Dr. MacDonald considered the reply of the General Board of Control unsatisfactory and suggested that the Board be pressed for a considered reply. Dr. Campbell supported this view, and the Secretary was instructed to write the General Board asking for a considered reply to the points raised.

The Secretary further reported that Section 194 of the Draft Provisional Order dated April, 1931, promoted by the Corporation of Edinburgh, sought to exclude the Medical Superintendent of Bangour Village from the provisions of the Asylums Officers' Superannuation Act (1909); that he had brough tthis matter to the notice of the Secretary of the Association's Parliamentary Committee; and that that Committee was arranging to oppose the Order in respect of this Section.

Dr. Douglas McRae and Dr. T. C. Mackenzie were unanimously elected Representative Members of Council for the year 1931–1932, and Dr. Wm. M. Buchanan was unanimously elected Divisional Secretary.

Dr. Douglas McRae was unanimously elected Chairman of the Division.

The following were unanimously nominated as members of the Mental Nursing Advisory Committee to the General Nursing Council: Prof. G. M. Robertson, Drs. Douglas McRae, T. C. Mackenzie, Donald Ross and W. M. Buchanan.

The Secretary submitted a letter from the Secretary of the Educational Committee dated May 26, 1931, intimating that that Committee had resolved to refer the question of the nomination of Examination Inspectors to the Divisions of the Association, and to ask for an expression of opinion regarding the number of inspectors required. After a discussion, in which the recent regulations for the Nursing Certificate were again criticized, the members present were unanimously of opinion that the appointment of an Examination Inspector was unnecessary in the Scottish Division, and none of those present were willing to accept nomination.

Members were kindly entertained to lunch, after which Mr. Charles Buchanan, Chairman of the Board of the Midlothian and Peebles Mental Hospital, welcomed the Division to Rosslynlee, and Dr. Kerr thanked the Board and Dr. Orr and his staff for their hospitality, and for the arrangements made in connection with the meeting.

After lunch members were shown over the hospital by Dr. Orr and his assistant.

On the meeting reassembling, Dr. J. H. Skeen showed an interesting case of encephalitis lethargica from New Saughton Hall. This patient had been originally looked upon as suffering from locomotor ataxia, but the absence of Argyll-Robertson pupils, the presence of the abdominal reflex, and negative specific serological findings, raised the question of encephalitis, and the remarkable mental and physical improvement on treatment by dry extract of stramonium confirmed that diagnosis. After Dr. Slater had given the history and physical signs in detail the case was discussed by Drs. McWilliam, Bailey, McRae and MacDonald.

Dr. J. M. Elliot, the visiting dental surgeon, opened a discussion on "Focal Infection," in which Drs. McAlister, McRae, R. Mary Barclay, Buchanan and Spence took part.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman terminated the business of the meeting, after which members were kindly entertained to tea.

COMPLIMENTARY DINNER TO SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE.

A Complimentary Dinner was given to Sir James Crichton-Browne, F.R.S. Lond. and Edin., at the Langham Hotel, London, on Thursday, May 21, 1931. The chair was occupied by the President of the Association, Dr. T. Saxty Good, *O.B.E.*, M.A., who was supported by, among others, Lady Crichton-Browne, Dr. Percy Smith, Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones, Prof. George M. Robertson, Dr. Bedford Pierce, Dr. Menzies, Dr. J. R. Lord, Sir Hubert Bond, Sir William Job Collins, Dr. Gordon Holmes, Dr. Reginald Worth (General Secretary of the Association), and Dr. Nathan Raw, *C.M.G.* (Lord Chancellor's Visitor).

The Speeches.

The President: Ladies and Gentlemen,—You are all aware why we have met together here this evening; it is to welcome and wish all prosperity to Sir James

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Crichton-Browne and Lady Crichton-Browne. (Applause.) I am in what some people would call the honourable position of being President of this Association; but I would call it an awkward position on the present occasion. Why? I tried to look up some of the records of what Sir James has done, in fact, I sat up at night for a week with ice round my head looking them up, and I only got to about the time he was at Wakefield. There are two people in the Association one generally goes to when in difficulty: one is the General Secretary, the other the Senior Editor. Sometimes I get a little confused—(Laughter)—as to which is which, though I would not let them know that. On this occasion I said, "What am I to do?" They said, "Someone else will help you." And so I have got three gentlemen to tell us what we ought to know, and what you probably all do know. Some of us, if we read all the time, could not know all he has done, as he has done so much. I shall call upon those three gentlemen in rotation. They said to me, "You have got to end it up," so I am afraid you will be hearing me later on.

I shall therefore call upon the speakers to address you in this order: Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones, Prof. George Robertson, Sir Hubert Bond.

