

THE HARVEY TERCENTENARY.

Universities and Medical Societies throughout the world met in London, on May 14th, to attend the celebrations arranged by the Royal College of Physicians of London, in honour of the three hundredth publication of the great work of William Harvey, *De Motu Cordis*. The delegates, numbering nearly 100, were received on the morning of that day by the King, at Buckingham Palace, when they were presented by Sir John Rose Bradford, K.C.M.G. (President of the College), who said, in the course of his Address:—

"Your Majesty, in identifying yourself with this Commemoration of Harvey's work, is but treading in the footsteps of your Royal Ancestors. King James the First and King Charles the First both set a true value on Harvey and made him their own Physician, and the latter supplied him with the bodies of deer from the royal herds for his anatomical studies. Harvey constantly brought to King Charles natural curiosities for his inspection, and exhibited to him much of his experimental work. Together also they shared the rare experience of watching the beating heart in a human subject through a defect in the chest-wall produced by disease.

"In the Civil War, too, Harvey stood by his Royal Master and was present at Edgehill, in charge of the young Princes Charles and James, and afterwards at Oxford, where by Royal Mandate Harvey was appointed Warden of Merton College."

The King's Reply.

His Majesty said in reply:—

"I thank you sincerely for your Address. It is a great pleasure to me to join with my people in welcoming the many distinguished men from my Overseas Dominions, and indeed from all parts of the civilised world, now assembled in London in honour of the Tercentenary of Harvey's immortal discovery.

"I appreciate the comparison drawn in your Address between my part in to-day's ceremony and the action of my predecessors, who befriended Harvey in his life-time. I am proud to think that the Kings of England of that day, recognizing Harvey's great gifts, granted their patronage and help in his work, and are thus entitled to the credit of having contributed to the new birth of medical science.

"The importance and value of William Harvey's work cannot be exaggerated. In an age when physiological knowledge was in a state of darkness and chaos, he laid the essential foundation for a science of physiology by demonstrating not only the fact of the circulation of the blood, but the manner in which it took place. He discerned and taught that the true method of scientific progress is by observation and experiment, and it is for this, and not merely as the author of a single discovery, however brilliant and fundamental, that we to-day do honour to the name of Harvey.

"Science, as you truly say, knows no boundary of race or nation. Harvey's own career is an instance of this. He was a graduate not only of our own Cambridge, but also of Padua, which ancient and illustrious University I am happy to see represented here to-day. His great book was published in Latin, the universal language of learning, and won acceptance for itself and fame for its author throughout Europe. But though science is international, each country's contribution may still bear the marks of the national character. And here we may proudly note that Harvey, in his threefold capacity as a successful physician in private practice, as physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and as an eminent student and investigator, foreshadowed what is now, and has long been, characteristic of British physiology—the combination of research with medical and surgical practice, allied with a generous devotion to the service of the poor in the public hospitals."

THE PASSING OF MISS MINNIE MOLLETT.

(Member of the League of St. Bartholomew's Hospital late Matron of the Royal South Hants Hospital, etc.)

On a blue, calm, sunny morning, to the sound of a sighing surf and cry of sea-birds, the soul of a brave woman passed from sleep to rest.

Without suffering, unconscious of change or care, she passed the last two days of her earthly life sleeping, sleeping, sleeping.

On the 1st March, apparently in robust health, she went out into the Pacific for her usual swim, and came back saying: "How lovely the water was! So fresh! I am going again to-morrow!"

During the day she seemed perfectly well, enjoyed her beloved books, her meals, the pet dog, Puck (a canine idol) and read out loud from Lorna Doone (an occupation she always enjoyed) while I was busy with domestic mending.

"No, I shall leave the last chapter for to-morrow," she answered, when I suggested she should finish the book. "It will be something to look forward to."

In the evening we played *béziq*ue, and again she refused my request for the last chapter of Lorna Doone.

"No, one mustn't overdue a pleasant thing," she laughed.

"To-morrow at the usual time, after tea, we will finish the chapter, and the book."

No use insisting when her mind was made up; so we separated for the night, and the 2nd March dawned and sped on its way, uneventful and quietly busy as usual.

After lunch, which she enjoyed with a healthy appetite, Miss Mollett retired to her room to take her usual cup of coffee and read her papers.

Her active mind was interested in the world's work and play, its projects and ideas within the widest circles; its literary and scientific progress and above all the activities of the nursing profession, and yet, the last natural and simple interest of her life was the arrival of the week's fresh butter from the farm.

She left her armchair and the world's politics to look into that home detail with faithful attention.

And with that ended her last care on earth.

We found her in a peaceful and natural position, lying back in her armchair, with her papers beside her—sleeping.

It was tea-time, a time she always liked to observe as a little social function, dedicated to etiquette and general conversation and neighbourly callers. Knowing she would not like the time changed we tried to wake her.

No earthly interests ever awakened her again.

The local practitioner, a trained nurse, two Red Cross district nurses and a doctor, summoned by telephone from Capiapo, who arrived by motor in two hours' time at danger speed, could only certify a double paralysis, and bid us prepare for the inevitable.

Sloping eastward, upward to the outrunners of the distant Cordillera, and surrounded by desert stretches that are ancient ocean bed, lies the little, clean, restful cemetery that our English vice-consul administers; and there in a virgin soil of clean golden gravel, human foot had never trod, since it was upheaved by nature, we laid her.

As she had wished, her casket was covered by a British flag, and we left it there to mingle with her sacred dust in future æons, when our little individual cares and ears are no more, but the Eternal Truth that upheld us in our earthly trials shall surely live on in immortal beauty.

The flag-covered casket, drawn on a simple military hearse, by a single mule, had a guard of honour, two sailors in uniform kept flag and casket as they went upward on that last journey, and behind followed our British Vice-consul and Miss Mollett's only relative in Chile, the maritime governor of the ports of Stacama, a group of Miss

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