

ASHHURST (JOHN) Jr.

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MEMOIR

OF

JAMES H. HUTCHINSON, M.D.,

LATE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF PHILADELPHIA,
PHYSICIAN TO THE PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL, ETC.

BY

JOHN ASHHURST JR., M.D.



REPRINT FROM TRANSACTIONS, 1890.

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NOVEMBER 5, 1890.

PHILADELPHIA:
WM. J. DORNAN, PRINTER.
1890.

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[Read November 5, 1890.]

Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis?

HORAT., *Carm.*, lib. i. c. xxiv.

Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram
Rugis, et instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti.

Ibid., lib. ii. c. xiv.

ON the twenty-sixth day of last December, with the carols of the blessed Christmas-day still echoing in their ears, the Fellows of this College were startled and shocked by the quickly circulating rumor that their Vice-President had been suddenly stricken with mortal illness and even then lay at the point of death, and when the sun rose on the next morning it was known that their worst fears had been realized: that the active, thoughtful brain was forever stilled; that the great, kind heart had ceased to throb; and that the pure, gentle soul of their beloved colleague had returned unto the God who gave it. Friends! Fellows of the College! Let us turn aside for a brief space from the cares and duties which surround us, and recall the memory of our deceased brother, and gather, if we may, some lesson for ourselves from the contemplation of his busy, useful life.

James Hutchinson, the grandfather of our late Vice-President, was himself an eminent physician and one of the Founders of this College, and, by a curious coincidence, filled two distinguished positions—those of University Trustee and Hospital Physician—which were afterward occupied by his grandson, and the duties of which for many years engaged the latter's time and anxious thought. A Trustee of the University from 1779 to 1789, Dr. Hutchinson, the elder, in that year accepted the Chair of *Materia Medica* and Chemistry in the same institution, continuing to teach the latter branch until his death, from epidemic yellow fever, in the fall of 1793, at the early age of forty-one. For the last fifteen years of his life he had also been one of the attending physicians to the Pennsylvania Hospital. His first wife was Miss Lydia Biddle; his second, Miss Sydney Howell, a lady whose surname became the middle name of our late colleague, while her given name enters into that of one of his brothers, a distinguished merchant of our city. Their father, the late I. Pemberton Hutchinson, had been named after their grandfather's uncle, Israel Pemberton, an influential member of the Society of Friends in the early days of Philadelphia.

Not only by his ancestry on the paternal side was our friend thus drawn toward the medical profession, but the attraction was felt on his mother's side also, since a maternal great-uncle was the celebrated Dr. Robert Hare, likewise and for many years Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, and a man of great genius and originality.

Descended from such progenitors, JAMES HOWELL HUTCHINSON was born on August 3, 1834, at Cintra, a small but beautiful town near Lisbon, Portugal, where his father, then and afterward an eminent merchant of Philadelphia, was at that time engaged in business. Returning in early childhood with his parents to their home, Dr. Hutchinson was brought up and educated as an American, and yielded to no one in patriotic love and devotion to his country. His early education was obtained in private schools, notably at one in New Haven, kept by a Mr. Skinner, where he spent more than four years; the prize-papers which he received at the end of every term certifying to the studiousness, exemplary conduct, and punctuality for which thus, even in boyhood, he came to be distinguished. The line from Virgil engraved on his school-testimonials—

“*Macte, novâ virtute, puer; sic itur ad astra!*”

was often quoted by our friend in his adult years, and surely was never addressed to one who better merited its encouragement than himself.

Leaving school, Dr. Hutchinson entered the College Department (then known as the Department of Arts) of the University of Pennsylvania, maintaining his reputation for industry and sound scholarship, and graduating with distinction, Bachelor of Arts, at the annual Commencement in 1854. It was during his college course that my own acquaintance with Dr. Hutchinson began, but as he was a Senior Sophister while I was but a Freshman, we were not often brought together, and our friendship, sanctioned and encouraged by that of our fathers, did not become intimacy until some years afterward.

I have before me the manuscript of an oration which I well remember hearing him deliver before a large audience at the end of the first term of his senior year. The subject was "Veneration of Antiquity;" and, while deprecating a blind obedience to doctrines, or servile imitation of authors, whose age was their only merit, the youthful orator clearly showed that in his own nature there existed even then the germs of traits which strongly marked his after-life—a genuine respect for authority, and a cheerful recognition of the claims of his elders, with an entire absence of that impertinent self-assertion which so often characterizes those who are pleased to consider themselves as the progressive men of the day.

