

speare wrote thus, we have very little to add to his method of treating the insane as thus pointed out. To produce sleep, to quiet the mind by medical and moral treatment, to avoid all unkindness, and when the patients begin to convalesce to guard, as he directs, against every thing likely to disturb their minds and cause a relapse, is now considered the best, and nearly the only essential treatment."

But of all Shakspeare's plays none is so exceeding rich in profound psychological knowledge as Hamlet. Upon the consideration of the characters he has given us in this wonderful offspring of his genius, we can not, however, enter at present.

CASE OF HALLUCINATIONS.

THE particulars of a series of hallucinations herewith given, were communicated in writing by the young lady who was their subject to her professional adviser, a gentleman of large experience in mental affections, and a valued contributor to this journal. With the consent of the young lady, they were transmitted for publication. The doctor vouches for the entire truthfulness of the story, and gives its subject a high character for reliability and intelligence.

The candor and veracity of the narrative are indeed manifest in itself, and form a great part of its value and interest. Nothing is more common or less worthy of attention than stories of apparitions, visions and dreams told by persons, who, in their most normal condition, and on the most matter-of-fact subjects, are yet, through ignorance and defective sense, entirely unreliable. The frequent repetition of these phenomena in the same person, is also of interest, as calculated to give them greater weight. To expect that they should occur, and that no theory of their origin or mission should be formed by those who experience them, is not perhaps warranted by the history of phantasms among any people, however enlightened, in any age. The noblest equally with the most inferior minds have been

superstitious in this respect, and have taken revelations, predictions, and warnings from the inverted and extraordinary action of their own nervous centres. But if for many centuries almost no progress has been made in the explanation of these phenomena ; if they have served the purposes of prophets, oracles, wizards, miracle-mongers, saints, witches, ranters, mesmerists, *et id genus omne*, from the earliest to the present time—they are no longer the opprobrium of physiology, and when what is even now known in regard to them has been generally taught, the belief in their supernatural origin and bearing will be simply a delusion ; differing in form only, and not in kind, from those of the insane. Apparitions, visions, dreams and hallucinations of every sort are analogous to what physicians recognize constantly as the results of disease, and to what experimentists have produced by various means. All these are shown to arise from similar conditions, whether artificially or naturally induced, or by the action of disease. These conclusions have of late been firmly established, and promise the most beneficent results in staying the disastrous mental epidemics, that have a perennial source in popular ignorance and superstition.

Delusions of the senses have usually been divided into hallucinations, and illusions ; the former, those sensations falsely supposed by their subject to be produced by external objects ; the latter those produced by a mistaken perception of objects. But this definition limits the latter to an unimportant class, more properly styled deceptions. The more useful method seems to be to make hallucination the generic term,—thus doing away with the phrase, delusion of the senses, so calculated to confuse,—and to make illusion synonymous with it, as is practically done by most writers. The physician may make a division of hallucinations into physiological, and pathological, with a certain advantage. Under the former term will be included all those hallucinations which belong to the state of reverie, and which have an obvious or probable relation to the mental condition of the subject. This would include the greater part of the apparitions, visions, and deceptions of the several senses, common to the Swedenborgians, Spiritualists, etc., of the present day, and most

of the numerous isolated cases like that about to be detailed. Pathological hallucinations would include those cases in which there is no probable relation between the phantasms presented and the mental state, and which are not connected with reverie, or similar conditions. Of this kind are most of the delusions of acute insanity; of those produced by malarial, alcoholic and other poisons, and certain gases; and those which follow positive lesions of the nervous centres.

The class of hallucinations to which we have already referred, and only which we can at present notice, is the physiological. It may be objected to this term that no hallucinations are strictly physiological. But under the common-sense use and acceptation of the word it will be allowed to be sufficiently appropriate. The first step toward the experience of hallucinations of this class is the state of reverie. This condition is a most common, and usually a well-distinguished one, quite distinct from those of sleep and waking and intermediate to them. It is common to all classes of men, and to every order of mind. Whether in the most feeble minded girl it be given up to idle fancies and airy castles, or whether in the rapt seer and the abstracted sage it be devoted to the sublimest visions of moral truth, and the discovery of universal laws, the condition is essentially the same. By persons of a nervous temperament and delicate organization it is entered voluntarily and often unconsciously; while to others it is only possible under the most favorable circumstances, or not at all. It is simply a state of inverse vision, in which, the inducing circumstances differing as widely as they may, the sensations received from the external world are shut out or not attended to, and the workings of the brain are alone noted. Visual hallucinations are in this state the most common, and are called apparitions where they appear before the open eyes, and visions when the eyes are closed. The form of the apparition is the representation, by laws as yet unknown, of the dominant idea of the moment, and its projection among the realities of the external world. Dreams are of the class of visions, and, in their most vivid form, belong to the condition of reverie when it borders on sleep. Somnambulism is a manifestation of this state, and its phenomena are identical with

those known as mesmeric or biological. These latter are embraced under the term monoideism, which is only an artificial somnambulism.

