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## PART I.—ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

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*Memoir of the late John Conolly, M.D.* By HENRY  
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“Die Geschichte eines Menschen ist sein Charakter.”—*Goëthe*.

WHEN a man dies who has occupied a conspicuous place in the world's eye, there is commonly a great noise of lamentation heard, while extravagant praises are thickly strewn over the bier of the departed. Men are too deeply moved by the feeling of a great loss to weigh accurately their opinions, or to measure their words exactly; they cannot with eyes blinded with tears scan critically the features of a character, gauge its failings, and balance its virtues; and they yield themselves without restraint to the natural outburst of human sorrow, and the full flow of human sympathy. At the moment it seems as if nothing ever could compensate for the mighty bereavement which they have sustained, as if nature must henceforth wear a garb of perpetual mourning. But nature's serene features, fixed in their majestic and unchanging calm, reveal no sympathy with the sorrows of her children; the individual's loss is her gain; death is the condition of new life, and the funeral dirge the song of joy for a new conception. “Oh! how beautiful is death,” exclaims Jean Paul, “seeing that we die in a world of life and creation without end.” And so man, having his appointed and subordinate part in the great whole, and unconsciously constrained therefore by the pervading spirit, sheds his bitter tears for the painful deprivation, and in a little while wipes the tears from his eyes and goes on his way with a light heart: sorrow may be for the night, but joy cometh in the morning. Ere the name of the dead is graven in the monumental stone, the impression of him has already waned in the

hearts of the survivors. How short a time is the loss of the most distinguished felt! When he has gone to his everlasting rest it seems that he has rightly gone, and his place is soon so filled up that he seems no longer wanted. A little while, and who thinks of the touch of a vanished hand? A little while, and who remembers the sound of a voice that is still? Life refuses to carry with it the dead body of unavailing grief; for without death in life there could be no life in death. Not less true is this in the moral than in the physical world; passions decay and become extinct, as new ones germinate and spring into activity; old interests wane as new ones wax strong, and the force of corrupt and effete doctrines is absorbed in the development of new and more advanced principles. In the development alike of individual character and of humanity, as in the growth and development of the organism and of organic life on earth, daily death is a necessary part of the history of life.

When men have got some distance away from their bereavement, and are able to look back critically upon the life and character of him whom they have lost, to see the mountain as it takes its place in the distant range, then it not unfrequently happens that the estimate formed of the man's height when close to him and standing in his shadow is found to have been a much exaggerated one, and that the reputation which loomed so great in life melts rapidly away as the years pass on: the mountain of fame may turn out, indeed, to be a very molehill, the work of certain busy creatures that had their own sinuous purposes to serve. How many a great statesman who seemed to be the main stay and support of his country, whose name was familiar to every ear, and whose praises were on every tongue, has died and not been greatly missed! Nay, how often does it happen that the death which seemed at the time to be an irreparable loss is gradually revealed to be the country's great gain, insomuch that succeeding generations come to perceive that a graven image had been set up and worshipped by a blinded people! The reputation which a man has amongst his contemporaries and that which he has with posterity, are they not often in an inverse ratio to one another? Two men, who lived and wrote at the same time, and who died with no long interval between their deaths, were Lord Macaulay and Thomas de Quincey: the death of the former was the fruitful theme for endless dissertations in newspapers, journals, and magazines, and it seemed as if the world would make no end of its grief and its laudation; a few lines in the corner of a newspaper sufficed to chronicle the death of the latter. Will the judgment of posterity endorse this strange verdict? Perhaps, when a century has passed away, and at any rate, long before the New Zealander stands on a broken arch of London Bridge and surveys the ruins of St. Paul's, no one may care much to read what Macaulay wrote, save from a literary curiosity, or from an archæological desire to dig up examples

of strong assertion and unrecking misrepresentation. But will the time ever come, while the English language endures, that men will not care to read the essays of De Quincey? There are other names might be mentioned, of which this generation has heard much, that will of a surety sound strange in the ears of posterity. But why attempt to anticipate the verdict which will in no case fail to be delivered? To give to any work a permanent vitality, or to float any name down the stream of time, there is something more needed than glaring ostentation or even brilliant artistic execution.

Though the noise made during lifetime be little, the reputation of a man who has done something original, who has served the large interests of humanity and made his life a part of human progress, must needs grow through the ages, and his name finally be enshrined in the reverential admiration of mankind. Unlike the noisy fame of those ephemeral heroes of popular approbation, whose work has been in the petty interests, the expedencies, and the chicaneries of the hour, and the day of whose death is commonly the last day of their glory, the silent influence of the work beneficial to mankind never dies; it is a monument which outlasts time, for it is indestructible, save with the destruction of the universe. Accordingly, the author of it enjoys "a lasting fame and perpetuity of praise;" he is immortal in his work. It is incident to the greatness of a truly great man that he should only be seen in his full height by the generations which come after him; and it is the steady uprising of his reputation through the ages that is the best testimony of the vital worth of his work, and the glorious compensation for the little regard which the world, intent on its immediate interests, may have taken of him during his life; whosoever does genuine work with a well-grounded hope of the benefit and approbation of posterity, with him is posterity already present, and its applause is his present reward. But when a man lives long enough to outlive a considerable temporary reputation, then may all forlorn spirits in the next world be kind to him, for he surely stands declared in this world a specious show and an unstable hypocrisy.

It may be a question whether any one who has done a really great work does not lose by what is said of him after death in the way of memoir; his work is the monument by which men may be best taught how he lived. How vain a thing is it for any one to hope to penetrate the inmost recesses of an individual character, to lay bare the complex motives of action, and to judge justly the tangled events of a life! One may perhaps form a tolerably exact appreciation of the external difficulties with which the individual has had to do battle, but who can estimate the internal force available for the struggle, who declare the strength of the internal difficulties, the enemies in a man's own nature which he has had to encounter? It is certainly a noble spectacle to see any one grappling bravely with

adversities and overcoming them ; but there is sometimes a more trying and more momentous struggle which is not seen—the secret mortal struggle with the traitorous and hidden weaknesses of one's own character. If we were always admitted to witness that contest, the seeming inconsistencies of a life would not fail to disappear, the good and bad actions to appear as fundamentally consistent expressions of the character in the particular circumstances. Because there is no such intimate knowledge possible, it happens that few among the numerous memoirs of distinguished men published convey just ideas, or even definite conceptions, of what they were ; a highly-coloured exposition of presumed virtues and the annals of a life stand for the most part in place of a true history. Moreover, the impossibility of speaking sincerely is a bar to all true biography. When a man is dead it is accepted as a maxim that, not what is true, but only what is good, should be said of him ; and, accordingly, the biographer thinks it necessary to work himself up into a fever of enthusiasm and to find no fault in his hero, but much blindness and ingratitude in the world. The price which the hero pays for this indiscriminating eulogium is the emasculation of his character ; he is made a sort of moral eunuch. How is it possible to delineate a character without recognising its failings, or to appraise the act when the driving force is ignored ? The secret of a man's strength in a particular event may be his weakness ; whosoever has great virtues will have great vices ; they are as roots and branches ; as the virtues spread out above the roots extend themselves below, and by virtues rooted in vices is maintained the stability of a character. The most unhuman of beings is he who is represented as an intolerable compound of virtues unrelieved by a single vice.