Shortly after receiving his Baccalaureate degree, Dr. Hutchinson went to Europe with his elder brother, remaining abroad about fifteen months, and thus not beginning his medical studies until the autumn of 1855. Although at that time the University, in common with other medical schools in our country, required students to attend but two courses of lectures, those whose circumstances permitted it, and who aimed at thorough preparation in their profession rather than speedy license to practise, not unfrequently attended voluntarily a third course, grading their studies so as to acquire familiarity with the elementary and fundamental branches of medical science, before endeavoring to learn their application to the practical cure or alleviation of disease. It thus happened that when I began the study of medicine in the fall of 1857, I again found myself a fellow-student of Dr. Hutchinson's, though now only two years behind him instead of three, as I had been when on the other side of the "campus."

The list of medical teachers in our city at that day embraced many illustrious names. At the University, Samuel Jackson, George B. Wood, and the elder Hodge, formed a galaxy which, for brilliancy

and deep learning, has seldom, if ever, been surpassed: Carson, my dear friend and preceptor, was teaching *Materia Medica* from a full mind and with true love of his subject; Robert E. Rogers, with poetic diction and striking experiment, was making Chemistry as interesting as a fairy-tale; while the junior members of the Faculty were Leidy—now its venerated senior—and Henry H. Smith; my friend and colleague, William Hunt, was recapitulating Dr. Leidy's course of instruction as his Demonstrator, and our honored President was lecturing to large classes in the old Philadelphia School of Anatomy, in College Avenue. At the Jefferson Medical College, between which and the University there existed then, as now, a friendly rivalry—or, shall I say rather, a generous emulation—Joseph Pancoast was at the height of his glory, and the elder Gross, coming to our city with a well-earned Western reputation, was beginning that long career as author and teacher which ended in placing him far beyond all competitors, and obtained for him the merited title of the "Nestor of American Surgery"; John K. Mitchell, old in fame though not in years, was just passing off the stage; Charles D. Meigs was looking forward to the rural repose in which a few years afterward he sought relief from his multifarious professional labors; and the remaining chairs of the Faculty were filled by Dunglison, lexicographer and physiologist, Bache, chemist and joint-author, with Wood, of the United States Dispensatory, and Thomas D. Mitchell. At the Pennsylvania Hospital—then the only important hospital of the city—Norris and Peace were upholding the standard of sound conservative surgery, Neill was giving his clear-cut clinical demonstrations, and Pancoast was wielding the knife all through the hot summer days with an ease and precision of movement which I have never seen equalled; while Clinical Medicine was being taught to large classes by the elder Pepper and by Gerhard—both certainly past-grand-masters in the diagnostic art—by George B. Wood, and by Levick, the only survivor of the hospital staff of that day. With such teachers and such exemplars in practice, the student was dull indeed who did not acquire enthusiasm as well as knowledge in his profession; let it be the care of the successors of those eminent men that the traditions of Philadelphia medical instruction be worthily maintained in the future.

In the spring of 1858, Dr. Hutchinson, having amply satisfied the requirements of his examiners, proceeded Doctor of Medicine at the regular Commencement of the University's medical department, his thesis being on the important subject of "The Blood"; and almost

immediately after graduation was elected Resident Physician to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where he served the full *interne* term of eighteen months. It was during this period that my own pleasant acquaintance with Dr. Hutchinson developed into warm friendship and affection—friendship and affection which but grew stronger and deeper with the lapse of time, until rudely severed by death after more than thirty years.

No period of a young physician's life is of more critical importance than that which he spends in hospital residence, for the reputation which he then gains adheres to him in after-life, and often makes or mars his future. Dr. Hutchinson showed himself in the hospital to be the same industrious, painstaking, thorough, honest worker that he had been during his student's career, and the good record made at this time went far in securing for him his appointment as Attending Physician some years afterward. Almost immediately upon the completion of his hospital service, Dr. Hutchinson again went to Europe, remaining upon this occasion two years, which he spent to great advantage in the schools of Paris and Vienna, enjoying clinical facilities which at that time could only be obtained abroad, and completing the training which was to fit him for his life's work as a medical practitioner and consultant. He also devoted a good deal of attention to Diseases of the Skin, a subject which had not then attained to the dignity of a *specialité* in our community, and on his return to Philadelphia was probably more familiar with modern dermatology than any of his contemporaries.

