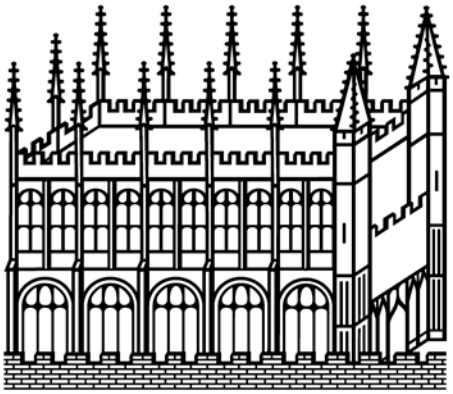

THE LITERARY REMAINS

OF

S. W. LANGSTON PARKER, F.R.C.S.

Abraham Charles Esq
with
Mr Adams Parker's kind
regards.

Lloyd Yates.

Langston Parker.

On the effects of certain Mental and Bodily States upon the Imagination, especially as illustrated by Shakespeare and other poets:

WITH OTHER

Literary Remains

OF

S. W. LANGSTON PARKER,

F.R.C.S.,

CONSULTING SURGEON TO THE QUEEN'S HOSPITAL, BIRMINGHAM; ETC.

WITH A PREFACE BY HIS SON, S. ADAMS PARKER, L.D.S., R.C.S.

Edited, with a Biographical Memoir,

BY WILLIAM BATES, B.A., &C.,

PROFESSOR OF CLASSICS IN QUEEN'S COLLEGE, BIRMINGHAM;
SURGEON TO THE BOROUGH HOSPITAL.

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PREFACE.

THE desire to give to friends, and to such of the public as might feel interested in them, certain literary Remains of my late beloved father, Mr. LANGSTON PARKER, arose primarily from my own filial affection, and respect for his memory. And yet, I did not yield to such feelings without submitting the pieces in question to the opinion of numerous old and judicious friends of his, who, I felt sure, would pronounce judgment in accordance with sincere and impartial conviction.

There was but one opinion among them as to the great ability and range of thought exhibited in the "Lectures on the Imagination, &c.," and they all felt that the reproduction of these, even after a lapse of forty years from their delivery, would be of advantage to Literature, Medicine, and Philosophy, notwithstanding the advances made in the field of science since 1834.

The beauty and clearness which characterise the style of these Lectures will remain the same through all time; but, there is a fulness and aptness of illustration, and such a personal and practical insight thrown upon the intricate questions of Sleep, Dreaming, Imagination, and Madness, as must render them of great value alike to the physician, the metaphysician, and general inquirers in literature and science.

As to the occasional stray pieces in verse, inserted in the volume after the Lectures, they are published by me as a memorial of the inner character of a mind which was open to all the higher and more tender sentiments of the heart, often so little shown to the common outer world by men of calm and reserved exterior, who are yet quite as alive to all the beauties of nature, and the more delicate emotions of mind, as those who make an open profession of their taste, feeling, and enthusiasm in such matters.

The memory of a father with whom I lived so long, and on such affectionate terms, will ever be fresh in my own mind so long as I retain consciousness; and ardently wishing to be the means of his being kindly and respectfully remembered by others, I hope to promote that object by the publication of this little posthumous volume, containing the expression of many of his innermost thoughts.

In concluding these prefatory remarks, I have only to express my obligations to my own and my father's friend, Mr. BATES, for his kindness in seeing the following sheets through the press; and for the copious and interesting biographical notice — based on the Obituary originally contributed by him to the *British Medical Journal*, of November 4th, 1871—now prefixed, as a fitting accompaniment, to these "Remains."

S. ADAMS PARKER.

The Square, May, 1876.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR.

SAMUEL WILLIAM LANGSTON PARKER was born in Birmingham in 1803. His father was also a medical practitioner, residing in the lower part of the Aston Road, where he exercised his profession with ability and repute for many years; holding office as Medical Officer to the Aston Union at Erdington; and, moreover, enjoying the reputation of being the most skilful fly-fisher in the Midland Counties. His son, the subject of this Memoir, received his early training at the well-known school of the Rev. Daniel Walton, Heathfield Road, Handsworth; on leaving which he commenced his professional education in his native town by attendance upon the Medical and Surgical practice of the General Hospital, and the Lectures of the late W. Sands Cox, F.R.S., at the then recently established School of Medicine, at the corner of Brittle Street, Snow Hill. He thence proceeded to St. Bartholomew's, London, where he had for fellow-students Richard Quain, F.R.S., and the late Richard Partridge—whose friendship he retained through life—and attended the lectures of John Abernethy, who, he was wont to relate, on one occasion came to the lecture-room so hilarious from some domestic festivities, that he was unable to proceed with his demonstration. When he had finished "walking" the Metropolitan Hospitals, he proceeded to Paris, where he concluded his *curriculum* by a lengthy sojourn among the Medical Institutions of that city. His Member-

