it passes an unhealthy condition, which, if not remedied, will sooner or later lead to a permanent change in these cells, and they in turn will corrupt the others. The manifestations of abnormal intellectuation resulting from the morbid alterations in the nerve cells will, in one individual, lead to acts which society will pronounce vicious, and against which it will protect itself by sending the offender to gaol, whilst another man insisting that he is the Almighty, and that he can travel between heaven and earth at will, is judged by the same tribunal to be mad, and sent for safe keeping into an asylum. In both, disease is the original cause of the abnormal state.

The following conclusions appear to receive support from the preceding remarks—1st, that insanity is a disease requiring for its production a condition of nerve-structure capable of being acted upon by malign influences. 2nd, that in some forms of insanity, actual changes in the brain substance, which in all probability were the cause of the mental symptoms, exist, whilst in others the lesions observed must be regarded as secondary products. 3rd, that a certain number of persons die insane in whose brains neither original cause nor secondary effects can be detected. 4th, that the cerebellum is but little, if at all, affected by insanity.

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*Jean Jacques Rousseau:* A Psychological Study.* By J. Hawkes, M.D., Medical Superintendent, Westbrooke House Asylum, Alton, Hants.

The life of the philosopher has for some minds a higher charm than that of a poet—the life of a practical worker a greater attraction than that of a student or dreamer—the career of an earnest living reality more than that of a mystic, or even of a professor of the ideal. The career of the natural phenomenon, whose name heads this article, embraced to a great extent all of these conditions. Born in an age when the dawn of a new creation was already beginning to climb over the hills by which men's minds were environed—at a time when the rude disentanglements, by processes new and strange, were shortly to make themselves felt among the believers in an old faith—when the first throes of the great moral volcano of modern times seemed to indicate but feebly its future terrible force—the mind of young Rousseau buds forth like some fragile blossom of spring pushing its sensitive shoots through the frozen snow on the mountains around his native town.

* "Rousseau," by John Morley. 2 vols.

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Left, by the circumstances of his birth, motherless, from the first hour of his being, he was early thrown on his own internal consciousness and the resources it evoked, in lieu of the tender emotions called forth by a mother's attentions. His mind grew like an untrained tendril, as the fancy of the hour seemed to incline, whether warmed by a burst of sunshine into a precocious development, or chilled by the unkind winds of adversity into bitterness and a perverse love of evil. His only parent, a wild, passionate man, was, we may believe, but ill fitted for the duties of training such a child, and he appears indeed to have abandoned the attempt, preferring possibly to leave the direction and nurture of his son to those who, by destiny or the force of circumstances, were entrusted with the charge. "The child and the man," we are told, "passed whole nights in a fictitious world, reading to one another in turn, absorbed by vivid interest in imaginary situations, until the morning note of the birds recalled them to a sense of the conditions of more actual life, and made the elder cry in confusion that he was the more childish of the two."

Alluding to this epoch in his life, he remarked, at a later day, "I had no idea of real things—nothing had come to me by conception, everything by sensation." When about ten years of age he returned to Geneva, and in the house of his uncle, whose son was his constant companion, he spent two or three years, leading the healthy life of boyhood, when "the simplest amusements were a delight," and then he was called on to accept the hard logic of facts, and embrace a calling. Placed in the office of a notary, the work was entirely repulsive to the unformed and childish mind of young Rousseau; he had little inclination for the dry details of work, while he made no active opposition to its thrall, but being proved incapable of accommodating his thoughts and ways to the requirements of the life, his master thrust him away, complaining of his stupidity and inattention. Next we find him placed, for a brief term, with an engraver, "a rough, violent man," whose habits were peculiarly abhorrent to Rousseau's feelings; here, during his short apprenticeship, he learnt to practise "the vilest and meanest bits of rascality." His better disposition seems to have been frozen over by the harsh and chilling influences to which he was exposed, whilst the worst propensities were called into activity, partly from a low animal desire of self-protection, and partly, no doubt, as a set-off in his own mind to the misery of his situation.