Coming back to our city toward the end of the year 1861, Dr. Hutchinson at once began the practice of his profession, and opened an office on the north side of Walnut Street, above Tenth Street, where he continued until the time of his marriage, a little more than two years subsequent. Almost immediately upon his return he was invited by the authorities of the Children's Hospital to take charge of its growing out-patient service, thus beginning a connection with that institution which lasted without interruption until the day of his death, when he had been for many years its senior medical officer. He also took about this time a position as Acting Assistant Surgeon in our Army, serving with great acceptance for more than a year at the Satterlee General Hospital, in West Philadelphia, then under the charge of the late Dr. I. I. Hayes, Surgeon, U. S. V.

At the age of twenty-eight, Dr. Hutchinson was happily married to Anne, daughter of Charles Ingersoll, Esq., of this city, by whom he

had six children, of whom five—two sons and three daughters—survive him; his eldest daughter, a girl as lovely in character as in person, died when just entering upon womanhood, intensely mourned by her parents, and deeply regretted by all who knew her.

Not long after his marriage Dr. Hutchinson went through a mild attack of typhoid fever, during which he was skilfully attended by Dr. Levick.

At about this time also he was elected to a vacant position on the medical staff of the Episcopal Hospital, and as, a few months afterward, I succeeded the late Dr. R. P. Thomas on the surgical staff of the same institution, our lines were again drawn together. We had the same term of service—the midwinter term—and not seldom made the journey to and from the hospital together. At that time neither of us had sufficient private practice to justify the expense of driving, and we accordingly relied upon the street cars as our means of transportation. The line which approached nearest to the hospital had its terminus more than a mile short of our destination, and from that point ran “dummy engines” over its country branch at infrequent intervals. Those were the times of “old-fashioned” snow-storms, and on bad days the “dummy engine” would not run at all, so that upon many an occasion, after going as far as the horse-cars would take us, Dr. Hutchinson and I walked the rest of the distance, plodding our way more than ankle-deep in snow, that we might make the daily visit which was expected of us, and which it was our pride never to omit. Upon one occasion, indeed, in an exceptionally heavy snow-storm, Dr. Hutchinson walked out the entire distance, fully four miles; I had been more fortunate, having struck the last car which got through; and the Superintendent, appreciating our fidelity to duty, had the market-wagon hitched up, and sent us back to town in style.

After five years' faithful service, Dr. Hutchinson in 1868 resigned his position in the Episcopal Hospital, having been chosen to succeed Dr. Gerhard as attending physician to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where he had begun his professional career as resident physician just ten years before. Here it became our friend's duty, beside caring for the patients, to deliver clinical lectures to the large classes of medical students who followed the practice of the hospital; and, although from his natural modesty, amounting sometimes almost to diffidence, this was, as I know, at first a hard task, yet he very soon acquired facility in public teaching, and for many years before his

death was recognized as one of the most successful and instructive lecturers that the hospital had ever known.

During Dr. Hutchinson's more than twenty years' connection with it, the old hospital was the scene of many exciting occurrences—as when female medical students first made their appearance in its amphitheatre, leading to acrimonious dissensions which, for a time, threatened to break up its clinical teaching—and it is not saying too much to aver that to his calm judgment and quiet but firm persistence in what seemed to him the right course, were due in no small measure the happy solution of the difficulties which had been encountered, and the turning away of the threatened danger.

In 1878, Dr. Hutchinson was elected a Trustee of the University of Pennsylvania, succeeding in that honorable position a valued Fellow of this College, the late Dr. John Rodman Paul. Placed immediately upon the Committee on the Department of Medicine, and appointed one of the Trustees' Managers on the Board of the University Hospital, the interests of those institutions, from that time until the day of his death, occupied a large portion of Dr. Hutchinson's care and attention. Indeed, to his anxiety for the prosperity of the University Hospital may be indirectly attributed the sacrifice of his life itself, since to exposure in a cold and damp cellar of the hospital-building had been due a previous attack of illness, which, though apparently entirely recovered from, evidently left the weak spot through which Death entered three years afterward.

