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PART I.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ART. IV.—*A Suggestion for a Three Weeks' Summer Holiday.* By JOHN BURGESS, F.R.C.S.I.; Examiner under the Conjoint Board of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, Ireland.

“BUT I am such a bad sailor, Doctor.” This is the reply which I have over and over again got when, having been asked my opinion as to the way of spending a holiday, I have recommended a sea voyage in accordance with my firm belief that to the over-worked and anxious professional or business man the sea gives that perfect rest which can nowhere else be obtained, and which his nervous centres require to maintain their integrity.

Here let me at once dispel a delusion which the majority of the general public entertain. The individual who associates a sea voyage with his experiences in crossing the Irish Sea or the English Channel and that of a modern liner makes as great a mistake as one who would state that he could find no difference between the motion of a first-class motor car and that of an old-fashioned bus.

The choice of a route must altogether depend on the

person concerned. Nowadays, thanks to the development of steam navigation, Norway, with its magnificent fiord scenery, the Canaries, the Mediterranean, and many other places come easily into the scope of a short holiday. If time be very limited the south coast of England presents much to interest.

Without forcing my opinion on anyone, I think a sea voyage should comprise three things—a sufficient time at sea to allow physical and mental rest without becoming monotonous. A change of climate, whereby we see life under conditions different from our day-to-day experience. Beautiful scenery which will prevent tedium and give the mind something to work on.

For a three weeks' holiday I know of nothing which fulfils the conditions to which I have referred better than a trip by the Allan Line to Montreal. Leaving the northern headlands of Ireland, a few hours over three days brings us in sight of the American Continent, which is practically in sight all the time until we arrive at our destination.

The passenger passes through the Atlantic climate, cooler and more bracing than ours, into that of the lovely Canadian summer.

The scenery from the rugged Belleisle with the dreary Newfoundland hills, covered by pine scrub, and succeeded by that of the magnificent St. Lawrence, rich with historical associations, must satisfy the most fastidious lover of the beautiful in nature.

Before we start the voyage I wish to give my own views on a subject much written on—that is, sea-sickness.

There are two forms of this malady—one due to the want of accommodation of the muscles of the individual to the ship's motion, varying in degree in different people, and in my experience more common in dark than in fair persons. The second is what might be called the hysteria of the sea. It is most common in, though by no means confined to, the female sex. These are the people who commence their symptoms before the steamer starts.

Their will power is so low in the human scale that they can only be benefited by Christian Science, hypnotism, or some other power by which a strong will overcomes a weaker.

This class, if they can possibly avoid it, ought never to go to sea, but fortunately for the general travelling public they are exceptional.

I have seen two extreme cases of this—a Spanish lady who was ill all the way from Corunna to Havana, and a rancher from Arizona, who appeared on the deck of the Cunard steamer for the first time as she entered the bay of New York, after, I am bound to say, a stormy “fall” passage, looking to me to present that ghastly face of a person who had nearly bled to death.

To return to the ordinary form, the remedy is comparatively easy. The first thing to do is get your sea legs, and do this as soon as possible. If there is any motion on this is best accomplished by taking someone’s arm who is used to the sea and walking up and down the deck on the weather side, and if there be much nausea keeping your hat off. In most cases the unpleasant feeling passes off in half an hour to an hour if the above be persevered in.

Do not make the fatal mistake of going to your state room to lie down. This prolongs indefinitely this distressful condition. Remember accommodation to the motion and fresh air are the only nostrums for sea-sickness. Do not take much fluid of any kind, and lastly do all *you can to prevent vomiting*. You feel it would make you better, and so it would, for the time, but it is a false security, for in my experience if emesis occurs three or four times at short intervals the stomach, so to speak, takes charge itself, and a highly irritable condition results for days, during which practically no food can be taken.

There are some curious features in sea-sickness, two of which I have repeatedly noticed were the exaltation of the sense of smell preceding the nausea, and in some the very sudden disappearance of the latter followed

for days by extreme craving for food which the ordinary meals do not satisfy.

It may seem a bold statement to make, but I do so without reserve, that given moderate weather, which is the rule during summer, and adopting the rules I have pointed out, sea-sickness is as impossible on one of those magnificently ventilated, sanitary, up-to-date steamers as it would be in one's own home.

The only danger of sickness—not of the sea this time—which may occur is from eating too much food, which at very short intervals of a few hours all day is presented to one in the most appetising way.

Starting from Moville, we pass the bare, rocky, savage-looking headlands of Donegal until Innistrahul, with its lighthouse and peculiar pyramidal rocks to the westward, intervenes between us and the mainland. Here the Irish coast tends to the south-west, and the light on Tory Island flashes us a good-bye.

