

training ; and that the best that can be said for it is that it is a good game for intellectually-minded men. In all this, except, perhaps, the last particular, I should heartily agree.

When Dr. Schiller goes on to expose the malign effects of logic on society, on mental training, on science, on religion, and on mankind generally, he seems to me to exaggerate its importance and its influence. In as far as he deals with the past, now fading into distance, much of what he says is no doubt historically true ; but at the present day, logic, as it is taught in the text-books, has scarcely any influence at all. No one studies it except at a university. No English university but that of Oxford gives it any prominence, and even at Oxford, only a minority of the students are required to study it ; and of those who do study it none but an insignificant remnant pay any attention to it, or fail to discard it altogether as unworthy of consideration, the moment their novitiate is past.

It is not uninteresting to compare two books so nearly identical in aim as Dr. Schiller's and mine, appearing simultaneously and unexpectedly without collusion or agreement on the part of the writers, or even knowledge of either that the other was engaged on a similar task. Dr. Schiller's book ferments with indignation, and what seems almost like a personal detestation of a personified logic ; mine is permeated by an amused contempt. Dr. Schiller's objections are psychological throughout ; mine are logical. Dr. Schiller is purely destructive ; he pulls down with remorseless fury, but he does not attempt to rebuild : my primary aim is constructive, and I pull down only to clear the ground for the erection of my own new fabric. Dr. Schiller goes much deeper than I do. I merely pull down the ramshackle old structure, and level it with the ground : Dr. Schiller digs up the foundations. Dr. Schiller shows that the form of formal logic is form without substance, and insists upon the emptiness of the forms : I take the forms at their face value, and show that, even granting that they have substance, they are worthless. Dr. Schiller speaks as a professional logician, having the whole of Greek philosophy at his finger-tips : I speak merely as a practical reasoner, having only a very superficial acquaintance with the Greek origin of logic, and, with respect to traditional logic, a mere outsider. It is the more remarkable that our conclusions should be in such close agreement as to be almost identical. It is the more remarkable that these, the first thoroughly destructive criticisms of the logic of tradition, should so completely harmonise with each other.

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A New Logic. By CHARLES MERCIER, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S.
London : William Heinemann, 1912. Pp. 422. Price 10s.

A review of this volume will appear in the July number of the *Journal of Mental Science*.

A Tale of Hallucinations and Impulses.

A short time back I received from a friend a book, which he had picked up at a bookstall for twopence. Seeing in it things that he thought might interest me, he was kind enough to forward it. I, in

my turn, having found many things to interest alienists and psychologists, have made extracts from it for reproduction in the Journal. It is one of two books, the other being entirely unknown to me, which were written with the same objects—to expose the horrible treatment of the insane and the unjust confinement after need for that confinement had passed away, to explain away much that the writer regarded as insane, to teach psychologists their business, and finally, “to take it out” of his relatives for their vile conduct in keeping him in an asylum. The case itself must be regarded as possessing many interesting phases from the clinical point of view, but its chief interest lies in the explanation of hallucinations and impulses by the patient himself. The latter was evidently a man of some intellectual power; he writes easily, he had read much, he possessed considerable power of analysis, erroneous though it frequently was, and he had the fatal habit of introspection in a marvellous degree. He came of a highly placed family, with a long pedigree. This fact in itself contributed in some degree to his irritation under treatment, inasmuch as it caused him astonished pain that he should be subject to personal control by his inferiors in station. Being opposed to revolutionary measures of reform, which were very much under debate at the time, he seemed to think that that control could only have been made possible by the levelling tendencies of the age. Likewise his family was well in the forefront in opposing Catholic emancipation, and this, no doubt, had a good deal to do with his religious ardour and with the various mental phenomena connected in his case with his beliefs. There is no evidence of hereditary predisposition in the direct line, but he had one female cousin of unsound mind. These many years after one can say that there are signs of eccentricity at least in a prominent representative of the family. The patient was born, as far as I can make out, in the year 1801, and not many years after there was an event in the family which might have had some effect on his young and impressionable mind. He evidently had an attack of syphilis at about the age of twenty-eight.

With regard to the writings themselves, it has been a little difficult to arrange them in sequence in a satisfactory manner, some being founded on notes made at the time of extreme insanity, others written after the acute symptoms had disappeared, while others, again, were written several years after; but although it is evident that he was not of sound mind and judgment, incidents in the history of his treatment call forth many pages of philosophical and recriminatory reflection. One has therefore to receive what is said with some caution, for not only had his memory and power to reproduce with correctness his ideas, formed at an earlier period, to be considered, but it is quite evident that his mind, at the time of writing, was not only partially unsound, but also tinged by the spirit of aggressive opposition which existed all through the attack and probably from the very earliest moment of reasoning. Still, there is a sufficient amount of probability that he formed and entertained certain of the important beliefs stated, to give the recital some value. The extracts now given only form a fraction of the book itself, which is padded up by endless reflections on spiritual philosophy, written in language of the presumptuous and inflated style familiar to us all. The actual insanity appears to have become evident in 1830, the

crisis arising at the end of that year. He seems to have regained some sort of liberty in 1834, the date of the present volume being 1840, in which year he was living in a private house.

On his breakdown in the house of Captain H— he was removed to an asylum where he spent fourteen months, during which time he was apparently acutely insane. After that he was transferred to another institution at which he improved considerably, though evidently considered at times to be homicidal. Most of his time there was spent in contesting the propriety of his detention after he had learned how, as he thought, to keep the hallucinations in check. The following are the extracts :

I have been educated from my childhood upon the principle that I was to prefer doing my duty to seeking to please myself or others—to tell truth and shame the Devil. At school I was taught to admire and to aspire to the self-devotion of the Decii—of Quintus Curtius, of Mutius Scaevola, of Brutus the father. Afterwards I entered a profession in which I considered that I pledged myself to yield my life whenever I might be called upon to sacrifice it, and I subsequently devoted my attention to the study of a religion which teaches the followers of it that through much suffering they are to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, and the Founder of which had thus spoken : “Unless ye hate father and mother for My sake, ye cannot be My disciples.” The severe habit of thought thus inspired may have hardened my feelings, inasmuch as I have found that in every sense it is true that charity begins at home, for how can he show mercy to others, who shows no mercy to himself?

Often, when a lad, sitting alone by the side of a pond with my rods and lines, I have heard my name loudly called from the surrounding trees, and, looking round, I have said to myself, “I have mistaken another sound for the calling of my name” ; or I have said to one of my sisters, if she was by, “How like that was to my name.”

