

must be so well annointed and rubbed, that the ointemente maie penetrate and perce through. Continue doynge this the space of a monethe, annoityng hym every evenyng and mornyng, or at the leaste once a daie. The third or fowerth daie, after you have begon to annointe hym, burne hym with a hot yron upon the seame, or ioynnyng together of the heade, and at the firste, laie upon the marke a linnen clothe with barrowes grease, leauyng it to the space of eight or ten daies : and after wrappe a greate cyche pease in ivie leaves, and put uppon the saied ivie leaues, a piece of the sole of a shoe made fine and thinne, bindyng it under his throte with some bande, or beneath his heade, so that it maie bide on, and chaunge it alwaies at night, and in the mornyng. If in case he passe fower monethes, and receive not healthe, or returne to his witte, you must begin againe to give hym the said glisters he had before, and the same medicines, annoityng hym as before : and without doubte (by the grace of God) he shall be whole. He must eate at the beginnyng chickens, mutton, and roste veale : after you maie give hym roste and sodde, with potage of *amilum*, beetes, and mallowes, and also newe laied egges, puttyng spices into his meate causyng him some tyme to eate (either in his potage or otherwise) betaine, sage, maiora and mint, not sufferyng hym in anywise to take salt, sharpe or eger thinges, poulsecorne, garlike, onions, nor suche like : ye maie give hym white wine with water ; let hym also carry ever about hym some good odours, and heare melodie or musicke : speake often tymes soberly and wisely unto him, admonishing hym to bee wise and sage, rebuke hym of his follie when he dooeth or speaketh any fonde thynges : And in suche case the authoritie of some faire woman availeth muche, to tell hym all these thinges : for good admonitions are of greatt vertue and strength, for to establishe and settle a braine, troubled or disquieted with any sicknesse or passion."

The Physiognomy of Insanity. By JOHN CONOLLY, M.D.

D.C.L., *Consulting Physician to the Hamwell Asylum.*

(*Medical Times and Gazette*, 1858-59.)

Dr. Conolly has recently concluded a series of thirteen papers on the Physiognomy of Insanity, in the *Medical Times and Gazette*, illustrated by some very beautiful photo-

graphs from the portfolio of our accomplished associate Dr. Diamond, of Twickenham. We shall in this place make a few selections from the observations bearing on the general question of mental disease, and its exciting causes, with which Dr. Conolly has interspersed his special remarks on the individual portraits before him. The several papers are written with that grace and felicity of expression which so characterize all Dr. Conolly's literary contributions.

Influence of Mental Emotion on the Physiognomy.

"The same face!" "Bring me back the same face!" Simple expressions these would seem to be, quoted by Lavater, uttered by some simple and sensitive German parent, as his only request, when taking leave of his son, who, in the morning of life, is quitting a quiet home of affection for all that awaits him in the wide world. But the simple words dwell with us, and we perceive that there is deep meaning in them. Passions, good or bad; and trials and struggles; and pain and sorrow; and Time—will all write their peculiar characters on that youthful candid face; characters which death alone, with its effacing fingers, will take away; nay, which will still for a brief period survive, and dignify or mar the immovable face of death itself.

"This strange writing on the human face soon begins; and it goes on as long as intellectual and moral life lasts. The transient griefs of childhood, and even the crueller sorrows of school days, although schoolmasters have not yet learned that boys, as well as maniacs and horses, may be managed without brutality, leave no indelible traces; for the attention is at that early period easily attracted to new objects; and the imagination makes perpetual excursions in advance of present events. So, the angles of the mouth remain still level; no perpendicular wrinkles yet mark the phrenological region of individuality; and in the corners of the eyes there are yet no furrows formed by tears. The first facial impressions are those of after-study, or of premature care or premature toil, and these are as various as their causes, solemnizing the countenance of the student of truth in science or morals, or carving betimes some lines, faint but discernible, indicating the over-worked in body and mind. For twenty years more, or even thirty, the face is the face of the mature man; the impress of important thoughts there, but the beauty of youth not gone. The painter or the sculptor may yet copy the complexion or the form and features of the face, and its full expression, so as to perpetuate the man as he was before Time

began to delve his parallels in the brow. The colour of early youth may have faded, but a healthy freshness long remains ; and, where the thoughts are unselfish, and the heart still pure, the joyous smile of those whose minds are yet unclouded by the shadows of coming events still irradiates the features. Manhood has succeeded, but with noble discourse of reason, and energies prompting to action : and now in the human face divine are imprinted combinations of beauty and strength, and godlike apprehension ; or, on the other hand, the slowly drawn lines of creeping and engrossing selfishness and cunning and cold avarice, may begin to be detected even amid features of general beauty. Thus some men, although early withdrawn from transient life, and withering and dying ere middle age, live long enough to survive all youth's freshness of look, as well as all freshness of heart ; and expire, merely lamenting that death closes some prospect of gold, or of mortal possessions and privileges : their pinched features more and more closely drawn together, as if to exclude the approach of more generous movements : and such features, so impressed, make death hideous ; which naturally it is not. Mean and evil thoughts alone make it so. Canova, after a life of devotion to the Beautiful, (and who so often embodied it in sculpture, which is allied to all that is sublime in poetry,) was visited in the mortal hour with visions unearthly, and perhaps divine. He exclaimed, more than once,—“ *Anima divina e pura !* ”—and his features, after death, seemed to be such as we hope to meet in the “solemn troops and sweet societies” of heaven. Others of noble stamp, also, are seen prematurely, as we creatures of a day deem it, to die out uselessly ; but yet seem to end their few years of promise with better retrospections, and with anticipations greater still ; their fading earthly hopes catching some orient tinge beyond death's night. But, in some shape or other, when manhood has been attained, time has begun to set its indelible stamp on us all. In all who survive the period of life, when, not consciousness, but the almanac, tells us that fifty years are passed and gone, every face, of man or woman, becomes more and more a book in which the life and thoughts are written in hieroglyphics, to be deciphered by those who have acquired skill in such reading. Almost at a glance we discern the signs and quaint shapes of habitual thoughts and occupations, of station and rank, of command or obedience, of conscious wealth, and all the varieties of broken-down respectability ; of intellectual greatness and calmness, or of vain assumption, or of brazen pretension ; and indeed of all the differential gradations of social

and mental life, down to the worn face of ignominious toil, and to the unmistakeable abjectness of nature or position, from which the eyes, even of the good and kind, turn painfully away.