Sir ROBERT ARMSTRONG-JONES: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I rise, I am sorry to say, with a grievance. But a grievance usually has its antithesis. My grievance is that I scanned the menu very closely—it is before me now—and there is no reference to Bovril, which I consider a serious omission, as its delectable, stimulating, uplifting and health-giving qualities are known the world over. Nevertheless, though this omission is evident, yet its insinuating and nourishing excellencies will have found their way into many of the dishes which have been placed before us this evening. For my information and for your memory I may say that some of the most eloquent and charming sentences that have fallen from our distinguished guest have been physiological truths delivered and inspired by this great gift of man to men. I would remind you that there is an annual pilgrimage, which is usually called a shareholders' meeting of Bovril, and at this annual anniversary there are great expectations, which are fully realized, and the meeting is made happy when Sir James Crichton-Browne has delivered his address.

I now come to my antithesis. We have assembled together, as the President has said, this evening to congratulate a member of our profession, and a worker in our own special department of medicine, upon his conquest of time. (Applause.) He has enjoyed a long, most useful and very successful life. To say that he held the office of Lord Chancellor's Visitor for nearly fifty years is merely to imply that he has always worked very hard, for we know this is an appointment which can make no claim to Sabbatical exemption nor to a Long Vacation—a privilege accorded to others who daily toil in the precincts of the Law Courts. I speak from experience as to the work of this office, and I can say that no Egyptian task-master ever devised a slavery comparable to that imposed upon the Lord Chancellor's Visitors. But since his retirement, I am glad to say, I have never seen Sir James look better.

To those of us who have enjoyed his intimate acquaintance Sir James has proved to be a most brilliant, resourceful and dignified personality. He has the charm and culture of the author of *Religio Medici*, together with the eloquence of Demosthenes. And, judging from the letter I read recently in *The Times* relating to the "Christian Evidence Society," he has the pen of a St. Chrysostom. He has an established and acknowledged reputation as an illustrious contributor to English literature, and he has a real love for the prose and poetry of his native land. Carlyle and Burns have been his lofty inspiration, and he has been a great champion of Jane Baillie Welsh Carlyle in many stormy disputations. When in 1903 J. A. Froude wrote *My Relations with Carlyle*, Sir James Crichton-Browne returned a trenchant and devastating reply. And that reply is a most charming piece of English literature.

May I refer to his "Victorian Jottings," which exhibit such a delicate sense of wit and humour? And, Mr. President, I appeal to you, wit and humour are the greatest distractions, and they are the best solvents of social, political, and even professional differences. In this volume, which I am sure everyone in this room has read, there is not a wasted word, nor one out of place. I very humbly beg to suggest that those who have not read this volume should at once get it from the libraries. I venture to think that one of the best essays ever written is that contributed by Sir James to *The Book of Health*, a very

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voluminous compendium ; it would be difficult to find a better hundred pages on education and the nervous system, every sentence of which is a classic, and fully applicable to-day.

The President has already referred to the wakeful hours he spent in reading the great contributions of Sir James Crichton-Browne in purely medical directions ; I want rather to emphasize the part Sir James has taken in urging the preventive aspect of mental disease. For many years his far-seeing genius has dwelt upon prevention. How many of us in Harley Street and elsewhere, have, when called upon to give advice upon mental cases, been ready to exclaim, " Why didn't you see me twenty years ago ? " Sir James has realized that environment and education are great factors in the causation of mental disease, and he has been the ablest and strongest advocate of prevention. His great life-work has been devoted to the mental aspect of preventive medicine. He has studied childhood in its many phases, its receptiveness, its impressionability, its plasticity and suggestibility, and its various reactions to stimuli. Sir T. Dyke Acland—who recently passed away—and Sir James were the earliest to call attention to the short and inadequate hours of sleep which were allowed to boys in public schools. The result of this was that an extension of one hour a night was given the boys at Eton, Harrow and all the other big public schools.

Sir James, also, has given support and encouragement to the sanitary workers of this country, more, perhaps, than any other man, in season and out of season, urging the value of health in the home, the workshop, in the town and in the district. He has urged the value of education properly applied, of good industrial conditions, of good housing conditions, of the abolition of slums.

He left a great impression on the West Riding Asylum, now Mental Hospital, and his successors have been inspired by his work. We know the names of Major, Bevan Lewis and Shaw Bolton as practically household words ; we know also Sir James's own illuminating contributions to the theory of evolution and to the study of the emotions.

To-night Sir James is receiving the homage and congratulations of many of the younger men who continue to pursue the path he trod in the relief of human suffering.

Kindled by your example, Sir James, and by your enthusiasm, we are to-night experiencing a sense of "agelessness." Your sense of life, your mental energy, your sincerity and your ability are all helping to urge us to greater and higher endeavours. You were President of our Association, may I say, before even I was qualified ; you have been President of the Neurological Society, of the Medical Society of London, and, if you had been willing to accept the honour, you would have been President of the Royal Society of Medicine.

May I say it is a great gift to have been able to preserve your intellectual keenness and gaiety of spirits as you have so well and marvellously done ? We trust, Sir James, that the flood-light thrown to-night upon your long career and long record may even add to the dignity and the clearness of your long past, and that it may afford you and Lady Crichton-Browne great pleasure. It has been a great privilege to us all to have you with us to-night and to realize that you have occupied a place by yourself in our time, and that you are still pre-eminent in our generation. May your forceful personality, your enthusiasm and your sincerity long be spared to enrich the lives of others in the future, as you have done in the past.