ship of the Royal College of Surgeons dates from 1828; and, after acting for a while as assistant to his father, he commenced practice on his own account in St. Paul's Square. Here, in 1830, he married—the lady of his choice being a Miss Mary Adams, of Derbyshire, whose sister became the wife of Mr. Henry Marshall, recently of Ward End, and a member of the late banking firm of Attwoods, Spooner, & Co. Shortly after this he removed to No. 142, Snow Hill, a site now absorbed by the Station of the Great Western Railway; where he remained for many years. His matrimonial felicity was not, however, of long duration; his wife's health declining immediately after the birth of his second son, and her death taking place on July 20, 1832. The house in question will still be remembered by the few of the elder generation who yet remain among us, as the scene of those musical quartett parties which were among the *deliciæ* of their youth. Mr. PARKER, himself, was an accomplished musician, having been a pupil of Stanier, an eminent flutist of his day—long a member of the orchestra of the Theatre Royal, and father of the present well-known painter. Here were wont to assemble the lovers of harmony—the brothers Flersheim, G. P. Wragge, W. R. Watts, G. Whateley, Mrs. Bache,* James Shaw, Thomas Messenger, and others—most of whom have now passed away. It was also during his residence in this house that a fatal accident occurred to his father. The old gentleman was thrown from his gig in the neighbourhood of Burton-on-Trent, and having been brought to Birmingham,

* Wife of the late Rev. Samuel Bache, Unitarian minister. This lady's fine musical talents were inherited by her children—by Edward Bache, who died early at Algiers, of consumption; and by Walter Bache, the present well-known composer and teacher, of London.

and conveyed to the house of his son, was found to have sustained a fracture of the skull. Here he died; and, singularly enough, the son himself narrowly escaped a similar fate, having been likewise thrown out of a two-wheel gig in Snow Hill, shortly after, when he received very severe injuries. Upon leaving Snow Hill, Mr. Parker removed to No. 21 Colmore Row; in this house he remained till it in turn was taken down, in the course of improvements, and he then proceeded to his final residence, No. 17, Paradise Street.

Of the active character of Mr. Parker's mind at the outset of his career, his *Prospectus of a Course of Lectures*, published in 1831, and reprinted as a curiosity in the following pages, affords an illustration; and he engaged with ardour in various other schemes to promote the scientific and professional education of the town. He took a keen interest in the development of Queen's College, becoming, at an early period of its history, Professor of Comparative Anatomy and of Descriptive Anatomy and Physiology, a post which he held for a quarter of a century. His connexion with the associated Hospital dates from the foundation of that important charity, in which, for a like period of time, he discharged the duties of Honorary Surgeon. On his retirement from that office, he became Consulting Surgeon, which appointment he held till his death.* He was also Consulting Surgeon to the

* On the retirement of Mr. Parker from the office of Surgeon to the Queen's Hospital, which he had held since its opening, at a meeting of the Board, the following resolution, proposed by Mr. J. H. Hinton, and seconded by Mr. J. W. M'Cardie, was carried by acclamation: "That the Committee of Council, in the name and on the behalf of the governors and subscribers to the Queen's Hospital, do tender to Mr. Langston Parker their warmest thanks for his zealous services and faithful professional labours rendered to this charity from its first foundation to the present period; and that, in grateful acknowledgment of those eminent services, he be appointed one of the Honorary Surgeons of the Institution."

Leamington Hospital for Diseases of the Skin. Of the Birmingham Philosophical Institution, in Cannon Street, he was also an active promoter; and here it was that, in 1835-6, he delivered to its members the remarkable course of Lectures "On the Effects of certain Mental and Bodily States upon the Imagination," which form the more important part of the present volume of "Remains." These Lectures were subsequently published in *The Analyst*, a Quarterly Journal conducted by W. Holl, Esq., F.G.S., and Neville Wood; and are contained in five consecutive numbers, the last appearing in the issue for January, 1837. They excited considerable admiration at the time for their elegance of composition and felicity of illustration; and it was often a subject of regret that the author could not be induced to revise and republish them, in a substantive form.

In 1843, Mr. PARKER acquired the well-merited dignity of the Honorary Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons, England; and he was also a member of the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society, of London.

It may seem worthy of record that Mr. PARKER was the first surgeon in Birmingham who made use of an anæsthetic in a surgical operation. Intelligence having reached him that the celebrated Liston had, on December 21, 1846, employed the inhalation of ether (as originally suggested by the neglected Morton) as a means of destroying sensibility to pain, in a case of amputation of the thigh and another of evulsion of the toe-nail, he wrote to his friend Quain for further particulars. The answer which he received induced him, with the ardour which characterised him during the earlier part of his professional career, to proceed at once to

London. There he witnessed a painless operation ; and returned to Birmingham provided with the cumbrous apparatus then employed. A large number of his professional brethren was speedily convened at his residence in Colmore Row ; and there, and in their presence, successful experiment of the beneficent agent was made—the patient being the operator's own son, who, on recovery of consciousness, only knew by the needle-marks on his body how far he had been made the victim of scientific curiosity, and who now lives to attest to the truth of the story. Subsequently to this private demonstration of the anæsthetic properties of ether, Mr. PARKER brought the subject before the notice of the students in a lecture at the College.

