At 10 a.m. the pulse was absent at the wrist and pituitrin one cubic centimetre and digitalin \( \frac{1}{100} \) grain were given.

Malignant tertian parasites in large numbers were found in the blood, and a pint of saline was given intravenously. The patient had a rigor almost immediately after. The temperature rose to 102° F.; pulse 120 and very feeble. Brandy was given with difficulty by the mouth. He died about four and a half hours after admission.

Post-mortem Examination.—A fairly well nourished man. Abdomen: Liver slightly enlarged and olive-coloured. Spleen: About twice normal size, dark-coloured and friable; on section almost black and the blood was tarry; no other abnormalities found. Lungs: Bases of both lungs showed a little congestion; right lung was adherent to pleura at base, probably due to an old attack of pleurisy. Heart: Muscle fibres appeared paler than usual; nothing abnormal found. Brain: Vessels engorged; cortex dull and grey-looking; blood smears from brain capillaries showed many malignant tertian parasites. Spleen: Malignant tertian parasites in enormous numbers.

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Echoes of the Past.

AN ARMY SURGEON'S EXPERIENCES IN SOUTH AFRICA, 1843-46.

EDITED, AND WITH A FOREWORD, BY H. B. NEWHAM, C.M.G., M.D.

Late Temporary Lieutenant-Colonel, Royal Army Medical Corps.

(Continued from p. 150.)

Fort Peddie, Caffraria, Southern Africa, April 2nd, 1844.

George Cowley Esq., Winslow, Bucks, England.

My dear Cowley,

Although I have written long letters to both you and the Governor, about three weeks ago, which I entrusted to the care of Captain Kennedy, son of the Colonel of the 7th Dragoon Guards, who is on his way home from his regiment stationed in China, yet as he may not find a vessel to his mind I determined to let you know how I go on as the Post-Office takes the opportunity of the first vessel going home. There are no regular mails from England but they forward them as they can. I received two letters from you, the last dated 4th December, and three “Eras.” I am glad to hear that you are all well and that his worship the Coroner has recovered his upset.

This is one of the best outposts in Africa and there is very little to do as I have but another post to visit about ten miles off, a very great change from my last station which I have described to you before. This is the
only post over the boundary, the Great Fish River, but is retained by the Government on account of its being the great thoroughfare from the Colony into Caffirland. It is ten miles over the river and eighteen from the coast. It is about a hundred miles north of Algoa Bay, which you may see marked in all the maps.

Our new Governor, Sir P. Maitland, has just arrived, and the late one, Sir George Napier, goes home with the consent of all. We daily expect the reserve battalion of the 45th Regiment, and when they arrive I think it is probable that they will relieve us on the Frontier and that we will be brought up to Cape Town to be ready for embarkation home, as our time is up in the Colony next year. I shall be truly happy to see England again, although this country is interesting for a little.

The 7th Dragoon Guards have great sport at Fort Beaufort, hunting Jackals, Racing, etc. When stationed with them we liked them very much and were great friends. Our Headquarters is now Grahamstown, fifty miles hence. There are none of my regiment here except a Major (Goodman), but we expect a company of ours here in a few days.

I have been lately ill with Rheumatic Fever, from imprudent exposure to the cold night air in pursuit of a Hyena which had the temerity to come into my park during the night. I have been shooting Hippopotami lately, they are an enormous animal and very difficult to kill, their skin being thick enough to resist a leaden bullet. We therefore use one of pewter and lead mixed. It is all snap shooting, and that is when they put their noses to breathe. I was nearly bitten by Ring Calse (Dutch) a most venomous snake. He attempted to strike me when or horseback, but I was too fast for him and hit him with a hunting whip which caused him to retreat into his hole very quickly, from which I could not get him. I saw an Ostrich a few days ago; they are a magnificent creature when going at a full pace which no horse can come near. They are very seldom seen about here now, being so much hunted by everyone.

This autumn weather is very hot, 90-100 and in some places along the Fish River, where the soil is sandy, 120 in the sun, but we have always a cool breeze from the sea in the evening. This has been the best crop year ever known as we have constant thunderstorms, and rain such as you never see in Europe.

I am getting on with the Caffir language so as to speak to them and understand them. I am a great man with them, having cured several. They have been quieter lately but seem to delight in forays into the Colony to carry off cattle and fighting against one another; I mean the tribes.

