THEN AND NOW, BEING PICTURES FROM THE PAST.

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When a man has been for more than a generation identified with the care of the insane, and for upward of a quarter of a century the responsible head of a hospital for lunatics, and, if you further add that his picture and obituary appeared in the JOURNAL OF INSANITY six years ago, you have made out a *prima facie* case that he is dead, or ought to be. Should such a person rise to read a paper before you to-day it would be only right for him to state what reason he has for breaking the silence which "oblivion with her poppy," blindly and kindly was scattering above him.

The trouble with me is that without sufficient excuse I am violating all the proprieties—I continue to be very much alive. True, the years have for a long time been running against me, but it is some other fellow who has grown old. Through all disheartening labors, in disappointments and discouragements, with life disillusioned and disenchanted, I have kept the faith; I have not been "disobedient unto the heavenly vision"; the light of the morning has not faded, and from the hopes that met me on the threshold of my life-work I have not yet parted company. Good, so far, but how about results? With opportunity superadded to dream what has the harvest been? Turn on the X rays of experience, then tell us how far you can see into the human brain. Is it polarization of cells of the gray matter that perverts thought? In those cerebral centers where sound becomes audible to that which takes cognizance behind the ear, what crossed wires in that circuit's telephone put curses on the lips of prayer? Studying from the embryo you think you have found the first dawnings of thought; go a little farther and tell us of its ending. And when life is over, what is it that has gone away? Have you found a parallax to the infinite? You have carefully mapped out the brain convolutions and measured the depth of gray matter, and it is well, but, in so doing, have you comprehended all that we call mind? Or are you, too, like your patient, following only phantoms through all these years? The unanswered questions of our youth, unanswered in our age when the night has come, are these the only sheaves we bring?

"Full well I know I have more tares than wheat —
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
Master, behold my sheaves!

"I know these blossoms clustering heavily
With evening dew upon their folded leaves
Can claim no value nor utility —
Therefore shall fragrance and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves."

Then, out of all these baffled hopes, these dreams of youth to which age brings no fulfillment, these longings after knowledge—longings that are never attainments here, building above the broken arches of our crumbling lives, shaping even out of these life-failures "more stately mansions" for the soul, haply we may come to recognize the logical necessity for, and acknowledge the beauty and the fitness of, being "clothed upon" with an endless life, wherein to answer these questions of the infinite, when this poor finite knowledge of brain is ended.

But this is not the "then" where I intended to arrive when I announced my subject. I was thinking of a far-off June twenty-six years ago, when in 1870, at Hartford, Conn., I attended my first meeting of the association. It is a single sheaf out of memory for which I claim "no value nor utility," but to my eyes there is "beauty" in its far-away pictures, and for "fragrance," it is like rosemary that you carefully fold away with linen and open the forgotten drawer a quarter of a century later.

"There's rosemary that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember."

It was the twenty-fourth annual meeting, with thirty-nine members present, the largest attendance up to that time. Probably about one-third of these survive, although the names of only ten appear now on the rolls of our association. Of all the members who took any prominent part in the exercises then—if I except Dr. Barstow, who read a paper on "Irish Hospital Schools"—only one remains, of whom I will speak later. There were two men already eminent then who still survive—Dr. H. A. Buttolph of New Jersey, and Dr. John H. Callender of Tennessee—but for some reason they were only attentive listeners to others, taking but little part in the proceedings. The other silent listeners, or nearly so, who still remain in charge of institutions for the insane, or in active practice in the specialty, are Drs. Brower, Choate, Evarts, Parsons,

D. D. Richardson, and the writer, six in all. Brother Stearns, not then connected with hospitals, was present, but, as I now remember him, keeping very quiet.