To the Literature of his own profession, Mr. PARKER'S contributions were numerous and important. Of these, one of the earliest was a volume of 300 pages, *The Stomach in its Morbid States; being a Critical Inquiry into the Nature and Treatment of Diseases of that Organ, and into the Influence they Exercise upon the Origin, Progress, and Termination of Diseases of the Liver, Heart, Lungs, and Brain*, 1837, 8vo. This was favourably received ; but, although called for, never went into a second edition, the author preferring to condense his materials in a smaller work, *Digestion and its Disorders in reference to the Principles of Dietetics and the Management of Diseases of the Stomach, a complete Guide for the Dyspeptic*, 1849, 8vo, which had also an extensive sale. Before the Medico-Chirurgical Society of Queen's College, on October 19, 1852, he read a paper *On the Nature and Treatment of some Painful Affections of Bone*, which was published by Churchill in the same year (8vo,

pp. 16); and he drew up and published for the use of the Students of his Hospital *General Directions for Clinical Observations on the more Important Points of Surgery* (8vo, pp. 8). Of the now important and influential body, the BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, he was an early member, contributing to its *Journal*, in 1855, his *Course of Lectures on Clinical Surgery;* while at its twenty-fourth Annual Meeting, in 1856, he had the honour of reading the Address in Surgery, the substance of which forms an elegant monograph, entitled *The Modern Treatment of Cancerous Diseases by Caustics or Enucleation; an Inquiry into the effects of many new Remedies in Arresting the Progress of Cancer.* J. Churchill and Sons, London, 1867, small 4to, pp. 49.

Meantime, the practice of Mr. PARKER, originally and for many years of a general character, had been gradually assuming a more special tendency; and as it was in the successful treatment of a certain class of Diseases, that he attained a more than European reputation, so it is as a Syphilographer that he must rest his claim to be remembered by posterity. In 1858, he published his *Clinical Lectures on Infantile Syphilis;* in 1859, his monograph on *Primary and Secondary Syphilis of the Uterus*, reprinted from the BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL; in 1863, in the same organ, his papers on *Latent Syphilis;* and in 1868 his essay on *Some Diseases and Accidents to the Sexual Organs, not of a Syphilitic Nature.* In 1850 appeared his essay on *The Treatment of Secondary, Constitutional, and Confirmed Syphilis, by a Safe and Successful Method; with numerous Cases and Clinical Observations, illustrating its Efficacy and Mode of Application in the more Obstinate and Complicated forms of the Disease* (8vo, Churchill,

pp. 112). By the publication of this treatise, and the method of treatment advocated therein, the professional reputation of the author was greatly extended. The fumes of heated mercury had been previously used in Syphilitic diseases, with more or less success, by Werneck and others; but it was the peculiarity of Mr. PARKER'S application of this therapeutic agent, that it was accompanied by nicely-regulated *heat* and *moisture*. With these adjuncts, he found that its efficiency was greatly increased, and that he was successful in its use in cases where *dry* fumigation had been already tried with little or no effect. The subsequent experience of eighteen years served to confirm Mr. PARKER in the favourable opinion he had originally expressed; and in 1868 he published the clinical results of this period in his essay, *The Mercurial Vapour Bath; being an account of its successful mode of employment* (8vo, Churchill, pp. 48)—this being "entirely re-written, with numerous additional facts and observations," and so rather to be considered a new work than a second edition of the former treatise. These various tractates cannot be regarded but as indicating the possession by their author of a large and varied knowledge; though they are subsidiary to the more important work, of which I now come to speak, *The Modern Treatment of Syphilitic Diseases, comprising the Treatment of Constitutional and Confirmed Syphilis by a safe and successful method; with numerous Cases, Formulæ, and Clinical Observations.* The *first* edition of this admirable book, a very slender volume, was published by Churchill, in 1839. It found favour with the medical public, and a *second* edition was soon called for. This appeared in 1845, embodying much new and original matter, the result of the intervening six years' experience, and

including "an account of a safe and successful mode of treating Chronic, Protracted, and Constitutional Syphilis by the Mercurial Vapour Bath," by all which the volume was extended to pp. 228. A *third* edition appeared in 1854; and this, in turn, disappearing, the author busied himself in preparations for a *fourth*. The date of this, a large 8vo volume of upwards of 400 pages, is 1860, and the title-page and preface set forth that it is "entirely re-written, with numerous additions, containing the result of twenty-five years' labour and observation in the pathology and treatment of Syphilis, more especially in its secondary and constitutional form," and tell us that "without taking into consideration the extended field of observation which a large hospital constantly presents, the author has personally treated more than twelve thousand cases." Finally, the year of Mr. PARKER'S death saw the publication of the *fifth* edition of his *magnum opus*, "entirely re-arranged and re-written, with numerous additions," and "embodying the results of thirty years' experience," by J. and A. Churchill, London, large 8vo, pp. 404. A work so well known, and on which competent professional opinion has been so unequivocally expressed, requires no critical judgment at the present day. There can be no manner of doubt that, in its latest form, with the author's last revision, it is a thoroughly practical and comprehensive treatise, of permanent value and use to the practitioner, and worthy to take its place among the classics of the medical art.

