society held its first exhibition—the first provincial exhibition held in the kingdom—in August, 1774. One of the objects is stated to be “that of assisting youth in their studies to the best of their power, without any expectation of pecuniary advantage.” The following year the society dissolved. “The rich germ of taste and science seems to have been cast into the soil, by the zeal of the enlightened few, before it was prepared to receive it. Political events, war, and privateering so wholly engrossed attention, that every other object was cast into the shade.”

Eight years later, 1783, several former friends of the arts reformed the society with the object of “the promotion of the arts and the cultivation of taste, and to provide an academy, easy of access, and at a moderate expense.” An annual subscription of 1 guinea gave free access to weekly lectures during the winter session. Exhibitions took place in 1786 and 1787, but in 1794 the society was again dormant. In 1810 another attempt was made to revive it, and exhibitions were held every year for the next five years up to 1814, when the Royal Institution was established.

The first medical society in England established for the sole purpose of forming a medical library originated privately about 1771, with Henry Park, John Lyon, and Edward Alanson, the surgeons to the Liverpool Infirmary, for the benefit of the medical officers attached to the infirmary and the dispensary. On October 7th, 1779, they called a meeting of the medical men at the Union Coffee House, Mount Pleasant, where the University Club now stands, and resolved:

That a medical library be instituted by subscription, under the name of the Liverpool Medical Library, to the advantages of which gentlemen of this town and neighbourhood, who choose to subscribe, shall be admitted, but no person of a different profession.

Dr. Matthew Dobson was elected President.

In the year 1797, Dr. John Rutter, who was present at the public inauguration of the Liverpool Medical Library, realizing the want of a library of well-selected books—other than medical—which would facilitate study in any particular department of knowledge, drew up a prospectus for the establishment of such an institution. The Athenaeum was the direct outcome of his scheme, and it included the additional advantage of a news room.

In 1800 Dr John Rutter, Dr. Bostock, and Mr. William Roscoe established the Botanic Gardens.

In 1810 Dr. Thomas Stewart Traill founded the Literary and Philosophical Society, and as its first secretary was the able and energetic pilot in its earliest days. He was, moreover, one of the founders of the Mechanics' Institute, and delivered the first course of lectures connected therewith on chemistry.

The University Buildings.

The University is situated immediately to the south of the Royal Infirmary, and is a striking memorial to the enterprise and public spirit of the citizens who have contributed to its erection and endowment. Incorporated in 1881, and federated with the colleges of Manchester and Leeds, the University College was a constituent member of the Victoria University until 1903, when it received a Royal Charter, and took its place as the University of Liverpool.

The Victoria building was designed by Alfred Waterhouse, a Liverpool man, and the handsome Jubilee Tower was built by public subscription in 1887. The fine chiming clock was presented by Sir William P. Hartley, whose generosity to the city of Liverpool has been unstinted. The library, which contains 60,000 volumes, was the gift of Sir Henry Tate.

At the rear of the Victoria buildings are the Thompson-Yates Laboratories for the departments of Physiology, Pathology, and Veterinary Medicine and Surgery, and also the Medical School. In convenient proximity to the Royal Infirmary are a School of Hygiene, a Botanical Laboratory—the gift of Sir W. P. Hartley—the George Holt Physics Laboratories, the Johnston Laboratories for the School of Bio-Chemistry, the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, and the Institute of Comparative Pathology, these laboratories being the gift of Mr. William Johnston, shipowner, who also endowed the Chair of Bio-Chemistry and three Fellowships. The Walker Engineering Laboratories, erected and equipped by Sir Andrew Barclay

Walker, adjoin the Victoria building. Through the generosity of Dr. E. K. Muspratt, LL.D., a new block has been erected and equipped for the department of Physical and Electro-Chemistry, and extensive buildings have been opened in Brownlow Street, on the west side of the University, for the departments of Natural History and Applied Electricity.

Large extensions of the Engineering buildings are in progress, and a Students' Union building has been erected on a site in Bedford Street.