But before I call the roll of the principal actors then, the silent majority now, let me name one man who stood there, shoulder to shoulder with them, interested as he always is in everything pertaining to the welfare of the insane, taking an active part in the proceedings as secretary, guiding the order of exercises with a firm hand on the rudder and an unswerving trust in the propositions as the faith once committed unto the saints. I refer to Dr. John Curwen, about as old then as he is now, and as young now as he ever was; Dr. Curwen, who, when the association was organized in 1844, was Dr. Kirkbride's assistant, and so has now fairly entered upon his second half-century of hospital work; Dr. Curwen, who, in 1851, was made superintendent of the institution at Harrisburg, and has since been continuously in charge of Pennsylvania State Hospitals for the Insane. Is it any wonder that the old Keystone State has honored itself by thus honoring him? Or that his trustees should be proud of the man whose latest report comes to us blossoming all over with pleasant pictures of the home that he has created for these children of misfortune in a hospital over which he so ably presides, rounding out the forty-fifth year of his superintendency strong in that sturdy old Presbyterian faith in God and love for his fellow man, the ideal superintendent of the old school, of which the world is losing the type? O brother, well beloved, whom we would fain call Master! our Nestor in point of service, to whom old age seems something still afar off—for the years, whose storm beats so pitilessly on the most of us, mean only opportunity to you—go on with your good work here, and, in the language of the old Latin, "*Serus in coelum redeas*," which means, "Long may you wave!"

The Nestor of the Hartford meeting of 1870 was Dr. Wm. H. Rockwell, who, after a service of years with Dr. Todd at the old Hartford Retreat, had, in 1836, gone up the river to Brattleboro, Vt., to take charge of the asylum then opened there, and now, in the thirty-fifth year of his superintendency, had come back to see what changes had been made in the old Retreat and to attend what was, I believe, his last meeting with the association. Dr. Rockwell was a tall, spare man, a little bent with age when I saw him, but with strong, rugged features and a clear head, characterized by that Yankee common sense which had enabled him to solve, beyond any other

superintendent of that day, the economic management of a hospital by availing himself of the labor of the inmates as a hygienic item on the credit side of the ledger. In that frugal State of Vermont, as elsewhere, "nothing succeeds like success," and if Dr. Rockwell needs any other monument or more enduring one than the simple record of his life among the insane, it may be found in the broad acres of asylum land which he acquired for the institution, acres which stretch away on every hand beyond the rim of hills that encircles the buildings; and, looking across the Connecticut River, the Chesterfield Mountain, which he secured, rising in wooded eminence, where, as I understand, the inmates still cut their winter fuel, and which, towering there in its rugged solitude, may well stand to the old doctor for all monument.

But the men into whose ranks I timidly stepped at that first meeting, and the faces that I recognized there as my masters in psychiatry, had I held a kodak then, how easy to reproduce them now! But without the phonograph it would still be disappointing. I can only outline; your acquaintance or your imaginations must do the rest. Let me call the roll of principal actors then, to which none can answer now:

Ray, Kirkbride, Butler, Earle — four of the six survivors of the original thirteen — Brown, the elder Bancroft, Gray, Gundry, Nichols, Walker, and Wilkins. I well remember them, men of mark, and if I do not outline them all it is because to do so would exceed my paper's limit.

First, the original four. I shall not here do over the work that has been so well done by Dr. Curwen in his painstaking tribute which is rightly accepted as authoritative on these men and their work.* Mine are only half-tones, or, better, off-hand sketches of what as a novice I saw at that Hartford meeting.

* The only permanent value of this paper, indeed the sole excuse for printing it in this age of too many books, is that it attempts, however imperfect its success, to present some outline of the *real* men who have been the chief actors in our association, the superintendents of an era that is passing, superintendents whose lives, built into their work like mural paintings, perish with the structure, or fade early into mere tradition. I have, therefore, thought it fitting to present here some gleanings additional to the data given by Dr. Curwen in his accurate but brief statement in regard to Dr. Samuel White, one of the "original thirteen." For much of this I am indebted to a grandson of Dr. White, the Rev. John Chester, D. D., of Washington, D. C.

Dr. Samuel White was the oldest of the founders of the association, being then sixty-seven years of age, and dying before the next meeting. His grandson, who, as a boy, well remembers him, describes him as a man of most dignified presence, courteous and kind, emphatically a gentleman of the old school in those early years of the century. As Dr. Curwen states, his asylum was the outgrowth of a domestic affliction, and while select in its cases, it was not limited to the wealthy classes. Here, as elsewhere, he did good as he had the opportunity.