At the commencement of the year 1830 I was proceeding to the continent on a visit to one of my brothers, who was at Ghent. It so happened that I was very anxious whether I should cross from Margate or Ostend, or go to Dover to join a friend, and from thence with him through Calais and Dunkerque and Belgium. I was alone in the coach on my way to Canterbury, and I knelt down for guidance, unable to determine for myself, and I prayed in an agony the Lord's prayer. Whilst praying, I saw a vision of three countenances in travelling caps, which succeeded one another. At the appearance of one of these countenances I shuddered with horror, but my mind became troubled, I was astonished—I seemed to doubt at which I had shuddered—I became disturbed, and it seemed to me that in consequence of my being so puzzled and doubting, the vision was taken away. I resumed my seat in the coach, wondering and stilled. I resolved at length when I left the coach at Canterbury to go by Margate. I got into the coach at night; we were delayed a great deal by the snow, and when daylight came I saw in the coach with me two young men with travelling caps such as I had seen in my vision, and the features of one of these young men, who was a German, were exceedingly fair, mild and regular, with yellow hair, such as I had seen

in the vision. I was puzzled, when seeing the vision, to know whether I had shuddered at seeing this young man or at the sight of another, and I had thought to myself, "Can there be any evil in one so beautiful?" And again I suspected I had offended the Almighty by supposing there could be evil in him. When I made acquaintance with my young fellow-traveller, I found that he was a well-disposed, honest young Calvinist, who, though young, had thought seriously. I looked among the other travellers by the coach for the third cap. No one wore anything resembling it; but after I had descended, in the morning, into the cabin of the steamer, a very strange and singular man came down, and I recognised on his head the other cap I had seen in the vision. This gentleman, from the moment he entered, made use of the most horrid oaths, scarcely opening his lips without one, until I ventured to reprove him, and, after a short argument, he gave up making use of them, for he was a gentleman, and we were on good terms afterwards. I was subsequently informed that he had been of unsound mind. He was certainly very wild.

I have an impression that I saw, on another occasion, a similar vision, of which I do not recollect the particulars.

After these visions, which made me more disposed to listen to the accounts which reached me of certain miraculous gifts to individuals of the church of Scotland, in the neighbourhood of —, and — in Scotland, when I had been some time at —, attending meetings of these persons, a power came upon me of chanting words of Scripture and words of spiritual exhortation without premeditation. I also felt myself impelled to address persons whom I did not know before with passages of scripture that arose in my memory; on one of those occasions, without my being aware of it, one of the party was a young lady to whom I had promised to communicate the result of my investigation into the truth of the above miracles. About the same time, when I was at the manse of —, one day the spirit of —, one of the inspired persons in the neighbourhood, seemed to come upon me, and directed me to leave the room and kneel down in prayer; this was the first time that I felt myself guided as by a visible or palpable spirit. At the same place and in Dublin, passages of the Old Testament were applied to me, which I turned to by the direction of a spirit, in which I was threatened with the most dreadful punishments and with madness if I were not faithful to the guidances which were given to me; again, in Ireland, when I was attending a meeting in behalf of a Bible society at which I had promised to speak, my hands were guided to seek for passages in the New Testament, which I opened in a consecutive order in support of the line of argument I designed following. Later, in Dublin, I had warnings of evil of another kind, and when I was ill my hand was guided to write in a style unusual to me. Then, also, I often yielded my limbs to be guided by influences which came upon me, which seemed to me like walking in a new life; on one occasion particularly, after my friend Captain H— had rebuked me for my room being in disorder, I was very much grieved, and when he had left the room a spirit came upon me, and in obedience to it I began arranging the room and putting my clothes in order in the wardrobe. On another occasion whilst I was undressing to go to bed, I was taught to assume graceful attitudes of

different kinds, chiefly of adoration, and at one moment to understand myself in spirit to be as St. John the Apostle, at another as Judas, and this depended upon a turn of thought, to me unintelligible, at which I became so alarmed and troubled that the spirit or influence guiding me seemed to vanish, and I exclaimed or chanted sorrowfully, and by inspiration, "Oh, where is my beloved gone?" When I was likened to St. John the Apostle, I saw my countenance and form in the glass fair and bright, but when I was likened to Judas my face was dark; whether this arose from any internal operation of the mind, by which the visual organs were affected, or from my face being accidentally in the shade without my observing it, I do not know; the first is most probable, because afterwards I saw the countenance of others thus change from light to dark when in the same position relative to me and the light, but they appeared more black, and I was then more weak.

Only a short time before I was confined to my bed I began to hear voices, at first only close to my ear, afterwards in my head, or as if one was whispering in my ear, or in various parts of the room. These voices I obeyed or endeavoured to obey, and believed most implicitly, especially after my mind was entirely deranged. I understood them to be the words of the Lord or of His spirits. Afterwards, when I was very faint and ill, I saw visions of various kinds, the countenances of my friends and relations, now white, now red as in flames—venerable countenances with flowing locks and silvery beards—the hand and arm of death stretched over me, and processions, beautifully delineated, like those of the ancient pagans.

On Sunday, the 19th of December, 1830, having recovered from my illness, I was taken by Captain H—, my friend, with the consent of Dr. —, my physician, and surgeon to the — Hospital, for change of air.

I spent the greatest part of that day with Captain H— and his family. Conversation turned, or was directed by me chiefly, to the — miracles. I asserted as before my belief in them, I tried to persuade others; I informed the family of many things I had experienced and witnessed in Scotland and since I was in Ireland. My conversation, and moreover my manners, alarmed them. I passed the night in the — Hospital, where Mrs. H— had been so kind to provide me with a bed. It was a night of horrors and alarms.

The next morning I breakfasted with Captain H—. I was directed by *some spiritual power* to pray for leave to be left alone in the parlour for half an hour, when the family retired to the sitting-room, and Captain H— went out on business. They objected, but I insisted upon it, and they consented.

I was directed by the *spirit* I mention to place myself for a quarter of an hour in a particular position, looking to the clock, if I remember correctly, after that to throw myself on the ground and to lie with my mouth close to the floor.

I lay there for a quarter of an hour more, supposing it to be at the command of my Saviour; much occurred, but at last I was interrupted by Captain H—'s entrance, who found me rising and helped me from the ground, on which I had slobbered from my mouth in my agony.