Perhaps the falsest of all biography is autobiography. As the electric fish is not sensitive to the shock which it gives ; as the viper does not feel the effects of its own poison ; so no man is conscious of his own offensive emanations, physical or moral, but deems them in his heart rather pleasant than otherwise. Any one, therefore, writing of his own life writes in ignorance of the defects which so often betray him, if he does not even regard them as peculiar virtues, and when he suffers in his collision with the world he blames adverse circumstances and bad fortune for that wherein he is himself responsible ; each one in his heart loves his own vices better than the virtues of another. Again, it is not by reflection that we are able truly to know ourselves, but by action ; not what any one has felt, and suffered, and fancied, but what he has done, is that which declares best what he was. Has he defrauded the single-hearted, what avails it to tell us of amiable sentiments and benevolent professions and sublime resolves ; his history is not written in them, but in the action. And yet when a person writes his own life he for the most part gives superfluous details concerning his sufferings, sentiments

and thoughts, while he is tempted to slur over or to pass unnoticed the deeds that do not do him credit, or at best to represent them as lamentable but unavoidable results of peculiarly unfortunate circumstances. From autobiographies, as from epitaphs, may be learnt not what the man was, but what he should have been.

It is not a necessary law that he who has done some great and good work in the world must have been without fault in all the relations of life. On the contrary, it is of importance sometimes to dissociate the public and private careers of a reformer, in order to speak with discrimination and to do him sincere justice. All the potentialities of human nature it is not possible to have developed in one man; the philanthropy which embraces mankind is apt to overlook the family, and there are not wanting examples to show that the martyr in the cause of humanity may make martyrs of those who are in daily intimate relations with him. The constitution of a reformer's mind is sometimes such as, while fitting him for the sweeping project and impetuous activity of a reform, unfits him for the calm recognition and patient performance of the humble but much exacting duties of daily life; to accomplish these most successfully, careful forethought of difficulties, minute and considerate attention to details, and duly regulated energy, are needed; but he who should foresee all possible difficulties, who should not dare to make mouths at the invisible event, and to dare greatly, and who should measure each pulse of his energy, never could effect a great work of practical reform.

Reviewing the distinguished men who have exerted a marked influence on the progress of mankind, they appear to be broadly divisible into two classes: the men of wide intellectual grasp, vast wisdom, and serene energy, and the men of limited vision, intense feeling, and impetuous energy—the extensive or many-sided, and the intensive or one-sided men. The former, taking a comprehensive survey of events, seeing in them the simple operation of natural law, recognising the character and import of existing relations, and the true value, therefore, of the present question, often exaggerated by its immediate urgency, have their feelings subordinated to their reason, and do not abandon themselves to an unrestrained impetuosity. They may do great work, but they do it, not like lightning, tumultuously, but like light, quietly and silently; the work is constructive, not destructive; and the fertilising influence of their thought is felt through many generations. The latter, on the other hand, are possessed with a conviction so tremulous with intense self feeling, that it seems the one important thing in the world to them, and they are blind to all else; they put all their energy into explosive action, which, like lightning, is destructive; and though they accomplish a good work of reform, the virtue of their thought is exhausted or discharged by the work, and they have little or no fertilising influence

on future thought. They commonly need, for the full success of their reform, some one of wider grasp of mind to come after them and build up, as they are apt to need sometimes the forbearance and assistance of others in order to conduct their own lives successfully. The narrowness of their field of vision, and their great self feeling, though beneficial in intensifying conviction and adding energy to action, by no means tend to make them amiable, considerate or self-denying in all relations. It may be thought paradoxical to say so, but it is certainly true, that the friend of humanity is often imprisoned in a narrow selfism.

The foregoing general and discursive introductory reflections which I have drifted into, may stand as a prelude to the brief biographical notice which is to follow; though without any special fitness. Holding that the general character of a man's life is ruled by the fate which his organization makes for him, as this has been predetermined in the generations past, and by the conditions of his life, not otherwise than as every other event in nature is determined by its antecedents and conditions, it is not possible to feel any active sympathy with the biographer's passion for delineating a faultless hero. When a man is living and acting in the world, and is therefore in greater or less degree determining the present and predetermining the future, we may justly speak of virtues and vices, and proclaim moral maxims in his ears, with the hope of beneficially influencing him; but when his activity is ended by death, and the events of his life have become a part of universal history, what meaning has censure or praise? what avails it to speak of vice or virtue? In the grave there is neither repentance nor imputation. As well blame the hurricane that it does damage, or praise the sun that it shines; as well lament the vice of the east wind, or glorify the virtues of the south wind. Without doubt the reply will be that the moral of the dead past is the lesson of the living present, and most useful to those who are engaged in the momentous task of making the future. It is a truth which cannot be gainsaid; but what detracts very much from its practical value is the desperate insincerity and extravagant hyper-laudation of biographers, who will, human imperfection notwithstanding, find in their heroes all the qualities which they admire, and no quality which they do not admire; forgetting, the while, that all sorts of men go to make mankind, and that the potentialities of humanity never are realised in one man. The falsification of all biography is the price paid for this passion for setting up as a great and worthy example every life which is thought worthy of being written. The aim that should more justly be had in view in biographical memoirs is to set forth as faithfully as possible the order of events, and to display them as results of the inter-action between the individual character and the circumstances in which it was placed.

## I.

For the present task the scantiest materials are available; for, with the exception of a few facts concerning his childhood, roughly jotted down some years ago on loose sheets of paper, it is doubtful whether Dr. Conolly left any record of the events of his life. At any rate, it has not fallen to the lot of the writer to search for it, if any such there be, and had any memoirs fallen in his way, he certainly should have left the dealing with them entirely to other hands. The public events of Dr. Conolly's life are recorded where every one who will be at the pains to search for them may find them, and I only bring them hastily together here under editorial obligation, because it seemed fitting that some memoir should appear in this Journal of one who had done so much and gained so great a reputation in our special branch of practice, and because no one with more love for the task has so far presented himself. The public events of his life and a few personal recollections will constitute the present contribution.

Here, then, may properly come what he has himself written of his parentage and education:

"My father was a younger son of a good Irish family, and died too early to leave any distinct impression upon my memory. He had been brought up to no profession; had no pursuit; died young; and left three boys dependent on their mother, whose maiden name was Tennyson. My eldest brother was adopted by my grandmother Tennyson; the youngest was adopted by another relative; it was my good fortune not to be adopted by anybody, and my early days were passed with little comfort, but eventually with more advantage than the early days of my two dear brothers.