“In the meantime old age keeps steadily advancing, although usually considered so distant that its voice startles those who find it close at hand, and who are unwarned by failing faculties, or even by the ever-accumulating wrinkles which have curiously usurped all the face that was once so smooth and unruffled. Year after year the sculpture of age goes on. Friends who meet after forty years separation do not recognise one another. Every subsequent twelvemonth has left its trace in some feature or another. The mouth, once a double arc, expressive of what Medical prose cannot convey, has perhaps become a stereotyped sorrow, with lines drawn down laterally from its corners. There are griefs written in the eyes which have never been expressed in words. Thousands of intersecting lines are scribbled over the cheeks, as if a thousand elves had been employed to vary them. The fairest and broadest and loftiest forehead presents ugly lines, the shabby work of daily troubles, and of those especially which fall on defenceless senility. Yet the eyes, though grief-worn, long retain something of their immortal light, still remaining lustrous and noble, when a great and good soul shines through them to the latest breath ; but nevertheless twinkling cunningly and ominously, in those whose mortal sight has been ever bent on the rich base pavement of the world.

“Such are the usual footsteps and impressions of the ordinary feelings, actuating the minds of the majority of persons in their progress through the allotted years of man on this preparatory globe. But when a mind becomes not merely excited or disturbed, not merely anxious or sorrowful, or even exclusively devoted to an engrossing passion, but actually deranged in its operations, these traces of long workmanship are generally all at once and curiously modified. The wandering attention, the fragmental memory, and the wild imagination, suspend or throw into confusion all the ordinary pursuits and offices of life of the individual ; and no less usurp the control of the facial muscles, in various and remarkable degrees. The same circumstances modify nearly all the voluntary muscular actions of the body, influencing the movements of the arms and legs, and producing oddities in the mode of doing common things, as well as in the adjustment of dress ; so that a man’s whole exterior becomes indicative of his interior commotion, or of his disordered mind. Such in-

dications are usually obvious, and, to an observer of the infinitely diversified figures met in the streets of London, quite familiar. Oddities of appearance and of costume are there occasionally beheld, which are scarcely to be found in the orderly and well-regulated wards of modern asylums for those avowedly mad; and which, as yet, neither the novelist nor the painter have attempted to describe."

Suicidal Melancholy.

"A tendency to melancholy, or what is called the melancholic temperament—defined as meditative, serious, and often sad—is frequently associated with great mental qualities, and characterized by elevated views, allied, also, with fervent passions and strong attachments; intertwined with poetry, with meditations, perhaps visions; of large reforms in human policy and in religion, and with whatever is aspiring or sublime. By young persons of a studious and ambitious disposition this kind of temperament is sometimes, therefore, courted or affected, as a mark of superior ability. But the melancholy thus invited may prove a lingering and dangerous guest; and, both in youths and maidens, should be expelled, if possible, by active efforts. Without such resolution, ample food will be found, as years advance, to nourish the affectation into malady. The emulative melancholy of the scholar, the fantastical melancholy of the musician, the melancholy of the politic courtier, the *nice* melancholy of the lady—even the lover's melancholy, of all these compounded—are not fictions of the great dramatist, but realities which offer their companionship at the age when the passions and the intellect begin to be active. Each offers its peculiar fascinations. Poetry of the noblest kind has invested melancholy with still more imposing grandeur; sometimes allying its sage and holy image with staid and stately wisdom, and looks commercing with the skies; and sometimes portraying, in powerful and seductive language, the merit of flying from mankind to some grove in the vast wilderness, or to the desert as a dwelling-place. But all these fancies and moods of the mind, if too often indulged in, tend one way—to a false estimate of realities, to inaction, to misery, and to madness.

"For assuredly it may be said, without any kind of qualification, that there is no affliction so dreadful as a real morbid melancholy. The loss of wealth or rank, the severest invasions of bodily pain, and all shapes of human trial, would seem, to those often observant of melancholic patients, as dust in the balance against the weight of that woe which compre-

hends all woes, and is cheered by no hope, human or divine. Even very slight approaches to such a state, or the briefest experience of it, in those accustomed to notice the movements of their own minds, have something inexpressibly frightful in them. Transient misgivings, unaccountably mingled with vague terrors upspringing from the depths of the inexhaustible well of memory, shake the steadiest soul so strongly as to make it comprehensible how prolonged torture of the kind may overpower the natural love of life.

“ The portrait accompanying the first paper of this series referred to the particular form of melancholia in which the mind is disposed to dwell on the mysteries of religion ; and faculties inadequate to the task of comprehending such high themes are vainly exerted to make plain what are matters not of mere reason, but of faith. In such a conflict, there is generally much risk that the over-tasked brain will suffer permanent injury ; although in other varieties of melancholy, where the symptoms are equally severe, and even the tendency to suicide for a time incessant, the proportion of eventual recoveries is remarkable.

“ The course of events in such cases is generally this : Some bodily function becomes accidentally impaired ; that of the stomach, or intestines, or liver,—or in women, of the uterus, or in either sex of the brain itself. Occasional depression of mind ensues, and gradually increases. The patient becomes inactive, abstracted, and silent, and all cheerful expression is banished from the countenance. Still very frequently these symptoms are scarcely deemed to imply anything within a doctor's province ; until at length, on some dreadful morning, the patient first shows a determined tendency to self-destruction. After this the case is submitted to proper treatment ; the disordered bodily function is carefully attended to, and measures are adopted of a nature to restore the lost energy of the brain. The attention of the patient is quietly attracted to new objects ; first, by change of place and local circumstances, and afterward by travelling, although this is only beneficial at a later period. Some improvement gradually appears, which time confirms. The power of conversing is restored, and customary occupations and amusements are returned to. The face re-assumes occasionally its old expression, and gradually the gloomy look departs. It is at length felt that the constant watching, once indispensable to the patient's safety may be relaxed, and then that it may be cautiously left off ; very gradually, however, and very cautiously. Then the patient returns home, or takes a journey

under the care of friends with benefit ; and for a time the case is lost sight of. When it is almost forgotten, and sometimes, after many months, or even a year or two, the patient writes a letter reporting complete and continued restoration to mental comfort, and, if met in society, retains scarcely a trace of the attack in the manner, or conversation, or face.

"These attacks, however, as well as other forms of mental malady are, it must ever be remembered, the frequent precursors of organic disease,—most frequently of the lungs, sometimes of the heart ; in which case the symptoms continue obstinate, and not reason alone, but life is in peril.

"The portrait accompanying the present paper represents a different variety of melancholia, but one of equal suffering to the patients, who are haunted, not by spiritual doubts, but by bodily fear, and chiefly of some terrible danger impending over themselves or their families ; danger menaced by unknown enemies, above, about, or underneath.