Dr. Hutchinson early in his career became a member of the Philadelphia Pathological Society, and served it in turn as Secretary, Vice-President, and President, occupying the last-named honorable position for two years. He became a Fellow of this College in 1863; served on its Council and for many years on its Publication Committee, the latter part of the time as Chairman; was chosen its first Honorary Librarian upon the creation of that office in 1883; and at the annual meeting of 1889 was unanimously elected its Vice-President. He was also a member of the County and State Medical Societies, of the Association of American Physicians, of the American Philosophical Society, of the Academy of Natural Sciences, of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, etc. He was a Manager and Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Instruction of the Blind, a Director of the Philadelphia Library Company, a Director of the Bank of Commerce, a Vestryman of St. James's Church, a member of the Committee on Membership of the Rittenhouse Club, President of the

Philadelphia Medical Book Club, Secretary and Treasurer of the Journal Association of the College, etc. In fact, with whatever institution or association he became connected, he was almost sure to be put forward by his colleagues into its active management, where he always took his full share of responsibility, and often more than his share of work.

As already mentioned, it was indirectly to his conscientious discharge of duty as a Manager of the University Hospital that his death was due. As chairman of the committee to which was entrusted the care of its buildings and other property, he was untiring in his attention, striving to keep every part in good order, and, at the same time, in view of the impecuniousness of the hospital, endeavoring to avoid every unnecessary expenditure. Early in the month of October, 1886, while supervising and directing certain repairs which had become essential, he stood for a considerable time in a cold and damp cellar of the hospital-building, and the next day experienced a good deal of vesical irritation, which gradually increased until, in the night of October 7, it culminated in a severe attack of parenchymatous cystitis, accompanied with much renal congestion and temporary suppression of urine. An illness of many weeks followed, during which I had the privilege of attending him, aided by the wise counsel of Prof. Da Costa, his colleague in the Pennsylvania Hospital, and his warm personal and professional friend. From this illness Dr. Hutchinson seemed to recover fully; for many months his urine, frequently examined by himself, contained a gradually diminishing quantity of albumen, but it ultimately and to all appearance permanently cleared up, and, although thenceforward he wore woollen underclothing and was careful about exposing himself to cold, he considered himself, and was considered by his friends, to have returned to his normal condition of health.

Three years subsequently, in the fall of 1889, he came back from his usual summer-vacation, which he had thoroughly enjoyed, at Bar Harbor, Maine, feeling strong, and ready to resume all the multifarious occupations of his busy life. In the latter part of November, however, or in the beginning of December, he was not so well, and presented occasional symptoms which it is easy to see now were fore-warnings of the catastrophe which was to follow, but of which he himself made light, and which he readily explained away, though doubtless, if occurring in another person, his acute clinical perception and his diagnostic instinct would have enabled him to recognize their

significance. He suffered a good deal from headache, but this he attributed to the prevailing epidemic influenza, or *grippe*, of which he had had a slight attack; and he was occasionally nauseated. He consulted his early and fast friend, Dr. Harlan, in regard to his headaches, thinking that they might be connected with some ocular defect which might be remedied by a change of glasses, and assured Dr. Harlan, who asked him the question, that there was nothing wrong with his kidneys, and that, though it had not been tested recently, his urine had, when last examined, been perfectly normal.

It had been his and my custom, for many years, to walk up the street together after the adjournment of any meeting which we had both attended, and we did so for the last time after the meeting of the Council of this College on the evening of December 23. He seemed to me then to be worried and uneasy, but as I knew that he actually was worried—more than he liked to confess, even to himself—in regard to certain matters of which I was cognizant, I was not surprised. He had been attending two of my daughters, who were ill, and paid his last visit at my house on Christmas morning, when he appeared to be as well as usual. Indeed, on this, which to most men is a holiday, he did a full day's work, making his customary visit at the Pennsylvania Hospital, where it is remembered that he was even more than ordinarily bright and cheerful; seeing in the afternoon an ill patient in the country, in consultation with our colleague, Dr. Owen J. Wister; and ending the day by entertaining at dinner a large family party at his own house, being called out, too, between dinner and dessert, to visit a patient in the neighborhood. During the evening he seemed very happy, and even merry, but when the company had gone, in answer to his wife's anxious inquiry, he again complained of headache. Early the next morning, he went, as was his daily custom, to bathe, his bath-room adjoining and opening into his back office. In the latter room he was found not very long afterward, lying upon a lounge, but partially dressed, and unconscious. Carried quickly by loving hands to his bedroom, and placed in bed, Dr. Da Costa and myself were both immediately sent for. Dr. Da Costa unhappily had gone out of town, but I answered the call instantly, and was at my friend's bedside in a few minutes. At this time he could be aroused, recognizing me and answering my questions, but immediately relapsed into stupor. As Dr. Wharton Sinkler was to meet me presently at the house of another patient, a few squares distant, I obtained permission, after adopting means to combat the most urgent symp-

toms, to bring him back with me, and Dr. Sinkler thenceforward shared with me the responsibility of the case until its termination.