Thus premising we shall find little to excite astonishment in the well-told story which follows. Bodily and mental exhaustion is well known to be favorable to the production of the state of reverie. Engrossing emotions and ideas, darkness, loneliness, and sad music have the same tendency. It will be observed how all these on different occasions met in the experience of the lady, before the apparitions were seen. It is evident that she had a firm faith in apparitions as forerunners of death before her first experience of any such fatality. This belief would be an agency to determine the shape of the first apparition, and the repetitions are accounted for with less difficulty. As for the sequences of death after the seeing of the apparitions, that one's natural fears should at times truly anticipate an evil, as well when they chance to act upon a susceptible organization to create phantom pictures of that evil as when these are not thus produced, surely ought not to be thought strange. Happy indeed if our fears were never realized !

The story will suggest a comparison of its phenomena with those of the so-called spiritual order, so familiar, by description at least, to all our readers. It needs no adept in mental science to find the exact counterpart of one in the other. The difference is only in the name, and in the theory of the origin and purpose of the visitations. The apparitions would probably have delivered in words their useless warnings, but that they were not expected so to do. The noises would no doubt have "rapped out" their messages if it had been required of them. But the superstitious belief under which the young lady's experience was possible has so much greater claims upon our sympathy and respect, from its ancient birth and the mystery which it leaves, than the modern delusion in which the unseen world is laid bare to the most minute and curious survey, that we forbear further comparison, and give place to the—

ACCOUNT OF THE HALLUCINATIONS.

I was born April 9th, 1840, and am just 19. My health is good,

and constitution strong, I think, though as a child I was delicate, owing to over study. My temperament is melancholy though not gloomy. I seldom if ever suffer from what people call "the blues." My mother's uncle drove himself mad trying to solve the problem of perpetual motion. My father never exhibited any peculiarities of mind, or saw visions, until his last illness. He always had a presentiment that he should die when about 43 or 44 years of age. He was not superstitious, but always laughed at my visions, as fancies.

The first time I was alarmed by an apparition was, I think, in 1855, when I was on a visit to Ireland. One day I was preparing to attend a party, and had gone to my room early in the afternoon to lay out my clothes ready for the evening; also to sew some rosettes on my shoes, in which I was engaged just in front of the looking-glass, where, glancing up, I saw reflected a face with grey hair, looking over my shoulder. I was not afraid, but thought, "How foolish I am;" worked on a little and looked up again. It was still there. Trying to believe I had been deceived, I worked on for a few seconds, and then looked again—and there it was! Thoroughly frightened, I ran from the room, not to re-enter it alone. Next day I wrote home to ask if anything was the matter. They answered me that all were well but my uncle, who had been very ill, *but was better then*. When a month later I returned, I learnt that he had died just about the time I had seen the face in the glass, but that they did not like to tell me, for fear of spoiling my pleasure. When I returned to England, the brother of the young lady whom I went to visit came to stay at our house for a time. He was a fine youth of twenty, with very large, and peculiarly earnest hazel eyes, very curly hair, and altogether of very unmistakeable appearance. He remained with us for about two months, when having an appointment in India he left us. Arrived there he wrote home regularly, saying that he liked the place so much, that it agreed with him so well, and that he was never better in his life.

One morning, either two or three days after what we call "Guy Fawkes' day," (5th of November,) I woke suddenly—with all my senses perfectly clear, which was the more strange as I had ever

been most difficult to arouse. The moment I opened my eyes, I saw my friend George B., bending over me, his face within a few inches of mine, his eyes so fixed into mine that I could not withdraw my gaze. It was broad daylight, being about eight or after, and I saw he was in his usual dress, and, even to the curls of his hair, looking as distinct in form and color as a living figure. Much surprised, though not in the least frightened, but, on the contrary, experiencing a most unearthly calmness, (as I always do when I see these visions) I arose to a sitting posture. He also arose till he stood upright, and still looking earnestly at me he receded a few steps, then disappeared. I did not feel alarmed, but got up and dressed at once, for fear that when I told my friends they should say it was all a dream. All that day, wherever I went a ceaseless knocking followed me; and, though our house was very large, I heard it in every part. If I went into my dressing-room I heard it there on the toilet-table, and in the drawing and dining-rooms, though each on different stories. Going through the halls and passages it rapped along the walls. In fact, I heard it everywhere, except in the streets. My friends laughed at me when I said I was sure I should hear some evil of George.