Prof. GEORGE M. ROBERTSON : Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have been asked to speak on this important occasion because I happen to be one of the representatives of the native land and of the *alma mater* of our distinguished guest.

I went to Edinburgh twenty years after Sir James had left it ; but, even so, I soon came to know of his distinguished gifts as a medical student. I joined, as he did before me, the debating society known as " The Royal Medical Society." When the Royal Society of Medicine in this city was looking out for a name, the first which was suggested was " The Royal Medical Society " ; but it soon found, to its disgust, that the medical students of Edinburgh had annexed this name about 150 years previously. Sir James was evidently quite at home in this debating club, and I was told by a contemporary of his that on one occasion, when he was delivering a very important speech, he lost the thread of his argument. That is a painful accident which may happen to the best of orators. Did he falter ?

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Did the sweat break out upon his brow? Did he collapse? No; he merely took his audience into his confidence and told them what had happened, adding that all would be well if they would have patience. And in a few moments, without having paused in his delivery, he had picked up the thread, and was proceeding with his argument as if nothing had happened.

How did he come to possess such gifts? Heredity had much to do with it. I was for a time Assistant Physician at the Crichton Royal Institution, and in my spare moments I read the old case-books. You may say that that must have been very dreary reading; but not so; they were written by W. A. F. Browne, the father of Sir James, while he was Physician-Superintendent of that institution, and I never came across more graphic accounts, or reports which showed a finer literary style; they were fascinating. Dr. Browne also wrote a very well-known book entitled *What Asylums Were, Are, and Ought to be.* That was written ninety-four years ago, and it should be read by every medical officer and assistant medical officer of mental hospitals now, and by members of mental hospital committees as well. I was anxous to have a copy; I found one day, to my delight, that it was advertised at a sale of books, and I purchased two yards of books at a shilling a foot. In this six feet of rubbish was this literary gem. I came back a short time afterwards to take my treasure home, and imagine my disgust to find it had been pinched by some blackguard, who had left me 5 ft. 11 in. of rubbish. And it was a long time before I got another copy.

Though he came to possess a literary disposition by heredity, Sir James did not acquire in that way the magnificent vocabulary he possesses; that he acquired, I understand, by learning the plays of Shakespeare by heart. We know people who have literary gifts and write beautiful prose, but yet who, when they get up to speak, make asses of themselves. But Sir James, as we know, had perfect control over himself even when a young man. I was told forty years ago by a lady—who is no longer living, so I have no living witness—that Sir James's father used to ask him and his brother to propose or reply to toasts at dinner; an excellent training, if the story is true. With this heredity and with this literary turn of mind, with this literary education, and with the possession of a robust and penetrating mind, interested in every form of human activity, and, in spite of anything that Carlyle may have said, with a glowing fervour of genius, Sir James became, and has been for nearly fifty years, one of the most prominent medical men in England, if not the most prominent. I believe, with Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones, that he has done more to educate the public on matters of hygiene, on sanitation and on public health questions generally than any other medical man.

In support of this, a friend of mine, sitting at dinner beside the editor of one of our great newspapers, was told by the latter that their reporters had instructions to report every word that fell from Sir James's lips in public, and that his speeches made better newspaper copy than those of any other medical man.

I have been asked by the Principal of Edinburgh University, Sir Thomas Holland, to convey the warm congratulations and wishes of the *Senatus Academicus* to Sir James, whom they regard as one of the most distinguished graduates that Edinburgh has produced. (Applause.) This resolution was passed at the meeting of the *Senatus* last week. I have received, this evening, a telegram from the Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, saying that at their meeting yesterday the Faculty expressed their great appreciation of the medical work which Sir James has done. And it will interest Sir James to know that the senior President of the Royal Medical Society has asked me to convey the respectful regards of the youthful members of that debating club. This man, twenty-five years of age, occupies the chair which was filled by Sir James sixty-five years ago.

And, in conclusion, in the name of the Scottish Division of the Royal Medico-Psychological Association, I ask Sir James to accept the expression of our affection and regard. (Applause.)

Sir Hubert Bond, *K.B.E.*: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, and in particular, Sir James and Lady Crichton-Browne,—Time was when at every quarterly meeting of this Association we wound up the day by dining together. A very good custom it was. If ever we can revive it, let us try to add to the old custom by having always a guest of honour. For one reason and another the

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custom, alas! has fallen into desuetude. I would not mention it to-night except to emphasize to you, Sir James, the exceptional nature of this evening's gathering, and to give point to the fact that the express purpose of our thus getting together is to do you honour—not being ashamed, however, to admit that, behind that desire, is also a wish to hear you talk to us and, as ever has been our good fortune, to profit by what you have to say to us. In another matter this gathering—so it looks to me—is exceptional, namely in the number of ladies who have been good enough, on this occasion, to grace it. Their presence, which is very welcome, we doubtless owe to the fact that Lady Crichton-Browne, to our particular satisfaction, has been induced to accompany her illustrious husband. We are very glad to have her here.