By this time most passengers have got accustomed to the motion, and betake themselves to the different forms of amusement common to ship life (reading, shuffle-board, deck quoits, &c.) and generally settle themselves down for the Atlantic passage.

The Atlantic to me is never monotonous. There is, so to speak, a continuous variety of scenery in this great desert of water, the showers chasing each other across its surface with their brilliant rainbows, the dark blue tint of the water occasionally black from the passing cloud, the white and green tops of the breaking seas, while all the time you are breathing in what Kingsley calls "the aerial wine," make me regret when the land looms in sight and the Western Ocean is astern.

Where can you sleep as at sea? That well-ventilated state-room, with the gentle motion to soothe you, and the waters outside making a lullaby is such a luxury, that one naturally tries to keep awake for a time to realise that there are some joys in life after all worth living for.

Again, there are the glimpses of the denizens of the

sea to attract attention—porpoises in shoals jumping out of the water, occasional whales, and at times enormous schools of the latter.

Once as a passenger on the "Etruria," of the Cunard Line (July, 1896), on the day before reaching New York, we were passing through a herd of whales from 2 p.m. until it got dark at 8. They were almost motionless on the top of the water, and did not appear to mind the ship. If I remember rightly, some time after this voyage the same ship had to slow down, having got into a similar situation. I only saw this sight once before in the Straits of Belleisle, but there they were not nearly so numerous. It may be of interest to know that, according to Millais, at least eight different species of whales frequent these waters:— (1) Blue whale (*Balænoptera Sibbaldi*); (2) Common Rorqual (*Balænoptera physalus*); (3) Hump-back (*Megaptera osphygia*); (4) Rudolph Rorqual (*Balænoptera borealis*); (5) Lesser Rorqual; (6) Sperm whale (*Physeter macrocephalus*); (7) Pilot whale; (8) *Balæna Australis* (Southern Light whale).

The first, also called the "sulphur bottom," is the largest, and is found in great numbers round the south of Newfoundland, and at times up the estuary of the St. Lawrence. The long dive lasts twenty minutes, after which it makes several short ones. It spouts twenty to thirty feet.

The third variety is fairly common, being a very active whale, frequently lifting a great part of its body out of the water, then coming down with such force that the water is churned into foam.

The days speedily pass, and the air becomes distinctly colder, and here and there through the mists icebergs loom up as we approach the bleak, fog-laden coast of Labrador.

First, Belleisle appears, with its cliffs bare of vegetation, rising sheer from the surface of the ocean, a sullen-looking outpost of the Western Continent; then, on the other side, Cape Bault, a sandy point on Isle Quirpon, the

most north-eastern portion of Newfoundland. These were formerly known as the dreaded Isles of the Demons, mentioned by the chronicler, Thivet, said by him to be frequented by infernal creatures with wings, horns, and tails, who perched on the spars and rigging of ships approaching, and by their clamours filled the unfortunate sailors with consternation.^a

It was on Belleisle Roberval, in 1542, abandoned his niece, Marguerite, and her lover. The story of their being attacked over and over again by fiends and protected by Divine intervention is too well known to be related.^b

Now, as we pass close along the Labrador side here the wilderness is before our eyes except for the few huts of the "Liveyerers"^c on the shore; the peninsula is solitude, untrodden by any except a few wandering Indians, and perhaps a white trapper. A series of deep glens ascend from the coast to a moderately high range of mountains some distance inland, thickly covered by dwarf pine, presenting in the hollows large patches of snow—a significant reminder under an August sun of what the rigour of winter must be in this northern land. The coast soon bends to the north-west, and is lost sight of, the west coast of Newfoundland being still visible on the other side.

The next land which appears is Anticosti, a very low-lying island, looking like a dark streak on the waters of the gulf 140 miles long. Soon after leaving this behind the Gaspé coast rises on our left, and we are in the St. Lawrence.

A description of the great river is completely out of the province of a short paper like this, and is one to which only a guide-book could do justice, so I merely intend to touch on a very few of its bits of delightful scenery.

South of the Gaspé headland, which now stretches out on our left, lies the Baie des Chaleurs, memorable as the extreme point reached by Jacques Cartier on his first voyage in 1535.

^a *Le grand insulaire et pilotage d'André Thivet.* Paris. 1586.

^b *Les Nouvelles de Marguerite de Valois.*

^c Corruption of the words "live here."

The north shore is not visible. A chain of moderately high mountains, covered by pine forests, extends on the south shore. These are the mountains of St. Anne. Here and there ravines give us glimpses of the interior, and at the point where their streams flow into the St. Lawrence several scattered cottages constitute a settlement. At Rimouski, 180 miles from Quebec, we land the mails and take the pilot. Close to here on the north shore, at Egg Island, Admiral Walker's fleet, which sailed to attack Quebec, was wrecked in 1711, and 800 lives were lost, it is supposed, from careless navigation.