By the courtesy of the Vice-Chancellor and Council, the Association meetings will be held in the University—a circumstance which will afford great pleasure to the organizers of the meeting and to their guests.

Another gratifying circumstance in connexion with the forthcoming meeting is that the Earl of Derby, who is Chancellor of the University, is also the Lord Mayor of Liverpool. He holds an honoured name, and is a worthy representative of a noble family, which has always shown a warm interest in the welfare of Liverpool. He is a man of great ability and enterprise, with high Imperial and civic ideals, and ever ready to associate himself with every project which has for its object the promotion of the intellectual and social well-being of the community.

Such a combination of circumstances may be taken as a happy augury of a successful meeting.

[The continuation of this article will be published in an early issue, when it is hoped to deal with other hospitals in Liverpool and with the institutions of Birkenhead.]

THE LATE DR. HUGHLINGS JACKSON:

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LIFELONG FRIENDSHIP.

By SIR JONATHAN HUTCHINSON.

It may, perhaps, not be unsuitable that I should append to what I wrote in the BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL of October 14th some brief statement as to my friend Hughlings Jackson's association with myself. Our lives were in many features remarkably parallel. We were both of us born in country districts in Yorkshire, and were both educated, so to speak, on the spot. This applies not only to school teaching but to professional matters, for in each case all that sufficed for our examinations for diplomas was obtained at the medical school which then existed in the city of York. In this city each of us served his apprenticeship, and in each case, after a very brief stay in London for the purpose of obtaining the diploma, we went back to our native city, the one as resident medical officer of the hospital, the other to the city dispensary. During this stage, however, we had never met, and did not know each other, my friend being seven years my junior. I made his acquaintance at a time when he had determined to leave York, and, as I have said in my former notice, intended to renounce the profession. He came to me in London with an introduction from a friend very highly esteemed by us both, the late Mr. Samuel North. Although I claim the credit of having retained Hughlings Jackson for medicine, I did not specialize him. At one period it was proposed that we should work together in general professional pursuits, and publish our results conjointly. My friend, however, fell, soon after he joined me in London life, under the influence of Dr. Brown-Séquard, who told him strongly that it was foolish to waste his effort in wide observation of disease in general, and that if he wished to attain anything he must keep to the nervous system. This advice was opposed to that which I offered to him, but as Dr. Brown-Séquard, who had a practice in New York and one in Paris as well as in London, was able to offer many attractions, it was clearly Dr. Jackson's interest to avail himself of his help. From that time our professional intercourse became less close, but our friendship was not in the least diminished. Nor, indeed, although he was working almost exclusively at nervous diseases, was our combined work thenceforth by any means broken across.

Very soon after his arrival in London I was able to procure him an appointment as Physician to the Metropolitan Free Hospital, and there we were for some years colleagues. He also joined me in journalistic work. We were engaged together in the employ of the late Mr. John Churchill as

reporters to the *Medical Times and Gazette* of cases from the hospital practice and of the proceedings of societies. He never wrote shorthand, but he was skilful in the preparation of abstracts from memory. In connexion with this kind of work he became well known to the members of the staff of most of the large London institutions. Although being thus made familiar with the practice of many institutions and those connected with them, attached as a student at St. Bartholomew's, and elected Assistant Physician to the London Hospital, I know that he developed and retained a special attachment to Guy's. Here he had known Gull and his fellow-worker, Dr. Sutton, and with them Wilkes, a veteran who survived him. He was also intimate with Dr. Moxon, to whom in reference to the recently passed illustrious careers of Drs. Bright and Addison he used in joke to remark that they believed that "disease was made for Guy's Hospital."

The writer of the obituary in the *Times* suggested that I was probably concerned in his election on to the medical staff of the London. It curiously happened that I was concerned in a manner not exactly that which was intended to be referred to. His election as Assistant Physician was a foregone conclusion, for his competitor had retired. Jackson, who had a strong contempt for everything of the nature of red tape and formality, knowing that it was settled, forgot to attend on the day of election, and I had to persuade an obliging secretary to keep the quorum whilst I took a hansom cab and hunted him up.