Tell Mrs. Cowley that I attribute the favour I stand in with our ladies to her kind wishes when commencing my career as a soldier. My greatest allies are Mrs. Dr. Delmege, who is the daughter of a great merchant at Cape Town, and an Italian by birth. She is an exquisite musician on both Harp and Piano, indeed, I think I have never heard her equal on those
instruments, and also besides an excellent and amiable woman. Then comes Mrs. Maclean, lady to MacLean, Captain of our light company, and the finest fellow you can fancy. He and I are sworn friends. Mrs. M. is a tall, elegant woman, very handsome, and the best horsewoman in the country. All our ladies have the same sisterly feeling as their husbands and we are acknowledged to be the most united corps in the service, so, as you see, we get on agreeably enough. I have always a line from two or three of them every post-day, once a week. Then on this post we have Mrs. Captain Ward, 91st Regiment, who is quite a treasure, sings ballads in almost every European language, plays the guitar, dances, beats the castanets, is an authoress of some name in the book of Beauty, Forget-me-nots, etc., etc., and rides like an Arab.

If the Governor has not received my letter, please tell him how gratified I was to see the presentation of the plate to him. Truly my good friends at Winslow can do things, and when they do them they do them well. What a proud testimonial it will be for you all to look at in future days. I am almost as much gratified as if it were my own, or that of a near relative, as I shall always look upon the Governor as a kind of parent.

My allowances, which I think I mentioned to you before, are rations of meat and bread, quarters, fire and light, forage for two chargers, barrel and bulk allowance; this is for wear and tear of luggage by transport, and a mounted Dragoon when on Duty. The provisions are cheap, and the wine (European) half the price it is in England, best Cape wine from 8d. to 1s. a bottle, so that we can live well and cheaply. I drink very little and smoke also but little. You see I do not forget anything although I have travelled some miles from home. I think the latter part of next year will find us on our way home, then hurrah! for merry England.

I depend upon your writing and sending me papers as it will serve to keep me alive, particularly a county paper. You must see that I am in great vigour and spirits from the tone of this rambling epistle, but the truth is, a letter I had written last night got so blotted with ink that I could not send it. This is therefore done to save a week's post. I know you will remember me to all your family, and tell the Governor I expect to hear from him and am pleased at your account of the Garden improvements. I am determined to let him taste some of our Cape wine off the Salver, and look forward to the time I shall see him again, I hope, stout and well. He will see some change in me externally, but my mind, my spirit, and my remembrances are the same, although we do live in camp and the wilds occasionally.

Believe me,

Ever most sincerely and faithfully yours,

(Sgd.) W. N. IRWIN.

P.S.—All quiet at Natal, but a detachment of ours (200 men) under Major Smith still remains, but we expect them soon. My namesake is...
with them, by all accounts he is a splendid fellow and very handsome. Direct to me as before, Cape of Good Hope. I expect a large budget of news by Adam Baynes and hope to see him, but I think it probable that he will be sent to Natal after he has been at Cape Town for a little, and everyone says it is a beautiful and rich country. He will be able to indulge in his love for horses, but if he has not started pray tell him not to buy any directly on landing as he is sure to get a bad one. I think one of the bucking horses will astonish him if ever he sees it for the first time, much less attempt to sit them.

Fort Peddie,
Caffraria,

April, 30th, 1845.

To George Cowley, Esq., Winslow, Bucks, England.

My Dear George,

I have been daily expecting a letter from you. . . . I received the historical register for which I am much obliged. We are, I fear, on the threshold of a fearful and destructive war with the Boers of the interior. They have attacked our firm allies the Griquas, a mixed race of Hottentots, Caffirs, and Bechuanas, fast advancing in civilisation and residing on the Northern bank of the Orange River, and also the Bastards, a race between the Boers and Hottentots who are also located there and under the protection of British Government. By the last accounts from Colesberg (300 miles off) seventeen Boers have been killed and several wounded, ten of the others killed and the Boers had about 4,000 men under arms and were giving no quarter, so you may fancy what will be the result in retaliation. The 7th Dragoon Guards were ordered up to the scene of action and have arrived about to-day with a battery of artillery. We expect also to be moved up, and I am just now like a greyhound in the slips waiting for the route to join the headquarters. We were, before this broke out, under orders for Cape Town and expected to get to England almost immediately, but alas! for human purposes.

I am quite ready to go and see some of the fun and all our fellows seem in the same state, as we have not had an opportunity of meeting the Boers since the butchery of our fine fellows at Natal. However, I think if we are to meet them the work will be sharp and decisive. You are, I think, aware that they are nearly all well and splendidly mounted as regards the training of their horses. The Boer, if necessary, drops down off his horse and kneels or sits upon the ground while he discharges his long gun (Roer?), their aim is unerring and they will pick any individual out at twice the distance of our common musket, but the 7th Dragoon Guards are provided with a splendid Napier rifle and are well mounted, so that they will be able to cope with them.