From this point the river is very picturesque. One hundred and thirty miles from Quebec we pass the mouth of the Saguenay. This is a beauty spot of the river, especially if seen near sunset. Here on the north shore the Laurentian Mountains form the bank of the river, rising precipitously from its surface, cleft by the gorge of the Saguenay—the contrast between these dark masses shadowing the St. Lawrence making the Saguenay like a river of Hades as it issues from its gloomy gorge, while no sign of habitation meets the eye, with the south shore bathed in sunshine, with the pretty little town of Rivière de Loup—so called from the number of seals (*loups-marins*) which frequented this part—with its white houses and church, the country, open all round, showing by its numerous houses and churches an extensive population, forms a beautiful effect of light and shade.

Inside the mouth of the Saguenay on the east shore is Tadoussac. This is the oldest continuously occupied European settlement in Canada. It was established as a trading post by Pontgravé and Chauvin in 1603. This part of the St. Lawrence seems to be a favourite haunt of the white whale (*Beluga borealis*). Numbers are seen as we ascend. They rarely attain to a length of twenty feet, and are very sluggish in their movements.

Further on the north shore is Murray Bay, eighty miles from Quebec, a favourite watering-place.

On the south shore we pass Isle Aux Coudres. This is

famous for being the site selected by Wolfe for a fortification in 1769, in view of a retreat from the investment of Quebec after his defeat by the French at Beauport.

As we steam past the western end of Orleans Island a magnificent panorama rapidly unfolds itself. To the extreme right the Montmorency Falls, 360 feet high, drop apparently into the river; then the Beauport flats, thickly populated, with a large church. Right in front, rising terrace by terrace, is Quebec, looking its best either at sunrise or sunset, with the St. Charles on the right and the St. Lawrence separating it from the heights of Levis on the left. This is the famous basin of Quebec replete with history. To the east of the Montmorency river on Orleans Island and the heights of Point Levis the English army under Wolfe took the positions. Montcalm had his camp on the Beauport flats. Thus, at this point the hostile armies were separated by the Montmorency river.

It seems inconceivable that the Governor (Vaudreuil) allowed Point Levis to be undefended. Of this fact the English under Monckton took immediate advantage, since from this point most injury to the city was done by the cannonade.

As we pass under the citadel which surmounts the rock an object comes in sight which must inspire every liberal minded man with disgust. On a board similar to that used in the United Kingdom for putting the notice on that trespassers will be prosecuted is the inscription: "Here Montgomery fell."

I know not if this is intended as an insult to the memory of a brave foe or merely a piece of thoughtless stupidity. However, it is extremely bad taste, and I hope the citizens of Quebec will see their way to commemorate the event in a way that would reflect more credit on themselves. The conduct of the French officers at Corunna in putting up a monument to Sir John Moore, on being informed of his death and burial, forms an object lesson.

Although Jacques Cartier wintered here in 1535,

Quebec owes its origin to Champlain, who formed a fort here in 1608.

It has seen trying times, being four times besieged and twice captured; it surrendered without a blow to Sir David Kirke in 1629; was restored to France in three years by the Convention of Suza; it drove off Phibbs, the Governor of Massachusetts (1690), who vainly attempted its capture; succumbed to the British arms in 1759; and successfully resisted Montgomery in 1775.

Passing underneath where the plains of Abraham dominate the cliff we reach Sillery. The cove here is called after Wolfe. It was here he landed his army and climbed the heights to meet his death early in the battle.

Nearly opposite is the mouth of the Chaudiere on the south shore. It was by the valley of this stream that General Benedict Arnold made his famous march in 1775 for the unsuccessful effort to capture the city which resulted in Montgomery's death.

Seven miles from Quebec, on the north shore, we pass Cap Rouge. Here it was in 1641 an attempt at founding a settlement called Charlotteburg Royal was made by direction of Roberval. The expedition sailed with Jacques Cartier. On his third voyage the latter wintered for the second time in Canada at this place. Here, as Roberval was not in evidence, it was abandoned the following spring.

In 1642 Roberval himself established a colony here which he called France Roy, and which was equally short-lived. Its exact fate is not known, as there are no documents which relate what occurred.

We now pass Three Rivers, founded in 1618, a lumber town with not much to interest.

The steamer now enters Lake St. Peter. The country is flat and generally uninteresting. Forty-three miles from Montreal Sorel appears on the south shore. This town is situated at the junction of the Richelieu with the St. Lawrence. It was by this route the dreaded warriors of five nations of the Iroquois again and again made

their way from their towns on the Mohawk, travelling by Lake George, Lake Champlain, and the Richelieu, to devastate the infant colonies which France had posted in the wilderness.