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Nothing is more remarkable in his character than that, in many long years after, he could analyse his feelings at that period of his life, and calmly condemn himself for conduct he subsequently disapproved of. In a moment of anguish he released himself by flight, and entered upon another and far more critical stage of being. Now he learns, by experience, the joy of liberty; free from all restraint, he wanders over the hills to Savoy, where very little persuasion induced him to adopt the Catholic faith. This, he argued, was a duty on his part in return for the kindness and hospitality shown him by a priest into whose hands he had fallen. "The kindness with which a man receives us, attaches us to him, it is not to make a fool of him that we give way, but to avoid displeasing him, and not to return him evil for good." This amiable sophistry was probably genuine on the part of Rousseau as an expression of his views of duty to mankind. He was hence duly consigned to a Monastery in Turin, where he was supposed to undergo formal conversion, notwithstanding the secret abhorrence he possessed for the Church of Rome. At Turin he went "regularly to mass, watched the pomp of the Court, and counted on stirring a passion in the breast of a Princess," a sentiment we may believe to have been, on his part, very genuine.

Having quitted the Monastery, and failing to procure regular employment in any business, he entered the service of a lady as her page, but soon after his mistress died, and he was again turned adrift on the world; yet not before he had manifested the weakness of his moral courage in denying a theft that he had committed, and endeavouring to cast the odium of the deed on an innocent servant maid in his late mistress's house. This act of baseness was performed under the influence of mean fear, and not, as Rousseau himself asserted, from a feeling of love for the young woman. Unable to withstand the consequence of the petty act of theft, he committed a far worse one, the remorse of which haunted his memory for life. In his exaggerated emotional state the remorse became unduly intensified, and the lapse of years failed to remove, while they even served to aggravate his self-reproach.

Allured by the temptation of an uncontrolled course of action, and his love of nature, two leading characteristics throughout life, he abandons an excellent situation he had luckily obtained in the house of the Count of Gouvon, and, accompanied by a former acquaintance, whose rest-

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lessness of character coincided with his own, started on his return journey to Savoy, travelling on foot a mere penniless vagrant, drawing his enjoyment from the wild scenes through which he passed, heedless of the future. This adventurous expedition brought him, a ragged outcast, back to the house where he had been temporarily lodged previous to entering the religious house at Turin. It was the abode of a Madame de Warens, whose life was to be hereafter blended with his own. "She had points of beauty" —he wrote—"which last because they reside rather in expression than in feature. She had a tender and caressing air, a soft eye, a divine smile, light hair of uncommon beauty. You could not see a finer head or bosom, finer arms and hands." We may here notice the excessive readiness of Rousseau's disposition to receive impressions of beauty; whether in the sensuous relation of sex, or the promptings of nature, he seemed to drink in the sense of the beautiful at every pore. With a mind pervaded with this thirst for all that could appeal to sense, which we may venture to designate as the "lust of the eye," Rousseau was utterly destitute of the power to repress or restrain his longings, or to bridle the appetite and passions of his carnal nature. Whether it was the society of Madame de Warens, or the simple openness of nature's smile in the green and glorious landscape around, his heart drank in with unsatiable eagerness the pleasures he there found. "It was the first time" —he writes—"since leaving Bossey that I had green before my windows; always shut in by walls I had nothing under my eye but housetops and the dull grey of the street. How moving and delicious this novelty was to me! It brightened all the tenderness of my disposition. I counted the landscape among the kindnesses of my dear benefactress—she was present to me everywhere; among the flowers and the verdure; her charms and those of spring were all mingled together in my eyes. . . . . I could have passed my whole life, and eternity itself, in this way without an instant of weariness."

This strange whimsical being did not enjoy undisturbed happiness in the society of his "benefactress;" her solicitude for his welfare led to his being instructed in Latin, to fit him for entering priest's orders, but it was in vain; his intellect could not be taught; whatever it received seemed to come spontaneously, and, in despair of ever acquiring sufficient knowledge to qualify himself for the

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office of priest, he turned his attention to the cultivation of music. Rousseau had an innate love of music, and perhaps a natural aptitude for it. This was a part of his devotion to the beautiful in objects, as in everything that could touch the senses. But even in the study of music he was unfortunate; whether, as is most probable, it arose from a deficiency in application, or whether the fault lay with his teacher, "he could learn nothing, not even music." His teacher, after a short time, in consequence of a quarrel with his Superior, left the town, and Rousseau left with him. Wandering as far as Lyons, the unfortunate musician fell down in the street in a fit, and Rousseau took advantage of the circumstance to leave him. And now began a career of vagrancy and flagrant charlatanism. Finding that Madame de Warens had quitted Annecy he had no charm any longer in that place, but gave himself up for a time to a life of semi-genteel mendicancy. After wasting his slender resources in idle and riotous company, he wandered to Lausanne, where, says his biographer, "with an audacity that might be taken for the first presage of mental disturbance, he undertook to teach music." "Behold me," he writes of himself, "now a teacher of singing without knowing how to decipher an air." Such a profession could not, however, stand the test of a trial, and we are not surprised at the sudden, total, and ignominious collapse of his pretensions.

