

ness all round. If there be a genius of holidays it was in him. In the earlier years there was neither time nor money for more than a few days of tramping or of boating. In the later years he used to take a big country house with land to shoot over; and he and Lady Horsley were incessantly hospitable. There is a pleasant story of one guest saying to another: 'Why, the man's absolutely selfless.' And he was selfless not only in hospitality, but in his will to give up everything at a moment's notice, and travel three hundred miles to London, for nothing, to see a surgeon, a stranger to him, who needed his help."

His rule that no medical man should pay a fee to him was absolute. One writes: "On no occasion would he take any payment. 'Dog does not eat dog,' he said."

One doctor wrote of him, "One of the greatest men I have ever known, whose heart, I believe, was the greatest part of his greatness."

It is sad to read how, during the years before the war, his practice fell off miserably. Medical men who thought he had betrayed them over the Insurance Act, were unwilling to send patients to him, and sometimes invalids disliked his politics. He writes that a report is being industriously circulated that he is retiring from practice, and that his surgery is mediæval. Mr. Paget writes: "Under the unhappiness, illness, and overstrain of these years he would have broken down if it had not been for his home life. All of us saw the side that he faced the world with; but those of us who did not see the other side of him—the home life—did not know him. Indeed, it was perfect. It was the making of him, and the saving of him. Not that it was leisurely; it was incessantly strenuous; it drove ahead, every day and all day long, toward the attainment of a hundred purposes."

Of his position in his profession Mr. Paget strikes a certain note: "He is with Ambrose Paré, Lister, and Hunter; with them, not below them. Paré in practice was one of the greatest of all surgeons, but he had only such science as the age could give him. Lister is greatest of all the 'saints laïques' in the doctor's calendar, but he does not equal Horsley in range and imaginative insight. Hunter was magnificent, but he did not trouble himself over the welfare of the community; he was content with a rather selfish life.

"That, after all, was the distinctive keynote of Horsley's life and work—that he could not rest in all science and practice, but must also be in politics. We have lost a man who was always willing to set aside his own interests for the whole-hearted, full-blooded pursuit of an unpopular cause. We had been with him, followed him, or come into collision with him in the streets of life, always conscious of him, always saying there was nobody like him; and then of a sudden he was gone, and we were left standing on the old ways of individualism, honourable but inadventurous."

#### THE WAR.

It was tragic that in the first days of the war when his supreme surgical skill would have been

of untold value to hundreds of wounded at the front, he was "eating his heart out at home in enforced idleness." He wrote to Dr. Mary Sturge: "It is very difficult to work with any go or purpose when one is certain that one could really be of much more service elsewhere, viz., in the Belgian Base Hospitals. However, I am not going out in any of these fashionable and disreputable side-shows, I am glad to say."

Later he went to Wimereux, to the British Hospital in the Hotel Bellevue. Though the first half of April the work was slack "it was the unsatisfactory business of amateurism. These private hospitals are not wanted, though the beds are." Later he writes: "Fortunately I find all the Sisters here are first-rate people and all progressive, so when we are thoroughly sick of—and ———'s arguments we can concoct plans for the future."

Then came Egypt, from whence he wrote: "I am not in any condition to write you amusing or interesting letters; all my energies are devoted to trying to get for our unfortunate men the merest elements of medical care."

Then Mesopotamia, and a spell of strenuous work, one day's illness, and the lamp of life was quenched.

"Always he had spent himself with superb extravagance; he was still at work the day before he died. It is not in the range of men's intellects to understand, through and through, a man's life. The real values of it are hid from them and are not clear even to him. This man, at any rate, played his life for all it was worth; there is nothing that he kept back from us, there is nothing that he feared." M. B.

## TYPHUS-RIDDEN UKRAINE.

### 80 PER CENT. OF POPULATION ATTACKED.

The *Times* correspondent reports from Berne that in order to relieve to some extent the sufferings of the Ukraine, which is more devastated by epidemics than any other country in Europe, the International Red Cross Society is forming immediately a small mission which will proceed to the Ukraine and take up its headquarters somewhere near the Rumanian frontier.

Although the size of this mission will be small, it will act as distributing agent for large quantities of medical materials, considerable stores of which are already waiting transportation in Vienna and Berlin. It is proposed that the staff of the mission, which will include doctors and nursing sisters, should all be of the same nationality, and the Red Cross Society has appealed to the Swiss to act as the pioneers in the work of saving the Ukraine.

It is, of course, hoped to follow up this first mission with a complete organisation of relief, whose principal task will be the fighting of typhus, which, according to Major Lederrey, a delegate of the International Red Cross Society who recently visited the country, has attacked over 80 per cent. of the population.

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