At the period of which I write Dr. Jackson and I used not infrequently to take Sunday walks, leaving town on Saturday noon and returning never later than Sunday evening. He did not, I believe, care much where he went provided we reached a quiet inn for the night. It was in this way that we discovered Haslemere, at that time an unknown district. We had several years previously made acquaintance with Frensham and its ponds, a place which he much enjoyed. On one occasion we made a pilgrimage to Selborne, and here, of course, we read portions of Gilbert White's history and visited his haunts.

Here Jackson remarked to me, speaking of White and the charm of his book: "He Boswellized the birds. He took down the familiar conversation of Nature," an expression which I have since often quoted. In the parlour of the little inn at which we stayed there was a half-length portrait of the landlord. He was clad in a figured waistcoat and coat with gilt buttons, and had an expression on his face which Jackson summarized by saying: "Ah, he is satisfied with himself as he is." The portrait probably hangs there still.

Our Saturday afternoon excursions were not always unproductive in a professional sense. At the Frensham Ponds Inn on one occasion we found the family in great distress, and having been told that the son of the house was very ill, and our offer to see him having been gratefully accepted, we went upstairs, but found him dying. It was a case of Addison's disease, and we spent our Monday morning in calling upon his medical attendant, who resided at Headley, some miles distant, and endeavouring to obtain from him the particulars of the case and to procure his assistance towards getting permission to make an autopsy. Although we were kindly helped by the doctor in every respect, neither he nor we could overcome the objections of the relatives to an examination. On another somewhat similar occasion, however, we were more fortunate. There was a case of ophthalmoplegia in which for several years I had taken a very great interest. I had consulted Jackson about it, and there were features of peculiarity the elucidation of which both of us regarded as of great importance. This man, a policeman, had left London to reside at Farnham. Jackson and I had often planned that as the man could no longer come to us, we would go together to Farnham and look him up. I knew the address of his medical attendant and had corresponded with him, so one fine Saturday afternoon we decided that we should go to Farnham, make inquiries, and add to our notes. We called on Dr. Sloman, and learnt at once that the man lay dead, and that he had died only the previous day. Dr. Sloman gave us the name of an influential friend of the deceased man, who he thought could help us as regards a *post-mortem* examination, and I think went with us to call upon him. We obtained permission, and with Dr. Sloman's assistance made an autopsy

the same afternoon. Having secured what we desired, we left Farnham by the next train, and the brain was deposited within an hour or two for further examination in the hands of Dr. (now Sir William) Gowers. [The particulars of this case, which are of great interest, are recorded in the *Medico-Chirurgical Transactions*.]

Dr. Jackson was a great reader, and as he never smoked and was not addicted to any kind of sport the reading of light literature took its place as a kind of resource for otherwise idle moments. He could throw a novel or *Tit-Bits* aside and proceed at once to record any recondite speculations which had flashed into his mind. The moment his brain felt tired he betook himself to his novel again. In this way he was tolerant of almost all kinds of fiction, and devoured novels merely to absorb his attention, without allowing them to excite emotion, and without any wish to retain them in memory. He had, however, his favourites, and of these Jane Austen and Anthony Trollope were, I believe, if not the first in esteem, at any rate the ones most frequently re-read. Dickens and Thackeray came possibly next.

His favourite name for the Evil One was Mr. Harris, and when he heard of any conduct of which he disapproved his usual expression was, "I am sure Mr. Harris is in this; you know who I mean." What he referred to was the supposed husband of the supposed Mrs. Harris, of whom Mrs. Gamp declared that she believed there was no such person.

His reading in poetry was not large, and I think did not include any of more recent date than Keats. The Ode to the Nightingale was, I think, almost the only one from which he could quote passages, and it he passionately admired.