It is sixty-eight years since, in 1863, you, Sir James, became a member of this Association; and there is no name in the list of ordinary members anterior to that year; and, by the way, and as perhaps you are aware, there are now only three names on the Medical Register with dates of registration prior to yours. Thirteen years later, in 1876, on your appointment as Lord Chancellor's Visitor in Lunacy, you were elected an Honorary Member; two years later, in 1878, you became the Association's President; and in 1920 you gave, as many of us vividly recollect, the first Maudsley Lecture. This Lectureship, the position of President, and the Honorary Membership are the three highest honours which the Association has in its power to confer. In all these positions you are our honoured *doyen*, not only by right of seniority, but also by virtue of leadership and attainments, and, permit me to add, by virtue, too, of our affectionate regard.

It is by reason of that affectionate regard that it is now our desire not to let the year in which you have celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of your birthday pass by without offering you our warm congratulations, together with our most earnest wishes that you may be spared to us for many a year yet.

I wonder if there are any of us who have arrived at or are approaching sixty years of age, who are altogether heedless of the limit which the Psalmist puts to the natural term of our life? Even he, however, though not without an unpleasant note of warning in his song, admits of exceptions; and to those who are statistically minded, it may be of interest to know that, at the 1921 census, there were 1,451 men and 3,394 women aged 90 years or over, which, expressed actuarially, enables it to be said that not quite 2% of all males born, and slightly more than 3% of females attain that age. Of centenarians, there were 30 men and 80 women. and may you, Sir James, be called upon to record yourself among them at the next census. Have we not, indeed, a visitor at present in our country who, claiming to be 157 years old, asks us to believe that his greatest thrill since speaking to Napoleon has been his recent flight in an air-plane? His reminiscences should be, indeed, many and interesting; but, to us and our work, not so fascinating as that store of yours, Sir James, from which, just three months ago to-night, you broadcast from the headquarters of the B.B.C. at Savoy Hill, and the earliest of which, according to what you then said, went back to your fourth year.

Exceptions, so some folks say, prove the rule; others, more enlightened, point out that it is only when explained that exceptions can prove a rule. But it is no matter either way; for, Sir James, we have no wish "to explain you"; we are something more than content and proud "to possess" you and to venerate you as our guide, philosopher and friend. With gratitude we recognize how good a friend you ever have been, and are, to our Association. You are—if a word of slang is permissible—our "star turn," who in moments of unforeseen difficulty has never failed us, and whose intervention has always enhanced the Association's prestige.

Were it really necessary to suggest a reason for the position you occupy in the world of science and medicine, and—may I say—in our hearts, we should not be far wrong, I fancy, were we to make two quotations. The first runs, "We believe that states and communities will become great, and good, and healthy, and civilized, in proportion as they attend to early training." The second, in a different vein, is, "He who looks upon the fair side of human nature, and who sows life thick with friendships, is sure in the end to find that all is not false and hollow, but that many of the seeds which he has planted rise and bear fruit a hundredfold." The former is highly suggestive of child guidance work, and of the quite modern importance given to events of childhood as causes of mental disorder in later life; it might well have been written to-day; but both were written nearly seventy years

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ago. The love of friendship which runs through the second of these quotations, and the breadth of vision that characterizes both of them, suggest an intellectual development and power of judgment of considerable maturity. Not so, however, for both were written and uttered by an undergraduate who had not yet attained his majority. Do you recognize them, Sir James? The first is from a paper you gave when Secretary to the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, and the second is from your address as President of that ancient society which has done so much for the undergraduate life of Edinburgh students of medicine. The writer of these papers was bound, if spared, to go far; and, if he was not somewhat of an exception, all we can say is that there were indeed intellectual giants in those days.

In conclusion, may I say, Sir James: that the sunset of your life may be prolonged, and that its hues may be golden is the wish of each and all of us; and, if twilight's shadows are inevitable, may they merge into the twilight of a still more golden " morrow."

The PRESIDENT: I still cannot think of what to say, and again that wonderful person, the Editor, has given me a respite. I ask Sir William Collins to speak, so as to give me a further chance of thinking what I will say.

Sir WILLIAM JOB COLLINS, M.D., D.Sc.: I am not in the bill, I am no part of the programme, and when I have to make an " impromptu " speech, I like to have a fortnight's notice. (Laughter.) I gather that the orators we have listened to with so much pleasure came to this meeting adequately prepared; and I think it is a mean advantage that the learned President has taken of me to call upon me, without my having made any preparation, to address myself to such an important theme as that which engrosses you to-night.

But I am pleased to be present at this Association because they did me the honour of making me an Honorary Member, for the reason, I think, that twenty-three years ago I had the pleasure of piloting through the House of Commons the Bill, now the Act, called " The Asylums Officers' Superannuation Act."