Quitting Lausanne, he proceeded further south, still seeking his fortune; thus he wandered alone, and on foot, "craving the rude fare of the peasant's hut, knocking at road-side inns, passing nights in caves and holes in the fields, or in the great desolate streets of towns."

This life of vagabondage had evidently an irresistible charm; abandoning himself to casual impressions, as he says, "Ideas come as they please, not as I please; they do not come at all, or they come in a crowd, overwhelming me with their numbers and their force;" again—"I went on in a sort of ecstasy, surrendering my heart and every sense to the enjoyment of it all, and only sighing for regret that I was enjoying it alone. Absorbed in the sweetness of my musing I prolonged my ramble far into the night without perceiving that I was tired. At last I found it out. I lay down voluptuously on the shelf of a niche made in the wall of the terrace; the canopy of my bed was formed by overarching tree tops; a nightingale was perched directly over my head, and I fell asleep to his singing. My slumber was

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delicious, my awaking still more delicious. . . . I rose up and gave myself a shake, and started gaily for the town. . . . I was in such joyful spirits that I went along the road singing lustily." Light-hearted vagabond! Who might not envy such a buoyant nature, one whom apparently no misfortune had the power to depress, and whom no sorrow could assail?

In a measure this abandonment to outward impressions was the result of an indifference to social ties, and the opinions of those who form the unwritten law of society; he could contemplate nature with reference to humanity, or solely in reference to humanity as represented by himself. Sensitive to the influence of life, yet regardless, because independent, of the influence of that life in others, he delighted in holding communion with the world of nature, and in withholding from communion, beyond what his purpose and necessities entailed, with mankind. Rousseau could live to himself, but it happened when on occasions his sympathies were aroused on behalf of the poorer and more neglected of his fellow beings, the sympathy thus aroused kindled into a flame, the light and warmth of which were felt by a much larger circle than his own, and diffused even into future generations the force and fury of a freshly kindled incendiarism.

It was at Chamberi that Rousseau might be said to have seriously commenced his hitherto neglected education under the indulgent protection of Madame de Warens, with whom he had established fresh relations. This lady, whose ideas of real life were only less visionary and unsettled than those of her protégé, and whose character betrayed a love overflowing with forgiveness to those who had everything to be forgiven, was now residing in the above-named town, supporting, out of her slender resources, the impecunious and incapable Rousseau, and receiving from him in return a nominal assistance in her household and private affairs with an adoration tainted with much offensive passion. The two dwelt in summer time at the farm of Charmettes, a paradise where the unhappy dreamer spent what was doubtless the happiest period of his existence; "but for this brief and precious space," he afterwards wrote, "I should have perhaps remained uncertain about myself, but during these few years I did what I wished to do. I was what I wished to be." "It was," writes his biographer, "the case of a profoundly sensuous nature, with every sense gratified and fascinated." In this



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garden of Eden nature and man met in perfect confidence and union; the birds and bees trusted in him, and shared his society; for him the sun opened each day, gilding the ridge of hills on which he dwelt, and calling him forth to worship.

Rousseau's spiritual nature was animated by whatsoever touched his sensual nature. The warmth of the sun, the melody of birds, the glamour of mists and clouds, the richness of foliage and flowers, all that appealed to his senses, seem to have struck a deeper chord, and called forth the resonance of a dim religious feeling. That his philosophy, or religion, was purely deistical, there can be no question; the Creator was the centre of his admiration, but only as considered through the veil of creation. Of revealed religion we find no traces in his description of his own emotions and feelings. His love of nature partook of the same character as his sensual love, it was impressed by what was soft and gentle; a desolate rugged landscape, and the raging waves of the sea gave him pain; there appeared, indeed, in this human phenomenon, a peculiar onesidedness of conduct that ever divided him from the rest of his species, and the morbid hyper-sensitiveness of his character rendered him pre-eminently unfitted for intercourse with the work-a-day world. Steeped in sensuality, intensely selfish, he even descended to the depth of an intrigue with an infamous woman whom he accidently encountered during a journey, while still living under the protection of Madame de Warens. We, therefore, feel little sympathy with him on finding, when he returned to her house, that his place was occupied by another man, whose appearance filled him with rage. It was irrevocable; Rousseau and Madame de Warens parted for ever.