The Caffirs are now quiet, but how long they may remain so is exceedingly uncertain. I still ride out among them unarmed, but I have a nag I can depend upon to ride a fellow down and set pursuit at defiance. I met
a Caffir a few days ago who seemed inclined to hinder me passing him on a narrow road, when I rode full split at him and gave him as complete a somersault as you ever saw a clown make at a fair. He immediately was on his legs again, but I fancy his gun was not charged as he made no attempt to fire at me, and I did not give him a chance to draw a spear from his bundle as I was away in a moment.

I have a very large collection of curiosities and have a pair of the most beautiful birds in Africa (Amabens) which are even here very rare; I do not think they are to be found in the Zoological Gardens in England. I have made them very tame and they will now come when called and pick out of the hand. They are about three feet six inches in height, which will make it difficult to have them safely conveyed home. I cannot attempt to give you an idea of their appearance.

I hope all friends are well. You must not remain so long without writing to me as I am always on the look-out on post-day. I am just now reading the Stowe festivities in the "Times." What a flare up you must have had? I have no English correspondent except you, that is, a regular one, therefore you must be more frequent.

I never was in better health in my life, but I am heartily tired of idleness and long for the march to Colesberg, where, as I said before, we daily expect to go.

The 7th Dragoon Guards suffered severely during the Summer from Ophthalmia (purulent) and they were kind enough to send me fifteen men with it who are now all well. There are just now none of the men sick under my care. My friend McLean has been ordered to Headquarters which I feel much as he is the prince of good fellows and the heart of Corn (?) not to speak of his elegant and excellent wife who is a very great ally of mine and a regular trump. I have now with me Capt. Wright, 91st Regiment, Ensign White, 91st and Phillpotts, Cape Mounted Rifleman, a son to the Bishop of Exeter and a right good young fellow. Pakenham is the only one of ours with me. I have nothing to do, but if we go up the country to meet the Boers, then comes about six months under canvas with occasional want of water and having to travel under a hot parching sun. Folks at home know little what foreign service is; I am perhaps to-day enjoying myself while to-morrow I shall be marching through an enemy's country and forced to look out so as to have anything to eat or drink, but it is a glorious life nevertheless. The son of the peer has to suffer the same things, and then all the fellows are like brothers and you would little think to hear the songs, etc., in the tents at night that the men perhaps marched 30 miles that morning with no light equipment. Our Colonel encourages the men in all kinds of fun although he is occasionally wrong-headed, but he has the heart of a kind fellow and a gentleman.

You remember my old aphorism from Horace, "Nomo Sine Vitus Nascitur," etc.

The weather during the Summer has been extremely hot, sometimes.
above 100 in the shade, but now winter, cool and pleasant, though much like your summer. I amuse myself as usual riding, shooting or reading. This life is certainly a strange one, but I think not altogether unprofitable. I am just now anxiously looking out for the arrival of a fair friend from Ceylon, where she has been with her husband but is returning here as the climate did not agree.

Petre, one of the 7th, had some splendid puppies of the foxhounds they brought out, and when he went away the other day en route to Colesberg he gave me a fine dog. They have good sport and killed a great number of Jackals which are much like a fox but prettier.

You will perhaps ask "am I changed." I answer "No," but the women tell me I am getting florid in the face although I am rather abstemious, yet I can with a friend take my bottle and no hurt.

I am in great force in horseflesh, they are all as sleek as a mouse. I have the best groom in the Regiment, and like his master somewhat of a character, a regular Micky Free. One of my horses is much the stamp of the grey mare but better in the feet. He is a roan and one that can go. I call him "Faugh a Balagh." My best horse I have partly sold to Captain Campbell of the 7th, who will have him for his first charger. He is a sweet creature and has paid me well.

I have a large pipe for Mr. Tomes, B.C., made by a Caffir, and a handsome ebony stick for the Governor. My quarter is more like a furrier's shop than anything else with skins, spears, shields, pipes, shells, etc., etc.

Believe me,
Most faithfully yours,
(Sgd.) W. IRWIN,
Caffir Wabakaika
or
The Swift.

Fort Brown,
June 4th, 1845.

My Dear George,

It is long since I have had the pleasure of hearing from you. Since I last wrote the Boers and our Allies, the Griquas, and Bastards, have been fighting on the other side the Orange River, and the 7th D. Guards were sent down, who charged and utterly routed them with no loss on their part; the 7th now remain in Camp on the Spot, and the Governor and Lieut.-Governor are now there settling matters.