To-night, if I am to make remarks, they must bear on the theme which is before us, and that is our esteem, respect and affection for the nonagenarian, Sir James Crichton-Browne. You will realize he is so various that " he seems to be not one, but all mankind's epitome." Neurologists and psychiatrists have done duty to his work in their direction. May I, as one who has had more to do with him in regard to sanitary and hygienic work, and who has followed him in that way, say that he stands in the line of men like Chadwick, and Farr, and Richardson and Southwood Smith, and has well maintained the great reputation of British sanitary science? As an orator he stands in the line of medical orators like Sir James Paget, Sir William Savory and Sir Clifford Allbutt; and though our medical orators are few and far between, it is good to know that we have such men as Sir James Crichton-Browne to maintain that reputation. I have maintained that in public life the medical man has his *rôle* to play; diagnosis is a prompt apprehension of minute differences. What is prognosis? It is an accurate prevision of the future based upon a correct observation of the past. And what is treatment, in its ultimate analysis? Resourcefulness in cases of emergency. As one who has had to do with municipal and Parliamentary life, I can say that those are exceedingly useful qualities in the public life of this country. As to statesmen, they are not always gifted with oratory; indeed it has been said that eloquence is not essential to statesmen. It is said that Oliver Cromwell talked nonsense, and " William the Silent " did not talk at all. It is because of his great gift of language and forceful presentation of ideas that Sir James has the great power of adequately representing the views of the medical profession in psychiatry, hygiene and practical science, and as interpreter of science to the public.

It has been a great pleasure to me to have been permitted to be present this evening and to take part in this important function. I have formed the highest esteem of our guest's great qualities, and I trust that he may yet attain that century which, I gather in an interview with the Press, he has adumbrated; and I join with you in honouring this grand old man of medicine, Sir James Crichton-Browne. (Applause.)

The PRESIDENT: I cannot put my part off any longer. Lady Crichton-Browne Sir James Crichton-Browne, Ladies and Gentlemen,—You have heard the

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well-deserved eulogies delivered by a Welshman, with his national gift of imagination, a canny Scot, and a staid and mature Englishman. I cannot hope to emulate them in any way; I am simply a plain medical man. While I am speaking, I see before me two concrete objects, one larger than the other. In the human organism there is the large body, and there is that small part of it which enables that body to go on, namely, the heart. I have heard it said that the wife is "the better half"; it is perfectly true that the wife possesses her husband's heart.

Therefore, Lady Crichton-Browne, may I ask you to accept *this* from this Association, as representing the esteem in which we hold Sir James? I present it first, because you only have the right to open it; you only know all about his heart.

Sir James, I present to you the rest of your body; there is an inscription on it which will tell you what the Association think of you. But I think there is something more than this. This salver is symbolic of Sir James. First, it is sterling metal; secondly, we all know that polish is only of surface value; thirdly, that it can convey and carry to all mankind every sort of refreshment for the soul. I will now hand it to you for after-care.

Now I am "done Browne," and it is for you to carry on. I propose the health of Sir James Crichton-Browne—(Applause)—and Lady Crichton-Browne.

The toast was pledged to the singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow."

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, F.R.S.: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am, I assure you, deeply touched and highly gratified by the honour you have done me this evening—an honour all the more honouring, because paid to me, in my own country as it were, in which I cannot claim to have had any prophetical mission, but in which it has been my lot and privilege to toil for many years.

When I received your invitation to this dinner, I regarded it simply as a compliment evoked by a recent event in my personal history—as a graceful recognition of the survival—I will not say of the fittest—but of the toughest and most tenacious amongst you, but the kind words spoken by your Chairman and your generous reception of me convince me that it means more than that, and signifies that through my long career I have to this hour retained the friendship and goodwill of those who have been my fellow-labourers in the medico-psychological vineyard.

I cannot, of course, ignore the occasion of your invitation, or avoid the soft impeachment that I have passed a very advanced milestone on life's journey—although I think that without any Mephistophelian assistance I might, like Goethe's Faust, pass myself off for younger than I am—but I am not disposed to minimize the matter, for there comes a time in growing old when the weight of years ceases to be a burden and becomes a trophy. At seventy, the Psalmist's appointed period, a man is venerable, at eighty he becomes a curio, at ninety there is something supernatural about him. For that we have poetic warrant, for we are told that—

> "The sunset of life gives us mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before."

Campbell was not strictly correct in that, for at sunset the shadows are behind a man unless he is walking backwards, and in my case this evening the events that crop up in my memory are all retrospective, and cast very long shadows behind. And the very length of these shadows and my power to recall them refutes, I would say, the once vulgar error that a subtle psychical virus pervades our mental hospitals, and that insanity is, like measles, contagious. I have been for upwards of sixty years in daily contact with the insane, and while I am aware that a personal certificate to one's own sanity cannot be valid or convincing, I entertain the hope that I am still of sound mind, memory and understanding, and that, on my demise, a trial of three weeks' duration and certainly costing more than six and eightpence will not be required to establish my testamentary capacity.