It now remains to speak of the subject of this Memoir in his more private character. Allusion has already been made to his cultivated Musical taste. That he had a soul for Poetry is sufficiently evinced by the "Juvenilia" which form a part

of this volume. It is not pretended that these metrical pieces —the unrevised effusions

"Of his hot youth, when George the Fourth was King"—

possess any great merit or originality. A stern and abstract criticism may, indeed, be inclined to condemn them in the phrase of Horace, as

"Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ"—

and even as characterized by the mediocrity, which, according to the same high authority, is permitted to poets by neither readers, Gods, nor publishers.* Why, then, print them, it may be asked; would it not have been to consult more wisely the literary reputation of their author to have allowed these "trivial fond records" of his youthful days to remain in obscurity? In answer to this, it may be sufficient to say that this volume of "Remains" is hardly intended for the general public; but rather for those old and personal friends of its author to whom its limited issue will chiefly restrict it—friends who loved him while living, and will not now regard without interest these early sacrifices to the Muse—revealing, perchance, an unsuspected phase of character—and evincing, at least, warm affections, some liveliness of imagination, and a keen sense of natural beauty.

Mr. PARKER was, as may be supposed, a well-read man; and his reading, whether in general or professional literature, was not confined to his own language. An accomplished French, and a good Italian scholar, he was widely acquainted

* "mediocribus esse poëtis,
Non homines, non dî, non concessere columnæ."
HORAT.—*Epist. ad Pisones.*

with the productions of Continental Europe, especially in the Drama and Fiction; and it was difficult to mention a foreign work on Medicine or Surgery which was unknown to him. He was an excellent draughtsman, and executed the necessary diagrams to illustrate his lectures, as well as smaller drawings of morbid objects, with much artistic ability. In the Drama, he took, from first to last, an absorbing interest; and his knowledge therein was profound and critical. To play-goers of five-and-thirty years ago, the pit of the Theatre Royal seemed hardly complete without the gaunt form of his friend Watts—a congenial disciple of Galen whose wit and learning are yet remembered—and the polished ivory crown of Mr. PARKER, snugly embedded in the capacious collar of the cloak of the period. Here our ardent votary of Thespis was wont to seek an hour's relaxation from professional labour, applying the while to his soul the delusive unction that he was safe from the recognition of his friends in the boxes—in that vain hope resembling, as his facetious companion was wont to say, the hunted ostrich, who thrusts her head beneath her wing, and believes that she is hidden from the ken of her pursuers!

Of the remarkable man—Mr. PARKER'S most intimate friend and constant associate at this period—of whom mention is made in the foregoing sentence, some brief record may not be without interest to those with whom his name is now but a fading memory. WILLIAM ROYDEN WATTS was born at Cheltenham in 1806; and having, in due time, become a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, commenced practice in Paradise Street, in this town, whence he subsequently removed to Colmore Row. He was a man of

prodigious stature; and possessed great colloquial powers, considerable learning, a cultivated taste in art, and a remarkable fund of ready wit. His house was the occasional resort of all who were remarkable for taste or intellect. Here, in pleasant *symposia* assembled, Mr. PARKER might meet, from time to time, such men as Robert Owen, of the *New Moral World;* William Scholefield, M.P.; John Critchley Prince, the artisan-poet; William Blair, the classical scholar and opium-eater; J. L. Levison, a dentist, then practising in the town, author of *Mental Culture*, &c.; Pare, a disciple of Owen, who, disapproving of the institution of marriage, was condemned by grim fate and the Reform party to get his living by acting as Registrar; Louisa Anne Twamley, our Birmingham "Landon," a charming poetess and artist, who, as Mrs. Meredith, still sends us every now and then, from her distant Tasmanian home, evidence of the successful cultivation of her early powers; J. J. Hill, the well-known artist; J. C. Ward, a clever landscape painter, still among us; together with many others of more or less note—and lastly, as a resident pupil in the house, the late George Mason, who, by and by, abandoned the scalpel for the brush, and died the other day, in well-merited honour, as an Associate of the Royal Academy. As a practitioner, Mr. Watts was successful enough; but he had no great love for his profession—or, rather, was diverted from it by rival claims. He accordingly disposed of his practice to the present Mr. Watkin Williams, F.R.C.S., and betook himself to a cottage in the Green Lane, Coventry Road, where he proposed to pass the long afternoon of life in the cultivation of art and literature, and the congenial companionship of his