"I was born in the house of my grandmother Tennyson, in the small town of Market Rasen, who lived in a small house opposite the east end of the ancient church.\* She was the widow of William Tennyson, of Barton-upon-Humber, who was long remembered in Lincolnshire for his high character. I fear I was an inconvenient superfluity in the family, for whom nobody cared, except my affectionate mother. We had some distant relatives in Holderness, and the result was that I was placed as a boarder, before I had completed my sixth year, with a somewhat old widow lady at Hedon; and my formal education commenced in the second week of the first year of the present century, in the small grammar-school of the decaying Borough of Hedon." \* \* \* \*

"The memory, so treacherous in middle life of events of recent years, and so retentive of events and impressions of those of older date, still recalls, in my own instance, my being taken from Wyton Hall on the 9th day of January, 1800—my last view of the drive past the old trees, the gardens,

\* Ralph Tennyson, his maternal great grandfather, died 1735, leaving two sons: Michael Tennyson his great uncle, and William Tennyson his grandfather. Michael Tennyson's son, George Tennyson, was the father of George Tennyson, D.D., and the grandfather of the Laureate; while the second son of Michael took the name of D'Eyncourt.

and all the characteristic objects of the house of an English gentleman, of all which the boyish mind has an unexpressed appreciation; and I also remember the cheerless impression ensuing from what seemed a descent from tranquil and comfortable life to the commoner arrangements inseparable from school, and to the society of a lower social kind, where nothing was tasteful, and nothing was beautiful, and nothing was cheerful. Antiquated residences, rooms of which chairs and tables constituted all the furniture, shabby neglected gardens, coarse or common companions, and general neglect of all that could promote happy feelings, were productive of a kind of desolation neither expressed nor quite understood. The same kind of objects and circumstances have, in all subsequent years, always produced the same uncomfortable feelings.

“For seven years of school life at Hedon my daily life, except in holidays of three weeks at Midsummer and Christmas, was unvaried. Before nine in the morning I repaired to the school-house on the market-hill, on a spot where some trees are now planted. At nine the schoolmaster’s awful figure appeared round the corner near the church, and on his entrance I exhibited Latin exercises, written the evening before, and repeated a page or more of the Eton grammar, and construed a portion of whatever Latin author I was advanced to, or of the Greek Testament. Between eleven and twelve I construed a second lesson. At noon there were two hours unemployed, except by a frugal dinner, and more abundant play. In the afternoon more construing lessons, or, once in the week, a writing copy and some arithmetic. In all these years my schoolmaster, the vicar, never, that I remember, gave me any assistance, except by blows on the head. I read in the usual order, ‘Cornelius Nepos,’ a book or two of ‘Cæsar’s Commentaries,’ and was then promoted into poetical reading, and at the returning holidays was enabled to inform my few inquiring friends that I was in Ovid and Virgil, and latterly in Horace. Of the absurdity of such reading nothing need be said. I read with difficulty and understood nothing. I was not allowed to read an English lesson. Of the Latin authors I remained profoundly ignorant, never, I believe, except on two occasions, having even a glimmering of their meaning; one being when rather interested with the structure of a bridge over the Rhine, and another when rather excited by the catastrophe of Phaeton, on which latter occasion the exuberance of my feelings was promptly rebuked. After my school years I now and then saw my revered schoolmaster; he was tall, stout, round-faced, full-voiced, bluff in his manners. His days after leaving St. Bees’ had been passed in small country places, and I never had reason to think that he ever read books. In the use of the cane and in the application of a kind of leather battledoor to the palms of the hands he was expert.

“At the Latin desk in the Grammar School of Hedon there were, I think, but seven scholars in the years between 1800 and 1807. Two were the grandsons of the doctor then practising at Preston; two were the grandsons of the squire whose good old house still faces the avenue at the end of the town as you go to Burstwick; one was a lively apprentice of the Hedon doctor, and came only occasionally when he had made up the medicines for the day; and one was the eldest son of a substantial burghess of Scotch extraction, I being the seventh. We formed, I believe, a little aristocracy in the eyes of the other scholars; and I found we were remembered, and the Latin desk, by the sexton, forty years afterwards, when I was puzzling him by evoking recollections with a skill he could not account for until I mentioned a name unheard by him since the days when he was at school; he being a freeborn of the borough and educated gratis, as were, indeed, all my Hedon schoolfellows except the Latin students, who were, like myself, the sons of poor gentlefolks.



“There were, indeed, in those days, few schools in all Holderness, and none so distinguished as that of Hedon: so that some half-dozen *girls* received instruction there in reading and writing. Their studies seemed rather troublesome to the master, who decreed that I, whom he regarded as a somewhat accomplished reader from the south, should be referred to in all verbal difficulties, thus giving occasion to many journeys on the part of the young ladies to my end of the Latin desk, and some innocent flirtations and looks from gentle eyes now dim like mine.

“The daily dullness of the school was somewhat relieved on Saturdays, when part of the morning was apparently designed to prepare the minds of the scholars for Sunday. The boys were arranged in a circle, and the master moved about in the middle of it. The catechism was gone through, its questions asked sonorously, and the answers given in varied tones, more or less unmusical, and for the most part mechanical, and none of them were remarked upon or explained.

“Sunday brought relief from the daily word-lessons and from the six hours’ confinement in the atmosphere of the school-room. The seven o’clock morning church-bell announced the quieter seventh day; decent clothes were brought out of strange chests, the Sunday hat was brushed, and at eleven I was placed generally alone in the pew of my lately deceased great uncle, Michael Tennyson, an honour done to me, I scarcely know why, both here and at the neighbouring church of Preston, for the vicar took care of the souls of the parishioners of both Hedon and Preston. There was one service at each place every Sunday, alternately, in the morning and afternoon; and it was a great relief to me when I grew old enough to be allowed to attend the services in both places. In the other hours of Sundays I was expected to read the Bible, which I did without the remotest conception of localities and dates, an unhappiness still not unfrequent with early readers, and productive of inconveniences not easily remedied afterwards.

“The state of social life in a very small town, far away from London, in the beginning of this century, afforded little opportunity for the acquirement of varied knowledge or for any kind of mental recreation. I can scarcely now believe what I too painfully remember; I could even now walk through the tranquil street (for there was but one), and name the occupant of every house at that time, on the right hand and the left: the lawyer, the tanner, the glazier, the tailor, the shoemaker, the innkeeper, the butcher, the farmer, the carrier, the blacksmith, the joiner, the sexton, besides the vicar, the two landed gentlemen, the doctor (there being but one), and the retired doctor who now and then asked me to spend Sunday with him and his family. This, and other occasional visiting, was so inconsistent with my daily wretched life, that I think it made me rather distracted than comfortable.

“Reflecting often on this barren portion of my existence, the tenth portion of the years allotted to man, it has often been a question with me whether the years from six to sixteen are usually so profitless and unhappy; they are evidently not looked back upon with particular affection by many men. The fondest recollections of them which have been expressed in prose or fanciful verse, are not attractive to readers of my age, and their praises seem at the best to have been recorded in proportion to the boyish character remaining in the writers.