But during those sixty years to which I have referred, I have been not only in daily contact with the insane, but in constant touch with the Medico-Psychological Association—and that has perhaps been the saving clause, for I have owed to it through all my working days an invaluable stimulus, a sustaining influence, fraternal fellowship and generous recognition of every honest endeavour. It is really sixty-eight years since I joined its ranks, and I am proud to remember that

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I was proposed by Dr. Conolly, whose name I mention with profound veneration, and that my first asylum appointment—we called them asylums in those days—after my election was at Exminster, at a salary of £80 a year, as Assistant to Dr., afterwards Sir John Bucknill, the founder of the *Journal of Mental Science*, whose manifesto vindicating the claims of medical psychology to a place among the exact sciences you still reprint in every number of that periodical, which has now established a European, I might say, a world-wide reputation, and which is just showing a slight tendency to obesity.

It is those sixty-eight years that have made me the Patriarch of the Association, standing as I do almost alone of the members who joined it in the 'sixties of last century; my former esteemed colleague Dr. David Nicolson is the only other representative of that decade, with only two companions from the 'seventies, both of whom were on my staff at Wakefield—Dr. McDowall and Dr. Merson.

Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, while repudiating the notion that those who minister to the mind diseased, when not themselves of unstable nervous constitution, run any risk of contracting the malady, it is to be borne in mind that that ministration involves risks of another kind. There is no branch of our profession in which a heavier and more continuous weight of responsibility has to be borne, in which the human material dealt with is of so explosive a character, in which more anxious duties have to be performed, or in which, to a wide range of medical knowledge and skill, there has to be added so much administrative ability with disciplinary tact and control. They call our department a specialty; it is really a compendium of science and philosophy, with a good deal of common sense thrown in.

It was no doubt the variety, complexities, solicitude attending the work of our department that created the desire for mutual support, sympathy and encouragement in those engaged in it, and so led to the formation of the Medico-Psychological, now the Royal Medico-Psychological Association, one of the earliest of those specialist societies in our professions which are now so numerous, and go on multiplying by fissiparous division. But the Medico-Psychological Association from its very earliest days had higher aims than any personal advantage of its members. It was designed to promote friendly intercourse in order that friendly intercourse might promote the welfare of that grievously afflicted class to whose service its members are dedicated, and in order to advance that medical science and practice in the advancement of which all classes of the community are interested.

Ours is the most secluded, retiring and modest of all the professions—we have no pulpit, rostrum, platform or bench from which to declaim—and it is apt therefore to be pushed aside and denied the credit due to it. Only the other day Mr. Greenwood, the able and energetic Minister of Health, who gave, I believe, valuable assistance towards the passing of the Mental Treatment Act, said at a conference that pure air, water and food and cleanly surroundings were more important than the whole medical profession put together, and that he never thought much of a bottle of medicine. Now, should Mr. Greenwood happen to be attacked by diabetes or pernicious anæmia, or any nervous disorder, which Heaven forbid! he would, I am sure, be very grateful for a bottle of insulin, or liver extract, or luminal, or their tabloid equivalent, and I would remind him that the sanitary precautions which nowadays secure to us the hygienic protection he justly extols, have been reached without exception by the labours and discoveries of medical men, and that at this moment these sanitary precautions are maintained and enforced by a staff of ninety-eight medical men attached to his department at Whitehall, to say nothing of 1,700 or 1,800 medical officers of health throughout the country.

Now the same injustice which Mr. Greenwood does to the medical profession at large is very often done to our department in particular. The public who see our mental hospitals so well organized and equipped, and doing such beneficent work, are apt to think how much indebted we are to Boards and Committees, commissioners and architects, and benevolent gentlemen who orate at public meetings, but I venture to assert that since the days of Pinel there has been no step in the emancipation of the insane, no amelioration in their condition, no improvement in their treatment, nursing and accommodation that has not originated with, and been carried out by medical men, and in this country, for the last ninety years, by members of the Medico-Psychological Association. (Applause.)

This is not the time or place to enlarge on the mass of admirable and fruitful scientific work that has been done, and is being done by members of this

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Association, but I may repeat what Sir Henry Head once said to me—and no better authority could be quoted: "I never take down an old volume of the *Journal of Mental Science*" (and there are now eighty-seven such volumes, really the transactions of this Association)—"I never take down an old volume," he said, "without realizing that these volumes are mines of wealth, and without finding in them instruction and pregnant suggestions."

Sir Robert Armstrong-Jones has referred in flattering terms to an early experiment of mine in introducing laboratory research work at the West Riding Asylum. I can only say that the time was ripe for it, that I was fortunate in having an enlightened committee of magistrates, who tolerated what they perhaps regarded as my eccentricities, fortunate in having round me a band of capable and eager assistants —ten of whom became medical superintendents during my directorate—and fortunate in attracting outside workers like Ferrier, Hughlings Jackson, Lauder Brunton, Clifford Allbutt and Milne Fothergill to make some use of the laboratory.