intimate friends, F. H. Henshaw, the eminent landscape painter, and the late George Mason, M.A., formerly of Wetley Abbey, Staffordshire, then of Byfield House, Green Lane. But, *Dîs aliter visum;* poor Watts's enjoyment of his rural retirement was not of long duration. He was seized with pneumonia, and, after a very short illness, died Dec. 30, 1847, aged forty-one, in the arms of his brother-in-law, Mr. J. H. Rowlinson, who, till he, in turn, "went over to the majority," was wont to dilate on the genial temperament and Rabelaisian humour of his lost relative. Mr. Watts delivered a lecture on "The Nature and Government of Health" to the members of the Philosophical Institution, which was afterwards published in the form of a pamphlet, and went through two editions (1839 and 1841, 8vo and 12mo); he was author of an essay on *The Means and Expediency of Elevating the Profession of the Educator in the Estimation of the Public* (Birmingham, 1840, 8vo, pp. 69); he wrote, for some years, the notices of the pictures exhibited by the Society of Arts, for the *Midland Counties Herald*, of which those for 1840 and 1841 were afterwards reprinted in pamphlet form; and to the *Analyst* he was a large contributor of Poetry and miscellaneous Essays in Fiction and Criticism, among which may be mentioned a paper on *The Philosophy and Observances of Shakespeare.* More than one book, too, of repute, published at this period, might be cited as owing its final polish and revision to his facile and practised pen. But, after all, what was most remarkable in Watts was his conversational ability, his ready humour, and his skill in repartee. All this unfortunately, as in the cases of Sidney Smith, Hook, Coleridge, and other great talkers, perishes with the man—except some few *membra*

disjecta, which, floating down the stream of oral tradition, serve for a brief while—if they do not miss their rightful attribution—to keep alive in the minds of men the memory of their owner. Mr. Watts left one child, now the wife of Mr. Frederic Alsop, of Glasgow, a son of Joshua Alsop, M.D., of this town, who died of cholera, August 13, 1832, a martyr to his belief in the non-infectious character of that disease.

Another intimate and valued friend of Mr. PARKER, in the prime of his career, was John Percy, M.D., F.R.S., now the eminent Lecturer on Metallurgy at the Royal School of Mines, Jermyn Street, London, then Professor of Organic Chemistry at Queen's College, and one of the Physicians of Queen's Hospital, Birmingham. At the residence of this gentleman—like Watts, a son of Anak—in Newhall Street, Mr. PARKER assisted on the memorable occasion when, after an exhibition at the Shakespeare Rooms, the hospitable doctor entertained at supper George Catlin and the motley troop which he palmed on our credulous townsfolk as genuine Ojibbeway Indians!

In Religion, Mr. PARKER was originally an Independent Nonconformist, and an attendant at the services of Carr's Lane Chapel. His uncontrollable love for Theatrical Entertainments, however, and his impatience of dictation, led to a rupture with its minister, the Rev. J. A. James, whose *Histrio-mastix*, in the shape of a "Warning to Youth," had led to a long and acrimonious controversy on the merits or demerits of the Drama. Mr. PARKER then became an attendant at Bishop Ryder's, at that time under the ministration of his old and intimate friend, the Rev. M. A. Collisson; till, later in life, he found the neighbouring St.

Philip's more convenient, and continued to attend its services till his death.

Mr. PARKER possessed a robust constitution, and had enjoyed excellent health till within a year or two of his decease. Symptoms of failing bodily power then became apparent; he suffered greatly from gastric pains; and finally an attack of bronchitis—resulting, probably, from some little imprudence in exposure, while on a fishing expedition with his son—led to his death, which took place at his residence in Paradise Street, on Friday, the 27th October, 1871, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He died literally "in harness," having been consulted by patients as late as ten o'clock on the evening preceding his death.

In private life, few men were more respected than the subject of this imperfect memoir; his kindliness of disposition, geniality of temperament, and honour of character endearing him to a large circle of friends, by whom his loss will be long felt. His funeral took place on November 1, 1871, when his remains were conveyed to the family vault at Aston. Anxious to pay the last tribute of respect to his memory, a large concourse of sorrowing friends, including the leading members of the profession, attended; the following gentlemen, as among the oldest medical friends of the deceased, being invited to officiate as pall-bearers: Dr. Bell Fletcher, Dr. David Nelson, Dr. G. V. Blunt, Mr. V. W. Blake, Mr. Oliver Pemberton, Mr. George Yates, Mr. St. S. Wilders, and Mr. Thomas Thompson. His library—especially rich in his own department of medicine—surgical instruments, and other effects, were sold by S. Bloore and Son, December 8, 1871.

It only remains to be said that Mr. PARKER was married

three times—his last wife surviving him; and that he leaves one son, a Licentiate in Dental Surgery of the Royal College of Surgeons, and till recently holding office in the Hospital which his father served so long and so well.

Birmingham has just cause to be proud of the illustrious names which she has already contributed to the medical annals of her country. LANGSTON PARKER now belongs to the past; but he lived and laboured so recently among us that it may be held premature to pass final judgment on his comparative merits. Still, the opinion may be hazarded, that, when the outcome of his life and works—his professional ability, his wide culture, his honourable nature—come to be fairly estimated, he will be held no unworthy successor to MYNORS, WITHERING, TOMLINSON, FREER, JOHNSTONE, MALE, and HODGSON.

WILLIAM BATES.

May, 1876.

"EQUIDEM omni curâ morem servabo SENIS:

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Bonas in partes, LECTOR, accipias velim."