It would be wrong to call Jackson a lover of books. He was a lover of knowledge, but for the book itself he cared absolutely nothing. He collected no curios, and his interest in the arts was but slight. It might, indeed, be said that he was no collector of anything. His method of treating books was characteristic, and to many it might seem almost sacrilegious, and certainly wasteful. If on reaching home he remembered that he and I had discussed some subject to which one of his books had reference, he would without hesitation tear out three or four of the pages, and I would receive them by post the next morning. This was not by any means solely done in the attempt to support opinions which he had expressed, but was often designed merely to give information on a subject in which I had expressed interest. He bought books liberally, and when a new edition of any work of reference which he was in the habit of using appeared, he always procured it, and threw aside the old one. The latter had, indeed, often become unsaleable, and not improbably quite useless from the depredations it had experienced. "I did not want the book," he would say, "I wanted only the information that was in it." Thus his library in its ultimate condition must have been of very little value.

Although by no means careless or negligent in money matters, Dr. Jackson was very liberal. Not only did he give large sums, together with kind and cordial expressions, but he was very particular in ascertaining that all to whom he was in any way indebted were well paid. The cabdrivers on his rank knew him well, also some of the railway porters recognized him with pleasurable hopes. Some of his methods might at times have been counted as profusion. Thus, when taking a train journey he would frequently leave the train ten or twenty miles short of his destination. In somewhat peremptory tones, orders would be given to the porter for the immediate supply of a carriage to drive to the place desired. I was his companion in one of these escapades, and the porter's commiserating exclamation: "Why, gentlemen"—as he pointed to the disappearing train—"that train were just going there! ye'd nothing to do but to sit still," amused him, as I have no doubt the like had often done before. On one occasion, I am told that he gave his orders for a carriage before the train from which he had alighted had left the platform, and the porter, thinking that he had made a mistake and that there was just time, made a movement to push him in again.

A few words must be said as to his distaste for general society. This had increased on him much of late years as a

result of his deafness. I suspect that there are but few who have ever seen him at a public dinner or on a platform. He disliked such occasions intensely, and it was always very difficult to convince him that it was necessary for him to do that which was distasteful. About eating and drinking he did not care in the least, and he always hurried through his meals and turned to his easy chair and his book as quickly as possible. Even in company with others it was very frequent for him to rise and exclaim, "Excuse me," and, without further ceremony, to turn aside. This was done with a special emphasis and at an earlier stage if there was a fire in the room. As I have said, he never smoked, but he was a lover of his armchair, and the slightest pretext sufficed for ordering a fire.

His dislike for sitting at table after meals was due in part to constitutional restlessness. His friends used in joke to tell him that he could not sit through a whole play, and I believe it was almost literally true; at any rate, it was said that in the instance of a then popular dramatic performance he had been known to take it in halves, with a few days' interval. It was almost impossible to induce him to incur the risk of having to sit through a lecture or long speech. This was perhaps a family peculiarity, for he once told me that he had been taken by an uncle with whom he was out on a tour to church one morning, and that his relative in the middle of the service had turned to him and said in a whisper, "John, I think we've had enough," and had led him out of the building.

Although in the main a grave man, and although it has, I know, been said by our late colleague, Sir Andrew Clark, of both myself and him, that we had no sense of humour, yet Dr. Jackson was certainly not without it. He loved a joke, and had no objection to one which was in some degree personal to himself. On one occasion in the wards, after he had been labouring to convince one of his house-physicians that there was no degree of symptomatic clonus to be demonstrated, his pupil had in forgetfulness exclaimed, with emphasis, "But, sir, you don't do it right!" Jackson, who delighted to relate this story, always found it difficult to conclude it owing to the rising sense of amusement which it produced. That some of his pet theories had, he was told, been likened to the Love of God in that they passed all understanding, did not cause in him the slightest annoyance.

Dr. Jackson was, on his mother's side, of Welsh descent; he mentioned it with pleasure, which was, I believe, increased when I reminded him that the same was the case with Milton, who ought to have been named John Jeffreys Milton.

