demolished in about an hour. In this fire fifty-one female patients lost their lives, and the rest were saved with difficulty. Under ordinary circumstances no calamity can possibly be more tragic nor more disastrous than a fire, even when every safeguard and every precaution are ready against its occurrence, but when such a catastrophe occurs in an institution in which there is a sense of helplessness among its peoples and a feeling of dependence on the part of those committed into one's charge, then the anguish inseparable from mental disease is added to the special claims of humanity, and these tend to intensify acutely the overwhelming sense of responsibility. This disaster weighed upon Seward like a black cloud and the tragedy was always before his mental vision, and it is not surprising that it permanently unnerved him, and some years later he was succeeded in the appointment of Medical Superintendent by his friend and assistant, Dr. S. J. Gilfillan.

The treatment of the insane under Seward's *régime* was always one of enlightened and disinterested progress, and the writer of this article is under the greatest obligation to the memory of his old chiefs, Marshall and Seward, for their high example, devotion, and attachment to their patients, whilst the welfare of the staff never escaped either of them. Alcohol, in the shape of beer, was abolished as an article of diet under Seward; the Turkish bath for restoring mental patients was first used there; organo-therapy was encouraged by him; and the aid of clinical pathology with the application of the microscope were all adjuncts in treatment which were of intense interest to Seward, and they continued to be aspects in the practice of medicine which engaged his leisure and retirement, for he was a frequent visitor at the meetings of the Royal Society of Medicine, of which he was a Fellow. Seward was an "intermediary" between the old school and the new research one first started in the London Asylums by Sir William J. Collins, K.C.V.O. Nothing was irksome to Seward, and his mind may be described as healthy in the best sense. He was a Mason, and a member of the London County Council Lodge. He was a keen angler, and was devoted to Norway where he used to fish, and to Switzerland where he made many walking tours. He liked a game of whist, and he was a real cricketer—preferring rather to play in a small match than to watch the great ones—although he was often seen at Lords.

He was fond of pictures and rarely missed an exhibition in Bond Street; he was devoted to his garden and he delighted in the cultivation of roses, whilst he derived great pleasure from the meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society.

He was not a great reader of literature, but he was exceedingly well versed in contemporary history, and he was a great lover of *The Field* and *The Times*—the latter he may be said to have read daily from cover to cover. He was fond of hearing some of the great preachers, and the writer and his family often met him at the Sunday afternoon services in Westminster Abbey.

Seward's mind was not that of the controversialist, indeed, he rather disliked debated questions, but he always expressed his opinions—which were well considered—both critically and fearlessly. His great charm was his complete detachment from bias—he had cultivated the bias of anti-bias more than any other man of the writer's acquaintance, and he was a most genial, well-informed and cheerful personality.

He always maintained the complete confidence and friendship of his Committee, as well as of their officials, and for Mr. H. F. Keene, their Clerk, he entertained a great regard. Seward, like Marshall, was never married.

It may be repeated that Seward has left an impression of unique charm upon those who were privileged to know him.

ROBERT ARMSTRONG-JONES.

WILLIAM RIDDELL WATSON.

To an Englishman, at any rate, the late Dr. Watson suggested the typical practitioner of Scottish fiction. Not that he wore his profession on his sleeve; for a stranger might have been in his company for a considerable time without discovering that he was a medical man; but that he showed that combination of humanity and scholarly tastes—if not scholarship—which is more common in his profession north than south of the Tweed. He must have been an ideal asylum

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superintendent, because in him professional and official qualities were completely fused in personality, so that he could exercise his powers unperceived under the confidence that he inspired and invited as a man. To his capacity as a healer of bodies he added the contained moral sympathy and understanding that we associate with the priestly function, and in matters of administration he would act by influence rather than command.

Dr. Watson was born in Glasgow on November 1st, 1838. He studied medicine at Anderson's College, Glasgow, and Aberdeen University—at Marischal College, with its picturesque association with Dugald Dalgetty. While still a student Dr. Watson went two voyages as surgeon on a whaler, in one voyage passing beyond the 80th parallel of N. latitude. His experience of the whale-fishing and actual participation in such sports as polar bear hunting gave him a stock of interesting memories, and made him always eager to read the accounts of Arctic exploration. During his adventures he had one very narrow escape. Falling through thin ice into the water, his clothes at once froze to him, so that he had to be carried back to the ship.

Dr. Watson qualified L.R.C.S.Edin. in 1862, taking his L.R.C.P. a little later. His early training must have been of a kind which, to the lay mind, at any rate, had certain advantages, professional knowledge being gained, if not in actual practice, at least in the conditions of practice. In his student days regular phlebotomy was still performed, though it had disappeared by the time he qualified. He practised in his early years in Aberdeenshire, Northumberland, Wales, and Kirkcudbright, thus gaining a wide experience of local character. Then in 1869 he went as medical officer to a projected British agricultural colony in the Argentine. The project failed, but Dr. Watson never regretted the attempt, which enabled him to see a good deal of the Argentine and something of Brazil.

On his return he settled in Irvine, Ayrshire, where he had a large practice, till 1876, when he went to Glasgow to take a Poor Law appointment. In 1883 he became Medical Superintendent of Merryflatts Asylum, Govan, and in 1894 he was appointed Medical Superintendent of the new Govan District Asylum at Hawkhead. The design and organisation of this were practically his own, and during the next nineteen years his energies were entirely devoted to it. He retired in 1913, settling in London in order to be near his only son, who is Medical Officer at H.M. Prison, Wormwood Scrubbs.