PHAEDRUS.—*Prolog. in Fab. lib. II.*

ON THE EFFECTS OF CERTAIN MENTAL AND BODILY STATES UPON THE IMAGINATION.

—o—

I.—THE GENERAL PHENOMENA OF THE IMAGINATION.

METAPHYSICS, Psychology, or the Science of Mind, has attracted, in an eminent degree, the attention of the master-spirits of all ages; and, from Plato to Abercrombie, the most profound philosophers have been engaged in investigating its properties, its phenomena, and the abstract nature of its essence. One system of ontology has followed another in rapid succession; each has flourished upon the arena of learning for a time, till, like its predecessor, each has been suddenly swept away by the production of some new system, and consigned to the stream of oblivion. This is essentially true with regard to the knowledge of the intimate nature and operations of mind; and, after the labours of the learned, after twenty centuries of waste of time, and talent, and ink, and paper, after the creation of countless folios, the very number of which would appal a modern author to contemplate, the last writer upon the subject tells us that all that is past is the mere frivolity of science and speculation, and that, in fact, we know nothing about the matter. Since one of the mental operations is to form the subject of this series of lectures, a prefatory notice of the nature of mind may be considered indispensable.

"The mind," observes Abercrombie, "is that part of our

being which thinks and wills, remembers and reasons; we know nothing of it except from these functions. By means of the corporeal senses, it holds intercourse with the things of the external world, and receives impressions from them, but of this connexion we know nothing except the facts: when we attempt to speculate upon their cause, we wander, at once, from the path of philosophical inquiry, into conjectures which are as far beyond the proper sphere, as they are beyond the reach of the human faculties. The object of true science, in such a subject, is simply to investigate the facts, or the relations of phenomena, respecting the operations of mind itself, and the intercourse which it carries on with the objects in the world about it."*

The mind having acquired the knowledge of facts, through the medium of the senses, disposes of them in a number and variety of ways, which are termed, by metaphysicians, the powers or functions of the mind, the mental or intellectual operations. For instance, we remember the facts wherewith we have become acquainted, and can call them to mind at pleasure; the first of these processes is *Memory*, the second that modification of it termed *Recollection*.

We can compare facts with each other, observe their relations and connexions, and trace the results which follow particular combinations of them: we also observe their general characters, so as to deduce, from the whole, general principles. This is the most useful of all the mental operations, and is named Judgment.

"There is a third power, by which the mind is enabled to separate scenes, or classes of facts, into their constituent elements, to form these elements into new combinations, so as to represent to ourselves pictures or collections of events which have no real existence in nature."† This mental process is

* Abercrombie, *On the Intellectual Powers* (6th ed., 1836, p. 23).

† Abercrombie, *Op. Cit.*, p. 97.

Imagination, and is that to which our attention will now be more particularly directed.

"Phantasie, or Imagination," says the quaint and learned Burton, "is an inner sense, which doth more fully examine the species perceived by common sense — or judgment, recalling them to mind again, in shapes, colours, and dresses of its own. In time of sleep, this faculty is free, and unfettered by the cooler dictates of reason: it then conceives strange, stupend, and absurd shapes, as in sick men we commonly observe. Its organ is the middle portion of the brain: its objects, all which are presented to it through the medium of the senses; by comparison of which it feigns infinite others unto itself. In melancholy men, this faculty is most powerful and strong, and often hurts, producing many monstrous and prodigious things, especially if it be stirred up by some terrible object, presented to it by sense or memory. In poets, painters, lovers, and lunatics, imagination forcibly works, as appears by their several pictures and images."* This has not escaped the penetration of Shakespeare:

"Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast Hell can hold;
This is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name."

Two writers of great reputation, Addison and Akenside,

* Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

have composed set treatises on the pleasures of imagination; but no writer has, as yet, depicted its pains. The ideas which these authors attached to that function of the mind termed the imagination, were, in some measure, different from the definition which I have given of it. The pleasures of imagination were, in the opinion of Addison, those furnished by the sense of vision, and were evidently pleasures of sense, and not of imagination. "By the pleasures of imagination, or fancy," says this Essayist, "I here mean such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their ideas into our minds by paintings, statues, or descriptions. We cannot, indeed, have a single image in the fancy, that did not make its first entrance through the sight." In the first acception of the term, as used by Addison, the pleasures or pains which arise from visible objects before the eyes, are strictly those of sense: when furnished to the mind by description or painting, by word or idea, if they are attended by precisely the same circumstances which attended them in their presentation to the mind in a visible state, memory only is concerned, the object is recalled in its true and real character or state; and it is only when the properties of an object, as its colour, form, and size, are changed, or the component parts of a scene, or multiplicity of objects are presented to the mind in a different series or manner to that which they actually possess in nature, that the imagination, strictly speaking, is called into play.

