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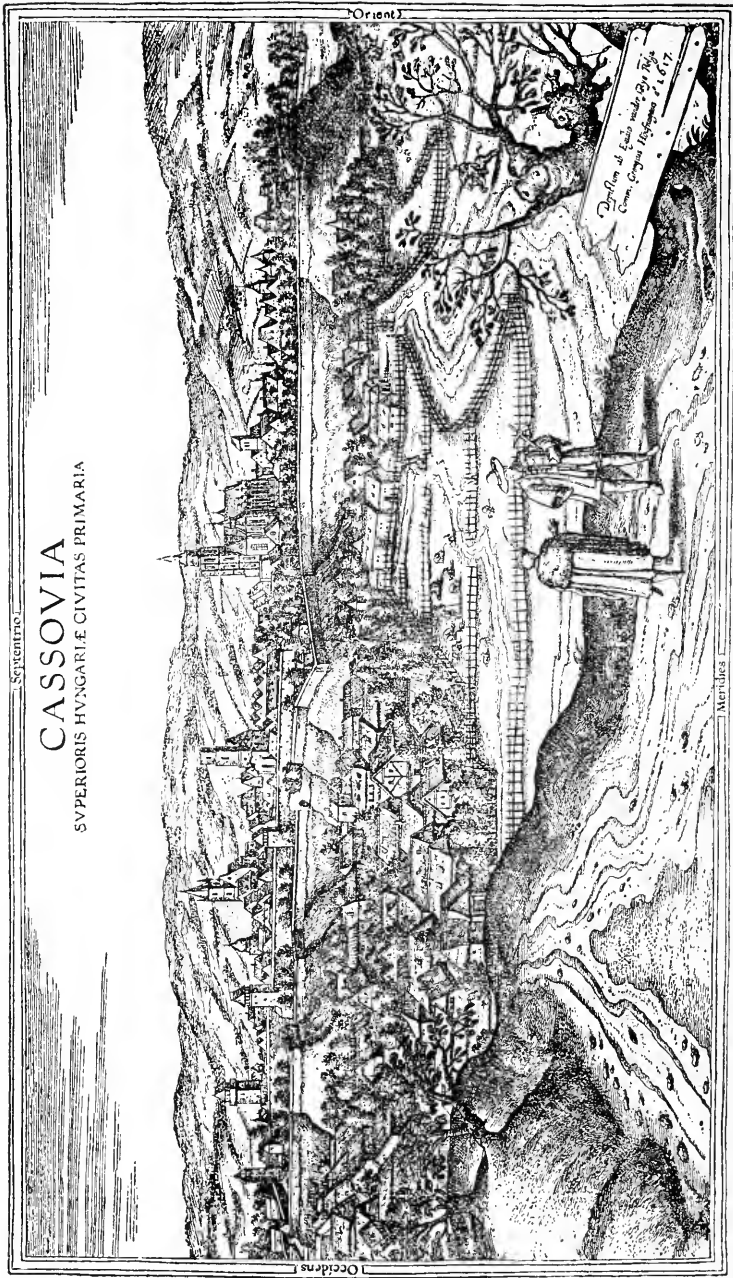
RECOLLECTIONS
OF A
NEW YORK SURGEON

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Meridies

THE CITY OF KASSA IN THE YEAR 1617.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF A
NEW YORK SURGEON

BY
ARPAD G. GERSTER, M.D.



NEW YORK
PAUL B. HOEBER

1917
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ARTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
1917

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PAUL B. HOEBER

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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO MY WIFE

315

“Hoc est vivere bis, vita priori frui.”

—*Martial.*

(To enjoy what is past, is to have lived twice.)

“One comfort of age may be that whereas younger men are usually in pain when they are not in pleasure, old men find a sort of pleasure whenever they are not in pain. And as young men often lose or impair their present enjoyments by raving after what is to come, by vain hopes or fruitless fears, so old men relieve the wants of their age by pleasing reflections upon what is past.”

—*Sir William Temple.*

PREFACE

THE early history of the United States gives ample proof that spiritual aspirations have played an important part in the motives determining modern man's migrations. The narrative which follows may serve as an additional document in confirmation of this statement.

So long as mass emigration continues, the process of diffusion and assimilation will remain unfinished; and just so long will it be premature to speak of the American national character being as rounded and complete as that of any among the older ethnic groups of Europe. Fortunately the question of language has been definitely settled for us. The ultimate goal, the evolution of a homogeneous nation, will no doubt be accomplished in the proper way by this most decisive of ethnic factors.

It has recently been deplored that numbers of aliens more or less recently admitted to citizenship were still untransformed into authentic Americans of the type dominant in our Eastern States. Such a complaint is unreasonable; for how could one expect that the process of mutual assimilation—a form of osmosis—should advance more quickly on this continent than elsewhere?

A mere mechanical mixture, even in the subtle form of an emulsion, cannot possess the stability of an actual chemical union. A homogeneous national character presupposes, as it were, such a union of its racial elements, a process which takes much time. With the nations of the old world, it has spread over centuries. Can we hope to be exempt from this universal rule?

In our case, the process is still active, and the new

compound "in statu nascenti." For we, as a nation, are still in the throes of our historical origins, each new accession adding a potential coefficient in the elaboration of the ultimate type.

What will be the final qualities of the crystal now forming—a crystal which ought to contain all that is best and enduring in the mother-solution? In this process the master-chemist is Destiny, whose behests must be determined by inherent forces of deeper elemental significance, and of greater coercive momentum than the "pium desiderium" of a fleeting generation. This consummation will be achieved by sterling worth and genuine capacity, and by nothing else.

The assimilation of alien ingredients is accomplished in many different ways. One of these is recounted in the succeeding pages to illustrate the successive phases through which a foreigner must pass that he may become an American.

Americans, whose wisdom and kindness lead them to kindle and encourage the newcomer's pursuit of this aspiration, find their efforts richly repaid. Neglect and contempt of the immigrant's sincere endeavor to merge with the nation have been of infinite harm.

The story of a life, however humble, if told sincerely, cannot fail to carry some lesson to posterity. But, to be tonic, it must contain more than one finds in the pages of an Amiel or a Baschkirtseff. Barren revels in endless introspective effusion are a form of obsession more interesting to the student of moral pathology than to the general reader. A discreet flash of light, however, which reveals spiritual aspirations projected on the sober, solid background of life's serious work, needs no justification.

The first impulse to write these pages came from one peculiarly near the author, who suggested that he sketch some of the unique experiences belonging to his medi-

cal life. Without this incentive, the labor would never have been undertaken. However, as the substance of the author's medical work was embodied in professional literature, the scope of the undertaking was extended to include subjects of historical, ethnological, educational and artistic interest.

The delving into diaries, letters and official documents for this, the writer's last "curriculum vitæ," was a pleasant task. Grateful acknowledgment is therefore due to the intellectual originator of the adventure.

For efficient aid in revision of the manuscript, thanks are expressed to my son, Dr. John C. A. Gerster. Thanks are also due to Miss I. G. Buhler for transcribing the difficult manuscript, and to the publisher for constant coöperation in giving to the volume an attractive form.

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(The head and tailpieces, and the initials have been specially drawn for this volume by the Author.)

PART ONE
EUROPE



I

ORIGINS

“Stemmata quid faciunt?”—*Juvenal.*

(“What do pedigrees amount to?”)

SWITZERLAND THE CRADLE OF THE GERSTERS

THE family name appears since ancient times in the records of the Swiss Cantons of Basel, Basel-Land, and Appenzell. Its bearers composed a stock of sturdy peasants or burghers, the type of men who were the first in Europe to shake off feudal subjection to such powerful overlords as the Hapsburgs and the house of Burgundy. The battles of Sempach, Morgarten, Murten, and Granson left no doubt about the pugnacious earnestness of these plowmen, herders, handicraftsmen, and traders, to gain and to maintain their liberties. Thus the Swiss peasantry early distinguished itself from that of the rest of Europe, by a bold defiant spirit apt to verge on rudeness, when its republican susceptibilities were roused. To this day, Switzerland is the only republic where democracy is no sham, but a living reality. The national character is a composite of self-reliant sturdi-

ness in which the love of democratic simplicity exists side by side with pride of race and family—a curious paradox. Thus it comes, that since olden times burgher and peasant in Switzerland have assumed and still employ family arms composed on heraldic principles.

The following data were gathered from family records and church registers by the Rev. Ludwig Gerster, Protestant pastor at Kappelen, Canton Berne.

The earliest mention of the name Gerster occurs in the official family registers of the City of Basel, as follows:

Admitted to citizenship:

1378, Heini Gerster of Dietwylen, the weaver.

1412, Heini Gerster of Dornach.

1415, Rudi Gerster of Weltkirch.

1488, Steffen Gerster, the wainwright.

Eminent among the Gersters of Basel was John Gerster, of Kaufbeuren, who was called to Basel in 1482. In those times it was the practice for Swiss Commonwealths to appoint aliens rather than natives to their chancelleries (legal and diplomatic services). The motive was jealousy; the object, to prevent political preponderance of any of the leading families. A similar phenomenon appears in the medieval free cities of Italy, where the office of "podesta" was habitually entrusted to eminent men of foreign birth and extraction for similar reasons.

John Gerster held various offices in the city government of Basel until 1523, when he retired on a pension. He died in 1531.

He was a friend of Hans Holbein the younger, who painted for him the famous Madonna of Solothurn. The painting was dedicated as an altar piece in the church of Saint Ursus at Solothurn. The coats of arms of the founder and of his wife, Barbara Guldenknopf,

appear on the border of the rug spread over the estrade on which the Virgin is seated. John Gerster was a man of great learning; he founded the library of the University of Basel, and organized the city archives, where his own inventory is still in actual use. In 1510, accompanied by eleven commissioners, he went to Rome as the Ambassador of Basel on a political mission to Pope Julius II.¹

Another notable personality in the history of Switzerland was Ottmar Gerster, nicknamed "der rothe Gerster," on account of his flaming red beard. He commanded the peasant army of Appenzell in the war waged against Abbot Ulrich VIII. of Sankt Gallen, for the liberation of the Cantons of Sankt Gallen and Appenzell from the overlordship of the monastery. In 1490 his house at Loemischwyl was burnt to the ground by order of his ecclesiastical adversary. He died in 1540 while Mayor of Loemischwyl. His memory was preserved in the following verse, part of the contemporaneous rhymed chronicle written by a supporter of the Abbot:

"Von Loemischwyl ein Pur geboren
Gerster, du bist eine rother Mann,
Zaim Tritschelmann² haends dich erkorn
das ist dir doch nicht wohl ergan;
bim Gotshus³ werst billich plieben:
die Witze zu Sant Gallen im rat⁴
hant dich verfüret und verschiben
das dir ist bescheret fru und spat."

¹ *Zeitschrift der Geschlechter des Oberrheins*, Neue Folge, Band xi, Heft 3. Karlsruhe, I. Bielefeld's Verlag. 1896.

² "Truchement" in French means Drogman, dragoman, interpreter, speaker.

³ "Gotteshaus" means the abbey of Sankt Gallen.

⁴ The city of Sankt Gallen was at perpetual feud with the abbots, who asserted prerogatives, the exercise of which was passionately resisted by the burghers.

THE GERSTERS OF TWANN

Our branch of the family was rooted in the soil of Twann (Douane), at present in the Canton of Bern, in ancient times a dependency of the bishopric of Basel, situated on the western shore of the lake of Biene (Biel). Most of the Gersters of the "Seeland," as this part of the country is called, followed the occupation of vintners, handicraftsmen, or traders. Twann was formerly the customs station between Savoy and Switzerland, and was a point of some commercial importance on the military highway running along the western shore of the lakes. According to Pastor Ludwig Gerster, in Switzerland to-day there are about seventy families bearing the name, especially frequent at Gelterkinden, Basel-Land.

According to the oldest records of Twann:

Peter Gerster married Toni Koelbli (1500-1550). Their descendants were Joseph Gerster and George Gerster, who died in 1687. Joseph Gerster was married three times. His first wife was Elizabeth Duering, whom he married in 1686; presumably she died, for in 1690 he married Anna Segginger. She, too, must have died, because his marriage to Anna Frey is recorded, although the exact date is missing. By his second wife he had a son, Conrad, who was the founder of the Rhenish branch of the family at Hattenheim. He was the ancestor of Dr. Carl Gerster, a distinguished physician of Braunfels near Wetzlar, and his brother, Dr. Rudolph Gerster, who lives at Regensburg.

THE HUNGARIAN BRANCH

Joseph's third wife, Anna Frey, had a son Nicholas, who married Johanna Malzach. From their son Joseph⁵

⁵The names Nicholas and Joseph continue to be frequent in the family records. My father had a brother Joseph; I had a brother Nicholas and a brother Joseph, who died in infancy.



JOSEPH GERSTER.

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descended the Hungarian branch of the family. All the Gersters of Twann embraced Protestantism, except Conrad and Joseph. On account of interminable religious squabbles, these two emigrated,—Conrad to the Rhine, Joseph to Dresden, where he entered the service of Prince Maximilian. Later he removed to Vienna, taking service at the Hofburg as a cook. My grandfather Joseph was a grandchild of this “cordon bleu.” He was born in 1778 at Raab in Hungary and died at Kassa in 1844. Shortly before I left for America, my father gave me the following account of his father:

On an extremely cold Sunday in January, 1783, my great-grandfather took his son Joseph for a walk along the frozen Rába River. While passing a mill they were attacked by a ferocious dog, which the elder Gerster knocked down in self-defense. Upon their return, they were assailed by the mill hands with ice hooks used for clearing the mill-ways. A violent blow on the head killed my great-grandfather in the sight of his son. The widow raised the boy, who learned the trade of cabinet-making. He volunteered in the army at the beginning of Napoleon’s first Italian campaign, in which he served with distinction, receiving a medal for bravery upon his discharge after the peace of Campo Formio in 1797. He settled in Kassa, and married on February 4, 1816, Magdalen Wandracsek (born 1788, died 1839), my paternal grandmother. Judging from his excellent oil portrait, my grandfather was a tall, dark, and robust man of aquiline features^o and a serious mien. For many years he held the office of guildmaster. He was a stern paterfamilias and noted for his withering sarcasm directed against all forms of humbug or pretence. My father, and perhaps I too, inherited a share of this un-

^oWith him the Roman nose and dark traits disappeared from the family.

diplomatic trait. In us, however, it was softened by a sense of humor.

My great-uncle, Charles Wandracsek, Canon of the Chapter of Kassa, was the genial type of a Catholic prelate, a man of portly and dignified appearance with a fine intellect, much learning, and a thorough knowledge of the world. His personal habits were almost ascetic—he ate sparingly, never drank wine, and had the impeccable manners of a diplomat. His talents were quickly recognized by his bishop, Ignatius Fábry, whose secretary he became as soon as ordained. Such an office (secretary to the chancellery of the See) is no sinecure. To disentangle the skeins of discord and misunderstanding which spring up in church jurisdiction requires indefatigable industry, a good knowledge of Canonical law, a facile pen, and an infinite amount of humor and tact. My uncle had a well modulated tenor voice, and spoke well. For many years he delivered the Lenten sermons at the church of the Ursuline nuns, much frequented by the ladies of the town. His irony was delicious, never offensive. His favorite author was Seneca, whom he knew almost by heart. Towards me he always showed great kindness and consideration, and met my boyish audacities with an amused indulgence. We often had fine disputes on ticklish questions. On such occasions he never failed to dignify my points with serious argument, constantly laying stress on the “*ne quid nimis*” and on the cardinal importance of moderation. Later, when I was about to leave for America, he came into town, though in poor health, to take leave of me, and showed his good will by contributing a liberal sum toward my traveling expenses. When I visited Kassa in 1891, he had retired from parochial work, and was enjoying the sinecure of the rectorate of the Catholic seminary. He was then a very sick man, and succumbed soon after. His behavior in this final trial



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was admirable. Unflinchingly he informed me of the diagnosis of his case, and went to his death patiently and calmly, like a Christian disciple of Seneca.

Among my father's brothers two deserve mention. One, Charles, was an architect of merit in Budapest. Several of his sons made their mark. Louis, the eldest, came to America at sixteen, acquired a thorough knowledge of American business methods, and, returning to Hungary, rose to the Presidency of the Francis Canal Company.⁷ For many years he was connected with the United States consulate at Budapest, and served and still serves as the friend, mentor, and guide of many Americans who visit that city. His brother Kálmán, an architect, designed the Mausoleums of both Deák and Kossuth, works of great merit and beauty.

My father's youngest brother, Anthony, joined Görgey's insurgent army in 1848, and was appointed Lieutenant of Engineers. After the disarmament of Kossuth's forces at Világos, he found his way by the "underground route" to Kassa, whence he was smuggled to Cracow and over the Prussian frontier through the adroitness and courage of our Great Aunt Theresa. She stained his boyish face with walnut juice, and disguising him as a peasant girl, took him as her maid servant. He came to New York with Kossuth's emigration, and served throughout the War of the Secession as Captain of Engineers, first under Rosecrans, later under Grant. He died in California in 1897. His son Victor was murdered by one of his peons on a coffee plantation he had bought at Tumbador, Guatemala.

Nicholas Gerster of Kassa

He was the eldest of a numerous family. On account of external reasons it became impossible to give

⁷ The Franzen's Kanal.

the boy a wider education than that to be obtained from the first four years at the Latin school. In spite of his keen disappointment at giving up a classical education, and the consequent loss of position, he bravely faced the situation and, seeking a town somewhat removed from his own, became an apprentice to a master chandler at Szathmár. Having served his apprenticeship, he entered upon his travels, during which he traversed Hungary, Austria, and a great part of Southern and Middle Germany, returning in 1840 to his native city. He became master of his trade on March 14, 1840, and was married August 24, 1841, to Caroline Schmidt-Sándy, our mother.

Letters-patent, issued on December 16, 1841, under the seal of the political corporation, and signed by the chief justice and burgomaster of the city of Kassa, attest my father's admission to "full citizenship." To explain the meaning of the term "burgher" (citizen) in this document, it must be stated that Royal Free Cities of Hungary, like the free cities of Germany, were self-governing and close corporations, independent of all intermediate authority, and holding title direct from the crown. Since the fourteenth century (by grant of King Louis of Anjou in 1346) Kassa had been free from county influence, and had had its own civil and criminal jurisdiction, including the coveted "jus gladii,"⁸ administered by an elective chief justice ("consul"). The civil administration was also independent and democratic, inasmuch as the elective burgomaster ("tribunus plebis") and the senate—composed of seven men—were responsible to an elective council consisting of one hundred burghers ("centumviri"). Up to the time when the Hapsburgs established a standing army, the citizenship of Kassa was organized and trained as a military force, and the city's defense, in-

⁸ Right of capital punishment.

cluding maintenance of the fortifications, was a civic duty and privilege. Originally, the corporation also had the right to coin and issue money (*Jus cudendae monetae*), granted by King Matthias Corvinus in 1456 and 1462. The mint was in operation as late as the year 1625. Most of the city's former possessions, a vast domain of forty open towns and villages in three counties, were lost or alienated during the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Of its original forests a remnant still covers an area of nearly 24,000 acres. These glimpses into the political condition of the city of Kassa before 1849 (when her old rights and privileges were lost together with Hungarian liberty), make it plain that at that time citizenship implied the possession of special rights in a compact, well-organized urban community, which was essentially a little republic—a state within the state. Citizenship in its modern wider comprehension was then unknown.

My grandfather died on October 10, 1844. To effect an equal division of the property, it was decided to sell his house at auction. In the meantime Nicholas and his young wife—my parents—must have been doing well, for we see them in 1845 as joint purchasers of the paternal house for 17,875 florins. The house was large, occupying a corner lot covering approximately one hundred by eighty feet. It comprised two structures: an older, smaller one facing Bell Street—part of former administration buildings of the demolished citadel—with walls three feet thick; the other, a newer building, erected by my grandfather on the cleared part of the lot, faced the then newly opened prolongation of Main Street, and presented a front of ten windows in the upper story. The substantial, vaulted masonry of the edifice made its destruction by fire an impossibility. As the rear walls of the house in Bell Street were part of the old ramparts, the space

external to them corresponded to the moat and glacis of the fortifications. These had been converted into gardens. From our room upstairs in the old building, we boys could watch the ripening of the neighbors' apricots. Eastward, beyond the treetops, the eye took in the crest of the "Mountain of Kassa" crowned by a forest of oaks, its foot wreathed in smiling vineyards. In this house my parents' eight children were born and brought up. Our family life was like that on ship-board, where everybody knows the business of every one else, and order and punctuality are indispensable.

The parents were the first up and the last to bed; my mother was indefatigable and systematic in everything, her super-eminence in doing well whatever she ordered to be done, beyond any doubt or question. Besides the excellent schooling received from the Ursuline nuns, she had learned (to serve as an anchor to windward, as it were) the handicraft of making artificial flowers, and was introduced to the higher mysteries of the culinary art by the chef of the episcopal kitchen. Like France, Hungary is deservedly famous for its "cuisine." The cooking, even among the peasantry, is generally good. Nothing could characterize it better than Saint Évremond's remark on Mme. Mazarin's table: "Les mets communs deviennent rares par le goût exquis qu'on leur donne."

My maternal grandmother lived not far from us in a comfortable house with a beautiful little garden on Mill Street. Her library contained a large number of richly illustrated historical books, and I used to revel in the contemplation of the splendid copper plates. One of the books (a huge octavo volume in pigskin) represented the exploits of Don Juan of Austria against the Turkish admiral Barbarossa, including the battle of Lepanto. My grandmother died at the age of ninety-four. She was not ill; she simply went to sleep, and

never woke again—the death of the Venetian Cornaro.

Returning to the story of my father's life, at first we come to the turbulent times preceding 1848. Under the leadership of Count Stephen Széchenyi, then later under Louis Kossuth, national life in Hungary experienced a profound awakening. In the memorable session of 1847, the nobility and clergy spontaneously relinquished their feudal rights. My father enthusiastically joined the liberal party. When the storm broke, he marched with the insurgents on December 4th to the Mountain of Kassa, to meet the invading Austrians under General Schlick. The insurgent forces comprised the National Guard of the City, a company of the Polish legion, but mostly hastily raised levies of peasants armed with scythes and similar improvised weapons. In contrast to these, Schlick's troops were all regulars. As a natural outcome, the "nationals" were defeated and dispersed on December 11th. My father returned unharmed. The same evening twenty-nine Austrian soldiers were quartered on us in our house. Every one was apprehensive, for almost every one was compromised. Fortunately, there were no traitors then.

In this state of affairs I was born. My father's entry reads:

"On Friday, December 22, 1848, at half past two in the afternoon, my son, Arpad Geyza Charles, was born. May the Lord lead him to the good."

The city was alternately held by insurgents and imperials for a time, until the Austrians were expelled from Hungary, and Emperor Francis Joseph appealed to Nicholas I, Czar of Russia, for help to reconquer Hungary. Then came the Russian invasion. With the very first Russians came as "Imperial Commissioner" the rabid reactionary, Emery Péchy, a native of the adjoining County of Sáros. His local knowledge was

to serve in the detection, apprehension, and punishment of "rebels." Following the arrival of the Muscovites, cholera broke out. Two thousand of the invaders died at Kassa of the plague, which rapidly spread to the inhabitants. At midnight on July 14th, my father together with twenty-two other burghers was arrested by the Russians, from lists made out by Péchy. The invaders had erected earthworks near the southern outskirts of the city; in the damp casements of these fortifications my father contracted cholera. It was learned that the prisoners were to be deported to the fortress of Cracow. Strong influence was successful in obtaining permission for the sick man to lie in his own home. There he remained under guard until his recovery, when he was re-imprisoned. On September 21st, 1849, he was released through the efforts of one of his tenants, a Hungarian gentleman named John de Bornemisza, who had formerly been an Austrian cavalry officer. A friendship had sprung up between the two families owing to the fact that infant sons had made their appearance on the same day, and later had been christened together, receiving the same name, Árpád. The following is a translation of the bond given by de Bornemisza on behalf of my father:

"I, the undersigned, do declare herewith that, in case he be set free, I bind myself with my life and possessions for the person of the imprisoned householder and master chandler, Mr. Nicholas Gerster, in such wise, that he will not fail to appear before the court at any hour (if summoned). In witness of my own handwriting and by attaching my seal, I certify.

"Signed, at Kassa, September 21, 1849.

"JOHN BORNEMISZA, M.P."

This had the desired effect. But, like many other rebels, my father remained under police supervision until March, 1854, when, after four and a half years mar-



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tial law was finally abolished, and the long series of political executions in Hungary also ended.

Many years later a welcome opportunity for showing my gratitude toward the Bornemisza family presented itself. The wife of one of the name fell ill in New York, requiring surgical attention. They were young people, strangers, in straitened circumstances, and I attended her until she was restored to health. Compensation was declined, and the young husband was told of the noble deed of his great uncle, sixty-one years before.

By 1871 my father had become an influential citizen holding numerous positions of trust. He inherited (and transmitted to his sons) a strong prejudice against holding any office involving subordination to superiors. He held that even the smallest craftsman—provided he understood his trade and was industrious, thrifty and honest—enjoyed more independence than the highest office holder, who was subject to the caprices of superiors or of the electorate.

My father spoke the scholastic Latin then generally in use, an accomplishment very common in the Hungary of those days. To an American this statement may appear fantastic, or at least exaggerated. Consequently this extract from the census of 1857-1858⁹ may be of interest:

There were, among the 16,427 inhabitants of Kassa, 1,161 speaking four languages (Latin, Hungarian, German and Slovak); 6,783 speaking three languages (Hungarian, German and Slovak); 8,473 speaking one language (Slovak).

The distribution among the various classes of society of those who spoke Latin was as follows:

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⁹ Dr. I. Plath, *Kaschauer Chronic*, Kaschau, C. Werfer, 1860, pp. 47-49.

The magistracy, including the civil service of the city and county	653
Writers	96
Lawyers	27
Medical men and apothecaries.....	48
Of 116 gentlemen (landowners).....	22
Of 220 house owners (burghers).....	37
Of 679 industrial employees.....	21
Of 164 merchants and traders.....	43
Of 1,280 handicraftsmen	91
	<hr/>
	1,161

My father was a tall, straight and broad-shouldered man, with a square and commanding brow overhanging a pair of keen blue eyes sprinkled with brown spots.¹⁰ He was just and wise, never scolded, but preferred to reprove by witty irony, which turned into cutting sarcasm when his sense of justice and fairness was outraged by meanness, cruelty, or hypocrisy. Though irascible, he was quickly and easily appeased. He never nursed ill-feeling or enmity. He was more severe in condemning a wrong done to others than to himself, especially if they were poor and helpless. He was extremely fond of music and had a fine ear and a good voice. A healthy humor made him ever ready for song, jest and merriment.

Caroline Gerster

My father's rule in the family was strict in fundamentals—such as truth-telling and prompt obedience—but wisely lenient where childish pranks were in question.

My mother—dear, wise, soft and yet strong soul—

¹⁰ Erasmus relates that Thomas More had eyes gray with dark spots, "an eye never found except in remarkable men."

cultivated our attention to good form. She was never tired of straightening out domestic complications caused by the varied and inconvenient pets we kept in our rooms; in the course of years these had included snakes, lizards, fishes, pouter pigeons, a hedgehog, and a number of song birds in cages. The rubbish created by the sorting and pressing of botanical specimens; finally, the destruction of furniture by gymnastic "tours de force" and by chemical experiments never ruffled her good humor. Once we made a Leyden jar, and charging it, connected one pole to a sheet of tinfoil on the floor in front of our doorsill, and the other to the metal door-knob. This was completed just before the entrance of a barefooted maidservant bringing the coffee. The subsequent crash of dishes and hysterical shrieks of the domestic aroused my mother's just indignation. On such occasions she could be very firm and incisive, and her displeasure was far more dreaded than father's thunder. She hovered over our joys and sorrows like a guardian angel, her authority being based on infinite goodness and wisdom rather than on rigor. Her power of persuasion was irresistible, because it was rooted in sympathy and in clear-sighted common sense. She had kindly eyes, a quiet speech, and was quick to recognize a critical situation.

While the physical task of rearing a large family is heavy, yet the unremitting discipline unconsciously exerted by the children upon one another relieves their parents of the necessity for much correction. In this respect the problem is less difficult than that presented by a small family or a solitary child.

My parents were partners in every sense of the word. Love and respect are distinct entities: the first is a free gift, the second must be earned by a series of successful tests. My father was a masterful man, yet he accorded his wife the greatest consideration because of her un-

usual capacity. In the beginning of my father's business, she shared in the management, and he trusted her judgment absolutely. In her the scriptural "be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves" was beautifully exemplified. When asked for advice, she faced a difficult situation with calmness and good sense, and showed a detachment rarely found in women. She grasped the salient point of any question quickly, and judged without weakness or bias. Her ability to seize a man's standpoint as though she herself were a man made her advice most valuable. During any discussion she would wait until a certain equilibrium was reached; then, during a pause, when the mind is susceptible to advice, she would seize the psychological moment, for she knew that the best advice, if untimely given, is apt to embarrass rather than to bring relief. She preserved a remarkable activity of mind and body to an advanced age. In 1889 she paid us a visit, and though somewhat portly, learned to enter an Adirondack guide boat—most ticklish of small craft—with perfect ease and security.

Mater Aloysia, the Superior of the Ursuline Convent at Kassa, was a close friend of my mother. When I returned from Vienna after graduation, Mother Aloysia wished to see me. With episcopal permission—granted mainly upon the basis of my professional status—my mother one day ushered me into her presence, when the young doctor of medicine was subjected to a careful but discreet scrutiny. She was "superior" in every sense of the word—clever, suave, and well spoken. Her reputation for severity may have been deserved; to us she was charming. However, it was easy to see how stupid people could hate her. She knew Vienna well, and with the skill and tact of a woman of the world—not renounced with pomp and vanity when vows are taken—she soon had us "en rapport," chatting with-



CAROLINE GERSTER.

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out restraint. The meticulous order and cleanliness of her apartment, the little and pleasing coquetry of furniture, paintings, and bibelots, finally the exquisite exhalation of lavender, touched with the faintest shade of "le parfum d'une femme bien soignée," still linger in my memory.

The Children of Nicholas Gerster

We eight children were naturally grouped in pairs, and clung to this grouping until life dispersed us. In the first pair were the two oldest sisters, Mary and Constance.

I owe to a grave illness of Mary my first glimpse of the petty world of medical chicane and jealousy. Two months of fever having reduced the patient to extreme emaciation, her recovery was despaired of. In these straits a final consultation with a newly arrived young military surgeon was proposed. It was met on the part of Volny, the old family physician, with an indignant refusal. My mother's persistence, however, finally brought about the desired meeting. Of the stormy discussion, surreptitiously witnessed by myself, then a boy, the following phrase still clings to my memory: "Young man, I will discuss diagnosis with you, when you shall have filled as many graveyards as I!" The soundness of the younger man's views was proven by the issue. The case was one of the rare type in which a liver abscess perforated into a bronchus. The patient recovered her health, and lives hale and hearty to this day.

The second pair consisted of my brother Béla and myself. He was two years my junior, was wide awake, and had, in his childhood, the irascible temper of my father. We were very congenial. He loved to roam the woods with me, and like myself was fond of botany.

Having finished his school work at Kassa, he went to the Polytechnic Institute in Vienna to study civil engineering.

Toward the end of the sixties the building of railroads in Hungary took a sudden impetus. Because of a scarcity of engineers, tempting offers were made by contractors to advanced students of the polytechnic schools. My brother accepted such an offer, and, interrupting his studies, spent two years in the construction of a certain road, thus familiarizing himself with one of the important branches of his profession. He subsequently returned to Vienna, and secured diplomas in both civil engineering and architecture.

In 1874, the first international commission for a survey of the Isthmus of Panama was organized, my brother being the representative of Hungary. He spent two years under canvas in the jungles along the Atrato River. He was one of the few engineers who refused to sign the misleading report of the commander, Lieutenant Wise, who blindly executed orders given by Lesseps. The colossal swindle of Panama was based upon this report. In 1876 Béla returned to Hungary by way of California and New York. He visited me in Brooklyn. His body, particularly his legs, was covered with hundreds of pigmented scars caused by the terrible insect pests of the isthmus. His dissenting report on the Panama project was presented, upon his arrival in Europe, to a number of French and Belgian papers. Not one dared to print it. Subsequent events proved the correctness of his views.

The same group of financiers who wrecked the French Panama Canal Society nearly prevented the construction of the Canal of Corinth. My brother's plans had been accepted and the work begun under his direction in 1881. By appealing directly to the Greek stockholders (to whom he demonstrated the iniquities



BÉLA GERSTER.

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of the Reinach group), he succeeded in extricating the enterprise from the perils of failure, and had the satisfaction of seeing his work completed and the Corinthian Canal opened for traffic on August 6, 1893. For twelve years, with few and short interruptions, he and his family had lived on the isthmus at Kalamaki. The history of the enterprise is described by him in a monograph printed both in French and Hungarian.¹¹ The canal has stood the test of time. After an inspection in 1913, he wrote me that with the steepest profile ever employed, not one slide, not one break, had occurred in the work since its completion. My brother is still active and in good health.

My sisters, Berta and Etelka, formed the third pair. They were inseparable. They were the musicians of the family, and possessed exceptional musical qualifications. Berta, the elder, had the more serious nature. Her voice was a round and full mezzo-soprano of great evenness in all registers, and endowed with a melting pathos which went to the listener's heart. At sixteen she married Stephen Kauser, the architect, a graduate of the "Ecole Polytechnique," Paris. Later he became a lieutenant of artillery with the insurgents during the revolution of 1848-49, then a refugee with Kossuth in America; a United States government surveyor in Kansas; again a captain of hussars in the Hungarian Legion in Italy under the command of General Türr. In 1867 he returned to Hungary under the amnesty granted to all political offenders. He was then appointed American Consul at Budapest, where, in his office, I had my first contact with people speaking the English tongue. The panic of 1873 involved his enterprises in ruin. He went to Paris, where he hoped to get a new opening. There my sister died after a brief illness. During her

¹¹ BÉLA GERSTER: "L'isthme de Corinthe et son percement." Budapest, Imprimerie Sam. Márkus, 1896.

stay in Budapest, before the removal to Paris, she was distinguished by Abbé Liszt, who frequently asked her to sing for him to his own accompaniment.

Etelka was more fortunate. She lived to become a prima donna of worldwide renown.

As ancient, small, compact, and intensively cultivated a community as Kassa is apt to be productive of originals. Such indeed was a certain Mr. Elischer, whose sole recreation was music. He and his sons composed a string quartet. When Etelka was a girl of seventeen, Mr. Elischer happened to hear her sing, and was impressed with her talent. In the spring of 1873, Joseph Hellmesberger, the famous violinist, then Concertmeister of the Imperial Opera, and Director of the Conservatory of Music in Vienna, came to pay the Elischers a visit. A musical evening was arranged, and to this affair the young singer was invited. After hearing her sing, Hellmesberger unhesitatingly advised further instruction, and eventually the adoption of a professional career.

After due deliberation, natural and well-founded hesitation was overcome, and it was decided to send the girl to the Conservatory of Vienna. Madame Marchesi, the famous teacher, accepted her, and eventually accomplished through this pupil one of her greatest didactic successes. Having finished her studies, the young artist made her début at Madrid, with a doubtful result. Then, under Dr. Carlo Gardini as impresario, she appeared at Genoa and Milan, winning unquestionable approbation. Her real career, however, began with an appearance at Kroll's in Berlin, where she made a sensation, in "Sonnambula," and won unreserved favor.

Unlike her sister Berta, she was of a mobile, electric temperament, her voice an uncommonly even, pure, high soprano, brilliant in "coloratura," but naïvely pa-



ETELKA GERSTER.

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thetic where the part demanded. After a successful season in London, Mapleson, who then ruled Covent Garden, brought her to New York in 1879, where she was enthusiastically received. She continued to enjoy the favor of the American public for a number of years, and withdrew from the stage about 1890.

The last and youngest pair of the Gerster children was made up of Anna and Nicholas. Being two years his senior, and in every way more mature than he, she naturally fell into the rôle of sisterly attendant and mentor to her brother. Her mothering of the small boy was a source of pleased amusement to the observer. She married happily and died in 1889.

My brother Nicholas, the younger, entered upon the study of chemistry at the famous Polytechnic School of Zurich, where, after graduation, he became assistant to the chair of chemistry under Professor Wagner. His research work in organic chemistry, notably on the subject of ethereal oils, earned him a good name at home as well as abroad. His thorough knowledge of industrial chemistry attracted the attention of the home government and in 1892 he was appointed royal inspector of chemical industries. The four last years of his life were spent in organizing the "Institute for Industrial Experiment," of which he became the first Director. He died prematurely, on February 9, 1916, in the midst of his life's work.

II

CHILDHOOD

“It is certain, to begin with, that the imagination is, next to love, the most purifying influence of a child’s life.”

—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

“Ficino saith—not unwisely—that old men, for the comforting of their spirits, ought often to remember and ruminate upon the acts of their childhood and youth. Certainly such a remembrance is a kind of peculiar recreation to every old man; and therefore it is a delight to men to enjoy the society of them which have been brought up together with them, and to visit the places of their education.”

—*Lord Bacon.*

EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS

THE earliest recollections of a happy childhood go back to my third year. One spring my father and I walked to the mill branch of the Hernád River, which we crossed by a narrow foot-bridge of two squared timbers laid side by side, on a light scaffolding about six feet above the stream. The hand guard was high above my head as I preceded my father. The dizzy walk of some twenty yards was a trying experience. We soon reached a neighbor’s garden, where, in the splendors of tulips and a leaping fountain with its basin containing gold fish, the trial was soon forgotten. Another time, I was taken to see the ruins of a medieval powder magazine forming part of the ancient fortifications of the city, which had been

blown up the preceding day, preparatory to razing the ramparts. The delight caused by the first book I ever owned remains clearly in mind. It was a hymn book, bound in gorgeous red cloth ornamented with gold lettering. I knew my alphabet at three, and, when sent to school at five, could read and write.

I was about four years old when one winter morning the whole city of Kassa was thrown into a turmoil of horror by the discovery of an atrocious crime. A wealthy aged widow,¹ who lived with only her maid servant in an ancient thatched homestead in the southern suburbs, was found strangled in bed. The robbers had evidently used two wagons, in which not only valuables and money, but even hams, sides of bacon, and sacks of grain, had been taken away. The servant girl was found locked into the rifled storeroom, cruelly beaten, unconscious, gagged and bound. Entry had been made by way of the capacious chimney. Consternation was great; squads of cavalry were seen leaving along the chief roads at a lively trot in pursuit of the malefactors; the burgomaster advised all householders to employ night watchmen. We had in our employ a deaf and dumb man of all work named "Yanko" who now assumed the duties of sentinel. At this time Victor Hugo's "Les cloches de Nôtre Dame" had just reached our province, and my Aunt Theresa dubbed him "Quasimodo," a title by which he became known to every one. He slept, armed with his ax, just inside of the house gate. Long afterwards the criminals were apprehended and punished.

The visit of Francis Joseph to Kassa in 1857 was another early memory. A huge wooden triumphal arch with three gates was erected at the southern end of the main street. It was decorated with garlands of fir. The Emperor and his suite were received by the au-

¹ Mrs. Podhorszky.

thorities and the military. The populace in sullen silence did not join in the "Éljen"² raised by the strictly official "claque." An illumination, a torchlight procession, and an open air concert by the military band all failed to evoke the desired enthusiasm. I distinctly remember an open air pageant with a press in operation on a raised platform. Panegyrics on the illustrious visitor were being printed. The damp sheets were scattered among the populace.

My first contact with the Jewish race occurred as follows: Among his tenants was a poor Jewish cobbler, of whose honesty my father held a good opinion. This man had a son six or eight years my senior. One evening in the gloaming I found this boy sitting on the turf in the little public park in front of our house, surrounded by a group of younger boys, to whom he was relating a version of that episode in the Iliad which treats of the combat between Hector and Achilles. Immediately fascinated, I became one of the eager listeners, who assembled for several successive days to hear the young rhapsodist. He told us other stories which in later life were recognized as drawn from the Talmud.

The Synagogue was only a few doors from our house, and the bearded and caftaned worthies going to and coming from worship on Friday nights were often the victims of rude pranks played upon them by certain boys. My father strongly disapproved of these proceedings. Having once or twice taken justice into his own hands in suppressing this rowdyism (looked upon by most of his townsmen with an air of amused indifference), he came to be regarded by the Jews as a sort of unofficial protector. His example and his exhortations regarding the good traits of the race, finally my own observation of the intellectual acumen, benevolence, and enduring patience of this persecuted people, have un-

²"Vivat."

doubtedly awakened my sympathy and interest. Comprehension made extenuation of their peculiarities easy. To these early impressions I attribute a state of mind which rendered my relations with the race, extending over many years, both easy and pleasant.

From my earliest days a strong love of adventure and an insatiable curiosity often caused much anxiety to those responsible for me. During his vacation my cousin Ferdinand once took me for a walk. Passing the so-called Big Bridge, we saw a man sitting on one of the projecting timbers, fishing. We stopped, and apparently I must have shown a profound interest in the luck he was having. This seemed to amuse the fisherman, who presented me with a fish hook. Soon after, I rigged up a stick with a piece of cord, attached the hook to it, and, shortly before the noon meal, slipped away by myself to the tempting stream. Cautiously I crawled out to the dizzy perch on the buttress, and, following the example of the fisherman, molded a little ball of breadcrumb around the barb of the hook. Then and there came the first unique thrill of a bite and a capture. Home and dinner were utterly forgotten. The afternoon was nearly spent when my mother called to me softly and kindly from the driveway of the bridge. I came in from my perch, and was seized and hugged with unusual fervor by the flushed and distracted parent.

My absence at dinner had not caused any alarm at first. Usual haunts having been vainly searched, my mother instituted a systematic inquiry. It turned out that one of the maids had seen me with a fishing rod, and the truth then instantly dawned on an unerring maternal sense. My mother passed along Mill Street, where a shopkeeper said he had seen a little boy going toward the river. At the Big Bridge the truant was found safe and sound, totally unconscious of guilt. The

little fish, fried in breadcrumbs, were served at supper to the proud sportsman.

In October, 1854, came my introduction to the severities of old-fashioned school discipline. The first day of my attendance at the elementary school the birching of a schoolmate was witnessed. He was a hardened little wretch whose callous indifference horrified me more than any other details of the affair. It took some time for me to recover from the experience.

“Male didicisti,
Virgas accepisti.”

The other boys laughed. Alas, soon I too learned to laugh.

As I picked up lessons easily and quickly, school had no terrors for me. The company of my schoolmates was a source of endless pleasure.

SEASONAL GAMES AND DIVERSIONS

Each season had its peculiar game, fixed by immemorial usage. Besides these games, each season brought its own extra-scholastic pleasures. At the end of October came the joyous time of vintage, with revels in mountains of delicious grapes, with Dyonisian pleasures punctuated by attacks of the “collywobbles.”

In November snow began to fall, and the fattening of pigs, brought in, wild and aggressive, from the woods where they had lived on acorns since September, was taken in hand by Clara, our cook, a great expert in porcine dietetics. She fed them small quantities of maize in hourly doses from dawn until sunset; they were always clamorously hungry yet grew rapidly and visibly fatter. Finally came the day of reckoning. The butchers appeared; my sisters fled; and by evening hams, bacon, and sausages were ready—the former to be pickled for smoking, the latter to be consumed with

due appreciation of their quality. On this occasion we boys had our first lessons in anatomy. During the day a crowd of poor women customarily gathered in front of our gates, each receiving her dole of odds and ends, as her rightful share of the feast.

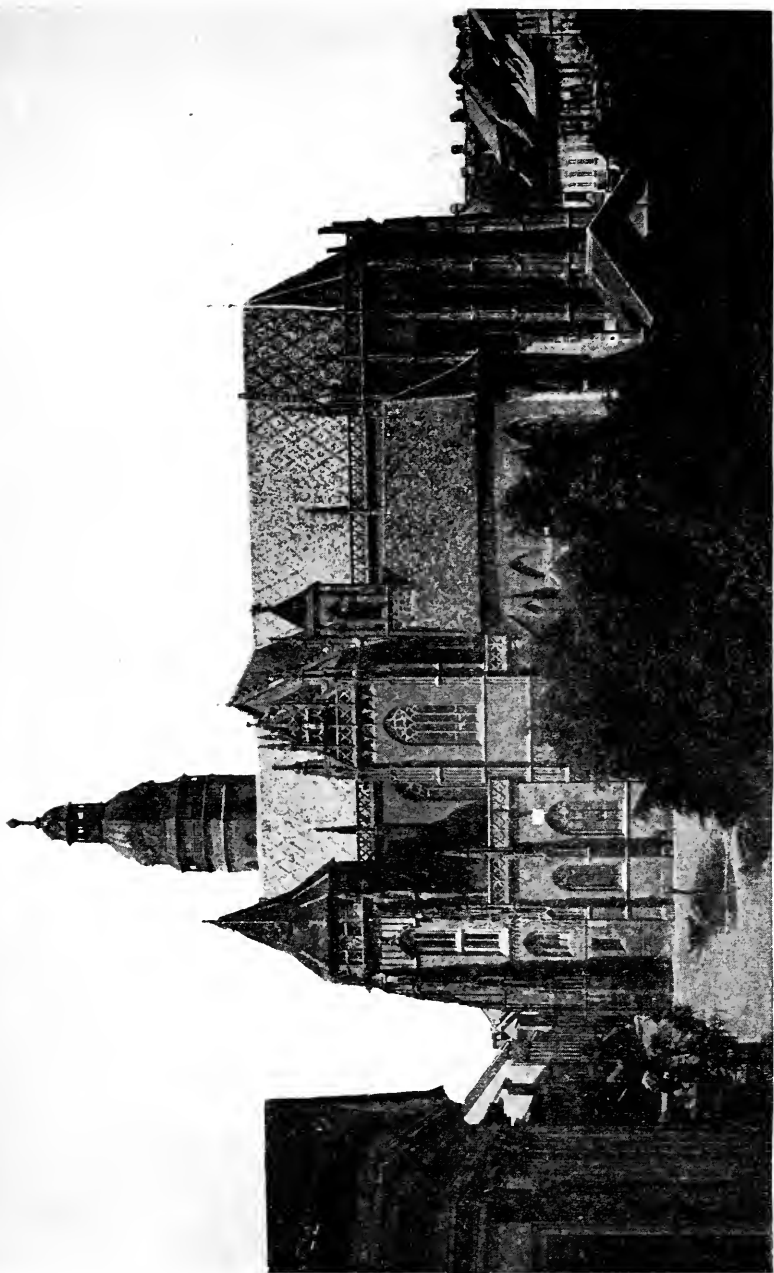
By the 5th of December, St. Nicholas' Eve, also my father's birthday, winter generally had set in. Skates and sleds were brought out and overhauled, and colored lanterns were made of oiled paper, to serve at vesper-time gatherings on the ice.

In America, St. Nicholas—Santa Claus—appears at Christmas time to the children as a rule by image—in the illustrated papers, in Christmas books, and in advertisements. In Hungary, his visit was a bodily reality. The Eve of St. Nicholas was a great occasion to the small folk. Our Great Aunt Theresa³ was a tall, stoutish woman. She disguised herself admirably in a white gown and white cloak, with a gilded paste-board bishop's miter on her head. A long flowing wig and a huge beard, both made of tow, completed the costume. A slab of raw potato, properly trimmed and held within the lips, served both to simulate a row of abhorrently monstrous incisors, and to disguise the voice. On the venerable bishop's back was a crate full of good things; in his hands, a bishop's crook and a birch rod. Yanko, our man servant, wore a hairy suit of black sheep's fur with a tight-fitting hood of the same material, to which a long tail and a pair of cow-horns were fastened at their proper places. His blackened face was illuminated by an inordinately large tongue, cut out of scarlet cloth and pasted to his chin just below the lower lip. In one hand he carried a jingling chain; in the other, a stoker's fork, usually meant for introducing large billets of wood into our oven. The ringing of a bell announced the arrival of

³ Wandracsek.

this pair. The excitement of the children was intense; their terror was only kept under control by fits of strangely alternating mirth and earnestness among the grown-ups. After an admonitory address by the saintly bishop, the children promised to be very good during the coming year, and then presents were distributed. The devil in the meantime was playing pranks on the female domestics grouped just inside the door of the parlor. Their agitation and muffled shrieks were held in restraint by the discipline of the sergeant major of our kitchen—Clara, the cook. Following departure of the unearthly visitors, the family sat down to the feast served in honor of my father's birthday. Aunt Theresa's belated appearance and flushed face did not arouse my suspicions until I was about eight, when I discovered the bishop's miter hidden under her bed. I kept the secret and in later years the rôle of the sainted bishop fell to me.

About this time all the migratory birds had gone, except crows, woodpeckers, and chickadees (*Parus cristatus*). Home-made traps consisted of a small square structure, made blockhouse-fashion out of elderberry sticks, erected on a board foundation; they were six by ten inches, topped with a piece of board hinged on straps. The bait was half a walnut, round side downward, placed at the bottom. Upon this unsteady base rested a stick supporting the raised lid. The birds, always on the alert, soon boldly entered the trap, and greedily began to peck at the kernel. Sometimes several were busily hacking away when the nut would be knocked from under the stick, and the heavy lid would fall with a whack, imprisoning the marauders. They were taken home and kept between the panes of our double windows. Many sticks of brush served for perches. This would be tolerated for a time until one day, returning from school, we would find the birds



ST. ELIZABETH'S CATHEDRAL AT KASSA.

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gone and the windows cleaned. Mother had decided and there was no appeal.

Soon Christmas time was in the land, with its pleasures, its presents, and its feasts. Once I was taken to witness midnight mass. As we approached, the tall, gothic windows of the cathedral were aglow with a lurid internal illumination. Inside, the huge, lofty space of the noble edifice was filled with a dim, mysteriously fascinating light, diffused from thousands of wax tapers attached to the pews by worshipers, filtering upward through a glowing atmosphere of fragrant incense, the groining of the vaults invisible in the gloom of the altitudes. The numerous altars were brilliantly lighted, and the quiet bustle of the crowd, seeking seats, was impressive. Suddenly our hearts were shaken by the mighty peals of the organ; clergy in gorgeous vestments, acolytes in scarlet and white, appeared in solemn procession, and the building shook with the *unisono* rising from thousands of throats in the glorious hymn "Puer natus in Bethlehem."

Congregational singing in the churches of Hungary is wonderful. The people, being distinctly musical, give utterance to their religious fervor with a heartiness not encountered in many other lands.

With us, "Christkindel" (called in New York Kriss Kringle) logically appeared on Christmas Eve, because Christ was really born on the eve of Christmas. The celebration differed but little from that customary in New York; but in addition to domestic festivities, there existed a certain public observance, a lingering and degenerate survival of the medieval Miracle Play. A number of young men, costumed as shepherds, preceded by one as a winged angel, who carried aloft a stellate paper lantern representing the morning star, went from house to house singing Christmas carols, the curious, primitive music and text of which denoted their great

antiquity. The "Bethlehem" was a pasteboard temple, lighted by wax tapers, in the apse of which were visible Mary, the infant in the crib, St. Joseph, and the conventional cows and asses. After their singing, the actors were regaled with a present.

The River Hernád, frozen hard and offering magnificent reaches of glistening ice, served us many times for long skating trips. One icy January day there was to be a double hanging. Two soldiers of the garrison—for the sake of robbery—had committed a murder. They were to be hanged on a waste bank of gravel by the riverside. We saw them pass, led out to their death, surrounded by a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets. They were clad in old uniform cloaks, with epaulettes and buttons cut off as a sign of ignominy. Their arms were pinioned back at elbows. Both were pale and shivering—was it from fear or the cold wind? Each was flanked by a priest carrying a crucifix, who earnestly addressed his charge. The delinquents heeded them little. They were smoking cigars, and the defiant, sardonic smile of their lips, their "devil may care" expression, assumed in apostrophizing onlookers, contrasted horribly with their pallor and with the stern realities of their situation. A common cart followed them. They were to have been taken out in it, but declined the accommodation.

There is a little bell in the cathedral, called the "poor sinners' bell," which was tolled incessantly whenever any one in town was at the point of death, so that those hearing it might pray for the soul about to depart. This bell kept ringing and ringing while the murderers were conducted to their execution. It was horrible, and most of us boys felt sick and faint. Some of the hardier ones were for going along to see the end, but the majority decided to gain the river another way. We let the crowd, mostly women, pass out of sight, then

reached the river and began to skate. When the little bell stopped tolling, we knew that the malefactors had met their doom. Our excursion was a sad one. One or another of us urged that the wicked murderers had only got their deserts; but the argument lacked convincing force, and failed to cheer us. Several hours later, on our way back, we passed the place of execution. A crowd of women still surrounded the two posts projecting above the level of their heads, curiosity, and the thrill of the horrible, holding them in spite of the cutting cold. From the ice where we stood, my sharp eyes discerned the cyanosed, distorted features of the dead men, whose hair was blown hither and thither by the wind. Outside the crowd were two plain deal coffins; between them, a handkerchief was spread on the ground with a little pile of coin, contributed by the spectators to be spent on masses for the repose of the departed souls. Custom required that the bodies remain suspended until sundown, when they were buried in a fosse on the river bank. We fled.

* * *

On the principle of the Ovidian

. . . "Didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros,"

every winter for three or four years, I had to attend dancing school. Herr Johann Mayer, from Vienna, was the dancing master. Though clubfooted—the subject of endless jocular remarks—he was none the less a good one. The city, though small at that time, had a good name for cleanliness, healthfulness, and for its beautiful site at the foothills of the Carpathians. Among its inhabitants, the landed aristocracy was well represented. All of these occupied townhouses during the winter. Then there was in the shape of a faculty

of laws a remnant of the university (founded in the 17th century); the Latin school (gymnasium) of eight classes; a technical school of six classes; a teachers' preparatory school; a large garrison with many officers; finally a large number of well-to-do burgher families. The city had a permanent theater company, an orchestral society, several clubs, and distinguished itself by its love of culture and refinement. This was what had attracted Mayer to Kassa, who was, in spite of his absurd infirmity, very successful. He maintained strict order and discipline, and all mothers were enthusiastic over him. We boys were fond of dancing but could not resist the temptation to play practical jokes on the company. One of the worst was the hopeless mixing up of cloaks and rubbers in inextricable confusion.

In February came carnival time. For the "quality" there were two or three charity balls, at which the officers of the garrison and the law students strove for first honors. These gatherings were held to be select, as the aristocracy, who had the patronage, appeared in force. Every one of good family was welcome. The quasi-democratic character of these balls gave pleasing testimony to the liberal spirit of the Hungarian nobility.

In medieval times all the trades were organized in guilds, each guild observing carnival by a ball. When the Emperor Joseph II abolished the guilds, many old customs became obsolete. During the reaction following the Emperor's death in 1790 all the guilds were re-established, but only two resumed their balls, namely, the butchers, and the masons united with the carpenters. The members of these corporations dwelt mostly in the suburbs beyond the city walls, and being agriculturists in a small way, were tenacious of old customs. At their balls they still wore a distinctive and picturesque cos-

tume, a sort of hussar uniform of black or dark blue cloth, heavily braided, the dolman lined and trimmed with fur. Tall boots and spurs were "de rigueur." The women's costumes were likewise characteristic and picturesque.

On a stated evening the younger masters and the journeymen assembled in costume, each carrying a lighted lantern. They formed in two parallel files separated by the width of the road, the guildmaster leading in front, the band behind him. Then they traversed the scantily lighted streets of the town, to call at all houses where the feminine guests of the occasion lived. As these joined one after the other, the interval between the two files of lantern-bearers became filled with a throng of eager revellers. Thus they proceeded in picturesque order to the hall where the dance was to be held.

Different from the seasonal order of New York, spring in Hungary sets in very early. Northern North America has no real spring, just as Europe does not know the mellow, warm and golden autumn of the new world. The last week in February brought milder days, the snow melted, dandelions and fragrant violets appeared in sheltered sunny places; alders, willows, birches, and poplars spread their catkins; and the song birds came up from the south. The fresh green of the winter-crops brightened the hillsides; the meadows exchanged their winter russet for bright verdure. We began to roam through fields, forests, and the mountains, visiting the spots we knew producing the lovely *Anemone pulsatilla*, *Adonis vernalis*, *Leucojum vernum*, *Corydalis* and *Fumaria*, and many other attractive early blossoms. In the old trenches on Gallows Hill—fortifications made by the insurgents in 1848-49—we found later in the season delicious field mushrooms, which we would roast on a piece of slate from

a neighboring quarry, supported by four stones over a little fire. The cap of the fungus was plucked from the stem, and placed inverted on the slate. Its cup-shaped hollow soon filled with a fragrant, clear, golden-yellow liquor. This was absorbed "con gusto," before the cap was eaten.

It is curious how many things are considered eatable by small boys. To us the rhizomata of a certain fern—an *Aspidium*—were "sweet"; the pips of wild rose bushes (which bear the ominous French name "grat-tecul"), delicious, and the astringent sloe-berry, besides many other strange things, very palatable. I even knew a boy who could extract honey from the bodies of white butterflies which infest cabbages, and another who found that the thorax of May-beetles tasted like walnuts.

In March, about St. Joseph's day, ball-playing came in. We had a number of different ball games. All had an ancient scholastic origin, and most of them bore Latin designations—*f.i.*, "simplex" and "duplex rota." The best game was "hit and run," probably the ancestor of American baseball; unlike the American game, however, in that the number of players on each side was unlimited. Class played against class, the players numbering sometimes as many as thirty or forty boys—that is, fifteen or twenty on a side. There were as many bases as fielders.