“When, in maturer years, I have heard orthodox men in English provinces declaring to country gentlemen and doctors, over excellent port (now extinct) the great importance of a classical education, I have seldom dared to confess the imperfection of my own; when they have vehemently asserted its salutary subjugation of the mind, I have only assumed that the days of their youth had been more happily ordered than mine; and when, even now, a sexagenarian, I derive not unfrequent delight from the philosophical

writings and letters of Cicero, I sometimes regret that I had not the admirable explanatory notes which now illustrate school-books, and with the aid of which young readers may be pleased as well as instructed; and, if sometimes I find recreation in a page or two of Horace, I can but more and more be surprised that the philosophic and witty poet should have ever been made a school-book at all. I painfully remember the hours when, inexperienced in the world and its social or vicious ways, I had to translate compositions as witty and abounding in allusion to the gayest doings of ordinary life, and as elaborately elegant as those of Moore. To place Horace in the hands of an English boy seems as absurd as it would be to attempt to teach a Chinese boy our language by insisting on his reading the *Fudge Family*. Perhaps all this is changed: perhaps not all."

In this description of his school life we have a picture of what was the universal system of education some years ago; and though it was undoubtedly harsh, pedantic, and altogether defective, yet it must be remembered in its favour that under it were trained men whom their posterity have yet to show that they can surpass. It is not so much the quantity of knowledge which can be crammed into a boy's head as the discipline to which he is subjected, and the lessons which he unconsciously learns, that best prepare him for the hard walks of life. Life is not a gay walk through a pleasure garden, but rather a stern duty, the paths of which are often obscure and painful, and where on the whole there is more to be endured than enjoyed; and the severe school-training which prepares a boy for the inevitable harshness of life, though causing suffering at the time, may diminish the sum of future suffering.

To Conolly's gentle nature such Spartan training was plainly intolerable and unprofitable, and the memory of it horrible sixty years afterwards; whatever good there was in it could not be assimilated into his nature; between his character and such discipline there was a complete repulsion. Had there happily been less repugnance some of the difficulties and trials of his subsequent life might not improbably have been avoided or lightened. But through life it may be questioned whether he ever did accept sincerely the inexorable laws of the universe: he delighted in the songs of birds, in the blossoming of trees, in genial social intercourse, in the amiabilities of human nature, in the elegancies of human life, in the graces of literary style, in the triumphs of benevolence; but he never seemed heartily to recognise or accept the stern and painful necessities of life; he so loved the gentle that even earnestness and sincerity, when rudely displayed, were distressing; he was not unamenable to the flattery which made things pleasant, and acutely pained by the harsh truth that laid bare their real relations when they were not pleasant; he shrunk from the task that was painful to him because involving pain to others, and would endure much needless imposition rather than deliberately face a difficulty and apply the effectual remedy; he would sacrifice his own serious interests rather than renounce a

gratification which appealed strongly to his benevolent emotions, and could not tolerate a practice which was abhorrent to his fine sensibilities. Such being his nature, it is easy to imagine how painful to him were his reminiscences of school, and to understand the earnestness with which he reverts to the cast-off griefs of his childhood. What education he did get under circumstances so unfavorable to him must have been of the most desultory character; the only valuable training which his school-life could have given not being at all assimilated. The advantage of the modern system of education is, it may be presumed, that it has regard to the individual character of the boy, and does not apply the same fixed rule to all, but strives to educe or bring out and direct those gifts or capabilities of nature which in one way or another declare their tendencies and in the long run do actually educate him, if they are not directly counteracted.

On leaving school Conolly appears to have lived at Hull with his mother and father-in-law for a time, until a commission in a Cambridgeshire militia regiment was obtained for him. He joined his regiment at Peebles in the year 1812, when he was only eighteen years old, and served with it in different parts of Scotland and Ireland. To this part of his life he was wont frequently to recur with lively and pleasant recollections. No wonder: he was just at that age when life bursts forth into blossom, and when the mind expands with the growth of new ideas, and thrills with new feelings, as the body develops into full vigour; he was delivered from the tedious thralldom of school, and was yet unburdened with care or thought for the future; he was associated with many lively companions at a time when a person abandons himself to the pursuit or enjoyment of the day or hour as he never afterwards abandons himself. To one who ever lived willingly in the present joy, and who had a passionate love of genial social intercourse, it could not fail to be a happy time. And as one is apt in the pleasant retrospect to overlook the little miseries which seemed not little at the time, and in the present to forget the real good because of the urgency of the daily little miseries, every one is sufficiently apt to do what Dr. Conolly was not unapt to do, namely, to praise the past at the expense of the present, in fact, to make praise of the past an indirect way of grumbling at the present. It may justly be doubted whether the experience as officer in a militia regiment at that time was at all calculated to correct the deficiencies of early training; whether it was not rather adapted to establish habits of feeling, thought, and action, not the most favorable to the future conduct of a professional life.

An event which happened soon after leaving the militia indicates a character which, fervid and vivacious, was apt to do serious things in an impulsive way: when only twenty-two years of age, and when yet without profession or any permanent means of livelihood, he married, his wife being a daughter of Sir John Collins,

a captain in the navy. Immediately after his marriage he went with his wife to France, and settled down for a time in a cottage near Tours, in which town his brother, Dr. William Conolly, was then in practice. In this most pleasantly situated cottage, where the poet Béranger afterwards lived, he passed a happy year, the memory of which remained as a poetical episode in a life of many vicissitudes. He was frequently visited by his brother and by friends from Tours; and when the contents of the cellar, which had been purchased from his predecessor at a rough valuation, were explored, some excellent wines of unknown vintage were discovered. The pleasantest social intercourse in the most poetical of cottages, agreeable mental exercise in the desultory study of French literature, and the fresh delights of a marriage made before the illusions of life were got rid of, how could the days be more full of happiness? Unhappily this could not last: a small capital when used as income cannot fail to be soon exhausted, and when there is no prospect of replenishment from any quarter, it becomes necessary to take leave of the poetry of Eden, and to set seriously to work to the prosaic work of providing bread. Moreover, a child was born, and with it came many new anxieties. After consulting with his brother and friends, he determined to commence the study of medicine, and no sooner was the resolution come to than he started with his wife and child to Edinburgh, and put it into execution. There was great energy of an impulsive kind in his character, but the anxious foresight and deliberate self-renunciation calculated to prevent the necessity of convulsive exertion, and the patient tedious labour necessary to carry an event to its best issue, were scarce so congenial to his nature. It may easily be imagined that it was no pleasant thing for one who was married, and who had lived the thoughtless life of a militia officer, and the pleasant life near Tours, to enter himself as a medical student on equal terms with the youths of a northern capital, and to go through the dreary work of medical study. It was faithfully done, however, and in 1821 he graduated as a doctor, having taken for his thesis the subject of insanity, and for its title, ‘*Dissertatio Inauguralis de Statu Mentis in Insaniâ et Melancholiâ.*’