"It is evidently not the portrait of an educated or refined person, but a woman of the poorer ranks of life,—from which ranks our large crowded county asylums are filled. How people in such ranks contrived to live, and the kind of life they led before being sheltered there, is intimately known to few who attempt to write about them. They are usually even laborious, because want is ever in view. It is not the fear of difficulties and embarrassments which makes them rise early, and causes them to lie down exhausted with fatigue ; it is the fear, nay the certainty, of starvation, if they are idle. So the best among them toil on until they rest in the grave ; when, and not till when, their weary task is done. And the worst of them, too impatient of this lot, or tempted beyond their strength, deviate from the walks of industry into the side-paths of idleness and gin, of dissipation and sensuality, become instructed in thieving and other short ways to immediate gain, and die in their own manner. It is easy to moralize on these things, and virtuously to condemn ; but God alone can judge such matters justly. If a man would try to do so, he must realise to himself an almost unfurnished home, and hungry children, and rent to pay, and scanty and coarse food day after day, and wretched clothing, giving poor protection against the "heat o' the sun" and "the tedious winter rages." He must fancy the state of his mind under the privation of all indulgences and all amusements, and in the utter absence of all comfortable recreation for mind or body. Who is there, more happily placed, who can estimate or even imagine the physiological results of all this combina-

tion of misery and privation? Imperfect digestion and nutrition; the impoverishment of the blood; the consequent deterioration of all the bodily tissues; the lowered character of the grey and white substances of the brain, involving the limitation of the supply of nervous force to all parts of the frame, to those subserving physical offices, and to those of which the integrity is essential to the exercise of the mental and moral faculties;—all these are consequences which may not unreasonably be supposed to ensue to a greater or less extent. But the same causes continue to act in countless families, generation after generation, are transmitted and retransmitted, and their effects accumulated and multiplied; so modifying the general development of the human being that we read even in the face of the bare-footed boy, in the streets of London, his woeful inheritance, and in the features and figure of the grown-up man or woman, in their speech and movement, their wretched physical history. Perhaps we may read something more printed there; the connexion of some, at least, of their faults, or vices, or crimes with the associated impoverishment, if it may be so called, of their higher faculties. We remark the ungainliness of the bodily shape and motion, and the pallor or the unhealthy suffusion of the face, and the ruggedness of the voice and language. With these marks of a degraded type we feel that there can hardly fail to be a corresponding mental limitation. With a total want of instruction there is, in fact, so unobservant a mind that they receive no knowledge from natural objects, and their natural theology is less advanced than that of the poor Indian who sees God in clouds or hears him in the wind. It is unnecessary to go further, now, into these sad particulars. But there is something unreasonable in expecting many excellences to flourish and Christian virtues to find existence in a soil so unprepared. Medical men, and those thoughtful persons, now happily not a few, who are devoting themselves to the advancement of social science, or the real science of living the life befitting so highly endowed a creature as man, do not ignore these painful facts, nor look unheedingly upon them. To physicians who reflect on the cases coming under their care in the wards of our lunatic asylums for the poor, such facts are daily presented as material for serious thought.”

Lowness of Spirits.

“Inequality of spirits, passing fancies, caprices, and even temporary moodiness of mind, usually present themselves in forms rather amusing than afflicting. But our old and vene-

rated preceptor of physic in Edinburgh well reminded us, in his admirable *Conspectus*, of the relationship between these and graver affections of the mind. 'Omnis præter solitum hilaritas ad insaniam vergit; et mæstus et meticulosus animus ad melancholiam appropinquat.' So that a careful attention to preserve an equal mind can scarcely be too strongly enforced. In the extremes of these variable conditions consists a large portion of the unspeakable affliction which justified the observation of our great English moralist, that 'of the uncertainties of our present state, the most dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reason.' Those who merely pay a cursory visit to an asylum may scarcely think so strong an expression justifiable; for many of the patients are tranquil, many occupied, and not a few seem so cheerful as to confirm the popular notion that there may be a happiness in being mad. But there are few among the insane, especially of the more educated classes, who have not an inward and painful sense of their position, and few or none who always forget that, for them, all the sweet uses of this world are lost. The aspect of those afflicted with melancholia, their countenances, their unregarded dress, their sorrowful attitude, and the deep dejection conveyed by their terrible words, sufficiently declare the dreadful truth that their anguish is more than they can bear.

"Of all the trials apparently incidental to human life, the proneness to dejection of mind as age advances may, I think, be reckoned amongst the greatest. Few even of those who escape this penalty of senility owe their immunity so much to the strength as to the growing weakness of their minds. In earlier years, great intellects may be struck down for a time, and recover; the religious melancholic recovers hope; imaginary fears, built on scruples of a conscience diseased, may be demolished; spectres of ruin may be exorcised. Many such cases, depending on bodily ailment, are superable by medical treatment. After sixty years of age, we see too often the brain of vigorous men, to whom morbid fancies have been before unknown, becoming incapable of rallying under sorrow; losing energy, and falling into total inaction. The external form may remain; the grave and wise look, the sensible and intelligent face, the grand head; but the patient gazes upon you as upon a picture, and speaks not a word. Some who for many long years were active in business, and easily pleased with the common relaxations of social life, lose at once all their activity and all their vivacity; become unfit for business and incapable of pleasure; are no longer useful,

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but can derive no enjoyment from leisure. Each morning, thenceforth, dawns upon them without a plan for the day ; no pleasant sense of profitable labour to be done ; no prospective participation of social meetings or family happiness. In these cases the energy of the brain is dead ; and such patients are not in general much afflicted by their own position. Those who suffer the most are generally such as are more highly cultivated, whose aspirations have been higher, perhaps whose occupations have been nobler or more useful, but who have a morbid and regretful sense of all the hopes and joys which age steals away ; want the power of bearing up against the ills of old ; and wholly forget that age is as natural a part of life as youth, and that it is as natural to die as to be born.

“This kind of creeping sorrow is the more painful, because the victim himself suspects it must be sinful. It is also felt to be degrading to him, because it is against his reason ; and yet he cannot dissipate it by reasoning. It is afflicting, because it is still recognised by the declining mind as inconsistent with the duty of the creature to the Creator, and implies an ungrateful forgetfulness of the thousand blessings scattered over the early path of life, and of some, now that the winter is approaching, which still, like autumnal flowers, adorn the declining time.

“Thus, the ablest minds of antiquity, and the ratiocinations of some of the most pious men of modern times, have been applied to prove that age is not an evil, and applied in vain. The natural tendency of the mind in age is still to melancholy, as the tree bows to the earth before its fall. In the strongest men, its accompaniments are labour and sorrow. If the man of thirty could foresee how many of his friends would be removed from the world before he reached his grand climacteric, his heart would sink within him. The illusions which make up the promises of early life, and impel him to fill the circle marked for him by heaven, would vanish at once. The aspirations which spur him to useful industry would die. In a world of such quick successions, all such things would seem futile and foolish. He would see before him only growing infirmities and solitude ; and would have but a distressing foreknowledge that every additional year would bring additional weight upon his limbs and upon his heart ; and would associate every street of familiar towns, and every lovely scene from towns remote, with mournful mutations, and recollections full of never to be removed sorrow.

