to the National Orthopædic Hospital, and performed

* Dean Colet, in founding St. Paul's School, directed that the number of Foundation Scholars should be the same as the number of fish found by the Apostle in his miraculous net, namely, 153.

† A Report, published in 1887, shews there were at that time in St. Paul's School seventeen classical masters, three mathematical masters and one science master. In Little's time, some twenty-five years previously, the number of classical masters would probably be the same, the number of mathematical masters less, and the science master non-existent.

‡ At this time Germany, like a tree, was judged by its fruit and not by its fungus.

there the first subcutaneous osteotomy for Bow Leg.*

In 1866, an event occurred which, for a short time, divided his attention from Surgery to Medicine. Asiatic Cholera, which had made its appearance in Southampton, Liverpool and other parts, attacked the east of London, probably brought up the Thames by merchant seamen. Within less than six months 3,696 deaths took place in Whitechapel and the surrounding parishes.† The general practitioners of the East End (of whom the writer's father was one) were heavily handicapped by this work, and applied to the staff of the London Hospital for assistance. This assistance was immediately given, and by none with greater kindness than by Mr. Stromeyer Little, whose valuable Reports upon the epidemic will be found in our *Hospital Reports*, Vol. IV.

In his treatment of the cholera cases, he introduced and found valuable the intravenous injection of saline solutions. Subsequently, in China, he found the saline injections less potent. In Post Partum Hæmorrhage, however, he found saline injections of the greatest use, and his success in this case is supported by Dr. Robert Barnes, who records his own success with this treatment in two of his works.‡

But to return to his surgical work. When the Schleswig-Holstein war broke out, Mr. Little went first to the side of the Prussians, and was present at the storming of Düppel, but afterwards transferred himself to the Danish forces. He records his Düppel experience in the fourth volume of our *Hospital Reports*, and his Report is valuable, not only for its scientific merit, but for its exposure of defects in our Army Medical Service.

In 1869, Mr. Little went to China, whither his two elder brothers had preceded him (see Memoir of his father in the last number of our GAZETTE). He was summoned rather suddenly to join Dr. Parker at Shanghai. At this time, although well qualified surgically, he possessed no medical qualification, which he felt indispensable for the general practice in which he would be engaged abroad. There was no time to obtain this at home, so he went back to Kiel, where, it is thought, by the aid of his friend Professor Stromeyer, he (in 1869) obtained the M.D. degree without much difficulty.

On arriving at Shanghai he was put in full charge of the hospital there. He developed his

* Now called "Ogston's Operation," after Sir William Ogston, of Aberdeen, who improved it.

† Vide Crichton's *Epidemics of Britain*, 1895.

‡ Barnes' *Diseases of Women*, 1873; Barnes' *Obstetric Medicine and Surgery*, 1884-5.

surgical talent, and soon enjoyed the largest surgical practice in the Far East. Liver abscesses being common in that region, Mr. Little introduced a successful mode of evacuating them; a mode which elicited the praise of the French Naval Surgeons who published their experience of it in their service journal. He was somewhat disappointed, however, at not getting in China the good results he had obtained in London from saline injections.

Before leaving London he had obtained some knowledge of astronomy from his father's friend and patient, Mr. George Bishop, who had an observatory at Twickenham, and also from Mr. Talmage, a well-known astronomer. This knowledge of astronomy he developed to a remarkable success in Shanghai, where he built an observatory, and with the aid of Mr. Tainter, of the Imperial Maritime Customs, and by means of telegraphic signals with Nagasaki, 600 miles away upon the opposite shore of the Yellow Sea, he established the first telegraphic longitude made of China. For this achievement he was awarded (January 12th, 1877) the Fellowship of the Royal Astronomical Society. His researches are to be found in Vol. XLI. of the *Monthly Notes* of that Society. On March 8th, 1881, he observed the Transit of Mercury. This he recorded in Vol. XLII. of *Monthly Notes*.*

After a stay in China of thirty years (intermitted, however, by a visit home), Mr. Little returned to this country. He had gone out by way of New York and San Francisco, but he returned via Australia and South Africa. In the latter country he found the Boer War in progress. He volunteered his services, which were readily accepted, and he was allotted beds in Bloemfontein Hospital, No. 9. His health, however, failed, and having been awarded the South African Medal he returned to England. His last public appearance was giving evidence before the War Commission.

When he returned to this country, Mr. Little did not fully return to practice, owing to his impaired health. He, however, utilized his failing strength in ministering to the sick needs of his old friends, and an occasional consultation. He, however, realized the necessity of retiring to the country, and took a house at Whitehill, Bletchingly, where he passed the remainder of his useful life.