Again out on the busy world, we see Rousseau supping at an humble inn. The landlady, who rules the roast, is a hard, coarse personage; the guests are probably persons of a similar stamp, and beside these sit Rousseau, the self-conscious absorbed philosopher, and the maid, a household drudge, Theresa de Vasseur. Of a common fibre, and every faculty blunted or undeveloped, there would seem little chance of a nature like Rousseau's becoming entangled in an affair of the heart with such an one, and yet this is what happened. Adopting Theresa as his companion he lived with her for twenty-five years, and only separated when she had grown utterly tired of him, and had acquired tastes for more stimulating and congenial pleasures. There

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is no question that Rousseau's devotion to this unlovely woman was wholly sincere and profound. What he found in her to afford him such consolation was as much a marvel to his friends as it is to ourselves. An entire absence of wit and culture, a character bordering on brutishness, a besotted ignorance, and the habits of a low, ill-regulated mind were facts about which Rousseau cared little, if at all. Whether he accepted this strange situation as a protest or act of defiance against society, or whether it arose from a natural debased taste on his part for the grosser elements of animal existence, or whether it is to be regarded as a phase of insanity, a depraved and abnormal feature of the man's understanding, there is no doubt that for a very long space of time he loved her with the warmest and most affectionate attachment. We would gladly pass over the painful proofs of his own abandonment of parental feeling, but the act he committed in consigning his children, one after another, to a foundling charity, as he did, bespeaks a disregard for the duties, and a disavowal of the first responsibilities that a man can fitly exercise. This mean, miserable, and most reprehensible step was in after years the source of much professed self-reproach, but it exactly indicates the selfishness of his sensual disposition.

If, during his residence at Charmettes, Rousseau might be said to have educated himself so far as he ever was educated, it was during the twenty-five years following that episode in his life, and during which he lived with Theresa de Vasseur, that his literary fame was established. The first occasion on which this was determined arose from a public notice issued by the Academy of Dijon, inviting competition for a prize essay on the question—"Has the restoration of sciences contributed to purify or to corrupt manners?" Rousseau rushed eagerly into the field, his whole system ablaze with a sense of the importance he could render to humanity by his discussion on this question. With this ardour and glimpse of truth which, at the time, might have appeared like actual inspiration, we need not wonder that he gained the prize. It was the first of his celebrated "Discourses" which were destined to exercise so momentous an influence in France. Of this, he himself said, "it was the ruin of his life;" there can be no doubt the success led him on to other efforts which were the cause of much misfortune to many beside himself, and had he been saved this first success he might have been spared much subsequent sorrow.

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His second "discourse" or essay was not successful in gaining a prize, though its effect on society was no doubt more weighty than the first. The subject was the inequality in the social status of mankind, and its origin, and this he handled in a fashion peculiarly his own. Commencing with an imaginary description of the condition proper to humanity in its primitive condition, he proceeded to show how the decadence of society arose and spread in consequence of the possession of property. The man who first possessed property was, according to his view, the great enemy of his race. "The first man who having enclosed a piece of ground and could think of saying 'this is mine,' and found people simple enough to believe him, was the real founder of civil society. How many crimes, wars, murders, miseries and horrors would not have been spared to the human race by one who, plucking up the stakes, or filling in the trench should have called out to his fellows, 'Beware of listening to this impostor; you are undone if you forget that the earth belongs to no one and that its fruits are for all.'" Hence he argued against the rights of property which enchained the poor, and only strengthened the rich, and for the advantage of a few converted the many into slaves. The result of this teaching, clothed in impassioned language, was seen with terrible effect some time after.