When any event in the boyhood or youth of an eminent man can appear to have any relation to the subject in which he has become distinguished, there is a strong tendency to perceive in that event the clear prophecy of the future. Without doubt there has been some dim foreshadowing, in the unsearchable counsels of nature, of the direction of future development; but it is idle to suppose that the individual had any preconceived design of the scope of his future life, or was at all conscious of the wide-reaching import of the obscure impulses which insigated him. The foresight of a god would scarce suffice to inspire the far-reaching and complex designs which critics after the event frequently attribute to the man who has done great

things and gained a great position in the world. It were truly a most disheartening thing for ordinary mortals, struggling blindly in the weltering chaos of circumstances, and tossed about in manifold fluctuations, if such clear foresight were possible. But it is not. Let a man's genius be never so great, its best work is unconsciously done; what he thinks great at the time is often the least, and what at the time he thought little of, or was scarce conscious of, is that which, as he surveys calmly the events of his life, he perceives to have been the greatest, that to which he has owed most. Those who assign him a fore-ordaining power and providence do not otherwise than as they do when, giving a choice to the wind, they say that it bloweth where it listeth; and, like Peter, proposing to build the tabernacle, they 'wist not what they say.' But beneath the individual's will, and beneath consciousness, deep in his nature, there is an instructive craving for that which is most suitable to his development, a blind impulse towards that direction in which his character may attain its fullest evolution. It is this which, as an anchor, holds the man to his own native centre fast, amidst the sundry changes and shifting circumstances of a troubled life. It is this which inspires him with the faith in himself, and endues him with the strength of individuality, which enable him to endure and persevere; seated at the helm of his nature, it steers his course with a guiding hand, which neither he nor others see, but whose impulses he feels and obeys. If a man have the capacity of great deeds in his nature let him, therefore, trust his instincts; if he must painfully calculate, anxiously precontrive, and minutely plan, then he would do well to betake himself to some course of life in which he may never have to do what some one else has not done before him.

Though we may consider it certain that when Conolly selected insanity for the subject of his graduation thesis he had no design of making it the field of his future activity, yet the selection was the indication of an inclination to the study of mental phenomena, which, indeed, failed not to display itself many times before he found the true sphere of his labours. Dugald Stuart was at that time Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University; and it was the eager ambition of Conolly, though the desire was never gratified, to become privately acquainted with one for whom he felt a remarkable admiration, and whom his exaggerated reverence invested with a sort of heroic halo. One of his friends among the students, an impassive matter-of-fact mortal, who doubtless thought philosophers very much like other men, had this honour which he coveted so much, and him he used eagerly to question of the conversation and habits of the philosopher; but all the reply he could ever get was, "Ech! he just talks awa." This trivial circumstance of his student life I have often heard him laughingly tell; and I mention it here for two reasons, first, because it may serve to mark the bent of his mind

towards mental philosophy, and, secondly, because in the standard of his hero there is the measure of his intellectual sympathy at that time.

## II.

On leaving Edinburgh Dr. Conolly went to Lewes, with the design of settling in practice there; but after three months' experience of that sleepy town he removed to Chichester, where about the same time the late Sir John Forbes had established himself. Though rivals in practice for a time, and though it was soon evident that they could not both remain in Chichester, they became great friends, and remained so till death parted them. Conolly was the greater favorite in society; his courteous manners, his vivacity of character, and his general accomplishments, rendered him an agreeable companion; and he was not restrained by the gravity of the physician from joining heartily in the dances to which he was often invited. Forbes, on the other hand, being less polished in manner, and of somewhat reserved character, not being, indeed, apt to make many friends, though a most firm and sincere friend of the few which he had, was not so popular in society, but, as may perhaps be supposed, was more consulted as a physician. Accordingly, after he had been a year in Chichester, Dr. Conolly removed to Stratford-on-Avon, where he practised between five and six years. There he seems to have been fairly successful; he was twice mayor of the town; and being a reformer by nature and a hearty liberal in politics, ardently devoted himself to the furtherance of every measure of progress. He was on terms of close friendship with the then celebrated Dr. Parr, the great Whig champion, who lived near, at Hatton, and who has been so noted for his severity as a schoolmaster. Of him Dr. Conolly retained a great admiration, and was wont to relate many interesting anecdotes, most of them forgotten by me; but though they certainly tended to exhibit marked peculiarities of manner and great violence of temper in the despotic tyrant of the school-room, they conveyed the impression of a real kindness of heart, genuine sincerity, and a truly liberal mind—a different impression from that which we owe to the marvellous subtlety and ingenuity of De Quincey's partisanship. Pompous, vain, passionate, and dogmatic Dr. Parr certainly was. From the long habit of flogging boys at will he seems to have acquired, as schoolmasters are apt to do, a misapprehension of his actual relations in the universe, and the manner of treating the world from the height of a pedagogue's chair. One of his practices was to have his pipe brought to him immediately after dinner, and to insist upon the prettiest young lady at the table coming to sit by him and light it for him. When he was playing whist, as he was fond of doing after dinner, and was not getting on very successfully, if any one asked him how he was doing, he would reply, "Pretty well, considering that I have three adversaries;" and

when his wife offended him, he turned her picture, which was in the dining-room, with its face to the wall; nay, if we may accept De Quincey's information, actually on one occasion cut her throat in effigy, by cutting its throat with a carving knife. His great ambition, which he ultimately gratified, was to have a coach and four to drive about the country in; and of this he was wont to speak as "Mrs. Parr's vanity." But Dr. Parr had the truest sympathy with liberal ideas, at a time when such sympathy was not so common and was a less easy virtue than it is now; he never for a moment hesitated to sacrifice his own worldly advantage in the cause of honest conviction; and his genuine goodness of heart thoroughly justified the exclamation which is forced even from De Quincey, in the full swing of his critical condemnation—"Sam Parr, I love thee!"

While at Stratford-on-Avon Dr. Conolly accomplished much literary work, both in professional and other journals, and gained for himself considerable reputation. Accordingly, he was appointed in 1828 Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine at University College, chiefly through the influence of Lord Brougham, and thereupon moved to London, taking a house in Gloucester Place, Portman Square. But his life as a physician in London was not on the whole successful; patients did not come to him in sufficient numbers, while great expenses did surely come; there was no hospital in connection with the College; and the lectures delivered by him, being diffuse and theoretical rather than concise and practical, were not great successes, if they were not in truth failures. His introductory and farewell addresses were published by him in a small volume; but the perusal of them will scarcely fail to strengthen the tradition of the somewhat vague and discursive character of the general course. It was while holding his appointment as lecturer at University College that he published his work on 'The Indications of Insanity,' and made a strenuous attempt to effect arrangements for giving instruction in mental diseases and for gaining access, on the part of medical students, to the wards of the London asylums; but he says, "In that busy period of agitation and movement more important matters occupied the attention of the distinguished founders of the University, and I could not obtain attention to this suggestion." More than thirty years have passed away since that attempt was made, and yet only last year the Senate of the University of London, whose serious consideration of the subject I was able to obtain, was compelled to refrain from issuing compulsory regulations enforcing a clinical knowledge of insanity from candidates for degrees, solely by reason of the want of adequate means of clinical instruction; with the best desire to do everything possible in the course that was pressed upon it, that body has been obliged to be content with announcing in the calendar the importance which

is attached by the University to a knowledge of insanity, and with accepting three months' attendance in an asylum instead of three months' hospital practice. When we reflect on how little has been done now, and not done without considerable labour and perseverance, we may better appreciate the value of the attempt made more than thirty years ago.