“It is not satisfactory to conclude that such reflections must predominate in the closing years of life. Medicine may be

powerless, and philosophy. The tone recently adopted by the chaplains of some asylums prevents much hope of success from being based on their exertions. Their ministry might be healing and valuable; but these well meaning persons must be differently educated, and their knowledge of man and nature much enlarged before they can be safely introduced into private establishments for the insane of the educated classes, an arrangement towards which there are recent manifestations of a leaning well calculated to excite apprehension. The task of a chaplain ministering to those unsound in mind is always delicate and difficult. Conventional modes of approaching the important subjects they wish to introduce are wholly out of place, and proud denunciations both foolish and abominable. In no undertaking do times and seasons more require attention. One ill-chosen text, one ill-selected illustration, one rash word may turn aside a scornful maniac, or extinguish the last spark of hope in a melancholic patient. Paternal kindness, the avoidance of pomp, and the preservation of a kind of family and affectionate character in all the services, seem generally to be the most efficacious in calming and winning the troubled hearts of those who are not insensible to religious truth, and yet not in their perfect mind.

“Lastly, men whose lives have been passed usefully, and benevolently, and without more than the sum of frailty inseparable from an imperfect being, should not be without consolation, nor even, whilst life lasts, sink into inaction. The past may be unsatisfactory, and the *memoria bene actæ vitæ, multorumque benefactorum recordatio*, of small efficacy; but every man, old as well as young, if not insane, may yet pursue truth, and do good. If he could also govern himself in all things, his life, the longest life, would be too happy, and ‘earth paved like heaven.’ There are also, it is our trust, new forms of life beyond this life; and many high consolatory truths which a reasonable man should not forget, although it would be presumption to dwell upon them in this place.”

Senile Dementia.

“The repose of the features in Senile Dementia is usually complete. Ambition is dead, angry emotions have passed away; mean and turbulent thoughts, if any there were, have become extinguished, the life of the passions is over. Man has become a peaceful animal; rarely, when the state is once established, disturbed by any shadows of the past years. This perfect calm is, however, sometimes preceded by great

agitation, and fancies of some work to be done, or some engagements to be fulfilled; leading to attempts to wander away from home, and to resist the most affectionate control of grieved relatives. But peace succeeds, greater than the peace of childhood; and then, sometimes, the spectacle of extreme age loses its painful character, and becomes eminently picturesque. Few of my medical readers, however busily engaged in crowded cities, have not treasured up in some corner of their minds, among the recollections of childish days, some picture of a venerable aged man or woman seated at a cottage door, seeming to view with calm face and untroubled heart the sweet meadow and the declining sun; or looking with satisfaction on the juvenile activity of their active and joyous grandchildren, although with a vague consciousness and a dreamy expression. Sorrow could not touch these remembered old people further; but all of sensation that was left seemed to be pleasurable.

“It is, however, a strange thing to look on a face once most familiar to us, and now, when nearly ninety years have gathered over it, still to see the same features, and even the same smile, and yet to be forced to the conviction that you are not recognised. The placid features, the benevolent regard, the long grey hair, are but a venerable picture. The activity of former years is a dream. No word, no sign, not the most pointed allusion to things past, and once most familiar, rouses any responsive movement in the senile brain. Life still remains; respiration, and digestion, and blood-circulation, and alternate waking and sleep; but memory, and emotion, and speculation, and foresight, and with them, happily, anxiety and sorrow, and pain and grief, have passed away.

“Even this is better than the strange mixture of the mournful and the ludicrous, in cases, in which, amidst the wreck of all nobler things, the memory of life’s poor vanities alone survives: and the old lady who can scarcely rise from her chair, insists on being dressed and rouged, and seated at the card-table, where her pleased, but utterly foolish expression of face, reflects the thoughts of gains or losses, which once constituted the only serious events of her daily life. Even a man’s mind may show these infirmities, where an ignoble and frivolous life has left him insensible that he is mortal. In one remarkable case of this kind, in a well-known fashionable man of his day, considerable mental acuteness was, all the life long, so assiduously devoted to things below the dignity of a man, that when age came, it brought with it on

each return of evening, a return of the fancy of a room full of the grand and gay, of wits long silenced and beauties long hidden in the grave; and the poor worn face of age was lighted up with an inane gaiety that shocked the beholder. Thinking of these things, one feels the beauty as well as the simplicity of Lavater's farewell words to a youth taking leave of him:—"Young man, bring me back the same face;" a face undeformed by vanity, or falsehood, or guilty thoughts."

Religious Melancholy.

"The engraving presented to the reader in this number is from a photographic portrait of a young woman labouring under religious melancholy. In this form of melancholy there is no mere worldly despondency, nor thought of common calamities or vulgar ruin; but a deeper horror: a fixed belief, against which all arguments are powerless, and all consolation vain; a belief of having displeased the Great Creator, and of being hopelessly shut out from mercy and from heaven. This portrait, therefore, does not reflect the figure of patients so often recognised in asylums, sitting on benches by the lonely walls, the hands clasped on the bosom, the leaden eye bent on the ground, and the unvarying gloom excluding variety of reflection. It represents an affliction more defined. We discern the outward marks of a mind which, seemingly, after long wandering in the mazes of religious doubt, and struggling with spiritual niceties too perplexing for human solution, is now overshadowed by despair. The high and wide forehead, generally indicative of intelligence and imagination; the slightly bent head, leaning disconsolately on the hand; the absence from that collapsed cheek of every trace of gaiety; the mouth inexpressive of any varied emotion; the deep orbits and the long characteristic eyebrows; all seem painfully to indicate the present mood and general temperament of the patient. The black hair is heedlessly pressed back; the dress, though neat, has a conventual plainness; the sacred emblem worn round the neck is not worn for ornament. The lips are well-formed, and compressed; the angle of the jaw is rather large; the ear seems well-shaped; force of character appears to be thus indicated, as well as a capacity of energetic expression; whilst the womanly figure, the somewhat ample chest and pelvis (less expressed in the engraving than in the photograph) belong to a general constitution, out of which in health and vigour, may have grown up some self-accusing thoughts in an innocent and devout, but passionate heart.