Meanwhile Rousseau, living in Paris, found, as he imagined, happiness in Theresa's society. Thus were passed twelve years of his life; the world around him, by its manifold imperfections, its levity, atheism, badinage, wearisome indulgence in pleasure, and more than all by the claims it made upon his time and attention, tending to alienate him from France, and drive him out a moody self-exiled man, "seeking rest and finding none." It thus happened he came to visit once again the now fallen idol of his early life, Madame de Warens; he discovered her in poverty and distress, and in poverty and distress he left her to die; for this he bitterly reproached himself in after years, though it would seem he unavailingly endeavoured to persuade her to share his home, "his only remaining consolation being the hope of meeting Madame de Warens, and being united to her in another and a happier world."

He had now quitted Paris, sick of its frivolity, its ceaseless vain disputation, and its utter want of religious activity, and was dwelling again in Geneva, where he found

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little difficulty in persuading himself of the truths of Calvinism, and was accordingly re-admitted into that form of faith, receiving the Communion, and being made free of his rights as a citizen. On this point his biographer tells us, "he was never a Catholic any more than he was ever an Atheist, and if it might be said in one sense he was no more a Protestant than either of these two, yet he was emphatically the child of Protestantism." This is no doubt strictly true; Rousseau's principles of religion were purely metaphysical; a reverence for the unknown, tinctured with some natural gloom and love of solitude. It was the latter sentiment which compelled him, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, to take shelter in a lonely villa, built for him by Madame Epinay, in the forest of Montmorency, four leagues from Paris. In this sylvan retreat Rousseau led the life of a satyr. Indeed it would seem that his intense and all-absorbing love of nature developed in his moral condition the elements of primæval man to a fearful degree. We learn from his writings how he became deplorably subject to the hallucinations of erotic insanity; an unclean visionary dwelling in an atmosphere tainted with the revolting obscenities of his own creation. And yet from out of this miasma he evolved, through the play of his fine intellectual faculties, the "New Heloisa," a romance written on gilt edged paper, and tied together with blue ribbon, the very ink, we are told, powdered with azure and silver sand. This morbid production seemed for the time to resolve his prurient fancies into a substantial form, and by the very act of intellectual energy it called forth, to save him from a worse fate. Then came his satyr-like passion for Madame d'Houdetot, the wife of one man and the mistress of another, whose fascination led him to various excesses of delirium and insane ravings. Quarrelling with his friends, brooding over fictitious woes, frenzied by his follies, or absorbed in vain regrets, the Philosopher Rousseau presents a pitiful picture of abiect misery; at length worn out by vain ungratified longings, hating all, and tormented by physical suffering, he abruptly quitted the Hermitage and repaired to a solitary cottage in the forest, where he made for himself a home.

The "New Heloisa" was finished in 1759, and given to the world two years subsequently; it was followed by the "Social Contract" and "Emilius." The first, it is perhaps scarcely necessary to say, contains the history of a free love conducted under circumstances of refined libertinism and elegant sen-

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suality. So great was the demand for the book that a single volume, it is said, was let out at sixpence an hour, and could not be detained beyond that time; and we read that ladies who began its perusal while waiting for their carriage to proceed to an evening party, were so entranced as to be unable to put the book down, and after allowing the equipage to remain at the door till four in the morning, were glad to dismiss the coach, and retired to bed, where the perusal of the work was eagerly pursued. Dressed up in the peculiar sentiments the author's graphic pen could so well depict, the sensation thus created, though of an intensely morbid kind, can scarcely be realized in the material age of our time. Something like it was perhaps achieved by Richardson in his "Clarissa Harlowe."

The other pieces which followed were the "Social Contract" and "Emilius," of which it may suffice to state they were distinguished by those extreme revolutionary and democratic theories which were afterwards so successfully reduced to practice in the outburst of the French Revolution. In issuing these works from the press, Rousseau was in advance of his age, and encountered no trifling danger to his personal liberty. Although under the protection of the Duke and Duchess of Luxembourg, and of Malesherbes, afterwards guillotined, he ran the greatest risk, and when the Parliament (1762) ordered "Emilius" to be burnt by the public executioner, and the author to be arrested, he was only saved by the presence of mind of Madame de Luxembourg, who carried him away in the dead of night, and by a precipitate flight placed him in safety.