Instead of the conventional diamond with its home plate and three bases, the side which took the field formed a long loop of improvised bases, each guarded by a fielder. Hence the larger the number, the bigger the space enclosed by the runners' path. There was no infield and outfield in our sense of the words. The runner off base who was touched by the ball, either in the hands of a fielder or if thrown, was out. The latter procedure was risky because if the ball missed its

man, he had plenty of opportunity to make several bases before it could be recovered. It was great fun!

By the middle of April the woods were all green and what pleasure it was to hear the song of the true robin redbreast,⁴ the finches, the siskins, the thrushes, and—in May—the nightingales!

With the progress of the fine weather, preparations for Easter were begun in each household. We boys were draughted to pound poppyseeds and walnuts in a huge wooden mortar, hollowed out of the trunk of a cherry tree, its bottom fortified by the insertion of a wrought iron cup. The mortar was about thirty inches high, the big iron pestle five feet long. The occupation was grateful, because we were not watched and no questions were asked; the only condition was that no crushed material should be eaten. Then began the baking of plum cake, coffee cake, rolls filled with crushed nuts, or with a paste of crushed poppyseed and honey, then bent into crescent shape.

Another task was the preparation of Easter eggs. Stains of different colors were boiled out of Brazil wood, of walnut leaves, and of madder root. Artful designs of flowers or birds, surrounded by a pretty border, were penciled with a camel's hair brush dipped in melted beeswax on the eggs. When the wax had set the eggs were immersed in the staining fluid for twenty-four hours. As soon as the wax was rubbed away, the design in white contrasted pleasingly with the stained background. Often the process was reversed, the whole surface of the egg being covered with wax, into which the design was etched with a toothpick; here, the wax having been removed after staining, the design appeared in color on a white background. Multicolored designs were also made by variation and combination of these

⁴The American robin is a thrush (*Turdus migratorius*), while the European robin is a *Motacilla* (*rubecula*).

processes. I soon learned the art from my mother, and relieved her of this duty.

One task, however, she kept for herself. This was the manufacture of an "Agnus Dei" from sweet butter. The lamb, resting on three bent legs, the right foreleg somewhat outstretched, was modeled by hand and the flat of a table knife. The base was a bread-board covered with a napkin. The right foreleg and shoulder supported a little staff, the head of which formed a cross. Below this hung a white paper flag inscribed with the legend "Agnus Dei" (the Lamb of God). The making of the lamb's wool was unique. A small ball of butter was enveloped in a little square of coarse linen. On pressure, a fine curly fleece of butter emerged through the meshes of the cloth. This covered the body of the lamb, excepting the face and legs. Then with two black peppers for eyes, the sculpture was a complete success.

The Easter Sunday breakfast table was loaded with decorated eggs, cakes, rolls, a ham, the "Agnus Dei" holding the place of honor in the midst.

The Easter vacation lasted two weeks, and our time was mainly occupied by extensive rambles through the awakening woods around the city. Good Friday was observed by fasting, that is, we had nothing for dinner but cheese, bread and butter and a glass of milk. During holy week no meat appeared on the table, but plenty of delicious fish and other meatless dishes—in the composition of which entered rice or meal, eggs, butter, and cheese—for which the Hungarian "cuisine" is famous.

And of fish, what an abundance there was! Monstrous catfish from the Theiss, weighing a hundred pounds and more, whose flesh was cut into generous steaks with a broadax; "Fogash" (*Lucioperca sandra*), the finest fresh water fish of Continental Europe; carp, pike, perch, salmon trout from the Poprád,

the brown trout and grayling from the streams of the Carpathians; one or another of the seven species of sturgeon, beginning with the largest, *Acipenser huso*, down to the small and delicate *Acipenser ruthenicus* (Kechega). Finally there was *Cobitis*, a very abundant eel-like small fish called "csik" in Hungarian (pronounced chick)—tender and delicate, eaten in great quantities during Lent.

The Catholic Church in Hungary celebrates the Resurrection by a special service on Saturday preceding Easter. Aside from the cathedral of the Episcopal See, there are more than a dozen churches belonging to the parish of Kassa. The cathedral office began at eight o'clock in the evening. Preceding this all the other churches had, in turn, similar services. They commenced at one in the afternoon with that at St. Rosaly's, situated on a hilltop about two miles from the city. Groups of students from the theological seminary were assigned to assist in this work. In the evening, at the great celebration in the cathedral, all the clergy, including these seminarists, had to be present.

One year it happened that the group assigned to St. Rosaly's, having finished there, decided to take advantage of the pause between two and eight o'clock by making an excursion to a watering place called Bankó, situated in the forest about two miles beyond St. Rosaly's. It was a warm day, and the march up hill had made the clerics rather thirsty. Arrived in the cool retreat, they had a good luncheon served with wine and sparkling mineral water—all deliciously cool and soothing. A young priest, one of the many curates of the parish, was their leader. The wine was refreshing, the meal good, and, there being no other guests, they passed the afternoon in song and good fellowship. The sudden realization of having overstayed their time frightened them thoroughly. Some one proposed not to fol-

low the regular way in returning, but boldly to make a short cut through the woods. With cassocks tucked up, they started off, led by the proponent. He assured them of his knowledge of the country. They lost their way, however, and wandered about the darkening woods; some even had their gowns torn by brambles. Finally they emerged, reaching the cathedral heated and breathless, barely in time for the evening service. Bishop Fábry, a kind-hearted, mild prelate, laughed over their plight. The rector of the seminary, Szabad—a stern inquisitor of the Arbuez type—however, delivered a rebuke next morning in the shape of a Latin allocution, in which they were termed “*per montium et sylvarum tenebras vagrantes.*” The bishop’s smile had saved the culprits from sharper discipline.

The magnificent evening service at the cathedral was a pendant of the midnight mass at Christmas. After the thousand-throated hymn “*Resurrexit sicut dixit, halleluja,*” had been triumphantly rendered, every one went home to break the long fast of Lent.

Among our springtime games was one called “pige” (peega), known in New York as “cat.” A wooden peg, about six inches long, and pointed at both ends, was laid on the ground and lightly struck on the snout with a club; it would whirl into the air, to be batted—the further the better. The score was kept by measuring the distance to which the “cat” had been sent, the length of the bat constituting the unit. When the “cat” was once clear of the ground, one was permitted to keep it in the air by striking it again and again from below before finally batting it sideways. The number of these preliminary blows, doubled, trebled or quadrupled the final score made by the distance struck, as the case might be.

The mention of some other springtime games may interest those who love boys and their pastimes. “Little

King" (Királyka) was a game identical with the casting for lots with runic sticks, described by Tacitus in Chapter X of his "Germania." His words are: "The branch of a fruit tree is cut into small pieces, which, being all distinctly marked, are thrown at random on a white garment." With us, alder or cherry sticks about an inch in diameter and eight inches long, were cut across, making two pins of four inches each. These pins were then split longitudinally, the flat inner surfaces exposing the natural color of the wood, the curved outer ones remaining covered by the transversely striated brown bark. Into the bark certain signs were notched, each of the four sticks having a different marking. A handkerchief or a jacket was spread, and on this the sticks were cast. A number of combinations were possible, each having its respective value. Whoever won the highest combination was declared King; the next highest, sheriff; the others, thieves. The King dictated, the sheriff carried out the penalties, consisting of a number of strokes administered by a whip made from a twisted knotted handkerchief, dealt upon the outstretched palms of the losers.

Another game was the pitching of a jack-knife, identical with the American "mumblety peg." We too had willow whistles galore, but as marbles were unknown to us, we rolled walnuts or horse chestnuts instead.

On May Day, at dawn, young people and domestics started for the neighboring woods, to return loaded with fronds of beach and oak. With these, the gateway of each house was decorated. At six o'clock, a regimental band started on a tour through the main thoroughfare of the city, accompanied by a crowd of youngsters marching to the music. At the house of the General in command, at the episcopal residence, and that of the burgomaster, stops were made. After rendering se-

lections, the march was continued back to the barracks.

At Pentecost, we boys generally took a three days' walking tour to some picturesque spot in the Carpathian foot-hills. Botany was our ostensible aim, each of us carrying a knapsack as well as a japanned tin cylinder for holding specimens. We loved to take short cuts across hills and valleys, penetrating to delightful nooks never seen by the usual tourist. On one occasion, upon entering Aranyidka, a small mining town, we were mistaken for a band of strolling acrobats. Frequently the small country hotels were crowded with visitors, and our night had to be spent in some fragrant hayloft, a place of delicious rest, much preferred to stuffy rooms and flea infested featherbeds, not to forget the glorious romps we had in the hay.

Our principal scholastic festivities were the "Ludi majales"—May games—which generally took place toward the end of the month. The "gymnasium" at Kassa had a reputation for thoroughness and sound teaching, hence its pupils came not only from the city and county, but also from a wide extent of the surrounding country. There were eight classes, with an average total of four hundred pupils. Early in May, a committee from the oldest class was appointed to make arrangements for music, the march out, the games, the dinner, the dance, and for the return home. Invitations were extended to the parents of families with young daughters, and to the students of the law school. Finally, on the morning of the appointed day, all assembled in front of the school building, each class forming in column. At the head waved the Hungarian tricolor, followed by a gypsy band. First came the smallest boys, followed by the other classes in numerical order. The music struck up the Rákóczy march, and the column started on its way to Bankó, the delightful forest resort some three or four miles northwest of the

city. Though most of the teachers were with us, they did not interfere, leaving the maintenance of discipline to the older boys. Once out of the city, every one walked as he pleased. We generally arrived at Bankó by ten o'clock, then mass was said in a small chapel. Immediately afterward the ball game started.

One year—it was 1859 or 1860—the scholars of the oldest class produced on this occasion Homer's "Batrachomyomachia," for which an admirable stage was found in the amphitheater nearby, dug into the side of the hill, with seats consisting of steps covered with turf, "viridante toro consederant herbæ." The smaller boys formed the chorus of the frogs, and their "brekeke coax" was thunderous.

Then came an open air concert by the singing society of the school. Dinner was served at noon on long tables spread under the trees, with the gypsies playing. After dinner, feminine guests began to arrive from the city, and by five o'clock dancing commenced on a clearing shaded by centenarian oaks.

While the morning belonged to the small boy, the afternoon was dominated by the older scholars, who, under the expert guidance of the law students, were taught the ways of politeness and the proper manner of serving the ladies. Nevertheless, when refreshments were served, the small fry of the lower forms had their innings. Some came up, ostensibly to carry ice cream and cake to the ladies; but instead they devoured all they got, and often returned for more—in spite of the committee's vigilance—until detection and summary ejection put an end to their mischief.

At nine o'clock the homeward march began. Most of the older guests returned in carriages; the "jeunesse," however, the boys and girls, with a judicious sprinkling of chaperons, formed in line between two files of torch-bearers, and thus, amid song and merry-making, the

lighted column came back to the city. As some hundred torches were used, the spectacle was truly picturesque. When the place where the start had been made in the morning was reached, the burning torches (made of four plies of thick rope saturated with pitch) were thrown into a huge flaming pile. A wide and dense circle was formed around this pyre, and the affair ended with the singing of "Gaudeamus igitur."

In June and July, cherries, strawberries, and apricots had come in, and swimming in the river became our chief amusement. The fine brown silt of the Hernád, judiciously applied to the skin, and ornamented with fantastic designs drawn with a stick into this coating, transformed us into Indians, and great battles were fought on land and in the water. When a very small boy I had learned from a cousin to swim dog fashion; the higher forms of natation, however, were acquired in the swimming school under the draconic discipline of Tony, the swimming master—retired non-commissioned officer—greatly admired by the boys because he could chew glass!

Two episodes of this time are fixed in my memory, because each nearly cost me my life. Both happened the same summer, in 1862 or 1863. My tutor, a law student, with a number of his colleagues, took me along for a swim. Among the latter was Eugene Éder, an extremely gifted young man, later Mayor of the city. He was grotesque looking, with a large head, a Roman beak for a nose, and a stentorian voice, but with a narrow chest, thin arms and legs, and a disproportionately protuberant abdomen. As he could not swim, he naturally was timid in the water, and became the subject of endless teasing.

We frolicked in a sharp bend of the river, with deep water along the far shore and a gradually shelving bank of loose shingle on the near. Éder kept in the shallows

near the beach, dipping his body "modu feminino," until he was playfully attacked by the crowd, who began to throw water on him. Backing toward the other shore, he was soon beyond his depth and began to act like one drowning. As I was a good swimmer, I tipped toward him, foolishly imagining that I could pull the grown man into shallow water; but, instead, I was pulled in, and we were carried by the current into the deepest part of the hole. Though he kept his hands in my hair in the vain effort to raise his mouth above water, the depth was too great. We were both drowning. The next thing I remember was lying faint and weak on the grass, the world curiously blurred, and the sunlight dim; nearby they were working over Éder, blue and pale, who showed no signs of life. They stood him on his head, and, by a rough sort of artificial respiration, finally succeeded in restoring him to consciousness.

The other episode was as follows: I was diving after white pebbles thrown into the water. One day, when just coming up to the surface after a dive, a heavy bather, jumping feet first from the spring board, struck my head and knocked me senseless. Fortunately, the water was deep, lessening my resistance to impact, and so I escaped a probable fracture or dislocation of the cervical vertebræ. As it was, my unconscious form was promptly brought ashore, and I revived without further harm.

As the season advanced, the approach of examinations (generally held in the second and third weeks of July) saddened and shortened the joyful tenor of our young lives. The weather was warm, and the discomfort of conscious deficiencies in certain studies increased the oppressiveness of the ambient air. Every one sought relief by intense and conspicuous study out of doors. The grass of the park was dotted by prostrate forms of

studious boys—some prone, others supine—each absorbed in the effort to comprehend this or that classic, or to solve some problem in mathematics or physics. Some pretended that intellect was most receptive when they were perched in the highest fork of a certain tree. Each had his own method of procedure, especially adapted to his temperament and views of life. Thus the last few miserable weeks of heat, tension, and uncertainty went on, for most of us, until the thing was over and life once more became worth living. Then followed two months of pure heaven for those who had successfully passed their examinations.

Vacation time (lasting from July 31st to October 1st) was devoted to walking tours at first to the beautiful and picturesque environs of Kassa, and later as we grew older, to more remote mountainous points of neighboring counties. My parents were wise in permitting these excursions, generally made by two or three boys together. The first were short trips of sixteen to twenty miles; they grew longer as we advanced in years, so that those we made when fourteen and sixteen comprised distances of two and three hundred miles. Most of these trips were made in the company of my schoolmate, Géza Horváth, now Curator of Entomological Collections to the Budapest National Museum, and Entomologist to the Hungarian Government. Properly equipped with stout shoes and durable clothes, each with his spare things in a knapsack, and a wide cape against bad weather, stick in hand—mainly as a protection against ferocious village dogs—we wandered in a leisurely way, care-free and happy, along the green valleys of the highlands. Whenever night found us near a village, we asked for shelter at the parish house, where we invariably received a hearty welcome. In the monotony of rural isolation, the parish priest was glad of the diversion visitors afforded him. Traditional

Hungarian hospitality, extended since ancient times to scholastics, never failed us, and we were treated to the best of the land. As a matter of fact, there was little opportunity to spend the money carried with us. The railroads—which have come in since then—must have changed all this.

It was a particular joy to traverse the woods and mountain-tops with Horváth, who had a clear head, plenty of sound knowledge, and a delightful vein of humor. He was a keen observer, a zealous collector, and an indefatigable walker. His forte was zoölogy while I cultivated botany, but we took mutual pleasure and interest in each other's discoveries. Both passionate readers, we loved to discuss all subjects within our ken, and thoroughly enjoyed our daily and intimate contact. Our friendship was not diminished by the great distance interposed between us in later life, and has survived to this day in its boyish frankness and fervor. In 1907, just before the Entomological Congress met at Boston, he paid me a fortnight's visit at Long Lake, N. Y. Rambles through swamps and thickets, to river-side and mountain-top were resumed as naturally as though they had never been interrupted. And yet more than forty years had passed since the habit was broken.

“And though their bodies were divided, their affections were not.”
—Walton's Introduction to Donne's sermons.

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS OF KASSA

To live and grow up in the manifold life of a small community, like the Kassa of those remote days, was in itself a veritable education for a wideawake boy. The city was not large—having some 18,000 inhabitants in 1860—but was a “royal free city.” Its life, as men-

tioned elsewhere, was almost that of a small republic. Though the nobility was well represented among the inhabitants, the "demos," through its elective council of burgesses and the mayor, ruled the destinies of the community without question or interference.

The trades were pursued almost in the manner of the middle ages, and the workshops were open to a properly behaved but inquisitive boy. Many and prolonged were the visits to a blacksmith a few doors away in Bell Street; to the locksmith in Dove Street, where one watched the artful forging of a wonderful "grille" destined for a church. At the saddler's across the way one could observe the construction of an English saddle, the making of harness, of hunting pouches, and of handbags. At a coppersmith's establishment in Smith Street, one saw how large and small kettles, ewers, pitchers, and casseroles were hammered out of the wonderful metal. Another event was when we watched the casting of a Christian church bell in the brass foundry of the Jew Ehrlich. Then came the revelations of pottery, the pressing of embossed stove tiles, the potter's wheel, the deft and tasteful decoration of these humble ceramics, and the firing of the kiln. Then there was the rope walk of the rope-makers, the hand loom of Secula, the weaver in the southern suburb, where my mother sent the thread spun during winter, receiving therefor—after the lapse of a year or two—the proper number of beautiful table cloths and napkins. There was my uncle Joseph's joinery, where book-cases, sideboards, "consoles," writing desks, and all kinds of domestic furniture were skillfully and patiently sawed and carved out of seasoned planks of oak, maple, and walnut. In our neighbor Froelich's shop, the curious drawing of silver and gold wire could be observed. Ware of precious metals was all made by hand to special order; the workman had to be his own designer as well

as to construct the object. Then I remember the way hats were made from rabbits' hair, the huge bows stretched with powerful cords of thick catgut, with which the fleecy fur was whipped; the steaming caldron into which the initial ball of hair was dipped, and how by deft kneading and rolling it gradually emerged as a flat disc, then a felt hat. The making of combs out of ox-horn, the preparation of simples, tinctures, plasters, and drugs in my uncle Wandracsek's apothecary shop; the making of soap and candles in my father's establishment—all brought pleasure and instruction. Spur-making, shoe-making, the manufacture of fuller's cloth, the knitting of braid and braided buttons—but above all, our tenant's, John Bakos' watchmaking, the most refined handicraft—were all eagerly observed. But nothing interested me more than the quasi-heroic business of making arms, shotguns, pistols, and rifles; many and prolonged were my visits at the gunmaker's shop in Forgách Street. At the time when my uncle Charles Gerster, the architect, was directing the repairs to St. Elizabeth's Cathedral, I was permitted to visit the stone cutters' and sculptors' studio erected near the church, to see the cautious skill employed in hewing the lace-like tracery of a Gothic window out of rebellious stone. Finally, mention must be made of the delightful times spent with my teacher of drawing, Béla Klimkovics, the painter. There Géza Benczur—later a master of renown—and I were pupils. Benczur was my senior, but took a kindly interest in the tyro's work, helping and advising him how to gain the approbation of our master. Incidentally I had to help grind colors, which, it must be confessed, was not very diverting. Yet I am glad to have had the experience. Klimkovics did not permit us to copy, insisting that all work must be original and drawn from nature. Here the knack "to see," that is, to analyze complicated objects,

was learned, and comprehension of their inner structure by correct visualizing was acquired—a gift later found of great value in the studies of anatomy. Klimkovics, like most artist painters of those days in Hungary, labored and earned his bread exactly as Albrecht Dürer did. Indiscriminately, he painted portraits, altar pieces, the sheet metal figures of the Saviour—to be fastened to wayside crosses—and even the shop signs of tradesmen, on which idealized representations of the articles, or of the processes of the trade in question were artistically set forth. He was a mild, kindly dreamer, desultory in his work, but infinitely patient and earnest in everything he undertook. Long since dead, he still is retained in a grateful and loving remembrance.



MAJOLICA STOVE TILE MADE AT KASSA

III

SCHOOL DAYS

“Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability.”

—*Lord Bacon.*

CRAYFISHING AS A SCHOLASTIC PREPARATION

THE primary school course was four years long. At the end of the third year my father was informed by the teacher that with a little tutoring during the summer vacation, I could be fitted to take the examinations which generally came at the end of the fourth year. My school teacher was to be my tutor. Charles Krucsay was a short, stout man with a rubicund complexion, kindly brown eyes, a trim blond beard, and a jovial disposition. He was much respected for his efficient teaching and for his determined character—an unusual trait in men of his calling. The following anecdote gives an example of his independent spirit: Among my Hungarian schoolmates was an Austrian boy whose father was a person of importance because of his position as inspector of schools. This unfortunate boy fell into the habit of coming half an hour late to his afternoon class. Repeated warnings proved ineffectual, so the birch—the “ultima ratio magistri”—was applied.¹ Transient punctuality was followed by such frequent lapses, that the process became almost a regular practice. Indeed, on one occasion he did not await the usual “procès verbal” and sentence, but came in and immediately began to strip for

¹ Corporal punishment in the schools was abolished in 1860.

the ordeal in such a resigned matter of fact way, that general mirth was excited in which, after a proper pause, the master himself joined. Inquiry elicited the fact that the inspector's dinner was being served late; the child therefore had to choose between losing his dessert—which he dearly loved—or earning it with a thrashing at school. Our teacher, himself somewhat of a gourmet, was touched by the boy's plight, and conferred with his superior, the inspector (an act requiring considerable courage in those bureaucratic days). Thenceforth dinner was served on time.

To this teacher's house I accordingly came twice a week during vacation. One day he astonished me by asking whether I knew the art of catching crayfish. I did not, but was eager to learn. It must be explained that crayfish made an excellent soup, of which the master was extremely fond, and that the Hernád river contained plenty of these "succulent crustaceans."

There were two methods of capture: according to the first, a small coarse net with some bait fastened in its center (to prevent its being stolen by fish) was gently lowered; as soon as the crayfish were busily swarming over bait and net, a larger dip net was carefully brought up from beneath and thus bait and crabs were landed. A bag filled with fresh nettles—nothing else would do—was considered the proper receptacle for them. This procedure, however, yielded only smaller, less experienced fry; the big fellows knew better, and would not come out. The second method was the only way to get them. It was analogous to "tickling for trout," that most destructive of poaching methods. The willows grew so thickly along the river bank that their roots formed a thick mesh, almost like the dried husk of a cocoanut. Into this vegetable felt the crayfish cut tunnels according to their individual requirements—only large tunnels were worth exploring. There the big ones

lay with claws forward. The hand with closely folded fingers was gently passed into the mouth of a tunnel; the fingers were then spread as far apart as the width of the tunnel permitted. Then came the real work; slowly and cautiously the hand proceeded until contact with the animal was established. One often received a gentle nip, but if this was borne without flinching, the grip soon relaxed. After a little while the hand slipped over claws and thorax, the victim being grasped and extracted without more ado. Sometimes the holes were too deep, permitting the prey to withdraw to an inaccessible distance; and quite often a sudden or careless movement would provoke such a nip, that involuntary withdrawal of the hand followed, the crafty foe never holding on long enough to be pulled out of his lair, but always letting go in time to stay secure.

Stout professor and little boy were seen wading along the shore. My hand entered holes too small for his fat pudgy one. Under the powerful stimulus of a few good catches, timidity was soon replaced by enthusiasm. The instructor was delighted with the aptitude and zeal of his pupil. In an hour we were shivering and blue, and regretfully resumed our garments. As a reward some of the catch was given me to take home. The sight of my nipped hands distressed my mother, but father laughed and was evidently pleased by the teacher's method of instruction. In the end the examination to a higher grade was passed, thanks to his tuition.

THE FIRST FIGHT—AUSTRIAN TEACHERS

On the first of October, 1858, I came to the "gymnasium" with a light heart and with a sense of my own importance, little suspecting how quickly this spirit was to be humbled. The boys received the newcomer who had "jumped" a class with strange coolness; it soon became

clear that I was regarded as an intruder. No one would have anything to do with me except in an unpleasant or malicious way. Matters grew worse day by day, my books were scattered and my ink was spilt. Being the youngest, I was cuffed and humiliated on every occasion.

It was bewildering and disheartening to find that the very act which had earned the approbation of teachers and parents had now become a cause for opprobrium.

The bully of the class was Charles K——. He assumed the rôle of chief executor of his classmates' ill will.

One afternoon in the second week of October, matters came to a head. After dismissal, the boys came trooping out of the classroom when my tormentor pounced upon me. I had had enough, and my first fight was on.

My adversary was clever and was taller than I; he looked upon the matter as a joke, while I was in dead earnest. Thus it happened that bruised, smarting, and desperate, I finally made a blind rush, tripping him so that he fell backward, his occiput striking the projecting latch of the open class door. He lay stunned and immobile. I thought that he was dead. The boys surrounded my fallen foe, while I, gathering up hat and books, bolted for home. My mother, on seeing the condition of her beloved eldest son, was indignant; my father took things coolly, and, having learned how the affair had begun, justified my stand. But the wretched night, the uneasy sleep, the frequent, starting awakenings, and the oppressive consciousness that I had perhaps killed my adversary were terrible. At breakfast, my mother declared that I looked and was sick, and so I felt. My father, however, smiled when I confessed

the whole truth, that is, the belief that my antagonist was dead. This smile gave me great comfort.

Entering the classroom with trepidation, the first thing I saw was K—— sitting in his place. The relief was indescribable. I rushed up to him and clasped his hands. Straightway we became (and remained) fast friends. The newcomer's position in school was won, and molestation ceased.

Another sobering event was the meeting with my new instructor, Professor Joseph Schoen, the first real pedagogue I knew. He was "ordinarius," that is, the teacher to whom the discipline of the class was entrusted. He also taught Latin. Heretofore my studies had been a sort of play; but under Schoen they became hard work, which had to stand the test of unsparing criticism. I soon found that I could not trust memory after a single and well understood explanation. Unerringly and without pity deficiencies were exposed, and humiliation compelled serious application.

After the unsuccessful rising of 1848-1849, Hungary was governed as a conquered territory. The schools were deprived of their national character, the language of instruction became German, native teachers were dismissed, and Austrian pedagogues took their places. Though these were looked upon as alien enemies, their professional excellence and earnestness had to be acknowledged. A new spirit displaced the somnolent, superannuated system of the native régime as it was before 1849. Schoen, a Bohemian of German descent, was one of the best representatives of the new didactic method. To him I owe the solid fundamentals and the appreciation of thoroughness and intellectual honesty. It is a pleasure to pay him this belated acknowledgment. He was a handsome, athletic man of about forty, of middle stature, neither corpulent nor slender, black-haired and black-eyed, of a joyous yet earnest disposi-

tion, quick in perception and movement, the ideal teacher for small boys. He sympathized with us and understood us thoroughly. His vigilance was indefatigable, his discipline was strict and just, but not oppressive. He never lost his temper, was quick to reward and quick to punish, and never harbored ill-feeling. Above all, he was a master of what he taught, and possessed the skill to hold attention and kindle interest. An excellent musician, he organized a quartette of boys from both lower and upper classes; his interest in this non-official activity was contagious, so that our church and secular singing became excellent. At church, he played the organ. Inspired by his example, we learned to combine work, which was no sham, with genuine and hearty play, such as boys need.

During the second year of Latin School I lived on what Schoen had taught me, for the new teacher of Latin and Greek was a weakling and an insufferable pedant, whose drawling dialectal German furnished us with much amusement. However, this man's deficiencies were abundantly compensated by the personal worth of our teacher of natural history, Professor Heinrich Ludwig Jeitteles, descended from an anciently converted Jewish family of savants. Later, he achieved well-merited recognition through his studies upon the origins of the domestic animals. Although extremely sensitive and strict in governing his own actions, he was kind and indulgent in judging those of others. He taught us to love nature in her varied aspects, leading us once or twice each week on excursions through fields and woods. He taught his subjects (botany, zoölogy, and mineralogy) by demonstration rather than by didactic methods. This good man opened a world of delight to his pupils' understanding by books of natural history, collecting, the determination, and mounting of specimens, and the observation of the habits of plants

and of animated beings. His kindness to man and beast, and his naïve enthusiasm were a true inspiration.

In the summer of 1859, during the Austro-French war in Lombardy, down-trodden, disheartened Hungary began to stir. A strong, anti-Austrian propaganda—first secret, then open—prepared the people for a renewed uprising, and the unrest, manifested by disorders, demonstrations, clashes with police and military forces, inevitably led to the disorganization of all orderly scholastic work. Law students were the leaders in these outbreaks, and the small fry of the “gymnasium” were their welcome, ready, and enthusiastic tools for doing all sorts of mischief. The Director of the School himself did not escape a “calithumpian” concert together with the smashing of his windows. An Austrian theatrical company, whose members had ventured to use language offensive to Hungarian susceptibilities, was rotten-egged with éclat. Demonstrations, armed parades, and torchlight processions—accentuated by the singing of revolutionary songs—were the order of the day. To this day I wonder why our political masters were so lenient—patiently suffering the galling insults of an unorganized mob. A company of soldiers could have swept us asunder like chaff. For me the upshot of all this was, that in the school term of 1860-61 was reached the lowest level of my scholastic efficiency, and, as a result, I was “flunked” in Greek.

Our “ordinarius,” Lothar Warnuth, was a Bavarian from Bamberg, a good classical scholar, who, however, did not possess a single trait necessary for maintaining discipline. He was soft, yielding, loved peace and comfort, and put up with incredible pranks. I am glad that many years after in America I had the opportunity, partially, to expiate my wrongs. I am heartily ashamed of the way we tormented this helpless and inoffensive man. During his hours school was a bear-garden, so

that we did not learn a word of Greek or Latin—the branches taught by him.

In March, 1861, I just managed to pass the Greek I had failed in before. Fortunately, soon afterwards, the "octroi" was published, ending the era of imported German instruction. Our old teachers were restored, and by October, 1861, peace at school was reëstablished.

It would not be proper to close without mentioning a man, who, despite adverse conditions, succeeded in gaining our love and respect. To his influence I owe my deep interest for history. Gustavus Schwab was a man of imposing presence and a fine, courteous, disarming manner, qualities which formed a striking contrast with the childish acquiescence of Warmuth, or the querulous ill-temper of others. His method of teaching history was really captivating, for he had a rare talent for description, which appealed to our intelligence and fired our imagination. He would picture men and events in a setting of contemporary life and customs with such a vivid, graphic manner, that our attention was held under an unbroken spell.

HUNGARIAN TEACHERS—PROSODY

Looking back upon the troublous years of 1859, '60 and '61, it is evident, that political unrest and agitation contain pernicious elements, which produce subversion of all order and discipline in the youth of a nation. What is gained in national ardor is dearly paid for by the loss of self-control, the waste of time, and the bad example set to the growing generation by ranting public speakers and demagogues.

When the old corps of teachers, composed of the white canons regular of Prémontré, was reinstated, a curious condition arose. After the long pause of twelve years, many of the capable men of the old era had died.

The younger forces, unprepared for teaching, were put to work at short notice. Thus it came that some of the scholars of the higher classes knew more of Greek, physics, and mathematics than their newly appointed teachers. Remarkable to say, no unfair advantage was taken of this circumstance; for the teachers comprehended the anomalous state of affairs as well as their pupils, and mutual consideration helped to make the situation tolerable. The natural outcome of the matter was that talented boys had an uncommonly easy time. Soon, however, better trained forces entered the field, and the anomaly gradually disappeared.

As a result of my failure in Greek, mentioned before, I had to suffer the ignomy of a tutor. His name was Emmanuel Lazar, and a true Lazarus he was. The son of a needy Ruthenian priest, he was working his way through the law school by tutoring. His services were accepted on the recommendation of the Austrian director of the Latin school. The origin of the director's good will was the circumstance that Lazar's father was an ardent loyalist. This tutor's influence upon us was bad. He roomed with us and used to indulge in extravagant laudations of the magnificence of the Czar of Russia. He spoke the Slovak language whenever he could and, in a puerile way, loved to tell his aspirations of ultimately rising to high station in the service of Austria. Once he bought himself an evening suit and a silk hat, and we caught him posing in full regalia—addressing an empty chair as an imaginary lady—in curious phrases, embodying as he supposed the essence of courtliness. His jokes were coarse and smacked of the stable and tavern. Nevertheless he was a good scholar and a strict drill master. To give him his due, I must admit that he overcame my deep aversion to the dry, unattractive elements of geometry. By compelling my unwilling mind to grasp the successive steps of each

theorem the understanding was awakened, and the pleasure of comprehension overcame my dislike of the man and his subject. Presently my mother's attention was drawn to curious and unusual turns of speech evidently acquired from our tutor. Accordingly, at the end of the year, he was dismissed.

Owing to more than two years of undiscipline, caused by the prevailing political and social disorder permeating public and scholastic life, I fell at this time, as mentioned before, to my lowest point of inefficiency and of ethical decadence. Negligent at school, I showed at home a lack of restraint, which brought punishment, administered by the maternal parent "propria manu." I felt like an outlaw. Long, bitter spells of self-reproach and unhappiness, comparisons between the happy past and the misery of my present state, tormented me. Many years after, when I read Dante's "Nessun maggior dolore, che ricordarsi di tempo felice, nella miseria," this unhappy period of my life was instantly recalled. My oldest sister took pity on me, and by her kindness and encouragement overcame much of this negative and rebellious spirit. This was the moral turning point of my life.

My parents wisely chose a good remedy in the next tutor, a man of an entirely different stamp. He was an older student named John Ferenczy, the son of a small agricultural proprietor of Szerencs near Tokay. Spying supervision was abandoned, and we were put on our honor. The friends who visited our new mentor were young men of good family, eager students like himself, given to animated debates upon every conceivable topic. The arts, history, religion, law, Shakespeare, the German and Hungarian poets, Homer and Virgil, were the subjects upon which friendly discussion was held. Their "élan" and good nature, together with their

wit and fearlessness of attack, were a veritable revelation.

Ferenzy knew his Bible well, and had apt pithy quotations at his fingers' end. He loved scripture also as a storehouse of literary treasures. His admonitions always appealed to the better side of human nature, justice and pity being the guiding principles of his exhortations, which were never formal or pronounced "ex cathedra," but always dealt with concrete conditions of actual concern. His classical knowledge and familiarity with modern poetry were generally acknowledged by his colleagues. He was especially fond of Homer, and had begun a metrical translation of the "Iliad" into Hungarian, carried through to the end of the second book. It was at this time that I first became acquainted with the beauties of classical poetry. The mellifluous rhythm of Ovid's "Metamorphoses" made an especially deep impression. Professor Prohászka, our teacher, a Premonstratensian of the old school, not only loved the old masters, but also had the skill and enthusiasm to interest us by devices, which might advantageously be utilized by modern pedagogues. Though construction and grammatical analysis were not neglected, they did not play the principal part. We saw the kindly, venerable and quiet man catch the poetic fire, and, with cheeks flushed and eyes sparkling, carry us along by the glowing exposition of the beauties of Philemon and Baucis' story.

Having explained that originally Greek and Latin poems were all chanted to the audience, he reintroduced the ancient method of teaching correct scansion by making the whole class *sing* the verses. First astonished, then amused, we heard his shaky old voice intone the first distich of the story of Hercules and Cacus. At the second distich no one cared to join in; but when the smiling old man imperturbably began the third,

some of us timidly joined in. Soon the whole class was shouting the poem "plena voce." Thus he had us comprehend the essence of the antique charm, and made our study a pleasure. This singing was of much aid in learning the text by heart. The tune lives still in my memory:

Ec-ce bo-ves il - luc, E-ry-thae-i-da app-li-cat he-ros,
E - men - sus lon - gi cla - vi - ger or - bis i - ter.

One day when our tutor was reciting the sonorous verses of his Homeric translation, I was struck by the remarkable aptitude of the Magyar language for ancient metric forms. Not one of the modern Indo-European languages can in this respect be compared with the Hungarian. The prosody of the language is analogous with that of the classical tongues. Accented vowels are intrinsically long; they cannot become short under any circumstances, but short ones become long if followed by two consonants—a simple law with no exceptions. A pentameter from Kisfaludy's immortal poem on the defeat of Mohács will serve for example:

Nemzeti | nagy létünk || nagy teme- | töje Mo- | hács |.
— o o | — — — || — o o | — o o | — |

The good influence of the year under Ferenczy was permanent. In 1862, having finished the "gymnasium," he left us and went to University at Budapest. On September 29, 1864, is the last mention of him in my diary, when he paid us a visit. His appearance was shocking. The poor fellow was in the last stages of

phthisis, to which he succumbed at the end of the year, smiling, unperturbed, and resigned.

TUTORS—SERENADES—MUSICAL TRAINING—MODERN
LANGUAGES—FIELD SHOOTING

On Ferenczy's advice, one of his best friends, Joseph Kruzslýák, of Szt Miklós, in the county of Liptó, became our tutor. Though a totally different sort, we liked him immediately. Ferenczy was a mystic, a poet and dreamer, and an advocate of Christian non-resistance, while his successor was an aggressive upholder of law and order, and a zealous student of the positive sciences. This, however, did not imply lack in appreciation of art and literature. His strong points were mathematics, the physical sciences, and history, and the trend of his mind was decidedly critical. In the face of sham and pretense, he was a pitiless iconoclast, and his ironical sallies were a delight. In contrast with Ferenczy's mild and regular features, the type an artist could aptly have used as a model for a Christ, Kruzslýák had the characteristics of a gnome. A large cranium with a vast forehead, roguish eyes, an everlasting smile, carried by a short, slender body, then the clear and cutting enunciation of Magyar or German, tinged by a certain Slavic asperity of pronunciation, were the salient elements of his marked character. He died a famous lawyer.

Kruzslýák was of great aid to me in physics, chemistry, and in the appreciation of history. From him I also acquired useful notions regarding the general principles underlying the Roman law. His sound knowledge of Greek and Latin made my deficiency in the former keenly apparent. Several resolute attempts to correct this failing—the last one here in America—never yielded anything equal to my proficiency in Latin.

During the time my son was at preparatory school and at college, I found a close resemblance between my training in Greek under Warmuth in 1860 and 1861 and that current in the schools of New York. Both had for their object the successful passing of examinations, not the acquisition of sound knowledge.

Kruzslyák left us in July, 1864; from now on we were treated as "young men." This implied certain privileges of a practical nature, which tend to give a youngster "aplomb." One was the permission to stay out on certain evenings until twelve o'clock, which implied the possession of a latchkey. These evenings were dedicated to the meetings of a singing club of five, and never more than eight, men. The members were two of my classmates—Charles Berzeviczy, tenor, Kálmán Mihályi, second tenor—myself, first bass, and the second basses Aurel Mészáros and Albert Antal, from the class above ours. From time to time others joined us, but these five were the nucleus. We met at the house of Mészáros, whose father, a pensioned government official, was a widower, and did not object to the noise of rehearsals. Antal was the conductor, a fine, tall, athletic fellow, always at the head of his class in school, and a born leader. While a trifle vain, like most leaders, and a bit of a dandy in his dress and manner, he was good-natured and persistent in whatever he undertook. In the course of time we did fairly creditable work. By the influence of Antal's example, still more through the soft impulses of approaching maturity, we began to be particular about our manners and appearance. The savage ways of boyhood were laid aside, and the club effloresced in starched collars and gloves, finally reaching the point where serenading certain reigning beauties of the town was deemed the proper thing.

A serenade could not take place before eleven o'clock; it came off preferably after midnight when the streets

were deserted. We knew our songs by heart and needed no music. Mészáros would give the key, and then the empty street resounded with the fine young voice of Berzeviczy, whose "cambrure de tenor" and pathetic upward glances provoked infinite teasing. He was the first to notice the soft opening of a shutter or the slight movement of the slats of a blind—discreet rewards of the musical compliment.

Mészáros was an extremely myopic blond "Siegfried of the horned skin" type, with a tremendous bass voice, imperturbable phlegm, good humor, and a great fund of musical knowledge. Like other highly talented musicians, he could identify any note of the scale, and could give the fundamental tone of any key. After graduating from the law school, he entered the Mining Academy of Selmech, intending to qualify for the Royal Board of Mines, where such a combination of legal and technical knowledge was greatly valued. His plan succeeded admirably, and he ultimately attained a high and coveted position. Berzeviczy became a lawyer and died young. I cherish among my possessions a beautifully bound and well preserved duodecimo copy of Horace, dated 1826, which he presented to me when our class dispersed for the last time in July, 1866.

Antal came to a tragic end. He became morbidly introspective about his health, and shot himself in a fit of despondency.

Mihályi's ending was no less sad. The son of a country gentleman from Zsadány, in the County of Abauj, he was the personification of boyish wit and mischief. He had an unerring gift of uncovering the weak point of any one's equipment, especially of one who walked in the cobweb armor of assumed dignity. His cool impudence and his cheerful acceptance of punishment often disarmed well-merited wrath, and saved him from serious consequences. Except when a good joke or a

prank was to be perpetrated, he was helpful and generous to his comrades, and his simian antics were even amusing to his victims. He was the Thersites of my class. I took my first riding lessons in his company. Like many Hungarians, he was a good horseman; it was a delight to watch him in the saddle. When appointed to office in the civil administration of the county, he took to alcohol, and ended his life, in a fit of mania, by throwing himself out of a window.

Another schoolmate whose memory I cherish was Nicholas Steer. His father was an apothecary, a tall, dark, laconic, and saturnine man of great eccentricity, the type of the black, hairy and gloomy Gael of the Scottish Highlands.

Steer showed a decided musical talent very early and soon became a pianist, above the level of dilettantism. During his connection with Billroth's clinic this accomplishment was honored by frequent invitations to play four hands with the Professor, also a splendid pianist.

During several winters of our school years we had amateur theatricals. I was stage carpenter and scene painter, and once even wrote a play—a puerile blood-and-thunder tragedy, replete with villainy, virtue, murder, and its "obligato" expiation. Our theater was a large room in the Steer home. Steer's artistic tastes were a great stimulus in developing my own literary and musical perceptions.

He was a handsome, dark-featured, clean-skinned, slender boy of distinguished appearance and manners; shy and reserved, yet with a strong and loyal character, and very firm, once he had taken his stand.

Later at Vienna, when we both were studying medicine, his rooms were the gathering place for a select coterie of students, eminent for their scholarship or as musical connoisseurs. The unofficial "claque" of Wag-

ner's works at the opera (where, under the influence of Hanslick's critical writings, a decided opposition had arisen) was largely recruited from this group of young men. We had jolly battles in applause (over the Meistersinger for example), from which we emerged victorious. Steer entered the Billroth clinic as "Operationszoegling." Later at Kassa he practiced surgery with much success. He never married, was an inveterate smoker, and died of cancer of the tongue.

My musical education began in 1859 when my sisters (Berta and Etelka) and I were entrusted to the care of Johannes Hebenstreit, a retired Viennese military bandmaster. Hebenstreit had begun to teach late in life and, although a sound musician, he failed to exercise the strict discipline so essential for obtaining thorough results. It was easy for me to memorize; as a consequence, my instructor neglected the all important subject of reading music fluently. Later efforts to overcome this fundamental defect were in vain, and thereby many opportunities for musical enjoyment were lost. Nevertheless, what musical training I managed to acquire has yielded me much pleasure midst the cares and fatigues of professional life, for discernment and appreciation of good music are of greater importance for the non-professional lover of the art than technical facility. Fortunately, Hebenstreit exercised excellent judgment in the selection of authors we studied.

In the matter of modern languages the natives of northern Hungary are exceptionally favored. Every child of good family learns to speak three living idioms: Hungarian, German, and the Slovak dialect; the latter forms a key for the rest of the Slavic tongues, namely, Russian, Polish, Serbian, Czech, etc. Magyar was spoken in the family, but German was necessary in the intercourse with our Austrian teachers, public officials, and the military; while the Slovak tongue had to be used

for the contact with servants and employees of the lower order, of whom the majority were drawn from the Slavic peasantry. This lingual tripod, two limbs of which belong to the Indo-European, a third to the Ural-Altai or Finno-Ugrian-Turkish group of languages, forms an inestimable foundation for the acquisition of any other living idiom.

Unconsciously the child's sense is awakened to the perception of grammatical forms, and those who have the inborn capacity cannot help but make, as it were, comparative studies of the similarities and divergences of the three tongues. Thus adroitness in recognizing and reproducing the sounds peculiar to three different tongues is acquired early, and is of the greatest value in learning correct pronunciation. As soon as some knowledge of the ancient tongues is added to this trilingual basis, penetration into other linguistic fields becomes increasingly easy. All this brings many intellectual satisfactions, not the least of which are the pleasures of etymology.

My father placed my brother Béla and me under the care of Monsieur Celler, an Alsatian, whose grotesque pronunciation of French was of course accepted as authentic. We imitated him with Chinese fidelity. Thanks to the rigor of vocalizing the Hungarian and Slavic languages, later on we both readily cast off this incubus.

One of our Premonstratensian teachers of the newer era was Cornelius Náthafalussy. Unprepared, he had the chair of history thrust upon his unwilling shoulders by higher authority. His first efforts to solve the pedagogic problem were curious, if not original. They were based on his exceptional memory. At earlier lectures, he would recite the main text of the prescribed book in a sonorous, declamatory pitch, almost a "forte," as it were; while footnotes in small type were emitted

“sotto voce” in a stage whisper, to the suppressed amusement of his mischievous auditors. Growing experience and higher influences brought about a steady improvement of his methods, and in due course of time he became a competent instructor, though he never attained the high level of Gustavus Schwab. His view and presentation of the French Revolution were astonishingly liberal, and evident enthusiasm indiscretely paraded by some of us at recitations was never disapproved of by him. While condemning its excesses, he, without narrow ecclesiastic bias, fully appreciated the movement’s value and significance.

During the fifth year another unprepared man, Desiderius Fridrik, became our teacher in physics and chemistry. He was a fine, exquisite type of cleric, wearing a cassock of snowy purity and a light blue sash (cingulum) of heavy brocaded silk, tied in a coquettish knot. His manicured nails and his manners were impeccable. Like Náthafalussy he became a teacher as a stopgap. He amused himself with experiments which rarely succeeded, and entertained the class with algebraic demonstrations on the blackboard which were not always solved. Nevertheless, we liked him because he was a charming gentleman forced into a false position by stress of circumstances beyond his control.

Among the venerable canon-teachers of the order of Prémontré was the jolly and rubicund Kálmán Schmidt, whose subject was the Greek language. Attending his lectures was an uproarious farce. He had served as a private of the insurgent army during the revolution of 1848-1849, and by privilege of clergy escaped the forcible conscription which befell every able-bodied revolutionist after the surrender of Világos. Warlike episodes of the “Iliad” offered endless occasions for relating the stirring events of his own martial career. Hunger and thirst, frost and heat, marches

and counter marches were his favorite themes. Once he undertook to impersonate Ajax, the Telamonian, whose spear and bushy helmet were represented by a demonstrating wand and a derby hat. The class roared with joy and this mirth was mistaken for admiring approbation. Not knowing much himself, he was extremely considerate of our own ignorance, so it was easy to slip through recitations with the aid of a "pons asinorum," called in America, "pony" or "trot."

Professor Argalács, our Latin teacher, was an excellent man. His splendid emendations made the reading of Cæsar's "De Bello Gallico" fascinating. These white canons were masters of the Latin tongue and the methods of teaching it.

With the beginning of the fifth year of the "gymnasium" we ceased to be school boys and became "students," i. e., upper classmen. It was almost embarrassing to be addressed by the formal "you" instead of the familiar "thou," employed by our teachers up to then. Despite our nearly acquired dignity, we changed but little. The love of mischief held undiminished sway.

After the accession of the white canons, daily mass was obligatory—on week days low mass at seven-thirty, on Sundays high mass at nine o'clock. I was one of the choir boys. The organist, a decrepit old man, paid little attention to us. Though there was a regular attendant hired to work the bellows, we undertook to relieve him of this duty of periodically depressing a row of six long wooden levers, by successively stepping on them. When "full organ" was used, the task became arduous, requiring nimbleness and endurance. It happened that a lever was occasionally missed, or that the operator was too slow. In consequence, a series of alternating pauses and wail-like shrieks resulted. This unseemly disturbance made the organist furious and put an end to our ministrations.

Preceding mass on Sundays, the church bells were rung for ten minutes. We used to be on hand to help. Ringing the largest one of the three bells was strenuous work, and had to be done by two stalwart ringers, each manning a rope attached to a lever projecting from the bell crown. With the work in full swing, the ringers had to haul down with all their strength, crouching until the hands on the rope almost touched the floor. The next moment, with the upward swing, the crouching men were jerked into an erect posture and hung from the ropes, clearing the floor by a foot or more. This was kept up for ten minutes, and for us at least it was thrilling and glorious.

The school church was a fine edifice in the Jesuit style, built by Sophia Báthory during the seventeenth century. It had two towers, each crowned by a bulbous cap sheathed in copper. Just above the huge crown of the bell was a square hole in the planked ceiling of the bell loft. This hole was a constant temptation, for we knew that ownerless pigeons were nesting above. One day it was decided to investigate. Climbing the heavy timbers of the bell seat, we reached the top of the bell crown; standing on this, the explorer's head and shoulders just entered the square hole. To raise one's self into the dark space above took but a moment. The flapping of pigeons' wings greeted the intruder, as the frightened birds escaped through several vents above. A number of fat squabs was our quarry. To descend upon the narrow top of the bell crown seemed, at first, an anxious and delicate feat. On repetition, however, this soon lost all its terror.

Another time the gloom of the church attic exercised an irresistible attraction. Walking forward the whole length of the vaulted ceiling of the nave, we were placed just above the main altar. Cautiously, on all fours, we crept to the aperture, through which the line passed

down to the perpetually burning lamp swung before the sanctuary. A mere shell of brick held us 120 feet above the floor. The officiating priest and his acolytes seemed to be mere dots. Our sensations were startling. All the muscles of the body underwent violent reflex contraction, and a fit of dizziness was followed by a feeling of creeping and numbness in hands and feet. Observations were not continued.

About this time an upper class boy offered to sell me a single-barreled shot-gun. The price was exceptionally low—because the weapon had a flaw—a pinhole in the barrel about twelve inches from the breech. Whenever the gun was discharged, a little puff of smoke escaped from the hole. My father, not without his joke about the extra hole, graciously advanced the price. Thus I owned my first gun and became an armed man. On a visit to Király Helmech my first victim, a fox, was killed. This town is situated at the forks of the rivers Theiss and Bodrog, and the district contains large forests of hardwood and a vast area of marsh and canebrake where hare, waterfowl, and wild pigeons abound. Among all these I had good shooting on different occasions. Later on, when two of my elder sisters were living in Debreczin, I had many a good day's sport with hare. There also I saw the noblest of Europe's feathered game, the bustard (*Otis tarda*), a huge and beautiful bird of the gallinaceous family, larger than the American wild turkey. It lives in the plains and is very wary. When the bird is alarmed, it seeks cover by running. In the absence of cover, and when pressed, it rises heavily and escapes by flight. The most successful method of hunting the bustard is by coursing with greyhounds in cold weather, when, its wings being wet, or better still, the feathers frozen, the bird cannot fly. The meat is delicious.

My initiation in bird shooting over a dog took place



THE AUTHOR AND HIS BROTHER BÉLA IN 1864.

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at Soovár, where one of my great uncle's, Canon Wandracsek's, chaplains was an excellent wing shot. We used to sneak out of the rectory at earliest dawn to the stubble fields, where partridge and quail were abundant. The canon shut both eyes and said nothing so long as we were back by eight o'clock.

FRANCIS BENEDEK—MATHEMATICS

In October, 1863, I began the sixth year of "gymnasium," and came in contact with a remarkable man, Francis Benedek, who remained the "ordinarius," that is, the disciplinary head of my class for the ensuing three years. At that time he was a man of middle age, square built but not stout, rapid in gesture and movement, but deliberate of speech, with a soft, penetrating and well modulated voice. A large head, with a rugged, energetic cast of feature, a fine mobile mouth, and dark, mild, deepset eyes capable of lightning-like flashes of emotion, all demonstrated perfect self-control. He was strict, but his discipline was free from ill-humor or pedantry, his chief instrument of coercion being an inexhaustible fund of mild, delicious irony. I never met a teacher who could get more into, or more out of, a mediocre pupil than Benedek. His attitude had the habitual sureness and serenity of a perfect horseman, who adapts himself intelligently, almost instinctively, to the capacity of his mount. Infinite patience and a clever discernment of the approachable side of the individual scholar, robbed his insistence on thoroughness of most, if not all, of the odium of compulsion. He took pleasure in recognizing good work by subtle forms of acknowledgment practiced only by those who have inborn genius for teaching. Benedek knew no favoritism, and even the feeblest intellect, as long as honest effort was evident, found in him a skill-

ful and patient helper. So it came that all liked him and did their utmost to please him. His efficiency was not marred by the little hypocrisies of the ecclesiastic; everything he said and did was straightforward and above board. The wisdom of his discipline embraced not only scholastic matters, but extended to the ethical guidance of his lively, sometimes audacious, and in spiritual matters, rather independent flock.

Those of our fellow-students who chose the ecclesiastic career, entered the Catholic seminary by the seventh year of the curriculum, but attended school with us to the end of the eighth year. They wore a dark blue cassock girded with a black serge cincture. They lived in the seminary building. Among them were some clear heads, but also the usual proportion of dullards.

During the years preceding the œcumenical council held under Pope Pius IX, the Catholic world was deeply agitated by the question of papal infallibility. It is known that the Hungarian Bishops were—before its final adoption—almost unanimously opposed to the new dogma. Many were the discussions—not always discreet or moderate—that Horváth and I had with some of the seminarists. The men of the class formed a ring, and hammer and tongs the wrangle went on, telling points being greeted by shouts of applause, to the discomfiture and intense annoyance of the clerics. One of them, a huge fat Slovak, named Galdon, denounced us to the Director of the School, Kaczvinszky, a monk of intimidating austerity. We were summoned to appear before him, and every one, including ourselves, expected severe treatment, for disrespectful language had been used about the sources of church authority. Kaczvinszky looked formidable, and proceeded to establish the facts. We had previously agreed readily to admit what was true, and to express regrets

for what had been said in the heat of debate. Happily this proceeding of admission and avoidance had an unexpectedly good effect. The interview ended by a homily, an appeal to our fairness and common sense, and the suggestion that in the future the delicate subject were better avoided. This was promised. When we returned to the classroom the boys were jubilant. Every one feared our expulsion. I suspected then, and still believe, that Benedek's influence had a great deal to do with this leniency. He himself, neither before nor after the citation, ever mentioned the matter to us, directly or by allusion.

The subjects taught by him during the last three years of my stay at school were Latin, mathematics, and geometry. His method of dealing with the classics was admirable. His endeavor was to awaken and stimulate the scholar's interest; first, in the subject of the author, then in the author himself; afterward followed the consideration of grammatical or syntactic points. In short, Latin was taught as a literature. The study of Sallust, Tacitus and Virgil was made just as attractive as the reading of a modern author of merit. We had Jugurtha and Catiline in the sixth year; Virgil and Cicero, in the seventh; Tacitus, Horace, and Virgil once more in the eighth.

Good as Benedek's method was of dealing with the classics, in this he did not excel his colleagues so much as in the manner he taught mathematics and geometry. He discouraged the use of any textbook, compelling the pupils to rely exclusively on their notes. Every problem was introduced by the simplest, most obvious, and axiomatic demonstration of the principle involved. He never hurried matters in the beginning, and was careful that the principle should be thoroughly grasped. In the development of a theorem, all that was unessential and distracting was carefully omitted. Thus

one was guided to the conclusion by a short, direct, and logical method of development. By preceding us at a pace we could follow, he taught us by his example how to walk on our own feet. The labor thus expended was richly rewarded by the ease with which the class advanced. He never forgot to dwell upon this or that theorem's practical utility in solving problems in surveying, engineering, navigation, insurance, and so forth. Thus algebra lost its terrors, and Newton's binomial theorem, the use of equations, the nature of variation, permutation, progression, logarithms, then trigonometry, the principle of functions, and finally, in our last year, analytical plane geometry were successively mastered. We were led, not driven, and the results were unusually good. At the risk of provoking the college graduate's incredulous smile, it may be said that after the lapse of more than fifty years the memory of my intellectual pleasure at the revelations of analytical geometry is still fresh and vivid.

My personal relations with Benedek were of the pleasantest kind, and in writing these recollections of the happiest three years of my school life, I pay a well-merited tribute of gratitude to the dear old fellow's memory. Later, after my departure from Kassa, he became the Director of the school and was finally honored by the Abbot's miter of his order. Widely lamented, he died of apoplexy in 1900.

It was related before that, under Professor Fridrik, instruction in physics and chemistry was very unsatisfactory. Except for the good grounding received from Benedek in mathematics and geometry—necessary aids in these sciences—and occasional help from our former tutor Kruzsllyák, my knowledge would have remained defective. This help, combined with a deep interest in the subjects, enabled me to store up knowledge enough to understand without difficulty, later, the lec-

tures of Brücke on physiology. Much help came from the circumstance that my uncle, Wandracsek, chemist, installed a small chemical laboratory for our use, where my brother and I went faithfully through qualitative analysis and a number of simple experiments (with deviations into the manufacture of gunpowder, fireworks, and lemonade). Furniture was ruined, fumes were a constant nuisance, and occasional explosions kept the female part of the household in a pleasurable state of trepidation. But for good and sufficient reasons our parents did not object.