It would be interesting to know how medical men fall victims to their arduous duties. Two instances are given in this number of our

GAZETTE. Some years before his death Mr. Little, while performing an abdominal operation, inoculated his finger.* General symptoms supervened, and although he adopted what would now be called the "intensive" treatment by mercury, the disease had its course and Tabes (the early symptoms of which he himself recognised) ensued. His serious condition was considerably aggravated by gastro-intestinal troubles left after an attack of Sprue, from which he had suffered many years previously. His patience during his long and last illness is said to have been exemplary. He never complained. Visitors were always sure of a cheerful welcome. Books were a great solace to him. His knowledge of literature, both British and Foreign, was extensive; as was also his acquaintance with foreign languages. History was his favourite study, but he also took pains to make himself acquainted with new discoveries both in science and art.

Those who knew him best describe Mr. Little as a man of cheering disposition. Although a great sufferer himself, both from family bereavement and from painful maladies, he always had a "Heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathise," and had learned Pope's lesson to "feel another's woe." A man of the warmest family affection, he felt acutely the death of his married daughter and of a promising son twelve years of age. Mr. Little's brother, Mr. Muirhead Little, who has furnished the writer with most of the material for this essay, writes:—"To me, his junior by fourteen years, he was the kindest of friends and the wisest of advisers."

He died on October 4th, 1911, at Bletchingly, and is buried there. Mrs. Little, his widow, resides at "The Roughetts," in the same parish.

Mr. Little married at Shanghai, in 1869, Rosetta Anne, daughter of Dr. Miller, a physician formerly practising in London. Of the children resulting from the union, the daughter, mentioned above, married Mr. H. P. Wilkinson, Crown Advocate at Shanghai, by whom she had an only son, now serving as a lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle Corps. Mr. Little's only descendant is his son, Captain Charles James Colebrooke Little, R.N., now commanding H.M.S. "Fearless" in the Grand Fleet.

Our Surgeon was a Member of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical, the Pathological, and the Hunterian Societies.

He resided at first in Leadenhall Street, City, then he removed to West Street, Finsbury Circus, and afterwards to Brook Street, where he remained until he went abroad. Upon returning to this country, and during the short interval

* The *Monthly Notes* issued by the Astronomical Society, and published in annual volumes, corresponds with the "Transactions" published by other Societies.

* This was before the use of gloves.

which elapsed before he went to Bletchingly, he resided in Grosvenor Street.

The portrait which accompanies this memoir, and which will be enlarged for suspension in our College Library, has been kindly provided by Mr. Muirhead Little.

Mr. Little's Coat of Arms (which may be seen in our Library window), borne by his father as well as by himself, although not granted to either of them, but to some early ancestor, appropriately display the "Pillar of Strength" between two "Healing Wings."

Mr. Little left property valued at probate at £16,438.

[*Times, Morning Post, Lancet, British Medical Journal, Monthly Notes of the Royal Astronomical Society, and information kindly supplied by Mr. Ernest Muirhead Little, F.R.C.S.*]

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The road is called with justice "Rose Avenue." The oldest house in the road is the one of which I have been a tenant for many years; it bears the name of "The Oaks," which is a misnomer; for the grounds boast but one tree, a magnificent oak.

He stands majestically right in the very centre of the garden, holding his crown high above all the other trees in the neighbourhood. He is the patriarch of all things in the village; he was aged when the most ancient leafy denizens were but saplings, and when the acorn from which he germinated was planted another house occupied the place of the one on which he now casts his shadows.

It was he that induced me to choose the house as a dwelling-place. Being a bachelor of fair means, I had a small suite of rooms in one of the squares that abound in Bloomsbury. The place suited me well enough, until one day, on one of the week-end rambles that I took when feeling depressed, I chanced on this village. The flowers were then in full bloom and Rose Avenue appeared one mass of colour; and, indeed, it was the roses in this garden that first drew me to it. At the gate there was a sign telling all and sundry that the house was "to be let." This seemed to me a direct invitation to view the domain. I opened the gate and between me and the creeper-covered house stood the oak tree in all its glory. It was the cynosure of my eyes then as it is now, and as it must be of all that view the beauties of my garden. Let it suffice that within a fortnight I was installed in "The Oaks" with a severely inadequate amount of furniture, but withal happy and content.

My oak is the point from which eight well-kept paths radiate. The person who designed the garden was a mathematician and patriot, for the paths and flower-beds are exact and laid out in the form of a Union Jack. The bole of the tree is encompassed by old, rude seats, made, they tell me, from branches that once looked down on the very site they now occupy.