I never heard in connexion with Jackson's name any kind of nickname or abbreviation, nor did I ever hear him use any of the passing nicknames for any of our numerous colleagues. His sense of personal dignity probably forbade this habit, which also the impression which he made on others in like manner excluded from himself.

It is perhaps worthy of remark that I believe Chemistry was Dr. Jackson's first love. This was perhaps first awakened at the York School of Medicine, where, in the person of the late Dr. William Proctor, both he and I in succession came under the influence of a most able and attractive teacher. It was one of the advantages of these small schools of medicine that the students became personally known to their teachers. The York School in our time numbered only ten or twelve students at most, and some of us were brought into personal friendship with some of the lecturers. Both Dr. Jackson and myself owed very much to our close intercourse with Dr. Proctor, who taught us chemistry and natural philosophy with enthusiasm, but in almost conversational methods.

It would be absurd to speak of him as a self-educated man, but very appropriate to say that he was self-cultured, in that he chose his associates and subjected himself to the influence chiefly of those to whom he was attached. First amongst these was, of course, the lady whom he ultimately married. Mrs. Hughlings Jackson, a most accomplished woman, was his first cousin, and had been his associate from childhood. Jackson was always keenly conscious of the debt which he owed to her in the development of his character, and her loss was to him unspeakably great. As was natural, Jackson and I often discussed together the question as to whether we had regretted in later life our not having received any university training. Neither

of us had been even to any high-class school, and both had, I believe, ended our educational curriculum at the age of 17, when we were apprenticed and became medical students. We thoroughly recognized the advantages offered at the larger colleges; but, in attempting to strike a balance of loss and gain, Dr. Jackson was always unflinching in his avowal that he was glad he had not been sent to a university. He held that by exemption from over-teaching his mind had retained more of freedom and energy than might otherwise have been the case.

I have never seen Jackson on horseback or with a fishing rod or cricket bat in his hand. In boyhood he had been accustomed to shoot, and on one occasion I persuaded him to carry a gun and shoot at rabbits, but he laid it aside in an hour or two. In middle life he was a good walker, but it was, I believe, chiefly in search of fresh air and exercise. He never travelled abroad if he could help it, but on one occasion he and I, both under appointment by the societies which as president we respectively represented, attended at Utrecht the Donders Festival. It was with great reluctance on his part, however, and he insisted on leaving the place as soon as the chief ceremonial was over. His dread of being bored was extreme, and he hated anything which foretold dullness. I do not think that he liked the seaside or the sea itself. The places which interested him were those which had some flavour of humanity about them, although it could hardly be said that he was fond of making pilgrimages. One of the features in which he sympathized with Dr. Johnson was his love of London.

I have ventured to insist that Dr. Jackson's intellect was in some of its features comparable to that of Dr. Johnson. In politics they were equally Conservative, and in many social questions they held firmly to very similar views. The expression, "Thank Heaven, we yet have a House of Lords," was of late years often on his lips, and he did not live long enough to be compelled to lay it aside.

Jackson's love of truthfulness was very strong, and did not permit him in intercourse with patients to make any departures from candour. In this way he often sacrificed his own interests by giving opinions to patients which were not sufficiently hopeful or confident.

I could relate many instances of his love of plain and direct speaking. Many of his repartees illustrating this were quite Johnsonian. He loved to call a spade a spade, and pushed aside all sorts of evasion or pretence. Our colleague H—— had reviewed a certain work with so much (not undeserved) severity that its author threatened him with personal violence. H—— remonstrated to Jackson and myself that he had done nothing to justify the author's anger, for he had reviewed the book only and not the man. "That is very true," replied Jackson. "You did not shoot at the man; you shot only at his coat, but you must remember that it was on his back."