My conduct was irregular before him, for I thought I was to speak

before him and his family in an unknown tongue (*and to make some confession before them which I was unwilling to do if I recollect correctly*), but which I was about to do, when I hesitated upon Captain H—'s sitting down to write a letter, as I feared to interrupt him; we were going into town together in a coach, and he was ready and pressed for time. I therefore determined to defer my confession or utterance with a tongue until the evening ultimately; but found that Captain H— would not be at home nor Mrs. H— but only his daughters, so that I should not be able to call with propriety. I believe I intended to have returned that evening to see them and bid them adieu, to surprise them at the same time with joyful tidings of our Saviour's being upon earth, in spirit at least, preparatory to His near and second coming, with an account of His mercies to me in having pardoned and healed me and restored me to full health, at the same time that I gave proofs of my own divine authority.

I drove with Captain H— into ——. I had, or believed that I had, done something to provoke the Lord. I was ordered to make certain confessions to Captain H—, which *I shrunk from*. (*I believe, however, that I attempted to do so, but not in a manner to satisfy the spirit which commanded me.*) *I heard audible and articulate voices, though not always.* I either met Dr. — by appointment at my inn in — Street, or Captain H— asked me to remain indoors whilst he fetched him, and he called before or with Captain H—. I believe I was then left alone for some time, which opportunity I took for prayer and meditation. I know I saw Captain H— a second time.

I then was proceeding out of doors, supposing myself well, to buy a new hat I think, or to do some commissions preparatory to my journey next morning, or in a day or two to England. Earnestly wishing, with or without Dr. —, leave to see my mother at —, and pass the Christmas with her, or to proceed to Oxford; but on opening the door, or, as I was proceeding downstairs (if I remember correctly), I found, or met a servant, sent from Dr. — to watch me and prevent my going out.

Captain H—, I think, arrived with him, or soon after, and explained that he was a confidential servant of Dr. —, whom he had requested the doctor to send to watch me.

From this cause I derive my misfortune. I do not think *I should have gone mad if my friend had not done this*. I do not think he was justified in doing so, but he acted with promptitude and resolution, and perhaps from experience, for he had himself been delirious once, from the use of mercury. *It is true I was* in the habit of hearing articulate voices, and of obeying them, but I had not done so yet without judgment and much deliberation, neither had I attempted to do myself or anyone else any injury, *nor had I done anything* except in my friend's house calculated to make me seem *ridiculous*, if I except praying *with a loud voice, which is a nuisance to others, I know*, and now I am sorry for having done it in a *crowded city*, without respect to my landlord or my neighbours.

But his very presence confused a weak, disordered and enthusiastic conscience, for I did not know whether I shrunk from doing things because I feared his ridicule and laughter or condemnation, or because it was really my duty from motives of prudence and discretion.

I was, therefore, ultimately tempted to do before him, by his very presence, things which I should not most likely have been tempted to do in his absence. I did them not out of bravado, but conceiving them my duty, and that my hesitation proceeded from the fear of man.

I could not explain to him my motives except partially. I was afraid at that time and thought it profane to mention that I heard voices which directed me to do these things.¹

It is not improbable also that I might have been tempted to acts from delusion, which might have rendered it expedient for me to be watched, subsequently, not, however, I think at the risk of depriving me altogether of my understanding.

I, with some difficulty, persuaded my servant to leave me for half an hour to pray in the evening when I went to bed. This, as also his not retiring when I undressed, *terrified me*. I was before shocked, provoked and amazed.

Different things occurred, to be mentioned hereafter. Ultimately about midnight, or one or two o'clock in the morning, I attempted to throw myself on the back of my head, till I had twisted my head in a particular way.

I had not courage to do it completely; I feared to break my neck, but I was not sure whether *that was not intended*. I thought if I broke my neck in one way it would not kill me, but that I should be delivered from various demons, but that if I failed I might break my neck and suffer merely pain, and perhaps die, but in either case I expected to be raised to life again, to be the messenger of the Lord's second coming.

My servant attempted to prevent me from getting from under the bedclothes to do this, but I tore my shirt from him and persisted, earnestly telling him for my soul's sake and for motives which I really had, to let me alone; I believe he tarried some time and then went downstairs for help. Another servant came up, and soon after I was fastened by them in a strait-waistcoat with my hands tied over my breast.

Next they tied my feet to the foot of the bed. I now became very feverish and thirsty; I was in a situation of mind bordering on distraction. For I could not tell them, I thought it ungrateful to reveal it to them, that my Saviour, as I imagined, was holding communion with me or rather addressing me. I began to be subject to all kinds of delusions, I dared not open my lips to them, partly through superstition, partly through delusion.

This confinement, after about a fortnight's illness, produced not only derangement and delirium, but torpor of *blood* and loss of moral courage and energy. *I lost my reason in a struggle of conscience under delusion afterwards*. I am sure I should not have done so if Dr. — had done his duty to me, *as a brute animal even*, needing wholesome air and exercise. I foresaw daily my horrible fate, without being able to redress myself because *I could not explain to them my feelings or sentiments*. At last I sunk under it. It was like fear in a horrible dream which one cannot escape from.

¹ But there is nothing really ridiculous in this, unless to the unfaithful, if it be done in time and place. *Our Lord* prayed with *strong cries* (see Hebrews, v, 7), but it is not probable that He did it in cities, for He went into the country or wilderness with His disciples, and there even retired from them.

I remember hailing the hour when I saw my eldest brother by my bedside ; he knew my particular turn of mind. He and I also were in some points of the same religious opinions. Dr. — was, I believe, an unitarian, therefore, as I conceived, an infidel concerning the Holy Ghost. My eldest brother had also by letter expressed to me his belief in the — miracles ; though he retracted his acknowledgment afterwards in another letter, I hoped to be able to persuade him to treat me as a reasonable being.

I do not know how these hopes afterwards vanished ; I believe some answer he made me showed me that he was futile and vain and presumptuous ; he became the object of my hatred and scorn, and, as I *conceive*, my betrayer, for I trusted, in my imbecility, to him.

I remember now, after my brother's arrival, I was forced by my physicians, in my brother's and the servant's presence, to use a clyster. This disgusting operation I had a peculiar dislike to, from its indecency and indelicacy. My opinion was not asked about it, neither my wishes consulted, and my dumb, mute state of lunacy was considered in this a reason for making no scruple of offending my feelings of delicacy, as in regard to my other regimen it had been perverted into a reason for treating me without any reference to my wants as a brute.