Whenever I have the opportunity it is my custom to sit in the shade of the oak, reading, writing and sometimes musing. One evening in late spring, as many a time before, I reclined on the seat beneath the oak. I felt sad, and even the beauty of my surroundings was lost upon me. The guardian spirit of the place was in like mood for he sighed whenever the light wind stirred his leaves.

"Friend," said I, "you, at least, understand me. Often have you soothed my feelings with your sympathetic murmurs; but to-night, I fear, you will not be able to comfort me." I then communed with my own thoughts, bitter that She had so ill-treated me, and yet with almost the same thought forgiving Her. All was silent. And then, as if in a dream, I heard a soft voice talking.

"Be not so sorrowful," it whispered, "others have had greater troubles and borne them bravely." I glanced upwards, and the old oak was nodding sagely towards me.

"Many years ago, aye, when the great White Queen was just crowned, there lived in this very house, which you call yours, a young lady of surpassing beauty. She was courted by many, but favoured only one, a youth but little older than herself. They loved each other and in the evenings they used to sit here whispering all those pretty speeches which the world in general calls nonsense, but which those in love think poetry and wisdom. They were as happy as mortals can be until one day an ominous cloud obscured the light of their happiness.

"The season of the year was Spring, indeed, about this very period. The earth was beautiful and, I must confess, I vaunted myself in my new vernal suit. The day that this history now reaches was one of the most glorious of the year. There was not even a fleck of white to foil the blue of the sky. The day started in joy to me; it ended in sadness.

"Early in the afternoon I had a premonition of what was to befall. The youth came to the house earlier than was his wont, and his step had lost its sprightliness. He walked slowly from the gate to the house, his head and shoulders bowed, and he looked fixedly before him, glancing neither to left nor right. I saw nothing more of him for

some time. Just as the sun was setting he and the maiden emerged from the house. In silence they came and sat down beneath me. The girl had been weeping, for her eyes were red; ever and anon she glanced at her lover with a wistful, tender look. He appeared sad; but the lines of his mouth showed determination. Neither spoke until the sun had sheathed its last flaming rapier. Starting, the youth took her hands in his, and in a voice that was calm only because it was soft, said:—

“‘Dearest, it is time that I go.’

“‘Not yet,’ she urged, ‘you are leaving me now perhaps for ever. Stay with me until the last possible moment. We do not know when we may meet again, what fate may befall you in foreign parts. The sea will divide us, and I fear it.’

“‘Rest your fears,’ he answered, trying to be brave for her sake, ‘the ocean will but keep our persons apart, and not our thoughts. You will be near me in the spirit, and I hope I shall not be forgotten.’

“‘Never, my beloved, never while I live shall I forget you, though you be away twenty years or . . . nay, that possibility is frightful.’

“‘I shall not be away so long,’ he assured her, ‘no, not five years. I go, it is true, to seek my fortune with nothing but my will and energy to help me. But others, less endowed than I, have won fame and fortune in the Colonies, and in less time than I think to take.’

“‘John, I believe in you, and hope for the happy hour of your return. A woman always fears the worst while hoping for the best, and so it is with me. You must forgive me, and for your sake I shall bear up.’

“A little later with long drawn-out farewells he bade her ‘good-bye.’ With his departure went her fortitude, and for long the tears of unhappiness dimmed her eyes.”

* * * * *

The oak had paused in his sad tale, but as each puff of wind touched my cheek, I heard the deep sighs that came from him. His own words had affected him sadly, and his thoughts kept him to silence. At length he resumed his story; his voice was even softer than before, so that only by the closest listening did I hear all his words.

“Many years went by,” he began, “before the departed one returned to this garden. At first it seemed strange that he did not visit us in the evenings, as had been his custom. However, I should soon have forgotten his existence but for my young mistress. The first few months that followed the parting of the lovers changed the jolly girl into a pensive woman. She was no longer the lively sprite that flitted from bush to bush, culling a rose here, rejoicing in the fragrance

of another there, and loving them all. She moved meditatively along the paths, scarcely noticing the flowers. It was only I of all things in the garden that ever attracted her attention. She would sit beneath me each fine evening on the very spot which he last had occupied, and in me would she confide.

“She told me that he had left for abroad the very evening that he had taken farewell of her; that he had promised to write as soon as he could, but that no letter had yet reached her; more she said, but you who love need not ask what it was, for you can guess.

“Gradually, however, the sting was drawn and she became less sad, and in a year she was more like her old self again, except at such times when something recalled him to her mind. Then would she come to me for sympathy.

“And so five years passed. There had been a few letters from him, but even this desultory correspondence had ceased. My lady had grown into a fine woman, and many fine gentlemen sought her hand. She turned from them all, for she would not be false to him who was absent. At first she had doubted whether he would ever return, but with time her faith in him increased, and with each year her opinion that he was on his way back to her became more steadfast. But he came not. . . .