BOTANY—VISIT TO THE TÁTRA—PHILOSOPHY

My friend Horváth maintained a steady correspondence with Professor Jeitteles, our former teacher in Natural History. His letters were full of fascinating information regarding his own studies, and under the impulse received from one of them my interest in botany was reawakened. Maly's book on the determination of plants—a gift of Jeitteles—was brought forth; but finding it unsatisfactory, the much better work of Willkomm, Professor at the Academy of Forestry in Tharand, was procured. This became my future dependence. During the next three years Horváth and I, occasionally accompanied by my brother Béla or other boys, constantly tramped the nearby fields and woods. On longer trips, our own county and four or five of the adjacent counties, including the Tátra and the Beskid (Carpathians), were explored. Thus a fair knowledge of the flora of northern Hungary was acquired. Then in April, 1864, I began to write a diary, kept to the end of 1875, and then with interruptions until now. But for this, many of the facts related here would have been utterly forgotten.

The numerous tramps habitually taken whenever school duties permitted, gave endurance and taught

the important item of taking care of ourselves in all weathers. So it came that in the summer of 1864 a botanizing trip to TÁtra Fűred, the famous watering place at the foot of the Peak of Lomnitz, was planned in company with my schoolmate, Mihályi. We started on August 9th by way of Eperjes and Lőcse, intending to stay in the TÁtra a week or ten days. We were dressed in linen crash, had no underwear (no one used underwear in Hungary then), carried an ample light cape of gray cloth, an extra pair of boots, and—in a military knapsack—our linen and toilet articles. Willkomm's book was also taken along for the determination of new plants. That summer was unusually cool and dry, so that in some parts of the country certain crops failed to mature.

This cool weather made the walk of about 100 miles to the TÁtra very pleasant, but we found the mountain tops still covered with deep snow. Rainer, the proprietor of TÁtra Fűred, refused to give consent or to furnish guides for an ascent to the higher points because of the risky conditions. Rain and snow, the dripping vegetation and the cold made every one miserable, including a band of Algerian Arab acrobats. Discouraged, we gave up the idea of ascending even the lower peaks. The last straw was an accident which might have cost my friend his life. Near the main buildings was a fine spring, heavily charged with carbonic acid gas. Here a cask some three feet in diameter and four feet deep had been sunk in the ground, all but a few inches of its rim; the bottom was floored with clean quartz pebbles, around which played twinkling bubbles of escaping carbonic acid gas. As the water's level was rather low, specially shaped glasses were lowered on strings when one wished to drink. We had no such glass, so Mihályi went to fetch an ordinary tumbler from our room. I was busily examining a plant, when

I heard a splash followed by a succession of muffled gurgles. Rushing back to the spring, I found Mihályi inverted in the cask, his head and chest submerged, with his legs and feet kicking helplessly—in fact, in a desperate situation. Bending too low for a glassful of water, he had lost his balance, and had tumbled in head-foremost. When I pulled him out, his face was deeply cyanosed and painfully distorted by labored efforts at breathing. Carbonic acid gas must have reached the glottis, producing spasmodic closure. There was not a soul near to help. He soon recovered breath, and, looking like a drowned rat in his wet clothes, declared then and there that it was time for us to leave.

Accordingly, guided by a forester, we left Tátra Füred, traversing the noble fir woods of the foothills to the westward, crossing many swollen brooks, until we reached Csorba, the most elevated village of Hungary, situated near the romantic lake of the same name. The hospitable village priest fed and housed us, and the next day after breakfast sent us on our way toward Szent Miklós, the county seat of Liptó, where we were going to visit the father of my former tutor, Kruzsllyák. The town lies near the foot of the western part of the Tátra, at the headwaters of the Vág River, an affluent of the Danube, which it joins at Komorn. At Verbiez, the “port” of Szent Miklós, we were beset by a great temptation to board a fleet of twelve rafts, loading with lumber, ingots of copper and assorted ironware, bound for Budapest, where the timbers composing the rafts were to be sold. Mr. Kruzsllyák earnestly begged us not to undertake the trip; nevertheless, having so far spent little of our money, we decided to risk it. After our decision had been made, he loyally entered into our scheme, aiding us in every way with his advice.

An agreement was made with the commander of the convoy—a Slovak peasant—to carry us to Budapest

for the sum of one florin and fifty kreuzer ² per head, and a gallon of whiskey, to be delivered at the end of the trip. He was to provide a lean-to for shelter and straw for bedding, and was to furnish firewood for cooking. We bought a new washtub, in which Mr. Kruzslyák had a butcher salt down fresh beef and pork. Some pecks of potatoes, a slab of bacon, several loaves of bread, salt, paprika, some onions, and a pint of whiskey—for medicinal use—completed the list of provisions. A frying pan, two tin pots, two cups and spoons, and a case-knife were added. We were in a whirl of pleasurable elation, and felt like a pair of heroic discoverers. In the midst of all this, we forgot to notify our parents of changed plans, a circumstance which later caused much alarm and uneasiness at home.

Everything being ready, we pushed off on Sunday, August 21st. The day was sunny, the river running full, and the lean-to we were to occupy very attractive. It was made of pine boards well sided up and was bedded with fresh straw. In front of it was a fireplace, made of two courses of notched and jointed logs, the enclosed square being filled with rocks and sand. Here we were to cook our meals. Each raft was manned by two peasant wood-choppers, who handled enormous steering oars. Our raft—the factor's own—headed the convoy, the others following in line. A crowd had assembled at the river side, and sent us off with a hurrah.

The river Vág is one of the wildest and most romantic streams of Hungary. In size and character it is comparable with the upper reaches of the Delaware, full of rapids and sharp turns, each of which reveals new and new vistas of remarkable beauty. Many of the bold rocky hilltops are crowned by ruined castles, thirteen of which were counted between Szent Miklós and

Trenchin, where the river enters the lesser Hungarian plain. It would amply repay an American canoeist his trouble to make the descent.

On the first day, near the entrance of the river Árva, where the bed of the Vág is traversed by a dyke of rock, we ran a low cataract. It looked—but was not—dangerous, and in spite of wet feet, the new experience was hugely enjoyed. The first night, however, disclosed the hard reality that our lean-to was floored with a layer of sharp-edged iron rods. The bedding of straw, which at first looked soft and inviting, soon packed down, and failed to disguise the cutting edges of the rods. Wherever sunset overtook us, we tied up for the night. The noon meal was cooked on board “en route”; breakfast and supper were prepared on shore, where the Slovaks slept in their clothes, on the bare ground, without any covering. Firewood was sometimes abundant, but usually scarce, and our bed was not only hard and uncomfortable, but very cold, too, for neither the linen garments nor the thin capes we had were adequate in the absence of a fire. To crown matters, the roof of the shanty became leaky. A number of times we lost our footing on the slimy logs, and fell into the river. Some days were insufferably hot, all the nights miserably cold. By the time we reached Komorn, on August 28th, we were both heartily sick of the adventure.

The night before reaching Komorn was the only one spent in comfort. It happened that where we tied up for this night was the estate of a gentleman whose people were threshing wheat in the scriptural manner, by driving a dozen horses round and round a circular floor of beaten clay, spread with sheaves. The merry spectacle attracted us, and near the threshers we met the owner, a florid and jolly soul, who immediately invited us to share his supper. Having been a student

himself, he was amused by our adventure. We begged him to sell us some straw for our bed. He curtly refused, which seemed strange, considering his apparent hospitality. Having thanked him, yet deeply disappointed, we wended our way back in sadness to our iron-bound beds. To our surprise and delight, we found the shanty filled to the very roof with a mass of fragrant straw, sent without our knowledge by this kindest of men. As it was impossible to climb on top of the straw, there being no space between it and the roof, we began to pull away handfuls and armfuls, until a comfortable nest had been tunneled into the material, just large enough to admit us. We crawled in like a pair of badgers, arranged a plug to close the front of our den, and felt as though in heaven. This was the only night during the trip spent in uninterrupted sound sleep. At noon next day, we came to Komorn, and parted company with our Slovaks, paid the stipulated fare and whiskey, and, boarding the steamer *Elizabeth*, arriving in Budapest at eight o'clock that evening.

We went immediately to the house of my uncle Charles Gerster, the architect, where our seedy and unheralded appearance created undisguised and natural consternation. The suspicion that we had run away from home having been dissipated by the correctness of our documents, the welcome became cordial. After a bath, clean clothes, and a good supper, a telegram was sent to our parents in Kassa.

Before boarding the steamer at Komorn, we had a meal in a small tavern near the landing, and I drank copiously of the water served us. It must have been infected, for three days later I fell ill with virulent bacterial dysentery, to which I nearly succumbed. My mother arrived in haste from Kassa, and to her nursing, the kindness of our hosts, and the splendid care of Dr. Ploss I owe my life. In my delirium, I was ob-

sessed with the hallucination of ascending Gaurisankar, the Himalayan peak, in a steamboat. The paddle wheeler was always rushing up the steep slope, never arriving at the top. In two weeks the fever left me dwindled to skin and bones, and a week later I had recovered sufficiently to be taken home.

When, after our last letter from Tátra Fűred, news of us had ceased, my mother became first anxious, then alarmed. She feared that we had followed a recent example of some fellow students, who had run away the last spring and joined the Polish insurrection of 1863-1864, then drawing to its bloody end. Consequently it was a great relief to get our telegram from Budapest; but this was soon cut short by the urgent summons to my bedside. Neither parent ever uttered a word of richly deserved reproach.

With the seventh year of the "gymnasium" came a new subject, according to the wording of the "testimonium maturitatis," the "elementa philosophicæ institutionis," that is, elementary philosophy. The canon Siard Stoehr, a commanding personality, was our instructor—a tall, robust, straight-backed man, with a well-modulated flexible baritone speaking voice and an easy-going humor, readily given to gentle "chaffing." The profile of his large head had the "Roman" character, a high forehead, dolichocephalic occiput, an aquiline nose, and lips that were finely cut and sensitive. He had a delightful smile and soft brown eyes. He was the philosopher, who, looking habitually at all sides of a question, is cautious and charitable in judgments. He cordially detested zealotry and fanaticism. Without yielding essential points, his tact and suavity skillfully avoided situations which might have caused embarrassment to the cloth. We reveled in his lectures, but prized especially the private conversations at his rooms, which he encouraged. Our teachers occupied a conven-

tual building of generous proportions, adjoining the school and academic church. These structures were in the solid and not unattractive style of the Jesuits erected during the period of the counter-reformation. The building was not under monkish "clausure," access being free at all hours of the day. Here Stoehr used to receive us with his gentle welcome, never abandoning his pipe, which was fed with virgin tobacco raised on the estates of the order. The pipe, too, deserves a moment's mention. It belonged to a set of eight or ten, each having a cherry stem three feet long, all kept in a rack and smoked in turn, so that a cool and clean pipe was always available. A special servant had charge of them; he cut the leaves of tobacco, and replenished the receptacles in which the weed was kept. Each canon had his own rooms, large, vaulted, well-lighted apartments, cool in summer, warm in winter, all opening on wide tile-floored cloisters. The "cuisine" was excellent, and light wines of their own growth were served. Open house was kept, which meant that guests, announced or not, were welcome.

In 1884, when Mrs. Gerster and I visited Kassa, Benedek was Director of the school. The rules of the house were waived for our sake, and we dined in the refectory with the entire teaching staff. Grace was said, not with the participants seated at table, but according to monastic custom all standing with their backs to the wall.

To resume, Professor Stoehr introduced us to philosophy. Though the matter had to be dealt with in an elementary way, yet the manner was clear, the treatment objective, and as free from theological prejudice as decent regard for circumstances would permit, a condition extremely rare in intermediate schools of any country or of any denomination. Stress was laid upon the point that dogma had no place in philosophy, which

dealt with the limits of the knowable, and had no theses to defend. On the contrary, philosophy held the sublime seat of the arbiter, who listened to any argument impartially, admitting adequate, rejecting insufficient proof, without preformed bias or purpose. We were told that the so-called "postulates," acceptance of which was conducive of mental and moral comfort, were not susceptible of philosophic proof or disproof.

This did not diminish their value and influence in shaping human conduct, and the psychological processes of their action might constitute a legitimate matter of philosophical inquiry. During two years, for two hours a week, logic, psychology, ethics, and metaphysics were introduced, the history of philosophy receiving attention "pari passu." To Stoehr I owe my first realization of what constitutes adequate proof and its reverse.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION

It would be strange indeed if from this account of the methods of study prevailing at Kassa in those remote days, that of religious instruction were omitted. The final certificate issued after eight years of study bears the title "*Testimonium maturitatis*"; its text affirms that the bearer "*publice subiit tentamen, quo se maturum studiis Academicis probaret*" (has undergone a public examination by which he demonstrated his fitness for Academic studies). "*Doctrina religionis*" has the place of honor among subjects in which the scholar's proficiency is attested. To aid the reader's comprehension of the conditions about to be described, one may recall the peculiar—almost unique—religious atmosphere prevailing in Hungary. It was the result of a particular chain of historical events.

Ever since the conversion of the nation, the Hungarian realm has enjoyed an exceptional position in its

relations to the papacy. As an acknowledgment of King Stephen's (997-1038) Christianization of his people, Pope Sylvester II bestowed upon him a golden crown, and also gave him the title of "Apostolic King," a title enumerated to this day among those of the Hapsburg rulers. The title was not an empty one; it implied the right of investiture, a matter which, at the period of Gregory VII, formed the bone of contention between the papacy and the secular powers. Up to that time the right was not questioned in Hungary; but Rome having gained her points in Italy and Western Europe, King Coloman prudently avoided raising the issue, and voluntarily submitted. He stipulated, however, that, subject to papal confirmation and the nominee's oath of obedience, the crown's privilege of nominating bishops to vacant Sees should remain intact. Furthermore, no subject, lay or ecclesiastic, could lawfully entertain direct correspondence with the Papal See without royal permission. Logically consequent upon the firm maintenance of these privileges, two characteristics of the Hungarian Church are preserved to this day. One is a certain degree of independence from ultramontane influences; the other, the unimpaired national character of the church itself.

Another point deserves mention. Like his congener, the Turk (not alone the modern Osmanli, but all the Turkish races of history), the Magyar never showed much inclination toward religious intolerance and fanaticism. Unlike the Semitic Jew and Arabian, he had little sympathy with aggressive zealotism, controversial polemics, theological hair-splitting, and the ready leaning to schism and heresy. Even during the first anti-Christian risings under King Stephen, his revolts were directed not so much against the new religion "per se," as against the limitations and vexatious trammels imposed by the new doctrine on the easy ways

and personal freedom of nomadic pagan existence. The dogmatic subtleties of the new creed were inscrutable and of profound indifference to him. He was willing enough to accept them with baptism, but the importunities of a meddling, scolding, arguing, and preaching clergy he found to be an intolerable nuisance. Unquestioning obedience to the chief in military matters was recognized as a natural and reasonable necessity; enthusiastic pursuit of war, a glorious and lucrative pleasure and duty; but, though finally submitted to, conformity rarely assumed in him the Semitic fervor. Just as the Turks, according to the Arabian writers, had never become thorough Mohammedans, so the Magyars have to this day remained, if not exactly lukewarm Christians, yet certainly free from the bloody excesses of religious exaltation. An early example of this aloofness was shown by King Coloman (1096-1115) (called "the book-lover"), who, as just said, succeeded, in the face of a triumphant papacy, in preserving a great share of ecclesiastical independence for his realm, and who in his laws³ regarding equality between Jews and Christians, placed the rights of the former in sale, purchase, litigation, and the acquisition of real estate on the same footing as those of Christians. He—mark the date!—also decreed by law the non-existence of witches, in these words: "De Strigis vero, quae non sunt, ne ulla quaestio fiat."⁴

The rapid and overwhelming spread of Protestantism in Hungary during the 16th century must in a great measure find its explanation in the freedom-loving tendencies of the nation, which readily welcomed liberation from the oppressive incubus of the hierarchy of that time. While the counter-reformation, directed by the

³ HENRY MARCZALI: "History of Hungary," vol. ii, pp. 224.

⁴ About witches, who do not exist, there should be no argument whatever.

fine hand of the Jesuits, succeeded in extirpating Protestantism by suavity or force from all the crown lands of Austria, it failed to do so in Hungary, where to this day about one-third of the inhabitants remain either Lutherans, or Calvinists, or Unitarians. In the risings of the Thökölys, Bocskays, and Rákóczys during the 16th and 17th centuries, though one of the ostensible causes of the revolts was the oppression of the Protestants, a great many of the insurgents—nobles as well as commoners—were Catholics.

As a consequence of these factors, in Hungary we see the various creeds dwelling together in peace and harmony. In these relations emphasis is placed upon the necessity of mutual forbearance rather than upon the self-righteous hatred envenoming religious life elsewhere. The spectacle of Catholic priest, Protestant preacher, and Jewish rabbi breaking bread together at the same table in friendship and amity, can be witnessed in Hungary at every public dinner—a spectacle utterly impossible in Austria, Catholic Germany, France, Italy, or Spain. Strangers have often interpreted this phenomenon as a sign of religious indifference. I regard it as an indication that in Hungary the teachings of Christ have been comprehended in a better way than where intolerance and fanaticism govern men's relations.

Furthermore, the absence of interest in the disputatious view of religious duty by no means signifies a lack of a deep, sincere religious feeling. It is there, simple, primitive, and humble, full of awe and reverence toward the inscrutable powers ruling human destiny. Any one who has once heard its outburst in the incomparable congregational singing of Hungarian worshippers, will never question the genuine fervor of religious feeling in Hungary. There sacred music is the common people's possession; its character, both in Cath-

olic and Protestant rituals, is solemn, earnest, and often sublime. There is no need of enlivening a soulless service by operatic airs, as in Italy; nor has it the poverty of certain other lands, where a doggerel rhyme is sung to current popular airs. The neurotic exaltation and extensive use of slang in vogue at certain revivals, would offend the common man in Hungary as a blasphemous aberration and as a flagrant violation of common decency.

The Magyar dislikes nothing more than deceit and subtle prevarication, which are, alas! too apt to thrive in the soil of purely commercial communities. His disinclination to commerce and contemptuous though kindly pity for the trader are expressed in the words "poor man, he must earn his bread by lying." The "caveat emptor" he accepts, but he cannot come to feel admiration for those whose success in life depends on practicing the tenet of the Roman law: "*In emtionibus et venditionibus jure naturali se invice decipere licet.*" (In buying and selling, mutual deception is permissible by natural law.) Preservation of a certain old-fashioned self-respect is regarded even by the humble cultivator, as an adequate compensation for the abstention from certain methods of thrift, derogatory to his simple and dignified ways. Laborious and sober, the common man in Hungary never permitted himself the excesses of the pogrom, whereby the debtor, in killing the creditor, wipes out his obligations in the most summary way. Deception for profit and penurious meanness are to the Hungarian the great disqualifying sins; generosity to friend and foe the most admired and coveted virtue. An easy charity and its sister, unbounded hospitality to friend and stranger, still have the strength of a religious tenet, and are apt, even to this day, to assume absurdly Quixotic, sometimes ruinous, proportions. It must be admitted, however, that

the reverse of the medal is a certain contemplative form of oriental indolence, not in harmony with modern tendencies.

These remarks may give an idea of the surroundings in which the Hungarian child grows to manhood.

To return to our religious instruction—the smaller catechism and Bible History of an elementary kind formed the beginnings. Then came the larger catechism and the History of the Jewish Nation. During the incumbency of the Austrian teachers this branch was in the hands of Francis Neumer, a secular priest of diminutive stature with the profile of a cock-sparrow. His grotesque figure, curious antics, and rapid transitions from harmless fury to kindly indulgence, were a source of unending merriment. Mihályi, the mocking spirit of the class, had dubbed him “patchka,” the Slavic name of the cheapest kind of evil tobacco, sold principally to peasants and common soldiers. It was not actually known that the Rev. Francis Neumer really used this brand of the weed; but as he was an inveterate smoker, and his clothes and his rooms reeked with the acrid odor of stale tobacco, the insinuation was joyfully accepted by the class. It was not long before the merry news escaped the venerable confines of the school, and spread broadcast through the town, so that every one knew poor Neumer by this novel eponymic. Mihályi was brazenly glorying in the success of his wickedness, when Nemesis delivered him up for well-deserved punishment.

Some one informed Neumer, who, however, held his peace until a natural opportunity furnished an occasion to invite the unsuspecting offender to visit his room. Mihályi was expected. The moment he passed Neumer's door, the priest locked it, put the key in his pocket, and took in hand a long, well-seasoned, flexible pipe-stem of cherry. Then and there began one of the most

heroic and memorable lustrations of a long account of iniquity. It was what Indians would call a "pipe dance." No resistance, no acrobatics, availed; the rain of cherry fell inexorably and without remission, until the boy was on his knees begging for mercy. The affair soon leaked out, and the position of Mihályi at school became extremely painful and delicate. The sole word "patchka" was sufficient to rouse his fury, and as he was no great fighter, he had to accept a few extra thrashings from several boys eager to settle old accounts with him.

In the fourth year we took up Liturgy; in the fifth, Ritual—both well presented to us by Professor Orbán, a small and jolly man, and an infinitely kind soul, whose enthusiasm for his subject was infectious. He had a good historical method, and his knowledge of the matter was considerable. In the sixth year we had Ethics; and our last two years were taken up by Church History. Orbán also delivered the Lenten sermons to the school, and managed to waken and hold the attention of the crowd of boys and young men—an achievement of considerable difficulty and magnitude. He succeeded in this through his directness, simplicity, the avoidance of a controversial tone, and the practical manifestations of his own humble, Christian life.

We received confirmation at twelve, and were then, after confession, admitted to communion. Up to now our critical spirit remained dormant.

But facts were facts; repeatedly seen and well observed by us, they became subjects for discussion and comment, and inevitably led to explanations totally divergent from those of unquestioning orthodoxy. As the number of the students was great—never below, often above, four hundred—twice or three times a year the aid of priests not connected with the school had to be secured for confessing so large a number of com-

municants. Saturday afternoons were devoted to this task, so that communion could be held the next day. Among the "hospitant" clergymen was a Dominican who was stone deaf in the left ear. Confessors sat in the middle of the church forms, and penitents were expected to approach them alternately from each side. Curiously, there were never more than one or two on the Dominican's right side, while his left ear was besieged by a pushing crowd. Deeply concerned with the anxieties of my own conscience, I did not notice this remarkable phenomenon for a long time.

The remembering, classifying, and weighing of delinquencies, preliminary to confession, was a severe task. Once, after much searching of the soul, I presented my confession to a certain Father. It was met with an unexpected and astonishing leniency. He gave me absolution and an easy penance. The next time, when the budget of sins was much lighter, another "hospitant," a priest of the Greek Catholic Church, put me through a searching cross-examination, supplemented by a sharp reprimand and severe penance. This was the first rift in the integrity of naïve beliefs, which were gradually impaired by other distressing experiences, demonstrating that disregard of external observances was not followed by instant and terrible punishment from on high. However, it is curious but true, that the emotional effect of church music—not the artistically rendered orchestral and vocal mass of the composers, but the primitive and simple outpouring of the soul of the multitude in the form of the noble hymns of the middle ages, retains to this day an irresistible and vibrant power over me. I experience the same overpowering effect from the chorals of John Sebastian Bach. They enter the soul like a wedge of steel.

To this day I have retained a deep and reverential regard for the mighty organization of the Church of

Rome, the heroic and successful tamer of barbaric Europe, the zealous champion of down-trodden poverty against the tyrannous brutalities of feudalism, the conservator of what is left to us of classic art and literature, and the generous patron and protector of the exquisite art of its own best period. The cathedrals of the old world, the seats of learning at Salerno, Bologna, Paris, Oxford, Prague, and Vienna, are noble monuments of its incomparable greatness. The ethical structure of the mighty tree is full of sap and still living.

At the age of sixteen, I had become, to external observance, a sobered rationalist; but admiration for the esthetic value of noble and venerable forms of worship, the sublimity of church architecture, and the beauty and refinement of the works of art which adorn religious edifices, was not lost.

Spiritual liberation from the shackles of formalism did not in the least weaken the foundation of my ethical convictions, firmly laid by the parents' simple but sound methods of precept and living example. These foundations were mightily strengthened by the admirable tenor of life and teachings of our Premonstratensian masters. They formed an élite of liberal-minded, learned, considerate gentlemen of great personal distinction, who fulfilled a difficult and delicate duty most honorably and successfully. This praise will not be found extravagant if we realize the character of the boys who frequent the schools of Hungary. In the total absence of private schools or of any comparable to the so-called "public schools" of England, the composition of the classes is most democratic. The nobleman's, the burgher's, the peasant's sons'—Catholics, Protestants, and Jews—side by side on the same benches, receive with most admirable impartiality the same consideration and treatment.

Thus I became a "protestant," not in the narrow, dogmatic sense, but in the wider acceptance of the term.

Confessio Fidei

At the cost of many years of reflection and of searching of the heart, I have settled upon the following points in which are rooted the forces of my inner life.

First: A resigned and cheerful submission is the outcome of an instinctive reverence for that mysterious source which ordains the world's and my own destinies. To define the qualities and attributes of this inscrutable power is a hopeless and temerarious endeavor for the imperfect and limited understanding of man. The true and only test for the sincerity of this reverence is an humble acceptance of blessings, but still more, Job's resigned submission to seemingly unjust misfortune.

Second: The ethical directive of a sensitive conscience is acquired by precept and example from our elders. Its cultivation begets the sense of responsibility to others and to one's self. Its culmination is the sublimest quality of a good man—to wit, the sense of impartial justice, which is rooted in the love of truth, and in the hatred of falsehood and deception.

Third: The acute realization of one's own imperfections forms the living source of that limpid stream, charity, by which the sores of our fellow men are washed, soothed, and healed.

FINAL EXAMINATIONS FOR THE "CERTIFICATE OF MATURITY"—SECOND VISIT TO THE TÁTRA

I was born eleven days after the battle of Kassa. Ten days after the memorable battle of Sadowa, where, on July 3, 1866, Austria was humbled to the dust by Prussian organization and strategy, my qualifications for university life were secured. The final examina-

tions for testing the "maturity" of the departing eighth class of the "gymnasium" were usually held during the last week of July. This year a ministerial order hastened matters, and the ordeal was to take place on July 11th, 12th, and 13th. The natural apprehensions of the weaker members of the class were inordinately heightened by the unexpected shortening of the time for preparation; however, what they dreaded turned out a boon, for some of them were permitted to slip through on the reasonable plea that they had not been given sufficient time to get ready.

Among these was my whilom tormentor of 1858, now my old friend Krasznopolszky, whose equipment in analytical geometry was hopelessly slender. He imparted his fears to his widowed mother, a gentlewoman of the fine old school, who called on Professor Benedek for his advice. At first Benedek was non-committal, but, finally relenting, advised a private tutor, naming me as a suitable person for the Herculean task of whipping the boy into shape—provided I would consent. The lady paid me the honor of a personal visit, and at her request the position was accepted, with many misgivings, however, for I had no experience in teaching, and considered the pupil almost incapable of the concentration necessary for success. It was quite impossible to cover the whole subject, hence a selection of the easier theorems was made. Twice a day for six weeks the disheartening process went on, to the despair and disgust of both instructor and pupil, drill being interspersed with good natured scolding and spurts of judicious praise. The battle of Sadowa saved us, for Krasznopolszky somehow managed to pass. Really, the fee should have gone to General Moltke.

My own examinations were somewhat of a formality, as they were dispensed with in a number of subjects. Benedek gave me the combined analytical theorem of

the circle and ellipse. Having outlined the premises, I was excused from finishing the demonstration. On July 15th the class assembled for the last time, when the written testimonials were distributed. Having taken leave of our teachers and of each other, we dispersed, most of us never to meet again.

As a matter of possible interest to American schoolmen, I append a copy of the document, the acquisition of which enables one to enter the university, and in Austro-Hungary confers upon its possessor other substantial, political and social rights. (See Appendix.)

At the final examination of the "gymnasium," the questions may deal with any subject covered during the previous eight years, though naturally a certain reasonable discretion is observed.

At school I paid little attention to marks, considering that the purpose of study was the acquisition of useful knowledge, not the passing of examinations for marks. This was my father's avowed view of the matter. In other words, I considered the conscious striving for marks a humiliating scramble. High stand is an honor only if it comes as a by-product.

It may be asserted without hesitation that the school at Kassa was thoroughly democratic. There was none of what one sees in many of our schools, where the children of the wealthy mingle with those of lesser financial pretensions, namely, the debasement of fawning upon a son of Croesus of colorless character and commonplace individuality for the material or social benefits which might accrue to the flatterer. This constitutes a bare negation of democracy.

During a conversation held in 1884, when he had become Director of the School, Benedek enlightened me about the ideas he followed in assigning marks of merit to his pupils. First of all, he expressed his distrust of formal examinations, the results of which were too easily

influenced in an adverse sense by accidental factors. In gauging merit he depended on carefully noted impressions gained from daily personal contact. He held that good marks, accumulated through steady work, should never be neutralized by the unfavorable outcome of a formal examination. A successful examination should, however, augment the credits acquired by good class work.

A singular experience of June, 1866, occurred as follows: Just below and adjoining one of the three grist mills owned by the city was the magnificent park of the Counts Barkóczy, to which the upper classmen had free access. While preparing for the approaching examinations we liked to study in the restful shades of this garden. On a hot, oppressive day, work became an unbearable burden. The proposal of a swim was met with enthusiastic assent. Trunks were improvised with the aid of belts and handkerchiefs, and in we went. Soon a new variation of exercises was suggested by the stimulus of the cold water. We swam to the mill, went ashore, and running through the building came out on one of the high timber partitions which separated the mill races, through which, from beneath the revolving wheels, a furious undershot of white water escaped into the deep pool below. From this high perch we jumped, one after the other, into the wet turmoil, swimming ashore and repeating the process in a sort of endless chain, to the great delectation of the mill hands. I had a seal ring adorned by a carnelian, a present from my Aunt Theresa, an object of great pride. It fitted my finger rather loosely. In the course of time, the water caused the fingers to shrink, and the ring slipped off without my knowing it. On emerging after a plunge its loss was noticed. They all agreed that it was gone for good. Putting aside my chagrin at the mishap, the frolic was resumed. When my turn to

jump came again, I thought of the ring, and guessing where it had been lost, went to the bottom, touched ground, and blindly grasping two handfuls of sand, came up with closed fists. The ring was in the palm of the left hand. To avoid all risk, it was placed in the mouth. Then I showed the find. I was more amazed than pleased, and so were all the boys except Mihályi, who, ever full of the spirit of doubt and negation, promptly declared that a trick had been played. Aunt Theresa, the giver of the ring, calmly explained the occurrence by the fact that I was "born with a caul," and that no piece of good fortune was astonishing when it happened to a child of lucky birth.

Early in the spring of 1866, I came to know Mártonffy, a law student. In his rooms my attention was attracted by a complete fencer's outfit of masks, plastrons, and rapiers. Noticing my interest, the host invited me to put on harness, and I was soon having my first lesson in an exercise, from the practice of which much physical benefit and pleasure was derived during five years spent at the university.

Early on August 3rd, Horváth and I left Kassa, equipped with knapsack, haversack, and good oaken cudgels, going northwestward by way of the Csermely valley. It was a fine day, and the woods and brooks were exquisite. Two passes were traversed, the Yahodna and the Hnyiletz. The changing views, the interesting sub-alpine flora, and the topographical features of the route interested us so much, that between browsings and lingerings, the forge and smelter of Krompach were not reached before nine at night. We had reeled off thirty miles. We were heartily glad to be under the hospitable roof of Mr. Tetmayer, the director of the works. His son, a boy of our own age, had attended the technical school at Kassa, and had invited us to visit him at home. Next morning, in

strolling through the garden, I was struck by the clever way in which the wild flowers of the Carpathians had been utilized. Large masses of larkspur, foxglove and monkshood occupied the rear of many borders, while humbler species pushed forward into the turf in irregular, scalloped lines. In the large and comfortable house there was a fine library of Hungarian, Polish, German, French and English works. These well read, polished people of the world were hidden away in this remote valley of the Carpathians. Our host showed us through the iron works, and a mine nearby which had been begun in 1784.

On August 5th, after breakfast, the journey to the immediate foothills of the Tátra was continued. The weather was beautiful and soon the enchanting view of the wild and magnificent "massif" of the chain, with its bold and bare granite peaks, was spread before us. Tátra Füred (Schmecks) lies at a height of 3171 feet above the sea level, half hidden in a forest of noble fir, which skirts the mountains up to timber line. We reached there late in the afternoon, and were soon comfortably housed in a cabin built of squared logs. I reveled in the piney odors and the luxuriant forms of the alpine flora. On the following day we made an excursion to the falls of the Kohlbach, and on August 7th the peak of Szalók was ascended. The next day we wandered through the valley of Felka, with its marvelous "flower garden," the silted-up bed of an extinct lake—now smothered under solid masses of blossoming larkspur, monkshood, foxglove, and the snow-white *Ranunculus aconitifolius* L. Looking from the "Polish Saddle," to the south lay the valley of Szepes, dotted with towns and villages, while to the north the view extended over the vast plain of Galicia. Here we met an entomologist from Cracow, whose ascent from the northern slope we had watched. He had two peas-

ants as attendants, and was camping in the valley of Rostok, shifting his tent from place to place as his plans required. After a pleasant chat and the mutual examination of "finds," we parted company, descended, and reached Tátra Fűred, richly laden with spoils, at seven o'clock in the evening.

On August 10th, against the advice of Rainer, the proprietor, the ascent of the magnificent Peak of Lomnitz, 8345 feet above sea level, was undertaken. He predicted rain. The sky was overcast and threatening, but Paul Patiga, our guide, was confident that we would have fog only, no storm-clouds. At 7 A. M. the start was made through the dripping forest for the valley of Kohlbach. We went up along this to the foot of the Peak. The ascent begins at a tall and narrow "chimney" composed of rather rotten rock. It is called "Probe" (the test), because whoever overcomes its difficulties may easily ascend the peak. At the foot of the chimney our guide stopped, and became immersed in a long fit of earnest pondering. The fog was thicker than ever, when suddenly a rift in the vapor revealed a patch of blue sky for a few seconds. Thereupon Paul, in a mock heroic voice exclaimed: "If we must die, then let us die; some day it must come anyway!" He was puzzled by the shout of laughter which greeted his exclamation. He started up the steep chimney, we after him. The fog was an advantage, for it hid from us the true character of the passage to be undertaken.

At ten o'clock the foot of the jagged buttress was reached, which leads to the top of the terminal cone. There we were treated to a magnificent spectacle. A cold and cutting wind was blowing. Suddenly the veil of fog was rent asunder, the sun came out warm and strong, and within ten minutes the towering masses of vapor were swept away to the northward. The effect was magical. The view to the south and west was un-

limited and inexpressibly fine. We crossed the ridge and traversed the foot of the tower of the peak, until the couloir was gained through which the ascent is finished. The climb was steep and arduous, but the granite was solid and handholds excellent. Soon we came to a smooth "Platte," that is, a nearly perpendicular wall of rock about twenty feet high, called "Martinke's Imkehr."⁵ Its name was derived from a fat Lutheran preacher who had been inveigled into attempting the ascent. They succeeded in pushing and hauling him up to this point, when he wilted and, curling up at the foot of the wall, declared that he wished to be left there alone to die. The good and humble minister departed this life in a comfortable bed long ago: his name will live as long as men continue to ascend the peak. Up to his death he proudly referred to this cliff as "my own rock." Watching and following the guide's hand and footholds, we passed the place. The couloir having been left, we emerged on the steep crest which led to the top.

Here we had a glimpse of the "Five Ponds," a group of dark blue tarns at the head of the Kohlbach valley, which, though 6568 feet above sea level, appeared far below us as mere dots. Resuming our climb, we reached the top at half-past twelve—the first to make the ascent that season. Re-ascending fogs, however, soon deprived us of the fine panorama. Paul extracted a box hidden in a crevice, in which the visitors' book was kept. Inspection showed that up to then the ascent was not often made. Mountaineering was a new sport. The Alpine Club of London was founded in 1857, and Whymper's ascent of the Matterhorn dated only from the year preceding our ascent. Among the plants we found on the very top was a lovely dwarf gentian (*G. frigida*, Hanke), in full blossom. The descent be-

⁵ "Martkin's turnabout" (in dialect).

gan at ten minutes after one. The fog lifted as Martin's rock was passed and the weather remained clear for an hour. Then it began to rain. Soaked to the skin, but happy, we reached our quarters fifteen minutes before six.

Next morning, August 11th, the mountain tops were covered well below timber line with freshly fallen snow. Soon rain set in again, and continued all the next day; so we decided to return home by way of Locse. Like Kassa, Locse is an ancient Flemish settlement, dating back to the beginning of the 13th century, and it, too, is a royal free city. The medieval fortifications, consisting of a continuous wall with projecting towers placed at fixed intervals, and a deep moat, exist to this day in a fair state of preservation, yielding many a picturesque "motif" to the artist's needle or brush. Next day we proceeded homeward, paying a short visit to the venerable Kalchbrenner, at Szepes Olaszy, whom we found among his algæ, mosses, and fungi. Kassa was reached that evening.

Later that summer my brother Béla and I went to Derno, County Gömör, to visit the director of the iron works belonging to the Counts Andrassy. These are situated in the valley of the Tshermoshnya, a fine trout stream, issuing from the picturesque hills along the northern limits of the County of Abauj. In these hills we explored the magnificent canyon of Szádello, a deep and narrow cleft eaten out of the heart of the lime by the untiring work of a stream. Perpendicular calcareous precipices present wonderful examples of erosion in the shape of towering needles, pinnacles, and buttresses, some of which attain heights of from four to six hundred feet. The stream preëmpts the full width of the bottom, leaving scant space for a path, which must be pieced out with numerous trestles and bridges. Magnificent examples of calcareous vegetation thrive in this

sheltered valley, where spring sets in earlier than on the surrounding hills. Along the roaring brook, the curious antics of the fearless water ousel may be seen. It is astonishing how this bird of the thrush family will plunge into and walk the bottom of rapids and pools, hunting insects and small snails for its subsistence.

In Derno we enjoyed fine shooting with hounds. The Hungarian hare (*Lepus timidus*, Linn) yields good sport; its saddle makes delicious venison.

IV

AT UNIVERSITY

October, 1866, to March, 1872

“Isten veled! Te völgy, ti Zöld hegyek,
Gyermekreményim s' bánatim tanyája,
Isten veled! Én messze elmegyek.”

—*Baron Eötvös.*

(“Farewell, ye verdured hills, thou vale,
My childhood's joys' and sorrows' cradle.
Farewell! I'm going far away.”)

“Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus.”

SEA DREAMS—THE CURRICULUM

STUDY of the various ways, mostly fortuitous, by which different boys find their life's work is extremely interesting. Like religious affiliations and party allegiance, they are accepted without much reference to choice. They are acquired not by organic growth from within, but by external accretion. A deliberate and well considered selection is exceptional.

My first love was the sea. The water always had a mysterious attraction for me. This feeling was intensified by reading “Robinson Crusoe,” the stories of the discoverers, buccaneers, and slavers, and, finally, Maryatt. Between the ages of twelve and fourteen the passion was deep and overmastering. The somber attitude of mind caused by my failure in Greek (1860-61) finally culminated in the proposal made to my father that I be

sent to Pola, where I would be—as I unhesitatingly assumed—welcomed with open arms into the Naval Academy. My dreams dallied with the handsome uniform of a midshipman—not forgetting in the least the obligatory dirk—and I imagined myself sailing the Pacific Ocean in a good frigate on discovery bent, or fighting Sooloo pirates, or—better still—the cannibals of the New Hebrides, upon whom I ardently wished to take revenge for the massacre of the noble La Peyrouse and his unfortunate crew of the *Astrolabe*. This duty was accentuated by seeing a blood and thunder melodrama dealing with the fate of the French explorer, given by a strolling theatrical company.

My father met my request by calling attention to the fact that I was “plucked” for deficiencies in Greek, and that it was a plain duty first to overcome this failure. After the fulfillment of this condition, other objections arose: evidently the project was considered to be an unattainable dream. So I soon became convinced that my love for the blue sea was hopeless, and slowly resigned myself to the inevitable. Though my ardor diminished, a steadfast maritime inclination has survived to this day. Ever since that time, however, my interest in the natural sciences has maintained a hope that at some future day, as member of a scientific expedition, I may yet have the chance to visit over-sea countries. To an unimaginative nature, the depth of the ceaseless longing for adventure of the puerile mind is absurd and incomprehensible. These boyish dreams are comparable with an extended and artful fugue, in which the image of the sea is the “basso continuo,” the fascinating theme of adventure reappearing, first straight, then inverted, in all the four voices, the poetic figment finally expiring in a gradually evanescent organ point.

While still under the spell of this preoccupation, I

began to undergo a new influence, exerted by my townsman, friend, and mentor, Robert Ultzmann, later Professor of Urology at Vienna. After his preparatory schooling at Kassa he became, in 1862, student of medicine at Vienna. However, he always returned to his native city for vacations. I became strongly attached to him, and the ultimate choice of medicine as a career was due to his influence. He was a handsome and dashing young fellow, whose tall and comely figure was well set off by the Hungarian costume then universally worn; eminent at school, a splendid pianist of the serious order, a good skater, an accomplished dancer, and a fine shot, he was a charming companion. He frequently visited our house, and once invited me to return his call. I assisted him in cleaning and oiling his shotgun, a sign of confidence prized above everything else. He took me along shooting as a sort of attendant, and on one of these outings permitted me to fire the gun like a grown man. Learning the secret of my pelagic aspirations, he immediately set about convincing me that medicine was really the career I ought to choose, saying that in the main a medical man was a naturalist, and incidentally had excellent chances to cultivate the natural sciences. Moreover, he had a great advantage over subordinate and underpaid naturalists, buried in stuffy museums, very few of whom ever have the opportunity to travel. Finally Ultzmann urged that a successful medical man is the master of his time and activities. I soon became converted, and informed my father of the fact. "But how about the sea?" he asked with a pleased smile, not devoid of a nuance of mischief; to this I promptly replied that "surgeons are needed on ships." So, from the summer of 1864, my eyes were turned towards medicine, with the University of Vienna as my first "*étape*."

On the morning of October 4th, 1866, I arrived at Vienna in company with my classmates, Géza Horváth

and Nicholas Steer. Ultzmann had engaged rooms for Horváth and myself at No. 29 Alserstrasse. In the evening he took us to the opera where "Tannhäuser" was magnificently rendered. What an orchestra, what perfection of the violins! The next few days were spent in sight-seeing. October 11th was a memorable day, when I heard Don Giovanni for the first time. Rested and fresh, I was in a better condition for enjoyment than when we had heard "Tannhäuser." It was a great feast. The next day I matriculated. The "quæstor" in whose office this formality took place, balked and pointed to the fact that I was too young for matriculation, not having reached my eighteenth year. The pleading that the disability would automatically cease in ten weeks made him laugh, and my name went down on the roster.

On October 17th Professor Hyrtl opened his anatomical lectures with a splendid address. The next day my chum Horváth became ill with typhoid fever, fortunately not of a severe character. Ultzmann, with the kindly aid of our landlady, took good care of him. The poor fellow seemed to suffer more from homesickness than from the distemper. He made a rapid recovery. Hyrtl's lectures were a revelation. He was the highest personification of the art of teaching. His classical features were mobile and expressive, and never strayed into grimaces. His language and voice possessed the trained actor's perfection; his gestures and attitudes, assumed to demonstrate anatomical points, were plastic and graceful; but his greatest charm lay in the manifold accessory detail, linguistic, poetic, historical, surgical, or physiological, which he wove into the technical matter, and by which he held and revived the students' interest in a subject essentially dry and unattractive. He put, as it were, a new soul into the cadaver. His dissections, used for demonstration purposes, were all admirably done.

The Anatomical Institute was in the Währinger Strasse, in the "Alte Gewehrfabrik," an antiquated building adjoining the "Schwarzspanierhaus" (in which Beethoven had lived and died). Hyrtl's amphitheater was too small, and was constantly packed from top to bottom. A large crowd of students used to jam the corridor an hour ahead of the opening of the doors, and scimmages and rushes were frequent. Dissections were in charge of the prosector, Dr. Friedlowsky, but Hyrtl himself appeared every day, passing from table to table, encouraging the workers by his interest. Material was fresh and abundant. Those who had finished their obligatory tasks and wished to do additional work, received free of cost all the extra material they desired. There was lively competition among the students to have their dissections used for demonstration at the professor's lectures. This was conducive of clean and sightly work. Altogether, anatomy was admirably taught.

Hyrtl's weekly lectures on topographical anatomy were given on Saturday and Sunday mornings at seven o'clock, and lasted two hours. The jam on these occasions was indescribable and often dangerous. It was due to the fact that the lectures were attended not only by the first and second year men, but also by those of the fifth year, and by many physicians, both domestic and foreign. The students themselves organized a sort of voluntary police, and woe to the man who transgressed the unwritten rules of behavior. He was picked up bodily, handed along over the heads of the crowd to the door, and then was unceremoniously thrust into outer darkness.

During the first year much time was taken up by tedious trips to the Landstrasse suburb, where Redtenbacher lectured on chemistry, also to the "old university" in the city, where zoölogy and mineralogy were taught by Kner and Reuss. During the summer semester

Fenzl gave lectures in botany at the Botanical Garden—this demanding another long trip on top of a slow omnibus.

STUDENT LIFE AT VIENNA

Horváth and I deliberated for a long time as to whether we should join a students' organization. We were approached from several sides, but held back until March 9th, 1867, when we were initiated into the "Landsmannschaft—Magyar Társaskör"—an organization of our countrymen, in which we felt more at home than in any of its German congeners. To give the American reader an idea of these university bodies, it may be well to state a few fundamental facts.

The students' clubs of the German and Austrian universities are the historical continuations of the "nations" into which the students of the medieval universities were grouped, and the "bursae," or collegiate houses in which they found board and shelter. From "bursarius" came the term "Bursch," a term now signifying a student in full membership of an organization. After the official classification by nations had become obsolete, students naturally continued to group themselves according to territorial affiliations. These groups assumed the names of the regions from which their members hailed; thus came the names Saxonia, Thuringia, Bavaria, etc. After the end of the Napoleonic wars, an organization sprang up embracing all the universities, called the "Burschenschaft," in which the new socio-political current then pervading the country found eloquent expression. Unification of the German nation with a strong bias towards liberty was its watchword, which made the movement thoroughly detestable to the reactionary régime then dominating Europe under Metternich's guidance. The Burschenschaft was soon forcibly sup-

pressed, but continued to live in secret until after 1848, when its lawful existence was finally permitted.

Side by side with and in many ways opposed to this movement, we see the older "Landsmannschaft" and its derivatives, the "Corps" gradually assuming more and more importance. There were many students who, though sympathizing with the ideal of the Burschenschaft, did not think it proper that the universities should be hotbeds of political and social agitation. Such were mainly the sons of landed proprietors and other conservative elements. The purposes of the "Corps" were social, in a certain sense educational, and also representative—for upon them leadership devolved, whenever a social act was to be performed by the university as a whole. To this day the academic festivities, which lend a picturesque element to university life, are under the control of these organizations. Their internal discipline is strict; an elevated tone of behavior is inculcated and insisted upon, and the effect of this self-discipline is very wholesome and lasting. Rowdiness, drunkenness, debt-making, and unseemly behavior of any kind are not tolerated; mutual helpfulness in study, sickness, and all forms of honorable endeavor are encouraged. In our own organization, card-playing for money, and all forms of gambling were so severely discouraged, that after an ineffectual warning to desist, one of our prominent members was politely requested to withdraw.

Fencing both with foil and sword was assiduously cultivated by us under the expert guidance of Signor Albanesi, who attended two afternoons of every week. Beginners received thorough training in the use of the foil before they were permitted to handle the sword. Thus the eye was schooled, balance was acquired, and the pupils were taught to depend on skill and swiftness rather than on brute strength and blind slashing.

Our three officers were known by numerals. "The First" was president; "The Second," secretary; and "Tertius" had charge of all things pertaining to armament. I had the honor of filling the latter office during three years. Another, a voluntary office, was that of Editor to a manuscript "Weekly," issued and read at the meetings held on Friday nights. It was profusely illustrated, and its chaffing tone differed but little from that of student periodicals in American schools. To become angry with the editor or his collaborators was considered bad form; but written replies were warmly welcomed. Though the tone of the paper was free, no subject being excluded, its academic decorum was strictly maintained.

Horváth and I remained active members of the organization until graduation, and our inactive membership ceased only with the dissolution of the "Társaskör" in 1880, when the diminishing number of Hungarian students at Vienna made the refilling of vacancies impossible. Without exception, our members did well later in life, in fact many of them attained eminence. We were mostly medical students, and other faculties were sparsely represented. This commixture and the differences in age of the members brought a critical strain into our intercourse which thus became lively and stimulating. Debates on current topics were frequent and animated, absolute freedom of thought being a matter of course. The older men acted as moderators and did not permit aberrations from good taste or courtesy.

The observance of this last virtue was "de rigueur," both within our circle and in our contact with the outer world. Lapses were severely dealt with and had to be atoned for by apology if possible, or if not, by arbitration with the sword. If our own man was at fault, the former way of settlement was preferred. Whoever refused formally to apologize to a fellow member was

expelled. In a difficulty with an outsider, the case was carefully investigated. If our own member was grossly at fault and his opponent blameless, an apology was exacted. If the antagonist thought the apology insufficient, our man had to give satisfaction with the sword. On the whole, it may be said, that our body had no unjustifiable quarrels with other organizations. Our history recorded but one "war," a series of seven combats with a "Burschenschaft." Just as the Trojan war produced the Iliad, so did ours beget its Homer. The songs of our own epic appeared by installments in the pages of our weekly, named *Izé* (What Not).

Thrice I was called upon to face an armed adversary, twice as a victor, once vanquished. In the last instance an incomplete parry led to a longitudinal division of the two terminal phalanges of the fourth finger of my sword hand. The interphalangeal joint was laid wide open, and the terminal phalanx was split in two. Dr. Szilágyi, one of our old members, later Professor of Ophthalmology at the Kolosvár, acted as surgeon. He did not wish to take the sole responsibility of the case, hence we went to Billroth's clinic, but in vain, for the Professor and his assistants had gone. Then we proceeded to Dumreicher's. The Professor looked at the finger, and advised amputation. Hofmokl, his first assistant, stood behind the chief, and by vigorous movements of the head signalled to me his disapproval of the advice. When he learned my unwillingness to submit to mutilation, Dumreicher turned about, evidently relieved, and left. Hofmokl strapped the severed bones together, and dressed the finger in cotton soaked in alcohol. Luckily, the wound healed by the first intention. An ankylosed interphalangeal joint is the souvenir of the experience.

My last affair gave rise to an amusing anomaly. No "safe" place could be found for the encounter. During

this embarrassment I met Komornik, an inactive member of the "Saxonia," and an old friend, who at that time was Police "Commissar" to one of the outer districts of Vienna—an office corresponding to our Police Justice. We had in him a staunch and powerful "amicus curiæ" in difficulties with the police arising from "affairs of honor." Having the matter put to him, he smiled, and said: "I have what you want. My brother, an army officer, is living in such and such a barracks. I shall arrange with him for the use of his rooms. That is the safest place for you in Vienna, for the police have no jurisdiction there." The bout came off there, as it were, under the ægis of the law.

During the seven years of my sojourn in Vienna I knew of only two cases in which serious damage was inflicted on students by the sword. In one the elbow joint was opened, and ankylosis followed. In the other, only kind Providence saved a combatant's eyes from destruction. In the latter case, one combatant was Holt, of the Burschenschaft "Silesia," a handsome looking, stout fellow, seconded by my friend Hermann Kudlich, now of New York; the other Árpád Gyergyai of the Társaskör, a tall, wiry, blond Szekler of Transylvania, who was extremely myopic. This defect compelled him to wear heavy lenses. To protect their eyes combatants customarily put on "fighting goggles"—heavy glassless frames of metal. None of the goggles available fitted Gyergyai, hence he waived the privilege without prejudice to the rights of his adversary, who thereupon foolishly declined to protect his eyes. In spite of his myopia, Gyergyai was the better swordsman, his customary forte being a determined offensive. Being Gyergyai's second, my post was at his left, and nothing could escape my observation. The meeting place was a disused conservatory, its glazed roof admitting plenty of light—an excellent spot for the purpose. In the

second round Holt backed into a pile of empty flower-pots, smashed a number of them, and nearly lost his footing. Flustered by the laughter this occurrence provoked, he did not watch closely enough in the third round. He missed his parry, and the next instant we saw Gyergyai's sword pass horizontally across Holt's eyes with the full swing of an unparried "quarte." Both upper eyelids and the nasal root were severed. Our hearts sank. We all assumed that poor Holt's eyesight was gone. He himself behaved admirably, and was perfectly collected. The officiating surgeon, an old hand at the business, first applied compression for a few minutes to check hæmorrhage. During this pause not a word was spoken. The suspense was almost unbearable. Then he wiped away the clots, grasped the lashes of each eyelid and, with a gentle downward pull, widened the incisions, thus exposing the corneæ: "Do you see?" "Yes, I do, thank God." The next second there was a joyous hurrah! and indiscriminate embraces, handshakings, and jubilation followed. The conjunctivæ above the corneæ were slightly damaged by the tangential blow, but the eyeballs were intact. The wounds healed kindly under well-placed sutures, and the matter thus happily ended.

During the International Medical Congress of 1909 at Budapest, Horváth arranged for a reunion of the old "Társaskör." Seventeen men appeared, among them some of the founders, notably our first President, Dr. Andrew Józsa. The veterans knew and greeted each other as though they had never been parted, and it was delightful to recall old days of more than forty years ago. The "grave and reverend seniors" unbent as far as staid spirits and stiff spines would permit. Academic rules came into force again, and the old, half-forgotten songs were intoned and sung with youthful vim. Dr. Emil Kosztka was our host at a sumptuous

luncheon at the Park Club. Mrs. Gerster was also present, and a photograph taken after the repast shows the gallant remnant of the old guard grouped around her. Then we dispersed, many of us, undoubtedly, never to meet again.

The second year of my studies was completely dominated by the wonders of physiology, as revealed to my delighted understanding by the masterly exposition of Professor Bruecke. He was the antithesis of Hyrtl, both in appearance and in manner. He was bald and stocky, with figure somewhat bent. His face was sharp as a hatchet. Penetrating eyes were deeply set under heavy eyebrows and a massive forehead. His quiet voice uttered sentence after sentence with the strictest economy of rhetorical aids. He used no gestures; his mien remained impassive, and all his energy was centered in the purely intellectual force of facts, their grouping, and his logical deductions. His features and his northern accent—he was a Prussian—needed some adjustment on our part, accustomed as we were to the plastic and emotional ways of the South; but, once “en rapport,” we found him fascinating and inspiring. He did not follow any text-book, and insisted that the students should depend on their notes,—an excellent stimulus to close attention. His lectures assumed familiarity with the fundamental facts of chemistry, physics, and natural history; they moved well above the plane of the elementary, and made no concessions to ignorance. All this was possible because of the thorough grounding the students had received in the “gymnasia.” Bruecke laid great stress on laboratory work, which he supervised in person. The solidity and exactness of his methods gave an invaluable training to our receptive minds.

On December 5th, 1867, I fell ill with smallpox. Uitzmann treated me at my lodgings, and Horváth,

my chum, did not consider it necessary to move away. The attack was mild; there were not more than twenty pustules on the body. Only one left a mark. During the prodromal stage there was a bad headache, and during the eruption the backache was excruciating; but after this I felt well again. I stayed in bed twelve days, and remained indoors until after desquamation. I do not know whether Ultzmann ever reported the case to the authorities.

CONTINUATION OF CURRICULUM—ROKITANSKY—SKODA
—DUMREICHER—OPPOLZER

In the third year, we began to study pathological anatomy under Carl Rokitansky, clinical medicine under Franz Skoda, and surgery under Baron von Dumreicher.

Rokitansky, one of the brightest lights of the second Viennese school, was a poor lecturer. He would sit bent over, mumbling in a scarcely audible voice, as though addressing the specimen before him. No one understood a word. His attendance rarely consisted of more than one or two dozen students, incidentally a matter of perfect indifference to him. In contrast to the small attendance at his lectures, his autopsies drew a great concourse. Here his mastership was unquestioned. He was eager, interested, his comment was incisive, and delivered in a vivid, telling manner. The material of the pathological institute was plentiful, because the chief was required to perform all autopsies prescribed by law (in "coroner's cases"). The most interesting part of the demonstrations was their conclusion, with a review of facts and the formulation of an authoritative opinion, occasionally a matter of considerable difficulty. This involved much responsibility, be-

cause it often constituted *prima facie* evidence in civil and criminal trials.

Skoda, upon whose shoulders had fallen the mantle of Laënnec, was a small dapper man of sedate mien and voice. He spoke a wonderfully pure German, with a strong Bohemian accent. His clinic was well attended. He never lectured in the amphitheater, but taught exclusively at the bedside, laying all the stress of his great intellect upon teaching the art of diagnosis. His students had a liberal number of patients assigned to them for physical examination and diagnosis, and they made the most of their opportunities. Skoda was a nihilist in therapy, so we learned little about treatment beyond this, that the "*vis medicatrix naturæ*" was greatly undervalued by most physicians. For polypharmacy he had an ironic smile. Once, when asked why he did not pay more attention to treatment, his reply was "Go to my friend Oppolzer." He retired from teaching in his seventieth year, when the student body of all the four faculties honored him with a magnificent torch-light procession. On that occasion we presented him with an illuminated address on parchment, signed by the officers of all student organizations.

I only knew Dumreicher in his decline. He was a surgeon of the old school, a man of unquestioned merit, who was overshadowed by the towering figure of the young giant, Billroth. Dumreicher was an excellent clinical teacher for unambitious, mediocre scholars—who after all, compose the bulk of students. His methods were sound, and he taught well how to diagnose and to treat a fracture; how to find, incise, and drain an abscess—in short, the common daily tasks of the general practitioner. In 1869, surgery formed but a small part of medical practice; its enormous expansion was not suspected then, and Dumreicher taught it as it had been taught for many centuries before him. I never

approved of the disdainful, harsh criticism to which it was the fashion to subject this worthy man.