Nothing did I require but wholesome diet, moderate and healthy exercise and pure air, instead of which I was drenched with the most nauseous medicines against my will and against my conscience. I was fastened in a strait-waistcoat, or huge hot leathern arm-cases, and compelled to lie day and night in the same bed and in the same room, and fed on slops of bread in broth.

And all this for what ? Because I had attempted one night to injure my person, as they supposed, and had tried it once or twice again. Also because I could not speak from lunacy, and from feeling sure that none of them would receive or believe what I said.

(Letter from a sister.) — never heard of any operation from Dr. —, except once bleeding from the temporal artery when you were considered to be in a state of plethora, of which, by the way, Sp—r, when he had visited you in the spring, mentioned that you had the appearance — a more than usual redness and fulness about the face. — did not hear of the operation from Dr. — till after it had been performed, and was then told by him, that though more painful than bleeding from the arm, you had borne it patiently, and that it had so beneficial an effect at the time as to be followed by a lucid interval, in which you expressed a strong hope of your recovery.

These voices commanded me to do, and made me believe a number of false and terrible things. I threw myself out of bed, I tried to twist my neck, I struggled with my keepers. When I came to Dr. — I threw myself over a stile, absolutely head over heels, wrestled with the keepers to get a violent fall, asked them to strangle me, endeavoured to suffocate myself on my pillow, etc., threw myself flat on my face down steep slopes and upon the gravel walk, called after people as my mother, brothers and sisters, and cried out a number of sentences, usually in verse, as I heard them prompted to me—in short, for a whole year I scarcely uttered a syllable or did a single act but from inspira-

tion, though I now know that scarcely one of the things I said, or one of the things I did, was what I intended to perform.

During this year, also, I heard very beautiful voices singing to me in the most touching manner, and on one occasion I heard the sounds of the cattle lowing and of other beasts in the fields convey articulate sentences to me as it is written of Balaam. On another I was threatened terribly by the thunder from heaven—in short, nearly all sounds that I heard were clothed with articulation. I saw also visions, and the same day that I heard the cattle addressing me, on looking up into heaven as I was leaving Dr. —'s premises, I saw a beautiful vision of the Lord descending with all His saints. During the same year I also saw the faces of persons who approached me clothed with the features of my nearest relations and earliest acquaintance, so that I called out their names and could have sworn, but for the immediate change of countenance, that my friends had been there. As they were walking at some distance their stature also changed.

I recollect that even at the height of my delusions I refused to obey these voices on several occasions, when by obeying them I was afraid of taking away the life of my attendants. For instance, I was often desired to push a man named — backwards into an empty bath, but I was afraid to do it lest I should injure him. I also often, through disappointment and rage through fatigue and despair of comprehending them, rebelled against them and refused to do anything, choosing melancholy, sulkiness and inactivity, or my own will. On another occasion, being desired to throw myself over a steep precipice near the river —, with the promise that if I did so I should be in heavenly places, or immediately at home, I refused to do so for fear of death, and retired from the edge of the precipice to avoid the temptation, but this last was not till after repeated experiments of other kinds had proved to me that I might be deluded. For I was cured at last, and only cured of each of these delusions respecting throwing myself about, etc., etc., by the experience that the promises attendant upon each of them were false. When I had fairly performed what I was commanded, and found that I remained as I was, I desisted from trying it with any sincerity and soon left it off.

I was tempted to do these things very often from hearing the voices tell me that my fellow-prisoners were suffering for me, and that if I did so-and-so I should relieve them; but at last I was warned a change would take place in my situation, and when the voices one day said to me, "Mr. — is suffering or suffocating for you," another, or the same, voice added, "To think of, or to reflect on with shame and contrition too," or words of that kind, then my mind began to have peace, and I began to breathe again. I knew I had been deceived, and when any voice came to order me to do anything, I conceived it my duty to wait and hear if that order was explained and followed by another, and, indeed, I often rejected the voice altogether, and thus I became of a sudden from a dangerous lunatic, a mere imbecile, half-witted though wretched being; and this was the first stage of my recovery.

This took place in the cricket season about six months before the end of the year 1831, and the consequence of it was that during the day I was released from my fastenings, though not at night for a long time

after. My limbs being more at liberty, having more exercise, more occupation, more amusement, my health and tone of mind soon made rapid advances towards restoration ; and though afterwards I once struck my keeper and one of the patients, it was from ample provocation and not from delusion or insanity. From this time, in truth, I needed nothing but observation, and not coercion.

It is curious, and it is contrary to the theory of the doctors, who deprecate all excitement among their patients, that every dispute and struggle I had with those controlling me served to strengthen my mind and dissipate my errors. Particularly that occasion on which I struck the keeper — upon his attempting to collar me and force me to come and be shaved. I cannot recollect accurately whether then I had already begun to reason with myself how often I had been deceived through life in adopting upon trust the opinions of others, and in following the fashions and habits of society ; and I determined, when I was released from confinement, to do nothing whatever which I could not prove reasonable, and among other things, as more consistent with nature and reason, I resolved to wear my beard and long hair. I had no sooner come to this resolution than the voices I used to hear taunted me with cowardice and subserviency to those around me in not putting it into instant execution, on account even of the filthy manner in which I was shaved, and I was made to feel that I was guilty of gross ingratitude to my Saviour in not insisting upon my right to do this in spite of any opposition that might be made to it. The consequence was that I replied in thought to these voices, "We will see if it is so," and I was soon after engaged in a desperate struggle with the keepers in support of my right. My spirits were completely roused by this affair, and I gained a self-confidence and a liberty of thought for a long time lost to me. The absurdity of my Saviour having desired me in such circumstances to expose myself to such disgraceful treatment was self-evident, and my resolution became the stronger to exercise a great control over myself, and cautiously and steadily to resist being led away again into any situation of difficulty by these voices. Still, however, I fancied the voices were holy, sent to try and to instruct me, and that I was bound to respect and pay attention to them ; but I was no longer afraid of being led into any danger by obeying them, though I thought that I might expose myself to ridicule.

I may say that every syllable of these letters I saw by illusion on the paper before I wrote them ; but many other sentences also appeared besides those which I chose, and often these sentences made light of, or contradicted, what went before, turning me to ridicule, and that ridicule goading me to anger and madness, and I had great labour and difficulty to collect myself to seize those that were at all consecutive, or not too violent or not too impassioned. This was extremely painful. My readers will find in these letters a great deal of sense and forcible writing, mixed with a great deal of weakness and imbecility ; thus the inspirations and guidances I have received have been often good and becoming, and therefore I conceive, in the sense in which the term is usually employed, divine ; often they were defective, and much my judgment ought to have rejected, and probably would have rejected in calmer circumstances.