In these days we were chiefly concerned with neurological inquiries. I am an unblushing *laudator temporis acti*, and would not have you suppose that we were ignorant of psycho-analysis of the wholesome kind. Laycock's writings were a subtle system of psycho-analysis, Braid and Heidenhain had fully informed us about hypnotism, and Charcot had demonstrated the power of suggestion. Nor did we neglect psycho-therapy—we practised it as diligently, although not, I admit, as discriminatingly and individually as it is now practised, thanks to our President and others. But at that time Gratiolet had just identified the cerebral convolutions, Broca had localized aphasia; Brown-Séquard had produced artificial epilepsy, Gowers had demonstrated the syphilitic origin of locomotor ataxia, Duchenne had traced muscular atrophy to the motor tract, Darwin was dominant; George Lewes, Herbert Spencer and, above all, Maudsley had just entered the field; Lockart Clarke had begun his microscopical examinations, and it was the structure of the brain and nervous system, their histology, their responses to electrical stimulation, their degenerative changes, their abridgment of function by destruction of parts, that mainly occupied our attention. Of course all these methods of research are still being pursued with more delicate instruments, apparatus, reagents, than were at our command, and not one of them is exhausted, and it seems to me that even the macroscopic study of the brain and its convolutions from the embryological, developmental, racial points of view and from that of comparative anatomy may still yield significant results.

Turning from remote antiquity to the present hour one follows with vivid interest the ever-growing knowledge of the brain and nervous system in health and disease that is being accumulated through bacteriology, protozoology and biochemistry, through the knowledge of enzymes and hormones and vitamines, and through very stringent cross-examination; and dipping into the future one hopes for significant revelations yet to come. In this mysterious universe the brain is the kernel of the mystery, the most intricate, complex, enigmatical structure in the whole realm of nature. Its starry constellations in their millions are more inscrutable than those that the astronomer surveys and measures, and consciousness is more incomprehensible than time and space. Sir James Jeans tells us that the Universe is running down, and must come to an end, but he gives us some millions of years before the catastrophe, so it is still worth while to persevere with our investigations, and without bothering ourselves about relativity and the quantum theory, to strive to rid our race as far as may be of the pests that afflict it, and to prevent its deterioration and the dying out of its finer elements. We have, I note, many new kinds of treatment for mental troubles constantly offered to us. Most of these are plausible, some no doubt have genuine merit, but it is a satisfaction to reflect that all of them will ultimately have to appear in the Court of Appeal before that inexorable judge, Lord Chief Justice *Statistics!*

The mention of the Lord Chief Justice recalls to me that last year you had an eminent judge to deliver your Maudsley Lecture, and that he took as his subject "Truth," and created some consternation by deploring the scarcity of it in the Law Courts, where perjury he affirmed was rampant. Well, truth is also a scarce commodity in our mental hospitals, for when you come to think of it, all insanity is a departure from truth and reality. It is, to use a recently invented term, a "non-volitional inaccuracy," ranging from the slight error of refraction of a transitory delusion to the profound mendacity of mania or general paralysis. It is untruth arising, not from ignorance, stupidity, romance, apprehension or any

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deliberate intention to deceive, but from some mechanistic failure in the higher brain-centres. If, as Horace has it,

" Ira furor brevis est,"

we might say,

" Furor mendacium longum est."

It is the happy mission of the medical psychologist to lead back the wanderers from the murky regions of self-deception into the clear light of day.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, before sitting down, I am going to venture to say, not without fear and trembling, that in reviewing the progress of psychological medicine in this country of late years—perhaps I stand absolutely alone in the matter and shall be pronounced an obscurantist—but I could not help regarding with some regret the removal of Bethlem Royal Hospital from London.

No one can appreciate more highly than I do the munificent generosity that made that removal possible, the fact that it is an advantage to a mental hospital to have rural surroundings, the boon that it must be to the inhabitants of South London to have the grounds of the old hospital made available for recreational purposes, but on the other hand Bethlem Hospital had an exceptional position, with its historical associations, its traditions, bad and good, which made it in some sense a national institution. Modernized as it had been, it afforded unique facilities for the treatment of acute cases of mental disorder occurring in the Metropolis, for visits by relatives, for amusements and diversions, and for obtaining special surgical or medical assistance when that was needed; it was an easily accessible teaching school, and, above all, a rallying point for visitors to this country interested in matters medico-psychological.

I have no doubt that the new hospital has reproduced all the best features of the old one with every possible modern improvement, and I mention the change that has taken place, not to be lachrymose over an accomplished fact, but to point out that it suggests the provision in London of an institution fulfilling some of the functions which Bethlem Hospital subserved. It seems to me that the time has arrived when the Royal Medico-Psychological Association should have a home of its own in London, when we should have a British Medico-Psychological Institute or Collegium, in which meetings might be held, post-graduate teaching carried out, research work pursued in well-equipped laboratories, commodious library accommodation provided, and so on.