Surgical mortality was appalling in those days. The lowest ratio after amputations was 35 per cent.; occasionally erysipelas, pyæmia and hospital gangrene raised it to 60 per cent.; no one could tell the reason. The following case was the first assigned me as a "practicant" for examination at Dumreicher's. A strong young butcher had a lipoma of the shoulder, which spoilt the symmetry of his lines, and interfered with the successful work of his tailor. As he was about to be married, he wanted to be rid of it. Mose-tig-Moorhof, the first assistant, whisked the growth out of the patient's shoulder in two minutes. The cavity was dressed with dry lint—picked, heaven knows where. (Primary union by suturing was rarely attempted, for suppuration seemed to be inevitable.) The next day the patient had fever and was stuporous. A chill was followed by vomiting, and the patient was extremely ill. The dressings removed, erysipelas was discovered spreading over the adjoining skin. The next day conditions were decidedly worse, and the patient was comatose. The packings having been extracted, the interior of the wound was found to be coated with an adherent, ill-looking, fetid, diphtheritic membrane. The erysipelas had spread far and wide, and the same evening the patient died. The poor fellow went to his rest, not in the nuptial couch, but in a cold grave.

It may interest the American physician to receive an insight into the scope and nature of clinical instruction as it was in Vienna during the sixties of the last century. Clinics both in medicine and surgery were held on five days of the week, comprising two daily hours per subject—that is, ten hours per week.¹ The winter semester began on October 1st and lasted until

¹The fee was one florin per hour, ten florins for one semester.

Easter, comprising—exclusive of holidays—about twenty weeks. The summer semester was shorter, beginning after Easter, and extending to the end of July, covering about sixteen weeks. This gave the students, in medicine and surgery each, the option of 360 hours of clinical work per year. I use the term “option” because compulsion of any kind did not exist at Vienna, and little attention was paid to whether or not a student’s attendance was regular. It was assumed that he was mature enough to appreciate the privileges for which he paid his money. The crucial test of proficiency was the examination, not improperly called “testamen rigorosum.” It was strict and searching in theory and practice.

In the fourth year, I had Oppolzer in medicine and Billroth in surgery. Like Skoda, Oppolzer also taught exclusively at the bedside. His clinics were extremely popular, first, because his material was more varied than that of Skoda (who chiefly dealt with disorders of the thoracic organs); secondly, because he paid much attention to therapy. His diagnostic methods were sound, and his treatment was rational, humane, and versatile, offering to the prospective general practitioner exactly what was most needful. Oppolzer paid scrupulous attention to diet, a subject generally neglected by most teachers of the old time. His handling of the polyglot material of the clinic was skillful in the extreme, and both patients and students were enthusiastic in their admiration and love for this great physician.

BILLROTH—ENGLISH STUDIES—END OF CURRICULUM—
EXAMINATIONS—GRADUATION

“Nunc venio ad fortissimum virum.”

—*Æneid*.

A great reputation preceded Billroth to Vienna. He was called to the vacant chair of surgery only a few

years after the disastrous battle of Sadowa, when a dislike of everything Prussian still rankled in many breasts. To the honor of the medical faculty be it said, that in spite of court opposition they insisted upon their choice, which had fallen on the young rising star. He was a handsome, wholesome type of man, tall and robust, with a fine profile—the nose somewhat aquiline—and thick russet blond hair and beard. He had flexible, full lips, a thoughtful expression, and the assured air of a personality which knew no fatigue. His temperament was sedate and undemonstrative; a quiet and indomitable energy pervaded the whole man. His voice was somewhat veiled and never sonorous; in the beginning I had difficulty in understanding him. As soon, however, as the ear had accustomed itself to his speech, one's interest was captivated forever. His method of teaching was rooted in a thorough appreciation of pathological facts; upon this was erected the structure of diagnosis and therapy. Most of his time was devoted to pathology, hence he was not very popular with those students who were mainly after therapeutic "hints and wrinkles." Talented men adored him. His relations with the students were not those of a taskmaster and supervisor, but had the fraternal air of the older brother, full of kindness and respectful consideration.

On familiar ground, his operative methods were rapid and summary, though always safe; but when, as a pioneer, he invaded an unexplored field, he was deliberate, always prepared by previous animal experiments, and provided with a well laid plan of procedure. Nothing could shake his cool and tranquil self-possession. Hæmorrhage, asphyxia, or any of the serious accidents at the operating table were always met and overcome without a flutter of excitement. He was an indefatigable worker. Besides fulfilling the onerous duties of the clinic, he found time to give to his assistants special ope-

rative courses on the cadaver, and managed to work up a lot of material in the laboratory—not to mention his literary activities and his attendance at committees of the legislature on matters of public health. He daily disposed of a throng of consultation cases at his office, and ended his work by operating on private patients at Eder's clinic. In the evening, he found recreation in the company of his numerous friends, or in making music, for he was a masterful pianist. His friendships with Brahms and Hanslick were based on their common love of the art.

Frequently his lectures were a reflection of the problems he happened to be engaged upon at the time. A daring imagination, held in check by the critical faculty and by sound knowledge, illumined every problem he undertook. Lastly—a rare quality in great surgeons—he was absolutely devoid of personal vanity—a truly noble and distinguished character! “*Quando ullum inveniemus parem?*”

Besides these clinics, in our fourth year we studied gynaecology and obstetrics under the pudgy, commonplace Gustav Braun, the whilom implacable enemy of poor Semmelweis. For many years their virulent controversy on puerperal fever had been dead—and Chiari, Braun's first assistant,—was scrupulously insistent that the very principles of personal disinfection once recommended for obstetrical work by Semmelweis, should be rigidly adhered to in the clinic of his former arch opponent and enemy. Soap, brush, and chlorine water had to be used by all before we were permitted to touch a parturient woman. The irony of events!

Other courses in the fourth year were: forensic medicine and dissections by Professor Dlauhy, vaccination with Fridinger, and veterinary medicine with Professor Roell.

My first contact with spoken English was in 1869,

at the house of Stephen Kauser, my brother-in-law, Consular Agent of the United States at Budapest at the time. There I made the acquaintance of William Moseley, Jr., of Boston, who subsequently lost his life on the Matterhorn, and of Dr. Eva Bickford. They both spoke English only, and I strained my hearing in an eager, vain endeavor to separate their speech into identifiable words. "Yes" and "no" was all I could recognize. Miss Bickford's enunciation proved an insurmountable barrier for me; she barely separated her lips and teeth when speaking—a manner of pronunciation new and strange to one taught to open the mouth as an essential requirement for clear, articulate speech. I was puzzled and vexed by this inability and sought means to overcome it. An English grammar and dictionary were bought, also Rutledge's cheap editions of Shakespeare and Longfellow. Thus armed, I plunged into the study of English. Fortunately, I soon learned that Dr. Bickford's muffled enunciation was no fair example of normal, well spoken English.

"*En mangeant vient l'appétit*"; the impetus once taken, kept growing until I fairly mastered the main difficulties of the problem. My interest was so intense, that these studies became a recreation rather than a task. Soon opportunities came for conversation, and I plunged shamelessly and fearlessly into "*medias res*," talking away whenever any one was kind enough to bear with me. This is the only way to learn a modern language. During the following three years I had the good fortune to meet a number of Englishmen—Dr. John Fothergill of London, Herbert Page of Carlyle, and the Scotsman, Robert Shirra Gibb of Boon, Berwickshire. Of Americans, I came to know George M. Lefferts, the laryngologist, of New York. All of them were taking post-graduate work at Vienna. Of non-medical acquaintances may be mentioned William T.

Dorrance of Providence, R. I., who visited me at Kassa, where I served as his guide in showing him the artistic treasures of the cathedral, and the fine qualities of peasant craftsmanship in ceramics, domestic furniture, embroideries and costumes; then the eccentric Miss Mary S. Gilpin of Philadelphia, or Wilmington, Del., who, as I learned years later, ended her globe-trotting in Alaska; and finally, Miss Sarah A. Randall, of Boston, an old friend of my cousin, Louis Gerster. What familiarity with English I may possess is owing to their friendly intercourse. Of the factors which helped me to acquire a modicum of English style, one deserves prominent and grateful mention. It was the daily reading of Charles A. Dana's *New York Sun*, begun on the day of my arrival in America (March 9th, 1874) and continued, with short interruptions due to travel, until October, 1897, when this master of terse, clear, and virile English died.

The fifth year of my medical curriculum began in October, 1870. Since that time, the scheme of the examinations for the doctorate has been sensibly modified at Vienna. They have been separated into two groups: Examinations in theoretical subjects—such as anatomy, physiology, pathology and chemistry, and also the three branches of natural history—botany, zoölogy and mineralogy—are now taken at the end of the second year. For the final examinations, the candidates prepare themselves only in medicine, surgery, and the specialties. This newer arrangement is a much happier one for the candidate. In our time, however, it did not exist, and we were examined at the end of the curriculum in every subject covered during the five years.

During the fifth year of the curriculum, ten hours a week of both medicine and surgery and a bi-weekly course in ophthalmology under Professor Arlt were taken. Besides these, I inscribed myself once more for

general and topographical anatomy under Hyrtl, and for physiology under Bruecke. Both subjects were reviewed with enhanced interest and benefit, and many problems were now seen from a more comprehensive viewpoint than before.

Although we had been fairly diligent as students, in surveying the problem, my friends and I came to the conclusion that if we were to make an honorable showing, we should have to work harder than ever before. We therefore had to review anatomy, physiology, chemistry, the three branches of natural history, and pathology, all lately overshadowed by attention to the practical subjects—and all this reviewing had to be done simultaneously with the current clinical work of the fifth year.

It seems timely to indicate certain differences between study abroad and study in the United States. Abroad, the hardest work is done early—that is, at the “gymnasium,” where discipline is strict, and the teaching of the fundamentals thorough and uncompromising. If, from lack of capacity or stamina, the pupil cannot or will not come up to the level of the accepted standard, he is mercilessly eliminated, no matter what his social status may be. Only those who emerge from the “test of maturity” (the equivalent of the “baccalauréat de l’enseignement secondaire” of the French Lycées) may go to the university.

In the United States, on the other hand, the laxity of the primary and secondary schools leads up too often to the indiscriminate entrance into college of students who go there not so much to cultivate the intellect, as for recreation and a gain in social standing. This obtains in certain institutions more than in others. To attenuate this anomaly, we hear it asserted that “not learning but character building” is the first concern of the college. But how can character be developed and con-

firmed without discipline, without intellectual effort? Or must we see the level of the college gradually depressed to that of a "Young Ladies' Finishing School"—to that of a mere school of deportment? If this is our purpose, then let us be honest, admit it, and act accordingly, stopping the waste of money, time, and self-respect spent in maintaining costly, elaborate "institutes of learning" where few go to learn, where intellectual application is an opprobrium, and the diligent worker is looked down upon as a "grind." Acceptance of these false standards is the cause of the intellectual atrophy of student life. The few who would prefer to work are handicapped; the many who scorn the things of the mind, after having depressed its intellectual level, leave college to enter mercantile or industrial careers.

During August and September, Horváth, Joseph Nagy, another "Társaskör" man, and I stayed in Vienna. We ate together, but each of us studied alone for five days. The sixth was employed in quizzing, at which we tested one another's knowledge. The seventh day was given up to scriptural rest from all work, and was usually spent in excursions to the beautiful hills surrounding the city. By the first of October we were ready for the first "rigorosum examen," but as all the previous dates had been preëmpted, we could not be examined before October 23rd. So another fortnight was passed in reviewing our subjects. During the last week, however, we purposely abstained from all work.

To crowd the brain up to the last moment is a mistake. If the candidate is tired and anxious, he is apt to fail even though his knowledge is adequate. On the other hand, a rested mind will easily produce from its sum of information that which may be demanded, for, during the restful pause preceding the examination, an unconscious process of sedimentation takes place. Each fact settles to its proper level, and, with the supra-

jacent medium thus clarified and limpid, no difficulty will be encountered in finding what is wanted—provided, of course, it is there.

At Vienna examinations were not held “en masse.” Only three candidates were examined at a time. The ordeal took four—sometimes five—hours, and was generally held in the afternoon. According to ancient and absurd custom, the candidates appeared in evening dress. Many of the poorer ones who lacked evening apparel made a ridiculous and pitiable appearance in borrowed or hired garments. The examinations were public; they took place under the presidency of the dean in the Professors’ large conference room. We were invited to seats at a huge table covered with faded baize liberally spotted with ink. At the end of the hall a space was barred off for spectators, mostly anxious candidates watching for “pointers.” According to a pre-arranged schedule, the examiners entered in turn. Each candidate had to answer three questions; or, if poorly prepared, five and six, until the examiner was satisfied. After due consultation with the dean, each examiner entered his mark in a book kept for the purpose. The candidates and audience then retired to the ante-room, while the dean computed the marks. As soon as the final average was estimated, the candidates were summoned, the spectators pushing behind them in a flutter of expectation. Then sentence was pronounced.

We three did well and were through in three hours. Then we were escorted by our jubilant fellows of the “Társaskör” to headquarters, the “Silberner Brunnen,” where an old-fashioned academic “blow out” closed the exercises. On January 15, 1872, we passed our “practical rigorosum” in medicine, surgery, and the specialties. The ceremony of promotion to the doctorate did not take place until February 16th, because this so-

lemnity was not held until a sufficient number of graduates of all faculties warranted the effort.

A crowd of candidates assembled on the appointed day in the Aula of the old university, a fine large marble hall dating back to the times of Van Swieten. From an interior balcony four trombones intoned a choral, then the main doors were thrown open, and the gowned deans of the four faculties, preceded by the uniformed beadles carrying maces, and followed by the "Rector Magnificus," entered in solemn procession. His Magnificence delivered a brief Latin oration; this was answered by one previously selected from our number, usually a theologian. This representative of all the candidates then received a collective handshake from the august President of the University. Rector and deans withdrew to the strains of the same choral, and thus the festivity ended. At the door the beadles distributed our diplomas. It was customary to fee them with one florin per head. They all were sturdy rubicund and well alcoholized beggars, and it was pitiable to see pale and starved students part with their last florin to batten these overfed rascals.

In the meanwhile, on February 1st, I had passed my first examination for the Doctorate of Surgery, followed, on February 16th, by the second, the "practical" examination for this special degree. This practical inquiry consisted in the performance of a number of major operations on the cadaver, the application of splints and bandages, and diagnostic tests on a number of patients. The preparation for these two examinations consisted in several courses in operative surgery given by the clinical assistants. I took one each from Czerny and Hofmohl. On March 22nd I received my diploma as Doctor of Surgery, an academic degree now abolished. At that time, however, no man could be appointed to any surgical position at a public institution, nor could

he become "physicus"—that is, health officer—without this degree. Immediately after the examinations I returned home to my parents, intending to spend the summer with them.

HOSPITAL WORK AND TRAVEL IN HUNGARY

Shortly after my arrival at Kassa, Dr. Moskovics was elected "physicus" and director of the City Hospital, myself, "honorary physicus," an unpaid office, which, however, gave me access to its wards. Dr. Moskovics showed his good will by extending to me welcome opportunities for operative work. In return, I relieved him of routine duties of the service wherever I could. The cadaveric material was at my disposal, and was not allowed to go to waste. I read a good deal, notably Virchow's "Cellularpathologie," and many of the excellent pamphlets of Volkmann's clinical lectures; then, for my recreation, Suetonius' "Twelve Cæsars," and De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America." My friend John Fothergill suggested the translation into Hungarian of his article on "Diseases of the Heart," which has just then appeared in the *British Medical Journal*. I welcomed the task, and spent much time in accomplishing it. The article was subsequently printed in the *Orvosi Hetilap*.

In the course of the summer, I made two interesting trips—one to Georgenberg at the foot of the snowy Tátra, where in his native soil we buried a member of our singing club, Jonathan Bretz, organist of the Lutheran church at Kassa. Most of us were Catholics, nevertheless we took satisfaction in giving our fellow member a musical send off by singing at his grave Luther's rousing "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." We held the funeral feast at the Hotel of Poprád, where a magnificent dish of the fine salmon trout of the Poprád River

was served to us. There I learned that this river harbored not alone brown trout (*Trutta fario*, L.), but also salmon trout (*Trutta salar*, L.). The presence of this fish may be explained by the fact, that the Poprád is the only river originating on the south slope of the Carpathians, which penetrates the chain northward, and finds its way into the Dunajetz, Vistula, and the Baltic Sea.

Another trip, also made in company with the Singing Club, was to Nagyvárad, the famous city of King Ladislaus the Saint (1077-1095), the "Scourge of the Cumanians," and the residence of Canon Roger, author of the "Carmen Miserabile," one of our best historical sources dealing with the great Tartar Invasion of 1242. I was the guest of my chum, Dr. Szilágyi, under whose paternal roof,—“more patrio,”—I was excellently cared for. Szilágyi was one of the best brains of the "Társaskör," a man of wide knowledge. It was mentioned above that he later became Professor of Ophthalmology at the University of Kolosvár. His features bore a strong resemblance to the famous Jupiter of Otricoli. This noble cast of countenance, his grave serenity, a sententious and witty parlance, finally a good humor which readily found a streak of mirth in distressing situations, imparted to his personality what the ancients might have called "theoeides"—godlike. His father was a good type of the Hungarian gentleman of the old school. His brother, the noted historian and talented jurist, Alexander Szilágyi, held the portfolio of Justice in several Hungarian cabinets.

A visit we paid to the famous thermal waters of the "Bishop's Bath" was very interesting. The spring itself is situated in the bottom of a large pool, or rather pond of exquisite transparency. Being rowed out to it, one can look into the blue depths of a subaqueous crater from which a moving sheaf of white shell fragments is

seen perpetually ascending. Propelled by a powerful jet of hot water, the material rises from the center of the pit to the surface, then descends along the periphery of the funnel, slides down along its inner slope to the apex, to be thrust up again by the force of the current. The pond occupies an area of about ten acres; its cooler parts are covered by the dark green, glossy, wide and leathery leaves of a nymphæa, a large blossomed water lily of southern affiliations. But for the temperature of the water it could not exist in that latitude. This plant forms a dense mantle on the surface of portions of the thermal basin, thickly dotted with gorgeous, fragrant, cream-colored blossoms six to seven inches in diameter. I was fascinated by these enchanted waters.

On the shore, well away from the source, was the bathing establishment. Its striking feature was a large, open, but roofed bathing pool, promiscuously used by the peasantry and the working people of both sexes. We saw men, women and children grouped in families around floating anchored planks of wood, which were spread with refreshments. They enter the steaming bath in the morning, soaking their bodies until sunset in the hope of curing rheumatism and other forms of chronic illness—all this in return for a small fee. They were all decently covered, and the proceedings were very dignified, almost solemn. It was a jolly sight. I also tried the waters, but was not permitted to join the crowd, and had to put up with a separate, sumptuously appointed piscina in the Roman style, which lacked all the amusing features of the common pool. After the bath, an excellent supper was served to us under the spreading fronds of the cool garden, where I made the acquaintance of the light fruity wine of the region, which, when discreetly mixed with the sparkling waters of Suliguli, makes a pleasant and refreshing beverage.

It had the just composition to give back "tonus" to tissues relaxed by thermal influences.

On my return to Kassa, my father informed me that the City Council had created a new paid position in the City Hospital. Heretofore there had been no separation of cases, and surgical and medical patients were indifferently distributed to such beds as became vacant. The segregation of the surgical cases into a separate division required the services of a surgeon to be appointed "ad hoc." My father, who was a member of the Board of Trustees, hinted that I might have the place if I cared for it. In view of my impending army service, and for other reasons, I preferred not to bind myself. The place might have been filled during my absence by a temporary appointment, and could thus have been reserved against my return; but as I was disinclined to accept the position, it was filled by my friend Joseph Senka.

Before closing this chapter, I shall relate two attempts made after graduation to satisfy my ineradicable desire for travel. During the preceding winter the Payer and Weyprecht Polar Expedition was being organized in Vienna. It was to start during the summer of 1872, in the steamer *Tegethoff*, and a vacancy for the position of surgeon and naturalist to the expedition was advertised. But two applications were received—one was that of my friend Julius Kepes, a former member of the "Társaskör," and at that time assistant in the Rudolphspital; the other was mine. Kepes had seen hospital service, while I was a recent graduate. It is true, that during the time between October, 1871, and March, 1872, I worked as volunteer assistant in the clinics of both Professor Hebra and Siegmund, but I had had no independent experience. On the other hand, Kepes did not pretend to be a naturalist, while I was fairly well equipped in the natural sci-

ences, and knew how to make collections and to preserve specimens. Kepes was accepted and shared in the glory of the discovery of Franz Joseph Land.

My other failure was a piece of good luck. The Dutch were advertising for medical men to take service as surgeons in their war with Atcheen in Sumatra. Dr. Zuckerkandl, also a "Társaskör" man—who later came to fill Hyrtl's chair of Anatomy at Vienna—was at that time assistant to Professor Berlin at Amsterdam. I entrusted him with the negotiation, asking at the same time for his advice. He promptly replied, that if I did not wish to meet an untimely end through tropical fever or by decapitation, I should stay away from Atcheen. The Atchineese head hunters made no prisoners. They did not discriminate between the well and the sick. On one occasion, they rushed a field hospital, and cut off the heads of all the patients, doctors, nurses, and other attendants.

There was another opportunity which I allowed to pass. Ultzmann urgently advised me to compete for a position as "Operationszögling" at Dumreicher's clinic. He himself was a pupil of Dumreicher, was on good terms with his former chief, and was fairly certain that I could get the place. To enter this service entailed a term of two years, and was the stepping stone to an assistantship and possibly to a professorial chair. I declined to profit by the kind advice, for I did not wish to burden my father with further expense, and more especially wished to retain my freedom to go abroad whenever I chose.

V

ARMY MEDICAL SERVICE

October 1, 1872, to September 30, 1873

“For a soldier I enlisted, to grow great in fame.”

—*Charles Dibdin.*

MILITARY HOSPITAL—MALINGERING

UNIVERSAL military service had been introduced into the Austro-Hungarian army after the bitter lesson of Sadowa in 1866. Every one was required to serve three years, except those who, at the various schools, had secured a “certificate of maturity” or its equivalent. From among these were chosen the officers of the reserve. They enjoyed three privileges of great value. First, their service in the line lasted but one year; secondly, they could select the time of service between the limits set by their twentieth and twenty-fifth years; finally, they could choose the place of service. Thus it came that Horváth and I elected Vienna, and had chosen to serve after our graduation. The fact that we were graduates in medicine secured us officers’ commissions, with rank of second lieutenant and the title of Assistant Surgeon.

We reported for duty on October 2d, 1872, to the Commander of Garrisonsspital No. 2, Colonel Bernstein, a kindly old gentlemen, who received us pleasantly, and introduced us to the assembled staff. We learned also that official quarters would be assigned us in the hospital. This unexpected privilege to which we

were not entitled meant saving many steps and much expense. The Colonel also asked us regarding any preference we might have as to service. Learning that Horváth wished for the skin and genito-urinary division and that I desired general surgery, our choices were graciously ratified. This made a good beginning.

The hospital building constituted a huge quadrangle and had been formerly the famous school of artillery in which Vega, the mathematician (the star Vega was named after him), used to be a teacher. Its old, pompous name was "Bombardierkaserne." The enormous courtyard formed a veritable park, filled with well-kept grass plots, shaded by beautiful thrifty old trees. Convalescent soldiers sat on the benches chatting and smoking, or were gathered in attentive groups listening to the rhapsodies of some old war dog. The divisions were disposed on three floors, tiled inner arcades running along the entire circumference of the structure.

Our quarters consisted of an anteroom, kitchen, and two bedrooms, one of which was inhabited by First Lieutenant Caspar Schwarz, the other by us. The furniture was the simplest—two small deal tables, four straw chairs, two deal bedsteads, each furnished with a straw mattress, a pillow, sheets, and two pairs of the excellent woolen blankets of the Austro-Hungarian Army. With this apartment went the services of an orderly, the Polish private Czuplak, a somewhat dense but very willing and cheerful soul. He prepared breakfast, consisting of a roll and a cup of coffee, cleaned boots, brushed clothes, kept the room in order, and ran errands.

My immediate superior, Regimental Surgeon Fillenbaum, had charge of sixty beds.

Morning rounds began at seven sharp, and the chief was punctual to the second. I had to be in the wards half an hour before him, to attend to the daily red tape, learning which was neither interesting nor easy.

The sergeant, however, knew it thoroughly, and, taking pity on his green superior, introduced me to its mysteries in a very respectful manner. A bunch of cigars had oiled the wheels. Fillenbaum, a rather young captain, was an excellent, progressive surgeon. He had been Professor Pitha's first assistant at the Army Medical School, and, last but not least, was a well bred and well read gentleman. He had served through the Franco-Prussian War in the Austrian Red Cross Ambulance under Professor Mundé, and spoke French fluently. It was a bit of good fortune to serve under such a distinguished chief. The service was very strict, but, as the cases were mostly light, not laborious. It was my duty to make afternoon rounds, but as mutual substitution was permitted, it was easy to get an afternoon off. After the morning visit, the whole staff assembled in the Commander's office, where the orders for the day were read, and the affairs of the service were informally discussed. The tone of these assemblies was pleasant, and the conversation of the chiefs instructive.

The medical services, always full of typhoid fever and pneumonia, furnished abundant autopsy material. Fillenbaum was the official pathologist and never failed, just before each autopsy, to ask for the clinical diagnosis. Diagnostic errors would occur, and thus awkward situations were not rare. We youngsters reveled with unholy joy over the discomfiture of some grandiose and overbearing superior.

The great abundance of unused material impelled my chief to secure the Commander's consent for him to give an operative course on the cadaver to four of the younger officers. It began on January 6th, 1873, and continued twice weekly until March 28th. This course was of the greatest benefit to me. Fillenbaum took great pains, and we acknowledged his zeal by our ear-

ness and punctuality. After the course ended, we four presented ourselves in full dress to express thanks for the trouble he had taken. He was pleased, and regaled us with a bottle of wine and cigars. Fillenbaum was an excellent operator; his after-treatment was painstaking but never meddlesome, his kindness to the patients exemplary.

In turn, each of the younger men at the hospital had to be officer of the day for twenty-four hours, during which he was on call at the inspection room near the watch, fully dressed and ready for emergencies. This included, besides accidents, night emergency work in all wards of the hospital. This latter work was arduous and exhausting, but it was performed cheerfully, for it permitted those off duty to have their evenings to themselves.

All barracks in the vicinity sent us their cases of toothache for extraction; thus the "officer of the day" had many a tussle with rotten molars and hidden roots, an excellent experience in this branch of surgery. Another kind of dispensary work was the removal of enlarged tonsils. Squads of men, generally recruits, had their tonsils excised by Fillenbaum and myself in the surgical wards. On one occasion my own enlarged tonsils were offered as a sacrifice. They came out "*cito, tuto et jucunde*," but for a day or two afterward I had considerable fever and a very sore throat. This, too, was useful, as it taught one proper estimation of what many surgeons are pleased to call a "trivial operation."

Horváth's chief was Tomowitz, a pompous, overfed man with cocksure, brusque manners. He was a fanatic numismatist, and always had his pockets filled with rare coins and medals. Among his patients there was an idiotic looking, emaciated recruit who was suspected of malingering. The poor devil was voiding urine con-

tinuously, and had the habit of milking the urethra. This unfortunate habit and the doleful and stolid stupidity of the patient constantly provoked Tomowitz' ire, and led to repeated fits of passionate scolding, until the fellow became the butt of orderlies and comrades. All this he bore with lamblike meekness. Finally, after solitary confinement had been tried on him in vain, Tomowitz requested a transfer of the incorrigible offender to Garrisonsspital No. 1 for psychopathic observation. There the man died. Autopsy revealed the presence of an enormous cystic calculus, forming a complete cast of the bladder. This martyr had passed the recruiting surgeon's scrutiny, was under prolonged observation in the genito-urinary wards of a great hospital, suffered untold pain seasoned with scorn and mockery, to have the diagnosis of his illness made only post mortem, as it were incidentally. The matter became public property in the service. Tomowitz atoned for his lapse by delivering to the younger men of the staff a superfluous lecture on "errors in diagnosis of vesical calculus." *That* stone, however, did not figure among the exhibits.

My happy choice of time and place for military service brought another advantage, namely, the opportunities for study and enjoyment afforded by the World's Fair of 1873, at Vienna. Besides this, the city was full of art treasures, displayed in museums, galleries, and historical collections and the attractions of concerts, theaters and the opera were many. At the Burgtheater and the opera army officers had the privilege of entry to the Parterre for ten Kreuzer (two cents) per evening. My diary shows that full advantage was taken of this privilege. The subjoined summary (to be found in the appendix) implies more than a mere account of diversions; it represents a prodigious amount of serious

esthetic schooling and study. The list covers the period between October 3rd, 1872, and September 30th, 1873.

THE SEVENTH FIELD ARTILLERY

During April, while enjoying a fortnight's leave of absence in Kassa, news came of my transfer to the Seventh Field Artillery, then stationed at the "Heu-markt" Barracks.

On April 15th I called upon my immediate superior, Regimental Surgeon Karasek, and then reported for duty to Colonel Vetter, Commander of the Seventh. He was a short, thickset, dapper soldier, of incisive speech and manner, but friendly withal. He was glad to have learned that I could ride, a rare accomplishment for medical men. He said, further, that if I liked the exercise there would be ample opportunity for improving my horsemanship. Lieutenants Weber and Demsky had charge of the regimental riding school. Their attitude at first was rather cool and distant. This probably came because their onerous work in training recruits and breaking in green mounts was considerably augmented by the colonel's orders to instruct the new doctor in horsemanship. Their reserve presently melted on closer acquaintance. Weber casually mentioned that he had a good English saddle to dispose of; I bought it. Demsky knew Kassa well; an uncle of his kept a store where I used to buy fishing tackle, and he spoke feelingly of the fleshpots and good wine of my native town.

The first lesson took place in the vast riding school of the barracks. Our mounts were green horses with nothing but blankets and surcingles on. Demsky came up, armed with a huge ringmaster's whip. Until that moment I felt a certain pride in my supposed equestrian ability, the next instant it had disappeared like fog be-

fore a blast of hot wind. The horse balked, the whip cracked, he began to buck and his rider was ignominiously deposited on the gravel. During the next five months we had four hours of this each week, except when the regiment was in the field.

Regimental Surgeon Karasek was a seedy, elderly man, unenthusiastic about his duties, for his health was infirm. Once convinced of my zeal and capacity, he let me do all his work, to which evidently the Colonel and officers did not object. This was pleasant, for it gave me responsible work, and brought about closer relations with the line officers. The subalterns presently admitted me to comradeship, indicated by substitution of the familiar "thou" for the formal "you," which meant my adoption in the regimental family. Six months daily contact with these artillerymen convinced me of their intellectual superiority over the average officer of most other branches of the service. The necessary knowledge of mathematics, physics and chemistry puts an unmistakable stamp on the mentality of the artillery officer. His familiarity with horsemanship and other practical features of the service saves him from the pitfalls of pedantry, and the fetish of military formalism.

Captain Lauffer of the Sixth Battery, from which I had my service mount, was a fine example of this type. A middle aged man, tall, broad-shouldered, of martial mien and an excellent horseman, he was a real father to his battery, strict but benevolent. His care for the welfare of the men was repaid by their genuine love and admiration. He frequently asked my advice regarding measures necessary for the maintenance of his subordinates' health and comfort, sympathetically assuring me that the cannonier was the hardest worked soldier of the army, for he must acquire the training of the infantryman, the engineer, and the cavalryman. The

captain's care of the horses was second only to that shown for his men.

He assigned me a spirited Croatian mare, six years old, named Tontchka. She was fifteen hands high, well trained, with pleasant gaits, a soft mouth and a kind disposition. The trumpeter who formerly rode her had trained her in jumping ditches and hedges, an accomplishment she exhibited with great vim whenever the opportunity offered. Her perfect knowledge of military command, whether by signal or by word, was amusing—sometimes disconcerting. On one occasion, during the great September maneuvers, the battery was ordered to the top of a ridge, there to deploy and open fire. As soon as the trumpet blared out the first bar of the signal, and several seconds before the battery could be put in motion to charge up the stubble at full gallop, Tontchka took the bit into her teeth, jumped a ditch, and raced irresistibly up to the place, far ahead of the battery. Captain Lauffer, who had preceded us before the order was given, roared with laughter, but complimented me, saying that few men of the medical corps would have kept the saddle through that jump and run.

May 4th and 11th were two red letter days, occasions when the Philharmonic Society gave a Schubert and a Beethoven festival. On the first one, Schubert's lovely symphony in B-flat major was rendered with a marvelous perfection. On the second date, for the first time in my life I heard Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. I had prepared myself for the occasion by reading Richard Wagner's notes on this masterpiece of masterpieces. Its marvelous production was overwhelming.

TARGET PRACTICE—IN CAMP AT BRUCK ON THE LEITHA
—THE ASIATIC CHOLERA—WORLD'S FAIR

Early one morning in July, three of our batteries under the command of Captain Lauffer, started for annual target practice at the Steinfeld near Wiener-Neustadt. I was the surgeon in charge. As soon as the city limits were passed, the Captain assembled all the trumpeters, and we rode along to the strains of martial music. They played unisono, of course, but they played well, and the rumbling of the guns, together with the tramp, tramp of the horses' hoofs, furnished the ground bass to the music. After a two days' march, we reached our place of destination, and were quartered in an old castle surrounded by a beautiful park just outside the small town of Neufurth.

We arrived on Kirmess day, and a deputation of the quality invited our officers to a dance that evening. We enthusiastically accepted. The dancing was on an outdoor platform, which was charmingly decorated with greenery and lighted with colored lanterns. The captains decorously sat in the garden with the elder guests, enjoying the light wine of the country. As a matter of course, the dancing juniors cut out all the local talent. The last waltz ended when reveille sounded nearby. That day was spent in target practice, and the next we were joined by the staff officers and General Lenk. With them came the news that cholera had broken out in our barracks at Vienna. Before the firing began, it was fascinating to watch the construction of emplacements by our men. I had never seen artillery fire before, and was absorbed in observing the effect of projectiles on the targets. The shooting was both direct and indirect. One day there was some shooting with a nine and a half centimeter mortar, a monstrous weapon. The huge projectiles were to hit a casemate built "ad

hoc," six miles away. After five discharges, we rode up to the target. The destruction wrought in the vaulted building, heavily protected by three layers of massive timbers, covered by a deep layer of earth, was a revelation.

When we arrived in Vienna again, the cholera was on in good earnest, and daily a number of men fell ill—fortunately, none of our regiment. As a preventive measure, we were sent into camp at Bruck on the River Leitha. Accordingly, on July 21st, at 5.30 A. M., four batteries set out from Vienna, reaching their destination the next afternoon. On the way we had our first case of cholera. The patient lay on the top of a forage wagon, and fell off after a while, fracturing his thigh. It was a distressing combination. I improvised a long splint, administered some morphine, placed two men alongside him to prevent another accident, and the column was started again. The next day, at the field hospital, I found him much improved: he was smoking his pipe.

Our camp was situated on the eastern bank of the River Leitha, the boundary between Austria and Hungary. A shallow depression in the terrain, limited by two parallel wooden heights, was occupied by nineteen frame structures resembling overgrown barns. In one of these were our (the officers') quarters, a regular phalanstery, consisting of long rows of single rooms, furnished in the most primitive manner. Water from an artesian well was abundant and good. The latrines and their management were appalling, due not only to the carelessness and ignorance of the men, but mainly to the incredible indifference of most officers, who deemed it beneath their dignity to give the matter their attention. Captain Lauffer was a rare and laudable exception. As the medical officers had no authority, and their remonstrances were unwelcome, they refrained

from interfering. As just said, the result was indescribable. Though cholera was in the land, and every one was more or less apprehensive, yet, beyond a futile scattering of phenolated lime in small quantities, nothing was done to remedy this crying defect. However, thanks to the excellent water supply, but few cases developed. In the absence of Karasek, who had reported himself ill, the entire care of the four batteries devolved upon me.

The officers' mess of our regiment was badly organized. It furnished only our mid-day meal, for we preferred to take supper in town. It was customary for each of us to supervise the mess in turn. The first week the food was simply uneatable, for the cook was ignorant and the officer in charge equally so. Laying the matter before Captain Lauffer, who called a conference, I volunteered to take charge of things. My first object was to find one of the privates who could cook. This was difficult, not on account of any lack of talent, but because no one wished for this work. Consequently, at a second conference, it was hinted that, without financial inducement, success would be impossible. The necessary grant was made, and the same day I had a good man at the fires. From now on I made out the bill of fare, held a daily conference with the cook, in which I was aided by the knowledge gained during boyhood in my mother's kitchen. There was no further trouble. Subsequently on many hunting expeditions in America, the fundamental notions of the culinary art picked up in Kassa were of great use to me and my friends.

The service was onerous in one respect only—we had to get up early. Troops assigned to distant points in the maneuvers had to leave as early as four o'clock. My daily tour of inspection began at three in the morning, an orderly preceding me with a lantern. Building

after building was visited. Those who reported ill were examined to determine whether they were fit for service, were to stay in quarters or were to be transferred to the field hospital. The daily report was then made out for headquarters. After this, if I had luck, there was time for a cup of tea—generally there was not, for I had to go out with the troops, except on days when I was on inspection duty. The officer on this detail stayed in camp for his particular twenty-four hours, his quarters being marked by a red lantern at night, and a red cross flag during the day.

Maneuvers were an interesting spectacle, especially those called "the Emperor's," when he and his crowned guests, surrounded by a veritable cloud of adjutants and staff officers, appeared on the field. Generally we were back in camp by eleven o'clock, attended mess, slept a spell, and rested until supper time. I had brought along my Shakespeare, and after siestas went through almost all of the plays. At about six o'clock we strolled to the river, had a plunge, and then repaired to the tavern of the "Schwarzer Dreher," where food and wine were excellent. By nine o'clock every one was in bed, except on the eve of a day of rest, which usually followed the more strenuous maneuvers.

Thus everything went fairly well until August 12th, when, while out in the field, without any premonitory symptom, I suddenly felt faint and nearly fell off my standing mount. The day was hot, and good Captain Laufer, seeing my pallor, was inclined to attribute this occurrence to the heat. He made me quit the saddle, and placed me between two men on a gun-carriage seat. Soon symptoms of cholera became unmistakable. Major Schnerich, who had charge of the field hospital, called at my quarters and brought along a couple of ounces of laudanum. As my case was not very severe, I was able to observe the phases of the malady. Spasms

of the gastrocnemii, the vomiting and tenesmus, finally the distress caused by the lack of appliances to maintain cleanliness, were painful and annoying, but the most depressing feature was the sense of utter prostration. There was no fear, no apprehension, rather a state of profound indifference as to the outcome, the situation being dominated more by intense preoccupation with immediate physical necessities than anything else. The desire was supreme to have it ended quickly—no matter how. I swallowed unmeasured doses of laudanum, rejected some, then swallowed more, until Schnerich threatened to have me taken to the hospital. Within twenty hours, however, sleep came, and though the intestinal dejections and the griping continued (they did not leave completely for two weeks more), the vomiting stopped, and I could forget my troubles by reading Hauff's "Phantasien im Bremer Rathskeller." Six days from the onset I was on horseback again, but had to observe a strict diet. "Risotto" was my mainstay, washed down with the wine of the country—somewhat astringent and generous—served by the "Schwarzer Dreher," our tavern keeper. He was thus dubbed, because he was as swarthy and hairy as a Barbary pirate.

By September 5th we were back in Vienna, where I found a number of my relatives from Hungary assembled. We formed a joyous band, visiting the World's Fair, the theaters, and the opera. On September 6th I led the younger ladies of the company up to the top of the spire of Saint Stephen's Cathedral. This was the sixth time I had stood on the high perch from which Count Stahremberg, the heroic defender of the city against the Turks, watched in the month of September, 1683, for the appearance of the relieving forces of King John Sobieski of Poland.

My term of military service ended on September

30th, when parting respects were paid to my comrades at the hospital, and to the Colonel and officers of the Seventh Regiment. This being pay day, I had the pleasure of meeting them all together for the last time. Colonel Vetter was very cordial, and urged me to enter the service permanently, but in vain. A reason for my disinclination was this: Although my personal relations with the officers were invariably pleasant, in the abstract, I disliked the medical man's status in the army. In some other regiments, my position might have been far from agreeable. The chief objection, however, was that, in embracing a military career, I would have had to abandon an ardent desire to see the great world beyond the seas. Accordingly, I was transferred to the Reserve Corps, and left Vienna—for home.

VI

“WESTWARD HO!”

“. . . Where such and so terrible a tempest took up, as few men have seen the like, and was indeed so vehement that all our ships were like to have gone to wreck. But it pleased God to preserve us from that extremity.”

—*Francis Prettyman’s Narrative of Drake’s Famous Voyage.*

“O, mihi felicem, si fas conscendere puppim,
Et tecum, patria (pietas ignosce) relicta,
Longinquum penetrare fretum,” . . .

—*The Hungarian Budaeus to Sir Humphrey Gilbert.*¹

HAVING established myself at home, relations with the City Hospital were resumed. There was plenty of interesting work to be done. Dr. Moskovics put me in charge of the pathological department, which implied the disposition of all the morbid material. Between October 14th, 1873, and January 19, 1874, I made twenty-seven autopsies, and five additional bodies were used for operative exercises. In addition, there was ample and important surgical material, and among this were two gunshot fractures and a case of tetanus; the patients all recovered. Then came a traumatic rupture of the small intestine (fatal), three major amputations for compound injuries, a traumatic pulmonary hernia, and a fair number of minor cases. The remaining time was spent in much reading—mainly medical, but general literature was not neglected. Most of the medical reading concerned modern authors, but

¹ Both perished together in the *Squirrel*.

having come across the seventh volume of Paracelsus—a Basel edition of 1590—a number of days were spent in wandering through this long-forgotten strange world of medical thought. What theories! what preoccupations! what audacity of the man, who was trying in vain to break the trammels of scholasticism! And such sarcasm and vituperation as his!

One day in September my father broached the question of my future plans, and thus came an opportunity to open my heart to him. Considering that some time would pass before I could be self-supporting, and in view of the fact that he was weighed down with growing financial cares—due to reasons which need not be mentioned here—I dwelt upon the strong desire of freeing him from the burden of my support. Unwilling to settle in Kassa, a small provincial town over-supplied with physicians, I proposed to go to the United States to try my luck. With health, strength, capacity for work, a fair degree of preparation, and possession of several languages—including English—confidence of ultimate success seemed justified. He promptly fell in with these ideas, his own energetic and enterprising disposition being in sympathy with this attitude. But my mother, at first, was frightened and inconsolable. After many earnest talks, and the lapse of some time, she finally consented. As soon as her mind was made up her true character came uppermost; she never alluded to her fears, spoke as though she herself had proposed the measure, and went about cheerfully and with her wonted efficiency to prepare my wardrobe for the voyage.

It was settled that December 26th should be the day of departure. My father immediately wrote to my Uncle Anthony, then living in Brooklyn, N. Y., advising him of my future arrival. By November 29th a pleasant

reply was received. On December 5th my father fell ill with a distressing attack of asthma. The departure was postponed until his recovery. Careful examination revealed pulmonary emphysema and a rigid thorax, somewhat hardened arteries and a moderately enlarged heart. Moskovics and Senka being requested to see the patient with me, confirmed the diagnosis and made a favorable immediate forecast.

A rift of warm sunshine came to lighten the gloom which this illness had caused. The public examination of the Conservatorium was to take place at Vienna on December 4th, and it was expected that my sister Etelka would sing on this occasion. A telegram from Hellmesberger, the younger—old Joseph, his father, had died of cholera the preceding August—announced her decided success. She had been recalled four times—a rare honor for a pupil who had been under tuition only four months. Its effect on our patient was most gratifying, and later was intensified by the comments of the musical critics printed in the Vienna papers, notably by that of Hanslick. On January 28th, my mother's birthday (Charlemagne) was celebrated by a little feast, which my father, now recovered, shared with us. It was to be a farewell dinner, and friends and relatives came to break bread with the traveler for the last time. Naturally, the incumbent voyage came up for discussion, in which the parents shared in the most hopeful manner. The only toast offered was that those present should meet again at the same board a year hence.

On January 30th, 1873, my good mother wakened me at 3.30 A. M. The hour for leaving had come. My father gave me his blessing, and our parting was affectionate and hopeful. Then my mother and I drove to the railroad station. On the way she was cheerful and

collected, lavishing on me to the last moment her kindly and prudent advice. Her self-control was perfect, and helped me much when our parting—perhaps forever—became a reality. The glint of her waving handkerchief was the last thing I saw on the gloomy platform of the station.

This voyage to America appeared to all friends at Kassa, as well as to Ultzmann and the military colleagues, a foolish, incomprehensible, and Quixotic undertaking. The women especially could not understand its motives. Though they condemned the venture, all, both young and old, were moved to tears at parting, being more or less certain that I was going to perdition. Contemplation of the possibilities of hunger, thirst, heat and frost, disease and accident, but mainly of the dangers of that dreaded and unknown monster, the raging ocean, was too great a strain on their equilibrium. All this happened many years before mass emigration from Hungary to America had begun, and few were those who had ever seen the sea. The only Hungarians who crossed the Atlantic before that time were the members of Kossuth's band, a comparatively small knot of gentlemen. In 1874 a few of these survivors still lived in New York. Very few, if any, agricultural or industrial laborers had emigrated, and the voyage was considered, even by the better educated, as a desperate venture. The following anecdote may serve to illustrate the curious ideas regarding the United States and their inhabitants which prevailed among the less educated of Hungary. Upon the visit of a Hungarian with his American wife to my mother, her Slav cook sought and found an opportunity to view the strange lady. Returning to the kitchen, the inquisitive domestic exclaimed in her idiom: "Shak nye tsharna!" ("Why, she is not black at all!") To-day, half the population of the villages situated around Kassa can speak Eng-

lish of a sort, learned in the mines and factories of the United States.

Vienna was reached on February 3rd. There Fillenbaum, my former military chief, procured for me a letter from Professor Mundé to Marion Sims; Wittelschoeffler, editor of the Vienna *Medizinische Wochenschrift*, added introductions to Dr. Krackowitzer and Dr. Zinsser of New York; finally, Billroth very kindly wrote a letter to Dr. Hackley of New York, the American translator of his General Surgery. At the Billroth clinic, the historic first case of resection of the larynx was shown to me. The patient wore a phonating cannula, and looked well; but Professor Schroetter had discovered a relapse of the cancer in the remnants of the epiglottis. At Ultzmann's, who had become Professor of Genito-urinary Surgery at the Policlinic, a rare case of bilateral ischiadic hernia was seen.

The evening of February 6th was spent with the “Társaskör,” my academic organization, where every one, young and old, did his best to show me kindness. On February 7th, my brother and sister accompanied me to the opera for the last time. The “Meistersinger” was given, Dustman filling the rôle of Eva, Beck, that of Hans Sachs, in their best manner. I also paid a parting visit to the collection of paintings at the Belvedere gallery, and had a last look at my favorites—Palma's “Violante” and Titian's “Justina.”

The journey to Dresden began on February 11th in severe snowy weather. The 13th was spent in the famous gallery. The Madonnas of Holbein and Raphael were thoroughly studied; the Dutch, Italian, and old German schools examined eclectically, but even this proved to be too fatiguing for one day.

February 14th, 15th, and 16th were very profitably passed at Volkmann's clinic at Halle a./d. Saale. The chief and his assistants kindly demonstrated the strict

application of the new Listerian method of wound treatment. Scrupulous cleanliness and the liberal use of the carbolic spray and solution were the rule. The results were marvelous, and incomparably superior to anything ever seen before. Amputation wounds were closed by primary intention. Two faultlessly healed cases of resection of the knee joint, and two of the elbow, in which active exercises were almost painlessly employed—in fact, primary union the rule rather than the exception—were all incontestable facts of most convincing character. The impressions gathered at Halle were all the more profound as the spirit of the clinic was entirely void of boastful claptrap. Volkmann was then in his acme of successful activity. His diagnostic and operative skill were great; his lively speech and sunny temperament formed a vivid contrast to Billroth's husky voice and impassive manner. I was much attracted by this man.

February 17th saw me in Bremen, where passage was engaged for New York in *S. S. Donau*, Captain Neynaber, to sail on February 21st. This was the first seaport I had ever seen, and ancient public buildings, quays, and picturesque warehouses called forth great interest. In the famous "Rathskeller," before a glass of wine, the memory of miserable days of illness in camp at Bruck-an-der-Leitha was recalled. With it the remembrance also of the most delightful sensations of returning health, and my ability to read with interest Hauff's "Phantasien im Bremer Rathskeller."

We sailed on Saturday, the 21st of February, at 3.30 p. m. The *Donau* seemed an astonishingly "tall ship" to me then. She was registered to displace 2,896 tons, and had engines of 925 horsepower—a mere cockle-shell compared with the giants of this day. As she left her dock, the band struck up a doleful parting tune. Thoughts of home began to pull at the heartstrings,

but, hundreds of new absorbing facts obtruding themselves upon the senses, attention was gradually diverted.

The *Donau* touched at Southampton, sailing thence on February 24th under a doubtful sky. We ran into foul weather at midnight. It continued to grow worse and worse until, on February 28th, the storm reached its culmination. Progress had been cut down from 222 knots on February 26th to 127 knots on February 27th; on February 28th only 14 knots were made, calculated “by guess,” as one of the officers put it. On the morning of February 28th, the ship was laboring heavily, making almost no headway, as the Captain deemed it unsafe to buck the mountainous seas piling up from the northwest. The new spectacle was full of wonder and fascination. Its sublime and stern grandeur was beyond anything my phantasy had ever conceived—squalls of rain, snow, and sleet alternately swept over us. The ship, a mere nutshell among the mountains of foam-covered water, was creaking and groaning in all her seams, now traveling up, up, then plunging down, down—big seas sweeping her decks from time to time. The horizon could not be seen. To secure a good view of the magnificent spectacle, I placed myself upon the raised grating of the engine room, just behind the funnel. Here, somewhat sheltered, the warm air rising from the engine room kept the observer fairly comfortable. As the freeboard of the fully loaded steamer could not have been more than nine or ten feet, this brought the observer, during a certain phase of the rolling motion, fairly down to the water level—an indispensable condition for an appreciation of the size of the waves. To learn to know God, one must be at sea during a storm in a small vessel low down and close to the waters. At half-past nine the Captain passed by and ordered me below deck. I obeyed reluctantly. At a quarter to ten, a blue sea boarded us with a tremendous

crash, swept away the forward companionway, together with four lifeboats, all the forward bulwarks, five ventilators, the carriage from under the signal gun, five deck benches, and knocked awry the Captain's bridge, destroying the telegraphic communication with the helm. The gangways, steerage, and many state-rooms were immediately filled with rushing floods of water, and shrieks were heard coming from the frightened crowd of emigrants cooped up forward. The Fourth Officer lay unconscious under a mass of wooden and metallic débris swept aft and piled up in front of the wheelhouse at the stern. The gaping forward hatch, exposed by the loss of the companionway, was immediately battened down with planks and tarpaulin, and the injured officer was extricated and carried below. Dr. Nusslin, the ship's surgeon, begged my help, and we worked over the stunned patient until his senses returned. He was covered with bruises but, miraculously, not a bone was broken. Two Carinthian priests, returning from Austria to their mission among the Chip-peways of Minnesota, took charge of the steerage and quelled the panic by intoning a church hymn among a group of their countrymen. Every one joined in, and the volume of song, piercing through the turmoil of air and water, did not fail to inspirit even those in the cabin. Toward evening, the hurricane noticeably diminished, and evidently we had seen the worst of it.

Sunday morning, March 1st, was ushered in by the band playing Bach's fine choral "Nun danket alle Gott," and all the ship's company fervently shared its sentiment of thanksgiving. The boat was again put on her course, and logged 163 miles on that day. The sun came out on March 2nd, and good weather stayed with us until March 8th, when we passed Sandy Hook. We landed on March 9th. The best day's run, 324 miles, was logged on March 5th.

It was during the stormy part of this eventful voyage that I was privileged to make the acquaintance of my future wife, Miss Anna Barnard Wynne, who was returning to her home in Cincinnati from a sojourn at Stuttgart devoted to musical study.



SIGNET OF THE “TÁRSASKÖS”

PART TWO
AMERICA

“Ars longa, vita brevis, experientia fallax, occasio præceps, iudicium difficile.”

—*Hippocrates.*

(“Art is long, life is short, experience deceptive, opportunity sudden, decision difficult.”)



VII

BROOKLYN

From March 9th, 1874, to July 17th, 1877.

“Principia sunt gravia.”

(“Beginnings are difficult.”)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS—CONTACT WITH MEDICAL MEN AND STUDENTS



HERE I was, finally in the new land of promise, the land of freedom, the land of energy, where work was said to be ennobling, not degrading. It was about nine years after Appomattox, and the United States, but especially New York, were not what they are to-day. My reading—especially that of De Tocqueville, notwithstanding its strictures—had produced a state of mind dominated by hopeful expectancy. True, the flimsy, claptrap style of building of the period, and its wretched tastelessness, could not but disappoint; but immediately there arose the reflection that this lack of permanence and esthetic beauty of construction was a natural characteristic of every recent settlement. What struck me most favorably was the enormous contrast between the ceaseless hum of activity and toil in this human beehive, and the

languid, contemplative, and indolent ways of the Austria-Hungary of those days. My predilections were all in favor of the beehive.

Crossing the Hudson from Hoboken, I watched everything with keen and sympathetic interest. On the ferryboat a copy of the *New York Sun* was bought and curiously scanned through its four pages of murder, theft, arson, executions by hanging—by way of both common and lynch law—prize fighting, political matter of the most unconventional, nay, rude type—all this, however, redeemed by the character of the leaders, which bore the marks of culture and of higher intelligence. Even in those days street life at Broadway and Fulton Street was like an ant hill in full commotion. The towers of Brooklyn Bridge stood as yet unconnected, even by cable. The water side was lined by a forest of masts, belonging mostly to square-rigged sailing vessels. Their appearance alone was sufficient to make the heart throb with pleasure.

A short time later I had occasion to visit a friend in Orange, New Jersey. I marveled at the light construction of the roadbed of the Delaware and Lackawanna railroad, at the free and easy manners of the ununiformed railroad men, and at the wretched sheds serving as stations. During the following week a visit was paid to my classmate, Dr. Schapringer, who was then private assistant to Dr. Hermann Knapp. Dr. Knapp and his clinical assistants, Pooley and Gruening, were very friendly, and showed me through the "Institute" in Twelfth Street, where the presence of a well appointed laboratory was noted with pleasure.

Both Dr. Krackowitzer and Dr. Zinsser—then living in Twelfth Street, a few doors west of Fifth Avenue—received me cordially. Apparently I created a favorable impression, for soon after they began to show me every possible kindness, and continued in this as long

as they lived. Through them I met the staff of the German Hospital (composed of about fifteen men), at a monthly meeting held at the Hotel Monico—17th Street, near Broadway. First a paper was read and discussed, then a jolly supper followed. These meetings provided excellent opportunities for cementing one's friendships.

Billroth's letter to Dr. Hackley brought a friendly response. He and his partner, Dr. Henschel, showed me the recently finished Roosevelt Hospital. Horatio Paine was then Superintendent. I was much pleased by the amplitude of the interiors, the excellent heating and ventilation, the comforts of bedding, the scrupulous and universal cleanliness and sweetness, so different from the superannuated, primitive, and parsimonious appointments of European institutions of that time. The kitchen was an example of neatness, the operating room furnished with a fine and lavish instrumentarium of American make, and the laundry was a marvel (the first hospital laundry I had ever seen); baths were in plenty, and the appointments for the staff and officers were astonishingly luxurious to my eyes. The laboratory and autopsy room were excellent. There was gaslight everywhere. Most of the Austrian hospitals of that day were lighted by oil lamps, and night work in the wards had to be done by taper light—wax tapers being issued regularly every week. On this occasion Dr. Henschel introduced me to Dr. Henry B. Sands, who later, after my migration from Brooklyn to New York, distinguished me with his staunch and generous friendship, which was ended only by his death.

From Roosevelt we went to St. Luke's Hospital, then at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street. There was no comparison between it and Roosevelt. The beds were screened, and the wards abutted on a large chapel. I could not help gaining the impression that not more

attention was paid to the medical needs of the patients than to their spiritual welfare.

Krackowitzer had provided me with letters of introduction to Brooklyn physicians. I called on Dr. Joseph Hutchison, the leading surgeon of the place, and found him a keen, intelligent, stalwart man of middle age, formal and matter of fact, and a Chauvinist to the backbone. I was somewhat astonished by his assertion that travel abroad had led him to believe American medicine to be supreme. I did not argue the matter, but this assertion recurred to me frequently when greater knowledge enabled me to comprehend its true meaning. Hutchison evidently referred less to the science and technique of practice than to the personal relations between physician and patient. As I soon found, physicians in America were more concerned with establishing a feeling of confidence and trust, hence of comfort in patients, than were our colleagues abroad. To a great extent, this was a natural consequence of the difference between the status of the physician in the United States and in Europe. Abroad, the medical degree *per se* invested the physician with a social standing and authority unknown in America, where, in 1874, the meager educational requirements made it easy to secure a diploma after "two sessions of so many weeks a year." With some exceptions, the rank and file of the profession were—as far as general education went—little, if any, above the level of their *clientèle*. And the *clientèle* not only felt this, but knew it. Hence the medical man had to be more than modest; he had to be circumspect, even deferential, in facing ignorance, absurd pretensions, and ill manners—especially where they abounded most, among a certain class of the self-made, uncultured wealthy.