A day or so after, I went from my own room to sleep in that of a young lady who was staying with us at the time. It was a large, double-bedded room, and the night was bright and moonlight. The candle had been out some little time, and my friend was asleep, as I could hear by her heavy, regular breathing. Suddenly I saw a tall, white figure near the door at the foot of the bed. It walked right up on it, and came close to me. Thinking it was Miss B., walking in her sleep, I sprang up, saying, "Miss B. ! Oh, Miss B., where are you going?" at the same time trying to clasp her. My arms went through the figure, and then I knew it was no mortal. Somewhat frightened now, I cowered down, and ere long fell asleep, more than ever convinced that my friend George was either dead or dying. Very soon afterwards we heard that he had died of fever on the 8th of November, the date of the first appearance.

This happened in November, 1855, and the following May, we came to Canada, and settled in G——.

sister and myself, were invited to the house of an acquaintance to spend a social evening with cards, music, &c. Not feeling inclined to join the card-players, I sat down at the piano, feeling unaccountably sad. The door was just, or rather nearly opposite to me, being on the left of the piano. Of a sudden I looked up, and was astonished to see poor George B., standing in the door-way, the lights shining full on him, and he looking earnestly at me. Thinking I had deceived myself, I played a little, and looked up. Yes, there he was, without doubt. I turned away, played on, then looked again; still he was there. Calling my sister, I asked her to go into the hall with me. We went. Not a soul—or rather nobody—had been near the place. I told mamma of the occurrence, and when we looked to see the day of the month we found that it was the 8th of November.

The next time that I saw anything of the kind, was just before we left G——, to come to T——. I had gone into the kitchen for something. The girl was in the garden, and I distinctly saw a woman standing in the door-way. A few evenings afterwards, we were all sitting around the supper-table, on which burned two large spirit-lamps, when I saw a woman, dressed in black, standing behind papa's chair. Leaning on it, the light fell full on her. She was a stranger to me, and bore no resemblance to any one I knew. I did not at the time, but do now think it was a warning of my papa's death. I told him, and, as usual, he laughed at me. I saw nothing more till just before my papa's and sister's illness. My health was delicate at the time, owing perhaps to change of climate. We were at this time in T——, and residing in Ann street. One evening, feeling tired, I left the rest of the family at supper, and came to bed by myself. In passing my dressing-room, on the way to my bedroom, I saw a head looking out on me from behind the door. I called out to them to come quickly up, as I was lonely or ill, or some such excuse, I forget what, but I did not say a word of what I had seen, not liking to make the rest nervous. A few days after this, I was in my dressing-room. It was in the afternoon, about two o'clock, perhaps. I stood in front of the looking-glass arranging my hair, when I saw reflected a bright, fresh, rosy-looking face, just such a face

as my poor sister's. I turned round and heard at the same time, and for a quarter of a minute and more after, a sound resembling the dropping of a number of pieces of tin, or silver coins, all over the floor of the room. Greatly surprised, I told papa at once ; also what I had seen a few nights previously.

Not long after this, and on the very night-week before that on which papa was taken ill, we were all invited to spend the evening at the house of a friend. Mamma was too ill to go ; and partly because I was fatigued, and partly to keep her company, I determined, though nearly dressed, to stay at home. So papa and my sisters went. I took a book and sat down at the table to read, as mamma soon fell asleep. Our girl went to bed about nine, and I was the only one in the house awake. I was so deeply interested in my book that I did not notice how time passed. Presently I heard some one, with, judging from the sound, very long nails beating on the table. Looking up, I saw seated opposite me, so close that by stretching out my hand I could have touched him, a man in ordinary black clothes. He was on the chair, at the foot of mamma's couch. Directly I looked up the nails ceased tapping the table. As I looked at him he vanished. I saw him for about four seconds, I should think. You may fancy I was neither nervous or excited, when I tell you I did not disturb mamma, but sat there for three or four hours longer, till papa came in. I own I was shocked, but not nervous or excited. Papa was surprised and grieved to see me looking so ill when he came, and attributed it to being up too late. Not wishing to frighten mamma, I said nothing about the vision till next day, when papa, anxious to dispel my fears, said : " Why, you silly child, what nonsense ! Here am I, strong and well, and yet a night or two since, when I went to bed I saw opposite me a bed, myself lying dead on it ; and every time I opened my eyes I saw the same." Within a week from this he was taken ill, and died in a few weeks. During the last week of his illness scarcely a night passed but I saw some apparition. The first time I was disturbed was just about a week before his death. I was lying awake, not at all nervous, for I had not the least idea that I should lose my papa. My face was turned