Fourteen miles from the end of our journey, the fine church at Varennes making a striking object on the left, we finally see the smoky quays of Montreal, and our voyage is soon ended.

Montreal, with a week to spare. What is the best to do? I take it for granted that the passenger does not intend putting in all the time in the city, especially in summer.

We will take the four cardinal points. North lie the beautiful Laurentian Mountains with innumerable lakes full of brown trout, with modest hotels, where, if the traveller does not mind putting up with plain food, and if he is fond of fishing, he is in a perfect paradise.

The altitude of the villages, which are peopled by French Canadians, makes them deliciously cool in the sweltering July days. The hotel tariff is a mere trifle, entitling you to the use of a boat on the lake near by. The class of scenery is of the type of the peak district of Derbyshire.

I can strongly recommend St. Faustin, eighty-four miles from Montreal on the Canadian Pacific Railroad line.

South we have the historic battlefields, the scene of the struggle between France and England. Passing along the narrow lake which bears the name of Champlain, the station of Ticonderoga marks the site where the old fort once stood which did such good service for France in again and again beating off the enemy. Further, Lake George, exquisitely situated, surrounded with well-wooded hills, appears. On its south shore once stood Fort Michel Henry, well known to all readers of "The Last of the Mohicans." Crown Point is a favourite place to put up at, being almost in the centre of the memorable region.

The traveller who chooses the east evidently has Quebec

and the Saguenay as his objective. Soon after leaving Quebec we pass through the primeval forest, and reach Roberval in eight and a half hours. It is usual to stay here for the night, then early next morning in about two hours the train takes us to Chicoutimi, then by boat down the Saguenay to Tadoussac, and to Quebec. This trip is excellent if one wishes to see the wilderness, and it is better to spend all the time over it, catching the steamer for home at Quebec. The Saguenay, one of the most remarkable rivers in America, is a cleft through the mountains of great depth; and is evidently due to seismic action. Its bed is at least six hundred feet below that of the St. Lawrence at their junction. Its banks are precipitous cliffs overshadowing its waters, which take on, in consequence, an inky colour.

I feel certain that 90 per cent. of all passengers with a week to spare, if left to their own choice, will choose to take the western route. Here are the Kiawartha Lakes, Muskoka, Georgian Bay, and Niagara.

Any description of this last wonder is beyond my powers, but as one who has been there sixteen times I may be permitted to give a few hints:—

Avoid guides. You get far more pleasure in taking it all in alone. Spend as long as you can afford here, because its grandeur is not apparent at once, and takes days to appreciate its magnitude. The best view is from the steamer "Maid of the Mist," which steams as near the curtain of the Horseshoe as most people care to go. There is nothing to be gained by the so-called going under the Falls. If you have moonlight the view from the Terapin Rock, to which there is a bridge from Goat Island, is truly grand. This is on the brink of the Horseshoe, and looking over you can get some idea of the precipice which the river flows over. The gorge trip should be taken going down by the Canadian and returning by the American side, when a fine view of the whirlpool and the whirlpool rapids can be obtained. Lastly, take the car on the Canadian side to the Chippewa

reservation for the view approaching the Canadian Fall on the return journey.

In conclusion I must express my regret to have skimmed over so many scenes of interest and left out others completely. My only excuse is that the region we have passed through is so replete with all that is grand in nature that it would require an abler hand than mine to give it one-tenth part of what is really its due, and I will feel that this humble attempt will have attained all I could wish for it if it draws the attention of my professional brethren to what I am sure they will agree with me is an ideal holiday.

ART. V.—*Remarks on the Present-day Diagnosis, Treatment, and Prognosis of Syphilis.*^a By J. JOHNSTON ABRAHAM, M.D. (Dubl.); Resident Medical Officer, London Lock Hospital, Harrow-road, W.

THE question as to how soon a presumed primary syphilitic lesion should be treated after it had made its appearance was a somewhat debatable point until quite recently, on account of the frequent difficulty of exact diagnosis before the appearance of definite secondary manifestations. When Ricord published his classical researches and differentiated for the first time between the soft, or non-infecting, sore and the contagium of primary syphilis, the distinguishing points given were:—that the “chancroid” was soft in consistence, often multiple, painful, appeared a few days after infection, and was liable to be followed by suppurating bubos in the nearest lymphatic glands; on the other hand, the “hard chancre,” as its name would imply, was firm, single, appeared often as late as four to six weeks after infection, and was followed by hard, indolent bubos in the nearest lymphatic glands.

Clinical experience, however, demonstrated that sores

^a A Thesis read for the Degree of Doctor of Medicine in the University of Dublin on December 19, 1908.