On one occasion, shortly before I left Dr. —, as I was leaving the house and walking through a back gate, I was desired by the spirit to “lift up my head and open my voice, and see what I should see,” and I looked up to heaven and yielded my voice to the power upon me, and forthwith I uttered horrible oaths and blasphemies, so that I was frightened, and refused to speak. Again I was desired to lift up my head and open my mouth as before, and I did so, looking up into the sky, and forthwith I uttered the most gross and revolting obscenities, by the influence of a similar power, and I again chose to be silent rather than to obey. I was thus cured of my folly that I was to yield my voice up to the control of any spirit at hap-hazard, without regard to circumstances.

My loss of all control over my will, and belief, and imagination, and even of certain muscles, was immediately preceded by three successive crepitations, like that of electrical sparks in the right temple, not on the same spot, but in a line one after the other, from left to right. Before I left Dr. — I thought I observed that the cause of that delusion, whereby the stature of persons appeared to change, consisted in my comparing them in the agitation of my spirits, and in that weak state of health, solely with the objects around them or in the distance, in the same way as I have often found when attempting to draw, I have made all the objects in the middle distance in fair proportion one with the other, but much too large to sort with the size I was compelled to give to the objects in the foreground on account of the dimensions of my paper. I will not, however, be too positive of the cause being rightly stated, though I think it was so: but this I know, I was aware before I left Dr. — that this delusion arose from a defective use of the visual organs. This weakness of sight giving also a kind of unsubstantiality to persons I saw—for their forms seemed to dilate and contract—did, I have no doubt, contribute to a delusion I was under, that I was surrounded by spiritual bodies, and myself in such a body, not of flesh and bone, and not needing sleep or food.

Let me observe that the voices I so often speak of were mostly heard in my head, though I often heard them in the air or in different parts of the room. Every voice was different and each beautiful; and, generally, speaking or singing in a different time and measure, and resembling those of relations or friends. There appeared to be many in my head, I should say upwards of fourteen. I divide them as they styled themselves or one another into voices of contrition and voices of joy and honour. Those of contrition were, I think, all, without any exception, on the left temple and forehead; those of joy and honour on the right temple and forehead; but on each side of the head, as it were over the middle of the eyebrow, two spirits seemed always to sing or speak to a measure more quick or more flaunty than the others—that on the left was, I think, called the spirit of my eldest sister; that on the right was the spirit of Herminet Herbert. I understood the use of these spirits, which were spirits of humour and politeness, to be necessary to a holy turn of thought, and that the world did not like the use or understand the use of them. My thoughts flowed regularly from left to right, guided by these voices and their suggestions; and if I

turned them from right to left I was told that I was playing the hypocrite. I think it right to mention this because it was always so ; and though it may appear fanciful, there may, nevertheless, lie hid some truth in it connected with the nervous system which I cannot venture to explain. Amongst the names given to the spirits were those of Contrition, those of Joy, of Gladness, of Joviality, of Mirth, Martha (by which I understood over-anxiety), and Mockery, of Honesty, of Sincerity, and, amongst others, a spirit of honourable anxiety to do my duty to the best of my own satisfaction, which I was told was the spirit of one of my sisters—the use of such a phrase is evidently humorous, or ironical, or satirical.

The following observation may also not be unworthy of attention. When I was confined in my strait-waistcoat I used to get up and sing and behave noisily. I used then to consider what was my stimulus to action, for often I had no external motive or object, and I found it was to get rid of two uneasy sensations in the roof of the mouth ; the one at the back of the palate consisted of a dull heavy impression, as if made by a thick mucilaginous spittle ; the other was more painful, and about the top of the throat, as if the breath came up very fiery, and impregnated with electrical matter. I conceive it probable, therefore, that nature prompted me to action to relieve an over-heated system, and to purify a stagnated state of the blood and humours. This was usually on days when I was not taken out to walk after dinner. Then I was most boisterous—bumping up and down upon my seat and crying out or singing.

On one of these occasions I contrived to get out of my bands and I undressed, and ran naked, by order of the voices I heard, into a small yard attached to our prison, singing, in Portuguese, the following lines, which were inspired to me at the moment. I transcribe them as one of the most singular specimens of that nature of inspirations that often came upon me.

“ Meu amo, ti amo
Com amour fedele :
Mas nao posso senao
Ser desobediente
As teus ordems,
Porque os meus amores
Sao mais fortes
Que os teus ardores
Para mim.”

The translation of these words is as follows :

“ My master, I love thee
With a faithful love :
But I cannot but be
Disobedient
To thy commands,
Because my loves (or affections)
Are stronger
Than thy ardent love
Towards me, towards me,
Than thy ardent love
For me.”

It was not till the year 1834 that I understood the purport of these

lines. Since my restoration to liberty "I have pondered over many of these things in my heart"—with much bitterness of spirit, however, and not often in the humble and patient disposition of Mary. I did not know, in 1831, that the word *amo* was a Portuguese noun, signifying "master," but on referring to my dictionary, in 1834, when at Hampton Court, I found it was so. The accent also which I was obliged, in singing or chanting them, to lay on the word *disobediente*, struck my classical ear as incorrect, wherefore I questioned at the time if the Holy Spirit could prompt me to scan falsely—the jingle of words also, *nao posso senao*, was then unintelligible to me, but the word "*ardores*" I for a long time refused to recollect when thinking over the lines at Dr. —'s. This is an instance of what I mean by the power of utterance leaving me puzzled how to proceed. When I came to the word "*ardores*" I could not proceed. The voices then taunted and jeered me, saying that I knew what the word was, but that I did not choose to pronounce it, or to admit the sense of it. I pleaded ignorance, and then the word "*avores*," which in Portuguese meant *trees*, was suggested to me, and was interpreted to me in two childish ways—one that it meant the gallows trees, on which I was to be hung, according to delusions I had in a thousand bodies all over the world; the other, that it meant some "cherry trees" which the Lord in His goodness had ordered to be planted for me at home.