I do not believe that Jackson had ever made any change in his religious faith. It was one of the simplest kind of agnosticism, and into it he appeared to have been born. Although always dealing in the gentlest possible manner with the opinions or scruples of others, he appeared to have little conception that any one could have really adopted opinions more definite than his own. He never spoke with the slightest harshness of the views of others, nor would he willingly engage in any controversy about them. If urged to attempt a confutation of what he thought erroneous, he would simply reply, "You know how hogs treat rattlesnakes." He sometimes expressed the wish that the word "swine" in the Bible should always be translated "pigs," and "asses" "donkeys." These, he said, were little matters, but he was sure that they deserved attention. It made a great difference whether Balaam's ass was spoken of as Balaam's donkey. He would never accede to any suggestion of an attempt to formulate a faith.

To any one who had asked his belief as to the possibility of miracles he would have replied with a smile, and he was an absolute disbeliever in personal immortality after death. Of his creed in this matter he mentioned to me not many months before his death the most emphatic illustration which he could devise.

In early life he had been much influenced by Carlyle's writings, but subsequently he had found those of Emerson more to his taste.

Although he never, I believe, performed any experiment on animals in his life, and in very few instances had

suggested such experiments to others, he was glad to accept any items of evidence supplied from this source.

He used the microscope, but not, I believe, for any minute research. I should guess that no session passed without his quoting to his class the well-known and instructive story of *The Camel*. When he did so, however, it was, I have no doubt, with a distinct feeling that the last of the three who sought to construct a camel out of his own inner consciousness was not the one least worthy of applause. His mind was essentially deductive, and did not require a very large amount of material for its conclusions. He regarded quality more than quantity. In the investigation of the minute phenomena of an epileptic attack he was unwearied and precise, and, having so studied them, he could rely upon his own deductive conclusions for the result. I shall never forget the amusement with which he quoted from the reply of one who had answered an interrogatory for detail as to the seizure that it was "just ordinary epilepsy."

The Queen Square Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic was, I believe, founded mainly by the late Dr. Ramskill, who had been our colleague both at the Metropolitan Free and at the London Hospitals. There was no special intimacy between Jackson and him, but he induced Dr. Jackson to join him in the scheme, which, with one or two other names, began and prospered under their auspices. I am sure that Jackson had little or nothing to do with its early management, though he was exultant at the opportunities which it afforded him for his pursuits.

Herbert has told us that

A grain of glory mixed with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargicness.

Jackson, although a very retiring man who never allowed himself to make the slightest effort in search of applause, was not without the grain of glory. He had a healthy esteem for the good opinion of his fellow men. That he had gained his F.R.S. in early life always gave him very great pleasure. So did the fact that he had a diploma from a place so renowned and so distant as the University of Bologna, which I think he prized more than any other amongst the many which he held. The fact that he was remembered by the University of Leeds in his later life was one of which he frequently reminded me, and which added, I am sure, much to his happiness in old age.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is somewhat curious that some of the strongest things said in dispraise of doctors have come from the lips of members of the profession. Voltaire's famous description of medicine as consisting in the introduction of drugs the properties of which are little known into bodies of which we know still less, is only a paraphrase of Senac's statement made in 1749 that those who are lavish in the administration of remedies know neither the causes they wish to combat nor the weapons they use. It is related of Lieutaud, Chief Physician to Louis XVI, that when he was on his deathbed in 1780, his confessor, who was anxious about the state of the patient's soul, worried him with questions. At last he asked, "Do you believe all the mysteries of our holy religion?" "I believe in everything," said the dying man impatiently, "except in medicine."

The printer's devil is made answerable for much that should be laid to the blame of the author. But occasionally he does make mistakes. One of the most curious we have seen occurs in a French work on mental disease which concludes with a long quotation from Pinel. In passing the proofs for press the author noticed that the inverted commas which indicate quotations had been omitted. Instead of marking them in he wrote in the margin, "Il faut guillemeter tout les aliénés" (all the paragraphs must be placed within "quotes"). What was his horror when, glancing at the first copy printed off, he saw his harmless injunction to the printer translated into the sanguinary order, "Il faut guillotiner tous les aliénés" (all insane persons must be guillotined). The worst of it is that this drastic measure might be accepted in all seriousness as a sign of enlightenment by some enthusiastic eugénists. Had it only been the paragraphs that were to be "guillotined" we should have thought the idea had been borrowed from the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The only parallel we can call to mind is the famous

announcement that "Sir Robert Peel with a select party of fiends has gone to Ireland to shoot peasants."