While resident in London at that time, Dr. Conolly was a very active member of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." The following extracts from Charles Knight's 'Passages of a Working Life' will serve to indicate the assistance which he rendered to the Society—

"The Useful Knowledge Society had, in November, commenced the issue of a small series entitled, 'The Working Man's Companion,' to be published occasionally, at the price of a shilling. The first volume, chiefly prepared by Dr. Conolly, called 'Cottage Evenings,' was commended by Dr. Arnold for 'its plain and sensible tone;' but he is hard upon what he calls its 'cold deism.' He is equally severe upon 'the folly' of a little monthly publication, conducted, I believe, by a divine, who was afterwards a bishop,—'The Cottager's Monthly Visitor.' \* \* \* \* \*

"In the series of the 'Working Man's Companion,' we did not neglect the occasion for combating popular errors of a social character, of inculcating the great private duties of cleanliness and of temperance as regarded ourselves and our families, and of active benevolence and sympathy for our fellow-creatures.

"Dr. Conolly's little book on cholera was a model of what a popular treatise on the preservation of health ought to be—not leading the delicate and the hypochondriacal to fancy they can prescribe for themselves in real illness; not undervaluing medicine, but showing how rarely is medicine necessary when the laws of nature are not habitually violated. Of the fatal epidemic that had come amongst us, this wise and kind physician spoke with confidence of its speedy removal, under God's providence, in a condition of society where the principles of cordial brotherhood should more prevail than the miserable suggestions of selfish exclusiveness, where, in fact, the safety of the upper classes depended upon the well-being of the lower. \* \* \*

"The aid which Dr. Conolly rendered to the diffusion of knowledge was not special or professional. In those departments of what we now call 'social science,' which include the public health in its largest sense, his experience was always working in companionship with his benevolence. In 1831 we were united in the production of a series which was directly addressed to the working classes. Dr. Conolly brought to this useful labour—of which I shall have to make more particular mention—a lucid style, and an accurate conception of the true mode of reaching the uneducated. 'Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar,' is as good a maxim for a popular writer, as for a young courtier going forth into the world, to deal with all sorts and conditions of men."

As an active member of the Committee of this Society, he was brought into frequent intercourse with Lord Brougham, for whom through life he entertained a great and sincere admiration. The Committee used to meet monthly, when there took place a plain English dinner, at a moderate fixed charge, at five o'clock, there being a subscription for wine. Dinner was over in about an hour,



and then came two hours of solid business, the chair being generally filled by Brougham ; and, in his rare absence, by the treasurer, Mr. W. Tooke, or the vice-chairman, Lord John Russell. The life and soul of the Society was unquestionably Brougham ; of his quick and direct insight into the heart of a question, his wonderful energy and his admirable practical talent for business, Dr. Conolly retained an admiring recollection, and he used sometimes to recall in particular the exuberant spirits in which Brougham appeared at the Society immediately after his memorable and successful contest for the West Riding.

Three years' experience of life as a physician in London were not so encouraging as to induce Conolly to persevere ; he resigned his appointment at University College, and retiring to the provinces, selected Warwick for his abode, as being in a neighbourhood where he was already well known—for Warwick is only eight miles from Stratford. Here he continued active in literary work, writing many articles for the 'Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine,' which he edited in conjunction with Dr. Forbes and Dr. Tweedie ; and establishing and editing, in conjunction with Dr. Forbes, the 'British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review.' It is interesting to observe that the first number of that journal contains an account of the releasing of lunatics from their chains by Pinel in France. He was one of the original founders, in 1832, and an active promoter during its early years, of the "British Medical Association," and at the third meeting held in Birmingham he delivered the anniversary address. His interest in the Association continued, and he regularly attended its meetings until within the last two or three years of his life.

After he had been six years at Warwick, struggling with difficulties, though much esteemed and assisted with a rare generosity, the physicianship of the Hanwell Asylum became vacant, and he, whose inclinations had always leaned towards the study of insanity, made application for the office, not much encouraged thereto by his friends, who regarded such a step as the suicide of reputation and the confession of complete failure in life. On this occasion he failed, the casting vote of the chairman having determined the election in favour of Dr. Millingen, the author of 'Curiosities of Medical Literature.' Another rising gleam of hope darkened ; the outlook into the future black as ever ; family cares increasing ; and life gliding quickly on ! One change more must be made, if not with hopeful expectations, yet in desperate resolve to try whether the destinies had not some place of success for one who had worked faithfully and energetically in many fields of practical activity, though hitherto with little benefit to himself. Accordingly he removed from Warwick to Birmingham, but he had not been there a year before the physicianship of the Hanwell Asylum was again vacant. He again made

application for the office, and this time was happily successful. The grim destinies had not, after all, forgotten him.

Now, at last, after going through much tribulation and many uncertain wanderings, without aim and without rest, he had reached the true sphere of his labours and the definite aim of his life; he was placed in a position in which not the virtues only of his character, but even its failings, in some measure conspired to the success of the great work which he undertook and accomplished. Life was no longer the dissipation of energy in manifold straggling activities, but its whole energy was concentrated in definite action in a definite direction. Happy the man who thus finds his limitation in life, and wisely making the dark horizon of necessity the bright circle of duty, sets all his energies systematically to work within the compass of his capacities! As soon as he has found the little which it is appointed in the mighty plan of nature for him to do, and recognises the vast amount which it is not appointed for him to do, he is warranted to do something which no one else can do as well, to make the best of himself and secure the truest success of his life. How well does Conolly's life illustrate this! Without conscious design of his own, driven by the necessities of failure arising partly out of defects of character, he is borne by the waves of a tumultuous life in which he had many times been well nigh wrecked on to a shore where the instincts of his nature had obscurely pointed, and where he finds at last a sure footing. Henceforth his life is a success; no more time and energy misspent in cultivating talents that never could be brought to perfection, and in vague activities which, though benevolently aimed, were practically aimless, but the whole energy of his character definitely employed for a definite end. That meant success in his case as it means success in any case; on the crest of the wave which he raised and rode he was carried to great fame and moderate prosperity. There can be no doubt that his worldly prosperity might have been much greater than it ever was, had he had the desire to become rich and cared to take the trouble to work for that object. But he was satisfied if he had sufficient to meet the present wants of his family, and was content to leave to others more worldly prudent the chief pecuniary reward of his great reputation.