This is plainly the real meaning of the term, and that mental operation which the word is intended to represent. And in this sense has it been used by Shakespeare (than whom no poet ever possessed it in a more eminent degree), in the passage from *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, before quoted. It is manifest that the imagination of his lunatic, his lover, and his poet, consisted in pictures, or combinations of events, which had no real existence. Thus, the madman saw

more devils than vast hell could hold. This was no fancy on the part of the poet, but a mere description of the state of the lunatic, or hypochondriac, as it existed in nature. And, for illustrations of this, I refer to the case of Nicolai, the Prussian bookseller, who fancied his room teeming with human spectres; and, also, to the case of the young nobleman (detailed by Sir Walter Scott, in his *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*), whose imagination daily peopled his dining-room with a band of attendant spirits.

I advance these cases, not for the purpose of shewing that these freaks of the imagination were dependent, as they evidently were, upon derangement of the bodily health, but to illustrate the actual phenomena of that mental process named Imagination, which, whether exemplified in the sane or the insane, whether acting in our dreams or in our waking hours, is occupied by scenes or visions which have no existence in nature, from the high-colouring which leads the poet to shade the leaf with a brighter green than that which nature's tried and cunning hand laid on, to the terrific visions of the maniac, in the cells of the Senavra, the Bicêtre, or Bedlam.

The most simple exemplification of Imagination is that which leads poets to divest their narratives of the dull reality of truth, and to heighten their descriptions by an assemblage of beauties which, though existing in a diffusive state, have yet no reality in a state of combination. Milton's garden of Eden is a familiar example:

"Thus was this place
A happy rural seat of various view;
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm.
* * * * * * *
Betwixt them, lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley, spread her store,
Flowers of all hue, and, without thorn, the rose.

Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape and gently creeps
Luxuriant. * * * *
The birds their quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves ; while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours, in dance
Led on th' eternal spring."

This, as an example of Shakspeare's third illustration of Imagination, is perhaps one of the best that could be adduced. The description of the garden as a paradise, or place of unmingled beauty and delight, is perfect. But the variety of excellence introduced is utterly at variance with all natural scenery. Here we have "the crisped brook rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold"—the rose without a thorn—the Hesperian apple in the garden of Eden, and the extravagancies of the Roman and Grecian mythology in the paradise of Adam and Eve. Here we have the elements of real scenes formed into new combinations, by the fancy of the poet, and constituting pictures which have no real existence. Here strictly speaking,

"As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Shakspeare's lover furnishes us with another illustration of Imagination, equal to that of his poet and his madman. "The lover, all as frantic, sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt." Love is like a false glass, which represents everything fairer than it is. This species of hyperbole, this investment of beauty, and even mediocrity, with a galaxy of charms culled from the whole garden of nature, has been used by poets of every age and nation, and the description of imaginary excel-

lence with which they clothed, as with a garment, their mistresses, constitutes some of their greatest beauties. Thus, in the language of Miss Landon,

"Love is like the glass,
That throws its own rich colour over all,
Making all beautiful."

So Chaucer, in *The Knight's Tale*, in his description of Emilia,

"Emilia that was fairer to be seen
Than the white lily on her stem of green;
And fresher is than May with flowers new,
For with the rose's colour strove her hue.
I not which was the lovelier of the two."

So Phaon to Sappho, who actually possessed the dark tinge of the Egyptian countenance—so Abelard to Eloise—Polyphemus to Galatæa—Petrarch to Laura—Tasso to Leonora—and Spencer in his beautiful picture of Una:

"Her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace."

Such are the illustrations which I have chosen to elucidate the definition of Imagination, which I gave at the commencement of the lecture, viz., that it is a mental operation which takes the elements or detached parts of real scenes or events, and combines them, or concatenates them, in a manner, or series, which has no existence in nature.

The vividness of Imagination is extremely variable, from the individual who hardly understands the meaning of metaphor, to him who lives in a world peopled by creatures of his own. Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine artist of great celebrity, the celebrated Molanus, and our own visionary Blake, were

striking examples of the latter class. In fact, to such a pitch did the imagination of the two latter carry them, that it would be difficult to draw a strict line of separation between the vivid play of their fancy, and an actual degree of insanity. The latter, however, consisting in mental alienation or perversion upon one or more subjects dependant upon actual bodily complaint, or from strong moral impression, the affection having a commencement distinctly traceable to one of these causes; whilst the most vivid or exalted imagination is as much part of the natural constitution of the mind, as superior strength or agility is that of the body. The constitutions of the minds of men are as diversified as the temperaments of their bodies; and it is surprising that, as physiologists have frequently founded classifications of the former, metaphysicians have not attempted arrangements of the latter.

Ignorance as to the nature of the thing sought or avoided, leads the imagination generally to invest it with a brighter or darker hue than it really possesses in nature. This pictured the world to the imagination of Rasselas, when captive in the Happy Valley, as a paradise of varied pleasure, in which every man, wandering according to the bent of his own wish or inclination, enjoyed a perfect felicity. The same cause pictures it to the recluse of the convent as a den of misery in which vice stalks fearlessly and at large, uncontrolled by any opposing virtue. A vivid and playful imagination, which heightens the beauty of natural objects, or combines them in pleasing though unreal scenes, is an element of a well-ordered and a well-cultivated mind. But when, to the exclusion of the other powers of the mind, she assumes the despot and calls the passions round her dark and splendid throne, obedient to her dictates and her will, no power remains to control or regulate the mental ray, which inflames the whole soul and exalts it into the fervour of enthusiasm, hurries it into the extravagance of superstition, or precipitates it into the frenzy of fanaticism;

these being the highest steps imagination reaches before, throwing off the feeble shackles with which reason still confines her, she gives loose to all her powers, and plunges, at once, into lunacy or mania.