Dr. Isaac Ray. I shall not make the mistake that was on my lips of saying, the "old doctor," for not one of those four survivors had then attained to my years to-day. The *good* doctor with his world-wide fame sat quietly in one of the front seats, not nursing the fame, but with legs crossed, hands folded, and head drooped forward as Dr. Curwen has so graphically depicted him. It was a strong, pale face, deeply lined with intellectual plowings. His beard was cut away far enough so that it might not hide the expression about the mouth; the rest, moderately trimmed, took care of itself, as did also the coarse, white hair, strong as the head it covered; the kind of hair which, no matter how white, knows no decadence, and never basely deserts the scalp like some weaker varieties. It was a clear, direct eye, very quiet, with now and

Dr. White had a wide fame as a physician, and especially as a surgeon, and his consultation practice extended from Poughkeepsie to Albany. He was an all-round man, as befitted the superintendent of those days, or any other. It is pleasant to note that the aptitude for hospital construction which has characterized the later superintendent was already there. As the leading layman of the Presbyterian church at Hudson, he was practically the architect and bulwark of the church edifice and acknowledged as such.

But the work which emphatically stamps the character of the man as one fitted for the emergencies incident to the care of the insane, was his pioneer operation for the removal of a foreign body from the alimentary canal by opening the abdominal cavity. I say pioneer, because I can find no earlier case recorded. Ashurst's exhaustive *International Cyclopedia of Surgery* gives twenty-three cases of laparotomy for obstructions due to foreign bodies, the earliest case being "White, *Medical Repository*," 1807, Recovery (see Vol. vi, p. 72).

The article in the *Medical Repository* (Vol. iv, 1807, p. 367) is from the pen of Dr. White himself, and is valuable, not alone as the earliest record of this operation, but as throwing most instructive side-lights on the personality of the writer. Illustrating this I shall venture to quote somewhat at length from the article. Note the quiet humor in this. After stating that he had observed that the *Repository* — then in its fourth year — devoted more space to medical than to surgical cases, he trusts that a contribution in the latter direction may be acceptable, though he can not hope that anything he can offer will equal in importance the "alterative course that from its Herculean might can arrest the ravages of the lungs, or the uncontrovertible proof of the non-contagion and domestic origin of yellow fever." Life is too short for me to search through the earlier volumes of the *Repository* for these wonderful articles, but I have no doubt Dr. White had read them, and, knowing well how the tubercular patient melts away under mercurials, and not caring to risk the non-contagious theory of yellow fever in his own family, took this quiet way to puncture the windbags of these visionaries.

Then modestly he gives this excuse for publishing a case then unexampled in the annals of surgery: "To show the frailties of human nature, and to induce others, when finding cases varying materially from systematic authority, not to sink under the magnitude of their weight, but with steadfast and resolute perseverance, while life lasts, to keep their minds bent on relief, which, in many instances, can be gained beyond the most sanguine expectations of the physician, so as to arrest a fellow mortal from impending fate." Be sure that such a man would succeed in an insane asylum, or elsewhere.

This is his case: George Macy, age twenty-six, white swelling of the left knee, associated with exostosis of left tibia, and extensive ulcers on the anterior portion of each leg. Macy is an old Nantucket name; Nantucket is the place where he finally went, and had we his whole history we should probably find that he had "gone down to the sea in ships" and contracted rheumatism and other things. Dr. White treated him for articular rheumatism; he grew very ill and mentally disturbed; the doctor styles it a "watchful delirium and an artful disposition to procure some instrument of death." On July 7, 1805, he sent his nurse for water, and taking a large teaspoon with fruit jelly he swallowed both spoon and jelly, for the purpose of

then a barely perceptible twinkle at the corner in closing some well-directed sentence. His enunciation was distinct, but he suffered from a troublesome cough that at times interrupted his speaking. But though somewhat of an invalid there was no loss of mental vigor, and his paper on the "Prognosis of Insanity" was listened to with profound attention. He was universally acknowledged to be the ablest writer of the association. When a young man, without hospital experience, he wrote his "Jurisprudence of Insanity," a classic that became at once authority and is accepted as such now. No writer on insanity in the language approaches him in clearness of diction or the purity of his English. In discussion he spoke deliberately but with authority, his words carefully chosen and to the point. There was no oratorical display; his sentences, like his thoughts, began, continued, and ended in common sense. In pleasant contrast with some members of the association he was never aggressive. If the brother in opposition was worsted, as he usually was, it was not by Dr. Ray, but by the facts, which were universally recognized as such when attention was called to them by the doctor. Hence, in discussions of moral insanity, Dr. Gray, able and aggressive beyond most men as he was, was no match for him. Dr. Ray, in bodily presence, was in no way imposing, but in letters and in thought a king. When the century makes up its record he will stand with Pritchard at the one end and Maudsley at the other and not suffer by the comparison.