### III.

It was on the 1st June, 1839, that Conolly entered on his duties as resident physician of the Hanwell Asylum; and on the 21st September of that year he presented his first report to the visitors, in which he announced the entire abolition of mechanical restraint. "No form of strait-waistcoat, no hand-straps, no leg-locks, nor any contrivance confining the trunk or limbs or any of the muscles, is now in use," he writes in that report. For this great practical reform he had prepared himself before entering on his

duties by a visit to the Lincoln Asylum, and a study of the non-restraint system there inaugurated and in practical operation. "The example of the Lincoln asylum, in which no patient has been put in restraint," he writes, "for nearly three years came also powerfully in aid of an attempt to govern the asylum at Hanwell by mental restraint rather than by physical." In the face of much prejudice and many obstacles, the direct opposition of open enemies, the doubts of friends, and the machinations of secret ill-wishers eager for its failure, he steadily applied the humane system of treatment throughout the asylum, which then contained 850 patients suffering from every form of acute and chronic insanity. After an experience of three years in the entire disuse of mechanical restraint, it was established beyond all dispute "that the management of a large asylum is not only practicable without the application of bodily coercion to the patient, but that, after the total disuse of such a method of control, the whole character of the asylum undergoes a gradual and beneficial change."

Conolly was not, nor did he ever claim to be, the actual originator of the humane system of treating the insane, and of the abolition of every form of mechanical restraint. "In every step that he has taken," he writes, "your physician has but been acting on the principles laid down in the pages of Pinel and Esquirol; extending their application a little, and leaving out a few of what appeared to be old errors still adhering to the systems of those accomplished and philanthropic physicians. As far as possible from the wish to surprise by a sudden alteration of treatment, he has but preserved and carried a little further the best parts of a treatment already established and known to every medical man of education." It was in 1792 that Pinel, having by much perseverance obtained the sanction of the authorities, released fifty-three lunatics from their chains in the course of a few days, and thus inaugurated the humane system of treatment which was further developed by Esquirol. It was in 1796 that the Quaker's Retreat near York was founded on the humane principle of improving the treatment of the insane, and rendering it as little painful as possible; Mr. William Tuke having brought the proposal before the quarterly meeting of the Society of Friends in March, 1792, and perseveringly enforced it until it was carried into practical operation. The history of the foundation of the Retreat and of its early years must ever be a lasting honour to its benevolent founder and to the society of which he was a distinguished member. At the Lincoln Asylum the influence of Dr. Charlesworth, the benevolent physician, was steadily exerted for years in the amelioration of the treatment of the insane by improving the means and lessening the amount of mechanical restraint. In 1829 it was ordered "that the use of the strait-waistcoat be discontinued in this institution, except under the special written order of the physician

of the month." In November of 1830 not one patient out of forty-eight was in restraint, although instances of restraint occurred after that date. In 1835, the board of the asylum, giving a testimonial to their retiring house-surgeon, Mr. Hadwen, "express their high approbation of the very small number of instances of restraint which have occurred amongst the patients under his care." In 1836 the chairman reports that "out of thirty-six weeks that the house-surgeon (Mr. Gardiner Hill) has held his present situation, twenty-five whole weeks (excepting two days) have been passed without any recourse to restraint." In the report of the asylum for 1837 occurs the following passage:—"The present house-surgeon has expressed his own belief, founded on experience in this house, that it may be possible to conduct an institution for the insane without having recourse to the employment of any instruments of restraint whatever." And in 1838 the governors say in their report:—"The bold conception of pushing the mitigation of restraint to the extent of actually and formally abolishing the practice mentioned, in the last report, as due to Mr. Hill, the house-surgeon, seems to be justified." Such is the concise account of the history of the origin of the modern humane treatment; but it is not the complete history, though many reasons might doubtless be given to prove that this great movement, the deep origin of which was, perhaps, in the great uprising of human feeling and the heaving of human thought which took place at the time of the French revolution, would have gone on to a successful issue, whether Conolly had appeared or not, yet it can admit of no question that its progress would have been vastly retarded. At the hour of its special need it was pathetically advocated and eloquently defended by his facile pen, and finally guaranteed as practicable and effectual by triumphant success in practice on a scale so large as to silence all cavilling. The reputation which he had when he became physician to the asylum, its close proximity to London, where his work could not fail to excite attention, his great literary faculty and long experience of the press, combined to force the question into general notice, to arouse public sympathy, and to bring himself to the front as the energetic champion of the reform. He not only enforced a certain improved system of practice, but he expounded the humane and scientific theory of it, and set forth eloquently the wide-reaching and beneficial consequences of its adoption. He not only made the hitherto obscure movement a world-known success, but he made reaction impossible. Justly, therefore, is his name associated with this noble work of progress; his life justly identified with this glorious chapter of human development.

Those who may be inclined to think it a happy accident for Conolly that he should have had so great an opportunity at such a critical time, might call to mind with advantage the events of his

life up to this point, and reflect how much energetic work in the cause of progress he had done, how constant and zealous in the reformer's part he had always been, without any happy accident of favorable occasion. Bringing to his work, again, the weight of his former reputation, the accumulated force of the good work which he had previously done, he was able, to attain to a success which a man less known might probably have failed to obtain. It is not the single spasmodic effort that will make an eminent reformer; the sustained energy of a life, the long series of efforts that are the spontaneous expressions of the individual character, a few only, perhaps, visibly reaching their aim, where many seem to fail—this is the foundation of success. You make, in hot zeal, a vigorous exertion to promote the good of mankind, and it fails; or, more trying still, succeeds, and you get no benefit from it, while others do! Very well! is that a sufficient reason why you should despair, and “strike” work? Is the universe under any contract to pay you a particular sum at a particular time? The wages which you have earned, good or bad, you will in no case fail to get. But it is not the way of nature to bribe the indolent or faint-hearted into doing their duty; and the miserable atom, morbidly conscious that he is a self, is very apt to be one of the germs that she does not care to foster—one of the fifty seeds she does not bring to bear. But he who, with wiser spirit, does his little work manfully and trustfully, and calmly and constantly as the law of gravitation, cannot miss the reward of his well-doing. Nature has no memory, because she never forgets; the past is continually in the present; on every moment hangs eternity, on every act immortality.

“Man säe nur man erntet mit der Zeit.”