For this perverting malady makes even the natural instincts appear sinful; and the sufferer forgets that God implanted them. But the conflict in the case before us is chiefly intellectual. The meditations of that large brain are not employed on wordly cares, nor even on affections chilled, nor temporal hopes broken. They are engaged in religious scruples, far too perplexing for its power to overcome. In the meantime all the ordinary affections, from which consolation might be derived, are shut out. Soon, perhaps, the scruples themselves will appear crimes. To escape future punishment, bodily mortifications must be endured; severe fasts, or some self-inflicted pain. Under these, the bodily strength, usually impaired in the commencement of the attack, becomes further impaired. The digestion becomes feeble, and even the sparest meals occasion suffering. Emaciation takes place; often proceeding to an extreme degree. The uterine functions (for the subjects of this form of malady are usually women), are suppressed. Paroxysms of excitement may occur, with sudden activity in the prosecution of schemes of vaguest import; but with these futile efforts misgivings become mingled. The thought of suicide, often suggested, becomes fixed; and such varied and ingenious efforts are made to carry it into effect as to demand incessant vigilance. Yet, even in this state there may be days in which the mind is tranquillised, and needle-work is resumed, or the music of happier days is played once more. But these gleams are transient. The mind loses its energy; debility invades every function; pulmonary or mesenteric disease supervenes; the limbs become anasarous; and the wretched patient is only relieved by death.

“The subjects of this kind of affliction are often highly intellectual, and this seems to endow them with greater latitude of terrible delusions, and with an eloquence in describing them that cannot always be listened to without emotion; seconded as it is by an expression of countenance full of real horror, and significant of the state of utter spiritual abandonment and degradation into which the patient asserts herself to be plunged, without hope of relief on earth or pardon in heaven.

“The medical treatment of religious melancholy is often of more import than that which enthusiastic and very well-meaning persons are too much inclined to resort to. Remonstrances, and the perusal of sermons, and of the tracts scattered over too many drawing-room tables, and showered with mischievous, although well-intentioned, activity among

the poor,—nay, even the exclusive reading of the Bible and Prayer-book,—must often be refrained from or forbidden. There are states of mind in which the medical man must have courage to exclude these as poisons. The mind must be diverted to more common and more varied subjects, and the bodily health must have the most careful consideration.

“These observations apply to all religious sects. The subject of this photograph had left the Protestant faith, and become what is commonly called a Roman Catholic. Her education had not been such as to enable her to reason well on either side, and she became merely wavering and unsettled in her belief. Attention to ordinary matters was neglected; she sat in the attitude shown in the engraving for a long time together; she was negligent of her dress, and occasionally destructive of it. Often she cried out that she was a brute, and had no soul to be saved. Now and then she had a desire to see some minister of religion, either Catholic or Protestant; and soon afterwards would refuse to see either, declaring that neither could be useful to her. All this seems to be expressed in the photograph. The medal she wears was given to her by a gentleman connected with the Catholic establishment.

“It is unnecessary to say that her case was managed in the asylum with the most prudent caution. She was encouraged to more bodily exertion; and her mental perplexities, not being aggravated by reasonings unadapted to her, gradually died away. She soon began to occupy herself, and became useful in the laundry of the establishment. She was strengthened by quinine. The inactivity of the digestive canal, so common, or so constant in cases of melancholia, was counteracted by combining the decoctum aloes compositum with a tonic; and shower-baths, of half a minute's duration, contributed to restore general bodily energy. Such attacks never yield at once. They come on gradually, and depart slowly. After a residence of ten months in the asylum, this patient became well. It is gratifying to know that she remains well, having now left the institution seven months since.

“The change presented by the countenance after recovery from severe mental disturbance is generally remarkable, and sometimes even surprising. In case of acute mania it is singularly marked; and in the particular form of religious melancholy the cheerful smile that supplants the dismal and anxious look of the patient is almost magical. In the case now referred to, whatever there was of meditative or intel-

lectual cast in the face during the period of melancholy, was almost wholly lost when the attack went off. The ample forehead, of course, remained, and the deep orbits ; but the eyes, when open, were small and inexpressive, and the mouth seemed to have become common-place. Her whole appearance was, indeed, so simply that of an uneducated Irish girl, that the very neat gown, cloak, and bonnet, in which she was dressed by the kindness of those about her, seemed incongruous and peculiar. A second photograph, taken at that time, possesses, therefore, little interest. In some other instances the metamorphoses effected by malady and recovery may be usefully, and even instructively represented."

In a subsequent paper (11th) Dr. Conolly reverts to this subject of religious melancholy, and observes :—

"No familiarity with cases of religious melancholia renders the observer indifferent to the intense expression of mental suffering by which they are characterised. An affliction is portrayed in the face and attitude so profound, and so incapable of relief or consolation, as to communicate an unavoidable sadness even to those who know that the affliction is not the result of real calamity, but of a mere morbid condition of the nervous system, which, terrible as it appears, and terrible as it really is to the patient, is generally only temporary. The feelings of a good chaplain to an asylum are greatly tried by cases of this kind ; his most anxious efforts appearing to be long unavailing. For although the melancholic patients (generally women) can attend to and even appreciate his spiritual encouragements, they consider them as inapplicable to their own particular case. A patient admits that for others there may be hope ; but for her, she asserts, and most truly believes there is none. Others may be forgiven ; but her faults are unpardonable. She accuses herself of unworthiness and impurity, although ever vaguely ; and her ideas are but obscurely associated in the mind of the pathologist with possible physical instincts presenting to the morbid and defenceless mind suggestions that seem crimes. * * *

"Looking largely at the subject of melancholia, and even at cases of religious melancholy, it would be uncandid to conceal that there are many examples of this form of depression for which the clergy, whether tranquil as Him who taught on the sea shore standing on a ship, or impassioned and far less divinely composed, are in no way accountable. Conditions of the brain and nerves of which we possess no accurate knowledge, sometimes inherited, sometimes follow-

ing too much excitement, mental or bodily, sometimes apparently associated with morbid conditions of the stomach and liver, and in very many cases with uterine disorder, modify all impressions made on the senses and affections in such a way as to render them all sources of pain, or at least of discomfort. Patients who present this peculiarity have certainly for the most part the external signs of the melancholic temperament; a dusky and partially flushed complexion, tinged now and then with yellow; the head well formed anteriorly; the forehead broad, but usually deficient in height; the vertex often high, and the occipital region broad and bulging; the expression of the face gloomy, and strongly contrasted with the occasional smiles evoked from time to time by cheerful friends, as if without the will of the despairing patients themselves. Over-exertion of mind brings on this melancholy state in men of great mental power, and leads often to a wish for death, and to meditations for effecting it. By perfect mental rest they recover. The same over-tasking of the brain, although more by domestic responsibilities than intellectual exertions, leads, in women of highly conscientious feelings, to the same depression. In all these cases the tendency to self-destruction is commonly observable."

Insanity Supervening on Habits of Intemperance.

"The portraits accompanying this paper are illustrative of some of the modifications of features and expression in women who have fallen into habits of intemperance, on which derangement of the mental powers has ensued to a greater or less extent. The two portraits represent different patients, of different character and of different history. The poor creature on the right having been nurtured in low life, almost brought up in early acquired habits of drinking, left to do their sure and uninterrupted work on body and mind, until both have acquired the impress of a misfortune unavoidable, and slowly ripened into vice, and bringing the whole creature into a sort of chronic and indelible appearance of sottishness. In the left-hand portrait is represented another patient, of a respectable station in life, but also ruined by drink; but by drink so gradually indulged in, however, that her altered state bewilders her, and fills her, fallen as she is, with distressful remorse.