But this precariousness of position had its useful side; it compelled close observation, diligence, and attention,

to detail. It was the mother of invention, and the cause of the well deserved reputation of the American practitioner for cleverness in the face of emergency. From all these observations the impression was gathered that the American physician of those days wielded less authority over his patients than did his European colleagues; he had to endure too much quizzing, and had to waste time in arguing patients into acquiescence. This misdirection of energy made practice unduly burdensome, and was harmful not only to the physician but also to the true interests of the patients themselves. Technical efficiency is the natural foundation of responsible authority; but alone it is insufficient. The general educational level of the physician should be above that of his patient. This is meant in the broadest acceptation of the term. The better trained the mind of the physician is, the better his heart is cultivated, the more will he have opportunity to utilize his technical efficiency without mental and moral friction. However, the absence in America of the brusqueness of some continental practitioners was gratifying to me. Hutchison was a fine operator, and his methods of after-treatment were painstaking and rational.

At the Long Island College Hospital, Professor Armour introduced me to the anatomist Ford, and to Professor Green, the surgeon. I assisted at a lecture in anatomy, and learned of the prevailing dearth of cadaveric material. The bodies were pickled, and the methods of instruction were extremely elementary. There was no presupposition of any preparatory knowledge on the part of the students, who were taught as though they were children, although most of them were lusty, bearded adults. Their lack of humanistic training was in keeping with their lack of manners. Ford was dissecting the part to be demonstrated to the class. While he was lecturing, some of the students

nonchalantly placed their feet upon the top of the railing that separated the audience from the professor. More or less noise was constant, the reposeful decorum of academic lectures to which I was accustomed was entirely absent, and the Job-like meekness and patience of the professor were astonishing.

Dr. Green, dark-featured and forceful, was a brilliant and daring operator. He was the first man in America successfully to remove a goiter. His pathological equipment seemed to be queer. He asserted that mortification and gangrene were not interchangeable terms, and that the latter was applicable only where blebs appeared upon the affected area. The behavior of his students was no whit different from what I had seen at Ford's lecture. Amazing was the tumultuous outbreak of applause, accentuated by tramping of feet, which followed the incision of a small abscess. The air became charged with a cloud of rising dust, and the atmosphere like that of a sixpenny show or a prize fight. I pitied the poor patients. I am pleased to say, however, that since then students' manners have much improved.

On March 24th, Krackowitzer showed me the recently opened German Hospital in New York. He took pride in the institution, of which he was the intellectual originator and a co-founder. He was to operate in two cases, and requested me to assist him. At that time, without exception, the visiting surgeons of all New York Hospitals were general practitioners first, and surgeons only in an accessory way. No one was a surgeon, as we understand the term now—hence any one might be a surgeon if he chose to operate and found patients willing to submit. To illustrate I will mention that Dr. Jacobi, a general practitioner and pediatrist, used to perform numerous tracheotomies for croup and diphtheria. I saw him establish a gastric

fistula for cancer of the œsophagus, and resect several ribs for empyema.

From then on, I assisted Krackowitzer regularly at his operations in the German Hospital and also in private cases. To reach the hospital from Brooklyn, I had to travel by horse car to the Roosevelt Street ferry, cross the East River, walk up to Chatham Square and there board a Third Avenue horse car, which took me to 77th Street. It was a tedious trip.

Krackowitzer was a remarkable man. He had received his surgical schooling as first assistant to Professor Schuh in Vienna, whence he had to flee, being compromised in the revolution of 1848. His New York colleagues esteemed him for his thorough pathological knowledge. He had large hands, and operated slowly—hence could not be called “brilliant”; but as his diagnoses were sound and his indications correct, his results were better than many of those who excelled him in dexterity. Krackowitzer was tall and wiry; he had an open and straight-forward character, was an indefatigable worker, a kind and unselfish colleague, generous towards the poor, not rapacious in his relations with the rich. He was active in every worthy public movement. He died, universally lamented, in September, 1875.

Dr. Frederick Zinsser, his friend, was also a man of unusual eminence. He had a decidedly artistic temperament of mercurial agility, in pleasant contrast with the good-natured seriousness of Krackowitzer. Zinsser was an excellent musician, and the inseparable friend of Theodore Thomas, who had a genuine respect for his artistic ability. After his retirement from practice in 1881, Zinsser took up the violin, and within a year was able to take his part *prima vista* in string quartettes. In addition to being *bon enfant* he was an adroit physician, and enjoyed a deserved reputation for general medical knowledge, as well as for skill in his spe-

cialty, dermatology. In spite of being tall and somewhat portly, he was quick and active. Generosity and love of fair play preserved for him the chivalric nimbus of the ideal he had been when a student at the University. He was an admirable companion, congenial and witty, and, for his sympathetic and gallant ways, much liked by the ladies.

Through him, I made the acquaintance of Theodore Thomas, who became my lifelong friend. On March 25th, 1874, I heard his orchestra the first time at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and again on the following day at Steinway Hall in New York. Both programs were excellent—mark the year!—and were executed with good taste, fire, and precision. At the former concert we heard the overture of "Meistersinger," Schubert's C Major symphony, and Beethoven's Leonoren Overture, No. 3. It was of an afternoon, and among some 800 women present only a score of men were counted. The second concert at Steinway Hall was no less enjoyable.

Almost every day brought a new surprise. I visited Dr. Horatio S. Smith, a well known Brooklyn practitioner. He was a fine-looking, mild, and venerable old gentleman, who entered into the discussion of my plans with interest, and gave me the sound advice to settle in a spot where there were plenty of other doctors. He argued that where many practitioners were settled close together, there was apt to be plenty of business; and, as these men were much abroad attending to their visits, urgent or stray cases might easily drift my way, provided that I was available. Later I found he was right. He asked me whether I intended to join a church. His question was undoubtedly prompted by the best of intentions. On my replying in the negative he tried to dissuade me, saying that nothing was more useful for a beginner in practice than church associa-

tions. It would have been tactless to remark that a man's religion ought not to be turned to commercial benefit. For centuries medical men in Europe have been twitted with the saying: "Tres medici, duo athei." Evidently this did not hold in Brooklyn in 1874, for there all the medical men I knew followed their wives to Sunday service with becoming meekness and docility.

On April 11th I went to secure my first citizenship papers at the City Hall in New York, and seized the occasion to witness the trial of a young fellow for burglary. The procedure, so different from anything ever seen, was intensely interesting, and the scrupulous regard for the rights of the accused met with my unre-served sympathy. The illusion that all governments and all courts were essentially arbitrary and tyrannical, especially when dealing with political offenders, was still firmly held. This bias, however, was soon removed by further experiences, which demonstrated that in the United States the pendulum had swung too far the other way. Safeguards, admirable to guarantee the citizen against political oppression, afforded many loop-holes of escape for ordinary confirmed evil-doers, who were served but too well by the cleverest and most un-scrupulous criminal lawyers.

At the City Hospital, Brooklyn, I met Dr. Fleet Speir, one of the visiting surgeons. He was a handsome man, somewhat portly, with a complexion like milk and roses; he wore a beard and his hair was arranged like a comet's tail, *à la* Henry Ward Beecher. Dr. Minor was also met there. He was interested in things Hungarian, had read much about the Magyar race, which he apparently imagined to be purely Mongolian, for he expressed astonishment at the Caucasian appearance of the newcomer, missing the slant eyes and high cheek bones *de règle* for Mongolians of the proper

sort. The same day, April 17th, my first patient in America appeared—and thus was earned my first fee. It was a case of incipient infantile coxitis.

The spring was passed in observing the multifarious life of this wonderful country. The time which remained was spent in reading. Carlyle was the first to be taken. In spite of his evident mannerisms, the trend of his thoughts and his scorn of smug middle-class self-complacency were immediately sympathetic. Then many of Walter Scott's novels were read with genuine delight; finally, I went through an English translation of De Tocqueville's famous book, read in the original once before. Living in the proper medium, I was now, far more than before, capable of entering into its substance. Under its stimulus, I asked my uncle, a staunch Republican, to take me to a political meeting. We went to a gathering of the district organization of his party. It met in the back room of a groggery, where uncleanness and squalor vied with a combination of bad odors. The audience consisted of a dozen or so of unwashed, illeclad, sinister looking persons, all chewing tobacco or smoking weed of a terrible brand. I could not understand much that they said, because of its abundance in slang. The proceedings were cut and dried, a mere formality. When the company adjourned to the bar, I experienced the first example of artistically articulated swearing, and the form of the habitual, calm, passionless blasphemy, which makes up half of the conversation of the political heeler, the thug, and the gambler. Exalted ideas about the sublime character of the popular elements of democratic government thus received a gentle shock.

Much spare time was devoted to a systematical study of Kühner's Greek grammar, which was continued for almost a year, but opportunities lost at school

could not be made up, and I never could read Homer as fluently as Virgil.

After considerable time spent in looking for new quarters, I finally settled down at 162 Union Street, near Hicks, where a constellation of well known doctors was grouped about the four corners. Mrs. Taylor, my landlady, furnished me with a large back parlor, a hall room connected with the former to serve as a waiting room, board, and the use of her piano in the front parlor—all for twelve dollars per week.

MY FATHER'S DEATH—PATIENTS—ESTABLISHMENT

On the ninth of June favorable reports regarding my father's health had been received. Other letters arriving on June 22nd suddenly changed the aspect of things—he was dying. Professor Skoda had diagnosed a cerebral tumor. He died on July 4th. Ultzmann performed the autopsy, and found extensive softening, due to thrombosis of the cerebri profunda sinistra artery. Skoda's diagnosis of tumor was not verified. Intense study, better than anything, diverted me from brooding over my father's fate. The Greeks used to call the library "the medicine chest of the soul," "*ψυχῆς ἰατρεῖον*," and truly so, for close mental application is a powerful anodyne when irremediable loss must be borne.

Soon after the settlement in the new abode, Dr. Smith's sagacious advice brought its first fruit. We were at luncheon when the door bell rang, and a hatless, flustered, perspiring man in shirt sleeves, his green baize apron tucked under the belt, demanded immediate attendance upon his wife, who was in labor. He had tried in vain the medical neighbors' door bells—they were all out on rounds—before—as a last and desperate "pis aller"—he came to me. Here was my chance! My

landlady Mrs. Taylor's expression bore signs of beatific satisfaction. Probably her doubts about my solvency were relieved by the appearance of a prospective client. However, there was a fly in the ointment. I had no obstetrical forceps. But a moment's reflection showed that if a forceps were really needed there would be ample time to procure one. This anxiety was relieved as soon as the midwife, who had mismanaged the case, explained the situation. It turned out to be a transverse presentation. Version and extraction were done in short order and easily, for this was the woman's twelfth child. The asphyctic infant was revived, and both mother and son recovered. The midwife, ignoring the state of affairs, permitted the long delay, and this procured my chance. The patient was the wife of the "leading grocer" of Hamilton Avenue, a sort of local aristocrat, with quarterings of eggs and butter, coffee and sugar. Thus my reputation for obstetrical skill and for "a skillful hand" was established. From now on practice improved, pauses of inactivity became shorter and shorter, so that my anxieties regarding ultimate success diminished apace. Krackowitzer and Zinsser directed patients to me, and gave me occasion to incise and drain the suppurating knee-joint in a child of six years. The joint's function was saved. The fee was one hundred dollars.

During the last days of August I made a trip to Cincinnati. It was my first inland excursion. This gave an opportunity to study, along the line of the Pennsylvania railroad, the luxuriant forms of American arboreal and plant growth. The Alleghenies, Pittsburgh, and the upper Ohio brought to mind the strenuous and dangerous times of the first settlement, the Indians, the rascally traders, the Moravian missionaries, Braddock's unfortunate expedition—all historic elements which await their welding into an epic by the coming American Homer. On the trip back over the

Baltimore and Ohio, the scenic beauties seemed superior to those seen on the Pennsylvania line. At Harper's Ferry my thoughts reverted to John Brown, the uncompromising fanatic, who sealed the proofs of his sincerity by a tragic death.

On September 25th, Krackowitzer introduced me to Dr. Abraham Jacobi. The occasion was one of the informal monthly meetings of medical men at the latter's house. Jacobi was then in his prime. A leonine head, resting on a small and slender body, imperturbable composure and serenity, a quiet and sententious manner of speech, were the salient features of his personality. Specimens and a large number of patients were presented, followed by a lively discussion. These meetings were very popular and stimulating; they have been kept up without intermission to this day—the greatest compliment to the urbanity of Jacobi, their dominant spirit.

One of my German colleagues in Brooklyn was a well equipped, industrious man, who had acquired a good practice. In May, 1875, he sent his wife and child to Germany to visit relatives, intending to follow them in June. He had offered me the care of his practice during this absence, but the conditions were unattractive and were declined. Thus matters stood when, on May 8th, a cable announced the wreck of the steamer *Schiller* in which his wife had sailed. The wreck occurred near the Scilly Islands. Mother and child were among the many lost. My colleague visited me early the next day, stating that he had decided to return to Germany for good. He proposed that I take over his practice and assume a recently signed two years' lease of his dwelling. No conditions regarding the apportionment of fees were mentioned, which seemed strange to me in view of his former proposal. (Later I learned that the cream of his *clientèle* had been transferred to other men

for a consideration.) Time pressed, and I had to decide without delay. In addition to such of his practice as might drift into my hands, he offered me the business he had been doing as medical examiner for two life insurance companies, amounting to about \$500.00 per annum, and, further, a contract with a "Jewish Ladies' Society," comprising about thirty-five women, who paid \$100 annually for medical care. To this I added a possible \$1,500.00, which might come from such of his patients as would be willing to accept my services—a possible income of altogether \$2,100.00. Against this was placed the annual rental of \$850.00, and the obligations implied by the lease. Though the outlook could not be called brilliant, I accepted the plan, trusting to other steadily improving resources.

My colleague sailed on May 11th, and I moved into his house. He had left the completion of arrangements to his father-in-law, a close dealing, suspicious old man of irascible temper, whose interpretation of our agreement differed materially from what I had understood it to be. He proposed that I become a subtenant, and that adequate security should be provided for punctual payment of the rental. I did not relish having any future relations with the man, and stated that his demands were unusual, and that I might just as well ask for guarantees regarding his own good faith. He went into a hot fit of rage, declaring that I could not have the house under any conditions. In this quandary I called upon the owner of the house, a Mr. Benjamin Hinchman, a wizened, dried up little man, shrewd but benevolent, a fine type of the old-fashioned New York merchant. He heard the frank statement of my situation, and immediately declared that he required no guarantee. He was willing to cancel the old lease, and to enter upon a new contract. The next day he returned my call, and of his own accord offered to make

a number of needed repairs. Generous offers of aid from several newly made friends were all thankfully declined. At an auction of my predecessor's furniture held a few days later was purchased what I needed. Thus I became master of my own home.

At the bedside of a desperate but successful case of typhoid fever, I made the acquaintance of Dr. Frederick W. Wunderlich, as consultant, since then a life-long friend.

During the Civil War and later, Wunderlich had been a surgeon in the United States Navy. He is a Thuringian by birth, studious, well read, a good violinist, and a man of suave and humane disposition. His head and features always reminded me of the well known antique bust of Socrates; in addition, his temper and ways of arguing a question were also somewhat Socratic. On one occasion, many years later, I stepped into his room to cheer him up a few minutes before he was to undergo a dangerous operation. This happened at the time of the Russo-Japanese war. Strategy was his great hobby, and he followed the ups and downs of the struggle with intense interest. I found him composedly sitting up in bed, deeply absorbed in reading a pamphlet on the material resources of Manchuria. He expressed to me his pleasure at having learned that Manchuria was not a desert. "Only a few pages of the pamphlet remain unread," he said; "will it be possible for me to finish it?" I was delighted by this exhibition of genuine "ataraxia," the quality placed foremost by Osler among those a good physician should possess. This event reminded me of the detachment shown by Socrates just before taking the fatal cup, when he cautioned Crito not to forget the promised sacrifice of a cockerel to Æsculapius. Wunderlich is living in good health, and practices his profession to this day, his body somewhat bent, but his soul still erect and cheerful.

Through his good offices with the Sisters of St. Francis, I was appointed surgeon to the newly opened outpatient department of St. Peter's Hospital. The service was a "tabula rasa," and I took pleasure in organizing it according to my own ideas. A request for needed help was answered by the appointment of A. T. Bristow as my assistant. His industry, good will, and zeal for knowledge made our association congenial.

In the meantime, practice had so much improved that I felt justified in taking upon myself further responsibilities. Accordingly, on December 14, 1875, Miss Anna Barnard Wynne and I were married in Cincinnati at the house of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Wynne.

FIRST VACATION—SURGERY UNDER DIFFICULTIES—AN OLD SCORE

Affairs progressed steadily as practice increased. It was very laborious, made so by long distances and the frequency of obstetrical work. The former difficulty was lightened by using a horse and buggy. For the time being, ordinary obstetrical work had to be accepted as a necessary evil. It was uninteresting and robbed me of much sleep. Still, having much to be thankful for, I did not grumble.

In July an excursion was made to Norwich, Conn. The town itself, situated at the confluence of the picturesque Yantic and Shetucket rivers, was very attractive on account of its wealth of greenery and the magnificent elms. This little visit gave me an intimate glimpse of an old-fashioned New England interior. Everything was serene, orderly, and prim. The house where we stayed was more than 200 years old. There was not one truly square angle left in the building, ceilings and floors being all slightly out of plumb. It

stood detached on grounds amply shaded by thrifty old elms, and gave the impression of good taste, solidity, and comfort. Its timbers were of generous size, sound and honestly put together. The rooms were large, well lighted, and filled with solid, quaint Colonial furniture; the walls were hung with framed prints of good English work. Taken in all, it conveyed the impression of substantial comfort.

According to ancient Mosaic law, we had no freshly cooked food at Sunday's dinner—only a cold repast. Orthodox Jews have learned to overcome this difficulty. On the eve of the Sabbath, they charge a baker's oven with all the food intended for the workless day. The oven remains sealed until the next noontide, when its charge is withdrawn, and a hot repast can be enjoyed "without sin."

On this occasion I tasted the ancient Indian food called "Yokeg," then still prepared by the good people of Norwich. It is a form of parched and ground corn which the Indians used to take for sustenance on warlike expeditions. Their moccasins being of buckskin, a frail and easily worn-out material, each warrior provided himself, according to the trip, with a number of pairs of footgear. These spare moccasins were stuffed with "Yokeg," and thus served a double purpose. "Yokeg" is delicious when thickly sprinkled on ice cream.

The grave of Uncas, the last of the Mohicans, was also visited. Our guide apologized for its neglected condition. It was overgrown with tall weeds, and hidden within weather-worn, tumbledown railings behind luxuriant shrubbery. I found this "milieu" charming, and far more fitting than any atrocious cast-iron, railed monument, gotten up in the prevailing Victorian style.

During this summer the steady growth of my surgical work afforded me genuine satisfaction. Every surgical case was eagerly accepted, and I never failed to

find colleagues willing to assist for "the heavenly crown," the only fee we could expect in many instances. One of these feeless experiences may interest the reader. A few doors from our house stood a livery stable, at which Wunderlich kept his horse. The negro hostler, Aleck Smith, was full of simian fun, and bubbled over with inarticulate darkey palaver. He lived with his family in the loft over the stable. A local malady brought the poor fellow into an extremity of danger and suffering. We labored over him for hours to no purpose, except to give him temporary relief. The patient absolutely refused to go to a hospital, and Wunderlich was unwilling to undertake in a stable the formidable task of a urethrotomy without guide. I solved the "impasse" by offering to operate there. Wunderlich and Bristow volunteered to assist me. For an operating table a plank was put on two wooden horses; on this we placed the patient. The condition was relieved without more ado, and the darkey made an uneventful recovery.

I shall relate another incident of this summer. One day our door bell rang. In the absence of the domestic, I opened the door, before which I found a picturesque figure. He wore a peaked cap of shining black silk, such as railroad men affect, and a light gray "loden" jacket edged with stripes of bright green cloth, with buttons made of deer antlers. His shirt looked "fatigued" and lacked a collar, nevertheless a light blue string was conscientiously worn around the neckband in guise of cravat. The mouthpiece of a porcelain pipe protruded from his breastpocket, and, from one of the buttonholes of the jacket there depended by its purse-string, an embroidered tobacco pouch made of scarlet cloth. The man's face was covered with a heavy beard, and his general appearance was decidedly "foreign" and down at the heels. I expected the usual "hard luck

story" of a mendicant, but instantly changed my mind when he began to speak. Then I immediately recognized the possessor of that unforgotten voice as my old teacher, Lothar Warmuth, by whom I was "flunked" in 1861 for lamentable deficiency in Greek grammar.

He did not come to beg, but merely wished to pay his respects. I was touched by the man's cheerful acceptance of his lot, especially after it was learned that he was "independent and self-supporting" ("ipsissima verba"), and that his sustenance came from lessons given at the rate of twenty-five cents an hour, to children of small German traders in Brooklyn, New York, and Newark. His earnings did not permit spending money for carfare. True, shoe leather, also, cost money; but wearing out soles brought wholesome exercise and, besides, his time was abundant. I was tempted to ask him where stood the tun of Diogenes in which he slept. I gave him a meal, a clean shirt, and a suit of civilized clothing. He told me his story—of the loss of his Chair by the intrigues of Bavarian Jesuits, of his distress and final decision to try America. He was resigned and happy, and the only thing he suffered from was the lack of cultured intercourse. He drew much contentment from the thought of being a free man, with no master over him, earning his bread honestly by his own labor, and owing no account of his doings to any one. The man's childlike trust in God and in himself was pathetic.

In subsequent years he would visit me from time to time. Whenever he became ill, a bed in one or another of my hospitals was found for him. This was the only service he asked for or accepted. In money matters he was self-respecting to the last degree, and, like the true cynic, cheerfully went without whatever he could not afford to buy. It may be recalled that Diogenes, the Stoic, was termed "cynic" only by his detractors.

When Warmuth reached his sixty-fourth year, and

was somewhat of an invalid, I persuaded him to apply for admission to the Isabella Home, founded by Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer. Warmuth reluctantly consented to this. Consequently I laid the matter before the founder, who was very sympathetic. There was one difficulty, however—the applicant, though suitable in every other way, had not attained his sixty-fifth year, a requisite for admission. As I was one of the admitting physicians of the institution, Mr. Ottendorfer suggested that if I would commit the “*pia fraus*” of testifying to the patient’s requisite age, he was willing to close both eyes and would recommend his committee on admission to follow his example. I managed honestly to serve all concerned by certifying, that “although the applicant lacked five months of the statutory sixty-five years, his general condition, due to arterial degeneration, was that of a man of seventy-five.” He was promptly admitted, and we were all glad to see this worthy and childlike old teacher, a modern “*ἀνὴρ πολύτροπος*,”¹ safely housed for the rest of his days.

However, I soon found that he was unhappy and chafed under the restraints of institutional life. What oppressed him more than anything was the utter lack of intellectual intercourse. All the other inmates—formerly small traders or artisans—were worthy people, but could not share his ideas. Before entering the institution, his life was hard, its conditions precarious, but he was free. He used to have the run of certain bookshops, where he was well received, both on account of his learning and his sweet, unassuming disposition. Besides, he had many opportunities for friendly intercourse with men of his own intellectual level who, in spite of his poverty, liked and respected him. His face was always clean-shaven, his clothes worn, but neat and in good repair, his manners unassuming, and, last but

¹ “Much traveled man”—Homer.

not least, his conversation interesting. After entering the Isabella Home, the necessary break with his inveterate nomadic habits irked him extremely. One day he appeared at my house, stating that, as he had accepted an honorable call from a Volapük Academy—recently opened at Schaffhausen in Switzerland—he would leave the Home. The director of this school was a Protestant clergyman, an old friend of his, etc., and that he was sailing the next day. I was sorry for the poor fellow, and yet could not help being amused. He took this roundabout way to cast off the shackles of institutional life without, at the same time, offending those friends who had managed his entering it.

In six months he was back in New York. The academy established for the propagation of the universal language had collapsed from want of support. Friends had paid for a steerage ticket to bring the wanderer back to New York. He resumed his peripatetic teaching, and seemed to be as happy as ever. I lost sight of him until, during a severe winter, the request came to visit him in a lodging house on the Bowery. I found him gravely ill on a cot in the garret of a tramp's refuge, covered with rags and in a terrible condition of neglect. His face looked peaked, but the moment he recognized me a happy smile broke through all the wretchedness of his expression. I had him taken to the German Hospital where—a few days later—smiling, polite, apologetic, and uncomplaining to the end, he died "*en vrai philosophe*." During many years he never forgot to send me a New Year's greeting in the delightful form of a Horatian ode, cleverly paraphrased by himself into rhymed German verse. The last one came a few weeks before his fatal illness. It is the well known one directed to Iccius, reproaching him with the abandonment of the noble pleasures of friendship and litera-

ture for war and rapine. Let his verse stand as poor old Warmuth's epitaph.

“Nach Schätzen Iccius, nach Schätzen bist du lüestern,
 Wie das gesegnete Arabien sie beut?
 Ha welche Wolke sah' ich dein Gemüth umdüstern,
 Das einst so heitere! Du rüstest dich zum Streit?
 Dem Araber dem Meder willst du Ketten schmieden,
 Und welcher Jungfrau Buhle fiel von deiner Hand?
 Und welchem Jüngling war der Schenkendienst beschieden,
 An deinem Hofe in dem fernen Morgenland?
 Zurück, zurück, wird jetzt der Tiber brausend fließen,
 Vom Strand Etruriens dem Apenninus zu,
 Und nach den Höh'n der Wildbach seine Wasser giessen,
 Es giebt kein Räthsel, Iccius, so gross wie du.—
 In deinem Hause einst war ein Sokratisch Leben,
 Mit Wohlbehägen hast du Buch zu Buch gesetzt,
 Es war der Mittelpunkt von höhern Geistesstreben,
 Der traute Sammelplatz der schönen Welt,—und jetzt!”

Ode I, 29.

In the first days of December, my sister-in-law, Miss Jeannie Wynne, was welcomed by us as an addition to our household. She was an excellent musician, and had an even and sympathetic alto voice, which later on, after her marriage to Dr. Estes, enabled her to become a noted singer of Bach music at the famous festivals at Bethlehem, Pa. She had the sunniest temperament of any woman I ever knew, her slender sylphlike figure fluttering through the house like a lark. Her cheery talk and joyous laughter, her ready wit, quick to see and to utilize a humorous situation, brought many a beam of warm sunshine into the home during days of trial and sorrow.

VIII

NEW YORK—REFITTING

“Gentes periculorum avidas.”—*Tacitus*.

(“Races eager for dangers.”)

REMOVAL TO NEW YORK—MISFORTUNES—NANTUCKET ISLAND

IN the spring of 1877 a vacancy occurred on the surgical visiting staff of the German Hospital of New York. Drs. A. Jacobi, G. Langmann, and F. Zinsser made me the following proposition: namely, to abandon practice in Brooklyn and move to New York, so as to become one of the staff of the German Dispensary—a requisite preliminary step for election to the visiting staff of the Hospital. At the same time they promised me every reasonable support during the critical period immediately following such migration.

Here was a scheme exactly in line with my unavowed ambitions, tempting but risky. It was a case of “*hic Rhodus, hic salta*.” To a single man the decision would have been easy; but to a man of family, in honor bound to safeguard the welfare of his wife and child, a duty, fulfillment of which was becoming appreciably easier day by day in Brooklyn, the choice was very difficult. The burden of the case lay in the lack of sufficient funds to tide over the first year. In my perplexity I turned to Wunderlich for advice. He listened attentively and, after a short pause, to my astonishment, came out flatly in favor of the scheme, saying that it would be a mistake to neglect such an opportunity. As evidence of

his sincerity, he proposed to put a considerable sum at my disposal to be drawn upon as occasion required. His generous act decided the matter, and the move to New York was effected on July 17th, 1877.

Scarcely settled in the new abode, we were overwhelmed by an unexpected calamity. Wunderlich fell seriously ill, and by September everything seemed to justify the assumption that if he survived, he would remain permanently disabled. Our bridges were burnt, but I fulfilled a plain duty by releasing him from his promise. Toward the end of September a still severer blow was dealt us. Our son, born the preceding December, sickened and died on October 8th. Dark days followed, for, in addition to our sorrow, we had to contend with the dreaded specter "angustia domi." But when the clouds looked most threatening, a glint of warm sunshine from an unexpected rift shot across our path. Unasked, Dr. Jacobi and Dr. Zinsser brought needed and effectual aid by referring patients to my care. Almost all the men connected with the German Hospital followed their example. Sufficient earnings came to keep the wolf from the door and, best of all, the income was derived entirely from surgical work. As a matter of course, this first *clientèle* was of the humblest sort—chiefly small but honest and self-respecting folk, who were exemplary in meeting their obligations.

In November I was appointed in charge of a surgical service at the German Dispensary. The observation of a rare injury—the rupture of the long head of the biceps brachii muscle—enabled me, during the same month, to read my first paper before the New York County Medical Society.

If surgical private practice on the "East Side" was not very lucrative, it was steady, picturesque, and full of movement. Tracheotomy and herniotomy were the standby operations. They had to be done extem-

poraneously, often under incredible handicaps. However, the free use of carbolic solution and a sound technique brought good results and the "gaudium certaminis" came in the bargain. In comparison, the young surgeon of to-day is bedded with roses; metaphorically we had to make shift on straw, and often enough on the bare ground. It was a glorious and hopeful time, with hard work coming daily thicker and thicker. Ever new conditions developed unthought of difficulties of a medical and non-medical nature, to overcome which was sport fit for the gods.

In September, 1878, we paid a week's visit to Nantucket Island, the original home of the Barnards, my wife's kinsfolk on her mother's side. We met Coffins, Fishes, and Pitmans, and our time passed rapidly in excursions to Siasconset, to Weweeder Pond, and Tucker-nuck Island. More than anything else I loved our sails in a sloop-rigged boat, admirably managed by a crusty old sea dog, who showed us "her paces," beating into the face of a rattling southwest breeze. How I enjoyed the flying spray and the salt taste on my lips! It was magnificent.

ETELKA GERSTER IN AMERICA—DISCHARGE FROM THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN ARMY—MOUNT DESERT ISLAND

My sister Etelka arrived in New York with Maple-son's opera troupe on her first tour, in October, 1878. On board the steamer, the *City of Chester*, she had developed a mild case of typhoid fever. Dr. A. Jacobi took such good care of her, that in November she made her first appearance at the old Academy of Music as Amina in "Sonnambula." She had an instant success.

Her subsequently repeated visits to America afforded many opportunities for observing the interior life of the operatic stage. The glories of a frenzied and applaud-

ing house, and the large emoluments, do not compensate the most successful artist for the loss of what ordinary mortals consider indispensable conditions of a contented existence. The life is a chain of self-sacrifices regarding almost everything dear to the human heart. To the artist, Leporello's "Keine Ruh' bei Tag und Nacht" is a stern reality. During an extended tour with short, frequent stops, this state of ceaseless turmoil becomes a grave menace to even the strongest nervous system. Added to this, the petty, malicious intriguing, the jealousy of those who profess to love and admire, the unremitting toil of rehearsals and of learning new rôles, all tend to wear down the inhibitory apparatus; lastly, the uncertainty rooted in the need of winning applause day after day from a fickle and normally indifferent audience—all exact too heavy a price for even the greatest success. If this be true of the profession's élite, how much more does it hold for the smaller talents, or the starving, down-trodden slaves composing the "chorus"? Truly, operatic artists are victims pitilessly slaughtered on the altar of public pleasure. Their earthly career is their purgatory, and at its termination all of them deserve to enter the celestial chorus of heaven.

Mapleson, the famous manager, was a tall, rubicund, raw-boned, gouty old Englishman, full of good humor, full of expedients and, under the veil of a certain *bon-homme*, keen as a razor. To control the neurotic caprices of his artists, the "impresario" must, at one moment, have the callousness of a rhinoceros, the next, the cajoling, soft, insinuating suppleness of the domestic cat. The claws, however, though seemingly withdrawn, must remain in evidence with tips just visible. Unless he is cool and resourceful under most trying circumstances, he will be lost.

Arditi was a wonderful conductor of the old Italian

type. He was a dark, stocky, short-necked, fat man with a bent back, a bald head, a long nose, a large sensuous mouth, and the hoarse screechy voice of a capon. His good humor, verve, and meridional demonstrative manners were irresistible. Tenderly sensitive to all shades of the "bel canto," he possessed a wonderful tact in eliciting the best from his soloists, chorus, and orchestra. The intelligence he displayed in his methods of control was captivating. He pretended to be the meekest and most flexible despot. Whenever a performer betrayed spontaneous merit, Arditi instantly recognized its artistic value, and never failed to point out the gift to its unconscious and often astonished possessor. As a consequence of this sympathetic attitude, no one resented Arditi's corrections. The *esprit de corps* and discipline of the company were admirable.

Unavoidable contact with the members of the opera company stirred my interest in the beautiful language of sunny Italy. During a two weeks' indisposition, the tedium of long days in bed was lightened by an auto-didactic course in Italian grammar.

As time went on, various members of the operatic chorus became free patients through the intercession of my sister. The term "free" is not entirely correct, because I felt amply repaid by the opportunities then offered to converse in Italian.

Up to 1877, I still belonged to the reserve of the Austro-Hungarian Army. In the meantime my permanent settlement in America had taken place.

Through the Austro-Hungarian embassy at Washington application was made to the Ministry of War at Vienna for my discharge from military service. The German Dispensary at its old home in St. Mark's Place maintained a fine collection of current medical periodicals. One afternoon, later that year, while reading the

Wiener medizinische Wochenschrift, I came across the official news of my honorable discharge.

My colleagues, Jacobi, Zinsser, and Langmann, fulfilled the promise, which had induced me to leave Brooklyn in 1877, and on December 26, 1878, I was appointed Visiting Surgeon to the German Hospital.

In September, 1879, there was a glorious vacation at lovely Mount Desert Island. It then still possessed its primitive simplicity uninfested by fashion. We were put up at Captain Roddick's Hotel. The fare was so scanty that the guests were nearly famished. The long table of the dining room was decorated with a magnificent display of sunflowers. Minute dabs of this and that, mostly "bird's food," were served in a remarkable collection of saucers and dainty little dishes—all of which could have been gobbled up by a hungry person in two or three mouthfuls. It recalled to me Martial's "*Ornatus dives, parvula cœna fuit.*"¹ A request for a second serving was received as an insult and, moreover, produced no effect.

Forewarned regarding the local prohibition, I had brought along some claret. Its production at our first repast seemed to make a sensation. But, when the bottle was sent on its way around the table, most of the dominies and professors who composed the company helped themselves to a "*modicum vini propter stomachum tuum*" and, raising their glasses with a solemn bow, expressed their sincere appreciation. They evidently knew the charm of Cicero's beautiful saying, put into the mouth of Cato: "*Pocula minuta atque rorantia.*"

During this trip sketching, an old habit, was resumed.

In the summer of 1880, Dr. Zinsser and Dr. Guleke entrusted me with the care of their practice. It was also my good fortune to conduct successfully a case of extensive phlegmon of the lower extremity in an old mer-

¹"Decorations gorgeous, the dinner beggarly."

chant. His son-in-law happened to be a trustee of Mount Sinai Hospital, and my subsequent appointment as Visiting Surgeon to this institution was mainly due to his good offices.

THE MAINE WOODS—THE MATTER OF VACATIONS

“Cupidus sylvarum.” (“For forests eager.”)

Thoreau's delightful account of his wanderings along the Penobscot had kindled an intense desire to visit Maine. The proprietor of the Mount Kineo House, had sent me a list of guides; among these was Simon Capino, a young Penobscot Indian from Oldtown. This choice was made with the idea of combining a taste of American forest life with an intimate view of the aboriginal in his own element. Thus it happened, after a hot and strenuous summer, that I, in need of mental relaxation, came with Simon to Savage's Hotel, at the foot of the North East Carry, Moosehead Lake, on the evening of October 14, 1880.

Simon was erect, tall and lithe, with a face like a cliff. He had the reputation of being an expert canoe-man and a good guide. His agility and dexterity were noteworthy, and considering his slight build, his endurance was astonishing. It required time to melt the icy crust of his Indian reserve; but when this was dissipated he became quite talkative. Moreover, he possessed a sly humor. In later years this quality was observed again in my Micmac friends on the Miramichi in New Brunswick, Canada. Simon and I went down the West Branch, making side trips to Lobster Lake, Caribou Lake and Mud Pond, and thus spent three weeks in close companionship. Under his impassive surface lay hidden a certain suave, dignified courtesy unknown to the lumber-jack. There was no bluster, no foul talk, no swearing; but instead, a quiet self-possession, which

may be regarded as the remnant of the essential pride of the warrior.

The days spent with Simon constituted a splendid school of woodcraft. Noting my interest, he taught me the proper use of ax, paddle, and setting pole. We shared the work of camp routine and the toils of the portage.

Simon's cooking was cleanly and proper, but did not rise above the "extempore," greasy level of the fry-pan, which still dominates the kitchen of our farmer and laborer. Cooking of the frying pan order is undeniably timesaving, but it usually leads to an early wreck of the digestive apparatus. The consequent use and later excessive abuse of sharp laxatives has assumed with us the proportions of a national evil. The wealth collected from the sale of Radway's and Brandreth's pills is like a certain tax money imposed by Vespasian, of which he said "Non olet." To my mind the notorious frequency of appendicitis in the United States is the consequence of combined effects of primitive cooking and the abuse of sharp laxatives.

As Simon's reserve diminished, he became more and more interesting. I took care not to let him suspect, however, that the principal game followed by his companion through the Maine woods, was not moose or cariboo, but his own aboriginal self.

This first acquaintance with the American forest, its beautiful waters, Katahdin whitened by the first snows of autumn, the frosty mornings and warm cheer of the evening campfire, the drumming partridge, the sight of deer and cariboo, the grilse and salmon ascending shallows with dorsal fin exposed, the melancholy fragrance of fallen leaves, and finally, the exultation of shooting angry rapids—are all indelibly impressed upon a grateful memory.

Mattawamkeag was reached in early November, and

Our trip came to its end. I parted with my guide, never to see him again.²

To-day every one looks upon his annual vacation as a matter of course—almost as a right. In the seventies and eighties of the last century, however, it was different. Very few people in sound health ever rested during the summer; a real or pretended ailment was necessary to justify the luxury.

It was my deliberate policy from the first to arrange for an annual vacation. First two days, then three, then seven, ten, thirty or more, were gradually taken.

As a matter of routine, the date for each vacation was determined well ahead, so that every effort could be intelligently bent towards its realization. As the time drew near new patients were accepted only on condition that, after necessary operations were done by the surgeon, he would be free to leave them in charge of an assistant. Thus vacation was not a haphazard affair, but became an institution respected by every one.

Once only did an occurrence in practice delay our vacation. An elderly diabetic, with an acute attack of biliary trouble, had been freed from a large solitary gallstone. The fact that his room was a rear room (at the time of his admission to the hospital no other was available) displeased his purse-proud, tactless wife. He had done very well and all sutures were removed by the fourteenth day after the operation. The case was transferred to my assistant. About this time, the patient and his wife had had a violent quarrel, provoked by her insisting that he be transferred to a more expensive front room. Both lost their temper, and the patient—an Alsatian—ordering his nurse to “*éconduire*” his spouse, turned his face to the wall by throwing himself violently

²In October, 1916, 36 years later, my son spent two weeks in the Maine woods guided by my old friend Simon, who is still hale and hearty, and as erect as in his young days.

over in bed. This act ruptured the newly healed wound. The old fellow was so enraged that he paid no attention to what had happened or, at any rate, pretended to ignore it. A few hours later the nurse found—this by accident—the small intestine and congealed omentum protruding from beneath the dressings. In my absence, my assistant replaced the prolapsed viscera, and reapplied sutures, drainage, and dressings. Upon my return from a consultation in Tarrytown, I was astonished to find the unfortunate patient placidly smoking, apparently none the worse for his experience. To await possible developments, our departure was postponed three days, but no trouble followed. He made a smooth recovery.

IX

NEW YORK—UNDER FULL SAIL

“Post nubila, Phœbus.” (“After rain, sunshine.”)

“He shall put on the holy linen coat, and he shall have the linen breeches upon his flesh, and shall be girded with a linen girdle, and with the linen miter shall he be attired; these are holy garments; therefore shall he wash his flesh in water, and so put them on.”¹

—*Leviticus*, xvi, 4.

OLD SURGERY AND THE NEW

SIX years and three months had elapsed since the day I set foot on American soil. What, even in my wildest dreams, I had never dared to hope, had come true. I was happily married and held the coveted position of visiting surgeon at two metropolitan hospitals.

Since 1877 great changes have taken place both in the personnel and the character of medical endeavor in New York. Specialists in the modern sense were then few and limited themselves to certain well-defined branches, such as the maladies of the eye, the skin, and the genito-urinary organs. With few exceptions, the men who practiced these specialties were more or less still in general practice, and though not a few called themselves surgeons, the venerable “Jimmie” Wood was perhaps the only one who confined himself strictly to surgery. This he could well afford because of inde-

¹ An exact description of a surgeon’s operating vestments.

pendent means. His office practice was enormous, for it was free to all. Willard Parker, Thomas Markoe, Robert F. Weir, Henry B. Sands, Frank Hamilton, Buck, Little, Detmold, Briddon, Lewis A. Stimson, and some others whom I do not recall, were all general practitioners at first, and surgeons only in an accessory way. Up to the eighties, or thereabouts, no one could have supported himself by the exclusive practice of surgery; there was not enough of it.

The older men were all attuned to pre-antiseptic views and methods and, in a general way, considered surgical interference an extremely risky and doubtful expedient, to be employed only as a last resort. The dread of injuring the peritoneum was extreme. It led, in cases of irreducible hernia, to the routine employment of prolonged and fantastic practices for the reduction of the prolapsed gut. Fatal traumatism caused by forcible attempts at taxis were not rare, and procrastination was the rule rather than the exception. Those were the days of numerous consultations in surgical cases, partaken by two, three, sometimes even by six and more men. Long and hot discussions, if not the rule, were frequent, and often enough the fate of the patient was decided not by reason, but by the count of noses. The ceremony of consultative procedure was strictly maintained and was identical with that described in the fourteenth century by Henri de Mondeville. First, all participants heard the history of the case; then every one examined the patient; then followed the consultation proper, the youngest practitioner giving his opinion first. Finally, a vote was taken and the surgeon in charge was expected to adhere to the decision of the majority. For obvious reasons, few dared to disregard a verdict. If the patient went by the board, responsibility was easy, because well divided. These formal consultations were also the rule in hospital cases

involving major operations. Once I subjected myself to much premature censure by declining to accept the verdict of my colleagues, who advised amputation where resection seemed to me preferable. Saving the limb silenced these criticisms, but the fact rankled.

I had brought with me firm and fervent convictions regarding the value of the Listerian principle, which I had seen in successful use at Volkmann's clinic in Halle. In the spring of 1878, an elderly school-teacher came under my care with a carcinoma of the sole of the foot. The flat ulcerated growth was extirpated, for the patient would not consent to amputation. By the time the wound had healed, a local relapse was manifest. The frightened patient now urgently demanded to be freed from her limb. I had no hospital position then, and consented to do the work gratuitously. The operation was performed at her home. It was witnessed by Zinsser, Noeggerath, and a few more of the German Hospital staff. Antiseptics were strictly adhered to, the wound being sutured and then drained with a rubber tube. For tying the femoral artery, Dr. Briddon gave me a violin E string, prepared by immersion in carbolic oil. The patient was sitting up on the twelfth day and I had the pleasure of demonstrating a faultless primary union to those who had witnessed the amputation.

But the operation came too late to save the patient's life. Very soon diplopia set in, and her skin was invaded by thousands of miliary nodules: a fulminant general carcinosis on a scale I have never seen before or since. After reflection, the phenomenon was interpreted as an instance of "operative dissemination," a conception little known or thought of then. Based upon this experience and fortified by other observations, I later read a paper upon the subject before the New York Surgical Society (published in the *New York Medical Journal*, 1885, vol. xli, p. 233). Here, in or-

der to avoid operative dissemination, it was recommended that amputation of the breast should be begun by freeing the axillary contents first, which are to be removed in this retrograde way, *en bloc*, with the breast itself—a method invariably employed by the author ever since.

This publication, however, attracted little attention at the time. Twenty-five years later first Dawbarn of New York, then Rodman of Philadelphia, exhumed the article and showed that priority for the procedure now so generally accepted belonged to me. Though glad to get the credit, I did not attribute undue importance to the matter. That operative dissemination is a reality has since then been abundantly demonstrated by experiment at the Collis P. Huntington Cancer Hospital of Boston.²

To return to the case of amputation just related I will add that the patient later committed suicide. Autopsy demonstrated universal carcinosis of all internal organs, including the skeleton.

This demonstration of Lister's method cannot have been the first one in New York, for about that time Sands and Weir had also taken up its practice with success. Like myself, they had learned it abroad, and had grasped not only the formalities but, what was still more important, its essential principles. Attempts to use the method by some other men were often unsuccessful. They clung to the word but, ignoring the spirit, failed. At first the new way came to be damned as a fad, or, worse still, as a form of reprehensible self-advertisement. In a few years, however, it became firmly established.

² E. E. TYZZER. Annual Report of Cancer Commission of Harvard University, 1914-1915, p. 12.

THE GERMAN HOSPITAL

The German Hospital was constituted upon a unique plan. It was organized by medical men, who had reserved to themselves powers and an influence not found in any other institution in the country. The Board of Directors had charge of the economic management and of the non-professional personnel, but no initiative whatever in purely medical questions or in the appointment and dismissal of the medical staff. It had only the right of veto or confirmation. This division of authority, amounting to a practical preponderance of the medical element, worked excellently as long as the original composition of the two bodies lasted. With the disappearance of the older medical men, and the accession of newer elements to the Board of Directors, discord raised its head. The occasion for the first quarrel was a disciplinary matter concerning one of the visiting staff, whom the lay board proposed to censure for a lapse of courtesy. The charter did not authorize them to do this, and their attempt was frustrated. The medical men successfully maintained their privilege, and disciplined their colleague in a way thought proper by themselves.

An honest difference of opinion may be entertained regarding the proper way of organizing and governing a hospital. Views will be determined by the aims to be accomplished. If only a well and economically conducted sort of a therapeutic boarding house is wanted—a sort of poorhouse admitting sick men and women, then the plan still extensively prevailing will suffice. If, on the other hand, a hospital is not to be a mere convenience to take care of the sick poor, but a place where at the same time the science and art of medicine are to be cultivated for the benefit of humanity, then another plan will have to be adopted. In this nobler

sense no hospital can prosper into whose government the medical element does not enter with adequate rights and properly secured authority. The good name of a hospital is not dependent merely upon the number of benevolent or ambitious millionaires on its board of governors; nor is it earned by the amplitude and splendor of buildings and equipment. It is principally derived from the reputation earned for it by the labors of its medical staff. Slighting of medical workers is the reason for the relatively small scientific output from a great number of our hospitals in spite of enormous investments, expenditure of vast sums for maintenance, the incessant labor of thousands of medical workers, and the numbers of patients cared for.

But there is another side to the question. Whether cause or consequence, the fact is undeniable that most medical men take scant interest in non-medical affairs of their hospitals. This is a kind of selfishness which ignores all matters from which no scientific or professional advantage can be drawn. To a great extent this attitude is chargeable with the wretched cooking met with in our hospitals, where ignorant cooks convert abundant and attractive provisions into repulsive and indigestible "fodder." Nutrition being one of the most important elements of successful medication, it is the plain duty of the medical men to exert directive influence upon this part of therapy. The waste of the house-staff's time in copying histories is another evil which the medical men ought to exert themselves to remedy by insistence on the provision of an adequate stenographic force. Finally it is their duty to hammer the fact into the heads of the governors, that the management of a hospital requires talent of a high order, not to be purchased by the wretched salaries paid to important employees—from superintendent down to the cooks.

If the doctors are to exert more authority, they must

be willing to assume duties not strictly medical, duties which concern the economical working of the hospitals. Their fulfillment entails the labor of watchfulness as to institutional efficiency, and of the avoidance of waste,—efforts heretofore considered as too uninteresting and irksome by most medical men.

Continuous agitation finally resulted during the year 1903 in the nullification of the old charter and the adoption of a new constitution, by which all powers were vested in the lay board, and the medical men were stripped of rights formerly exercised by them. The manner of achieving this purpose was not accepted by the medical men as entirely unexceptionable; but for the sake of the welfare of the institution they submitted. A document throwing light upon these events is preserved for the use of future students of American hospital polity.

Perhaps it was just as well that the men who won the fight had their will. Truth demands acknowledgment of the fact that they have wonderfully strengthened the material bases of the institution. It is hoped that attention will soon be turned towards the needed reorganization of the medical service, which still is where it was “consule Planco.” A small number of medical beds is still taken care of by six medical men with short and frequently interrupted terms of service; four visiting surgeons divide time and material between themselves, and two gynæcologists do the work of one man; in fact, as to this, matters are not much further to-day than in 1880.

This tempest in a teapot was a distant reverberation of the old contests, which, in former days, used to arise from time to time at every university of Europe. It is the contest between “town and gown,” between the Academy and the “Philistine.” Its significance in American surroundings lies in the fact that absurdly

“borné” and illiberal methods of governing learned and benevolent institutions still continue to hold sway in our boasted democracy. But obstinate efforts to conduct institutions of learning like a business establishment for profit must sooner or later come to naught.

The body of medical men of the German Hospital held some notable characters. Foremost among them was Abraham Jacobi. Who in America does not know him? He has lived to see the coming and going of nearly three generations. His moderation and wisdom in council, his untiring diligence and energy in raising the standards of the medical vocation, and, last but not least, his probity and love of fair play have endeared him to us all. His kindness to colleagues and patients, like the rays of the sun, shine on the just and the unjust. To him might be applied the word of Erasmus on Thomas More—“He is Patron-General to all poor devils.”

He was the first in America to conduct a pediatric hospital service, and his additions to the knowledge of this specialty will long survive him. Personally I am under deep obligations to him, for he was, from the beginning of our acquaintance, a disinterested friend and mentor. In spite of certain divergent opinions regarding medical matters affecting the service of Mount Sinai Hospital, his fairness and generosity have preserved for me his good will and friendship to this day. He has continued to distinguish me by unreserved and energetic support, whenever his convictions permitted.

It is remarkable to see him, past his eighty-sixth year, still undergoing the fatigues of serving on committees and sub-committees, not alone in New York and Albany, but all over the United States. To this day he presides in the Medical Board of Mount Sinai Hospital with his old skill and energy, and is as good a master of parliamentary control as ever. He loves and tells a

good story, and is a delightful companion. The profession has distinguished him with every honor it can bestow; and with his prudent and abstemious habits, he bids fair to survive many of us much younger than himself. May he be permitted to say with the poet Ausonius:

“Nonaginta annos baculo sine, corpore toto
Exegi, cunctis integer officiis.”

(“Without a staff my ninetieth year is passed,
With body whole, its functions sound to the last.”)

Gustav Langmann was a fine example of the well-grounded, modest, thoroughly humane, conscientious practitioner. He cultivated a wide circle of scientific and artistic interests, and was a *connoisseur* of painting and music. He did excellent experimental work on the fascinating subject of snake venoms, and many times I assisted him in “milking” the parotid glands of his dangerous pets, twenty or thirty of which—to the horror of his neighbors—he used to keep at the top of his house. Through him I came to know the ophiologists Raymond L. Ditmars, of New York, and Vital Brazil, of Rio de Janeiro.

Langmann worked in the laboratory of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, where, through Prudden, his attention was directed to the wonders of the desert country of our southwest frontier. He studied the subject from available English literature; then learned Spanish, to become better acquainted with Spanish sources; and finally, in company with his young sons, made several lengthy expeditions to New Mexico and Arizona, cheerfully undergoing the hardships of travel and camp-life, although advanced in years. His knowledge of the natural and political history of Mexico and its northern former dependencies—now embraced in the

United States—was extensive. He knew its literature from Diaz Bernal de Castillo to Valentini and Bandelier. He was a great lover of the woods, and much of his time was spent at Keene Valley in the Adirondacks, traveling along its lanes and paths on the back of an old mare. He was the originator, and for years the moving spirit of the Training School for Nurses of the German Hospital. This arduous and successful work received scant recognition. After our retirement from practice we often met, exchanging books and opinions during many visits. He died in the spring of 1916, cheerful to the very end.

Noeggerath's pioneer work on the specific infection of the uterine appendages made his name known all over the world. He was an inordinately lean, tall man of saturnine mien, who enjoyed indulging a certain grim humor. One of the best gynæcological diagnosticians I ever met, he was much aided in this skill by unusually long fingers. A deservedly good reputation for success in dealing with difficult vesico-vaginal fistulæ was due to careful study of each individual problem, followed by a well laid plan, executed with precision. I used to assist him in this work, and we became good friends. One day he asked whether I would like to operate on a difficult case myself. The patient was the wife of a ragpicker living in Hester street, who had refused to go to any hospital. They pretended to be extremely poor, and not able to pay any fee. It was a case of vesico-uterine fistula and very difficult, so the chances for success were slim. The operation would have to be done in the loft where the patient lived, and where her husband stored his unattractive goods. Never having had a chance to do this sort of work, I gladly accepted the opportunity.

The place was just as Noeggerath had described it. Below was a stable; one ladder up was the loft, its rear

filled with rags piled to the ceiling. A small space, partitioned off by scantling, served the couple for quarters. The squalor was indescribable. After a week's preparation the operation took place. The fistula passed through a remnant of the cervix, embedded in a mass of cicatricial tissue. A wide exposure permitted the utilization of all available material, and approximation without tension. A nondescript old woman served as nurse. To my delight and astonishment perfect union followed. About two weeks later the patient and her spouse presented themselves at my office. The relief from her loathsome complaint had wrought a wonderful change in the poor woman's appearance. She was cleanly dressed, and presented the image of contentment and gratitude. On leaving, her husband shook hands with me "more Russorum," leaving a folded paper in my palm. I protested, as the contract called for no fee, but he would not have it. It turned out to be a new hundred dollar bill. When he heard of it, no one could have been more pleased than Noeggerath.

My surgical colleagues were Hermann Guleke and Isaac Adler.

Guleke, a native of the Baltic provinces of Russia, was a graduate of Dorpat, and had served as an interne on Blackwell's Island. He had a good equipment of medical knowledge. Through inadvertance on my part as I believe, a misunderstanding occurred between us, which persisted in spite of several attempts at reconciliation. Though he showed himself implacable I am still grieving over the suffering my lack of consideration caused a worthy man.

Isaac Adler, whose talents are remarkable, came into the surgical service at the instance of Jacobi, kept his position for only a short time, and had himself transferred to the medical department, where he achieved deserved fame as a clever clinician and an expert pathol-

ogist. His experimental work on arteriosclerosis earned him deserved recognition. Our relations were friendly, and for the aid and support he gave me, I owe him sincere gratitude.

My first term of service began on January 1, 1880. The first patient was a boy afflicted with tubercular disease of the knee joint. A preceding ignipuncture and subsequent secondary infection had brought on extensive suppuration about the diseased area. He was losing ground, and as a life-saving measure amputation had to be done. During this operation, performed on New Year's Day, the pulp of my right thumb was superficially cut. An infection of a very puzzling and tedious character followed. First exuberant granulations protruded from the bottom of the incised wound, then a plug of caseous matter was expelled with temporary relief until the next repetition of the process. Several incisions and the application of the actual cautery were ineffectual. After prolonged application of intense cold and of pure tincture of iodine, the wound was finally closed. This happened before Koch's discovery of the bacillus of tuberculosis, and four colleagues, who were consulted, made as many divergent diagnoses. In the light of present knowledge, the trouble must have been a local tuberculosis.

Among the men whose work influenced my surgical development, the first place belongs to Frederick Lange. He came to New York from Esmarch's clinic at Kiel in 1879. We worked together at the German Dispensary, where I learned to know his eminent qualities.

We often consulted each other in doubtful cases, so there were many occasions to admire his diagnostic, operative, and clinical skill. Whatever he did was done thoroughly, and with the magistral authority of high expertness. His kindness to patients, especially in the graver cases, was exemplary, though here and there

under great provocation he lost his temper. He possessed a vast store of genuine humor, and a great gift of mimicry, to which he gave free play among his familiars. He was well aware of this talent, and often said that he should have become an actor. Besides being a great surgeon he had unusual gifts for planning and organization. His presentation of cases at the Surgical Society was admirable not only through the interest of the problems presented, but also on account of an absolute and incorruptible scientific honesty. In criticism he was more lenient to others than toward himself. He could dispose of an enormous amount of work, and retired from practice with a well-earned competence.

In external appearance, Lange made the impression of sturdy self-reliance without swagger. His "ataxia" in critical situations was remarkable. A melancholic trend to his character was the cause of occasional fits of despondency and irritation. His faults were undoubtedly due to this defect of disposition. He was a tall, square-shouldered, short-necked man, somewhat bent, and with a full beard. His resemblance to the well-known portrait of Lord Bacon by Paul Van Somer, in the National Portrait Gallery of London (No. 520), is striking. Lange became my colleague at the German Hospital in 1884, and advanced the interests of the institution in a prodigious manner. He collected the money necessary for the building of a new operating room, but resigned his position on account of a disagreement regarding formalities and procedure.

Toward the end of my first term of service at the German Hospital my first extirpation of the larynx for malignant disease was performed. The patient recovered and remained well for over three years, then died of pleuro-pneumonia. The success in this case was

mainly due to the skill and untiring attention of the house surgeon, George Degner.