to the wall, when I felt the pressure as of a heavy hand on the pillow behind me. Ice-cold fingers touched me, and a cold hand encircled my neck. Such horror seized me that I must have become insensible, for sense and recollection left me. Next morning I mentioned this to mamma. All that week, to the time of papa's death, I saw women in white, and sometimes in black at my bed-side. What was very strange, too, all the night that poor papa was dying, I saw two women in the room, besides mamma and the nurse. When I entered, or looked up from papa, who required our unceasing care, I saw a strange woman in black standing behind nurse, and another at the door. After his death I saw no more of them, at least not till my sister was seriously ill. She at the time of papa's death was poorly, with influenza, nothing serious. She had taken a powder to induce perspiration the previous night, but hearing, about seven next morning, from our cries that papa was going, she rushed from her bed without throwing anything round her, and kissed him just as he breathed his last sigh. Then she refused to go to bed again, threw herself down on the rug in the parlor, with her head to the fire, where she persisted in lying, and kept calling for brandy and water, which was foolishly brought her by the servant and nurse, we being too distracted to notice anything. The consequence was, she became feverish, and was obliged to take to her bed. In the meantime, I bore up as well as I could, feeling that as eldest child I should not give way, but endeavor to comfort the others, and poor mamma ; so till night I never shed a tear, but went in with every one who called to where papa lay. But in the evening I could not restrain myself any longer, and had hysterics. On one of these occasions a gentleman friend carried me fainting into the street for air. It was very quiet, when suddenly we both heard a loud voice, coming from we could not tell where, and saying in distressed and agonized tones, " Fanny," " Fanny," " Fanny !" as much as to say, " Oh, do not, I entreat you, distress yourself so !" In a moment I was calm and strong. We neither of us said a word about the voice, but entered the house at once. Next day he asked me if I had heard it. I told him I had, and, seeing that the thought greatly agitated me, he added,

“ Oh, I dare say it was some one calling Harry !” but I knew better, for nothing could be more distinct than the voice and words. A day or two afterwards, I went to my sister’s room to sit with her, as she was lonely. It was about seven in the evening. As I ascended the stairs with a lamp in my hand, I saw two women robed in black at the top, one each side of the stairway. I was suffering too deeply to feel fear, so went on. The figures disappeared as I neared them. As I entered the room where my sister lay, I saw papa behind the door, looking very pale. I looked several times to make sure I had not been deceived, and each time saw him there. I sat down on the bed with my back towards the figure, until I could bear it no longer, when I called some one else to take my place, for I knew no one else in the house could see the spectre. I think it was the next day the doctors said we must all leave the house at once, or we too should have the fever ; so we went to the house of a friend.

One evening, a few days after my arrival, a loud ring at the door-bell woke me. I started up, and saw, as I imagined, one of the ladies of the house by my side. I spoke to the figure, and it vanished ; and at the same time I heard my friends saying something about “ poor Sophia,” my sister’s name. Greatly alarmed, I called to them to bring a light, as I was sure I had seen some one in my room. I then asked who it was that rang at that early hour, (about four or five o’clock). They told me it was one sent out to say that there was a change in my sister. I thought they meant a favorable change, so fell asleep, feeling happier and more hopeful than I had felt since papa’s death. The same day my friends broke the tidings of my sister’s death to me as gently as possible. It had taken place about three o’clock in the morning, and mamma had at once sent to acquaint us with the melancholy intelligence.

From that time till last May I saw nothing. Last Queen’s-birthday I had been out, walking about with a gentleman friend. Towards evening we came in, and I went to my room to change my walking-dress. I had nearly finished dressing, and had only to get on my slippers, when, turning round, I saw papa standing near the door. So distinct was it that I felt frightened, and, snatching up the

lamp, I rushed from the room. When I reached the parlor, where they were all sitting, I felt re-assured and somewhat ashamed ; and, as in my hurry I had forgotten my slippers, I determined to return for them. So, taking the lamp, I opened the folding-doors between the front and back parlors, and ran up against the figure. I met no resisting power ; had I done so I should have hurt myself severely, no doubt. I was greatly agitated when I saw it, and rushed back to mamma, who inquired what was the matter with me, I looked so ill. I told her what I had seen.