self-destruction. Dr. White followed the spoon's progress through the pylorus and outward until a month later (August 7th), having become fixed in the ilium, creating pain and constitutional disturbance, with the patient now sane and begging for relief, Dr. White decided to operate. Remember there was no previous record of similar operation for guidance, no anæsthetic, no aseptic surgery, but there was the patient to be relieved, and there was Dr. White, and that was all that was needed. The doctor details his operation: The incision, the gradual progress through the edge of the muscles; the peritoneum reached "he opened it with a lancet, protruded the lower turn of the intestines, containing the handle of the spoon, with the forefinger; pierced the intestine with the lancet"—how handy a lancet was in those days!—"over the end of the handle and extracted it in the same direction with the forceps. I then laid the divided edges of the intestine directly opposite and secured them with the glover's stitch, dressing the external wound with strips of adhesive plaster and lint."

"After this I made use of simple dressings to the wound. * * * Under this treatment the wound healed by first intention."

In those days the corrosive chloride stood harmless on the shelf, for the pernicious microbe was not stalking abroad in the land, the grim shadow of death that he has since become; the "dura illa" of the reapers of that day were too much for him.

Then see how the doctor closes his article: "In September I applied a large stimulating plaster to the knee and he soon after left for Nantucket, to gain the benefit of a sea-breeze, since which he continues to recover, though much doubt remains in my mind as to security of the limb." The security of his own fame at the success of this pioneer operation does not seem to have been in his thoughts, but of this poor fellow thus saved from death, crippled with rheumatism and broken down with specific disease, he had doubts "as to the security of his limb!" This is the modesty of true greatness, well worthy of the original thirteen.

Possessing in another direction an almost equally world-wide fame, and next in point of age, Dr. Thomas S. Kirkbride sat there. Only two years the junior of Dr. Ray, he impressed me at that time as a much younger man. He was hardly of medium size, but a pleasant, thoughtful face showed an intellectual master. Bodily presence was wanting, but there was no want of power. Persuasive and conciliatory in speech, like all strong minds, he had firm convictions and held them most tenaciously. You felt only the silken touch, the grasp was of steel. It was in the administrative and constructive part of hospital work that he justly attained to the widest fame. He kept ever in view the purpose of the hospital, and no one will question that his life-work was to demonstrate the most enlightened method of caring for the insane, and to make the hospital that he had planned, and to whose perfection he had devoted his best years, a model institution in every respect. His attention to all details was surprising. He had confidence in himself. The structures he had evolved out of his careful studies of the needs of the insane were remarkable for their fitness and completeness; he had reason to be proud of them. As years went on and men from all parts came to study them they became a part of himself, the children of his brain, and with that optimistic way of looking at things which was characteristic of the man, if by chance any stray duckling was gathered under the shadow of his wing, it straightway became a swan. A man endeared to and beloved by his patients, his whole life was given to his work among them — a life covering a half-century of usefulness. Hence, though the hospital which he reared is now presided over by one of the ablest of our number, under whom it has kept pace with the progress of psychiatry, and shows the impress of new thought and new departures on a road whose leadings are always upward, yet the common people still call it "Kirkbride's," and rightly find in it a fitting monument to their greatly beloved physician.

Dr. John S. Butler, about the age of Dr. Kirkbride, but a somewhat older-looking man at that time, was the president-elect at that 1870 meeting. He was a pleasant, large-hearted man. For upward of thirty years connected with institutions for the insane, and for twenty-seven years the superintendent of the Hartford Retreat, within the past eighteen months he had remodeled and renovated the entire structure; had built out pleasant bays, added conservatories, carried up turrets for skylights, letting the sunshine into shaded rooms and darkened lives; and now that the work was near-