"Although we perceive even in this portrait the somewhat bloated or swollen condition of the fleshy parts of the face which tipsy habits produce, much expression remains—but

it is of wretchedness and despair. The raised hands, pressed together, indicate the intensity of her prominent emotions; the eyes, somewhat uplifted, but gazing on nothing; the deep corrugation of the overhanging integuments of the lower forehead, portray the painful questioning of a woman not forgetful of her former life, nor unconscious of the comfortless change that has come over her; and the expression is heightened by those undefinable modifications of the muscular structure of the cheeks which add so much to all facial expression of intense character. In the upraised under lip, also, and in the tensely-elevated chin, there is so much meaning of the same kind, that we might almost fancy the poor patient breaking out, in this suffering mood, into expressive words, as was indeed the poor woman's custom often, relative to her earlier life now gone, and happier thoughts long dispersed, and to remembrances of having once been esteemed and even admired in the modest circle in which she moved, until taught to like gin by "wicked neighbours" older than herself. Her history was indeed lamentable. She had been well educated, and resided, when a young woman, with her mother, who possessed a little independent property. Being then good looking, she was much noticed; nor did it appear that she lost her station by any immorality of early life. But she was not watched enough to guard her from pernicious acquaintances, who enjoyed, it would seem, the perverse satisfaction of teaching her the poor pleasures arising from the taste of spirituous liquors, until she adopted Mrs. Gamp's plan of putting gin into the teapot. Somehow, as always happens in such cases, the little property possessed by her mother gradually diminished, and at length disappeared altogether. Dram-drinking became the only remaining comfort of the impoverished house; and thus things went on until one article of furniture after another, and also the clothes of her mother and herself, passed into the hands of the pawnbrokers. The poor mother found shelter in the workhouse, and the still more unhappy daughter, torn by remorse, and maddened more and more by intemperance now grown habitual, became maniacal, and was received into the lunatic asylum. Much of this, perhaps all of it, is written in that despairing, questioning face. Memory of the past and purer time has not been destroyed by her malady, nor conscience obliterated. She feels herself transformed, and that for her no earthly joy remains or will return. Her irritable hands have traced marks of agony on her forehead; her neglected curls hang

raggedly over her ears ; she has torn them away until she is nearly bald. Even her large and well-developed brain seems to impress the beholder with thoughts aggravative of the miserable desolation that now alone prevails in the depths of her consciousness and memory. There is no healthful action and no comfort in any corner of that restless brain. Where once there was quick perception, imagination, benevolence, understanding, there is now but a tumultuous succession of ineffaceable records, read by the light of madness only, with no ray of better light from the retrospection, and as yet no higher hope. Suicide, the last resource of such wretchedness, has been often attempted by her. When all this affliction falls upon an erring human being, the comforts and even the blessings accorded to our poorer lunatics show all the value of the noble institutions where the most rejected of the world meet with pity and find rest. The malady may be too deeply fixed to be curable : but all physical excess is at an end—no neglect and no cruelty add to the morbid wretchedness ; kind words are heard, and religious thoughts are gradually introduced into the mind of the sufferers ; and the curtain of death falls gently even upon them.

“A different history from the preceding is plainly enough written in the right-hand portrait, which exhibits traits scarcely quite unknown to persons accustomed to the observation of the faces of populous towns. Here the bloated face, the pendulous masses of cheek, the large lips uncontrolled by any voluntary expression, and to which refinement and delicacy seem never to have belonged ; the heavily gazing eyes, not speculative, scarcely conscious : the disordered, uncombed, capriciously cut hair, cut with ancient scissors or chopped with impatient knife ; the indolent position of the body, and the heavy resting of the coarse, unemployed, outstretched fingers, together with the neglected dress and reckless *abandon* of the patient, all concur to declare the woman of low and degraded life, into whose mind, even before madness supervened, no thoughts except gross thoughts were wont to enter ; and whose bold eye and prominent mouth were never, even from early infancy, employed to express any of the higher or softer sensibilities of a woman's soul. But yet she is, even in this degraded state, more truly an object of pity than of condemnation. It is easy to condemn ;—it is harder to be just. Where this now outcast human being was born, and how brought up, it were vain to inquire. She probably never had a home ; and it appears, in fact, that her earliest reminiscences were only

of gaining a kind of livelihood by selling miscellaneous articles in the streets; articles begged, or articles lent, or articles stolen, no doubt. As she grew up, gross appetites grew up also; the love of beer, among the rest, developed itself strongly; and she was well known to her familiars as what even they denominated a low-lived person. But beer was sometimes hard to procure; it could not always be successfully begged for; it could not be easily stolen; and it could not be bought without money. So the want of this stimulant joy of low life caused her to cultivate her faculties as a singer, and these were exerted in low public-houses, where the remuneration was generally beer, or halfpence convertible into beer. Her audiences were not fastidious; her songs were not always unobjectionable; and she further became liable to infirmities of temper, and acquired habits of inconvenient violence; became signalised for artful frauds and cunning concealments, and in all respects negligent in her habits. At last she was pronounced to be insane, and found refuge, the only refuge in this world, from worldly misery, in an asylum; but she could scarcely appreciate even the comforts of an asylum. The beds and the clothing might be good, and the food; but the limitation of beer constituted a permanent grievance.

“Such a picture, the presentment of such a life, cannot be summarily dismissed from the mind. Even the consolations of our best-conducted asylums for the poor can scarcely be diffused over the breast of so doomed a wretch as this; doomed, as the affairs of the world go, even from her birth, for cradle she had none, to destitution and to degradation; to whose childish ears no pious words were ever addressed, and on whose youth no hope of honest means of support had ever beamed! Thinking of these things, questions arise, only to be answered in some unknown time. But such lives and even such faces ought not to pass by us unheeded, like the idle wind, or the clouds of summer. This poor creature knew no instruction. Her ear, possibly attuned to melody, enabled her to pick up the current minstrelsy of the streets, the tunes of organs, and the words of ribald songsters. Moral control there was none; moral examples there were none either. Religious instruction there was none: she had probably never been in a church in her life. So, when life was departing, no aspirations could well arise, nor could the most pious words be expected to prevail. If a feeling remained, or a desire, it was but for the speedier oblivion of

more beer. Such results are shocking, and to ears polite scarcely suited ; but such results are true.

