

OBITUARY NOTICES.

WILLIAM JOB COLLINS, M.D.

DR. WILLIAM JOB COLLINS, who died at his residence, Albert Square, Regent's Park, on May 10, 1884, was born at Oxford in 1818. He was educated at New College and was first intended for the Church, but an accident in the hunting-field when only eleven years old which laid him up for more than a year, turned his aspirations in the direction of the practice of physic. He was accordingly apprenticed to Mr. Ward of Oxford, in 1837, and at once exhibited great aptitude for his profession, and an industry and energy seldom surpassed. In 1840 he quitted his native city and betook himself to London, where he continued his apprenticeship under Mr. Towke, then carrying on a very fashionable practice at No. 6 Berkeley Square. In 1844 Mr. Collins entered at University College, then in its palmy days, with Liston, Cooper, and Elliotson as his professors, with whom, on account of his versatility and originality of character, he rapidly became a great favourite. In 1846 he became M.R.C.S., and after a year spent in the hospitals at Paris, he established himself in Regent's Park, where he carried on an

extensive practice, and devoted his leisure to artistic and literary pursuits, exhibiting in the Royal Academy in 1859, and contributing to many periodicals. He took the degree of M.D. at Aberdeen in 1854, and became L.R.C.P. (Ed.) in 1859. In 1852 Dr. Collins married Miss Treacher, a descendant of the old Huguenot family of Garnault, by whom he had four children, who survive him. Dr. Collins was a constant follower of the Royal Buck hounds, whose adventures he faithfully and pithily chronicled in the columns of 'Land and Water.' Dr. Collins was a fellow of many of the learned societies, and took a keen interest in the inception of the Royal Historical Society.

W. WATKINS OLD.

Mr. W. Watkins Old was born at Totness early in 1829, and educated at a private school in Torquay. There is no evidence that his acquirements in the way of language or of science attained any height beyond the private school level. As a child he seems to have exhibited the first signs of that taste for curiosities and collections which qualified him in later life for being a connois-

seur in china, tapestry, silver, and all kinds of antiques. Later on he took some steps for entering, first the medical, and next the clerical, profession ; but a certain delicacy of fibre and incapacity for continuous study interfered with his choice of either—if indeed the simple exigencies of life and the unfavourable turn in his father's affairs did not rather compel him to turn to pursuits less congenial to himself but more directly remunerative. At Monmouth, where he resided for a score of years and formed a home for his parents, and at Hereford, where he retired after their deaths, he secured from his business an ample sufficiency as a bachelor, and a margin of leisure for private reading, philharmonic concerts, foreign travel, and the entertainment of personal friends. Calm, thoughtful and observant, he brought to bear on subjects within his range a marked degree of precision and accuracy ; courteous and sympathetic as one of a thousand, he carried with him an infinite charm and winningness in conversation. An artist by temperament, his culture was everywhere reflected—in his nicety of dress, his ménage, his eye for colour, the furniture of his house, down to the garden which contained 'every flower that was mentioned in Shakspeare ;' in his sets of autographs, book-plates, &c. ; in his catalogues of the specimens on his shelves, illustrated by

himself, which were real examples of artistry. His inner life, meanwhile, as to which he was singularly reticent, must have been active if not strictly progressive. No one who knew him as the author of a pamphlet on Indo-European China, of a readable account of the Passion-Play, or even of a fanciful and unequal volume of poems entitled 'A String of Pearls,' would have surmised that his first and last works were, respectively, 'Studies on Homer,' intricate enough to have puzzled Mr. Gladstone, and—neither published, nor likely to tempt publication—a still more mystical interpretation or 'New Reading of Hamlet,' with fresh lights derived from Bacon, and with an undeniable flavour of Swedenborg ! It is but fair to add that, with a few more years of life, this would in all probability have undergone repeated revisals, and assumed in the end a far more presentable aspect. It is also the fact that, but for his untimely and almost sudden withdrawal, in May last, at the age of 56, he had in view other productions, more clearly within his grasp, notably one upon the history of the Ceramic Art, for the purpose of which he had not only amassed the works of the best writers, but had actually devoted much time and labour to gain a knowledge of the Chinese language.