Familiar as I was with the history of Dr. Hutchinson's former illness, it, of course, occurred to me instantly that his condition was probably caused by uræmic poisoning, and this suspicion was but too surely confirmed by a hasty examination of his urine, which showed that secretion to be heavily loaded with albumen. For a time we hoped that under prompt and vigorous treatment our friend would rally, but we were disappointed; slowly but progressively his stupor deepened into coma—so slowly as to forbid the idea of cerebral hemorrhage, and to show that the intracranial pressure was rather due to serous effusion—and before nightfall it was evident that the end was approaching. Shortly before midnight, his friend and Rector, the Rev. Dr. Nichols, now Bishop Nichols, of California, was sent for, and not long after the midnight hour, with his hand clasped in that of his faithful, loving wife, with his family and friends clustered around his bed, and with the solemn prayers of the Episcopal Church sounding in his dying ears, his spirit took its flight. Surely a beautiful ending to a beautiful life!

“Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!”

On Monday, December 30, at ten o'clock in the morning, the last rites were solemnized in the beautiful parish church of St. James, before a large congregation including many representative men of other professions as well as his own, together with many of both sexes who had been bound to him by ties of gratitude and affection. The interment took place at Woodlands Cemetery.

It remains to say a few words as to our deceased friend's character as a physician, as a writer and teacher, and as a man.

As a physician, Dr. Hutchinson was equally remarkable for the painstaking care and thoroughness with which he investigated his cases, and for the constancy and untiring fidelity with which he watched his patients through the different stages of their illnesses. *Experto crede*: He too often stood toward me and mine in the relation of the trusted family physician, for me to speak with any hesitation upon this subject. Often have I heard him remark, when question arose as to the mistakes in diagnosis sometimes made by men of wide experience, that in the large majority of instances such mistakes were due, not to ignorance, but to haste and want of care in examination;

and it was because of his habitually systematic and thorough study of his patients' maladies, that his own diagnostic conclusions were so uniformly proved correct. As a therapist, Dr. Hutchinson was eminently a safe practitioner. While fully conversant with current medical literature, and practically familiar with all the new remedies of the day, he was too wise a physician to abandon modes of treatment which were successful, simply because they were old, or to adopt new methods merely on account of their novelty. He did not give a great deal of medicine; and, though always ready and prompt to adopt active and even heroic measures when really essential, he judiciously preferred mild remedies in trivial cases, and, to borrow a figure from the language of war, when it was evident that the enemy could be defeated by a single regiment, did not think it necessary to bring into action a whole army-corps. As a consulting physician, Dr. Hutchinson's advice was widely sought and highly valued, not only on account of his skill, but because of the perfect candor which he exhibited toward those who sought his aid, and because of his entire freedom from those unworthy arts by which some consultants seek to ingratiate themselves with patients and their families, even to the detriment of the regular attendant. Dr. Hutchinson practised his profession at different times in four several locations: First, as already mentioned, in Walnut Street above Tenth; immediately after his marriage, in Chestnut Street above Sixteenth; afterward in Walnut Street above Twentieth; and, finally, in Twenty-second Street above Walnut, in a house which had been planned by himself, and in the commodiousness and comfort of which he took much satisfaction.

As a writer, Dr. Hutchinson was noted for the correctness and dignity of his style, saying just what he meant in few but well-chosen words, and rigidly avoiding all flowery excrescences and ambiguities of language. He never inflicted upon the profession or the public an independent volume, but he edited—and well edited—two reprints of Dr. Bristowe's "Practice of Medicine;" contributed elaborate articles, which have already become classical, on typhoid, typhus, and simple continued fevers, to the "System of Medicine," edited by Dr. Pepper and Dr. Starr; and was a valued contributor to the "Transactions" of this College and those of the Association of American Physicians; and, in past years, to the "Transactions of the Pathological Society," to the "Pennsylvania Hospital Reports," and to the "American Journal of the Medical Sciences." For more than a year he was the editor of the "Philadelphia Medical Times," in the early days of that

periodical. The skill with which he edited Dr. Bristowe's work was fully recognized by its author, who, when the second American edition was about to appear, wrote to Dr. Hutchinson expressing his "sense of the care and trouble . . . bestowed" on the first reprint, and adding: "I am gratified to hear that you will again undertake to edit my work . . . I could not wish that it should be in better hands."