“Twenty times had spring gone and come since he journeyed forth before I saw him again. In the meantime much had altered. The damsel had become an old maid; much trouble and suffering had marked her face with deep lines; a severe illness, too, had deprived her of her lovely complexion, and she was now no more the beautiful woman of yore. She was still hopeful of her lover’s return, or so it seemed to me (she had long since ceased to confide in me), for she had spurned all offers of marriage, and she still endeavoured to retain some of the beauty of her youth. But, alas! it could not be; the ravages of time and illness could not be effaced.

“Then one vernal evening he came again. The woman sat here engaged with her needle-work. It was some intricate design that required her undivided attention, and so she sat her mind and eyes wholly engrossed with her work. As the man approached the gate I noticed that the passing of the years had not been so unmerciful to him as to her. He had become stouter and looked prosperous, but the delineation of his face, notwithstanding the greater fulness, was much as I remembered it in the long ago.

“He came to the gate and stopped. The posture of my mistress was such that he could see her face with much distinctness.

"He looked at her intently for some time, then turned on his heel and departed."

* * * *

It was now quite dark. The moon had not yet risen, and the beauty of the stars so soon after the warm twilight was not obvious. The air was deliciously calm and soft. All nature appeared to sleep, and I thought my friend, too, was preparing for repose. But in this last I was mistaken, for as I shifted my seat he, thinking I meant to retire into the house, said:—

"Nay, my tale is not yet ended. Stay but a short while longer, and you shall learn of the reward of a woman's constancy."

"It was some time," he continued, when I had settled down once more, "before my lady knew that her erstwhile lover had returned to England, but she never knew that he had seen her immediately on his return."

"He did not come here again to visit her, nor did she see him again in this life. In the winter that followed the rover's home-coming she sickened and died."

"After her demise the house remained unoccupied for over a year; and then in the next spring preparations were made for the new tenants."

"And then he came again. But on this occasion he had a companion, a young lady. She wore a circlet of gold on the third finger of her left hand, and called him husband!"

"They came and sat down here."

"How do you like your house, dearest?" he asked her.

"It is too sweet for words," was her reply.

"Yes," he affirmed, "I have always loved this place, for I knew it when I was but a silly youth. Nothing in it seemed changed except that she who lived here is no more."

"What was she like?" she asked eagerly, "for you know you confessed that you and she were sweethearts when you two were boy and girl."

"The last time I saw her was twenty years and more ago," he lied, "and I do not remember what she looked like, but I am sure she was never as beautiful as you are."

"She must have remembered you, for by her will this place is yours."

"That is true, and we shall keep her memory green as friends should do."

"There was a pause in their conversation, and then suddenly she asked, 'John, do you really love me?'"

"With all my heart," he replied. "Since the moment I saw you, I have thought of no one else."

"And before you met me?"

"I never knew what love meant."

* * * *

No more did I hear of the story. Diana had just commenced her hunt in the starry forests and the winds accompanied her. They rushed past me and shook the oak. Whatever more he said did not reach my ears. I arose and meditatively made my way indoors.

G. I.

THE GAZETTE FUND.

To the appeal in our last issue for funds to enable us to continue the publication and circulation of the GAZETTE, we have had a response which, while not as prompt or extensive as we would have wished, is perhaps as good as under the circumstances we had reason to expect. We hope that our first list of subscribers will soon, however, be followed by other and longer lists. Nothing, we believe, is better calculated to lead to the realisation of this hope than the letter—as admirable, if we may say so, as it is characteristic—which we received by return of post from Sir Frederick Treves, and which we have the great pleasure of appending herewith—the letter came as a ray of sunshine in a somewhat grey and leaden sky.

"June 30th, 1918."

"DEAR SIR,

"I am anxious to subscribe to the LONDON HOSPITAL GAZETTE, but could hardly bear the continued mental strain involved in forwarding, every year, the sum of 6s. to a particular address. I am, therefore, sending £5 which will cover my subscription for a time at least—possibly for the period of the war. When it is exhausted, perhaps you will kindly communicate with my executors."

"In my day there was a type of being about the Hospital called 'a chronic' (from *chronos*, time). The 'chronics' were ancients who were languidly connected with the institution and who did nothing. I am myself now amongst this number. If all who are in the same category would join in raising a 'Chronic's Fund,' the finances of the GAZETTE would soon be secure. The subscription of a 'Chronic' should be £5 for the duration of the war."

"If the 'Chronics' saved the journal it would be a distinguished service worthy of a place in the war annals of the Hospital."

"Did not the sacred geese save Rome?"

"Yours very truly,

"FREDERICK TRÈVES."