Another one of the house surgeons was S. J. Bradbury, now of Lynnbrook, L. I. He had been stroke of the Brown College crew, which won an intercollegiate race on Saratoga Lake in the late seventies. "Brad" was a good soul, and a fine oarsman. Twice a week, after rounds, we would travel up to Ransom's boathouse on the Harlem near McComb's Dam Bridge, whence, attired in amputated trousers (called knickerbockers by courtesy), we made long excursions to Long Island Sound or the Hudson River, using a working boat with sliding seats. On our return, Gargantuan meals were consumed at Parker's restaurant. About this time was bought my first canoe, one of birch veneer, made at Racine, Wis. In this we made a trip up the Sound, camping on the way, when I had the first opportunity for utilizing the knowledge gained from Simon Capino, the Penobscot.

To mention another of my colleagues—the laryngeal case mentioned before came to me through the kindness of Emil Gruening, who had become chief of the Eye, Ear, and Throat Service. Gruening was a well knit man of small stature, and had a fine cut profile of the nobler Oriental type. He was careful and original in his work, sententious in speech and of a truly philosophical turn of mind. Originally he had been a philologist. After his emigration to America, he served as a Union private at the siege of Petersburg, Va. After graduation, he became clinical assistant to Hermann Knapp, showing capacity and distinction. Besides his eminence in ophthalmology, he was one of the originators of modern otiatry in America, raising that specialty from the slough of inefficiency in which he found it.

It would be ungracious not to remember some other

friends who were connected with the German Dispensary and Hospital; they were friends in need, indeed. First Dr. Lellmann and Dr. Schwedler, then Dr. Louis Bopp, jolly and upright, who through all his fatiguing work found time to cultivate ancient university ties; finally Ludwig Straus, William Balsler, Herman Klotz, Herman Kudlich, and Francis Serr—all of whom distinguished me with their trust and confidence in the days of my beginnings.

Hospital work always attracted me more than private practice. In it the relations between patient and physician are more cordial and sincere than in private work, for they are not desecrated by the slimy trail of lucre. Institutional work, both in the operating room and at the bedside, has always been a source of unending interest and satisfaction. The value of its privileges is inestimable, for the surgeon's liberty of action is untrammelled, and limited only by conscience and talent.

A TRIP TO EUROPE

In the spring of 1881 my friend Zinsser, the dermatologist, decided to retire from practice. I had repeatedly substituted for him during vacations, and was enabled to do this, because of my training while a volunteer in the dermatological clinics of Hebra and Sigmund at Vienna. Zinsser offered me his practice under very generous terms, which were accepted without hesitation. Eventually this might have led to my abandoning surgery; but I did not allow mere financial gain to divert my plans. For while the additional income was of distinct immediate advantage, this specialty which did not appeal to me could be given up whenever convenient.

As I intended this very summer of 1881 to visit Hun-

gary, Zinsser proposed that the voyage take place without delay. This occurred early in the morning of May 21. By three in the afternoon I was off for Europe in the good ship *Main*, Captain Barre, commander.

Eighty-nine miles off Sandy Hook, at 10 p. m., in a dense fog, we ran into a three-masted schooner laden with coal. This caused us little damage, but sent all the schooner's masts overboard. We towed her back to the Hook, then resumed the voyage. At Uj Verbász in Southern Hungary I found my mother and my brother Béla, the engineer. My mother was keeping house for him, while he had charge of the Francis Canal (Franzen's Kanal), which connects the Theiss with the Danube. Ten happy days were spent with them.

Reaching New York on July 6, we were horrified by the news of Guiteau's deed. Closely following the surgical developments of the case, the younger New York surgeons soon came to the conclusion that had the physician in charge abstained from probing Garfield's wound while he lay on a filthy mattress spread on the floor of a railroad station, the chronic suppuration to which the patient finally succumbed might have been averted. None of the injuries inflicted by the assassin's bullet were necessarily fatal.

On November 27th was born our son John C. A. Gerster.

MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL

My lifelong relations with members of the Jewish race have been most friendly. I must attribute this fact first to my father's liberal and enlightened views regarding this much persecuted race, and further to my temperament and disposition, which enabled me to un-



ANNA WYNNE GERSTER AND HER SON JOHN.

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derstand their peculiar psychology. I learned to lay more stress upon their good than their undesirable qualities. The former constituted their birthright and inheritance; many of the latter have been unavoidably acquired under oppression, through universal envy and hatred, during the stress of eighteen centuries' ceaseless persecution.

Three keys to a Jew's good will have never failed me. One is the appeal to his innate kindness of heart, the second a call upon his ever wakeful and keen intelligence, the last a challenge to his highly developed sense of humor, his inborn wit. While the oil of courtesy is the universal lubricant of human intercourse, the finer, more sublimated essences of wit and humor will make wheels spin, which have been stopped by gummed excess of the ordinary oil of polite formality. This finer essential oil is a common attribute of the Jew, both high and low; without its possession the race would long ago have vanished from the earth.

I have mentioned elsewhere the intellectual stimuli from Jewish sources which came in childhood, little rivulets flowing in humble small beds. The effect and duration of these stimuli eventually proved powerful and strong. At University, under similar impulses received from Jewish students, ideas were acquired in fields which remained *terra incognita* to most medical students. For example, the brothers Eisenschitz, who later became famous Viennese lawyers, took me to a lecture by Professor Pachmann on Roman law. He spoke on "servitude"—anglice, "easement"—in such a way that an arid field was converted into a living, blooming, fruitful garden. Schulhof, a townsman of Dr. Schapringer, introduced me to the lectures of Professor Littrow on Astronomy. While still at the "gymnasium," I had read Littrow's book with intense interest, and hence took great pleasure in learning to know the apparatus of an astronomi-

cal plant. Later Schulhof became chief "calculateur" of the Paris Observatory.

My first term of duty at Mount Sinai Hospital began on July 1st, 1880, with Wm. L. Estes as House Surgeon.

During thirty-four years of service many house-surgeons have passed, as it were, before me. A large proportion of them have become eminent. I shall enumerate a few: Estes, Tilden Brown, Lilienthal, Luckett, Southgate Leigh, Sternberger, Ladinski, Berg, Elsberg, Major Seelig, Beer, the two Brickners, Ernest Sachs, Allen, Chamberlain, John Gerster, Wilensky, and Baehr "of Üsküb." All of them served faithfully and efficiently.

However, at certain times, there were shortcomings in the spirit of the house staff with which I had no sympathy. The first of these went by the much abused name of "loyalty." One aspect of this pseudo-virtue was that the weaker house surgeons did not dare to enforce discipline for fear of becoming "unpopular." Another, the ancient custom, according to which the house surgeon appropriated all work deemed interesting by him, and let his staff stand about and admire. When, with the increase of work, the house surgeons could not attend to everything themselves, some preferred to leave things undone rather than to let an underling have any share of the glory of irrigating a bladder or removing a few stitches. In both cases I would tolerate no nonsense. This, together with the insistence on order, punctuality, diligence and truthfulness under all circumstances, may have led to my being called a martinet.

My colleagues in the surgical service were Daniel M. Stimson, William F. Fluhner, and John A. Wyeth.

Stimson belonged to the school of that eminent man, Willard Parker, the first to demonstrate that a perityphlitic abscess could safely be opened. Parker was

President of the Medical Board of Mount Sinai Hospital at the time of my appointment. We used to meet at his house, which was considered palatial for those days, where he presided with courteous dignity.

I have seen few men operate with greater elegance than Stimson. He tells a story admirably, is a fine fisherman, a connoisseur of good painting, and under all circumstances a courteous and considerate colleague.

Fluhrer, a successful product of Bellevue Hospital, was extremely clever in dealing with difficult urethral cases, and had strong convictions regarding the usefulness of suspension in the treatment of compound fractures. Both he and Stimson were true friends. Without their aid, the reorganization of the surgical service could not have been accomplished.

Mention of John A. Wyeth will be postponed to the chapter dealing with the New York Polyclinic School.

Of the men on the medical side, Loomis and Janeway are specially well remembered. Of these, Janeway was the more sympathetic character. Honest to the limit of sternness in his scientific convictions and methods, direct and simple without the brutal bluntness of certain other consultants, clear-headed and objective; not swayed by theoretical pre-occupations, ready to admit ignorance where knowledge failed to all; he was a safe and sound consultant. His methods were in strong contrast to those employed by a prominent contemporary whose memory was cherished because in desperate cases he was "so helpful," suggesting expedients, perhaps essentially worthless, but apt to fulfill the postulate "*ut aliquid fieri videatur.*"³

Loomis was a famous clinician and a great teacher. His merits on behalf of anti-tuberculous therapy need no amplification. He was a pleasant man to those he liked, and I never missed visiting him, when passing his

³"That it may seem as though something were being done."

camp on Little Tupper Lake. He had the reputation of being an astute manager of medical affairs.

The caldron of medical politics, in which brewed a mixture of much talent and efficiency, of plenty of uprightness and some of doubtful character, finally an abundance of good intentions salted with a pinch or two of hatred and uncharitableness, never tempted my appetite. Yet in fairness one must admit that often, under the existing circumstances, the practice of politics was simply a matter of self-preservation. Hospital positions were the stakes of the game, in which a blow below the belt was not always considered reprehensible, but was—if successful—a matter for self-satisfied amusement and of general approbation among “henchmen.”

The favorite procedure was to gain the backing of the few men who dominated the board of directors of any given hospital. The advantages of such “inside positions,” as being Madame’s accoucheur or the miraculous maintainer of Monsieur’s digestive apparatus—Monsieur being Uzanne’s “l’homme sac” of the lay board in question—were shamelessly exploited. Suddenly, without apparent rhyme or reason, a “reorganization” of the medical board was decreed by the “holy hermandad,” and all positions were declared vacant. Most of the men were promptly re-appointed, except those whose places were wanted for the favored aspirant of one or another college. The cold cynicism and effrontery with which the thing was carried off were sometimes amazing.

All this will appear less reprehensible, however, if we consider how precarious was the life of most medical colleges in those days. Though confessedly founded and maintained for private advantage and profit, they voluntarily fulfilled an important public function, a duty which ought not to be left to voluntary effort, but

constitutes one of the important responsibilities of every civilized commonwealth. They performed an arduous and time-devouring task with funds supplied from their own resources, without any aid from the Government, and, considering the circumstances, performed it marvelously well. The services of these much-abused primitive medical schools on behalf of American civilization were prodigious, and have received too scanty recognition.

Even at this day, the indiscriminate suppression of these simpler sources of medical learning removed from metropolitan centers would be the senseless act of a doctrinaire spirit, in disregard of existing conditions and needs, for the sake of immediate enforcement of an otherwise theoretically sound principle. Many of our communities are neither ripe for nor financially able to support the costly apparatus of a first-class school of medicine; nor can they fulfill the reasonable expectations of first-class men, expensively and thoroughly trained, who, if settled there, would soon become disappointed by the scantiness of earnings no less than by the intellectual and esthetic poverty of these communities.

When I had my first insight of the imperfect methods of medical education prevailing in New York and Brooklyn forty-two years ago, I was amazed by the general efficiency of the medical profession. Aside from men of eminent talent—the generals, as it were—the lower ranks possessed three fundamental qualities. First, a wonderful amount of “horse sense” in meeting emergencies; secondly, the ability quickly to adopt a new thing, which was good—this of course occasionally including the uncritical acceptance of novelties of questionable value; and thirdly, an imperturbable phlegm and self-possession—one of the most important qualities of the ideal physician.

A hysterically inclined practitioner may become very popular among a *clientèle* which values that sort of solicitude as a mark of true sympathy; but the outcome is bad for both the patient and the physician, as it means a rapid waste of nervous resources.

The greatest master in the diplomatic management of the fears and apprehensions of nervous clients was another one of the visiting physicians at Mount Sinai Hospital. The object of continuous and merciless chaffing by the men of his own age regarding the ticklish subject of diagnosis, he carried it off with admirable good humor, indicating both native candor and a long process of hardening. His proclaimed motto was that "savoir faire" had three times the value of mere "savoir." He was adored by the ladies of his *clientèle* for good humor, patience, and sympathetic and faultless bedside manners. Altogether, he was "bon diable," kept an expensive cook, and had the reputation—extremely rare in the profession—of being lucky in Wall Street.

Jacobi having relinquished his pediatric service at Mount Sinai, Barnim Scharlau was appointed to the vacant position at the former's suggestion. He attended to his duties with exemplary diligence, but on account of his intolerant and irritable disposition, was constantly at war with the house staff and the authorities of the training school for nurses. While connected with one of the chairs of gynecology at the University of Berlin, an adverse circumstance made him abandon a promising academic career. Thereupon he emigrated to the United States and became a general practitioner. He had a somber appearance, and presented all the melancholic stigmata of the talented but disappointed man. His redeeming feature was the relation of "fidus Achates" cherished toward Jacobi, to whom his devotion knew no limits. America is the graveyard of the talents of many disappointed foreigners.

At the time of my appointment to Mount Sinai Hospital the dominant spirit of the lay board was Isaac Wallach, a merchant, born of old Jewish stock at Hartford, Connecticut—a man in comfortable circumstances, but, according to present standards, by no means rich. He possessed a rare combination of judicial qualities: knowledge of corporation usages and regulations which lead in hospital government; an unflinching sense of fairness and equity, which enabled him to see both sides of a controverted question; great skill and tact in smoothing opposition maintained through personal pique or the love of self-assertion rather than divergence of principle; finally, a gift of far-sighted planning ahead, with the object to be attained kept clearly in view at all times, no matter whether advancing or retreating. He also had that rarest quality among laymen, entire freedom from the narrow prejudice and suspicion which so often beclouds their judgment in relations with professionals.

We came to understand each other thoroughly, and with him began my endeavor of many years to change for the better the prevailing character of the surgical service at the hospital. We used to meet in an informal way, to discuss matters uppermost at the time. Occasionally we asked Fluhrer to join us. Personal questions were strictly disregarded, efforts being directed toward the solution of problems on principle. The existing rules were revised, and a clearly conceived program of reform was laid out.

It was no easy matter to overcome the average hospital director's natural aversion to any measure which tends to disturb the comfortable habits of cut and dried board meetings. Human indolence is not absent from the essence of even these exalted persons, and they, like most of us, will dodge as long as possible a new question which demands serious mental effort to comprehend,

and moral strength to initiate. Perhaps a certain diligence in personally attending to every detail of my hospital duties helped to dissipate this spirit of distrust and inaction toward medical matters and men.

In contradistinction to old usage and printed rule, according to which only two visits per week were obligatory, I made it my business to attend daily, not spasmodically but constantly. Care was taken, however, not to make mention or demonstrative use of the fact, truthfully basing this frequency of visits on the rapid increase in the number of patients. (We all know the wonderful effect worked by the successes of the antiseptic method on the minds of the laity. Where formerly great aversion to hospitals was the rule, to-day, especially in surgical cases, the sick spontaneously prefer hospital to home treatment.)

No new measure was instituted without patient and long preparation. It was proposed only when its passage was beyond any doubt. Thus, step by step, ground was gained. The worst defect of the old system was the quarterly rotation of four surgeons, each of whom changed the entire routine of the surgical service at the beginning of his particular three months. This was somewhat improved by creating two surgical services⁴ so that two surgeons could be on duty for the same six months, each aided by an adjunct⁵—a decided innovation at that time. The fact that chief and adjunct were both “*au courant*” regarding every detail of the service was of great advantage to the patients’ welfare.

A well-informed adjunct was always on hand, so that the patients were not left to the tender mercies and scant knowledge of a pharmaceutically over-zealous, also dietetically negligent house-staff. This arrangement

⁴ The rapidly increasing amount of surgical material made it easy to gain the surgeons’ consent to this change.

⁵ The position of adjunct was created at this time.

tended to eliminate scandalous delays and postponements of necessary operations which, I regret to say, were only too frequent then. The objection raised by the directors that the chiefs would soon begin to shirk their duties, shouldering them on the adjuncts, was strikingly refuted by the entries in the daily register recording a remarkable increase in the number of visits paid by the surgeons. A heightened interest on the part of the house staff was also evident.

The next important step was taken by the creation of an Executive Committee of the Medical Board, whose Chairman⁶ had charge of all current matters requiring immediate decision. He was responsible to his Committee, which was elective, not appointive, and the Committee as a whole was responsible again to the Medical Board, to which its reports went for approbation. This Committee had charge of all disciplinary matters, and by its procedure—for perhaps the first time in any hospital—"due process of law" was substituted in trials of medical delinquents for the free and easy short cuts, suggested by undisciplined emotion and varying caprice, formerly indulged in by lay directors.

In the absence of any rules governing procedure, members of the house staff might be disciplined without hearing, due notice, or explanation. I suspect that to this day there are men on the governing boards of many hospitals who deem the summary methods followed in the engagement or dismissal of a butler equally proper in disposing of their dealings with the medical men on their staffs.

Another important innovation was the establishment of a Conference Committee, composed of lay and medical members, which dealt with such questions as concerned both the lay and medical management. (Mem-

⁶I had the honor of filling this position from the time of its establishment up to the date of my final retirement from active hospital work.

bers of the Executive Committee were also members of the Conference Committee.) To the Conference Committee was entrusted the duty of nominating candidates for vacancies on the medical staff. Each member of this body possessed the right of nominating candidates. The final appointment of a candidate by the Board of Directors could not take effect without the approbation of the Medical Board. These liberal regulations regarding the conditions of appointment were all suggested by Isaac Wallach.

Important improvements in the organization of the house-staff were made. Thus the length of service was gradually increased from eighteen months to two years and six months; the men appointed to the medical side were to serve six months on the surgical division, and "vice versa"; finally, to increase the number of available men on the house staff, the positions of "externes" were created. This gave men a chance, whose circumstances did not permit them more than twelve months of hospital experience.

However, to consummate all this, it was necessary to abolish, root and branch, the abominations of the interrupted service. This was the hardest nut to crack, for it involved an innovation then unheard of in New York hospitals; furthermore, it curtailed the privileges of the lay board by reducing the number of appointive places; and lastly, it might clash with "vested interests." First I convinced Mr. Wallach that a standard had to be established in the discipline and conduct of the surgical service. This meant strict regulation of the number and time of visits, and the systematic apportionment of various kinds of work, which all go to make up a well-organized clinical service. Among the latter were the emergency and night work, then the writing and control of histories, the clinical laboratory work and the service of the operating room; finally, the relations to

be cultivated with the pathological institute, where diagnostic and therapeutic mistakes are subjected to a just and wholesome critique.

All these reforms could never be realized unless two conditions were granted. One was the placing of all surgical work under one permanent head; the second, that, in order to give the details of the new plan sufficient time to become firmly established and accepted without cavil, the rule of this one head should extend over several years.

The principles just set forth were readily assented to by Mr. Wallach. He was willing to concentrate all the surgical material into one service for a certain period; but how to proceed was the question. Then came my turn. I explained that Stimson had intended to resign several years before, but consented at my request to delay his resignation until a time to be indicated by me. Fluhner was also tired of the growing burden, and would gladly resign if a small service of ten beds for the exclusive cultivation of genito-urinary surgery were given to him.

As the next best step to take, it was decided to introduce a resolution in the Medical Board to the effect, that vacancies henceforth arising in the surgical service from any cause whatever should remain unfilled for an indefinite length of time at the pleasure of the Board of Directors. The Medical Board passed the resolution unanimously. This was followed by its passage by the Board of Directors.

One day, to my surprise, the news reached me that Wyeth had resigned. Stimson's and Fluhner's resignations followed. After Fluhner's installation in his new department, all the surgical material of the hospital came into my hands. It was clearly understood, however, that this arrangement was temporary, made only for the purpose of affording the incumbent un-

trammelled opportunity to reorganize the character of the service.

Thus, in January, 1896, I found myself at the goal, and at the end of an effort begun about ten years before. "*Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem!*"

The system thus introduced is adaptable to modifications which may be demanded by changing circumstances. Maintained by me for three years, it became automatically the accepted routine, and has, in its fundamental principles, remained in force to this day. The demonstration of its feasibility and practical value led to its adoption in all the services of the hospital, where now the principle of the continuous and undivided service is supreme and unquestioned.

It must be confessed that, considering the time and patience required, and in view of the difficulties overcome, I still, after twenty years, look upon this achievement with a good deal of satisfaction, or even complacency. Aside from having advanced the common cause of hospital reform, there was derived from the change the practical and invaluable advantage, that my own hospital work could be done thenceforth in a sound and satisfactory way.

I endeavored to repay the unparalleled trust and confidence placed in me by colleagues and the directors by devoting most of my time to the hospital. The directors distinguished me by another proof of their consideration, for I received permission to conduct surgical courses for graduate students in the operating room and at the bedside. These were well attended; and were kept up until 1899, when increasing application elsewhere compelled me to abandon them.

My first adjunct was Howard Lilienthal; that of Wyeth's service, Van Arsdale. In 1896, when I took sole charge of the entire service, both became my zealous and faithful aids. After Van Arsdale's death, his place

was taken by George E. Brewer, until his appointment to Roosevelt Hospital. Then A. A. Berg and A. V. Moschcovitz became attached to my division, while Elsborg and Joseph Wiener went to Lilienthal's newly established second division.

Most of the good and enlightened members of the Board of Directors of Mount Sinai Hospital who served during the last two decades of the past century, have entered into eternal rest. For their venerable and benevolent traits, for their personal kindness to me, and for the consideration they showed to the interests of medical science and those of the medical vocation, I preserve an affectionate remembrance. They all possessed the inclination to honor sound learning, an inclination which the traditions of Israel have raised to the level of a virtue—"Shimush talmide Chachamim"—"the service of the learned."

The Pathological Laboratory of Mount Sinai Hospital had an extremely modest beginning. Its first perch was in a space not much larger than a good sized bird's cage—that is, in a bay window near the north-west corner of the old hospital. The birds inhabiting it were of the right breed. Under the expert and wise fostering of Mandlebaum, aided by E. Libman, it has grown into one of the most important pathological institutes of the United States, with a reputation based on work of intrinsic and lasting merit.

THE NEW YORK POLYCLINIC SCHOOL

The School was organized in the summer of 1882. In October, before its first session had begun, I was invited to fill one of the two chairs of surgery. John H. Wyeth held the other. The institution, now grown to important dimensions, was the creation of Wyeth. To his eminent talent of organization and management, to

his general policy, as well as intelligent attention to detail, and to his perseverance and energy must be attributed the brilliant success of the undertaking. It has fulfilled the purpose of serving the profession as a post-graduate school in a very effective manner. The strength of the original faculty lay in the fact, that almost all of its members were young, energetic, ambitious, and eager for hard work and distinction. Our Dean was the venerable Metcalfe, a fine type of the learned, suave, and genial Southerner.

The names of all the "sacred band" cannot be enumerated here. They deserve a book written exclusively for themselves. Something more must be said, however, of its moving spirit, John H. Wyeth. Tall and erect, somewhat frail-looking, with blond hair and keen blue eyes, he appears to-day almost as young as in 1882. It is a mystery how he could, without tiring, perform the prodigious labor which awaited him every day. But he did it, and did it well. The son of a learned Alabama Judge, he is very proud of his Southern ties, but except for his accent, finesse, and suavity, is not at all the typical Southron. It may be that he foreshadows the Southerner of the future. Of the dashing improvident generosity, the habitual indolence interrupted by outbursts of amazing energy, the hot-headed turbulence, the love of gambling, the exaggerated punctilio of conventional "honor," and the too genial conviviality—in short, of all these amiable vices of the traditional old-fashioned Southerner he has little or nothing. Like the Yankee of Southern conception, he is frugal, industrious, deliberate, persistent, astute, supple and provident. But he is not prosaic like the Yankee, for his facile pen has performed in "Sword and Scalpel" a splendid "tour de force," and has given us a sympathetic and vivid piece of good literature, written "con amore," and in excellent style. He won his golden spurs in medical literature by

writing an excellent monograph on the variations of the primary and secondary arterial trunks, carrying off a valuable prize from a number of able competitors.

The medical profession of the United States has distinguished him by the Presidency of the American Medical Association, an honor which was well earned and fully deserved.

Wyeth is an adroit surgeon, but his greatest force is shown in the managing of men and affairs, and, last but not least, in guiding the destinies of the Polyclinic, the beloved child of his genius and industry.

The teaching, as demanded by the advanced men who composed our classes, was a great pleasure. It taught one to address an assembly of critical listeners. The nature of the cases which came up each day for lecture was rarely known beforehand. Examination of the patients had to be rapid but thorough, for many of the audience were experts. The facts thus ascertained had to be combined for intelligent presentation, thus demonstrating to the hearers the mental process of arriving at a diagnosis. To do this properly, one had to have clear and precise notions regarding the intrinsic features of the case. This exercise in close reasoning "viva voce"—the turning inside out, as it were, of one's channels of thought before a wideawake audience, imparts a wonderful discipline to the mind. The majority of the students were bright men who appreciated this ready method of summary procedure. Most of them were keen on therapy, but few manifested deep interest in pathology and diagnosis. There was, however, among them an "élite" of distinguished intellects, who by evident and gratifying signs showed a preference for fundamental pathological facts, a knowledge of which is the only basis for a sound therapy. One of these was William J. Mayo.

However much the teaching was enjoyed, I disliked

to undertake serious operations in the large amphitheater of the school, which was the tramping ground of four or five numerous, and more or less disorderly sets of assistants, belonging to various chairs. This, together with the crowded audience, made the place anything but sweet or clean. I preferred to operate at the hospitals, where matters were under better control.

During the first two years the operative courses on the cadaver also fell to my share. This labor was done first in the dissecting room of the veterinary school situated opposite the Polyclinic building, where we had to work surrounded by cadavers of horses, dogs and cats. Protests finally led to the instalment of a place in the Polyclinic's own structure. The new workroom, however, was no better than the former, for the discomforts of a damp, unheated, ill-lighted and ill-ventilated hole—a mere cellar—had to be endured.

By this time my work became very heavy. I had to visit two hospitals daily; go thrice weekly to my service in the German Dispensary; and give six lectures per week at the Polyclinic. In addition to this, came private practice, attendance at medical societies and, from time to time, the preparation and reading of medical papers. As soon as the assistant, Dr. Dawbarn, was properly trained, the operative courses were transferred to him. In 1885, for lack of time, I had to resign my position at the German Dispensary. As my relations with Mount Sinai Hospital grew closer, work there increased in quantity, and the material became more choice. Thus it came that in 1894 the Polyclinic and in 1895 the German Hospital had also to be relinquished.

EARLY DAYS OF THE NEW YORK SURGICAL SOCIETY

In the summer of the year 1882, L. S., one of the trustees of Mount Sinai Hospital, became gravely ill.

Jacobi, his family attendant, called in Henry B. Sands as a consultant, the illness being of a surgical nature. (In those remote days of infrequent operations, it was much more than now the custom for surgeons from the various hospitals to witness each other's operations. I was a frequent visitor at Roosevelt, and Sands often came to see the work at Mount Sinai and the German Hospitals.)

The patient's case turned out to be an anterior mediastinal abscess, caused by chronic osteomyelitis on the posterior aspect of the sternum. The sufferer, an inveterate smoker, was in poor condition. His pulse was hard, intermittent and irregular. There had been several chills, and aspects were critical. Sands, with the admirable frankness of an open mind, and with his generous tendencies—ready to break at any time through convention if the case demanded it—requested that I, a much younger man, be also called in as a consultant.

A small fistula had appeared alongside of the sternum within a large area of dullness; from this pus was escaping in minute quantities. Apparently the heart was becoming more and more displaced, and prompt action became imperative. The only thing to be done was to resect a part of the sternum and thus to establish ample drainage. The patient, an intelligent and courageous man, was anxious for relief and quickly consented to—nay, demanded—operation. Sands expressed the wish that I become associated with him in the care of the patient, and against the opposition of the family, the operation was successfully done. In those days it was considered daring and foolhardy. The patient recovered and lived for many years thereafter.

In our frequent meetings at the bedside of this patient began our lifelong friendship. I learned that he was a lover and performer of music, and this knitted another tie between us. Later he was responsible for my be-

coming a member of the New York Surgical Society, then newly founded. My election took place on Oct. 24, 1882.

The morning following the election Charles Briddon, Surgeon of the Presbyterian Hospital, congratulated me upon the event. He added, however, that "you have made an enemy for life," for the other—the unsuccessful—candidate, was George F. Shrady, Editor of *The Medical Record*. It turned out later that, however chagrined he may have been, Shrady bore me no ill will at all.

Shrady sprang, like Minerva out of the head of Jove, suddenly into the class of consultants. He had been called to see President Garfield in consultation with Bliss. Later, when President Grant was patiently awaiting his end, he again became a presidential consultant. He was witty, a good "raconteur," had a fluent pen and a facile style. Under his expert guidance the *N. Y. Medical Record* was an able, influential and successful periodical.

The Surgical Society at that time comprised an array of remarkable men: Sands, Thomas Markoe, Weir, L. A. Stimson, McBurney, Bull, Briddon, Lange, Abbe, and E. L. Keyes, Sr., were all names of renown. Meetings were held in the Library of the New York Hospital, where we sat in huge, bay-like, and extremely comfortable armchairs. One evening, exhausted by the labors of an unusually busy day, I could not resist the anodyne effect of the heated room and of the nasal reading of a paper probably worthy but uninteresting. Neighbors poked my ribs, for I snored. Sands' comment on the episode was: "There is more life in that snore than in the reading of the paper."

The bulk of the work done in the society was important and admirable. And how could it have been otherwise in that glorious period of triumphant surgical

conquest? In 1891 I was distinguished by being chosen the Society's seventh President. During this term of service earnest endeavors were made to correct abuses all too common in medical meetings. They were the customary unpunctuality of attendance, and the transgression of the prescribed hour of adjournment; then the waste of time by certain habitual "spouters," who, under barefaced and absurd pretexts, dragged in cases having no relation whatever to matters in hand.

What changes have taken place in the character of the transactions of most of our medical societies since 1880! Treatment, treatment, and almost nothing but treatment had the preference then. New remedies and new splints ruled the day. Many of the papers were dishearteningly uninteresting. But there were enough noteworthy exceptions.

Sands once invited me as his guest when the "Practitioners Society" met at his house. There with true delight I heard the masterful, measured, and clear presentation—without any notes—of a history of gall-stone ileus by William H. Draper. Bull was another master of the art—for art it is. A man without the artistic temperament and without the sense of order, sequence and emphasis may command respectful attention because of the importance of his subject or of his personality; but he can never excite the pleasure evoked by the effort of a master, wherein are combined dignity of subject, a logically ordered structure of thought, and the charm of a vivid, graphic presentation.

From among the original members of the old Surgical Society the figure of Henry B. Sands, its intellectual originator and one of its founders, stands foremost. He was a man according to my own heart. Of medium stature and rather a frail body, he had a strong prejudice against vigorous physical exercise, saying that a surgeon needed brains more than muscle. He had a fine,

narrow, long, and nimble hand. Much of its subtlety had been acquired at the piano, which he played well and with good taste. The main feature of his physiognomy was a fine pair of dark, beady, brilliant, penetrating eyes. Their expression was heightened by the peculiar satiric fixity characteristic of myopia. Searching as they seemed to be, they were also expressive of a certain good natured but ironical "bonhomme," reminding one of Anatole France. Among his mental characteristics, high intelligence, untroubled by preoccupation or prejudice of any kind, was the main factor. I never knew an American so little influenced in his judgments by surroundings, nor a man who had more of what is called the courage of his convictions. From this followed his deep and openly avowed contempt for *éclat*, sensational claptrap, and interested insincerity. He was especially severe in his scorn for vote-hunting and the chase after the evanescent bubble—popularity. The terror of humbugs, he was famous for his cutting "bons mots," nonchalantly launched in the face of certain habitual braggarts. In that time there flourished a talented, hardworking surgeon, an incorrigible boaster, whom Horace's "splendide mendax" fitted exactly. Upon this man Sands would pour out the vials of his sarcasm. The victim, a veritable pachyderm, seemed rather to enjoy the titillation caused by the sting of the barbed shafts. The target, the spectators, and the marksman all enjoyed this archery practice. Yet no man was more universally liked than Sands, for his character included a strong vein of sympathy. However keen and objective his perceptions were regarding demonstrable facts, in judging of the motives which determine human behavior, his sympathetic discernment verged on, and often coincided with, wisdom. He entertained no foolish illusions, however, nor any self-deception. His utter freedom from vanity, the beset-

ting sin of many great surgeons, was admirable. This quality is also akin to wisdom; it preserved in him a youthful and receptive candor of mind, which welcomed instruction with pleasure from the humblest source—a striking contrast to the intolerant airs of infallibility displayed, for instance, by a great Boston surgeon of those days.

His freedom from vanity cannot be better illustrated than by the following anecdote he often told at his own expense. The theme was his success in proving to the Hamburg surgeons the superior safety of ether over chloroform as an anæsthetic. Professor Schede, having repeatedly been urged to give ether a trial, finally consented, and asked Sands to demonstrate its application. Accordingly, a paper cone was constructed in old New York style, and Sands proceeded to administer the anæsthetic. The patient's dyspnœa and cyanosis were explained away to the alarmed audience as insignificant, because very common during the use of ether. The patient soon relaxed but became strangely quiet. When the mask was removed, the man was dead. In spite of this, its unfortunate introduction, ether has replaced chloroform everywhere.

Some time in 1888, Daniel M. Stimson inquired whether I would not like to join a certain club largely composed of artists and professional men. Sands also spoke to me about the matter, and proposed to be my sponsor. While this hung fire, Sands died in harness—or rather, in his open vehicle while visiting patients. Death was painless and sudden, caused by either heart failure or apoplexy. It called forth universal and sincere regret. The burial services, in Dr. Taylor's church at 34th street and Sixth avenue, were attended by an enormous crowd of people—not only the well-to-do, but mainly the poor, who lost in him their best friend.

Not long afterwards Sands' letter, written in my be-

half, was read by the committee on admissions, who decided to honor their friend's memory by granting this, his last written request. So did his hand, from beyond the grave, bestow a kindness upon a friend.

It has been mentioned that Sands was a great lover and a fine connoisseur of good music. He organized a chamber music club, which met regularly at his house during the winter months. It was a very enjoyable way of spending Sunday afternoons. After his death, Dr. Charles Knight took charge of the club's affairs, and for many years these concerts were continued under his auspices. The Lenten meeting of each season was suggestively celebrated by the production of Schubert's "Forellenquintett."

In the death of Thomas F. Markoe I lost another staunch friend. He was a tall, erect man of martial bearing and serious mien. His character was as straight and upright as his bearing. He had written an excellent work on the diseases of the bones, and was an authority in this field of surgery.

A few years after I settled in New York, he once had to deal with a case of spontaneous fracture of the thigh. The patient had consulted a number of authorities, whose diagnoses disagreed. The majority thought the fracture due to a neoplasm. Markoe honored me by asking for my opinion at a formal consultation. As he was one of the veterans of the medical profession of New York, this was a flattering sign of his esteem. We deemed the case benign, and that the trouble was a form of dry osteomyelitis following typhoid fever of an older date. The operation confirmed the diagnosis, and a cure followed.

One of the surgical veterans of the Civil War (like Keen of Philadelphia and Pilcher of Brooklyn) was Robert F. Weir, a man of distinguished presence, who enjoyed in the old New York Hospital an envied and de-

servedly good name for thoroughness, skill, and an upright and benevolent character. He was an enthusiastic promoter of the antiseptic method and, next to Sands, the most progressive surgeon of the older set. Though he had little of the orator, he taught well and wrote a very good paper. The conscientious and indefatigable fulfillment of his unlucreative hospital duties earned him the love of his staff, and universal respect. He held the honors of the presidential chair of the Surgical Society, the Academy of Medicine, and the American Surgical Association. Since his retirement, he is genially cultivating—"procul negotiis"—alternately at Lake George and under the balmy skies of the far-off Bahamas, the gentle art of gardening.

Charles McBurney was a handsome man of distinguished personality. A fine head, with a well-cut profile, was supported by a small, slender, but wiry and well-shaped frame. His habitual expression was serious, with a tinge of the "bored," which, however, became him very well. He was rather matter of fact, which meant—as natural gifts—sureness and precision. His presentation of subjects was always lucid and interesting. He was a truly brilliant operator and his method of dissection indicated the expert anatomist. With all this delicacy of touch he did not lack summary vigor where needed. Apart from his profession, his main relaxation lay in certain forms of sport—fishing, shooting, and the saddle, in all of which he excelled.

McBurney's merits as an original surgeon need no enumeration. His enormous practice aged him prematurely; he lost his powers through lucrative overwork.

William T. Bull was quite a different personality. Tall, robust, ruddy and handsome, he captivated everybody with his bright, genial and sympathetic ways. Assistants, students and patients adored him. His surgical talent was great, his technique impeccable. In some

respects he was more inventive, adaptable, and clever than the formal, almost pedantic, McBurney. His humanities also were better developed, for he was interested in observant travel, spoke French and German, appreciated a good joke as well as a good menu, and honored a glass of wine with judicious recognition. His reputation was made by the famous case of multiple gunshot injury to the intestine, in which the defects were successfully closed by suture. But he was not the first one to perform this act. Another American, a surgeon in the Confederate Army, my lamented friend, Kinloch of Charleston, S. C., had done the same thing during the Civil War, without antisepsis and the great apparatus of a modern hospital at his command. During the turmoil of the civil conflict the notable deed attracted little attention, and was forgotten for many years. This does not diminish the merit of Bull's achievement.

Like McBurney, he also wasted too much of his time and energy on the "aurea praxis." He had an expensive family to maintain, with domiciles at New York, Newport, and in Paris, and, "ça coute." Poor and lovable man, he worked like a helot almost to his sad and pitiable end.

Lewis F. Stimson, upon whose shoulders had fallen the mantle of Frank Hamilton, foremost American authority on fractures and dislocations, evoked the image of a Knight Templar of the Crusades, and of a stern and austere champion of the holy cross, to whom its miraculous powers are an unquestioned reality—and all this as it was before Cervantes. His proud and erect figure, his aquiline features and piercing gaze, often invited comparison with one of the "beaux sabreurs" of the First Empire. I met him seldom except at the Surgical Society, where all his presentations had a solid and valuable character. He spoke excellently with contained

emphasis, and was a splendid teacher. Next to his picturesque physiognomy, his crossing the Atlantic in a small yacht was to me the most sympathetic trait. This amiable yielding to a passion formed a piquant contrast to his stern exterior.

I shall close the portrait gallery of the old Surgical Society by a sketch of Charles Briddon. His exemplary honesty in faithfully reporting all failures was exceeded only by that of Alfred Post. He also had a martial appearance, but of a type different from the paladinal, superb style of Stimson. A pair of formidable, bristling, ruddy mustaches suggest on first sight the king of the carnivora. But the moment he began to speak, all this "mise en scène" of ferocity was dissipated by the jolly, good-natured, rollicking ways of his true inwardness. In later years, when he began to grow grisly, he reminded one of Marryat's old sea dogs. He dropped his aitches conscientiously.

After meetings, he was wont to lead his joyous flock of youngsters to Shanley's oyster house, where cheery, intimate little suppers were consumed in great amity. "Ecce quam bonum et jucundum, habitare fratres in unum." Here were discussed the gossip of schools, hospitals, and practice; the traits of some new aspirant for fame, who burst upon startled New York from the unblushing West, from the chivalrous South, or from effete Europe like Juvenal's type of the conquering young advocate, embalmed in this immortal verse: "conduendo loquitur jam rhetore Thule." This could thus be paraphrased: "Far off Thule is canvassing the splendor of the newly emerged surgical star of first magnitude." Old Briddon, unassuming, kind, dapper and honest to the core, was a lovable type.

With all the talent and learning possessed by the men of the Surgical Society of the eighties, one peculiarity was singular in some of them, not excepting the genito-

urinary surgeons. This was their scant acquaintance with the protean forms of inveterate lues,—forms which to this day are wont to masquerade among the uninformed as surgical cases. Amputations done on account of gummata mistaken for neoplasms were not very rare. One cause of this was the prevalence of curiously prudish notions regarding the practitioners' ethical attitude toward the "shameful disease." Men who specialized in syphilis were put down almost to the level of the "criminal lawyer." The Wassermann test has done away with all this. Since it has shown the malady lurking in some of our bluest blood, the taboo was graciously lifted.

In the month of July, 1882, Dr. Estes, who had become my brother-in-law, and I, made a canoe trip. We went by steamer from New York to Kingston, then by rail to Arkville in the Catskills, where a couple of days in fishing for trout were spent—then still plentiful in Dry Brook, the Bushkill, and the Neversink. We "put in" at Margarettsville, and navigated the Delaware "per tot discrimina rerum," in heat and soaking rains, among rattlesnakes when encamped, and threatened by ferocious dogs while foraging for provender at riverside farms. Our boat was decorated with a hedge of blossoming rhododendron. The dam at "Lackawac" was run, and the roaring tumult of "Foul Rift" was braved, until—sooty, sunburnt, but happy—we reached Easton. There Estes had to return to Bethlehem. But he "lent" me his house surgeon, Carter, with whom I continued from Philipsburg, along the Hudson and Delaware Canal to Lake Hopatcong, where ten more delightful days were spent in camp.

ASSISTANTS

By the early spring of the year 1883, the volume of practice required my having an assistant. A. Schaprin-

ger, an old classmate of Vienna, was then living in New York in straitened circumstances, having failed in everything he had undertaken. Contrary to business principles, I did not select a recent hospital graduate, but, moved by a natural feeling toward an old schoolmate, requested him to become my aid.

Ever since I can remember, the unusual, striking, bizarre, and even eccentric traits in other persons' appearance and character have strongly attracted my interest. This inclination received plenty of aliment in the abundance of "originals," that is, "odd geniuses" who are bred and thrive in the peculiar soil of small, highly civilized and close communities like old Kassa. This may serve as an additional explanation of the curious and not altogether wise choice of my first two assistants.

Schapringer was a peculiar character. He belonged to the type of the blue-eyed, blond, shy, mild, highly intellectual, but obstinate and pessimistic Jew—a type which, though exceptional, is nevertheless well known. He was thoroughly impractical and unlucky. From the beginning of our acquaintance in student days, I recognized him as one who had had gentle nurture and was well-bred. His manners were easy and courteous, and his speech, without being priggish, was that of a carefully educated person. What I learned of his family later confirmed this impression. His father, a provincial banker at Pécs in Hungary, had been ennobled by Francis Joseph for civic efficiency and generous philanthropy.

Schapringer possessed a fund of solid, extensive information in general medicine, and was, as already implied, an adroit oculist. He, however, lacked backbone, was often morose and pessimistic and, on account of certain harmless but extremely disconcerting ec-

centricities, very difficult to get along with. Yet, in his better moods, he was an interesting, amiable companion.

For two years I bore with him, but gradually things came to the pass, that although we were seated at the same desk, his communications to me were made in writing. Finally, we parted company.

The lesson of this experience was unheeded, for as Schapringer's successor, and for similar reasons, another eccentric character was selected. Ernest Schottky was nine years my senior. An erudite philologist, he had for a number of years filled the chair of German Literature at King's College, London, and, on account of his Sanscrit learning, had received a call from the Indian Government to a vacant professorship at Calcutta; this was declined. Dissatisfied, he resigned his place and came to America, where he began to study medicine and graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He served with merit as House Surgeon at the German Hospital, and was, in the fall of 1885, waiting—and waiting in vain—for a practice. Extensive knowledge made his conversation very interesting and stimulating. For this reason, and because of his great need, he was induced to associate himself with me.

Schottky, tall, erect, and spare, represented the Shakespearean conception of Cassius. He was of the dark skinned, almost swarthy Sarmatian type, and wore his straight, black, wiry hair and beard clipped short. His mien was serious, and superficially, almost sinister, for his deep-set eyes were overshadowed by bushy black eyebrows, and by the overhang of a massive forehead. Closer inspection, however, revealed their warm brown irises suffused with the gentle and tender sympathy of the dreamer and poet. My first glimpse of his true self came from his calling my attention to Rückert's version of the delightful Sanskrit

poem, "Nal and Damajanti," too little known to the general reader.

Schottky possessed decided literary capacity. A charming short story, "Clytia," appeared years ago in English garb in the *Century Magazine*, and a drama, "Hannibal," masterfully depicts the personality of the great Carthaginian, the tender and unfortunate Sophonisba, and the coarse, greedy, cruel, and faithless materialism of the leading mercantile nation of antiquity.

In my second choice of an assistant, I fell "from the frying pan into the fire," for although of a different character, Schottky's eccentricities were no less difficult to bear with than those of poor Schapringer. Nevertheless, relations were not severed until 1890, when he started to practice independently. He died a premature death a few years later. At the request of his widow, the sad duty of delivering his funeral oration fell to me.

The next assistant during five years was Howard Lilienthal, followed by Albert A. Berg, who held the place until 1911. Both served well and efficiently, and both have become Visiting Surgeons at Mount Sinai Hospital—Lilienthal in 1899, and Berg after my retirement.

ANOTHER VISIT TO EUROPE

In May, 1884, a visit to my mother in Hungary was paid by us *en famille*. On May 9th, we sailed for Hamburg, where many American surgeons were attracted by the work of Schede and Kümmel. From there a pleasant and instructive excursion was made to Esmarch at Kiel. In Berlin I saw the work of Kuester, Koerte, Rose and Hahn. The surgical pilgrimage finished, progress was made to Hungary, where the arrival of her new daughter-in-law and grandson was impatiently awaited by my mother. A stop was made in the snowy

Tátra, another at Kassa, where relatives, former school-mates, and old teachers extended to the visitors kindness and hospitality. It was on this occasion, as before related, that Mrs. Gerster and I partook of a monastic repast in the refectory of the Canons of Prémontré. The visit in Hungary ended with a two weeks' stay at the baths of Füred on beautiful Lake Balaton, where bathing, sailing, excursions to the romantic vine-clad hills of the lake shore, to the whilom robber-infested forest of Bakony, and examination of a cluster of prehistoric cave dwellings cut into the cliff of Tihany, filled up our allotted time. By September we were again in New York.

“THE RULES OF ASEPTIC AND ANTISEPTIC SURGERY”

“Quatenus nobis denegatur diu vivere, relinquamus aliquid, quo nos vixisse testemur.”—*Epistles of Pliny*.

(“Since it is denied to us to live very long, let us leave behind something as a testimony that we have lived.”)

Successful teaching must be based upon clarity, and a reasoned arrangement of the teacher's own knowledge. Unavoidably, at first, the beginner lacks the latter of these qualities; but if he loves his work, his sense of logical order will soon adjust matters, so that after a time his information is grouped into an organic whole of seemly and fitting proportions. This was my experience.

When this process of intellectual gestation is finished, the impulse for production—for the act of parturition, as it were—becomes imperative. A parallel line of thought must have made Socrates call his philosophical method “maeutic,” that is, obstetrical, because it aided the birth of ideas.

Authorship of the right kind has many of the features

of this interesting reproductive process. The labor of gestation and of bringing forth a work of original purport implies, like the analogous physiological effort of warm-blooded animals, including man, a long series of discomforts. In a certain sense, a serious author must, during the period of collecting and arranging the elements—the flesh and blood of his mental offspring—undergo the malaise, hopes, despondencies, and disturbances of normal functional comfort, which pertain to the state of gravidity. Finally, he must pass valiantly through the painful, searching, and relentless throes of actual birth, until, the work finished, he can, “broken and exhausted but supremely happy, breathe forth the great sigh of relief.”

The work of writing “The Rules of Aseptic and Antiseptic Surgery” was begun in October, 1885, and on December 17th the contract with Daniel Appleton & Company was signed. They were liberal and helpful publishers. For the illustrations the adoption of the new Meisenbach process, then an untried innovation, was proposed, to which the firm assented, on condition, that the cost must not exceed \$2,500.00. The author was to furnish the photographs; Wm. Kurtz, photographer, to produce the plates. Busy times followed, for in addition to this literary work, numerous daily tasks had to be done as usual. However, the members of the house staffs of both hospitals generously helped in the collection of case histories, and were enthusiastic over the interesting process of making photographic exposures in ward and operating room. The technique of grouping in proper light, of estimating length of exposure in all sorts of weather, and of getting the essential points into the picture, were rapidly mastered.

The actual writing of the first draft was done in about three months. This result was achieved only because everything had been properly assembled and classified

beforehand, and because a carefully prepared skeleton plan was strictly followed. The book appeared in October, 1887, but at the request of the firm was post-dated to 1888.

Thanks to the interest and modesty of Kurtz, the cost of illustrations was kept well below \$2,000.00, a feat which raised the author in the publishers' estimation higher than either his literary or his surgical skill.

The compelling motive of the work was a need for self-expression. Rising doubts as to the commercial outcome of the undertaking were resolutely put aside. Its ultimate success was gratifying on account of the satisfaction shown by the publishers. There were three editions, the second following the first within three months. Altogether, a few less than 11,900 copies were sold.

The Appletons have repeatedly suggested re-writing a new edition—the last time in 1907. Aversion to undertake the toil was supported by the fact, that the ostensible purpose of the book—that is spreading the knowledge of the aseptic method of surgery—had been abundantly fulfilled. Newer interests were also urging their claims upon time and energy. Finally, the author has always felt a strong distaste for every sort of “réchauffé.” No amount of culinary chicane will ever convert a réchauffé into an original dish.

“Ohe jam satis est, ohe libelle.”—*Martial*.

THE AMERICAN SURGICAL ASSOCIATION

The Baltimorean is a sympathetic type of Southerner splendidly exemplified in the person of L. McLane Tiffany. I had not made his acquaintance when, in the spring of 1889, a courteous letter came expressing the desire and requesting consent to propose my candidacy

to The American Surgical Association, an offer which was gladly accepted.

During the following winter an official notice informed me that a written thesis was required to accompany each candidate's application. I pleaded that my recently published book be accepted in lieu of such a thesis. This request was granted and I became a fellow in May, 1890.

Unquestionably this body was composed of what was then the best in the surgical calling of the United States. By "best" is meant not professional eminence alone, but also the possession of an unblemished character. Criteria, especially as to the second of the conditions, were strict, and have remained so to this day.

The transactions show the solid nature of the work of the Fellows. Searching freedom, yet great courtesy in the tone of the discussions, exclude the vices of the proverbial "mutual admiration club." The Association has another significant characteristic: its hands have never been sullied by the smut of medical or other politics. Its form of government is a democratic oligarchy, which, as proven by the test of time, is the best for this kind of an organization. In 1912 I had the honor to occupy its presidential chair at the meeting in Montreal.

"Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est."—*Horace*.

("To have pleased the foremost men is not a slight honor.")

Though the temptation is great, I refrain from marshaling in review the distinguished Fellows of the American Surgical Association as done in the case of my better and more intimately known colleagues of New York. The account would approach too near the present time, and errors, the possible result of close temporal proximity, must be avoided. Let a future historian charge himself with this pleasant task. I cannot

forego, however, making grateful acknowledgment of the generous kindness and consideration with which I, a man of foreign birth, have been honored and distinguished by my American colleagues.

In February, 1902, Dr. Ladislaus Farkas, one of the leading surgeons of Hungary, sent notice that through the death of Professor Lumnitzer a vacancy had arisen in one of the two chairs of surgery at the University of Budapest; furthermore, that my name had been placed on the list of candidates. He, as an intimate friend, was charged to ascertain whether a call to the vacant chair would be accepted. After brief consideration, a negative reply was sent. I had become too old to undergo the discomforts and dangers of a late transplantation. My roots were too deep down in the new congenial soil. Comfortably anchored, I had become heart and soul an American. Where my name and reputation were made, there I proposed to serve to the end of my allotted time.

A GLIMPSE OF THE CHARAKA CLUB

The Charaka Club is distinguished from other aggregations by peculiar features in its character. It cultivates in an intimate way history, letters and the arts in their relations to medicine. Through example and its publications, it has exerted a distinct influence in stimulating interest towards these fascinating aspects of quasi-medical activity. The names of S. Weir Mitchell, John S. Billings and George F. Shrady have adorned the club's roster, and William Osler is faithfully maintaining a mutually cherished relationship with its members by the exchange of letters and books between Oxford and New York.

Between the years 1905 and 1907, Dana was President of the New York Academy of Medicine. During

THE CHARAKA CLUB



BOOK PLATE OF THE CHARAKA CLUB.

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his incumbency he invited me, then little known to him, to deliver the customary anniversary address at which the general public as well as the profession are present. The invitation was accepted because it afforded opportunity to tell those interested in hospitals about the waste, due to backward organization, which was going on in these institutions. Dana was pleased with the result of the effort. Through his influence and perhaps that of Dr. B. Sachs, I was admitted to the "hetairia" of choice spirits, named after its tutelary genius, the Brahmin physician, "The Charaka Club." Though most of the members reside in New York, talent was attracted from Brooklyn, St. Louis, Washington, Philadelphia, and Baltimore; and even Boston condescended to contribute its choicest in Streeter and the amiable Walton. Harvey Cushing, now of Boston, must be credited to Baltimore, whence he joined.

The meetings, like those of the early Christians, begin with a modest love feast—"agape"—at which nothing more expensive than champagne must be served. This is followed by the work proper, generally well done, but not taken too seriously. Dana cultivates interest with Coan architecture and Horatian dainties. Pilcher and Streeter entertain with bits of book lore, showing rare editions of ancient authors. Bailey reads penetrating sketches, in which the riddles of pathological soul life are adroitly disentangled. Peterson demonstrates the finer anatomy of the poetic vein, and spreads before the delighted gaze hoards of ancient Chinese art. Holden, the perennial Chancellor, the guardian of the archives and treasure, explains the esoteric significance of the graphic scotoma, the colorless spot in every good Japanese print. Harvey Cushing, the encephalic artist, reads selections from the poetic works of Albert Haller.

According to the Virgilian sentiment that "nemo ex hoc numero mihi non donatus abibit," we shall review

the sterling qualities belonging to the remainder. First comes the modern Titus, Joseph Collins, who, like his imperial prototype, may justly be called "amor et deliciae generis humani"; then Kammerer, the archiater of the German Hospital, of whom may be said, as of Fabius, "ille homo, qui cunctando nobis restituit rem." Then follows Walton, great in the knowledge of the secret powers of the mystical sylphium, the beloved physician, whose mnemotechnical scheme eliminates oblivion and, last but not least, whose erudition in the lore of scarab and mastaba fills the demotic soul with awe.

And what shall be said of James, the magnificent, the generous, discriminating protector of budding talent, and a late edition of the great Medicean? His house is a treasury of the arts and sciences; his talent to brew the ceremonial tea, and to concoct buttered toast is unsurpassed. And the majestic and genial Jelliffe, whose critical stylet will unhesitatingly prick any bubble that may obtrude itself with the effrontery of a hypothetical question. And George Dock, the protagonist of the medical, historical, and scientific "Renaissance of Missouri!" (These are *ipsissima verba* of Dana in one of his recent publications on modern portraiture.)

Now comes Sachs, the only member of the "Sanhedrin" who ever administered the holy sacrament of Christian baptism; for he gave to the club its name.

Camac, the new Saurochthonos, who expelled from the locomotor apparatus of Dana not one reptile (as did Apollo, St. George, and the mighty Heracles), but millions of dragons known under the collective name of *Bacillus viridans*.

Packard of Philadelphia presented the life and history of the first Surgeon General of the United States Army under General Washington. McCallum gave facinating illustrations of the peculiarly ornamented temple and palace architecture of the island of Bali, and

Garrison, of Washington, introduced us to the gruesome company of the chthonic deities of the Minoan, Mycenaean and Greek ages.

What shall be said of our absent friend Osler? Deeply engaged in the patriotic tasks of aiding the army medical service of Great Britain, he patiently awaits the return of the Muses to the shades of now depopulated Oxford; for "inter arma silent Musae."

The club has hitherto issued four volumes of quintessential transactions.

"Talis erat Dido!"—such is the Charaka Club!

AN EXPERIENCE IN NON-SURGICAL LIFE-SAVING

Since the rare fortune once befell the writer to help in saving life—not at the bedside nor in the operating room—this event will be related.

After the great labor riots at Braddock, Pa.—in 1895 or thereabouts—three Hungarian Slavs were found guilty, and were sentenced to be hanged for the murder of a watchman. Being penniless, the court assigned a lawyer to their defense. This lawyer was a venerable gentleman, an Irishman, with all the graces of a good and kindly heart, but not very successful in his profession. He was utterly helpless in dealing with a case where, on one side, emotional strain and prejudice on the part of an outraged community and, on the other, social unrest with utter ignorance and incapacity demanded the highest degree of courage, intelligence and impartiality to bring about a just verdict. Some time after sentence had been passed, a series of small contributions by laborers in Pennsylvania netted the sum of \$500.00. This was to pay for the appearance of a capable advocate before the Court of Appeals on behalf of the three condemned men. This second lawyer pocketed the money, and arriving in Harrisburg the night

before the appointed session of the court, met convivial company. He then became so intoxicated that he had to be carried to bed. The following morning, when the case was called, he was still helpless. In the absence of defendants' counsel, the case was adversely decided on technical points.

It so happened at the time that I was President of the Hungarian Association; its aims were analogous to those of St. Patrick's, St. Andrew's, St. George's, the French, Italian, German, and other societies maintained in New York for the aid and support of immigrants. The Irish advocate, assigned to defend the men at the original trial, appealed to me in person. He had become deeply concerned in the cause of his clients, and showed such anguish over their impending fate, that I was moved to study the printed record of the trial.