ing completion the association had gathered to his house-warming as to a love-feast, even as now we come up to Waverley to view Dr. Cowles' new departures toward individualized treatment, and thank God we have lived to see the day. It was indeed a love-feast, Dr. Kirkbride insisting on retiring from a presidency which he had held for many years, and welcoming Dr. Butler, his successor, with courteous phrase, as "better known to many of the association than himself," and Dr. Butler responding, recalling the original meeting and declaring that, "in his opinion, to be elected president of this association was the highest honor of the profession." But the meeting was not satisfied with any such quiet passing out of their beloved retiring president, and Dr. Gray, by a well-timed resolution of thanks, brought up Dr. Kirkbride for concluding remarks. They were felicitous and appropriate, mostly retrospective of the first meeting, twenty-six years before, and its happy results. One sentence particularly impressed me. He said: "If this association had done nothing more than to have enunciated, with the entire unanimity it did, the series of 'propositions' in regard to the construction and organization of hospitals for the insane, and which have been recognized as authority by our national and many of our State legislatures, by most boards of trustees, by many foreign bodies and authoritative bodies—that of itself would have been sufficient to justify the formation of the association." Dr. Ray and Dr. Earle of the "glorious thirteen," as Dr. Nichols felicitously styled them, followed with fitting remarks, and that symposium closed with no discordant note. Yet at the final session Dr. Kirkbride introduced resolutions that went over for want of time, but were adopted the next year at the meeting at Toronto, "That the association reaffirm in the most emphatic manner its former declarations in regard to the construction and organization of hospitals for the insane." Why was this deemed necessary when nothing outward marred the harmony? Possibly he recognized some latent doubt which he feared might not always remain latent. For there was good Dr. Butler beaming all over with satisfaction at having emancipated his hospital and its inmates from the prison-house of gloomy wards that had been outgrown, exulting in his freedom to fashion the surroundings to the individual need of the insane—a need already recognized, that was destined to become a controlling idea, influencing and fashioning all of his later work.

There, too, was the elder Bancroft, able and far-seeing, but prudent and silent, who was even then looking toward an end of the

tyranny of bricks and mortar over ideas. And genial Dr. Brown of Bloomington, who had already seen in the practical questions of a great State's provision for its insane that philanthropy may, nay must, "stoop to conquer," and was beginning to tire of reaffirming Procrustian conditions. But the logic of events is more potent than reaffirmations, and though Dr. Ray said in 1871 that it seemed to him unnecessary, "that it was like reaffirming the laws of nature," yet, when seventeen years later, at Old Point Comfort, these propositions were formally laid aside as simply historic truths that had survived all canonical authority, it was but a natural evolution, not revolution, that good old Dr. Butler living rejoiced to see.

To me, with his somewhat frequent correspondence in later years, his is a most fragrant memory, a genial setting sun that well deserved the following encomium from the pen of Dr. C. A. Walker in the closing resolution of that Hartford meeting: "And last, but always, to our honored president, our old associate, our warm-hearted friend, Dr. John S. Butler, wishing him length of days and continued success according to his rich deservings, with our united right hands, we give him a reluctant good-by and a hearty God-speed."

Dr. Pliny Earle, the youngest of the four survivors of the thirteen, was at that time a little rising of sixty. He was a man above medium height, of good presence, said to have been a very handsome man in his youth. When I knew him he was still good-looking, with a bright-speaking eye. He wore his hair long, in locks inclining to curl. He was accounted a poet in his youth, and articles in the earlier numbers of the JOURNAL OF INSANITY from his pen disclose the poetic temperament. Later he laid aside poetry to take up statistics, and, outside of his careful hospital management, this was his work of widest fame. His curability of insanity, with its side-lights on hospital statistics, bringing out in bold relief the personal equation of the enthusiastic superintendent, was widely commented on, and got in its work everywhere. Dr. Earle had the misfortune to have, partly by inheritance, a somewhat precarious state of health, but with his philosophic mind, forewarned was forearmed, and he resolutely held himself back from the intense strain that is almost inseparable from the highest effort, and so wisely prevented the otherwise inevitable overthrow. His last attendance at the association was when, at Philadelphia in 1884, he presided at the fortieth anniversary. Of the old thirteen he and

Dr. Butler alone remained. Dr. Kirkbride had passed on only a few months before. Dr. Butler was not well enough to be present, so Dr. Earle alone, a shadow of the past, visibly affected by the situation, presided as master of ceremonies at that memorial session. The old order was changing, "giving place to new."