Thus it would appear that the Almighty has power to make a man utter sentences of a reasonable nature and words which he does not comprehend, and therefore, that the gift of tongues mentioned in Scripture may *not* be altogether false or unattainable to in these days; also, that what was a reasonable and consecutive speech to Him may have been turned to nonsense or folly on account of the disingenuousness of the instrument made use of to utter it. At the same time I do not plead guilty to this disingenuousness, neither do I deny it; it is an accusation which was often made of me in the spirit, and which I do not understand. But whenever I have been unable to comprehend the leadings of the spirits upon me I have been told that I did not choose to comprehend, which did not appear to me to be the case, but, that I *could* not comprehend. I was told also that I was insincere and seeking my own glory instead of that of the Lord, or afraid to confess the glory upon me becomingly before man, that I was unsimple, and that therefore the Lord turned me to ridicule and put me to confusion.

Now all, or nearly all, the phenomena which I have narrated, strange as they may appear, are to some degree or other familiar to all men, and such as I can, in a certain degree, recollect in myself during the whole course of my life.

Shyness is one very common species of lunacy to which many are painfully subjected. A shy man will be quite annoyed, imagining the curtain in a window is a person looking at him, and often has not power to look up to ascertain his error. He is overcome by thinking that if he moves, every eye in a room or a church will be directed upon him, and though convinced by argument that it is not so, still he cannot overcome the impression. A good remedy is to have an honest and serious occupation and to determine quietly to observe others.

The voices I heard gave me to understand that I was not to sleep;

that as a spiritual body I did not need sleep ; and that if I slept, I ran a risk of increasing the dreadful lethargy which rendered me unable to resist any degrading or mean thought or feeling presented to me. I was to lie awake and endeavour to understand the directions given to me. Weary at length and unable to comprehend these commands I sought for sleep, and recollecting what my mother had formerly told me of my father, that he used, when he found himself unable to obtain rest, to keep continually counting to himself, I tried the same. But then the power of thinking numbers for myself was taken from me, and my mind or life lay in my body like a being in a house unable to do anything but listen to the sound of others talking around him, and voices like the voices of females or fairies, very beautiful, very small, and with a rapidity I cannot describe, began counting in me and entirely without my control. First one voice came and counted one, two, three, four, up to ten or twenty, then a second voice took up the word twenty, and kept repeating twenty, twenty, twenty, whilst another after each twenty called one, two, three, four, and so on till they came to thirty, and continued crying thirty, thirty, thirty, whilst a voice called out after each thirty, one, two, three, four, and so on till they came to forty, and thus the voices within me proceeded, dividing the labour between them, and so quickly that I could not possibly pronounce the numbers.

During the conversation which ensued (with his two brothers), I was offended by their tone and argument, and I was on the point of striking one of them, when suddenly I saw their faces shining like gold, and a voice cried to me, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." I was subdued and resumed my silence, wondering at the ways of Providence, that should allow his prophets to be so blinded, and to be so guilty of injustice.

Having at length, with difficulty, succeeded in obtaining a private sitting-room, I soon reaped the advantage of my comparative quietness. Here it was that I discovered one day, when I thought I was attending to a voice that was speaking to me, that, my mind being suddenly directed to outward subjects, the sound remained but the voice was gone ; the sound proceeded from a neighbouring room or from a draught of air through the window or doorway. I found, moreover, if I threw myself back into the same state of absence of mind, that the voice returned, and I subsequently observed that the style of address would appear to change according to the mood of mind I was in. Still later, whilst continuing these observations, I found that although these voices usually came to me without thought on my part, I had sometimes a power to a certain extent to choose what I would hear. I had observed at — that the thunder, the bellowing of cattle, the sounds of a bell, and other noises, conveyed to me threats, or sentences of exhortation, and the like ; but I had till now looked upon all these things as marvellous, and I had been afraid to examine into them. Now I was more bold, having discovered so many deceits that had been practised on me, and being more desperate, and even reckless of ever being able to attain to an understanding of the guidances which I had imagined that the Lord had sent to me.

I discovered, and I think very nearly in the manner I have stated

above, the nature of this delusion, and, prosecuting my examinations still further, I found that the breathing of my nostrils also, particularly when I was agitated, had been and was clothed with words and sentences. I then closed my ears with my fingers, and I found that if I did not hear words, at least I heard a disagreeable singing or humming in the ears, and that those sounds, which were often used to convey distinct words and sentences, and which at other times seemed to the fancy like the earnest cries, or confused debating, or expostulations of many spirits, still remained audible; from which I concluded that they were really produced in the head or brain, though they appeared high in the air, or perhaps in the cornice of the ceiling of the room, and I recognised that all the voices that I had heard *in* me had been produced by the power of the Deity to give speech to sounds of this nature produced by the action of the pulses, or muscles, or humours, etc., in the body, and that in like manner all the voices I had been made to fancy outside of me were either formed from or upon different casual sounds around me, or from and upon these internal sounds.

Strange as it may appear, I believe that there are few persons living who have not, during the course of their lives, been aware of this phenomenon; I suppose there is scarcely a child breathing that has not, at some time or other, imagined that he has been called by name when no one was present.

But the truth is, there is no mistake; the person called does really hear his name called by a power the Deity has of causing any sound to appear to articulate or speak, but when our blood is in healthy circulation, and the mind and body healthily occupied, we throw off the impression, and cast it aside, and take no further notice about it.

I have found that whenever my bodily health has been deranged, particularly whenever my stomach has been affected, I have been more than usually troubled by these fancies, particularly if at the same time, through sluggishness or through cold, I have not been breathing through my nostrils, or drawing deep breaths. The ancient prophets also, and the first Christians, particularly the Apostles, were men who went through severe exercises of fasting, watching, and prayer, by the latter of which the imagination is excited, and the mind fatigued and exhausted. St. Peter saw the vision which was to teach him to receive the Gentiles whilst fasting on the top of a house, where, through weakness, he fell into a trance; such men, being fishermen also, and therefore prone to superstition and to believe in wonders, were likely to see visions, and to hear warning voices. So also, St. Paul, when terrified, being deprived of his sight by the lightning. The mind was prepared for receiving the commands supposed to be divine by the castigation of the stomach, with which the nerves of the brain are so intimately connected, and by terror. In these days, and in this nation, probably all these inspired persons would have been consigned to the madhouse, as it is probable Ezekiel was by his nation, of which the spirit forewarned him; and in these days all these phenomena are actually classed by physicians in medical works under specific names as diseases of the sight and of the hearing.