As a teacher, Dr. Hutchinson became well known by the clinical lectures which he delivered weekly, from November to May, at the Pennsylvania Hospital. In the early period of his professional life he had been associated for some years with Dr. Robert Bolling and the late Dr. H. Lenox Hodge in "quizzing" and in the instruction of office-students, and many of those who then learned to appreciate his ability and thoroughness, were afterward glad to avail themselves of his skill in consultations. At the hospital, he lectured in alternation with Dr. Da Costa, and it is a proof of the excellence of Dr. Hutchinson's teaching that, although thus brought into competition, as it were, with the brilliant lectures of that gentleman, his own course was always followed by a large and attentive class of students. In fact, Dr. Hutchinson did his work in this direction well, as he did everything that he undertook, because he brought to it the same care and conscientious honesty which he exhibited in everything else. Always preparing his lectures by thorough study of his cases beforehand, he never fell into the mistake which some eminent teachers are said to have made, of delivering a discourse over the bed of the wrong patient, nor was he ever forced to fall back upon a copious flow of words as a means of concealing a paucity of thought.

In person, Dr. Hutchinson was a man of more than average height, and broad and sturdy in proportion. Until within the last few years, when he became quite gray, his hair was of a dark-brown color, slightly curling, and his beard, which he wore full, was of the same hue. As may be seen by his portraits, his appearance was not only striking, but handsome. Somewhat myopic, he used glasses for distant vision, and therefore usually in the street, though he read and wrote without them. It is not needful, however, to dwell further on his personal appearance, since this must be still fresh in the memory of all who hear me, while his features will be happily preserved for posterity in the excellent portraits of him presented by his friends to this College and to the Pennsylvania Hospital. His figure was a familiar one among us, since his duties as Honorary Librarian brought him

daily to our Hall, and few, even among our own Fellows, know how much work he did in our Library, and how much of its prosperity is really owing to his labor.

Dr. Hutchinson's mental and moral characteristics may be summed up in the words: Good sense, thorough education; truth, honesty, sincerity, gentleness, nobility of soul, love of all that was right and good, and hatred and contempt for whatever was mean and vile. What he accomplished, in his profession and out of it, has been imperfectly narrated in this brief and most insufficient record of his life; but how much nobler and greater was the MAN himself than all his work, multiform and useful as that was! To know James Hutchinson was to honor and respect him; to secure the privilege of his friendship was to love and revere him with a love and reverence seldom given to mortals to obtain.

MINUTE.

At a special meeting of the COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF PHILADELPHIA held on the afternoon of Saturday, December 28, 1889, to take action on the death of its Vice-President, DR. JAMES H. HUTCHINSON, the following Minute was unanimously adopted:—

The College of Physicians of Philadelphia has heard with profound regret of the death, after only a few hours' illness, of its Vice-President, Dr. James H. Hutchinson, and hereby records its profound sense of the loss—to human eyes irreparable—thus occasioned, not alone to its own body, but as well to the whole Medical Profession of the city and vicinity, and to the entire community.

Still in the prime of life, with skill and knowledge broadened and confirmed by wide and ever-growing experience, Dr. Hutchinson shone pre-eminent both as a faithful and trusted family-physician and as a consultant whose advice and assistance were largely sought for and highly prized by his fellow-practitioners, all of whom recognized both the value of his counsel and the uniform candor and conscientious honesty with which it was bestowed.

A Fellow of this College for more than the quarter of a century, he served it in Council and Committee-room with a zeal and fidelity which are amply witnessed by its "Transactions" and by the records of its Library, and which but met with just recognition in his unanimous election to the honorable office of Vice-President.

A scholarly and accomplished writer, an able clinical teacher, a skilful and judicious practitioner—well exemplifying the highest and best type of the practical physician—a high-minded, honorable Christian gentleman, tried and true in all the various relations of an active, busy life, his death leaves a gap which never can be filled; a precious memory which will endure long after those who now grieve for him shall themselves have passed away forever.