Till within a few weeks of his death, which occurred on February 9th, Dr. Watson was apparently in excellent health. His mind to the last remained as active as ever, and he was as keenly interested in everything as a young man. At various times during a very busy life he had read widely, and he displayed a remarkable memory for what he had read. He would quote, for instance, the opinions and often the exact words of Gibbon, whom he had certainly not read for half a century. In later years he took a keen interest in folk-lore and the origin and development of religions. He nad instinctively a very sound taste in letters, and during the last months of his life he read the novels of Jane Austen with the keenest relish. Though he was himself the kindest of men, he certainly had a very special liking for the subtler kinds of satire. It has been said that he had an eighteenth century mind; certainly the eighteenth century writers, from Swift and the *Spectator* to Jane Austen—who really was eighteenth century—were his favourites.

In his acquirements, and the unobtrusive use he made of them, Dr. Watson gave new point to the expression "the humanities." To one who was privileged to know him chiefly after his retirement he gave the impression of great wisdom and serenity, as if all within him had ripened. One did not need to be told of the confidence and affection he inspired in his patients and subordinates. All his life he was the adviser of all sorts of people, who constantly brought their troubles to him; yet nobody could have been further from seeking confidence, or offering advice, or displaying knowledge. In conversation he seemed to listen to, rather than express, opinion; his wisdom came out by the way; and the effect of talking to him was always a little humbling in the afterthought—that a man so full and ripe should have borne so patiently the crudities of smaller experience; but, above all, one always came away with the calmed and rested feeling of having sat for a while in mild sunlight. If an acquaintance may be permitted to touch on family matters, there was something particularly beautiful in the relationship between

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Dr. Watson and his wife. It was almost impossible to think of them apart, and their keen sense of humour, and quick, unsparing exposure to onlookers of each other's alleged foibles, only confirmed the effect of unity. Certainly on the human side there could be no better example of the "good physician" than Dr. Watson.

Dr. Percy John Baily.

It is with great regret that we record the death of Dr. Percy John Baily, late Medical Superintendent of Hanwell Asylum. He came to Hanwell in November, 1888, and finally succeeded Dr. R. R. Alexander as Superintendent in 1905. His whole career as a Mental Specialist was thus spent at this asylum. He retired with a pension last November, but only lived to enjoy it a few months, dying on March 30th, at Bexhill-on-Sea, in his 57th year.

He was educated at Edinburgh University, where he qualified in 1883 M.B., C.M.Edin., with honours. He was for a time Assistant Demonstrator in Anatomy at that University, and then spent some years travelling as a Surgeon for the P. & O. Steamship Company. He visited India, China, and the Mediterranean, and was accustomed to tell many amusing anecdotes of his experiences. He remained a traveller almost to the end, and spent his holidays in Norway, Algiers, etc. His chief hobbies were photography, in which he was a true artist, horticulture, and the study of languages. Of a sympathetic nature, he was always ready to help anyone in trouble. We miss him at Hanwell both as a friend and a chief. He took a deep interest in the welfare of the patients, and spent much of his time in the wards helping them with sympathetic conversation. The education of the Staff was one of his leading interests. He lectured to the nurses for many years and was the author of a book on Nursing the Insane. The history and traditions of Hanwell were a source of unfailing interest to him, and he published a short account of the place, with a description of the instruments of restraint used prior to Dr. Conolly's superintendency.

Never in robust health, he had been in failing health for some time, and the anxieties of the constant changes rendered necessary by the war added to his indisposition. In May, 1917, he took his summer holiday, but the symptoms were in no way alleviated, and on his return in July, after several plucky attempts to resume his usual active life, he felt bound to resign. For all practical purposes it may be said that he died in harness.

The following appreciation of Dr. Baily is contributed by an old friend:

Dr. Baily was a man of quiet and reclusive habits which led him to avoid publicity of any sort. He had a strong and determined personality, which, combined with a kindly disposition and fairness of mind, ensured his success as a manager of a large asylum.

His views as regards the treatment of insanity and asylum administration were to a singular degree of the practical and common-sense variety; and without being rigidly conservative in his ideas, he had no sympathy with the ultra-modern psychiatrical school, which betrays such astounding ignorance of the basic fact that mental hospitals are designed for the treatment of insane patients, and not for sane patients afflicted with disorders of mind. He was a great believer in sound mental hospital treatment for the victims of insanity, which calls to its aid all the resources of every branch of medicine, and, if necessary, of surgery.

His appointment to the superintendency of Hanwell by the Asylums Committee of the London County Council was a popular and, under the circumstances, a very wise measure. The asylum has great traditions, and is one of the most famous in the world. Both structurally, and to some extent administratively, while splendidly effective, it retained its links with an older school. Any hasty or revolutionary changes would have been a desecration, and much of the solid good work achieved there would have been upset without any real advance being made.

Dr. Baily was always cheerful, thoroughly methodical in his work, a great upholder of orderliness and punctuality in all things, and was justly proud of his intimate knowledge of all his patients.

As a pastime for spare moments he delighted in photography, with all the *technique* of which he was completely familiar. The fine enlargements he made

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