

Some time ago the Managers of the Northern Infirmary at Inverness resolved to provide for their nursing staff a cottage residence, where the comforts of home might be more readily acquired than under the roof of the Infirmary itself, and where probationers could be trained to the nursing profession in the hope of enlarging the usefulness of the Northern Infirmary. A neat and effective design for the Home has just been provided by the architects to the Northern Infirmary Board, and, as the Managers have adopted it, work in connection with the erection of the edifice will be begun forthwith. The building will be situated on the vacant ground behind the porter's lodge, and, facing the south, will overlook the garden.

The Home takes the shape of a pretty villa of two floors, designed in the Scottish baronial style, with crow-stepped gables, and an ornamental turret over the centre. The accommodation to be provided will include on the ground floor five bedrooms, a kitchen, and a large beautiful dayroom, while on the upper floor there will be eight bedrooms, with bathroom and other up-to-date conveniences. The entrance to the Villa Home will be at the part next to the Infirmary, and provision is made so that at any future time the Home may be connected with the main building by means of a verandah, which, if found advisable, could be carried over the traffic road between the two buildings.

In the States every soldier in the Army subscribes to maintain fine Convalescent Homes for sick comrades, and by this means it is suggested that the English Army should support special Convalescent Homes. In this rich country where we owe so much to our brave sailors and soldiers, the least the nation can do is to give them of the very best—in medicine, nursing, hospital and home comforts—when their health fails.

Following upon the statement of Dr. Anderson at the meeting of the Cape Town Hospital Board with respect to the large number of consumptives who arrive at Cape Town in the last stages of phthisis is an important letter addressed to the *Times* by Mr. F. G. St. Leger, Chairman of the Board of Managers. Mr. St. Leger points out (1) That though the climate of South Africa is beneficial to invalids who can afford to support themselves in a part of the country suited to their health without having to work, yet the sufferings of those who are destitute, and who are physically unfit, are materially increased by the privations to which they are subjected. (2) It is criminal and inhuman to send out cases in the last stages of the disease. (3) That medical practitioners incur a serious responsibility in the selection of cases sent out to the Cape, that invalids should be sent out in the early stages only, and that they should possess means to support themselves for at least twelve months. It is also pointed out that certain parts of the country, notably the seaports, are extremely prejudicial to phthisical patients, that there is no hospital or home in which consumptives can receive gratuitous treatment, and that the European labour market throughout South Africa is overcrowded, and that work is not easily obtained even by those in good health. It will therefore be seen that the greatest care should be exercised in sending phthisical patients to Cape Colony.

Professional Review.

GEORGE HARLEY, F.R.S.

We have received a copy of "George Harley, F.R.S., The Life of London Physician," edited by his daughter Mrs. Alec Tweedie. A book from the pen of Mrs. Alec Tweedie is always welcome, and in the present instance her work is not only the evident outcome of filial affection, but it is the record of the life of a medical man whose lot was cast in stirring times, and who consequently saw more of war, and of its ghastly results, than is the case with the majority of the members of his profession at the present time. He was also an enthusiastic scientist, and even a vivisectionist, but yet his daughter records of him that "he was most gentle, and spared animals pain from purely moral and ethical reasons. He was loved by dogs and horses, always had a number of the former about him, and spent much time with his horses, who sought for the carrots he hid in his pockets, and with whom he played liked a child . . . indeed the man who was fearless of death, who experimented on his own body, (if a man may not do what he likes with his own body, who can? he was wont to say) who was a vivisectionist when the necessities of science demanded, was the gentlest of created beings and the champion of all animal life." At the same time he "came of a fighting race, one which never lacked the courage of its opinions nor hesitated to stand by them to the bitter end."

In his youth George Harley spent two years in Paris, and was wont to speak of them as among the happiest of his life. They were occupied in scientific research, and in the pursuit of this he narrowly escaped meeting his death in a struggle with a mad dog. But the time was one also of historic interest, and a chapter on the marriage of Napoleon III. is a side light on the temperament and national characteristics of an incomprehensible people. During the Crimean war Harley started off to join the Turkish army as a volunteer medic, and was condemned to be shot as a spy. After studying at most of the foreign universities he returned to London, and at twenty-six years of age, "a stranger in London and without so much as even an acquaintance at University College, then the best teaching school in London, he acquired a paid appointment, within five days of his arrival in the Metropolis."

Thus the roving part of his life over he settled down in Harley Street, as a consultant, and shortly afterwards married Miss Emma Jessie Muspratt. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of London, and of the Royal Society, and thus "the climax of his professional honours was reached."

A period of total blindness, brought on probably by the over strain consequent upon microscopic work was a crushing trial, but happily not only was his sight restored, but it became excessively acute. For the rest of his life however a certain amount of ill-health materially decreased his powers of work. The end came suddenly, and as he would have wished; his butler, who had seen him some ten minutes before, finding him quite dead. His place knows him no more, but, we read that the many waves of thought of love and goodness which he set going during his span of life are still moving, and though the home knows him no more and the chair is vacant, yet his influence and individuality remain. "The influence of a good or bad life exists for all time."

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