First hesitatingly, later with increasing conviction, the conclusion was reached that the verdict of murder in the first degree was not sustained by adequate proof. Had the jury been more mindful regarding defects of testimony and less subservient to public clamor, they could not have found as they did. Undeniably, the culprits were rioting law-breakers, who deserved condign punishment. The direct testimony as to murder, however, was contradictory; for while one witness swore that at a certain time he saw the men beating their victim, another witness testified that at precisely the same moment he observed them setting fire to and destroying property more than a mile from the place of the murder. The affirmative testimony being contradicted and lacking confirmation, it was fair to conclude that the defendants had not received "due benefit of doubt."

With much reluctance—for the affair lay in the field of the law, to which I was a stranger—I agreed to appear before the Board of Pardons at Harrisburg. The venerable head and moving plea of the humane defender

had overcome my natural misgivings. Accordingly, a letter of introduction to Daniel H. Hastings, Governor of Pennsylvania, the presiding officer of the Board of Pardons, was procured from Colonel Fellows—then District Attorney under the Tammany régime.

We met at Harrisburg on a stifling September day. The attitude of the Governor was courteous but discouraging. He stated that the appearance of a lay pleader before the court was without precedent; and that the usual layman's verbosity and irrelevance would embarrass the business of the court; finally he doubted whether his colleagues would entertain such a proposal. I was ready to retire, but my Irish associate pleaded again and again, urging the enormity of three judicial murders. Finally, the better side of the Governor's nature yielded to the irresistible pleadings of my Irishman, and suddenly he promised to do what he could.

The next morning the court room was filled with Philadelphia lawyers; our case was number thirteen on the calendar. This nearly unnerved my legal companion; the unlucky number certainly spoiled his joy over my admission to pleader. The fact that our case was called so late proved of great value, for it gave me ample opportunity to observe the mode of procedure, and taught not so much what to do, as what to avoid. It struck me that all the pleadings were extremely concise and that this seemed to be crucial. I prepared the impending presentation accordingly.

When number thirteen was called, the presiding officer announced the court's decision to hear a layman pleader, at the same time urging extreme brevity. Our Irish friend was first invited to present his case. He began by spreading out a large map of the Edgar Thompson works where the crime had been committed; then he dropped it on the floor. Disconcerted, he went from one confusion to another. His condition was truly

pathetic. The judges were plainly sympathetic, for two tried to help him to find the requisite points on the diagram; but things grew worse and our case seemed to be lost. Finally the Governor interrupted the painful scene, and asked for the brief. Then I was called. The address took less than five minutes. An hour after I was on my way to the Adirondacks.

Ten days later a telegram announced a pardon. The lion's share of credit for this lucky issue belonged to the unselfish and humane instincts, and to the perseverance of the Irish lawyer. To my lasting regret I cannot recall his name.

AN AFTERMATH OF CLINICAL TEACHING

"Et ideo ego adulescentulos existimo in scholis stultissimos fieri."

—*Petronius.*

("And it is thus, I believe, young men are made extremely ignorant in the schools.")

Several years ago the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York decided to enlarge its resources for clinical instruction. Accordingly arrangements were made with a number of the larger hospitals (of the city) whereby fourth year students were to serve as members of the house staff, either as dressers on the surgical side or as clinical clerks on the medical division. Feeling much interested in the scheme as a step in the right direction I accepted a professorship of Clinical Surgery in March, 1910.

Naturally there were great variations in the quality of the students. Many of those assigned to me were bright, well-mannered, attractive fellows, well equipped in fundamentals. They were diligent and eager, and it was a great pleasure to work with them. But there were some of the other kind, too. One of these did not

know the colors of the spectrum, and when help was proffered by suggesting the rainbow, he finally blurted out that this phenomenon displayed twelve colors. Yet he knew by heart every branchlet of the trigeminal nerve.

This teaching at the bedside was terminated only on my retirement by age limit from active service at Mount Sinai Hospital on January 1, 1914. Eleven years had elapsed since my abandonment of bedside courses. The renewal of the beautiful relationship between teacher and students acted on my spirits like good old wine. It was delightful!

Contact with students during three and a half years gave occasion not only to observe their mental equipment and methods, but also to gain through friendly conversation glimpses into some of the influences which animate our scholastic life.

The first thing which attracted attention was that these young men were overworked. Most of them displayed a more or less careworn, anxious expression, characteristic of those who stand before a too onerous task. True, they were eager, but their thirst for knowledge was not like the blessed avidity of Mother Earth who imbibes life-giving moisture without effort. It rather recalled the suction of a soulless pump, which must make just so many strokes per minute, so that a tank of well-known dimensions may be filled within a certain time. I learned from them that medicine could be their only and exclusive concern; that, practically, they had no relaxation whatever, because the pressure of their studies left neither desire nor energy for pleasure. In short, these young men of joyous age, of the age of receptivity for what is fine and noble in literature, the arts and sciences, were undergoing, as it were, a spiritual isolation extending over four entire

years. They were quarantined from those influences, interest in which adds salt to the dish of life.

But why is the student of medicine worked so hard in New York—much harder than in Vienna or, for that matter, anywhere else abroad? The reason will be found in the common complaint of university teachers that the average of students coming up from college display not only a lamentable lack of knowledge, but exhibit an immaturity of intellect in strange contrast with an otherwise fully developed physical masculinity.

Medical teachers are heavily handicapped by the necessity of supplementing the deficiencies of the colleges who fail to furnish solid elementary knowledge in languages, physics, chemistry, and the natural sciences.

Languages—not the classical ones alone—are not learned with that thoroughness which would enable the student readily to employ them in speech and writing; nor are the physical sciences taught well enough to enable a prompt, adequate explanation for common natural facts upon which are based agriculture, transportation, and the exercise of all branches of manufacturing industry. Thus time which ought to be devoted to higher things at the medical school must be spent in teaching, as it were, the alphabet. The medical school at the present hour is, therefore, charged with two tasks: one legitimate, that is, teaching medicine; the other, a burden consisting in doing the work of the colleges, for which they accepted pay without “delivering the goods.” The necessity of crowding two such tasks into four years was largely the cause of the overworked, careworn faces among many of my students. They were before a task too heavy for the slender equipment brought from school and college.⁷

⁷The ever increasing scope of the medical curriculum is amply sufficient to overburden the four-year course. In all continental schools the same ground is perhaps more thoroughly covered in five years.

There is another drawback to the prevailing system of education, namely, the antiquated parrot-like "quiz" method of teaching, which lays principal stress on charging the memory, but neglects to train the reflective and critical side of the intellect. Dr. Arnold of Rugby once said that the brain is not a mere magazine, but should be an instrument. It is easier to remember than to think. The academic lip service organized for the easy acquisition of good marks, and for the mere passing of examinations, cannot do more than leave a superficial deposit of matter loosely adherent by accretion. The wear and tear of life will promptly remove even its vestiges.

But to burden the colleges and secondary schools with the entire responsibility for this state of affairs would be just as unfair as to criticize the medical schools for the crowding of their curricula. The cause lies deeper; its roots are lodged in the soil of the family having few intellectual wants, the family whose mental aliment is the daily paper, the magazine, and the vapid "best seller." Its metaphysical and ethical aspirations are satisfied with a weekly sermon heard in company with other well-to-do, somnolent, respectable, and unimaginative dullards. A boy brought up amid such surroundings cannot be expected to rise above their level. He will find it difficult indeed to liberate himself from the prevailing base adulation of wealth and material comforts, and to repudiate the open contempt for learning in which he was brought up. What can the best schoolmaster do with such undisciplined and intractable material?

This condition of things is further aggravated by the circumstance that nowhere else is the sway of parental influence over the schools more pronounced and accepted than with us. Too many parents maintain and enforce

the tenet that boys need not learn, must have a good time, and should not be disciplined, for "discipline would break their spirits."

Here, deep down in an almost inaccessible place, is lodged the evil vitiating our educational system. What is the remedy for such an insidious and widely disseminated distemper, a malady comparable to the phylloxera, a pest which saps the grapevine's life by attacking its root filaments in the soil? Will its eradication require as heroic a remedy as did the grapevine disease? Let us fervently wish and pray that it may not.

To give the gist of the matter it may be said: *First*, that there is too much play and altogether too little work and discipline in primary and intermediate schools and in many colleges. There are honorable exceptions.

Secondly, there is too much work and no play at all in professional schools of university grade, notably in those of medicine.

Thirdly, present conditions ought to be reversed; it is an anomaly for immature boys at the intermediate schools and at college to be treated like men, while grown men at professional schools—notably in medicine—have restraints imposed suitable for the control of children.

Let us look to our guns, for here, more than anywhere else, is "preparedness" demanded. The forces which decide the ultimate fate of a nation are evoked in its schools and universities. Boastful and undisciplined, we rely too much on physical bulk and numbers. But in the end the spirit alone can win.

Let me finish these remarks by a pertinent quotation:

"Mais, qu'attendre d'une bourgeoisie chez laquelle il est de règle, que les études finissent vers l'âge de vingt ans, et qui ne comprend pas que les privilèges de la fortune et du loisir deviennent de prin-

cipes destructeurs pour la classe qui les possède, s'ils ne se transforment pas en instruments de supériorité intellectuelle et politique?"

—*Paul Bourget*, "Gustave Flaubert."

THE U. S. A. MEDICAL RESERVE CORPS

When the Surgeon General's invitation to join the Medical Reserve Corps reached me in 1911 I gladly accepted. Then still vigorous I considered it a duty to offer my services to the country which had treated me so well, and where I had been distinguished by honors far beyond my merit. At the cost of reproof and condemnation at the hands of some who are indulging in a frenzy of recently assumed military ardor, I have for many years loudly proclaimed that the United States of America should maintain an adequate national army and navy, based on universal military service. We are a great and growing nation, and our own peculiar interests are not always identical with those of any other power. For sentimental reasons they should not be suffered to become the plaything or instrument of any alien interest whatever. Our sword must be and has to remain double-edged; for history teaches that all high-sounding and hollow phrases of international fraternity melt away like vapor before the compelling blast of changing national interest. The time is approaching when we may have to maintain ourselves against all comers, and the only friend we can depend upon will be our own moral force and our own good sword. The quick shifting of alliances dictated by passing emergency should be a grave warning to us.

The tonic and wholesome asperities of military discipline are needed in this our commonwealth to limit the egotistic excesses of an unchecked individualism; they alone can correct the trend of prevalent, selfishly utilitarian views of life towards luxurious effeminacy and lawlessness.

PRACTICE

“Give me neither poverty nor riches.”

“Hic dum lucra querit,
Virtus in arte perit.”

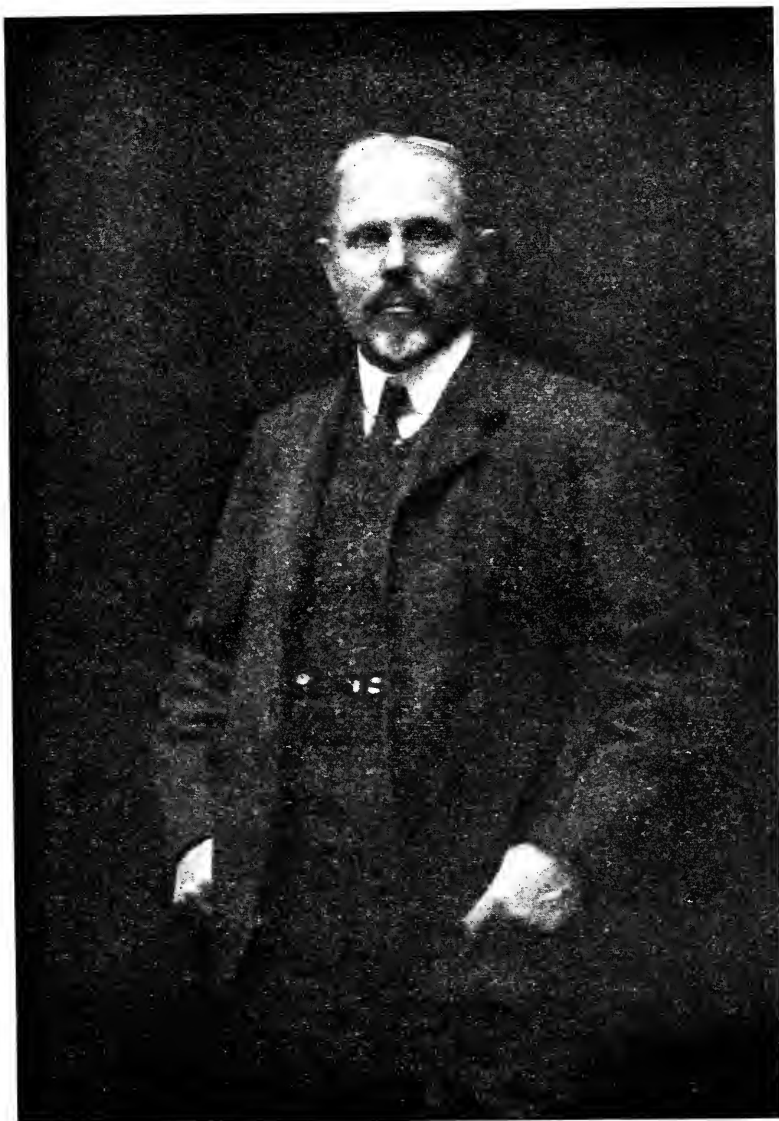
—“School of Salerno.”

The circumstances which induced my choice of medicine as a profession were related elsewhere. Choosing a vocation is a difficult matter; wrongly made it may be the cause of lifelong unhappiness. Some things ardently desired first, not rarely turn later to wormwood and ashes in the mouth. Here the effect is usually due to the chooser's own folly.

In other cases, in spite of manifest aversion, an unwilling person is forced by superior powers into hated relations. This indeed is the hardest fate to bear. The victim is free from blame, hence truly to be pitied.

My way of choosing a profession was a compromise, a *pis aller*, and a necessity which was not submitted to without a struggle. Familiarity, however, and growing knowledge gradually induced first appreciation, later on love of the work. This love has no thorny side, no sting; it is silent, deep, and persistent; it neither yields ecstasies nor inflicts torture, and from it come life's purest, most regretless and enduring pleasures. Love of one's chosen work has the magical power of turning Adam's curse into a blessing.

It is a disconcerting fact that accident has too great a part in the fateful matter of both deciding upon a profession and the choice of a wife. The Ancients comforted themselves with the belief that Necessity, the inexorable “*ananke*” of the Hellenes, was democratic and just, for even the gods were not exempt from her behests; and thus every one had to accept without mur-



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mur what was sent him. It was a sufficiently rigid and harsh rule. Hebraic metaphysical acumen found a way around the difficulty. It converted the stern image of Necessity into the poetic and grandiose conception of Job. Our fortunes are no longer as they were before, the work of a blind, unfeeling and relentless force; they are directed by God's loving and inscrutable wisdom, the purposes of which are unfathomable. Whatever of misfortune and sorrow falls to our share, it has to be accepted with grateful meekness and resignation, for it must have been sent for our own ultimate good. This biblical road is not quite so hard to travel as that of "ananke," but it is rugged enough. Still it is the only one to lead out of despair.

An honest mistake made in the choice of a wife or of a profession brings too often a disproportionate amount of suffering, to be borne only by the support of Job's philosophy. Which of the two fundamental misfortunes of life is the greater, is a nice question not easy to decide. To be the victim of both at one and the same time must indeed be harder to bear than death itself.

Nothing interests the beginner more than to learn how a fairly successful man has made his way to the upper levels. A frank expression of opinion about medical practice given now, toward the close of a laborious life, may perhaps be of interest to younger colleagues.

First of all it is regrettable that so many enter medicine filled with unattainable financial illusions. These arise from the dominant commercial standard, which does not bear transplantation from the mucky soil of selfish mercantilism into that of a noble profession. The average income of the medical man in New York is below that of a skilled laborer. Far below four figures it is as precarious as the hunter's prey, and as uncertain as the fisherman's catch. The laborer has a fixed wage,

which is a lawful lien upon the product of his labor; he can count upon it and may arrange his affairs accordingly. If he has no work he may go out and seek employment without umbrage to his social standing. The needy medical man, on the other hand, however hungry, must abstain from beating up work, and must coyly wait until capricious opportunity seeks him out.

The merchant is out for profit and nothing but profit. He *ends* and crowns his career—if it so please him—with works of charity, as did the robber princes and barons of yore, who, to appease conscience, ended a life of acquisition or rapine with pious foundations.

The medical man, on the other hand, *begins* with charity; *must* begin with charity; he continues with charity, and ends his work with charity—sometimes, alas, as a recipient! If he strive after nothing but profits he will die an unhappy and sorely disappointed wretch. Wealth, in the modern sense, is to him unattainable.

We need not despair, however, for our work gives noble compensations, far beyond what money can bestow. It will bring an honest loaf of bread, a roof, a coat, and even a modest competence against a rainy day and old age. But the best rewards are riches not to be taken from us by fire, robbery, war or pestilence. First come the delights of a constant play of the intelligence upon knowledge drawn from almost all fields of human endeavor. Medicine offers a greater variety and compass of intellectual interests than almost any other profession; its concerns embrace the entirety of the physical and spiritual problems of man's existence and of the world. This statement may seem exaggerated on first sight, but reflection will soon demonstrate its substantial truth.

Medical men do not have to contend with the soul-killing monotony of the counting house or the factory. The daily problems they are called upon to solve are

related to every form of industry, of human passion, joy, pain, and sorrow; they come in touch with what is lowest and highest in mortal existence, and enter into the sacred recesses of what is dearest and most tender in human intimacy. The physician's outlook embraces a wider horizon than that of the lawyer, priest, soldier, or technician. He must have the "humanities"; ought to be philosopher, psychologist, historian, linguist, and an adept in the natural sciences; he must have notions of law, of equity, and an abounding fund of the milk of human kindness. If he possess an appreciation of these qualities and, according to his talents, has acquired his share of them, he will derive pleasures from the "*gaudium certaminis*," which leave no bad taste in the mouth, and are followed neither by regret nor remorse. His presence will bring blessings; his absence will be deplored, and his walk will be fearless and upright. Serenely will he await the final call, and bowing his head in meekness will say:

"Nunc dimittis, Domine."

To fulfill his office, the medical man ought to possess more or less of the following qualities: Humanity, a knowledge of his art, honesty and courage; then good health, tact, diligence, and a frugal contentedness. They will be present in varying quantities—abundance of some compensating for comparative lack of others. Their aggregate will determine the final result. No one can reach the ideal, for no one can possess all these qualities, some of which are inborn. But by diligent endeavor one may rise higher, the other not so high, each facing upward to the stars—"ad sidera, vultus"; each attaining the level vouchsafed by his individual capacity.

The usefulness of the physician to his patients will be the greater the more he excels them in learning,

kindness, and courtesy. Good manners and modesty joined to efficiency will always command respectful consideration. This respect will be different from that exacted by wealth or power, to which man never submits without a certain feeling of resentment and revolt. To the deserving healer, respect is yielded without repugnance, voluntarily and cheerfully.

To gain independence and to guard one's self-respect would be impossible without decent provision for the daily necessities of life. To satisfy this cardinal need, each should exert himself to the utmost. But to go far beyond this purposely, to follow the siren call of greed, has lured many a good man to premature decay by overwork.

The successful man's safety must be sought in the reflection that after all a large income is not the foremost and sole purpose of his endeavors. Other, nobler objects must govern his aspirations. In gaining these, abundant pecuniary returns, as a by-product of his industry, will not be lacking. Success thus conquered will deprive emulation of the sordid and hateful aspects of competition. The reward of this attitude will be the good will and friendship of one's professional fellows, the sincerest acknowledgment of worth and probity.

The practice of medicine may be pursued in various ways. The honorable physician will use his practice as a man should treat his wedded wife: with love, respect and consideration. On the other hand, the man who chooses short cuts and the dark underground route to prosperity, such as the dichotomist of fees, for instance, deals with his practice as with a prostitute. To him every depth of degradation will be acceptable as long as it pays.

While attending the International Medical Congress of 1909 at Budapest, I greatly enjoyed the company of the distinguished group of French surgeons who

honored the occasion with their presence. It was observed that one whose name was better known abroad than that of most of his compatriots, was shunned by them as a pariah. Inquiry for the reason of this strange circumstance elicited the response, that though talented and a brilliant operator, he was—alas!—also a shameless fee-splitter, self-advertiser, and money grabber—in short, a “mauvais sujet,” whose intimacy was undesirable.

Another type of the medical money chaser is the one who hunts for friendships as the commercial drummer is wont to fish for customers. Whoever buys his goods is dubbed a “friend.” This attitude of mind is neatly expressed by the query: “What are friends good for if they bring no business?” Sallust, in his *Catiline*, has well defined this sort of friendship: “*Amicitias inimicitiasque non ex re, sed ex commodo aestimare*”—that is, “They weighed friendship or enmity not by intrinsic merit, but according to money profit or loss.”

These black sheep of the profession, through their easy and quick successes, are dangerous corruptors of the young, among certain of whom they excite unreserved admiration. This encourages imitation. Listening to the praises of one of the worst fee-splitters and self-advertisers of the town I was reminded of the famous dialogue in Petronius’ feast of Trimalchio, where a parasite guest expresses his admiration for the talents of a defunct financier in these untranslatable words: “*Paratus fuit quadrantem ex stercore mordicus tollere.*”

And what should be said of the medical charlatan who greases the wheels of his tumbril platform with the unction of a saint? When the occasion is propitious, his eyes become upturned and fixed in pharisaical ecstasy. One hand distributes pious tracts, while the other is busy clawing the last dollar out of his patient’s pocket.

X

NEW YORK—IN HARBOR

“Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitae jucunda obliviae vitae.”

—*Horace.*

(“Now let us, gladly oblivious of past cares, indulge in books of the ancients, leisure, and slumber.”)

THE ENDING OF GENERAL HOSPITAL WORK

IN 1911 or 1912 the proposition for an age limit of service was submitted by the Board of Directors to the Medical Board of Mount Sinai Hospital for an opinion. It was fixed for medical men at sixty-five, for surgeons at sixty-two. Although the medical board contended for equality, the rule was passed as first submitted, with the qualifying clause, however, that it was to take effect on January 1, 1914. This meant the extension of my own age limit to the sixty-fifth year.

The service had become very strenuous and exacting, and, as the time for retirement approached, the wisdom of the recently passed regulation became apparent. The daily tasks were somewhat lighter than before the division of material by the establishment of two services in 1899. Previous to this there were five operation days a week. On the mornings of the other two days the bi-weekly general rounds were held, when patients were discharged, wounds and dressings inspected, histories approved for filing, all of which details were personally supervised by the chief.

After 1899 but two operative clinics were held each week—these were so crowded that six to twelve operations had to be performed in the allotted four hours; the work often went on at two tables. The material by this time had become preponderatingly abdominal—a condition much desired in 1890, but tending ultimately to monotony. Operative tasks were freely distributed among associates, adjuncts, and house surgeons, the latter often performing between sixty and eighty major operations (mostly laparotomies) during the allotted six months. Nevertheless, the burden became more and more noticeable whenever routine was disturbed by emergency work. Undue fatigue might easily have been avoided by saddling assistants with still more work, but this I would not do, being determined, while on duty, to remain master in deed as well as in name.

As the moment drew near when parting from the habits of years was to come, I could not escape a certain melancholy. The thoughts of unavoidable separation from the youthful friends I had in assistants, house staff and students weighed heavily. Yet hardest of all was the ending of that beautiful relation which exists between the poor ward patients and their chief—their truest and often their only friend. It is pleasant to recall how all the “entourage” were kinder to me than ever.

On December 31, 1913, I descended from the dressing room to begin the final ward visit, when the buzz of many voices reached my ears. The corridor and ward were filled with a crowd of men who had served under me—some of them had been house surgeons twenty-five years before, others were recent graduates—besides these were present the visiting surgical staff and the house staff. Lilienthal, as spokesman, requested permission to follow the last rounds of the departing chief as in

the "auld lang syne." I began to feel silly, but managed to carry it off by exclaiming "Shemaa Israel!"—"Hear, O Israel!" The laughter which followed afforded a moment for regaining composure. Then the tour began; in recognition of their courtesy what little of interest my service held was demonstrated for them.

When the puzzled patients learned the meaning of the unusual assembly, several emotional ones began to howl in despair—a sincere spontaneous outbreak which was—there is no denying it—sweet music to my ears.

A series of complimentary dinners followed, given by the governing bodies of the hospital and their subdivisions, at each of which some token of affection was bestowed.

In January at the annual meeting of the institution's membership, Dr. Rudisch and I (retiring from active duty at the same time) were presented with truly regal services of silver, gifts from the Board of Directors.

Finally at the alumni dinner in February came another touching remembrance. Estes, my first house surgeon in 1879, had come to town to be spokesman on this occasion, when a humidor resembling a veritable ark of the covenant in size and like it solemnly carried in, was presented to me. The "ark" and its contents (a thousand Havanas) were the gift from men scattered over the country as well as from those then present.

In the course of thirty-four years a long succession of men had served under me. I had acquired a reputation for being strict. However, while intolerant of laxity, I took care to accord praise and recognition whenever deserved. On one occasion, at another dinner of the Alumni Association, Lilienthal had paid me the compliment that, though exacting, I was a "just chief." This recalled an anecdote Dean Stanley once told of Dr. Arnold of Rugby. Directly after a well-

deserved flogging, one of several delinquent boys nursing their sore backs broke the silence by blurting out: "Head Master is a beast, but he is a just beast!"

During the first four weeks or so after retirement, old habit repeatedly asserted itself by starting me at the customary time on my way towards the hospital. My friend Rudisch, Chairman of the Dispensary Committee, humanely suggested that part of my abundant leisure might be employed in exercising a non-official supervision of the surgical outdoor department. This occupation relieved the feeling of desolation to a certain extent, because it afforded an opportunity for the resumption of closer relations with zealous and intelligent young men. Looking about for other attractions, I began to visit my club, but found myself not entirely ripe for its daytime silences and somnolencies.

Another form of relief came from sharing in certain constructive activities of the Academy of Medicine and the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks. However, with nothing but these intermittent tasks to fall back upon, life would have been empty indeed had there not been other resources of an extra-professional nature at my command. For physical reasons, saddle, gun, rod, paddle, and tiller had to be relinquished; even long walks became a fond memory. But so long as sight remains, there is a sheet anchor—the company of my books—to prevent drifting and shipwreck. The remnant of declining sunlight vouchsafed may be spent—I hope—with these, and with pen, pencil, colors, palette and brush. Soon the goal will be reached, and then, ho, for a long and peaceful rest with the fathers!

* * *

It has always seemed to me that between the militant surgeon's life and that of the soldier in the field a parallel can be appropriately drawn. Their work knows

no fixed hours; it must be done at short notice, under stress, in unexpected situations, in continuous uncertainty, day and night, and often at great odds. It is always risky, and never free from danger to all concerned. The stakes are life and limb. Much surgical work resembles the dull and heart-breaking business of the trench, composed of eternal vigilance under grueling discomforts and the tireless pegging away at an invisible and dangerous foe. Occasions for a well-planned and lustily executed dash, ending in successful envelopment and surrender are not frequent, nor is the issue ever assured. In the midst of all the seeming lack of order, in the face of almost unsurmountable obstacles, physical and moral discipline and a sleepless alertness must be unrelentingly maintained. "Pugnam parati sperate."¹

Though mortal form must vanish in dust, the energy put into faithful work, honestly and well done, is imperishable. May not, in this modest sense, every fighter who has cheerfully "done his bit" cherish the hope expressed in the words of the poet:

"Non omnis moriar."²

¹"Prepared, expect your battle."

²"I shall not altogether die."—Horace.



PART THREE
DIVERSIONS

“Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.”—*Horace*.

(“He has carried every point, who blended the useful with the agreeable.”)



XI

READING

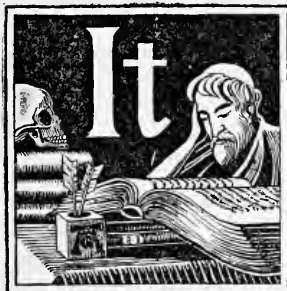
“Ψυχῆς ἰατρεῖον.”

(“The soul’s medicine chest.”) *The Library.*

“Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.”

—Lord Bacon.

JUVENILE READING—BOOK-SELLERS AT KASSA—FRENCH, GERMAN, AND HUNGARIAN WRITERS



IT IS impossible to fix the precise date when I began to experience conscious pleasure from reading. It must have been, however, in the first year of primary school, for I remember a discussion held at that time between my father and a neighbor, John Tordássy. I still possess a copy of Szalay’s *History of Hungary*, some passages of which I read so often that I could recite them verbatim. The chief attraction of the book lay in its quaint woodcuts, which fascinated my imagination, always easily stirred; thus parts of the text were quickly assimilated. Once my father had me recite a passage

to our neighbor, Tordássy, who was scandalized, contending that any boy who learned more than his lessons was a monster.

The next work which stirred my imagination to its depths was an excellent Hungarian translation of "Robinson Crusoe," also well illustrated. Then came an account of da Gama's travels and of the discovery of America. Their impress was indelible.

One day, in 1858, a great and fascinating discovery was made. My father had bought a quantity of waste paper to be used for wrapping. Among this mass of papers—mostly documents of a business character, written on the finest linen paper such as would make any etcher's mouth water—was a square orderly pile of printed sheets. Placing these in sequence, I finally assembled a complete Protestant Bible history. When this find was presented to my father he sent me to Hepke, the bookbinder, to have it neatly bound. This permitted me to loiter in the bindery where the steps of the binding were watched with curiosity. Hepke, a lean, peaked-faced, long-nosed, blond sort of good soul, noticing my interest, gazing over his spectacles, asked me whether I wanted to learn to be a bookbinder.

At the "gymnasium," then under Austro-German influences, attention was naturally drawn to German literature. The fine examples of prose and poetry, which our "reader" contained, were assimilated with avidity. But the use of a new, almost inexhaustible store of reading was opened through friendship with a schoolmate, Nicholas Steer, who had acquired his elder brother's large juvenile library, which was constantly augmented by new accessions. The treasures of this library seemed indescribably magnificent. Travel, adventure, ethnography, natural history, and sports; translations of Marryat and Cooper; Scheherezade's charming tales (adapted "ad usum Delphini"); Grimm's stories and

Hoffmann's Tales were all devoured with an insatiable appetite. In the "year of lawlessness" under Professor Warmuth, surreptitious reading during lessons at school became a regular practice. Once, when deeply immersed in following the fortunes of two Canadian "coureurs de bois" to Arizona, Chihuahua, and Sonora, the teacher had to utter my name three times before the general laughter of the class recalled me from those torrid and remote regions. My Canadians were ignominiously confiscated. What hurt most was that I never reached the happy "dénouement" of a fascinatingly ticklish adventure of the heroes, besieged and desperately attacked by a band of bloodthirsty Apaches.

In the sixties of the last century Kassa had a civil population of about 18,000 persons—"souls" they used to say. Its size might be compared with that of Kingston on Hudson of this day. Among this population there were four booksellers. Three were bookbinders and booksellers; the fourth one, Charles Werfer, was a publisher, printer, bookbinder, and bookseller. The former three sold school books, stationery, and drawing material; Werfer, only books, maps, and artistic prints. He had a quarterly display of new publications in four languages, domestic and foreign, which were eagerly awaited by numerous customers. Then all of this seemed natural and of no great import, but to-day, considering the small size of the provincial city, situated almost in the "Near East," this circumstance assumes a different meaning.

Werfer, the invalid owner, was rarely seen. The business was conducted by his partner, Heymann, a corpulent, bandy-legged, and bald-headed man with pudgy hands, whose knowledge of literature and of everything pertaining to the art of bookmaking was notable. Teacher-specialists sought his advice, which was given to them as cheerfully as to budding devotees

of literature like ourselves. Heymann was full of good hints about our choice of books from the firm's circulating library. This was the source of my first draughts in modern French literature—Dumas père, Victor Hugo, Gautier's "Capitaine Fracasse," Chateaubriand, Molière, and others. Heymann was discreet in a way not common among booksellers; he wisely delayed my acquaintance with the stronger meats of Balzac and Flaubert. Most of these were not tasted until 1899, when they filled up long evenings spent with Indians and backwoodsmen in fishing and hunting camps on the Miramichi, New Brunswick. In 1865 I made several attempts at Rousseau; but neither he nor Voltaire went very well. Rousseau's sentimental claptrap and morbid, strained views furnished little attraction. The same thing may be said of his adorer and imitator, the androgyne Madame de Staël—a type which to me was, and is, repulsive. She had "ex omnibus aliquid, ex toto nihil."

Naturally the influence excited by native Hungarian and by the German literature was more direct than that of the French. The influence of Goethe, especially strong, has endured to this day. A closer acquaintance with Hungarian poets, historians, and prose writers might have been seriously handicapped by the poverty of our instruction in this subject at the "gymnasium." Under Father Répászky we had to learn devotional and didactic poems by heart. He was inexorable in demanding his weekly pound of flesh, and was especially fitted to arouse a pupil's loathing and hatred for whatever he tried to teach. Juhász in the upper classes was better. He had the historical sense with a linguistic vein, and by his zeal could infuse interest in the study of Hungarian literary origins. His personality, however, was devoid of a single poetical thread, and was as dry and leathern as a beggar's pouch. But all these handicaps were easily overcome by the quasi-revolutionary current then at its

height in Hungary, by which the study of the national literature was mightily stimulated.

ENGLISH LITERATURE—SLAVIC AUTHORS—AMERICAN LETTERS—ITALIAN READING—SPANISH ESSAYS

During the study of medicine general literature had to take second place since, according to Lowell, "Where two men ride on a horse one must ride behind." This only obtained, however, during the first three years of medicine, for as soon as some knowledge of English had been acquired I was irresistibly drawn into this new and mighty stream of human knowledge, wisdom, and tenderness. Shakespeare, the novelists, poets, historians, essayists—all that was old and good, much of what was new and of doubtful value—were devoured with growing zest. Disappointments in reading certain newer works finally caused the adoption of the Quaker's unavowed but invariable practice—on a journey he never touched butter before his wife had tasted of it. So it is wise to let others get a taste of new books before touching them.

In Brooklyn Mr. Christopher's, the bookseller's, friendship supplied ample pasture in his library during the lean years of my beginnings. Browsings over these Asphodelean meadows tided over many days of weary waiting.

For many years the rule was followed to go through Hyrtl's Anatomy once a year, a practice warmly to be recommended to young surgeons, or, for that matter, to all medical men. Knowledge first conceived in two dimensions thus becomes, as it were, cubic and stereoscopic.

About 1895, my French renaissance began. Novels, however, dealing with the worn-out theme of the sexual triangle, soon palled on the appetite. But the wealth of historical, biographic, and critical treasures of Gal-

lic genius, its incomparable beauty, precision, and grace of style, its "esprit" and sanity, are to this day as attractive as ever. Of the old writers, Montaigne, and, of the more recent ones, Anatole France have my preference.

Intimate contact with the Slovaks of Northern Hungary could not fail disclosing the soul life of the Slavic race, its essentially poetic and dreamy inclinations, an attitude bordering in one direction on cheery carelessness, in another merging into nerveless pessimism; its witty merriment in song and customs, and its rough but good natured humor; finally the "realistic" bent in speech and writing so unattractive to Western tastes on account of a certain trend towards coarseness. The Slovak dialect spoken to the northward of Kassa forms an interesting linguistic link between the Czech (Bohemian) and Polish languages. Its knowledge serves as a door to both of these literatures. It was easy for me to read Sienkiewicz's fascinating historical novels in the original. But sometimes even he is not entirely free from the blemish of extreme "naturalism." I cannot forget the horror felt at a most complacent, technically perfect, but artistically abominable description of the successive, anatomical steps of an impalement found in one of his tales. Like all Slavs, our Slovaks are very musical. I still remember some of their catchy tunes sung to witty or poetic texts.

The earlier American writers, whose forceful "naïveté" depicts the epic period of American conquest, were especially fascinating. Heckelwelder's letters to Wistar afforded me the first comprehension of Indian character and of the interesting structure of aboriginal idioms, notably of that of the Delawares. Parkman, Irving, Bancroft, Motley, Thwaite's bilingual edition of the Jesuit relations, the translations of Diaz, Sahagun, Landa, and other historians of the Mexican Conquest and occupation, all contributed to deepen ac-

quaintance with the history of this wonderful continent.

Two New England writers of the Nineteenth Century became very dear to me. One was Emerson, the sublimated American counterpoise of Carlyle; the other, that foster-brother of the linguistic humbug and genial vagabond Borrow: our own eccentric and tender Thoreau. He was the master of ceremonies who introduced me to the solemn, cool recesses of the American forest, to its balsamic flavors, and poetic fragrances.

My first Italian book was Manzoni's "I promessi sposi." Then came Sylvio Pellico's "I miei prigionieri." In 1890 Dr. Gardini, a brother-in-law, sent me his excellent Italian Grammar. It will preserve his memory longer than the most successfully managed operatic season in his career as impresario. For two months the evenings of an Adirondack vacation were employed "to chew and digest" this grammar. Knowledge thus gained permitted comprehensive delving into Boccaccio's charming though sometimes naughty tales, into Macchiavelli's "Principe," Cellini's wonderful autobiography, and with a commentary, even into Dante. D'Annunzio, undoubtedly the foremost ornament of contemporary Italian literature, is charming by his intensively Gautieresque style, by a wonderful display of literary and artistic erudition, and by his glowing imagination; but his "*Il Fuoco*" will remain an unpardonable indiscretion, much worse than the worst of Rousseau's "Confessions."

As one preparation for a recent winter trip to Porto Rico a series of lessons in Spanish were taken from Señor Bernardo Dominguez. On this occasion some friends indulged in ironical comparisons with the elder Cato, who mastered Greek after his sixtieth year. This twitting only hardened a natural obstinacy. The reading of "Don Quixote" in the original is looked forward to as the reward. Hope is entertained that Atropos'

shears will not cut the learner's thread before this wish is fulfilled.

GERMAN LITERATURE—THE LATIN AND GREEK CLASSICS—
THE TAKING OF NOTES

As a matter of course the study of German literature, especially that of its classical era, was well cultivated. Among its writers Goethe holds the highest place. There is not much of first importance that remains unread; some works were read again and again with increased pleasure. The "Nibelungen Lied" whetted the appetite for the old Nordic monuments, such as the Elder Edda and the Sagas—which were absorbed in translations. The passing to Lönrot's wonderful "Kalevala" was natural. Of epics there was none which, next to Homer, fascinated me more than the famous story of the Cid, which was read both in German and French translations.

Since leaving school the Latin authors have never ceased to exert on me their strong, durable attraction. Nothing will relieve the weariness caused by the grind of a laborious day more promptly than the solace found in the wisdom, incomparable elegance, and energy of style of the ancients. Authors known before were, according to opportunity, re-read, and writers not included in the curriculum of the school, were added from time to time. With advancing age these readings give increasing contentment, and bring to the tedium of "molesta senectus" better relief than anything else.

My Greek was never sufficient to permit of current reading, but Voss's splendid rendering of the Iliad and Odyssey supplemented, in a way, lamentable defects of knowledge. Herodotus, Thukydides' Peloponnesian War; Xenophon, the dramatists, and the stories of Lucian were all enjoyed one after the other.

The copies of my favorite books, re-read so many times, are ear-marked and underscored to a scandalous extent, exhibiting signs of daily wear and tear. Thus they are cherished all the better by me. They have become, like a prized old tool, glossy and dented at the handle; their temper and edge, however, are as fine and faultless as ever.

Of aids to store up knowledge worth remembering, this shall be said:

The habit of immediately jotting down in a chap-book whatever appears to be pithy in one's reading, is very useful. Memory is a treacherous wench who with advancing age grows to be a more and more neglectful servant. Dainties, once relished, then laid aside in a notebook, may thus be brought forth and enjoyed at little expense of time and effort.

Chewing, as it were, before rising from bed, the cud of what was read the preceding day is another excellent habit. The mind, being rested, is inclined to contemplation, and thought is keen for flight. To indulge thus in noiseless gunning is a great diversion. With pad and pencil in easy reach, a new thought, a happy sequence of reasoning, a joke or a query—in short, anything worth retaining—are put to paper. So as not to disturb the roommate, one will soon learn to get along without a light. A word or two suffice to fix the cue to a train of thought, and these can be thrown on paper in the dark—a skill not difficult to acquire. The blind are an example herein. To be successful, this practice admits of no delay, for thoughts, like quail, must be shot on the wing.

Alternate application to several books at one and the same time is also commendable. Hard and indigestible reading, put aside for a while in exchange for lighter stuff, will be resumed with freshened appetite and with renewed powers of assimilation.

XII

SPORTS

“*Aestate pueri si valent, satis discunt.*”

(“Boys’ summer study should be to mind their health.”)

—Old Scholastic Saw.

WALKING TOURS—ANGLING AND SHOOTING—WOODCRAFT

THE greatest gift parents can bestow on their offspring is a fund of good health. This means both a sound physical constitution and an alert, receptive mind; in other words, a healthy, robust appetite for assimilation of material as well as spiritual aliment.

Until recent years I always was a healthy specimen of the human genus. But for this I could not have emerged intact from a number of serious acute maladies. This power of resistance was largely due to the outdoor habit encouraged from earliest childhood by my parents. It was assiduously cultivated during the scholastic period upon botanical and other rambles through the magnificent forests near to and owned by my native city; finally, on a number of extensive walking tours, which must have covered many hundreds of miles. Such a persistent course of physical exertion is not possible to young people unless it is stimulated and sustained by intellectual interests. It is incomparably healthier, more fruitful, and in its effects more enduring than any of the artificial and one-sided forms of strictly athletic work. Moreover, it is free from that canker of present-



AFTER A TRAMP.
(Pencil Sketch by the Author.)

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

day athletics, professionalism engendered by competition. To be and to remain wholesome, the thing must not be pursued for an ulterior object; it ought to be done for its own sake, for the intrinsic love of it. Kids do not gambol for a prize; nor do they lower themselves to the levels of the race-track or the prize ring. This view of sport seems to have been innate, for without a formulated opinion I have always followed it. Emulation for rewards at study as well as at play never had the least attraction for me; its bad after-taste called for instinctive rejection. In winning a prize I felt no elation, but was sensibly grieved by the loser's chagrin. Hence my deep aversion to games of chance, and notably to betting, cards, dice, and all forms of gambling. But to accomplish something arduous and difficult for a reasonable purpose was always a great delight.

CANOE SAILING—SOLITARY CRUISING

First attempts at canoe sailing were made on the Harlem River in 1880. The initial essay was a run before a smart breeze to leeward on a winding river—a risky thing. It ended in speedy disaster. At the first turn came the inevitable jibe followed by the usual "spill." The next lesson was to avoid the still more reprehensible capsize to windward when close-hauled. These disasters were the best lesson for a beginner. They formed the basis of subsequent proficiency in weathering on any sort of day the treacherous squalls and ever changing breezes of Raquette Lake. Gradually, as knowledge and self-reliance increased, one learned to utilize many "wrinkles" in the noble art of canoe sailing. Needless to say, Macgregor's books—the "incunabula" of canoeing literature—were relished to the last letter.

The management of a sailing canoe is comparable only with that of mastering a spirited horse. Both must

be done by one man; in both skill counts for more than force, and in both eternal, instinctive vigilance is the price of safety. The canoe skipper must have his eye not to windward alone, but to all points of the compass. He must vary the trim of his craft according to whether he is beating or running, for an ill-trimmed "ship," on change of tack, will never come about properly. He must know exactly how much canvas to carry under changing conditions, how to reef, lower, or hoist while running, and lastly how to steer without a rudder by varying the balance between mainsail and mizzen—which is fine sheet work. I never approved of the excesses of the sliding board used by racers—absurdities which by their extravagance did not fail to kill the popularity of the sport.

In light winds my thirteen-foot Rushton canoe was smothered in canvas; in a "canoe hurricane" she went under eight square feet of mainsail and a lady's handkerchief for a mizzen. Rubber clothing and a light canvas apron kept off the spray; nevertheless, "fisherman's luck" was the rule. Besides the canoes at Raquette Lake, one was kept at Glen Island, where my friend, John H. Starin, had placed his establishment at my disposal. In this boat trips to points on Long Island Sound were made—the longest was a run to New Haven in company with Farquhar Curtis, each of us sailing his own canoe.

On various tours through the woods much annoyance was suffered through the impatience of the guides, who were always in a "stew" to reach the next hotel on the route, where "grub" was awaiting them. Even in the eighties the Adirondack guide began to change his character. From a woodsman, he was turning into a mere machine for transportation, losing his woodcraft, his leisurely and knowing ways, and his aplomb. As there was nothing of a guide's work he could not do as well and

occasionally better, the author conceived the idea of traveling the woods alone without the handicap of a paid mentor.

Accordingly a canoe was ordered, twelve feet long, 28 inches beam, with tamarack knees, pine siding, good rise fore and aft to make her dry in a seaway, a flat keel of oak, one thwart, yoke and double paddle; altogether weighing exactly 36 pounds. Then David Abercrombie made a tent of raw China silk with fly attached to ridge, weighing five pounds. A pair of Jaeger blankets, an air pillow, a two-pound ax, a sheath knife, a light rifle with ball and shot cartridges, and a cooking kit of aluminium were assembled. In 1888 aluminium was a precious metal; but, undaunted, I ordered a nest of four kettles, the largest one holding two quarts. They cost \$12.00, but were worth the price. A capacious knapsack enclosed all the wayfarer's worldly goods except the rifle, so that with paddles tied in, on a "carry," one hand steadied the inverted boat overhead, while the other remained free to carry the gun. Compass, note and sketch book, a chart, tobacco, and one or two days' provisions completed the outfit. Shorter carries were made in one trip; longer ones, especially where the trail was blind through disuse, and when it became necessary to pick one's way, had to be doubled.

It was a charming experience. Thrown entirely on his own resources, the canoeist has to find his way unaided and has to transport his house and feed himself: "omnia mea mecum porto." This not only reduces superfluous flesh, strengthens cardiac action, and improves the wind, but keeps the mind constantly busy with an endless series of fascinating problems. You sleep where conditions for a comfortable camp are present, and there erect your tabernacle. Water, firewood, balsam for bedding, and a sheltered, level, shady spot are the prerequisites. You stop when and where you please, and travel on

again when the spirit moves. A sketch is made here and there, the diary is written up during a moment of rest, and there are no impatient, hungry guides about, stamping their feet impatiently at your "damned nonsense," as they term every delay for the things which lend essential charm to travel through the woods. Luncheon is a summary affair—a cold bite and a cup of tea near a spring by the wayside; but breakfast and the evening meal are substantial repasts, the product of the traveler's own ingenuity.

With blankets spread on elastic boughs and a good fire diffusing warmth and light through the tent, what a delight it is to loosen the belt and to stretch out at sweet repose in the commingling fragrance of balsam, woodsmoke and the glowing pipe! Supreme luxury! And the sense of absolute freedom that goes with it!

In this way, on many trips, the lake region of the Adirondacks was crisscrossed. One of the best and most arduous was from Raquette Lake to the foot of Long Lake; thence over a carry to Round Pond, one of the two head waters of the Hudson River. Then down to Newcomb, past Ordway's Falls, and the forks of Rock and Cedar Rivers to Indian River; up this water to the bridge on the North Creek road, where I pulled out and had boat and pack drawn to Blue Mountain Lake. From there it was a short trip back to Raquette.

CAMP OTEETIWI, RAQUETTE LAKE

In 1883 Raquette Lake was a gem of solitude in its unspoiled bloom of freshness. Ed Bennett, the owner of the now extinct "Hemlocks," on East Point, was brought to my house early one November by a patient, his former guest. Bennett's talk was tempting; we

agreed to "go in" immediately, for the lakes would not stay unfrozen much longer.

Through a number of detentions Blue Mountain Lake was not reached until 10 P. M. next day. The sky was overcast and a furious west wind was sending heavy breakers in on Holland's Beach. Local wiseacres warned us not to risk the trip on this dark and stormy night. Bennett was evidently scared, for without apparent reason he asked whether I was married and how many children I had. Walter Denning, the boatman, looked cool and confident, so I trusted him. While we were embarking the boat had to be steadied by two men, a third one holding a lighted lantern. Then she was pushed off with a shout and a heave and the struggle began. Walter was a splendid oarsman; Ed. helped with the paddle from the stern, while amidships I kept on bailing steadily. It was nip and tuck until Duryea's point was weathered, when we immediately ran into smooth water. Ashore, the wash was spilled out of her and we started again. With a shift in the wind to north it was getting colder and colder. When lovely Raquette was entered the clouds had scurried away and the moon came out, lighting up the autumnal forest with her weird light—a charming introduction to the region where I was to pass so many happy vacations.

We reached the Hemlocks one hour after midnight, made a huge fire in the chimney of the deserted hotel office, dragged mattresses before it, and, thus encamped, spent a most comfortable night. Next morning a camp site adjoining the hotel was bought from Bennett, where a log cottage was erected the following spring. The next morning I was on my way home, disembarking none too soon at Blue Mountain Lake, for that night the lakes froze for the season.

The cottage was not occupied by us until the summer of 1885. The proximity of the hotel precluded

any privacy. Another admirable camp site was found therefore at the western point of Big Island. Here was erected the shelter we called "Oteetiwi."¹ The point was much like the bow of a ship; from our veranda—the deck—to starboard one could see the blue line of the Niggerhead Mountains to the north, with the long oblique line of Indian Point masking their bases; to the west—to port—lay the pin-cushion of Round Island with the lonely mouth of the Brown's Tract Inlet beyond it. Close to the inlet was the home of old Alvah Dunning, generally dark and deserted. Occasionally in the evenings a dot of light would tell us that the hermit had returned from his range, the "hinterland" of Eighth Lake and the region around Shallow Lake and the Upper and Lower Brown's Tract Ponds, and was spending a night on Raquette.

Eight years after the purchase of the camp site adjoining the "Hemlocks," papers were served on me in the course of foreclosure proceedings begun by Colonel E. A. McAlpin against Bennett for non-payment of interest. It turned out that Bennett had failed to record my purchase. Although my case had not the slightest legal standing, the palpably unfair condition Bennett's negligence had caused was truly galling. Contrary to earnest legal advice it was determined to lay the details of the matter before Colonel E. A. McAlpin. This was done and, immediately grasping the situation, he agreed to reimburse me for land and building—the act of a soldier and a gentleman who is above the letter of the law.

In those days W. W. Durant was the great man of the Adirondack country. His summer home, "Camp Pine Knot," on Raquette Lake, was famous for its com-

¹ Pronounced O-tee-ty-wye. Meaning "ever ready" in Seneca. It was one of the eponyms of Red Jacket, the famous Iroquois chieftain, orator, and warrior.



IN BIVOAC ON SUMNER STREAM.
(Pen Sketch by the Author.)

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forts and hospitality. Circumstances brought us together unavoidably, and we have remained fast friends to the present day. South of Raquette Lake are nestled three charming lakes—Shedd, Mohegan, and Sumner, the latter a gem of wild beauty. Though not large, its situation endows it with a quality rare in a small sheet of water, namely, a fine view of distant mountains. The woods around this lake were literally alive with deer, and Sumner stream—its outlet—with trout. Once in flytime as many as thirty-five deer were counted feeding simultaneously in the lake alongshore. Their deep and ancient runways led to it from all the surrounding country.

Here Durant² and the author built a hunting camp, where we were wont to spend many happy days. Our guides were: Mike McGuire, a wiry, witty, and extremely clever Hibernian, formerly a famous bateau-man on the upper Hudson and its affluents. He was as truthful and as generous in his instincts as any gentleman, a fine cook, good hunter, and great fisherman. His only failing was the love of the “cratur,” a word phonetically signifying both the fatal cup and its deadly contents (the former in Greek and the latter in Brogue); then Jerome Wood, one of the few tame creatures actually born on Raquette Lake, A.D. 1848; finally, Wesley Bates, a good-natured giant, comparable to a big Newfoundland dog. He, like Jerome, was an expert boat builder. We still have a pine guide boat built by Jerome in 1889, which is perfectly sound and serviceable; also a cedar boat constructed by Wesley in 1900, which, though in frequent use, is yet in an excellent state of preservation.

The angling for trout on South Inlet Stream between Shedd Lake and the Lower Falls was excellent. Camp was pitched near Winding Falls, a picturesque defile

² At that time all this tract belonged to him.

formed by a fault in the granitic bedrock. Charley Jones, the guide, would be sent back, while I stayed for an evening's and a morning's fishing. The next afternoon he would return to help in packing out catch and kit. We never lacked for either trout or venison in those early days on Raquette waters.

CAMP KWENOGAMAC, LONG LAKE

"Ille terrarum mihi praeter omnes angulus ridet."

—*Horace.*

("Before all others, this corner of the world smiles on me.")

When the railroad came in to Raquette Lake it made one feel like the whilom pioneer who sold out and moved on whenever he was "crowded" by a new neighbor within ten miles of him. Having sold Oteetiwi to Carl Bitter, the sculptor, I bought in 1904 a tract of ninety acres on Long Lake, which, thank God, is still nineteen miles from the nearest railroad. In 1905 our present camp was built, receiving the name "Kwenogamac," the Algonquin equivalent of "a place at Long Lake" ("Kweno," long; "gama," water, locative affix "ac").

Shooting and fishing days being nearly past, a garden was planned. The garden was accordingly established. This garden, and the embellishment of the grounds by shrubs and perennials, and the judicious preservation of a few of the thousand and one growing things which establish themselves from seed all over the cleared spaces, yield new interests and a gentle form of outdoor occupation suitable to advancing tastes and years.

Two main attractions of the site are the fine, firm, and gently sloping bathing beach, and the abundance of perennially flowing spring water. An amphitheater of heavily timbered bluffs back of the shore forms the



VIEW OF MT. SEWARD FROM LONG LAKE, N. Y.
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brow of a large deposit of glacial gravel, a plateau of about two square miles with its cuplike depressed center covered by a dense balsam swamp. Rain and melted snow soak into this bed, from which the finest water is gradually yielded by a number of clear streamlets. Their volume is uninfluenced by either rain or drought. Across a dell where two springs meet, a rubble and cement dam was drawn, behind which is now a quiet forest pool always full to the brim, a reservoir for the camp below. From here, through a system of pipes, the precious element is distributed to kitchen, pantry, and bathroom, and through five separate outlets to garden and flowerbeds. The garden slope is terraced for irrigation in dry summers.

A third and by no means least attraction is a splendid outlook to the northeastward on the serrated skyline of Mount Seward, twelve miles beyond a lacustrine foreground, diversified by a group of small wooded islands—a noble composition from the hands of the Master Artist himself. To the author this is the finest view in the North Woods.

Here, far from the racket and unrest of a New York surgeon's cramped "library," where the infernal telephone at one's elbow, the coming and going of strange and suffering faces, the endless talk and repetition of talk, the Macchiavellian tricks needed to keep out book agents, the continual interruptions unavoidable in city life, convert such a "library" into a crossroads and a noisy market place, is another library, a quiet spacious room where one can read or marshal treasures. Through the open door enter the balmy fragrance and heavenly repose of the woods which furnish a precious setting for this haven of serene tranquillity.

CANADA—SALMON, MOOSE AND CARIBOO ON THE LITTLE
SOUTHWEST MIRAMICHI

“Et piscem tremula salientem ducere seta.”

—*Martial.*

(“With quivering rod to lead along the leaping fish.”)

The first trip to Canada was made in the spring of 1892 by way of Quebec to Lake St. John, where, in the tumultuous waters of the “Grande Decharge,” I had excellent fishing for Wananish. The native French guides were objects of great curiosity. Their admirable canoe work, done entirely with the paddle, afforded a source of unending pleasure, and their jolly good humor and merry singing formed not the least attraction of this trip. I still remember the verse of a love song Louis Larouche of Rivière du Pipe³ used to sing, the refrain of which was this charming apostrophe of the beloved: “mon gibier d’amour.”

The province of New Brunswick may be described as a plateau of moderate elevation, the mass of which belongs to the igneous series, traversed here and there by upcropping dykes of shale and metamorphic formations of great hardness, which take a high polish. Radiating on one side toward the Bay of Fundy, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the Bay of Chaleur, on the other toward the St. John River, a number of more or less deep cañons have been carved into this plateau by the water-courses. Wherever one of the dykes of harder rock traverses a river, we meet with rapids and cataracts. One of the finest of these streams is the noble Miramichi. On an island situated near Newcastle, N. B., was founded the ancient French settlement “of the Miramichi,” of which nothing remains to-day but its graveyard, occupied by a fine grove of magnificent

³ He gave to “pipe” the masculine gender.

piners. They have planted themselves in and between the graves, showing little respect for the dead. There exists, however, another monument to this early French colony: it is linguistic. New Brunswick is the ancient seat of the Micmaes, with whom the first settlers traded or warred, as circumstances seemed to require. The phrase "parler du Micmac," meaning the use of an unintelligible jargon, must have found its way into the French dictionary across the Atlantic Ocean from New Brunswick.

One of the upper branches of this fine river has the elongated name of Little Southwest Miramichi, in contrast to its greater relative, the Big Southwest branch. In the fall of 1898 I was invited by a friend to join him on a hunting trip to the Little Southwest region. We met at Foran's farm—the last settlement upstream but one—where we expected to procure certain provisions. Mounts for the long portage road leading to the hunting grounds were also furnished by Foran—awful farm "plugs" with enormous girths. These headed our caravan, followed by two wagons loaded with camp stuff, the whole led by Ed White, a noted hunter of the region. Many windfalls had to be cut out, and progress over the terrible road was extremely slow. Camp was made the first night on the trail, "the crossing," a ford about twenty miles above Foran's, being reached the next afternoon. On dismounting, I found my adductor muscles paralyzed.

