

purposes, by the assassin's dagger. The only melancholy consolation about the horrid business is that he has chosen his victims from a type of human beings degraded below the beasts.

### SIR MORELL MCKENZIE AND THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

It is an old saying that when medical men quarrel the public laughs. Never was this more miserably or more pitifully demonstrated than in the case above referred to, where we have seen the leading specialist of England quarrelling in the public press with his German colleagues, or, as one of our contemporaries inelegantly puts it, "washing his dirty linen in public." It is time that the profession, at least, should understand the true inwardness of the sad case. The loving and beloved Crown Prince was stricken with cancer of the throat at least eighteen months ago, before even which time the leading physicians of the court had made a correct diagnosis, which, out of consideration for the patient, was kept as secret as possible; but certainly in May of last year, when we were in Berlin, it was a matter of daily discussion that the Crown Prince had cancer.

Now, the widow of a crown prince only receives a pension of \$25,000 a year, while the widow of an emperor receives \$250,000 a year, and there being a law in Germany that no one can ascend the throne who is stricken with a fatal disease, it became a matter of the greatest importance that the diagnosis of the two German surgeons should be contradicted.

Whether Sir Morell proceeded to Berlin with instructions to call the disease something else, or whether, like many successful specialists, he of his own accord gave the favorable prognosis, at any rate his favorable augury was received with welcome by the sufferer and his anxious family, who were thus encouraged to hope against hope. The old Emperor died, and the dying man reigned in his place. Alas! for all too

short a time, but long enough to make his consort Empress of Germany and Queen of Prussia. Dr. McKenzie became Sir Morell and stood high in the favor of his Queen and country.

But this did not put off the fatal day, although everything was done for the patient that could either prolong his life or make his death more easy. He died, and his son, who was kept by means of Sir Morell's favorable diagnosis from ascending the throne for some months, at last took his place; and the first thing he did was to give Sir Morell a speedy dismissal, at the same time giving unmistakable evidences of his sympathy with the German surgeons for their temporary slight. Then Sir Morell McKenzie writes a book called the "Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble," in which the author endeavors to show that he was altogether right in his management of the case and that those who differed from him were altogether wrong. It is not strange, says Dr. Dulles, of the *Medical Reporter*, that Dr. McKenzie felt the dissent and distrust of his German associates while his patient lived, or was irritated at their triumph when the diagnosis which they made and he denied was confirmed, or when the false hopes which he inspired the victim with gave place to a despairing death. It would not have been improper if he had in some brief communication to his professional brethren explained the reasons why he so long and so stoutly maintained that the Crown Prince was not suffering with cancer of the larynx and refused his assent to the extirpation of the growth; he might even with good grace have confessed that for reasons of state he was not permitted to express his candid opinion, and that if any blame was attached to his withholding the truth, he was willing to bear it in silence for the sake of the Empress. The course which he pursued has certainly brought a discredit upon a noble profession which will not soon be forgotten. We were pupils of his ten years ago in London and know that