

acted upon, not as a deliberately planned conduct, but as something lost sight of amidst the real tumult of a mind unfeignedly disordered. A critic of the highest class (Coleridge), and who appears to have accepted the simulation of Hamlet's madness without question, has yet been constrained, by a consideration of these and other wild passages, to say that 'Hamlet's wildness is but half false—he plays that subtle trick of pretending to act only when he is very near really being what he acts.'

"The demands of the stage add considerably to the difficulties inherent in this play. The compression of the action into little more than three hours hurries on its several stages, and often creates improbabilities which do not, or need not, trouble us in reading it. For the reader, an uncertain period of days, or even months, may elapse between the end of the first and the beginning of the second act, and there may be ample time for melancholy to convert Hamlet into the forlorn wretch who alarms Ophelia, 'sewing in her chamber.' His behaviour on that occasion is one among the most convincing proofs, in Dr. Conolly's opinion, of the reality, and indeed of the depth, of Hamlet's madness. He shrewdly remarks that—

"If we admit that the disordered dress might have been studied, and that the unbraced doublet, the fouled stockings, ungartered and down-gyved, were merely disarranged for the purpose of acting an unmeaning or a cruel part, we cannot readily say the same of the pale and piteous look—

As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors.

"These descriptive particulars cannot have been perversely designed by Shakspeare to pourtray the masquerading of a princely gentleman, oppressed with sorrow, for the abject purpose of exhibiting himself, careless of distressing the object of his deepest affections.'

"He recurs to this argument after Hamlet's next interview, 'less tender and yet more disturbing,' with Ophelia, in which he agrees nearly with Claudius—'Love! his affections do not that way tend.' The longer the interval between Hamlet's vision of the ghost and the progress of the action, the deeper becomes his distrust of the revelation, the more infirm his purpose of revenge, and the more surely seated the disease of his mind. Like other critics, Dr. Conolly admits that Hamlet has paroxysms of madness, amounting at times to acute mania; he differs from them only in denying that he is ever really sane, until indeed the closing scene. The better part of Hamlet survives all his mental discomposures. Death, stronger than madness, calms, corroborates, and heals his perturbed soul, and in a moment enables him to fulfil the hest which in weeks or months of irresolution he had dallied with and deferred. With death in his veins, and approaching his heart, he gains strength to punish the guilty, to provide for his own vindication, and to name the successor to the throne.

"We have given a slight sketch, but not pronounced an opinion, of Dr. Conolly's theory. It may persuade some and offend others; but whether he gains or fails of gaining assent, his little volume affords an admirable commentary on this the most psychological of Shakspeare's plays, and may be studied with equal profit by readers, spectators, and actors."—*The Saturday Review*, July 4th, 1863.

*Mr. Paget on the Mental and Material Rewards of the
Profession of Medicine.*

"The burden of my address is, work, life-long work. And so it is, and so it must be; there is no success without it—no happiness without it.

kind of success, indeed, there is without it—the getting of money without honour—and to that there are many ways; but we do not teach them here, and I am sure you are not seeking them. Young men never lay plans for disreputable success in life. In fact, I suppose that very few of our profession do, except some of those that have failed of gaining it by fairer means. But you may fairly ask, What is to be the reward of this life-long work? Is it to be anything at all fairly proportioned to it? Now let me try to tell you.

“If money-making be the chief object of work, ours is not a very good profession. Very few of us grow rich enough either to rise in rank, or gain what some aspire after—an independence. But even in respect of money our profession offers some, and those not inconsiderable advantages. It is attended with very little risk. If few even of those that work well and work hard grow rich, very few are ruined by any fault inherent in the profession. Moreover, I think it may be said, that amongst all the callings of life, there is none which to fitness, and attention to business, offers more certainly a fair competency of living. Therefore, I think you may promise to yourselves, God willing, a fair competency of living, free, or nearly free, from all risk, and requiring very little investment—that is, of money. That which you must invest is, brains and a strong will. But if much money is not to be gained in it, how shall such a profession be commended to you? Well, consider, in the first instance, that it is no small advantage to have a profession in which success can be reckoned by something else than money. Where money is the sole test of success, its pursuit is apt to become a very dangerous one—such a one as only men of great virtue can engage in long without damage. Moreover, success in it is no evidence that a man has done anything respectable, or has gained anything which is at all worth his labour; and therefore it is that the most honorable professions—those in which high-born and high-bred men most readily engage—are those which are not remunerated with money, or, at any rate, are rewarded on a far lower scale than mere money-makers would think adequate. But without money, and with more honour, you may gain that which rich men who want it are ready enough to give their money for; and if that be not enough, then anything that they can barter for it—namely, a good social station, rank amongst gentlemen. And this rank, even the best of it, you certainly may have without purchase and without subserviency; but, whether you obtain it or not, will depend very much upon the manner in which you study and practise your profession. Station has always been given to men of good education. Scholars have always held it, and probably always will; but scholarship is not now the only mark of education. Men of science rank with scholars, and the more you study your profession in a scientific spirit, the more you practise it as thoughtful and observant men, the more certainly will you gain good rank. On the side of money-making, our profession slopes towards trade; on the side of science, it rises towards nobility. You may rank where you will between those two extremes.