When I had been thus far freed from my delusions, and delivered from a blind and superstitious respect for the mental phenomena by

which I had hitherto been influenced and misguided, the voices directed me to declare that I was of sound mind, and reproved me as acting with false humility if I did not do so ; and in one sense I might have claimed to be considered of sound mind, inasmuch as whilst examining the phenomena I have here attempted to describe, I was on my guard against doing anything that could endanger others or myself, and I desired to do nothing which I had not a right to do, but to pursue strictly that course of life most likely to restore me to health of body, through freedom of exercise, and with health of body, freedom and health of mind. But I now no longer obeyed their word, and I was so scrupulous that I could not seriously claim to be considered of sound mind so long as there was one phenomenon remaining, the faithfulness of which I had not tested, and the source of which I had not discovered. I have mentioned that I used to see visions ; these visions were sent to me, as I imagined, to guide my conduct and that of others, and I was often put to great pain of mind, being invited to attend to these visions as a guidance and as a pleasure, which I found became broken and confused, by reason, as I was accused, of my want of ingeniousness, or of my presumption, or of other sinful dispositions in me, because I was a simpleton, or because, instead of being tranquil through faith, my mind was disturbed by anxiety.

About the same time, moreover, I discovered the source of this kind of delusions, or rather the means by which they are presented to the spirit. One day I entered a dark closet in which there was opposite the door a small opening to give light, and in it two or three upright bars. I gazed a short time unconsciously at this, and turning to the left I saw to my astonishment a window or opening in the dark wall which I had never observed before. Recovering from my surprise I found that what I saw was not real, but visionary, and then reflecting, I found that the image formed on the retina of the eye by the light from the opening on which I had gazed upon entering this dark chamber, appeared, by an ordinary law of nature, thrown out upon the wall which was in shadow to which I afterwards turned, in the same way as if any person gazes on the sun he will see several green and blue suns floating in the air around him. I drew from this the following inferences : that neither when I had seen persons or ghosts about me—neither when I saw visions or things—neither when I dreamt—were the objects really and truly outside of my body ; but that ghosts, visions and dreams are formed by the power of the Almighty, in reproducing figures as they have before been seen, on the retina of the eye, or otherwise to the mind, or by arranging minute particles in the visual organs, so as to form a resemblance or picture of these figures, or by combining the arrangement of internal particles and shades, with that of external lines and shades, etc., so as to produce such a resemblance, and then making the soul to conceive, by practising upon the visual organs, that what it perceived really within the body exists without, throwing it in a manner out, as the spectre is thrown out of a magic lantern.

I have said that these visions are presented to the mind through the retina of the eye or otherwise because it is the spirit that seeth ; the eye is merely an organ for communicating impressions from without to the

spirit. Often when observing objects around me in the room, I have at the same time seen miniatures of friends, or other small pictures, as it were, in my loins or other parts of my body ; and any person of a lively imagination, if he chooses, may fancy horses, churches, houses or children running with their hoops, behind him, whilst he is looking to the front. For these reasons I do not think the retina of the eye the necessary instrument for the perception of visions.

I have seen very beautiful visions both in my sleep and when awake, which I have alluded to in another volume, and in which figures, endowed with great majesty and decorum, and of exquisite grace and beauty, were combined in postures, easy, elegant and delightful, and in actions of refined voluptuousness ; were I to call it sensuality or debauchery I should not convey the idea of holiness, of innocence, and of honest merriment, of which these forms were the expression. Neither do the works of any artists that I have yet seen, excepting a few of the ancient statues of Venus, Apollo, and busts of Jupiter, manifest their character. These phantasms of silvered and venerable age, and of youth of both sexes, "*odiosa multa delicate jocoseque facere videbantur.*"

I am not sure whether it is lawful to mention these things ; and whilst I unveil them with reverence I call to mind verses of Orpheus, and the words of St. Paul : "I knew a man once—how that he was caught up into paradise and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter."

There is a natural life and an eternal life—there are things carnal and things spiritual ; it does not follow that things seen in the spirit are to be practised in the flesh. Nevertheless, it may be that we do not understand that liberty to which the Gospel professes to call us.

Had I been, or were I, master of my own faculties when I beheld these things, I might be ashamed to allude to them in a country where the worship of Juno and of Vesta, of Pallas and of Diana so much prevails above that of other attributes of the Deity ; but, although they may betray the natural temperament or disposition of a constitution which the severity of the religion and moral tone of my country curbed and extinguished, I had no choice or control but to see what was brought before me. That which I have before beheld, however, I can faintly and indistinctly recall, and I can refuse these ideas by turning to other occupations, though, at times, in spite of all my efforts, they will still haunt me. I think it probable that they are common to all men, but that the world generally reject them, being taught so to do, and fearing God, or the accuser.

At times these figures thus grouped together appeared white like ghosts, at times coloured like the human flesh ; the substance of them was as of flame, and such that they might be imagined capable of incorporation with those who gazed upon them. At the time that I first saw them I was very desperate—overwhelmed by a sense of degradation—of degradation from the high calling of a Christian, and from the glories offered by the religion of Jesus Christ below the station of the beasts of the field. I was beginning to awake from my delusions, and I was enraged and disgusted at having been deceived.

In these days first females came to me without attire ; I speak of them as if they were, for so they seemed to be, spiritual beings—deities

—perfect and lovely. My mind was silenced by their delicacy, their modesty, their winning beauty ; and I slowly relinquished those resolutions, soothed by the persuasiveness of their appearance, in which appeals to my fears and to my honour often made me only the more stubborn. I braced up my mind also to courageous and virtuous efforts, in hopes of still being worthy of conversation with such as these who deigned to come to me. I recollect when one of these creatures of flame, the express image of a female of great beauty, married to one of my friends, appeared to descend from heaven unto me, while I was lying on the grassy bank in my wretched prison yard, and uniting her spirit with my person filled me with comfort. “Surely,” I thought, “she is praying for me, and her prayers are heard, and her spirit is living in me.” I was then, perhaps, bordering upon frenzy or upon melancholy madness, and thus the Almighty condescended to heal by the imagination that which, by tricks on the imagination, He had wounded, broken, and destroyed.