What wonder then, if, looking beyond the men of this generation who occupied those chairs, his eyes saw the shadowy hands beckoning and the faces peering out that he remembered there forty years before! The last survivor of "the glorious thirteen," he lingered on in retirement and deepening shadow until three years ago the light came.

I have briefly alluded to Dr. Bancroft and Dr. Brown, and I must be content with that, though each deserves more extended notice. Dr. Wilkins of California was there, having been sent by his State round the world to study the question of hospital construction and care of the insane everywhere. He did so, and made a report that is to-day one of the best we have. This, with the building at Napa, must be his monument.

A marked personality there was Dr. C. A. Walker. A manly, erect figure, a piercing eye, a long, flowing beard, even then blanching, that came at last to be like snow. His handwriting always arrested attention, even that of the casual observer of the hotel register. It was of the plain, solid text, old black letter, that might have been produced with the square point of a fence paling. It *was* written with a blunt-pointed quill, and his correspondence necessarily became weighted down with ink sand. Dr. Walker arrested attention himself quite as much as his handwriting, and to more purpose. He was earnest, enthusiastic, and by his personal magnetism so drew men to his way of thinking that all who came within its influence believed in him. I have heard him spoken of as a stern disciplinarian. True, his hospital was overshadowed by the House of Correction, but I have better witnesses — patients of his who came under my care — who convinced me that they loved him like a father, and in that old medieval survival at South Boston he was as tender of them as a mother. That was his great warm heart. He had an ambition to build for Boston a hospital worthy of her, and this was slowly crushed out of his soul. So he went to his grave a disappointed man. But whatever shadows may have darkened his life at last, to me that face always appears in sunshine, and his pleasant voice comes back to chase away all shadows. The resolutions from which I have already

quoted, which he wrote at Hartford, are like him — generous, whole-souled, and worthy. So I would bring rosemary and heartsease, write above him, "One who deserved well of his fellowmen," and say, "God's peace go with him wherever he journeys now."

But the three men who more than all the rest carried on the debates of that day, Gundry, Gray, and Nichols, how little space is left me, yet something must be said of these.

Dr. Richard Gundry, he was from Ohio then, and like a true patriarch he was accustomed to bring all his children with him, and a pretty considerable family it was. The doctor was built rather short for an ideal patriarch, but he had a large head, with massive brow, squarely set on his sturdy shoulders, and there was a great deal in that head. He wore a full, long beard, which, like his hair, was auburn. This did not mean a fiery temper, but he was a good combatant, and I think was always found in the opposition. In argument he had no respect for gouty toes or old traditions. He thought and acted independently and talked the same way. He was well read in history, was indeed an omnivorous reader, and at the time of his death had perhaps the best library in the association. He could remember what he read and make it available in argument. This gave him great power, and when he fought in the opposition it was to some purpose. He was a pleasant, genial man to meet in social converse, and always popular in the association. Short in stature, year by year he broadened and towered mentally until we were conscious that he was a giant with whom we had been so familiar that we had somehow overlooked his power. But he was taken ill; it was too late then to talk of honors from the association that were his due, and when a few years since, at Catonsville, I stood beside the open casket where —

"Dead, he lay among his books,
The peace of God was in his looks,"

then I realized something of our great loss. But the past is at least secure, and the records of the association, running through a long term of years, will show how much he was in evidence at those meetings, of many of which it may be truly said:

"Pars magna fuit."

Dr. John P. Gray. The mention of that name is enough. We all know what a giant he was. But there are perhaps even now some here who never saw him, and a sketch, purporting to be of a meeting where he was present, with no notice of him, would

be like the play of Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark left out.

Dr. Gray, a pupil and assistant of Dr. Brigham's, succeeded him at Utica, N. Y., early in the '50's, and so was among the older superintendents at the Hartford meeting. Dr. Gray was a large man every way except in height. Had nature given him a commanding figure, in addition to his great intellectual ability and his wonderful power to deal with men and carry his ends, he would have

"Bestrode the world
Like a Colossus."