And now began that dark period of his life, when, hunted from city to city, tormented by bodily suffering, harassed by frightful forebodings and misgivings, he ultimately fell a victim to the mania of suspicion. His constancy and fortitude under these terrible trials are not the less worthy of admiration. We may for a while forget with him the angry tumult of the outer world while we watch him in his humble home at Motiers, in the Val de Travers, where for three years he passed a peaceful existence; but driven thence by the persecution of the priests and the ignorant lower people, he took refuge in the summer isle of St. Peter's, in the lake of Biénne—alas! also in the canton of Berne. Here again, for a very brief period, Rousseau found the repose he so much desired. Of this event he wrote—"What is it that one enjoys in a situation like this? Nothing outside of one's self—nothing

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except one's self and one's own existence." "The movement which does not come from without then stirs within us. The repose is less complete, it is true; but it is still more agreeable when light and gentle ideas, without agitating the depths of the soul, only softly skim the surface, and I have thought that in the Bastille, and even where no object struck my sight, I could have dreamed away most pleasurable days." "Why can that life not come back to me again? Why cannot I go and finish my days in the beloved island—never to quit it? . . . Freed from the earthly passions engendered by the tumult of social life, my soul would many a time lift itself above this atmosphere, and commune beforehand with the heavenly intelligences, to whose number I trust ere long to be taken." Whether he would have grown restless and wearied of this life had he been permitted to enjoy it, or become again entangled in the pitfalls of sensuality, or whether there might have come to him an abiding peace, in which he would have passed away to an eternal rest, we cannot say, but such a chance was denied him, and the unhappy man, protesting in vain, was turned out of his retreat, and sent forth to wander afresh, as though the curse of Cain was written on his forehead.

And next we find him in England, befriended by Hume, who said of him—"He is a very modest, mild, well-bred, gentle-spirited, and warm-hearted man. He has an excellent warm heart, and in conversation kindles often to a degree of heat which becomes like inspiration." After a short stay in London, where he became the lion of the hour, Rousseau took up his abode at Wootton, in Derbyshire, a very out-of-the-way spot, where he passed some bitter moments; and here, under the depressing influence of the climate, an alien in a foreign land, without sympathy—which was to his spirit the very bread of life—and brooding incessantly over past misfortunes, the unmistakable proofs of mental derangement announced themselves. Of course he quarrelled with his friend and adviser Hume; one ground of which quarrel, as he states, was the simple fact that while sleeping in the same room he heard Hume exclaim with vehemence, repeatedly in the night, "Je tiens Jean Jacques Rousseau," the meaning of which words he subsequently construed into an evil design against himself. Many other frivolous accusations against Hume, to the same purport, only betrayed the impaired state of his reason, warped by calamities and overthrown by his misfortunes. Then followed

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an unhappy warfare, carried on by both sides with extreme acrimony and folly, some officiously defending Rousseau, others urging him on to the combat. Out of all this came the celebrated "Confessions;" but the remission their preparation obtained was only for a little while; fresh troubles of the domestic kind arose, and delusions of the most extravagant nature darkened what little light remained. The English nation was plotting against him, his correspondence was violated, his letters read, he was surrounded by unseen enemies to prevent his escape. At length, in a paroxysm of terror, he fled the house, and for many days was lost, till discovered at a village in Lincolnshire; but no sooner was this done than he again disappeared. Then he was "heard of at Dover," the victim of all his old delusions, "watched by conspirators who will not let him leave the country, lest he should divulge abroad the outrages to which he had been subjected."

He goes through the usual familiar formulas, perceives his "last hour is approaching," but is "determined to advance and meet it, and to perish, or be free." Happily the latter alternative was open to him, and having got on board a boat he safely reached Calais. And now for a time, restored to a state of comparative sanity, he enjoys the lucid interval under the generous, though somewhat fantastic, protection of the Marquis de Mirabeau; then for a year he finds a shelter in a country seat of the Prince de Conti, where the mental malady presently returns, the same delusions taking possession of him as before—watchful conspirators around him; even the gardener of his noble host was a spy in the pay of Hume. Watched by these secret emissaries he fled away in despair, and wandered from place to place; inclined to stray to Chamberi he is arrested on the way for a false debt; the error is detected, a mistake admitted, but Rousseau is convinced more firmly than ever that it is but one link in the chain of conspiracy being drawn around him.

