

The contributions of medical men to the departments of imaginative work have been far from insignificant. At least four eminent members of our profession now living might be named who have found leisure, amidst absorbing occupation, so to use the pencil and brush as to gratify not only their private circles but the public, and a list of medical poets would be a long and goodly one, including such names as Akenside (the gifted singer of the pleasures of that imagination whose usefulness I am attempting to extol), Garth, Blackmore, Goldsmith, Smollet, Armstrong, Erasmus Darwin, Crabbe, Moir (better known as Delta, John Brown, whose *Rab and His Friends* is idyllic), and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Nay, even one or two of the greatest names in poetical literature might not improperly be added to such a list. Keats was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton, and afterwards attended St. Thomas' Hospital. It has been argued, I am afraid not very convincingly, that Shakespeare's extensive medical knowledge proves him to have been engaged in the study of medicine during one or two of those years that are unaccounted for, but it is indisputable that Dante was enrolled amongst the *medici e speziali* (leeches and druggists) of Florence, and that he attended their council meetings for several years. But it is not as producers but as consumers of poetry and imaginative literature that medical men derive from them their restorative influence, and as consumers they are, I feel sure, amongst the bookseller's best friends. Sydenham, when asked by Sir Richard Blackmore what course of study he would recommend for a medical student, replied, "Let him read *Don Quixote*, it is a very good book; I read it still." Connolly, the apostle of that non-restraint system to which we owe everything that is most excellent in the treatment of the insane in this country, and with which I trust professional opinion and public sentiment will permit no tampering—Connolly told me in his latter years that he took ever renewed delight in *Gulliver's Travels*. I know hard-working doctors in town and country who hold habitual converse with some of our great imaginative writers. Two of the most distinguished and busiest physicians of this day are, to my knowledge, inveterate novel readers. I have heard one of our great surgeons deliver an address betraying a deep study of the poetry