“Great moral revolutions may take place, it would seem, in the short space of a single century. Intemperance in wine was esteemed, in the days of our grandfathers, as a mere failing incidental to gentlemen. The prime minister drank hard, and his friends and dependents followed his example. Literary men drank hard, and composed works in the purest English ; county squires drank hard, and were esteemed the more for what was then considered indicative only of an open and generous disposition. A very sober gentleman was even somewhat suspiciously regarded as one who was afraid to be thrown off his guard. But now everything, as far as the higher and the middle classes are concerned, is happily changed. The nobleman never commits excess ; the squire goes to bed sober ; the literary man is temperate ; and the tradesman no longer drinks and dozes away his afternoon in the sanded parlour of the public-house. Drunkenness has become the exclusive opprobrium of the poor, the ignorant, and the miserable.

“Among the exertions of the last half-century, none have been more zealous than those made to promote general temperance. Eloquent speeches, pathetic sermons, flags and processions, the aid of festival and song, have been equally directed to showing the ruin and madness attendant on drunken habits, and the beauty and serenity of water-drinking. The virtue of temperance has been carried to a kind of ostentatious excess. But partial social reforms are seldom permanent. So desired an improvement, like many others, is incompatible with the neglect of other portions of social science. Sobriety, or the judicious use of stimulants, is a virtue inconsistent with the want of various comforts, and even of various stimuli, which the wealthy and the well-to-do so constantly enjoy as scarcely to appreciate them. We blame the labouring man for passing his Saturday evening at the village alehouse ; forgetting his privations during the week, and the comfortless character of his home. We turn away, with a false consciousness of superiority, from a shivering half-clothed, half-fed, half-tipsy creature, who has been standing at a vegetable stall for fourteen hours, and is wandering home at midnight to a garret in the narrowest of streets. Or, far away from towns, in what are called mining districts, we hear, at rich men’s tables, from the great proprietor himself, or perhaps from the good chaplain, of the melancholy state of moral degradation of the miners, whose

wretched rows of houses we discerned on the slope of the hills, in the evening, on our journey; cottages with windows on one side only, so that the eyes of the miners' families should not look over the fair domain of the rich man, the few and small windows and the door being confronted by privies and dung-heaps, and pig-sties, on the shaded and damp side of the house towards the barren hill-side. In all these cases, it seems to be forgotten that the creature, man, is transformed from what he might be, or should be, or naturally is; that he is made an unhealthy creature, and that neither his body nor his mind can escape degradation. All the wholesome stimuli of life are withdrawn in these, and in countless other cases, from large classes of the people; and, by a strange ignorance of human nature, every calm and delightful virtue is expected to flourish in their homes, and in their general morals. They are left and live unacquainted with the comfort of cleanliness, of good food, and of a decent bed. They awake only to toil, and they sleep the sleep of the exhausted. Of the intellectual stimuli which contribute so largely to the enjoyment of those above them, they are destitute from youth to age. Social enjoyments, cheering conversation, various reading, friendly correspondence, diversified news; all that belongs to the finer arts; all that charms the eye or the ear; and all that gives grace and elegance to domestic life, is shut out from them. Their ever-during poverty leaves them almost unacquainted with the pleasure of being able to confer benefit on one another. All the cheerful and cheering sympathies of society and families are unknown to them. To all higher and nobler aspirations they are, and must be, utter strangers, though tracts may be showered among them, and special denunciations addressed to them, for not being better. To ask human beings so situated to refrain from the immediate gratifications of beer and gin is merely to insult them, or to incur their just and bitter ridicule.

“But the love of money and the carelessness at what expense of virtue and happiness it is obtained, exposes both men and women to excessive toil, which is even, it is said, systematically stimulated by strong liquors, while yet the inevitable consequences are condemned with little mercy. The poor, drunken, lost woman whom we shun in the shabby streets of London, or whom we take better care of in the wards of the county asylum, may once have been industrious, virtuous, and pleasing in appearance. Her poor parents, who with difficulty provided their children with food and

clothes, launched them all into the rough sea of the world as soon as, by any kind of work, they could procure scanty food and scanty clothes for themselves. Some floated away and disappeared in various regions of poverty ; but this daughter was considered more fortunate. She became a dressmaker ; her clothes were neat in appearance, but her meals were neither frequent nor abundant, and she had little acquaintance with fresh air. From morning until evening, and often until midnight, her toil was pursued in a close and confined atmosphere. She and her companions became worn and weary and drowsy. This weakness was incompatible with the interest of their employers. Fresh air and better food might have done them good ; but for these there was no time ; they were too expensive. Cheaper stimulants were accorded to them ; strong coffee, sometimes with a dash of the cheapest ardent spirits, and, if there was more pressing need to have some work finished, to array some unconscious beauty for a near-approaching drawing-room, and, at all risks, the weight of slumber must be drawn from off those drooping eyelids, novels were read to them, poisonous novels, rousing their midnight attention by appealing to their sensual passions. From such training what could ensue but intemperance and vice ? Walking feebly homeward, hungry, and faint, and assailed with offers of food and wine and money, what could poor girls so placed do but yield to temptation ?

“These pictures might easily be multiplied. But less graphic, although far more numerous examples might be quoted, from the crowds of cities, of men and of women of decent habits and position, whose constant care can scarcely ensure to them sufficient good food and proper dress for the varied seasons, and a poor dismantled room up many stairs, in Pentonville, it may be, or in Lambeth, or in the outskirts of the great agglomeration of cities called London, a class of people to whom varied food, and even the portions of pleasant meats which Jeremy Taylor reminds rich Christians that they should send to their neighbours on Sundays, are nearly or quite unknown, and who, weary and faint, learn to insipid their dish of tea, and aluminous bread, with some accompanying drops of gin, from whence they derive some instant solace, some relief from exhaustion, some oblivion from care. It is Saturday night. To-morrow there is no work : only sleep, or sloth, or drink and devilry. Let Monday come ! And Monday comes ; and more starvation ; and more exhausting work ; and more drink ; and more despair ;

and divers horrid forms of death,—or all these are exchanged for the mockeries of madness.

“Such histories, read in the streets, or more thoughtfully contemplated in the mansions of insanity, seem to justify the often-repeated observation, that insanity is chiefly occasioned by drunkenness; but the observation is not strictly true, nor even true numerically, except in relation to physical causes. And of cases such as illustrate this paper, it seems scarcely just to assign the ultimate madness merely to intemperance. The intemperance itself is a malady, incidental to unhappy combinations of social circumstances, and to be remedied by modifications and reforms of social life. The virtues which so many benevolent persons look forward to with hope will not grow in a soil choked with weeds of rankest and foulest growth; their flowers and fruit cannot become entwined about the residences of privation, ignorance, and want. The praiseworthy efforts to enlarge the pleasures of the working classes, and which are really effecting so much good, cannot be extended to classes yet left lower in the social scale; although each body in those hopeless classes contains a soul.