But to return to the physical causes of these beautiful illusions. Let me observe that within the eye there is a phosphoric light which produces shades of more or less intensity, and which is sometimes white, sometimes of the colour of flame, sometimes also red. Besides this there are often black spots in the eye ; whether they arise from the bile or from defective vision I do not know. By the combination and methodical disposition of these regions of light and shade within the eye, those forms were produced to my mind which by illusion appeared to be outside of me. That this phosphoric light exists no one will doubt who recollects that in dreams he sees day and sunshine and colours of every description ; these could not be produced in the chamber of the imagination without the presence of light or fire of some kind. But when I was at Dr. —’s in my bed *in the dark*, and contentiously thinking within myself—replying to the voices about me—the motions of thoughts within me caused my eyes to flash frightfully with fire, and this often accompanied with sharp pain. I call this light or flame phosphoric, because it appears of a phosphoric nature, and I have been told that French surgeons have discovered phosphorus predominating in the brain of lunatic patients.

Thus I account for many of the pictures I have had shown to my mind, only cautioning my readers that whilst I venture to explain the means whereby these phenomena are produced, I do not question the presence of the intelligent power that made use of those means.

An example of this kind of vision occurred when I was at —, working in the garden among some currant bushes ; a female form, without habiliments, rose from the ground, her head enveloped in a black veil. I was told it was my eldest sister, and that if I chose she should rise up entirely and address me unveiled. These propositions, depending on my choice, I never understood, *and they caused me great pain and anxiety of mind* ; at length, recollecting how I had been deceived and what I had suffered, I lost my temper and replied, “She might come up if she would, or go down if she would ; that I would not meddle with the matter” ; but my mind was much disordered. At this rude reply the vision disappeared.

However, these phantasms are not always produced. I observed

also, during the slow progress of my recovery, that He who rules the imagination has the power, not only to produce written or printed words, and to throw them out upon *blank* paper, but to cover written or printed words or letters with other words or letters that are not there. This is also the case with larger objects, but not so usual. It takes place (I will not say *always*) when in reading persons put one word for another, and it generally happens in little words that will derange the whole sense of a sentence, such as *no* for *yes*, *from* for *to*, *unlike* for *like*, or in words similar, *humour* for *honour*, *quack* for *quick*, and *sample* for *simple*. When persons make these blunders in reading they immediately correct themselves and say, "Oh! I have made a mistake"; but, generally speaking, I am persuaded they make no mistake, but read the word which they saw, but being in good health the operation of the mind, of the muscles, or of the pulses, which cleared the eye of the film, on which the Almighty produced the false word, which at the same time He threw out apparently upon the paper, was so rapid that it was not perceived; but my pulses, and my circulation, and the operations of my mind being unusually slow, through disease and oppression I saw and discovered the sleight that was played upon me—a trick which, until I became stronger in health, made me doubt that the objects round me were *real*, so that I threw myself against doors and walls, expecting to find that they were not there, as I have written more at large in a former volume.

I regret that, as I received the book from which the above extracts are taken only recently, there has been no time to attempt anything like a study of the phenomena of the case, especially of the hallucinations, but certain points can be shortly sketched.

One would think that such a man was bound to go wrong from the very first moment of conscious thought, unless by some very good fortune environment had come to his rescue. It is unfortunate that there is no history of his school days. Possibly he may have gone to a public school. That would seem to be the best corrective of such self-assertiveness and self-sufficiency. The daily demonstration, with physical force, that he was a conceited young jackass, might have led to some self-effacement. It could have done no harm to such a character. But as he was a member of a great family, he might, and probably did, have the misfortune to be exempt from such treatment. He went to no university, failing to make up his mind to which he would go. He entered the Army, where one might think that wholesome influence would be experienced. But the *ad hominem* treatment would have been wanting, as "ragging" in those days would have at once led to the duel. He left the Army evidently before he was twenty-nine years of age. It is noteworthy that in his school days he had become ready, and possibly eager, to become a hero and then a martyr, which state, with his morbid view of religion, formed a hot-bed for insane wrong-headedness. One would think that he misread everything that he came across, referring everything to his own self and his own ideas. Everything and everybody was wrong except himself. The next point of interest is the hallucinatory hearing of his name being called when only a boy, and long before anything like mental trouble

existed in an acute form. The passage relating to this unfortunately does not state whether the explanation given was conceived at that time, or at the later time of writing, but it has some suggestion of Samuel and Eli, whose history was well known to him. It is quite evident that the occurrence was not an accidental one, which might happen to anyone once, but habitual, and therefore demonstrative of a stage of readiness to receive insane ideas. Further, the experience was mostly, if not entirely, hallucination and not illusion. From this stage the patient advanced slowly, through unrecorded years, in the consolidation of hallucination and eventually of visual as well as auditory hallucination. The growth of each is from small beginnings, advancing in imperiousness and danger as the reasoning powers were shut off by acute disease, to again lose power as the latter receded and reason reasserted itself.

We cannot test the memory at all, though from his own account it seems to have been extraordinarily keen for incidents occurring during his most critical times, as well as for preceding and succeeding events. The affections were not ostensibly lessened, as a prodroma, for he professed warm and correct feelings towards his mother and brothers, until he fixed on them as the arbiters of his cruel fate. Then nothing could have exceeded the ferocity of his sentiments towards them. To his sisters, who did not cross his path at all, he wrote quite correctly.

A point of great importance in the whole of this case is that while it abounds with impulses and suggestions of spontaneous conduct, in each instance the patient himself gives absolutely sufficient cause for his actions, such causes being errors of mental states. To an onlooker these causes would not be apparent; nevertheless they existed in the cognition of the sufferer himself. Finally it is noteworthy that after a protracted period of the acutest mental disease, partly by his own determination to account for everything that was in him, the patient was enabled to pull himself together sufficiently to be at large, and he yet retained a very considerable amount of intellect of a high order, but marred by want of judgment. H. F. HAYES NEWINGTON.

Review of Neurology and Psychiatry. Founded by the late Dr. ALEXANDER BRUCE. Edited by A. NINIAN BRUCE, M.D., D.Sc., 1911. Edinburgh: Otto Schultze & Co.

This most useful journal is not nearly as much known among psychiatrists as it should be. It is issued every month. Each number has one or two original articles, but its great feature is the short abstracts of papers on every department of neurology that appear in Europe and America. Those abstracts relate to the anatomy, physiology and pathology of the nervous system, to clinical neurology, to psychiatry and the treatment of nervous affections. There is no journal published either here, on the continent or in America that quite fulfils the same purpose. Life being short and professional literature very long, such a summary of what is going on is what most men in our department especially need, to show them what is done elsewhere and in allied fields. No psychiatrist but should pay some attention to the general neurological