As it was, he came very near to it. Recalling him now, strong in every way, I do not think as an all-round man there was anyone who was his equal in the association. He was well read and had a most retentive memory. Socially, he was genial and winning, full of anecdote and apt illustration, with "troops of friends." Yet he antagonized many men. He was a student of mind, but he also studied men, and he knew what was in them. As a successful superintendent he filled out one of the longest terms, dying in harness. In the Empire State the courts recognized him as the leading expert in the jurisprudence of insanity, and his marshaling of the experts and the conduct of the Guiteau trial at Washington gave him a world-wide reputation. As a debater and a writer he was able and always ready. He was never accused of a lack of self-confidence. He was resourceful under all circumstances; no combination of unpleasant events ever staggered him, and his ability, combined with a naturally combative disposition, carried him through. These very qualities made him overbearing and not always generous to a foe. Yet to me he was at his best in conflict, for he was descended from the Norsemen, and, like an old Viking, incapable of fear. When all the disaffected souls, the ambitious pretenders, the alienists and cranks of New York City, of every description, rose in their envy and their wrath, and swore to depose him, the old chieftain smiled, gathered up his carpet-bag, "came to his own," the Legislature at Albany, and pigeon-holed their whole proceedings. Insects that came in his way he sometimes crushed. Woe to the man who went out to meet him without truth on his side, and that must be very apparent to afford any protection. I never crossed lances with him until after he had received the lingeringly fatal shot of a lunatic, and have always had misgivings since that I had turned on a sick man. I honor

him now as a mailed knight who stood four square as a defender of the faith, ready to meet all comers and not ask odds. A professing Christian, with all the courage of the old pagan,

“ He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again.”

Dr. Chas. H. Nichols. At the Hartford meeting he was standing at the summit of his fame, and had just rounded the milestone of fifty years. He also was a pupil of Dr. Brigham, and one of the finest-looking men in the association, of which he was then the vice-president. He was tall, erect, with a large frame, a great head, a good mouth, and kind-speaking eyes that could be tender as a woman's. His voice was round and distinct; he spoke with deliberation, now and then pausing over a word long enough to suggest a stammer, but it was not. His Quaker education had made him choice of words, and so he hesitated till it became a habit. But woe to the man who attempted to help him out by suggesting one. He never took the proffered aid, but it was just stimulus enough to his great brain to make him give instantly a word that everybody saw fitted a little more exactly to the thought than the one suggested. He was a strong man, an all-round man, in many respects like Dr. Gray, and yet so different. He believed in himself—all great men do—but he also believed in and acted on the motto of, “Live and let live.” He was one of the largest-hearted men in the association. No worthy man ever came to him for his aid that did not get it, and what he did he did with his might. If you had Dr. Nichols on your side you had a power indeed. He was frequent in debate, enlightening it with illustrations drawn more from his experience than from books. He was gifted with his pen, but wrote too seldom. He was an authority on hospital construction, and as the years added more and more to his experience he came to be regarded as at the head on these questions, and to the end he held to the modified “propositions.” As hospital superintendent he stood always among the first in executive ability and successful management.

But to me all this seems cold and inadequate in the recital. As a man I think he was beloved and esteemed beyond almost any member of the association. I am speaking of the friendship of worthy men. He made enemies—but they were of the kind that we thank God that they are enemies; envious churls that are blind to all greatness. Envy! why it never entered into his composition.

He was earnest in good works, and rejoiced in everything that bettered the condition of his fellowmen. He was friend, co-worker, well-wisher to all. To me he was more than this—I can hardly trust myself to say here, what I know—he was my master, counselor, and helper; nay, my “elder brother,” as he called himself, with an affection and a devotion that was unfading, and even now, in “these lonesome, latter years,” I think of him as aiding and remembering still.

“If God so wills I do not know,
And yet my heart would have it so;
When dimming eyes and silent lips
Shall close these earthly comradeships,
I pray that I may wake in bliss
And find my mansion next to his.”

Tell me not that they have perished utterly, the friends

“Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.”

Is thought then but cell reaction? The subjects of these sketches, with their abounding personality, are they only names now? Poor delver among the broken shards of funeral urns that life has thrown away, look up, and know that your *caput mortuum* of ashes does not hold all. Man is something more than a mockery of fiends, creation's latest failure. It is still the “unseen” that is the “eternal,” and the individual intelligences that we knew here, with all their hopes, their unsatisfied longings, and their loves, outlasting time, have passed unharmed over life's “Great Divide.”