Wearied and baffled, he again actually contemplates returning to England; finally, like a bird returning to its nest, he seeks and finds refuge in Paris. Here, we are told, he lived eight years, and here he composed his "Dialogues," and once more resumed copying music for a livelihood. "One morning," writes St. Pierre, who at this time enjoyed frequent intercourse with him, "when I was at his house I saw various domestics either coming for rolls of music, or bringing them to him to copy; he said to some the price is so much, and received the

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money; to others, 'How soon must I return my copy?' I enquired why he did not take his talents to a better market. 'Ah,' he answered, 'there are two Rousseaus in the world; one rich, or who might be, a man capricious, singular, fantastic —this is the Rousseau of the public; the other is obliged to work for his living—the Rousseau whom you see.'"

St. Pierre also describes him thus: "He was thin and of middle height, he had a brown complexion, some colour on his cheek bones, a good mouth, a well-made nose, a rounded and lofty brow, and eyes full of fire. The oblique lines falling from the nostrils to the extremity of the lips, and which mark a physignomy, in his expressed great sensibility, and something even painful. One observed in his face three or four of the characteristics of melancholy; you saw profound sadness in the wrinkles of the brows; a keen and ever caustic gaiety in a thousand little creases at the corners of his eyes, of which the orbits entirely disappeared when he laughed."

Of course Rousseau quarrelled with St. Pierre in consequence of the latter inadvertently presenting him with some coffee. For more than two months they did not meet. Unto the very end of his strange career Rousseau was the Rousseau of early life. "There are days," he wrote to St. Pierre, after their reconciliation, "when I want to be alone, and crave privacy, I come back from my solitary expeditions so calm and contented." At length, however, his health failed him, he sank deeper into penury. Theresa's character had grown from worse to worse, and the unhappy man's closing days were dark indeed and miserable.

Provided by a friend with a residence in the country near Paris, the old terror and delusions again returned; he believed himself in prison. But now came the final release from his worldly woes, and on July 2nd, 1778, Rousseau suddenly closed his account, and died. A cloud rests over the manner of his departure, "but a suspicion," adds his biographer, "has haunted the world ever since that he destroyed himself by a pistol shot." Whether he thus summarily extinguished the remainder of his dream, or died naturally from disease, cannot be known; his corpse was buried by night on a solitary island in a silent lake under the light of a summer moon, and it rested there for a few years till the whirlwind of anarchy bore it off to Paris, amidst the uproar of a social earthquake and the crash of falling thrones.

Throughout his life Rousseau was an unhappy man, judged by outward signs; yet probably his happiness was really more

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profound than he himself allowed. That he was selfish, vain, morbidly sensitive, destitute of high moral principles, and wanting in the loftier attributes of humanity, cannot be denied; on the other hand, he possessed virtues of no common order, that flourished like antidotes beside the bane. His simplicity of character, devotion to nature, belief in God, and detestation of frivolity and scepticism were in striking contrast to the degrading passions by which he was tempted and beset, and under which he constantly fell. At one time an austere Puritan, at another a grovelling sensualist, he combined the dignity of the Stoic with the philosophy of an Epicurean, and while giving rein to his grossest feelings he imparted a tone of self-denial to the conditions under which he gratified them. Rousseau was thus a paradox, and his life an enigma with a dark and fearful ending.

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*Departmental Asylums in the North-West of France.* By J. Wilkie Burman, M.D., Resident Physician and Superintendent of the Wilts County Asylum.

*(Continued from page* 552, *Vol.* xix.)

## *L'Asile de St. Méen, Rennes.*

This asylum is for the male and female lunatics of the Department of *Ille et Vilaine*, who, arranged according to their sex and class, on the day of my visit, were, in numbers, as follows:—

| | | Male. | | Female. | | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1st Class .. | *pensionnaires* ... | 17 | .. | 13 | ... | 30 |
| 2nd „ .. | ditto ... | 8 | .. | 11 | ... | 19 |
| 3rd „ .. | ditto ... | 16 | .. | 41 | ... | 57 |
| 4th „ .. | paupers .. | 186 | .. | 236 | ... | 422 |
| | Total .. | 227 | .. | 301 | .. | 528 |

The Asylum is situated about two *kilomètres* from the centre of the city, on the right side of the road to Paris, just beyond the "*Faubourg de Paris.*" It is a plain, old-fashioned building, close to the road, from which it is separated by a high wall. It has symmetrical arrangements for the accommodation of the two sexes, and consists of a central administrative block, with quadrangular blocks of two stories on each side of it, running backwards. Down the centre, between the two divisions, runs a common road

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