The remaining events of Dr. Conolly's life I must pass quickly over. He resigned his appointment as Resident Physician to the Hanwell Asylum, in 1843, though he acted for some time afterwards as visiting physician, and delivered clinical lectures to students, who attended from the London schools of medicine. From the time of his resignation until his death, he resided at Lawn House, in the village of Hanwell, having a large consulting practice in town until the last few years of his life, when, on account of failing health, he retired from active professional occupation. He was, in conjunction with the late Dr. Reed, the founder of the Idiot Asylum at Earlswood, and ever an active supporter of it; and he made a strenuous but unsuccessful attempt, in 1846, to establish a public asylum for the middle classes, near the metropolis—an object which he always had much at heart. His principal published works were ‘An Inquiry concerning the Indications of Insanity,’ 1830; ‘The Construction and Government of Lunatic Asylums,’ 1847; ‘The Treatment of the Insane without Mechanical Restraint,’ 1856; and

'A Study of Hamlet,' 1863. Besides these works, he published in the 'Lancet' his lectures on insanity, and many papers at different times in the 'Medical Times and Gazette.' In this Journal, also, in the establishment of which he took a great interest, will be found various papers by him, on subjects of practical interest to those engaged specially in the care and treatment of the insane. He delivered the Croonian Lectures at the College of Physicians, and lectures on different occasions at the Royal Institution, on insanity. Soon after his resignation at the Hanwell Asylum he was presented, by public subscription, with a massive testimonial in silver, consisting of an allegorical group of figures representing the abolition of mechanical restraint in the treatment of the insane, and with his portrait painted by Sir Watson Gordon. The honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford, at the time of the meeting of the British Medical Association in that town.

As a practical physician, Dr. Conolly did not specially distinguish himself, either in the exact investigation of disease, or in its treatment; he had little faith in medicines, and hardly more faith in pathology, while the actual practice of his profession was not agreeable to him. I have often heard him say, that if his life were to come over again he should like nothing better than to be at the head of a large public asylum, in order to superintend its administration. His education, general and medical, had been somewhat desultory, and his reading throughout life was desultory also; he could not easily set himself patiently to master an author with whose style and sentiments he did not sympathise, or deliberately to acquire a complete knowledge of a subject that was not attractive to him. As a medical author on general diseases, his writings, though of easy and elegant composition, will be found to be somewhat vague and diffuse, wanting in exact facts and practical information—the faults felt so much in his lectures at University College. As a writer on insanity, he painted eloquently and pathetically the external features of the disease, but the philosophical depths of mental phenomena he never cared to sound, and the exact scientific investigation of mental disease he never systematically devoted himself to. Esquirol was the author whom he studied at the beginning of his career, and on him he confessedly relied almost entirely to the end of his life. As a writer on general subjects, he is best known by his 'Study of Hamlet;' the criticisms in this elegant essay reveal the extent of his insight and the depth of his philosophy, and the character of his own mind is best exhibited in the sympathies and antipathies which he there expresses. Having discussed at length the question of Hamlet's supposed madness, in an article in the 'Westminster Review,' of January, 1865, there is no need to enter here into any criticism of the arguments brought forward on one side or the other.

The writers whom he most admired were Pope, Bolingbroke, Addison, and Cicero; he delighted in Milton's poetical works, especially 'Lycidas,' but his prose works were scarcely known to him; Bacon's essays he admired greatly and perused frequently, but his philosophical writings he was not familiar with. French authors and French style he esteemed highly, but German he did not read, and to German philosophy he had an antipathy, arising out of an entire unacquaintance with it. Goethe was by no means welcome to him, because this great poet's calm theory of life was repugnant to his sensibilities, and his deliberate conduct of life seemed to indicate a cold selfishness. These literary sympathies and antipathies prove, what is evident also in the character of his own easy and graceful, but diffuse, style of composition, that he sometimes affected more the art displayed than the matter contained; that he was disposed to overestimate those who set forth ordinary reflections in an elegant and easy manner, and to underestimate those who broached profound thought in language sometimes neither easy nor elegant. In his youthful days he composed various slight poetical effusions; and there can be little doubt that, had he continued to cultivate his literary talents, and to labour in that direction, he might have had considerable success, either in light and easy versification, or in graceful prose.

He had great sensibility of character; but his feelings were quick and volatile rather than deep and abiding. In some respects, I think, his mind seemed to be of a feminine type; capable of a momentary lively sympathy, which might even express itself in tears, such as enemies, forgetful of his character, might be apt to deem hypocritical; and prone to shrink from the disagreeable occasions of life, if it were possible, rather than encounter them with deliberate foresight and settled resolution. Consequently it could not fail sometimes to happen that troubles, shirked at the time, were gathered up in the future, so as to demand at last some convulsive act of energy, in order to disperse them. A character most graceful and beautiful in a woman is no gift of fortune to a man having to meet the adverse circumstances and pressing occasions of a tumultuous life. He used to say, very sincerely, that he did not care for money, but that he very much liked the comforts and elegancies which money brings—an amiable sentiment, which, however, when closely analysed, might be made to resolve itself into a liking for enjoyment without a liking for paying the painful cost of it. But he truly regarded riches lightly. He was of a most liberal disposition, ever heartily rendering help, whether of money or personal service, to those who were in need of it.

Though by nature passionate and impetuous, he had great command over his manner, which was courteous in the extreme. Indeed he never failed to produce, by the suavity of his manner and the

grace and ease of his address, the impression of great amiability, kindness, and unaffected simplicity; while his cheerful and vivacious disposition and his lively conversational powers rendered him an excellent social companion. His ordinary language was well chosen and elegant, and he always spoke in public with great precision and persuasive gentleness. There was a certain humility of manner, a degree of self-depreciation, in his address as in his writings, which failed not to attract men; it was none the less captivating because it might seem the form in which a considerable dash of self-consciousness declared itself. To few men was personal renunciation more uncongenial, and therefore painful; but few have been more ready to sacrifice, in a benevolent cause, those things which men commonly hold most dear.

Such was the impression made on my mind by one whom events conspired to make closely known to me during the last year of his life. Few men who have done so much for the world's good have done so little which the world can regret or censure. Perhaps no one has done so great a work with so little ostentation, so little self-assertion, so much candid appreciation of the merits of others. His public life has been the gain and honour of mankind; and in the noble work which he accomplished he has raised to himself a world-monument, by which men of all lands, through all ages to come, will be taught to remember, not where he died, but where he lived.

*A Plea for the Conjoined Study of Mental Science and Practice.*

Being the Introductory Lecture to a Course of Medical Psychology. By THOMAS LAYCOCK, M.D., &c., &c., Professor of the Practice of Medicine and of Clinical Medicine, and Lecturer on Medical Psychology and Mental Diseases in the University of Edinburgh. (*Delivered at Edinburgh, 3rd May, 1866.*)

IN this university the study of medical psychology and mental diseases is wholly voluntary. None of the faculties require candidates for degrees to attend the course I deliver, or examine them in the subjects discussed. Doubtless the faculties of arts, theology, and law, might reasonably object to so great an encroachment upon vested interests and established traditions; but it is different with the faculty of medicine, because moral philosophy has only been added to the curriculum of medical studies since I commenced to deliver this course. I have therefore thought it would be expedient (and suggested it, indeed) to permit students of medicine going up for their degrees to choose between medical psychology and moral philosophy; nevertheless the course is still without even this modified