We learn from the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* that on October 21st a thrilling drama was enacted at the City Budget Exhibit. The play was written by a girl of 12, who is one of the "little mothers" whom the Department of Health has recently been organizing into leagues and instructing in the care of babies, and the actors were chosen among her companions. It represents a tenement house where an infant has been taken suddenly ill. The well meaning but ignorant neighbours rush in and recommend all sorts of remedies of varying degrees of absurdity. Then the distracted mother's niece, who is one of the Health Department's League of Little Mothers, looks in by chance and immediately assumes direction of affairs. She makes one neighbour give the baby a dose of castor oil, and another telephone to the Board of Health for a doctor, while a third is dispatched to the nearest milk station for some modified milk. Thus order is evolved from confusion and despair, and when the curtain falls it is on a scene of triumph for modern hygienic and therapeutic methods. We know nothing of the literary merits of the play, which it may be presumed are not very great. But if the modern playgoer has, as we are told, outgrown the drama of romance, adventure, and even of plot, he might learn something from plays showing, for instance, how an Insurance Bill, with the part of the doctor left out, would work out in practice: the real hospital where sentimental persons like Mr. Lloyd George appear to believe that working men are "cut up"; the real laboratory where animals are, according to Mr. Stephen Coleridge, subjected to "torture," and so forth. Such object lessons would at any rate be more interesting and instructive to most people than the drama of discussion advocated by Mr. Bernard Shaw.

To the November number of the *Bulletin of the Johns Hopkins Hospital* Dr. John W. Churchman contributes an interesting essay on the medical paintings of Velasquez. Unlike Leonardo da Vinci, the great Spanish painter took no particular interest in medicine, but the Dwarf and Jester group of his pictures proves that he was fascinated by oddity and deformity of mind and body. With three exceptions, these were painted in the last ten years of his life. That he had ample opportunities of observing such freaks of nature at close quarters is shown by the fact that in the court registers his name appears among those of the dwarfs, jesters, and barbers of the palace. Of course, it must be borne in mind that the buffoons, who were often dwarfs, held a considerable place at court, and were allowed great freedom of speech. It may be that it was at the command of his royal master that Velasquez painted his dwarfs, but the special care bestowed by him on their portraiture seems to show that he found the task congenial to him. He is reported to have said to some one who suggested Rubens as a model: "I would rather be the first of vulgar than the second of refined painters." Dr. Churchman gives a list of no fewer than nineteen pictures by Velasquez in which he represented jesters, dwarfs, and idiots. Excellent reproductions of some of these are given. Dr. Churchman appends a note on Spanish medicine in the sixteenth century. As early as 1545, Juan Gutierrez published a treatise on the operation for stone in the bladder, and there appeared a number of works on the treatment of wounds and trephining by professors of Salamanca, Seville, and elsewhere. The Spanish Galen (Andreas à Laguna) was an interesting figure of the times. Most of his life was spent at the Court of Charles V. He was a physician, philosopher, and statesman, who lost his life in the plague at Merz. He wrote one of the earliest treatises on the treatment of urethral stricture with bougies. His book, entitled, *Methodus cognoscendi exstirpandique excrescentes in vesicæ collo carunculas*, must have been one of the very early works on the subject. One of the most important contributions of Spain to mediæval medicine was the establishment of the *Hospital dels fòls* at Valencia. It was there probably that the first effort was made to treat sufferers from mental disease in a reasonable and a humane manner. The hospital was founded in 1409 by Bernardo Andreu, following a mission conducted by the brothers Gilaberto Jafre in the cathedral. According to Lope (*Los Locos de Valencia*), this hospital was a show place and much frequented by visitors.