

mental constitution of the two men by whom these statistics were reported. Were it possible to apply to the two sets of cases a standard of sanity, and an accurate measure of mentality, it would doubtless be found that there were as many recoveries in the second period as there were in the first.

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*An Expensive Asylum.*

We take the following from the same report in regard to the State Hospital for the Insane, Danvers, Massachusetts:—

Let it be granted, for the present purpose, that the building may give suitable domicile to five hundred patients. From the data given, the fact is derived that the cost of the hospital will be at the rate of *three thousand six hundred dollars per patient*.

If a State can afford to expend that sum of money in a dwelling for each of a large class of its wards, we may celebrate the advent of a new era in political economy, or be forced to acknowledge that the hitherto recognized principles of that science are all at fault. No monarchical State, it is safe to assert, has ever attempted such an enterprise. If a republic, more hazardous, ventures to do it, then we may readily believe that it was not without good reason that Montesquieu declared that "republics fall by luxurious habits." If provision so costly of mere shelter and lodging, preparatory to the further provision of clothing and sustenance, for dependent persons, many of whom are fully capable of earning their support, be *not* a remarkable evidence of luxurious habits, it would be difficult, how closely soever the various spheres of society might be scrutinized, to discover any such evidence.

Perhaps something may be excused to the inherent fondness for ostentatious display manifested by the race in all ages, conditions, and degrees of enlightenment. Having no sovereign, under whatever title, upon whom to lavish the means for external grandeur, we build palaces for our insane as a substitute; and even many a *royal* palace, and that, too, in the European nations, is neither so large nor so pretentious, architecturally, as the hospital at Danvers. Three thousand six hundred dollars *per patient*, for a place of domicile! Scattered all over Massachusetts there are hundreds, perhaps thousands, of farms, averaging one hundred acres of land each, with a good country dwelling-house of two stories in height and from three to five rooms upon the ground floor, a suitable barn and (often) other out-buildings, and wood sufficient for the perpetual maintenance of two fires; and any one of these farms may be purchased for less money than that. The marketable value of more than five hundred such farms will be spent in the construction of that hospital. If the Commonwealth should buy that number of them, and give them, in

perpetuity, to the five hundred perpetuity persons who otherwise will occupy that hospital, and then pay to each of those five hundred persons three dollars and fifty cents. weekly for his support, would not the proceeding be considered a most glaring instance of extravagance? Yet this, substantially, is precisely what the Commonwealth is doing, and will do, at Danvers.

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*The Unconsciousness of Genius.*

Sir James Paget's neat and graceful, but not very deeply thought out, Hunterian Oration at the College of Surgeons has excited in the bosom of the "British Medical Journal" a gushing enthusiasm which it apparently finds a difficulty to express adequately. It is described as "a masterpiece of modern oratory," "a gem of critical literature," as "resplendent with purple patches" (whatever they may be), and "starred with gems of thought," as presenting "a picture which will live in literature and which shines with all the beauty of truth;" and so on in similar outbursts. Probably Sir James Paget will be more surprised than any one else to find that he has produced such a gigantic work of genius, and, if he accepts this almost feminine effusiveness seriously, may consider himself as an instance aptly proving the truth of an opinion which he expressed in his oration, that true greatness is ever unconscious of its powers. Of one character of Hunter's mind he spoke thus:—

I mean the unconsciousness of its own mental power. He could be provoked, in his later life, into saying that he knew better than some of those that spoke ill of him; but he said he felt a mere pigmy in the presence of the work he had to do; and even the sensitiveness and vexation with which he sometimes speaks of rivals is enough to prove that he doubted whether he did work good and great enough for permanent renown. He stands as he stands all other tests, so this of mental greatness, well—the test of self-unconsciousness; and it is happy for science he did so.

Is it then so certain that the test of mental greatness is unconsciousness of its power? We know that an opinion of this kind is sometimes confidently enunciated, and used as a sort of rod to correct the presumption of young ambition, and that Shakespeare is quoted as an example and a proof. On the face of it, however, it seems rather strange that the person who of all men is supposed to have the greatest power of insight among his cotemporaries should have the