One night, some months after this, a gentleman friend called. He had not been long present before I had occasion to go up stairs for something. I did not take a lamp, not being afraid, but went in the dark. Coming down, just as I reached the bottom of the stairs, I saw papa standing within a foot or two of me. A soft phosphoric radiance seemed to surround him. He was very pale, as I saw distinctly by the strange light, though all was dark around me. I was very much frightened, as I should have to pass close to him to re-enter the parlor. My brain seemed to reel as I ran desperately past and gained the room where they were all sitting. When I told them how I had been alarmed, some one went into the passage, but saw nothing.

The last and by far the most horrible vision I ever had, was on the 8th of December last (1858). I woke up one morning before dawn, but, as mamma burns a lamp every night, it was quite light in our room. I had been awake about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, and could not go to sleep, do what I would. However, as my mind was very pleasantly occupied, I did not mind much. Of a sudden I heard a heavy stamp, as if some one were trying to attract my attention by stamping with the foot. I raised my head, and to my horror saw an old person, who might have been a man or a woman ; for the figure had on a white dressing-gown, and a kind of black, skull, or Glengariff cap. I could not see any hair, or should have been better able to judge of the sex. The face was that of a corpse, pinched and drawn by long illness and old age. The profile was turned towards me, and was delicate and regular, and clearly

defined against the wall at the side of it. One hand was across the chest or waist, and the other hanging straight down. I rose on my elbow the better to make my observations. There were no clothes hanging in that part of the room, so that I could not have been deceived by any thing of that kind. It stood by mamma's side, and as I gazed took three steps, each accompanied by a heavy stamp, and stopping at every step. I was perfectly calm while taking in all these particulars, but after the third step I was overcome by terror, as the figure was coming round my side; and clasping my little sister, as if even her tiny form would yield me protection, I prayed that the Almighty would remove the vision, and cause mamma to wake. I only heard one step after that. After a few minutes I determined to tie a knot in my handkerchief, under the pillow, as I knew mamma would say in the morning it was all a dream. Just as I was about to do this she woke. I spoke to her, and taking courage looked at my watch, and found that it was about twenty minutes to six. I did not mention what I had seen till next day, or rather until it was light. I feel convinced that it was a forewarning of either my grandfather's or grandmother's death, as they have both been failing rapidly of late.

I forgot to mention one case that happened before the last, and which should have had the precedence. One morning, in March, 1858, I was giving a lesson at Miss M——'s school here, and, looking up, I saw a thin man in blue, cloth coat with turn-down velvet collar, standing by the side of my pupil. His figure was just like poor Mr. G——, the violinist. His face I could not see, as my pupil's head came between us. I was startled and screamed, thinking it was one of the masters at the first glance. I just had time to notice it when it vanished. I told mamma when I got home. Next day we heard that poor G—— had died at just about the time I saw his figure. I had not even heard that he was ill, and knew nothing of it till I was told he was dead.

Another case I forgot to mention, occurred, I think, some time in last November. I was aroused from my sleep by a loud knocking at my bed-head. After I woke I listened, and in a few minutes heard

it again. I said to mamma, "Do you hear that?"—"Hear what, child?"—"Why, that loud knocking." She said, "Why, I have been awake for more than a quarter of an hour, and there has not been a sound that I could hear." Afterwards I heard it again at the window. It was daylight, and I could see if there had been any one there; but I saw nothing. I told mamma I was sure we should hear of the death of some one we knew; and sure enough, a few weeks after we heard that my aunt's father had been found dead in his room, just about the time I heard the knocking. I was a favorite of his when he was living.

I can not remember any thing more now; I think I have mentioned every apparition that I have ever seen.

ABSTRACT OF A PAPER BY DR. E. BILLOD ON A VARIETY OF PELLAGRA PECULIAR TO THE INSANE.

[*Translated from the Annales Médico-Psychologiques.*]

IN what we have hitherto published on the subject of pellagra, it is important to distinguish between the announcement of a fact, and our opinion in regard to that fact. The *fact* referred to, is the occurrence, more or less frequent, among the asylum patients of Rennes and Angers, of an affection strongly analogous to pellagra. The *opinion* is, that this affection is that form of the disease which is peculiar to persons of disordered minds, and which we therefore call the *pellagra of insanity*. The pellagra of Lombardy, if a more decided, is a less important malady; and its occurrence elsewhere in hospitals for the insane, varies with their meteorologic and topographic conditions, and their differences of regimen.

We have described the symptoms, the progress, the duration, and the termination of this disease. We have given the prognosis and the diagnosis, its pathologic and etiologic anatomy. No one who has