and the medical and sanitary departments should be under the superintendence of some thoroughly well-qualified physician.

A very able and practical treatise on the subject has been published by Dr. C. L. Robertson, superintendent of the Sussex Lunatic Asylum, Hayward's Heath. It was originally read before the Brighton and Sussex Medico-Chirurgical Society; was afterwards printed in the 'Journal of Mental Science;' and contains many excellent suggestions, of which we gladly avail ourselves. As he truly remarks, what our middle-classes require in this matter is not alms, but organised co-operation; and it is this which Catholics should endeavour to supply, so as to aid and benefit the many hundreds of poor Catholic lunatics. Lord Shaftesbury, the chairman of the Board, states that if the guarantee of the county rates could be given, hospitals of this kind would unquestionably be self-supporting; that by taking a mixed class of patients at graduated rates the payments would not only carry on the operations of the institution, provide for all expenses, salaries, &c., but would in thirty years (discharging the interest meanwhile) liquidate the principal of the building account. But, though granting the guarantee of the county rates is an experiment which would not really cost the outlay of one farthing, we fear it would be useless to try to establish a precedent of the kind in favour of Catholics. To their own zeal, enterprise, and sagacity only they must look; and the provisions of the Limited Liabilities Act seem to offer a safe and available channel for operations. At the most moderate computation it may be supposed that there are between 600 and 700 Catholic lunatics in the country, omitting the naval, military, criminal, and pauper patients. To these must be added many who are to our own knowledge placed in foreign asylums expressly that they may be under the care of those of their own faith. It is reasonable to believe that if similar advantages could be offered here on moderate terms, the relatives of these patients would prefer their being placed in England. Let us, however, to be on the safe side, calculate on receiving something less than two thirds of this number. What we require for this is two hospitals in the northern part of England, each able to accommodate 120 patients; the one for males, the other for females; and two of similar proportions in the south or south-western district. Lancashire for many reasons seems the most suitable county for the first-named; and for the southern one the suitability of a site and the price of land would guide the selection.—*The Month, a Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.* April, 1865.

Dr. Maudsley on the Distinction between Genius and Work.

Before concluding this chapter it is necessary distinctly to affirm a truth which is an unwelcome one, because it flatters not the self-

https://doi.org/10.1192/S0368315X00226613 Published online by Cambridge University Press

love of mankind; and it is this, that there is all the difference in the world between the gifted man of genius, who can often anticipate the slow results of systematic investigation, and who strikes out new paths, and the common herd of mortals, who must plod on with patient humility in the old tracks, "with manifold motions making little speed;" it is the difference between the butterfly which flies and feeds on honey and the caterpillar which crawls and gorges on leaves. Men, ever eager to "pare the mountain to the plain," will not willingly confess this; nevertheless it is most true. Rules and systems are necessary for the ordinarily endowed mortals, whose bnsiness it is to gather together and arrange the materials; the genius, who is the architect, has, like nature, an unconscious system of his own. It is the fate of its nature, and no demerit, that the caterpillar must crawl; it is the fate of its nature, and no merit, that the butterfly must fly. The question, so much disputed, of the relative extent of applicability of the so-called inductive and deductive methods, often resolves itself into a question as to what manner of man it is who is to use them—whether one who has senses only, who has eyes and sees not, or one who has senses and a soul; whether one who can only collect so-called facts of observation, or one who can bind together the thousand scattered facts by the organizing idea, and thus guarantee them to be facts. What an offence to the chartered imbecility of industrious mediocrity that Plato, Shakespeare, Goethe, Humboldt, Bacon too, and, in truth, every man who had anything of inspiration in him, were not mere sense-machines for registering observations, but rather instruments on which the melody of nature, like sphere-music, was made for the benefit and delectation of such as have ears to hear! That some so virulently declaim against theory is as though the eunuch should declaim against lechery: it is the chastity of impotence.

So rarely, however, does nature produce one of these men gifted with that high and subtle quality called genius—being scarce, indeed, equal to the production of one in a century—and so self-sufficing are they when they do appear, that we, gratefully accepting them as visits of angels, or much as Plato accepted his super-celestial ideas, need not vainly concern ourselves about their manner of working. It is not by such anxious troubling that one will come; it is not by introspective prying into and torture of its own self-consciousness that mankind evolves the genius; the mature result of its unconscious development flows at due time into consciousness with a grateful surprise, and from time to time the slumbering centuries are thus awakened. It is by the patient and diligent work at systematic adaptation to the external by the rank and file of mankind; it is by the conscientious labour of each one, after the inductive method, in that little sphere of nature, whether psychical or physical, which in the necessary division of labour has

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fallen to his lot—that a condition of evolution is reached at which the genius starts forth. Tiresome, then, as the minute man of observation may sometimes seem as he exults over his scattered facts as if they were final, and magnifies his molecules into mountains as if they were eternal, it is well that he should thus enthusiastically esteem his work; and no one but will give a patient attention as he reflects how indispensable the humblest unit is in the social organism, and how excellent a spur vanity is to industry. Not unamusing, though somewhat saddening, is it, however, to witness the painful surprise of the man of observation, his jealous indignation and clamorous outcry, when the result at which he and his fellow-labourers have been so patiently, though blindly, working—when the genius-product of the century which he has helped to create, starts into life—when the metamorphosis is completed: amusing, because the patient worker is supremely astonished at a result which, though preparing, he nowise foresaw; saddening, because individually he is annihilated, and all his toil for which he spent is swallowed up in the product which, gathering up the different lines of investigation and thought, and giving to them a unity of development, now by epigenesis ensues. We perceive, then, how it is that a great genius cannot come save at long intervals, as the tree cannot blossom but at its due season.

But why should any one, great or little, fret and fume because he is likely soon to be forgotten? The genius himself, as individual, is after all of but little account; it is only as the birth of the travailing centuries that he exists, only so far as he is a true birth of them and adequately representative, that he is of value: the more individual he is the more transitory will be his fame. When he is immortal he has become a mere name marking an epoch, and no longer an individual. Whosoever, in a foolish conceit of originality, neglects the scattered and perhaps obscure labours of others who have preceded him, or who are contemporaneous with him; whosoever, over-careful of his individual fame, cannot carry forward his own evolution with a serene indifference to neglect or censure, but makes puerile demands on the approbation of the world—may rest content that he is not a complete birth of the age, but more or less an abortive monstrosity: the more extreme he is as a monstrosity the more original must he needs be.

Viewing mental development, whether in the individual or in the race, as a process of organization, as the consummate display of nature's organic evolution, and recognising, as we must do, the most favorable conditions of such evolution to be the most intimate harmony between man and nature, we may rightly conclude, as far as concerns the rule of a conscious method of inquiry, with the ancient and well-grounded maxim—"Learn to know thyself in nature, that so thou mayest know nature in thyself."—*On the Method of the Study of Mind; an Introductory Chapter.*

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