“But hope appears. The diffusion of useful knowledge was a great work, of which the efficacy becomes still greater and more widely felt as attention becomes more extensively given to collateral branches of social science; to which so many able minds are now simultaneously directed, including that highly-important branch, the public health. With such reflections even the physiognomy of the insane is connected; and perhaps more, the physiognomy of the half-distracted in the crowds of cities. It would be wrong to accustom ourselves to note the outward disfigurements effected by inward degradation as mere pictures for the amusement of those more happily situated, suggestive of no reflections on the avoidable or remediable causes of such departures from moral and physical beauty. Rather should the depraved physiognomy be regarded as a warning language, and a fearful handwriting, hung up for our learning, and reproaching communities for long injustice, and long forgetfulness of so much that disfigures and defiles the temple of God.”

Illustrations of the Old Methods of Treatment.

We conclude these extracts with the following graphic description of an asylum of the olden time.

“A very expressive photograph is before me, taken from a print by Kaulback, which has been known, but not very generally, for some years; representing the interior of a Con-

tinental asylum, and containing fifteen portraits, illustrative of as many varieties of disordered mind. Although these portraits are evidently taken from life, the grouping of the figures is as plainly imaginary, and such as could scarcely ever have existed; yet highly exemplifying the skill of the artist.

“Towards the left of the picture, the figure of a man standing up between two strongly contrasted female figures seems first to attract notice. A lottery ticket, pinned on the side of the man's shabby hat, together with the fierce and dogged expression of his face, seems indicative of expectations disappointed. The female figure to which his face is turned, without, however, regarding her, has the characters of a virago strongly stamped upon her face and head, as well as in her menacing attitude. The keenly directed eyes, the snarling mouth, the flat head with the prominence of the vertical portion of it, and the bulk of the occipital region, reveal the preponderance of the animal qualities. Her terrible looks are directed to the other female figure, whose arms are thrown round the unregardful man, behind whom she stands, in a manner expressive of feminine tenderness and attachment: and whose face is handsome, the anterior and lateral portions of the head, and that above the forehead, well formed, and the vertex and occiput not in excess. The full womanly and maternal character is portrayed in this figure; and her face expresses at once attachment to the infatuated man, and grief for his faults. A little more to the left of the picture is an elderly woman, occupied in knitting, and in the calm state which has probably been preceded by mania; looking with a kind of wonder on the impassioned woman and the insensate man. Under this group, and to the front of the picture, we see a figure representing either a soldier or a peasant used to arms, whose manly face evinces thoughts brooding over some past reverse; his broad forehead, his straight eyebrows, his resolute mouth, his strong frame, and the sword (which may be of wood) slung carelessly over his shoulder, seem to show that here is a valiant soldier lost to the State or to his native village; his careless attire evinces that the alacrity of hope has left him, and that in his moody thoughts the present is lost in the past. Just before him is a happier instance of abstraction; a man intent on the pages of a book, and whose attitude admirably expresses a state of perfect self-satisfaction. The elevated eyebrows, the uplifted chin and under lip, the extended finger and thumb of the raised hand, clearly indicate the crazy philosopher, who has met in the old and

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well-worn volume before him thoughts elevated and mystical, and almost as novel as his own.

“In the centre of the picture, behind the other figures, are two male figures, eloquently representing religious excitement and depression. The happier fanatic stands upright, holds a crucifix before his breast, and points to himself with an air that announces his own asserted divinity. His broad large head shows the amplitude of what phrenologists would call marvellousness, ideality, veneration, and hope; and what all persons familiar with portraits recognise as the characteristic form of head in men of a speculative and fanciful temperament, not very much under the control of comparison and judgment. The lively eyes, the straight line of the mouth, even the outstanding and wild hair of the head, are very faithfully depicted; and all belong to this temperament. Behind this figure is the contrasted one of a man of higher intellectual endowments, but of the temperament called melancholic, in which all hope of future pardon is faint. The face is expressive of thought and of refinement, but the angles of the mouth are drawn downwards, the drooping head leans on hands clasped in sorrowful meditation, and his dark hair hangs in heavy masses over his ears and cheeks. In front of these figures we have an imbecile patient, happy in imaginary royalty, wearing a crown, and holding a stick for a sceptre. The large unmeaning eye, the protruded under-lip, the retreating chin, and the feeble and common cast of the face, are such as are generally found in this class of happy self-satisfied lunatics. Two female figures are devoted to the portraiture of melancholia; one, a devotee, near the enthusiastic man; her head bowed, her hands clasped, her collapsed face showing that hope has left the heart; the other in front of the picture, her face hidden, and in her hand a letter, which has brought tidings of overwhelming sorrow. Two other figures are devoted to showing examples of chronic mental disorder, and one, in front of them, less true, perhaps, to nature than the rest, seems intended to show an example of the loss of reason supervening on the death of an infant. Altogether, although there is singular merit in this print, its artificial grouping deprives it of the touching interest often arising from the representation of a single figure descriptive of mental disorder. It is to be observed that all the patients are left, as they used to be left, to their own fancies and to their particular sorrows. The artist has added one figure in the background which belongs to the past history of asylums, but as faithfully drawn as the rest. A well-fed, indolent, pipe-

smoking, night-capped, surly keeper directs his sidelong watchful looks on the group of afflicted beings at his mercy. The heavy keys, held behind him in his careless hands, tell us of the cells they close so often on these unfortunate patients; and the whip, hanging out of his pocket, shows the universal remedy he wields for the errors and griefs of the mind; one of his victims has rudely drawn the likeness of this functionary on the wall, in the active exercise of his vocation.

“Such numerous and gratifying changes have taken place in asylums for the insane within the last few years, that instead of contemplating a picture of this kind with unmitigated pain, the comforting thought ever arises that in our modern or our reformed institutions the gloomiest patients are consoled, and the most distracted have their thoughts drawn away from dreams and fancies to pleasant occupations; that night-capped keepers are no more; that not only have whips disappeared, but the strait waistcoats; and that while all aids are given to recovery, all alleviations are imparted to the incurable. These changes, scarcely yet appreciated by the public at large, have not been effected easily; and the shadow of dreadful evils has but very recently passed away; evils greater far than those revealed in the picture which we have been contemplating.”

C. L. R.

The Diagnosis of Acute Mania and Melancholia. By
J. G. ATKINSON, M.D., *Rook Nest, Wakefield.*

My object in this paper, is to endeavour to draw a strict line of demarcation between those forms of insanity which may be comprehended under the terms of mania and melancholia, and the delirium, which we witness in the various inflammatory affections of the brain fever, or delirium-tremens. If we were aware of the absolute pathological changes which exist in insanity, the correctness of a theory would be easily proved or disproved. In the absence, however, of evidence of this nature, which may be regarded as of a positive kind, I am compelled to draw my inferences from symptoms of disease during life, which may be regarded as evidence of a circumstantial nature. It is now some years since Dr. Wigan