“It must not be forgotten that there is great pleasure in the pursuit of science. It may be held for certain that those faculties of the mind which belong to the highest human nature, and which in their likeness approach most nearly to the Divine attributes, give, in their exercise, the most intense and abiding happiness. Therefore those are the best callings in life which give most occasion for intellectual exercise, provided only they give at the same time opportunity for the exercise of virtue. In this view, if we count with it its allied sciences, I believe there is no calling that can be compared with ours. For intellectual exercise what can offer more? Great stores of knowledge already gathered in, but greater still to be gathered, and amongst these such as may satisfy every variety of intellect; difficulties enough to

satisfy the boldest and the most ambitious; breadths of uncertainty such as the most speculative may find room to range in; facts of plain value that may satiate the merest utilitarian; opportunities for experiment enough for the most ingenious; laws large enough for the most capacious—deep enough for the most profound. And in respect of virtue our life is full of occasions—nay, rather, of inducements for it. We live in the daily study of that which we believe to be the most perfect and the most elaborate of God's works—marvellous in its perfection, marvellous in its decay, and in its final change. Therefore, in our common tasks we may cultivate an habitual reverence and homage, and may find constant aids to faith in the analogy between what we see of the earthly life, and what, as revealed to us, we believe of the heavenly. We live amongst the suffering, and every one who needs our help may claim to be an object of our compassion, or may exercise our gentleness and patience. We live amongst the dying, and every day shows to us, more clearly than it does to other men, the need of watchfulness and Christian prudence, and their reward in the final victory of faith. Surely all these should be deemed great privileges, and the profession should be highly esteemed that offers them, when we consider how vast are the issues that depend upon our conduct in this fragment, this poor beginning, of our endless life, and how much we allow our conduct to be influenced by the circumstances amongst which we live.

“Now let me recount to you the good things that your profession offers freely. Competency of living; the society of educated men; blessings from the poor; recompense, with gratitude, from the rich; boundless fields for intellectual exercise; access to the richest stores of knowledge ‘for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate;’ daily inducements to the exercise of the highest Christian virtues. Gentlemen, all these are before you, and their price is devotion to your duty.”—*Introductory Lecture, delivered at the Opening of the Session at S. Bartholomew's Medical College. By James Paget, F.R.S. ('Lancet,' Oct 10).*

The Removal of S. Thomas's Hospital.

“The mutual struggles between the Governors of St. Thomas's Hospital, the public, the united and divided parishes on the south side of the Thames, the Governors of Bethlehem Hospital, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and everybody who could get hold of a corner of interest in the matter, seem likely at last to have been finally decided. A general Court of Governors, held on Tuesday last, approved an agreement entered into by the Grand Committee with the Metropolitan Board of Works for the purchase of seven acres of ground to be reclaimed from the river at Stangate, and the agreement only awaits the sanction of the Court of Chancery to be finally settled. The public will probably think that the sooner this is done the better. A better site might, no doubt, have been found for the hospital than Stangate. The course which recommended itself to common sense was for S. Thomas's Hospital to remove to the site of Bethlehem, and for Bethlehem to be removed into purer air and larger grounds in the country. Common sense, however, is not to be expected in Grand Committees, and the short-sighted rapacity of the Governors of Bethlehem made such an arrangement impossible. Failing that, and finding that public opinion would not allow them to indulge their singularly original project of a metropolitan hospital in the country, the Grand Committee must have been glad to find so good a site as Stangate at their disposal. They must, indeed, have had a troublesome time of it the last nine months. It would be interesting to know the feelings which are entertained by the Grand Committee towards