The Governor, it is reported, had a severe fall from his horse and, being a very old man, I fear he will be some time recovering.

I have been at this Post only a few days, and we have been under orders of readiness for Cape Town for the last six weeks prior to going home.
This Garrison is situated on the Great Fish River, 17 miles from Grahamstown, and there is good shooting in the Bush. A Tiger and Buffalo were killed near this a short time since, and I have had the pleasure of hearing a Tiger killing a Baboon. The roars and screams were frightful, although fully a mile off.

I have been in to Headquarters on leave for ten days, and enjoyed myself very much.

Our Colonel, Johnstone, had a party where I enjoyed myself very much. His wife is a nice creature, very clever and most agreeable.

Some of the Grahamstown young ladies are very pretty, but I have not been dangerously smitten.

I am settling down fast into Old Bachelor, my horses taking up most of my attention, and I have now with me a Captain of ours (Wat Butler), formerly famous at home as a Steeple Chaser, and one of the most beautiful horseman I ever saw—a jolly fellow and an agreeable companion. My peculiar friend Maclean is now at Headquarters.

We have had some most severe weather here, and plenty of snow fell even on the plains around, a thing very unusual.

The Caffirs are very quiet, and there is little robbery going on, not a tenth of what used to be.

We are delighted at the prospect of home, but I think we shall be some months at Cape Town, as our Natal party have to be relieved and join us after being away from the Regt. for nearly four years.

I have, unfortunately, no topics to interest you, as what little of adventure I have had will be reserved for my return, when I shall, I think, be able to give you a pretty good idea of the Scenery, Manners, and Events which are experienced in this Country of vicissitude.

I think I wrote to you telling you I had a handsome brilliant presented to me by a lady, a patient of mine, and had also the other day a most flattering official letter from the head of the department at Cape Town. Connected with my management of some cases of Ophthalmia sent to me from Fort Beaufort, of a very, I may say, Malignant Character, all recovered, without the loss of Sight. I am rather sorry leaving the frontier, the wild scenery and inhabitants affording one objects of thought and the vast solitudes fitting place for Contemplation, away from the jostle of Mankind, and the interruption of Speculation, by its every-day life.

I was, the other morning, while riding before breakfast, surrounded by Wolves, who never; or at least seldom, attack a Man, but they frightened my horse so much that I was nearly killed by rushing through some trees, against whose branches my startled animal brought me violently; and the same day I was nearly in time to see a Tiger killed. He bit some of the dogs frightfully, but was brought down by a rifle when he had the creatures nearly mastered.
How much I wish I had a pair of Mr. Lownde’s Bloodhounds here to try them against this desperate beast.

My friend, Fraser, killed a Wild Boar the other day, with his hunting knife, while engaged in the Bush with his dogs, a thing of no slight danger, as their gore is almost certain death. He is becoming a splendid shot, and is now stationed in a right good hunting Country where Buffaloes, Boks, etc., are to be met with.

A young friend has just returned from the interior, where he had a desperate encounter with a Lion single-handed, and after putting in two balls killed him with his knife by stabbing him in the heart, the Animal having sprung upon him; this is, even here a most unusual affair, and reflects credit upon the bravery and courage of the individual. He is, however, a Man of most gigantic proportions, and a Samson in strength.

You will not forget to make my kindest regards to all my old friends, who I trust one day to see.

Write oftener, it is a great pleasure to hear from home, and particularly from you, and do give me all the news, as you know I like to know what is going on.

I sometimes receive your letters while on a Trek, and take the opportunity of the first off saddle to stretch myself in the Shade, and, while my orderly sits Smoking or Cooking some Cos (flesh), read your welcome epistle.

Give a kind remembrance to all, and believe me ever,

Yours most faithfully,

W. N. IRWIN.

George Cowley, Esqre.

Current Literature.


This issue of the New York Health Department’s weekly Bulletin contains a brief account of ten cases of poliomyelitis which occurred in Cortland in the last quarter of 1925, six of them arising during the third week in December. This is described as “the first outbreak definitely traced to milk.” The six cases occurring in December were all found by Dr. A. C. Knapp, health officer, to have consumed milk supplied by the same dealer, in five cases regularly and in one case casually. Further investigations revealed the fact that seven days prior to the onset of the first of the six cases, a boy engaged at the farm, milking the cows and otherwise handling the milk, had been taken ill with what proved to be a typical poliomyelitis, although he continued at work for some four days after the