The main camp was pitched at the foot of the "Burnt Lands," an enormous area swept clean by the "great Miramichi fire" about eighty years before, a fire which destroyed not only timber and game, but also cost the lives of many settlers. This area is undulating, bare except for scattered scrubby specimens of Princess Pine, scrub spruce, and in the damp swales, a luxuriant growth of black spruce and balsam. The soil, criss-

crossed by thousands of bleaching fallen tree trunks, produces berrybush besides a plentiful growth of reindeer moss. Long distances can be scanned for game, and stalking, or tracking for moose and cariboo on the snow, are feasible. Close to the camp, just below the crossing, salmon and grilse were busy spawning, interspersing their labors of love with many splashing leaps. The expedition was lucky, for we both secured game to the limit of the law. Each of us got a moose—mine was a splendid bull with a spread of fifty-seven inches. Besides these, two cariboo per gun, as well as a large number of spruce hen and ruffed grouse, were secured. I took a few grilse, but they were spent and worthless. However, out of the small ponds scattered over the entire area enough trout were secured for the pan.

On this trip it was learned that a salmon club had its fishing camp at the forks of the North Branch on which we were shooting, and that its treasurer was the brother of a friend and fellow surgeon. Through his kindness and that of another Boston surgeon, I joined this club in 1898. Its lease was to run for four years more. In the spring of the following year, before I went to Europe, the temptation to inspect this new field could not be resisted. The season was too early for salmon, but sea-trout fishing was very good, and the look of the pools promising. The first season for salmon, June, 1900, yielded fourteen fish weighing from eight to sixteen pounds, and a large number of grilse, most of the catches being taken from the pools immediately adjoining Camp Phair. A grilse rod, the gift of Dr. Yale, gave excellent service. With this the sport was unexceptionable.

With the passing of the old lease in 1902, the club expired; but Mr. Moses Williams, of Boston, and myself formed a partnership and secured a new lease for ten years. The fishing was fairly good. Though

not yielding the quantity or size of larger streams like the Restigouche, it had certain compensating advantages. First, Camp Phair is in an absolutely unsettled country with abundance of wild life, so that the sight of bear, moose, and cariboo was frequent. Second, because of the broken character of the water with its many bowlders and rapids, and relatively small pools, the technique of the fishing was rather difficult, hence interesting. Great care and circumspection were necessary. This yielded livelier sport than other larger and more placid rivers. In other words, because of the furious character of the stream the fish were, pound for pound, more game than elsewhere. Two partners had the fishing all to themselves, and did not have to draw lots for pools, as customary in other clubs. Last, but not least, the cost of the sport was incomparably lower on the Miramichi than elsewhere, a circumstance of importance to a professional man's purse.

Each of us "went in" by himself, according to previous agreement, the outgoing member remaining until the arrival of his partner. At these annual meetings in camp the affairs of the "club" were discussed and settled for the coming year. Under the terms of the lease two guardians had to be employed from May to the middle of August, whose duty it was to patrol the river for the prevention of poaching—a fine and highly developed art among the settlers. Mr. Williams was a passionate sportsman, and, because of his suavity and general culture, a delightful, unselfish companion. At our first meeting at Camp Phair I found him one day reading his duodecimo Horace. My evident delight over this discovery quickly broke any reticence between us, and from this time on our friendship developed in the most cordial manner.

A record of our fishing will be found in the Appendix.

THE MICMAC INDIANS—RIVER WORK—AN INDIAN DANCE

A great attraction was the routine by which camp had to be reached. It was the custom to embark at the bluff above Foran's, where canoes and crews were waiting. I preferred Indians; Mr. Williams, white canoe men. Besides these were the river guardians in their own dug-out canoe. The ascent of fourteen miles to Camp Phair was the hardest kind of pole work every bit of the way. One of the bad places, a long and tumultuous rapid near Devil's Brook enjoys the picturesque name "Push and be damned." The birch canoes had the peculiar shape cultivated by the Micmacs, their gunwales curved upward amidship in a characteristic manner. Because of the strong water each boat had to be manned by two polemen, with the passenger in the middle.

The poling of the Indians was a remarkable composite of gentle caution, delicate skill, and prompt energy. The problems presented by the various seasonal stages of water level were subject to continuous change, for each demanded the choice of a different channel, just then the most suitable for poling. The endurance of the men in stemming this furious stream was wonderful. There is practically no still water between the bluff and Camp Phair. Nothing can give a better idea of the river's character than the fact, that the distance covered in a laborious ascent of eight or ten hours can be traversed with ease on the descent in two or three. If the water was very high ascent and descent were lengthened and shortened in an inverse ratio.

Several places, notably Rocky Island Falls and "the sluiceway," looked and were truly formidable. Places which an Adirondack guide would never dare to attempt, were taken by these watermen as a matter of course. They seemed to fear danger much less than the toil of a carry.

At Rocky Island Falls the problem is a nice one. A dyke of rock traverses the river from side to side, its level higher near the north bank than at the other. The water pours over the lip of this dyke in a parabolic sheet of from about two to five feet in height; but on account of the sidewise and downward slant of the dyke much more water comes over near the south shore than elsewhere. Naturally the water is deeper and stronger here than at the north bank. At this place there is in the lip of the dyke a deep gap about three feet wide, through which a smooth, oily, seemingly irresistible current is racing downward with a marked slant. With quivering poles and by exertion of utmost strength the canoe must be forced up into and through this dent. But this accomplished, the most difficult—at least the most foolhardy looking—part of the problem follows.

Just above this gap, at a distance of not much more than two boat-lengths, the river is blocked by a monstrous, squarish, erratic boulder, comparable in size with a settler's cabin of fair dimensions. This cannot be passed in the direct line of progress held by the canoe in its passage through the gap. It is impossible to turn about because, taken by the furious current broadside on, the craft would be swept irresistibly over the falls. Therefore, it becomes necessary to push the boat right up into the eddy of the boulder, where a short rest is taken. After this the stern poler swings his end out towards the middle of the river until it is within a few feet of the brink. Planting his pole firmly, he must now maintain his position, thus giving the bowman a chance to swing his end out also just far enough to shape the upward course past the boulder. This accomplished, the start is made up the boiling rapids with a will. All this was done in perfect silence with admirable coolness and precision, and to me seemed a magnificent feat of daring, skill, and strength. On the descent the process

is reversed. The canoe is checked at the brink, backed into the eddy, then shot through the smooth, strong "pour."

The Little Southwest is a noisy and chattering sort of a companion, but its voice is pleasant, soothing, and at night, soporific. The rapid water, like all cataracts, has its own fundamental musical tone, which can be distinctly heard through the medley of overtones. By a tuning fork the tone of the rapids was tested in many places. It corresponded to the "f between lines." This instrument also served to make musical notation of birds' songs, a little collection of which is preserved in a number of diaries.

Generally one fished twice daily: in the morning and at dusk. The fish for our own consumption were kept in the ice house. The surplus went to the Indians, who salted it down for use at home.

The time not spent in fishing or tramping was occupied by reading, sketching, and in long talks with the men, especially the Indians. We had an expert cook, Dan Mullen, and lived well. By dint of diligent and conscientious gorging the Indians, who at first—after their hungry winter—looked lean and starved, soon began visibly to lay on flesh. They craved boiled salt pork above everything else—an Esquimeau predilection. "Esquimeau," by the way, is a Micmac word, meaning "eater of raw flesh."

Two of these children of the forest especially impressed themselves upon my memory. One was John Dominick, who guided me on my first trip up the river in 1899. He was a short, rather thick-set fellow, with the brachicephalic occiput of a Tartar, an aquiline nose, thick lips, coarse, straight, grisly hair, dark watchful eyes, clever hands, and—most rare among Indians—an eternal placid smile on his face. He was the man of learning among the Red Bank Micmacs, for he could

read and write both Micmac and English. His greatest ambition was to attain the chieftainship of the band. But in this he was consistently thwarted by his successful rival, John Tenass, who, though crapulous, was a better politician and, besides, was married, while Dominick was a bachelor, a fatal circumstance, for it set all the Indian women of the tribe against him. All this was learned from our chief guardian, Sandy Johnson, an expert in everything pertaining to the Miramichi. Dominick had a poetic vein in his love of animal nature, and was a great authority on Kulóskap, the legendary Micmac Ulysses, of whom he used to tell tales in his queerly unEnglish but interestingly original way. On such occasions his mien became serious and was lighted up by a smile only at the finish of the tale of one of his hero's clever tricks.

When he became aware of my interest in the Micmac tongue, Dominick's pleasure was touching. Such a thing had never occurred to him before. His white neighbors treated everything Indian as imperfect, inferior, and undeserving of any interest whatever. But Dominick asserted with earnest emphasis that the Micmac tongue was beautiful and worth knowing. He became an assiduous aid in working out a vocabulary, and later on, of his own free will, sent me a primitive sort of Micmac grammar printed in Halifax. The compliment was returned by the gift of a copy of Leland's *Algonquin Legends*, a large part of which is made up of tales about Kulóskap.

In later years whenever John's solitary cabin was passed I never failed to pay him a visit. His joy and his courtesy were truly delightful. And this courtesy! How different it was from the stiff attempts at politeness of his white neighbors. It was evidently an inborn trait, inherited from a warrior ancestry, for courtesy is a virtue of military origin.

Like most of his tribesmen he was a good worker in basketry, net-making, and the fashioning of ax handles, paddles, and articles in birchbark. Enfeebled, he finally could do no more outdoor work, and these modest forms of domestic industry were his only support. In the spring of 1910 I found Dominick's door boarded up. He had died the previous winter, and was resting under the shadow of the huge wooden cross in the Red Bank Indian graveyard. But I cannot help believing that he went to Kulóskap's and not to Abraham's bosom, for these Indians never become real Christians.

The other Indian worth describing was "Burly" Pete Frenchman, the best salmon fly caster and fisherman I ever met. The original expression of his gnarled and knotty face was heightened to an almost unpleasant degree by the vestiges of an old eczema, which, he told me, still plagued him during winter weather. His small, good-natured, blinking eyes were bloodshot from the effects of woodsmoke, and in their naïve, half-trustful, half-suspicious glance vividly reminded one of the wistful looks of a young bear.

Unlike Dominick, Pete was shy, reticent, and laconic to the last degree. The only form of utterance he freely permitted himself was whistling, and in this art he was a master. His intonation was unhesitating, true, and precise, and his scales and arpeggios were like a string of pearls. He had a large repertoire of dance tunes, marches, and ballads—evidently of French-Canadian origin.

An experience Mr. Williams had with him tells more of his character than a treatise. One foggy morning while seated on the bank above Falls Pool they heard the "quack, quack" of an invisible duck. A mother sheldrake came floating down the stream with crest erect, her head turning this way and that, vigilantly scanning the surroundings. She was followed by ten



JOHN DOMINICK, A MICMAC.
(Pencil Sketch by the Author.)

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ducklings in single file, exactly like a squadron of war-ships. Just as the fleet emerged from the fog; Pete grasped his companion's arm, warning him to be quiet—he evidently knew what was coming. Williams was just as much interested in Pete as in the ducks, and watched him. While the ducks were passing, especially when the chain slid over the brink of the falls in regular succession, Pete's delight transfigured and humanized his ursine traits. It was an outburst of the instinctive pantheism of primitive man, to whom every living being is a fellow and a brother. When the last duckling had disappeared, he shook himself in silent laughter like a toper, who had just imbibed a particularly fine dram of strong and searching liquor.

After Peter's shyness had somewhat worn off, I found him full of a quiet, quaint humor, his queer English, helped out by mien and clever gesture, making it very telling. He had fixed theories about fishing, and argued his point with much cogency and logic. The ancient view that bright weather demanded the use of a dark fly, and dull days that of a bright fly, was declared by him to be rot and nonsense—just the opposite being the truth. For if in the diffuse light of a dull day you submerge your eye you will see objects floating on or near the surface of the water much better, than when a bright sun dazzles vision with its glitter. The manner in which he expressed this physical truth was extremely clever and interesting.

Pete had the reputation of a great dancer and singer. These accomplishments were mainly practiced in lumber and river-drivers' camps.

But something beyond this was carefully kept in the dark for fear of the priest. It was the old heathen song and dance, as we would say an esoteric practice, indulged in secret, and only in the company of the elect.

In camp, Fourth of July was regularly celebrated by

games for small prizes. Indians, cook, and the guardians—occasionally a couple of teamsters from Foran's—were arrayed to run, jump, heave a stone, shoot at a target, and paddle or pole canoes for a given distance. In the evening the only bottle of liquor brought for the purpose was served out in the shape of hot toddy. It was called punch by courtesy, for the real "punch" came not so much from the alcohol as from a heaped teaspoonful of paprika. They liked it all the better that way. Then came the time for story telling, for songs and a dance. On such an occasion in 1911 Dan, the cook, had received the hint that if asked for, Pete and Philip Young, his partner, would produce an old-fashioned Indian dance. This mark of supreme trust and friendship was received with genuine appreciation. But Dan warned us not to scare them by precipitate methods. Accordingly matters were permitted to drift naturally—that is, very slowly. The evening nearly spent, I thought the thing was off. Finally Dan, who knew his Indians, casually broached the subject. Indian decorum having been satisfied, Philip disappeared for a minute, and returning put the round top of a butter tub into Pete's hands. The rest of us drew back from the fire, leaving the ground clear for the performers.

Philip pulled off his factory-made boots, threw off his jacket, and then the fun began. The tub cover served as a drum. The first thing noticed was the striking difference in the "timbre" of Pete's voice while singing Indian fashion, from the one he employed in "white" music. It was dance music, and the rhythm was impeccable. From time to time the peculiar twang of the singer's voice—always guttural—became a snarl, a threat, almost an imprecation. At such times the rhythm became accelerated, and the drum was pounded *fortissimo*. The dancer kept within the firelight on a limited area of bare, well-trodden and moistish ground,



BURLY PETE FRENCHMAN, A MICMAC.

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and the slapping of soles, together with the dull thud, thud of heels harmonized wonderfully with the weird, savage music. He bent forward, backward, and from side to side; he turned and twisted in everchanging gesture and attitude. At times he bent forward again, shaded his eyes with the outstretched hand, then broke into frantic gestures of evidently hostile intent, as though he had spied an enemy and was about to attack. The tempo was getting faster and faster, and perspiration glistened on the faces of musician and dancer. Then suddenly came three big thumps, followed by the cry of "Hoho!" in high treble, and the dance was done. It would have been "bad form" to applaud or comment on the performance, as would be natural in "white" company. A mute distribution of cigars seemed more in keeping with the occasion.

Peter was a fisherman by profession. A stretch of the Miramichi passes through the Micmac reservation, forming what is called the "oxbow." At the head of this there is a rapid; below it a fine pool which yields good fishing for both salmon and sea-trout. Here in 1911 Pete killed the largest salmon taken since many years with rod and line on the "Little Southwest." It weighed thirty-five pounds.

Such were some of my Indian companions. I liked them for their dignified, courteous, quiet, and kindly ways, shown to those they trusted and knew to be their friends. Properly handled, they could be managed as well as white men. They were willing, attentive and industrious. Their company was to me enjoyable for the lingering trace of the romance which still clung to them. This, however, is imperceptible except to a sympathetic observer.

THE SADDLE

In 1899 I resumed horseback exercise. General Howard Carroll introduced me to Colonel Stoerzer, the best horseman in the corps of riding masters at Durland's. The exercise soon hardened flabby muscles, and the sport became a pleasure. My horse, a Missouri gelding, was named "Paprika" on account of his disposition. He was fifteen and one-half hands high, a strong-limbed six-year-old. Though fiery, he had a soft mouth and a manageable temper. He was an indefatigable trotter, and soon developed a delightful canter, obeying hand and thigh with charming good will and precision. He carried his head beautifully, reminding one of the Virgilian "illi ardua cervix, argutumque caput."⁴

Undoubtedly the sport helped to preserve health and strength at a time when the burden of professional duties was the heaviest. The day began with an early ride which did not fatigue but stimulate the rider. A fellow surgeon used to ride *after* his day's work was done. Seeing him, though plainly exhausted, getting ready for the saddle one day, I observed that rest in bed would do him more good than the ride. He shook his head and went on. His breakdown followed soon after.

REFRAIN

Of the various sports kindly fate has permitted the author to enjoy, wading for trout in a wild, clear mountain stream is still the queen. It satisfies body and soul more than any other. It is gentle, invites contemplation, calls forth keen observation, pleases esthetic inclinations, and by its ever varying aspects summons skill and ingenuity to overcome endless obstacles. Among the streams of Long Island, the Catskills, New Jersey,

⁴Georgics.



DRYPOINT BOOK PLATE.
(By the Author.)

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Pennsylvania, the Adirondacks, Quebec, and New Brunswick, the fishing in New Jersey and Pennsylvania was most interesting because most difficult. Here the absence of cover and the shyness of the fish compelled well-considered, cautious methods of approach, and demanded nice casting with fine tackle. Careful play and prudent methods of landing were indispensable. Next to these came the streams of the Catskills. The unsophisticated trout of the Adirondacks and Canada were easier game; the anadromous sea-trout of New Brunswick, though savage biters and fierce fighters, were the easiest of all to beguile and to secure.

On the other hand, in the absence of trout or salmon, the author has managed to extract much quiet pleasure from the pursuit of such humble prey as the pickerel, perch, and even the mustachioed, lowly bullhead. It is the spirit of the sport which sanctifies it.

“Quid quod nomen habent, et ad magistri
Vocem quisque sui venit citatus.”

—*Martial.*

(“Whatever be his name, each (fish) obeys his master’s call.”)

XIII

TRAVEL

“Change ever easeth, variety dissolveth, and shifting dissipateth.”

—*Montaigne.*

ENGLAND, GERMANY, HUNGARY AND ITALY

THE instinct to obey a periodical craving for locomotion, the impulse for migration, for vagabondage in its higher or lower forms, is common to man with other vertebrate animals. Its primitive physiological motive was the search for food—still manifest in the migrations of quadrupeds, birds, and fishes; and among men, of hunters, fishermen, and pastoral nomads. Though in civilized society the motive has disappeared, the instinctive urge of a diminished, though not suppressed, age-long habit has retained enough energy to cause periodical outbreaks of restlessness in us. Refined forms of these eruptions are the “Wanderlust” of travelers, the prowlings of sportsmen after fish and game; and yachting, mountaineering, and all other forms of sport in which locomotion is the principal element. Unrefined forms of the passion are all shades of vagabondage—as that of the gypsies, tramps, prospectors, poachers, smugglers and other “faring folk” in search of bonanza. This instinct is the primitive bond between the fastidious sportsman shooting tiger in India, and the hungry tramp bobbing for bullheads in a roadside stream. Among the more enlightened this bond is duly recognized, and as far as possible gladly respected. The application of the old saw, “fishing,

snaring, and shooting is many a boy's undoing," needs sympathetic discrimination. The elect reject, hide-bound, ossified philistines accept its lesson.

Travelling for a definite utilitarian purpose, for trade, study or exploration, belongs to an altogether different category.

My travels in America and Europe were not many. There was no lack of desire, but external reasons forbade greater indulgence. In the foregoing pages two European trips were mentioned. During these the southwest of Hungary—the Roman Pannonia—with its beautiful Lake Balaton, and a visit to the remnants of the Roman colony of Sabaria near Steinamanger, County Vas, and of Acquincum, near Budapest, were enjoyed. A third trip was made in 1891, when Berlin was visited during the meeting of the German Surgical Association.

Later in Hungary, in company with my brother Béla and an old schoolmate, Dr. Samuel Pap, an extended tour was made through the south and southeast, taking in romantic and beautiful Transylvania (part of the Roman Province of Dacia). Several old friends of the "Társaskör," my university society, were incidentally visited. At Tövis Dr. Eugene Boér—physician, draughtsman, and violin virtuoso—took us to his vineyard, situated at the top of a gentle eminence. His men were digging trenches (rigoles) for planting a consignment of newly arrived American grapevines, to replace the native growth utterly destroyed by the phylloxera. The foundations of an ancient building, constructed in fine courses of free-stone—recognized later on as a Mithras Temple—had just been unearthed by the laborers. The pickax of one of these struck an object with a metallic sound. It turned out to be an admirably preserved iron lancehead, probably of Roman origin.

On this trip I saw my dear mother for the last time. She was well and hearty when we parted, and her general appearance encouraged the hope that we might meet again, but in February, 1893, she succumbed to a cardiac affection.

Returning by way of Vienna, a visit was paid to Italy. The first stop was at Venice. All the way through the Alps the train was pelted by a deluge of cold rain. The morning after our arrival the far off mountains, viewed from the top of the Campanile, were covered with newly fallen snow. Previous attentive reading of Ruskin aided appreciation of the architectural wonders of the fairy city. Visits were paid to the Lido, to Chioggia, and Murano where watching the workmen's skill in making the famous glassware of the place was intensely interesting.

Villa Mezzana, my sister Etelka's country place near Sasso, is not far from Bologna. Her estate is beautifully situated on one of the foothills of the Apennines on the banks of the River Reno (Rhine), and is intensively cultivated in the admirable manner of northern Italy. The house is surrounded by an ancient chestnut grove, and the slopes are smiling with the verdure of vineyards producing an excellent wine. I admired the beautiful cattle and the scrupulous care they receive from the farmers. In fact the latter pay more attention to the toilettes of their milk-white oxen than to their own. Here I had the honor of planting a young cedar of Lebanon, which is now, I hear, a tree of respectable size.

Bologna, the seat of the oldest university in existence, is a wonderful place. Under my sister's clever and well-informed guidance, its quaint architecture, the university, the slanting towers, the churches, and collections were carefully studied, and two sketch books were filled.

The principal attraction of Milan was the Brera col-

lection of paintings with its lovely Luinis. Following my sister's advice, I stopped at an Italian hotel near the Cathedral, where excellent food and better accommodations were furnished for considerably less than in hotels patronized by tourists. But to take advantage of this plan one must speak Italian. I found Leonardo's famous last supper a ruin.

Crossing the St. Bernard and Switzerland brought the traveler to Freiburg, where two pleasant days were spent with Professor Kraske. From here I proceeded to Wiesbaden. There my old friend Zinsser was found, hale and hearty, ensconced in a commodious house occupying the center of a fine garden. With the consent of the authorities he had made a congenial pastime of bringing order into the large and valuable but neglected library of the duchy of Hesse, thus making its treasures available to the public. The title of Professor was bestowed on him by the government as a recognition of his public spirit. The return to New York was uneventful.

THE BAHAMAS

In February, 1893, a fortnight was spent with my family under the balmy skies of the Bahama Islands. The old Royal Victoria Hotel at Nassau stood in a garden of cocoa palms. It was built of squared coral blocks in the substantial Spanish style of the West Indies. All the rooms opened outward on a shaded veranda. The accommodations were simple and cleanly, but the food was abominable.

The first thing to attract the physician's attention is the mild and remarkably even temperature of the air. Long before sunrise one could sit on the veranda in night attire, sketching with perfect comfort. In this respect Nassau excels both Florida and the Bermudas, both of which have a sufficiency of raw and wet weather

every winter. For functionally impaired renal organs the Bahamas are almost a climatic specific. Many patients directed to spend the winter there have reported the absence of sudden drops of the temperature, so trying to sufferers from cardio-vascular disease. There they were freer from polyuria and uræmic headaches than anywhere else.

The splendor, purity and saturation of the colors of the waters near the archipelago baffle all description and must be seen to be appreciated.

I was much interested in the beautiful type of the Bahama negro—the men were tall, lithe, and muscular; many of the women good-looking and almost all of them of an easy and graceful carriage, due to their custom of carrying loads on the head. They are a healthy, cheerful lot, differing favorably from the diseased, ragged, degenerate and insolent darkey of our own South.

A pleasant episode of this stay was a trip to Eleuthera Island to visit a pineapple planter, Mr. Prescott, made in the sloop *Alberta*, the cabin of which was engaged for my use. Besides the crew—a loud, devil-may-care sort of duo, who constantly defied and threatened the Captain in most violent language—there were two negro women passengers, who lay in the hold on top of the cargo. Last, but not least, there was a myriad of the largest cockroaches ever beheld. Captain and crew quarreled incessantly. One moment things looked as though bloodshed were unavoidable; the next the leader of the mutinous crew offered the Captain a cigar, and presently all were boisterously laughing together, slapping thighs and flashing teeth in true African style. The berth, furnished with bedding from the hotel, was comfortable, and the mess concocted from materials brought along not bad. But the cockroaches were a nuisance. They swarmed over everything and, crawl-

ing over my face, broke the night's rest. Finally a plate, well filled with scraps, was laid out for them, and thus their attentions were diverted.

The sail to Eleuthera was beautiful, especially at night, brilliant with the reflections of the bright moon. It took thirty hours to reach our destination, where my reception was hospitable in the extreme. Having spent two days in excursions on land and sea with Mr. Prescott, among other thing on a visit to a rookery of cormorants, I returned safely to Nassau.

A great sorrow awaited me at New York, for two letters had come during our absence; one contained news of my mother's serious illness, and the other the announcement of her death. She survived my father by nineteen years.

ENGLAND, GERMANY—TRAVERSING THE ALPS FROM
HUNGARY TO FRANCE

Another trip to Europe was made during the summer of 1899 in company with my son, then a student at Columbia College. We sailed in the *Campania*; later wended our way by easy stages from Liverpool to London, stopping at Chester, Shrewsbury, Warwick, Kenilworth, Worcester, and Oxford. From London we continued by way of Canterbury to Ostend, and thence by Cologne and Nürnberg to Linz, Austria. There boarding a Danube steamer, we followed its course to Vienna and Budapest. A long call was paid to Kassa, where very few of old friends survived.

My brother Béla joined us at Kassa, and in his company long forsaken paths in the familiar Cassovian forest were revisited with deepfelt pleasure. Later, at my brother's Carpathian summer home in Stoósz, some pleasant days were passed. Being near Jászó, I did not fail to pay dutiful respects to my old and beloved

teacher, Benedek, who had become Abbot of his order, and was residing in this mother-establishment of the Premonstratensians. He received us with truly paternal benignity. In keeping with his energetic character he had restored all the buildings of the monastery, including the church, and had made the library and archives fireproof. The latter contain one of Hungary's most valuable collections of historical documents, the earliest dating back to the twelfth century. Some of these were shown to us. State papers were written on larger sheets of parchment, while private contracts between ordinary nobles covered only bits of this material, measuring a few square inches.

Through my brother an excellent day's fishing was procured for me near Metzenzéf, a small industrial town, noted for its hoes, scythes, and spades. The mayor of the town had put three of his reservoirs—used for generating power to drive a number of forges—to additional use as fishponds. The lowest one held the largest fish, fine salmon trout of the Dunajetz, an affluent of the Vistula, emptying into the Baltic. While jointing up my American six-ounce split bamboo rod, the manager asked me whether anything could really be caught with "that whip." I retorted by asking how many fish might be taken. His contemptuous reply was: "As many as you can." "Done!" They were alert and game, and we all had a great time—fish, fisherman, and peasant spectators. For lack of a landing net the fish had to be played to exhaustion, and had to be landed by finger slipped into gill. They were of uniform size, weighing about two pounds each, and were at the time and place valuable merchandise. When the fifth was landed the marveling crowd became enthusiastic; the manager, however, musingly thoughtful and quiet. Presently he asked whether I had not had enough. I had—for I cared not so much for the meat

as for the fun of seeing the man's assumed superiority lowered into dust by "that little whip." We kept a brace and left the rest behind. Customarily, the trout were supplied to the hotels of Kassa.

For the return trip a "traverse" through the Alps from East to West had been planned, beginning from their foothills in Western Hungary along the Drave River, continuing through Styria, Carinthia, Tyrol, and Switzerland, and ending in the foothills of the French Alps. Accordingly, the valley of the Drave was entered, our way proceeding through beautiful Styria to Klagenfurth, then by easy stages to Toblach, with a side trip into the Ampezzan Dolomites as far as Cortina. Returning to Toblach, Innsbruck, and thence by the Inn Valley Vorarlberg, the Lake of Walen, and Zurich were reached. Then came Berne and Interlaken, whence the ascents of the Schynige Platte and the Faulhorn were made. From this summit we had the finest view of the Bernese Alps.

To reach the Valley of the Rhone it was intended to cross the Gemmi Pass to the baths of Leuk. The weather, however, was very bad, and, giving up this route, we proceeded without interruption to Lausanne, then up the Rhone Valley to Vispach and Zermatt. On our arrival the storm had cleared away. The sight of the mighty Matterhorn, its newly fallen coat of snow aglow in the ruddy light of the setting sun, was overpowering. Next morning, from the Gorner Grat, we enjoyed a magnificent panorama of snowy splendor and desolation. From Zermatt the route was continued to Geneva, and by way of Dijon to Paris, where a week was spent in sight-seeing. The return to New York was made in September.

WALES, ENGLAND, HUNGARY AND FRANCE

The most recent trip to Hungary was made on the occasion of the International Medical Congress of 1908.

We sailed in the *Mauretania* for Liverpool. During the passage the pleasant acquaintance of Mrs. Grenfell, the mother of Dr. Grenfell of Labrador fame—a charming old lady—was made. Hearing of our intention to see Wales, she invited us to visit her, on our way, at the house of her son, Mr. A. G. Grenfell at Parkgate. We stopped there for a short call. Mr. Grenfell keeps a fine school for boys, which I inspected with much curiosity. It was entirely different from anything ever seen before. Mr. Grenfell showed much interest in our trip, and, knowing Wales thoroughly, laid out for us an excellent, detailed itinerary with specific indications for stops, hotels, and distances. This enabled us to give the chauffeur precise directions, which were virtually orders based on knowledge—a great advantage under the circumstances.

From Parkgate we proceeded by motor through Northern Wales, first visiting Llan Rhiader, then Denbigh—the birthplace of Mr. John Wynne, my father-in-law. The Welsh were very different from anything I had ever seen—reticent, subdued, and suspicious not only of strangers, but apparently also of each other. It was market day. The market house was thronged with people from the town and its vicinity; but the usual clamor of the market-place was wanting—no loud word, no exclamation was heard, and the hall, filled with men and women transacting business, was almost as quiet as a church. It was uncanny.

Is this morose reticence of the Welsh the effect of age-long, hopeless repression? Is it the saddened resignation of habitual losers in every struggle against a

stronger invading race for more than a thousand years? The Irish, Celts of the Celts, were conquered and oppressed as much as—nay, more than—the Welsh; yet in spite of poverty and squalor their turbulent optimism is intact to this day.

With no expectation of future independence, the Welsh have succeeded in preserving their language. The Irish, on the other hand, have practically forgotten their national idiom, yet in a spirit of indomitable hopefulness, are risking life and earthly goods again and again in harebrained attempts to regain their liberty. What can be the cause of this difference?

Was it Protestantism in Wales? Have the Welsh taken to heart too seriously the theological hair-splitting and acrimonious quarreling over trifling matters which dominated Protestantism during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries? The stronger, practical Saxon cleverly exploited the religious turmoil for his political and economic ends. History confirms this fact. Beginning with Henry VIII, on through the Commonwealth and Protestant Succession, cool and collected, he kept his head well above the surface of the dangerous vortex, while the weaker Welsh became utterly submerged.

The Irish, on the other hand, in spite of the loss of their language, have preserved the Celt's authentic gaiety of spirit much better than the Welsh. They are still as Cæsar and Tacitus knew them. One is inclined to believe that this happened only because Erin never ventured into the turbid waters of religious controversy and revolt. She kept the shore, wisely, I think, preferring to stay in the blind shelter of Roman Catholicism. At any rate, Erin never tasted the dust of thrifty and "grouchy" Puritan sanctimoniousness, and never having given up the game as Wales did, may some day yet come to her own.

From Denbigh we went on by way of Bettws-y-Coed

to Capel Curig, where magnificent Snowdon revealed its rugged forms to the gaze. Then came Carnarvon, where this perfect specimen of Middle Age military architecture was studied with intense interest. The following day's important event was a visit to famous Harlech Castle. I knew the frowning outlines of this ancient "strong place" from the fine etching of Seymour Haden. Another sentimental bond, an admiration for the glorious martial music of the "Men of Harlech" lent additional interest to the visit. With "empressement" the crumbling battlements of the fortress were ascended, and from there our eyes feasted on the splendid outlook over the Irish Channel. We made our way back to Wrexham by Llangollen, where the train for London was boarded.

Then came Brussels, Vienna, and Budapest, where my whilom countrymen extended to the assembled medical talent of the world a truly generous and refined hospitality. The surgeons were especially well cared for by Professor Béla Dollinger and the venerable Ladislaus Farkas. On the way home a delightful week was passed in Paris, where attention was devoted not only to things of historical and artistic importance, but likewise to the cuisines of Foyot and Lucas le Grand. Finally, shipping at Boulogne, we reached New York in time for an additional recuperative stay in the Adirondacks.

THE PACIFIC COAST AND PORTO RICO

The meeting of the American Surgical Association at Denver in June, 1911, made it convenient to visit the Grand Cañon, the sight of which is one of life's few great events.

Kant's apostrophe to the stupendous sublimity of the starred sky, which better than anything else conveys to thinking man the significance of endless space and time,

was instantly recalled when one began to appreciate the ages of ceaseless energy spent by nature in the ruthless excavation of this enormous chasm. Though the processes of erosion are identical, yet there is a marked difference in visual value between the degradation of a mountain to the level of sea mud, and the sawlike incisive effect of a river upon the table of a plateau. The mountain vanishes, but the cañon's awful depth grows more and more impressive. To comprehend the import of such a contemplation it is necessary to gauge one's stature with the walls of rock passed in descending to the roaring river far below.

The Kolb brothers live on the brink at the head of Bright Angel Trail. They are noted as the first men to repeat Powell's memorable exploit in running the entire length of the cañon-enclosed course of the Colorado.

The strange and fascinating desert solitudes of Arizona and Southern California, with their weird vegetation and savage, picturesque, basaltic mountain forms, were full of entrancing interest.

It was the first week in July when we came to the Yosemite. The streams were brimful and the cataracts at their best. Everywhere our path was bordered by fragrant azaleas and white lilac in full bloom. The giant trees of Mariposa, monumental, living witnesses of the rise and decline of empires, were reverently visited.

The first glimpse of the Pacific Ocean again stirred the lifelong desire for seeing its enchanted islands and far-off continents bathed in the halo of boyhood's longing dreams of romance and adventure.

We were privileged to revel in the sight of snow-flanked Mount Shasta, but envious clouds denied us the view of Mount Tacoma.

The tour was concluded by a visit to the Selkirks and

Canadian Rockies. The superlatives lavished on their descriptions are no exaggeration.

In January and February of 1916 my lifelong wish to see tropical nature had its late fulfillment.

Previously informed on the subject, and provided with letters of introduction, I sailed for Porto Rico on January 29 in the steamer *Brazos*. Off Seagirt in a fog our boat was rammed by a collier. Fortunately the blow was not fatal. The captain found it necessary, however, to take his ship back to port. A week later we sailed again in the *Carolina*, reaching our destination safely. My letters were of the utmost use, for they brought not only opportunities to study the sugar, fruit, coffee, and tobacco industries of this charming island, but also to see the dark side of the glittering medallion. Through Surgeon General Gorgas' recommendation to Major Dutcher, a series of cases of the still too prevalent hookworm disease was assembled for my inspection by First Lieutenant Watkins at the Army Post of Cayey, where in addition several examples of elephantiasis and one of Madura foot were also examined.

Both scenically and because of its botanical interest, the fine road from Arecibo to Ponce is easily supreme. The view of the Arecibo Valley of a morning, taken from the point where the road enters it at the north, is truly enchanting. Its placid and plenteous beauty of intense coloring gradually fades away into the tenderest purples, and dissolves in the extreme distance (bounded by the rugged skyline of the Sierra Central) into a dust of pinkish-golden gray. The road is like a billiard table, hard and smooth, and it rises so gently that one is scarcely aware of the continuous ascent except by the apparent deepening of the valley below. The route is comparable to the profile line of a topographical map, dipping into every secondary valley and ravine, then emerging with a sharp curve to clear the next prom-

ontory or buttress of the bold, precipitous, evergreen mountainside. This trip alone would richly repay the voyage for those who are susceptible to the romantic and the picturesque.

When we reëntered New York harbor the temperature was down to 10 degrees Fahr., and the streets choked with newly fallen snow.

Traveling is very interesting, but with so many curious things to see, to examine, and to peer into, is very fatiguing to an aging man. When most interesting it wears the hardest on one's powers of endurance, physical and mental. For rest—real refreshing rest—give me our own woods and placid waters.

XIV

HOBBIES

"Few have been taught to purpose who have not been their own teachers."—*Sir Joshua Reynolds' Addresses.*

ON DILETTANTISM—CHAMBER MUSIC

THE appellation of amateur or dilettante may, according to its intent, be either a gratifying compliment or a cutting sarcasm. Yet even if we disregard this implied distinction, it would be difficult to draw a hard and fast line between amateurs and professionals, for a good amateur may be a better artist than a poor professional. The rough and ready qualification, as generally understood, is that a man's work tends to be perfect in proportion to his dependence upon it for a livelihood. Amateur work, lacking the stimulus of necessity, is apt to be shallow, dawdling, and jejune. A brilliant exception to this rule was Seymour Haden, who became more eminent as an etcher than as a surgeon.

In 1881 we came to know Ernst Schuessel, a pupil of David, first violin and concert-master of Theodore Thomas' Orchestra. Soon after, a string quartette was organized under Schuessel's leadership, which performed at our house every four weeks during the winter months. With occasional interruptions these reunions continued during fourteen years. The membership varied somewhat. Among its more permanent constituents was, in the first place, Schuessel, first violin. His mu-

sical capacity was solid and dependable for its strict scholarship and good taste. He abhorred above all that form of false musical sentiment which is usually but a cloak for rhythmical impotence.

A defective sense of musical time is the earmark of the undisciplined amateur. A professional musician may lack almost everything except the faculty for keeping rhythm. Lacking this he starves. The virtuoso, of course, forms a class by himself. To him the frequent use—and abuse—of the *rubato* is permitted. Its freedom captivates the amateur who, in imitating these liberties, is apt to lose his sense of strict time. Such an amateur is the bane and despair of real musicians. Another thing Schuessel hated was improvisation by persons without talent for this rare and interesting form of musical dreaming. He called such performances a parade of “boarding-house Accorde.”

After Schuessel's death his place was taken by Ludwig Deutsch, a graduate of the Vienna Conservatory of Music.

Deutsch was an entirely different character. Though as excellent and well trained as Schuessel, he displayed more temperament and was more lyric in his conceptions. His attack, intonation, and balance were admirable; in short, he was a better colorist than his predecessor.

The cellist—most of the time—was my friend Dr. Fred Kammerer. In his absence Charles M. Mali, a talented young musician, the brother of Pierre Mali, used to fill in.

The viola was in the hands of Dr. Felix Cohn, an enthusiastic amateur. The second violin was, as usual, the orphaned instrument; it was played by a succession of talents, and was the chief source of our troubles. Nothing is easier than to procure a second violinist; nothing harder than to keep him. Finally we had the

good fortune to welcome the accession of Alfred L. Donaldson (now of Saranac Lake), an able musician and a dependable man. Later Ulysse Buehler, the pianist, took active part in our chamber music. He played with the Dannreuther Sunday Quartette at Dr. Knight's, the continuation of Dr. Sands' Quartette Club, mentioned elsewhere. Buehler's lively and sympathetic temperament, devoid of all egotism—that intolerable neurosis of so many able musicians—make his personality delightful.

The quartette repertoire was varied by trios, quintettes, and occasionally a duo. Bach's concerto for two violins and piano in D minor, with its heavenly second movement, was invariably played once a year. At the last meeting in May the "Forellenquintett" of Schubert was obligatory.

For a number of years, a book was kept in which the programs of each evening were entered, together with pen sketches of the musicians themselves—a precious relic of long departed happy hours.

THE PIPE-ORGAN

In 1884 John White played several of Bach's organ compositions during a series of recitals at the old Chickering Hall. They created a profound impression. Under the stress of this emotion an organ was bought. The first teacher was unsatisfactory, for he could not find the pedal keys without using his eyes. When asked to play the well-known passage of Bach's Toccata in F major—where three different themes are simultaneously executed on both manuals and pedals in rapid tempo—he balked, saying that no man living could play that. Thereupon we parted company.

In the early nineties Hermann Hanns Wetzler, a good musician and a first-rate organist, was in charge

of the music at Trinity Church. He had no difficulty with the Toccata in F major, and from him was acquired what little a man of my age could assimilate.

Through Wetzler the acquaintance of Will Macfarlane, the organist of All Souls' Church, was made. Macfarlane was a genial artist and a splendid musician. The use of his organ was permitted for two afternoons a week. Here in the empty church the player could vary his mood from the softest tones to the heart-shaking storm of the full organ—all without fear of torturing involuntary listeners.

This arrangement continued until the church was sold and demolished about two years later. Macfarlane became organist to St. Thomas's Church, whence he followed a call to Portland, Maine. At present he is municipal organist to that community, playing the largest and finest instrument in existence.

Although technical accomplishment was denied, thorough acquaintance with Bach's organ works made the author's organ practice more than worth while.

ETCHING—LEROY M. YALE AND JAMES D. SMILLIE—
ANDRES L. ZOKN

Another hobby was etching. To this I was introduced by my dear friend and colleague, Leroy Milton Yale. One day at an exhibition of the Etchers' Club, of which he was the first president, he offered to give me a demonstration of the process. The next day he appeared at my home armed with a copper plate and the necessary paraphernalia for grounding, smoking, protecting the back of the plate, and for stopping out. When the plate had been properly prepared he bade his pupil draw in some design. It seemed almost a sacrilege to ruin with a bungling line the immaculate, soft velvety blackness of the freshly-smoked plate.

Timidly the drawing was done, then followed the biting with nitric acid, and thus the elements of the process were reviewed. Next day young Henry Voigt, one of the best artistic printers who ever lived, drew the first proof. It was a genuine disappointment. Few first proofs can be otherwise.

Thus, by the hand of a friend, were the gates to a garden of pure, keen pleasure opened to me. Etching is a domestic occupation which can be followed in town during odd hours; it can be interrupted at pleasure without inconvenience, and offers most refreshing diversion from the exhausting tension of busy professional life. Nothing in the world can make a man forget himself and his cares more quickly than the etcher's needle.

Old habits of sketching were resumed with zest and, properly concealed, enabled one to use the pencil in cars, theaters, concerts, and other places of resort, without offending the susceptibilities of victims—that is, unconscious models. A number of sly tricks were employed to sketch unobserved.

An acquaintance with James D. Smillie ripened into friendship. His thoughtful advice infused my work with new interest; this, combined with Yale's encouragement, dissipated many fits of disgust at inevitable failures. Such accesses of depression are well known to artists, and constitute a wholesome solvent for crusts of conceit and self-satisfaction.

Yale was a splendid character—kind, gentle, conscientious, and free from the excesses of the "New England conscience." He was sane, well balanced, yet thoroughly suffused with the sweet sap of poetic feeling. As he was a good etcher, a clever writer, and a passionate fisherman, our tastes were so congenial that, though we both loved the rough and tumble of an animated discussion, no shadow of contention, coolness or



ALVAH DUNNING.
(Etched by the Author.)

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

indifference ever fell between us. Of various forms of skill he practiced with understanding, only the artful fashioning of fishing rods, and his adroit tying of salmon and trout flies shall be mentioned. After having undergone an operation, Yale asked to have the pieces of silkworm gut saved, which were removed from the stitchholes. Later, he presented me with a set of eight salmon flies tied on the bits of gut, used for his own surgical sutures. One of them was named for the author—the greatest honor which may descend upon an angler.

Yale's saddest misfortune was the tragic death of his only son, a fine, thoughtful boy of great promise. Though he struggled to resume his old cheerfulness, his spirit was broken. He gave up practice and retired to New Bedford, where he died while showing a portfolio of etchings to some visitors. He was a noble soul!

Originally, James D. Smillie, like his father, was an engraver, and one of the best men in the American Banknote Company. Abandoning this lucrative work, he turned to the etching needle, scraper, and brush. According to his own regretful statement, the professional engraver's occupation often constitutes a serious handicap to other artistic aspirations. By dint of perseverance he acquired an excellent style of etching, much appreciated by connoisseurs. He was a splendid draughtsman, painstaking and thoughtful, yet free and not without dash. His technique in all forms of the art of engraving was marvelous. His mastery of plain etching, aquatint, soft ground etching, mezzotint, and their combinations, was perfect, and his dry points, especially those of blossoms, were full of tenderness and vigor. His printing was exquisite. Yet he was not satisfied, for he wished to excel with the brush. This was the pre-occupation and sorrow of his life—a feel-

ing he did not hesitate to express in a naïve and sincere way.

Yet he has done excellent things. In our sitting room is a seascape. From its foreground—a sandy beach lapped by a lazy, low surf coming in from a glassy sea—a dark threatening sky is seen, full of brewing mischief and menace; a sky, whose farthest lowering masses of blue-black cloud merge in vague, gloomy confluence with an indistinguishable horizon. Through a rift, a sheaf of sunrays escapes to strike, in discreet splashes, the crests of two or three wavelets about to break on the flat beach. This canvas is a piece of poetry.

Smillie's gentle, melancholic patience in bearing his supposed artistic disappointments was touching.

He was a slow, methodical, even pedantic man, with no trace of the Bohemian about him or his belongings. Everything in his studio was spick and span, and tools and materials were always in apple-pie order.

In person he was slight and slender, yet of a distinguished, venerable presence. During vacations he would allow his hair and beard to grow, untrimmed. At such times his comate head and fine features would have furnished an admirable model for the study of a noble old man.

Once, after a surgical service, he presented me with an etcher's press, which had been used both by his father and by himself, and a "jigger"—the printer's work table—with all its subtle appointments. Characteristically, the press was as bright and perfect as on the day it was new.

In March, 1897, I happened to meet Andres L. Zorn at Kimmel and Voigt's art printing establishment. I went there to have some proofs drawn. Zorn was there also for the same purpose, and was continually altering his plate between proofs. He proposed that I use these pauses for my work. The plate he was finishing was

a clever portrait of Saint Gaudens in his studio. In the foreground is the sculptor in shirt sleeves, seated on the edge of the model's platform. A nude feminine model is reclining in the background, evidently at rest between posings. The plate is one of the best compositions of the artist, executed with his customary economy of means.

When it was my turn for printing, he held his plate in one hand on a slant, making with a graver determined, almost vicious, jabs into its surface, scraping and burnishing between, and so preparing his copper for the next turn at the press. How different this was from the tremulous, hesitating ways of most etchers and engravers!

Zorn wisely gave young Voigt free rein to print this way and that; with plenty of tone once, then again with a clean wipe, with or without "retroussage," readily accepting any suggestion. Having asked my opinion, he adopted the advice to leave plenty of tone on the figure of the model in the background; then wiping the design of the main subject clean, to give it a good "drag" with a fat rag. This put a strong accent upon the latter, and set the model's figure back in the shade, to the secondary position, where it belonged. He was so pleased with the result that—after borrowing my pencil for signing it—he asked me to accept the proof with his thanks. It was a charming piece of artist's generosity! All the proofs of the plate seen since are executed in this manner.

The following day we met again at Voigt's press and worked together "en bons camarades" as before. He spoke kindly of my little dry point, a profile of my son John at fifteen, paying me a compliment more polite than deserved. After the session we had luncheon, when he told with amiable frankness much about his work here, in Paris, and in Dalekarlia, Sweden, where

he had grown up a peasant boy to be a blacksmith first. He thought that he owed to these early manual employments the knack of varying in a pleasing manner the direction and material of his artistic labors. He could paint, carve in wood, model in clay, etch and engrave on copper, do goldsmith's work, and still loved to swing the hammer at the forge. Later on, during a visit paid him at the Grand Hotel in Broadway, he introduced me to his wife—the charming woman seen in one of his early plates standing behind the etcher's chair in his studio. Proofs of this plate have become very valuable.

On this occasion Zorn showed me a lovely piece of his own wood-carving. The cover of a jewel box represented a couch, on which a youthful nude woman was seen in the act of rising. The silky texture of the white basswood admirably suggested soft, yet firm flesh, and the modeling, done from life, was exquisitely delicate, yet vigorous. There was also a ring of gold made by himself, the circle of which was formed by two nude caryatides—one obverse, the other reverse—supporting between their uplifted hands a splendid ruby, “en cabochon,” of large size.

In those days the man Zorn looked every bit a “Norsker” with his massive frame, a small head, clean-cut features, scanty blond hair, pale blue eyes, a straight nose, lips of a somewhat softish expression, and a nervous hand with long, tapering and knotty fingers. His manner was—in the way of the North—slow, deliberate, almost “blasé.”

There is little to be said about my own etchings, for they amount to no more than most amateurs' work. Proofs of one plate only were sold. It was the portrait of Alvah Dunning, the famous guide and sage of Raquette Lake. Once, while hauling a large trout into the boat, his silver watch dropped overboard. Alvah grieved

pitifully. Soon after, the idea was conceived of etching a plate from a photograph of the old man, taken by Stoddard. When the church fair at St. Hubert's on Raquette Lake was held, two proofs were given, to be sold for not less than \$5 each. They were picked up immediately. Thus at Raquette—and later on in New York—twenty proofs were disposed of, netting the sum of \$100. With this, a gold watch was bought at Benedict's, where the proprietor added (as his contribution) a supergorgeous gold chain. At the Christmas celebration at Camp Pine Knot, Raquette Lake, the gift was placed in Alvah's palm by Mr. Durant. The old man toppled over in a dead faint. He soon revived, however, and lived to enjoy the use of his new timepiece for many years, for it was decreed that Alvah should not die of joy—he was to leave this vale of tears through the accidental inhalation of illuminating gas at a little hotel in Utica.



APPENDIX

APPENDIX

TESTIMONIUM MATURITAS

Revenue
stamp.
1 florin.

ARPADUS GERSTER, Cassoviae in Hungaria, comitatu Abaujvariensi natus, annorum sedecim, romano catholicam fidem professus, postquam studiorum, quae in gymnasiis tractare solent, cursum peregit e I.^{ma} usque ad VIII.^{am} classem Cassoviae, Anno schol. 186 $\frac{5}{6}$ diebus 11^a 12^a et 13^a mensis Julii tentamen, quo se maturum studiis Academicis probaret, publice subiit.

Legibus et institutis scholasticis *conformiter* obtemperavit. In tentamine autem, cui eum legitime subjecimus, hos in singulis disciplinis progressus nobis probavit.

In doctrina religionis	<i>Eminentem.</i>	In historia et geographia	<i>Eminentem.</i>
In lingua latina	<i>Bonum.</i>	In mathematica	<i>Praecellentem.</i>
In lingua graeca	<i>Bonum.</i>	In physica	<i>Praecellentem.</i>
In lingua Hungarica	<i>Eminentem.</i>	In historia naturali	<i>Praecellentem.</i>
In lingua germanica	<i>Eminentem.</i>	In elementis philosophicae institutionis	<i>Bonum.</i>

Itaque, cum videatur praestitisse, qua ad rite incunda studia academica leges requirunt, eum *Maturum* judicavimus.

Ejus rei in fidem hancee ei tabulam sigillo gymnasii Cassoviensis munitam dedimus, et nomina nostra ipsi subscripsimus.

Datum in Archi-Gymnasio Cassoviensi die 13^a Julii Anno 1866.

Viri Collegii explorandae maturitati.

Norbertus Juhász,	M. P. script.	Victor Kaczvinsky,
Consil. Reginus,	superior. scholar.	gym. Director.
et studii per districtum		Franciscus Benedek,
Cassoviensem Director.		Matheseos Prof.
		Colomannus Schmidt,
		ling. graecae Prof.
		Bartholomaeus Orbán,
		doctr. Prof.
		Augustinus Szignárovics,
		Lit. Germ. Prof.
		Cornelius Nathafalusy, M.P.,
		Hist. universal. Pragmat.
		Reg. Hung. et geograph. Prof.
		Michael Juhász, M.P.,
		lingu. lat. et hungar. Prof.
		Desiderius Fridrik,
		Physic. Prof.
		Siardus Stöhr,
		Philosoph. Prof.



LIST OF VISITS PAID TO THE VIENNA OPERA, ETC.

From October, 1872, to October, 1873

OPERAS		Times			Times
Mozart:	Don Giovanni.....	4	Wagner:	Tannhäuser.....	4
"	Nozze di Figaro....	5	"	Fliegender Holländer..	3
"	Zauberflöte.....	2	"	Meistersänger.....	4
"	Entführung aus dem		"	Lohengrin.....	4
	Serail.....	2	"	Rienzi.....	3
"	Così fan tutte.....	2	Gounod:	Romeo and Juliet....	4
Beethoven:	Fidelio.....	2	"	Faust.....	3
Nicolai:	Lustige Weiber von		Meyerbeer:	Prophet.....	1
	Windsor.....	2	"	Dinorah (with Patti)	1
Gluck:	Iphigenia.....	1	"	Robert le diable...	1
"	Armida.....	1	Halévy:	La Juive.....	2
Weber:	Freischütz.....	2	Thomas:	Mignon.....	1
"	Euryanthe.....	2	Bellini:	Norma.....	1
"	Abu Hassan.....	2			
Marschner:	Hanns Heiling..	1			
Rossini:	William Tell.....	1			

BALLETS:

Ellinor.....	1		Fantaska.....	1
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Total: 62 Operas; 2 Ballets

<i>In the Burgtheater:</i>		Times			Times
Shakespeare:			Schiller:	Wallenstein's Lager...	1
	Merchant of Venice.....	1		Schach dem König....	1
Hebbel:	Kriemhild's Rache..	1		Moderne Jugend.....	1
	Maria Magdalena...	1			

In other Theaters; 5 times. Altogether, 75 representations.

Visits paid at the World's Fair between May 1st and September 29, 1873: 28

SUMMARY OF COST OF TUITION IN MEDICINE AND SURGERY AT VIENNA

From October, 1866, to March, 1872

For the Degree of Doctor of Medicine:

Lecture Fees, 10 semesters, 277 hours.....	fl. 277.00 kr.
Fees for two examinations.....	108.15
Promotion fee	72.28

fl. 457.43 kr.

This diploma entitled its possessor to practice medicine, surgery, and obstetrics.

For the Degree of Doctor of Surgery:

One course in operative Ophthalmology.....fl.	25.00 kr.
Two courses in operative surgery on the Cadaver	50.00
Fees for two examinations.....	61.43
Promotion fee	39.20

fl. 175.63 kr.

For the Degree of Master of Obstetrics:

One course in operative Obstetrics.....fl.	25.00 kr.
Fees for examination and promotion.....	45.00

fl. 70.00 kr.

Grand Totalfl. 703.06 kr.

To equivalent (at par) in U. S. Currency...\$281.23

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

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8. Reviews of "International Encyclopædia of Surgery," John Ashurst, Jr., vol. i, *Archives of Medicine*, Dec., 1882, p. 273.
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19. "The Surgical Treatment of Epilepsy," Dr. B. Sachs and Dr. Gerster. *Amer. Jour. Med. Sc.*, November, 1892.
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21. "Osteoplastic Resection of Upper Jaw for Prosopalgia." *N. Y. Med. Journal*, 1884, vol. 39, p. 38.
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23. "A Study of Three Cases of Tumor of the Brain," L. Stieglitz, Howard Lilienthal, and Dr. Gerster. *Amer. Jour. Med. Sc.*, Mar., 1896.
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37. "Technical Considerations Influencing the Surgical Treatment of Appendicitis during Pregnancy." *Philadelphia Monthly Medical Journal*, March, 1899, p. 170.
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RECORDS OF THE LITTLE SOUTH WEST MIRAMICHI FISHING CLUB; TWO RODS: ABOUT TWO WEEKS EACH

Year	Moses Williams		A. G. Gerster	
	Salmon	Grilse	Salmon	Grilse
1900.....	5	1	7	6
1901.....	no entry	no entry	4	0
1902.....	18	64	14	4
1903.....	1	0	5	56
1904.....	5	64	5	6
1905.....	1	37	0	0
1906.....	5	52	11	4
1907.....	no entry	no entry	no entry	no entry
1908.....	no entry	no entry	10	14
1909.....	11	60	0	0
1910.....	14	16	3	22
Totals.....	60	294	59	112

No records were kept of sea-trout, which were plentiful. Mr. Moses Williams was a more assiduous fisherman than I, who

rarely whipped the waters during more than two or three hours per day. He used to "go in," as a rule, later in the season than myself, hence his scores for grilse were higher than mine, for these did not begin to run well before the middle of July.

LIST OF OFFICES AND MEMBERSHIPS

"Vanity, like unto varnish, that maketh ceilings not only shine, but last."—*Lord Bacon*, "On Vainglory."

October, 1877.	Member German Dispensary, New York.
December, 1877.	Chief of Surgical Division, German Dispensary.
December 26, 1878.	Attending Surgeon, German Hospital, New York.
June 13, 1880.	Attending Surgeon, Mount Sinai Hospital, New York.
October 15, 1882.	Professor of Surgery, New York Polyclinic.
October 24, 1882.	Member, New York Surgical Society.
May 15, 1890.	Fellow, American Surgical Association.
October, 1890.	Member, Century Association.
April, 1891.	Member, German Association of Surgery, Berlin.
November, 1891.	President, New York Surgical Society.
December, 1891.	Corresponding Member, Royal Medical Society, Budapest.
January, 1896.	Vice-President, Medical Board of Mount Sinai Hospital.
November, 1896.	Consulting Surgeon, German Hospital, New York.
May, 1908.	Vice-President, American Surgical Association.
March, 1909.	President, Charaka Club, New York.
March 7, 1916.	Professor of Clinical Surgery, Columbia University.
February 11, 1911.	First Lieutenant, U. S. Army Medical Reserve Corps.
May 12, 1912.	Trustee, Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks.
June, 1911-1912.	President, American Surgical Association.
January 1, 1914.	Consulting Surgeon, Mount Sinai Hospital (by age limit).
April 6, 1916.	Trustee, New York Academy of Medicine.

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