

Congestion of the skin over the paraffin will follow when too much has been injected but this hyperæmia disappears in one or two months. In my first case a small superficial slough, the size of a pea, formed in the skin of the nose, the result of high tension, but it separated, and left no disfigurement. The greatest danger of this treatment is undoubtedly venous embolism which I believe is a preventible accident if sufficient care be taken in performing the operation. The chief facts in favour of this method of dealing with nasal deformities may be reviewed:—1st, that nasal deformities the result of destruction, or non-development of the nasal bones, which have not previously been treated successfully by any other method can be obliterated. 2nd, that after some experience in working with paraffin the operation is easily performed and gives little or no pain. 3, that results are good and the risks few.

I think it can now be justly claimed, that the subcutaneous injection of paraffin has acquired a firmly established reputation for the correction of many nasal deformities and many persons who were rendered conspicuously hideous from flat or sunken noses and were constantly made to feel their misfortune by the remarks and stares of those with whom they came in contact, have at least been rendered unnoticeable by this treatment and to many of these the knowledge that they are no longer oddities but presentable persons, has brought a feeling of self-respect and a cheerful expression denoting much happiness, not previously experienced.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY—POET AND PATIENT.

BY

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There is a little green backed "Book of Verses," by W. E. Henley which should be—but somehow is not—known and treasured by every medical man who finds occasional solace in literature. For the booklet, published in 1888, opens with some thirty short pieces grouped together under the title "In Hospital," and these portray in language so vivid and intimate, so singularly apt, the episodes of hospital life from the point of view of the patient, that their appeal to us is immediate. They are surely unique. Another and greater poet, Paul Verlaine, in "*Mes Hôpitaux*," has given us vignettes of a like order but then in prose: there is nothing that approaches Henley's impressions penned from the sick bed in the old Edinburgh Infirmary, that Hospital—

. . . grey, quiet, old,

Where Life and Death like friendly chaffers meet,

in which for eighteen months or more he lay, a patient in Lister's wards.