No doubt research work—admirable research work—is now going on in almost every mental hospital in the Kingdom, no doubt as regards clinical observation and early treatment we are daily being brought into closer relations with general hospitals, but medical psychology must always have a distinctive position of its own, and considering the status it has attained and the gravity of the problems with which it has to deal, it is surely deserving of a central habitation as well as a name—a focus on which its scattered energies may concentrate. It has certainly thriven on its peripatetic habits hitherto, but it will, I believe, flourish still more when it adds to these and to its Royal Charter a fitting and dignified Metropolitan abode. The public is not yet fully alive to the scope of medical psychology in these record-breaking days when speed in thought, word and deed is the sole criterion. They do not realize the grievous burden of the maintenance of 146,000 certified lunatics—and the number is increasing year by year; the deplorable evil of having probably five or six mental defectives to every thousand of the population—and the depth of that evil has not yet been sounded; the tragedy of having 5,000 suicides per annum; and the ominous fact that there is diffused throughout the community an enormous amount of nebulous madness or unrecognized mental disorder. The Registrar-General has just told us that in the recent census enumeration a whole batch of people, all presumably intelligent householders, refused to fill up the forms, who could only be described as mentally deranged.

When all this is popularly understood, when it is recognized that medical psychology is not merely concerned with the treatment of the insane, but that it has an immediate bearing on education, criminology, eugenics and many of our social difficulties, then, I think, some philanthropic and far-seeing millionaire—and in spite of Mr. Snowden there are still one or two millionaires left—will step forward and provide the funds necessary to establish and endow such a Medico-Psychological Institute as I have indicated. The Rockefeller Trustees have just given £142,000 to the School of Economics to enable it to extend its operations. Now

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economics seem to me to be in what we would describe as " a confusional state," and more immediate beneficial practical results might, I think, accrue from liberally supported medico-psychological investigations.

I should sing my *Nunc Dimittis* more complacently if I saw a worthy Medico-Psychological Institute in London, but however that may be I must sing my *Nunc Dimittis* as regards this long speech, once more thanking you with the utmost cordiality for your great kindness, for the heirloom you have presented to me, and for the delightful souvenir of which you have made Lady Crichton-Browne the recipient. I would express the hope that all the bright young things I see around this table may reach their ninetieth birthday, and may on the occasion be hospitably entertained by the Royal Medico-Psychological Association. (Loud applause.)

Colonel ERNEST WHITE, *C.B.E.*: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I wish to propose a toast which I am sure will be well received by you all, and it is that of our worthy President, Dr. Good. (Applause.) I first met him, I think, some time in the '90's when I went to stay at Littlemore for two days. He was then Assistant Medical Officer there; I little thought at that time that he would one day occupy the chair of this Association; and we all congratulate him on having achieved that honour. He has done splendid work in his special line of our branch of medicine, and I hope he will long continue in that work.

I suppose that the reason I am called upon to propose this toast is that I am the senior past-President of the Association, after Sir James Crichton-Browne, present to-night. There were 25 Presidents between Sir James and myself, and, unfortunately, I think only two of them are now alive, namely Dr. David Nicholson and Dr. McDowall. Afterwards there is a long list following me, and we hope all will achieve long life.

I retired early in life, that is to say in my fifty-fourth year, and I have enjoyed the years since, having been employed usefully. I have never been idle, and that is one of the most important considerations with regard to anticipating a good old age. I am in my eighty-first year, and Sir James has given me such a fine example that I shall endeavour to follow it, to the best of my ability.

With regard to our President, we are more than satisfied with the way in which he has discharged the various duties of his office and brought further glory to our Association, and I am sure he will continue to do so in the future.

You have had such long and perfect speeches to-night that I am sure you do not want to hear much from me. Therefore I conclude by saying we wish our President long life and health, and that he will achieve a good old age, such as Sir James has achieved, and we wish him every success in the post he holds. (Applause.)

The PRESIDENT: You have heard me talk quite enough to-night; I can only thank you for the way in which you have pledged my health.

ST. LUKE'S FOUNDATION: WOODSIDE NERVE HOSPITAL.

OPENING BY H.R.H. PRINCESS HELENA VICTORIA.

SINCE the closing, in 1916, of the old hospital building in Old Street, the Ancient Foundation of St. Luke's has carried on the following activities: The provision of an institute for private mental nurses, the maintenance of the old convalescent home at Gerrard's Cross, and, since 1923, the staffing of two wards for functional and early mental cases at the Middlesex Hospital. Meanwhile the Governors, after considering how best they could apply the resources of their charity to modern needs, decided to build, on an accessible site in the London district, a hospital entirely devoted to these cases, under disinterested yet unofficial management. The result is the Woodside Nerve Hospital, which was opened on November 8, 1930, by H.R.H. Princess Helena Victoria.

The ceremony was performed in the Board Room. Lord BLANESBURGH, Treasurer of the Hospital, referred to the illustrious history of St. Luke's Charity, which was founded in 1750, and said that there had been two great successive

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