In the inhabitants of northern climates, in the temperate man, in those conversant with the world and daily mixing with the scenes of its common occurrences, Imagination seldom assumes a paramount or overwhelming sway: but in the dweller of the south, in the recluse, in the student, in the drunkard, and in the opium-eater, its workings are powerful and varied, and give birth to phenomena pleasing, melancholy, and terrific.

The natives of the south are a lively, versatile people, sanguine in their temperament, remarkable for the predominance of the functions of the brain and nervous systems, and susceptible, to an extraordinary degree, of every impression. Their minds seem to inherit the brilliancy of their climate, and are rich with sparkling thoughts and beautiful imagery. Their passions are at the beck of an imagination which compounds its glowing scenes from materials of which the inhabitants of northern climes are totally ignorant. The objects, which present themselves to the senses there, call forth this faculty in its highest degree: the orange grove, yellow with golden fruit—

"The vines—not nailed to walls—from tree to tree festooned,"

the warm and equal temperature of the climate, which leading the bulk of the population to dwell in the open air, produce that constant and free interchange of word and thought so conducive to the exaltation of feeling and passion.

Conversant with everything warm, and beautiful, and highly coloured, and sweetly smelling, and sweetly sounding, the mind is rich in those scenes which imagination has bodied forth in the pictures, statues, and poetry of the Italian and

Spanish masters, in the designs and colouring of Titian, and Michael Angelo, in the Apollo Belvidere, the Medicean Venus, and in the works of Tasso, Dante, Petrarch, and Ariosto. All in the south tends to furnish the liveliest and most pleasing pictures to the imagination, those which the mind takes delight to dwell upon, and which lose nothing in the retention—

> "The very language,
> Which sounds as tho' it should be writ on satin,
> With syllables that breathe of the sweet south."

Other charms are not wanting to excite the imagination of the dweller of the south; and here beauty, combined with the subtle and pleasing stimuli which are addressed to every sense, acts with a power exemplified only in the histories of Sappho, and Hero, and Leander.

The mental constitution cannot bear much excitement in addition to that which is here woven round it in a state of nature. Neither opium, nor intoxicating liquids, nor raw beef steaks—as in the case of Mrs. Radcliffe—are wanting to add vigour to the imagination. The quantity of liquor which scarcely ruffles the Norwegian's blood, would scatter madness and fever through the brain of the Italian or Hindoo. This depends upon the quality of the climate and its products, and the peculiar physical and moral frame to which that quality gives rise.

The mental constitution of man is modified by other agents, besides those resulting from climate and natural situation; one of the most powerful of which is solitude. This tends, from circumstances I shall presently mention, to strengthen some of the faculties of the mind, to the deterioration or weakening of others—to heighten the vigour of the imagination, and proportionally to depress the faculties of reason and judgment by which its flights are controlled. The peculiar pleasures or pains which are the result of an excited

imagination, in solitude, are regulated in a great measure, by the previous natural bias of the mind, the pleasures which most occupied it, and the pursuits to which it was most addicted. If the poet turns recluse, his solitude will glow with visions of a brighter hue than those which he called up when his imagination was weakened by the impression of a variety of objects upon his senses. If the painter, the pictures of his imagination in the garret, the cell, or the dungeon will be brighter in their colours than any scenery which nature ever presented to his view. If he be fanatic or enthusiast, angels will visit his bed, and reveal to his disordered fancy more absurdities than are to be found in the visions of Mohammed, or the pages of the Koran. Owing to this, Cellini (in the prisons of the Vatican, with a mind previously enthusiastic on the subject of religion), fancied himself visited with manifestations of divine glory, and miraculous appearances of, and communications from, the Virgin. The painter, Blake, in the solitude of his garret, called up the shades of spirits obedient to his will, and transferred portraits to his canvass of persons whose bodies had been dust for centuries—the originals of which were furnished to him by the activity of his own vivid and extraordinary fancy.

The senses are the natural media through which the mind derives all its ideas, by which we become acquainted with the properties of things, the meaning of words, and the characters and dispositions of men. The greater the variety in which these are presented to a sound mind, the stronger will the reasoning powers of that mind become. We easily collect the result of past occurrences, apply them to the determination of the present, and conjecture, with a certain degree of probability, what will be the lot of the future. With this process Imagination has little to do, and in men thus conversant with the facts of natural or moral philosophy, with the occupation of the merchant, or the business of legislation, its pinions are

feeble, and seldom bear it above the truths of sober reality. In solitude the case becomes widely different; the same objects are witnessed day after day, the same sights are presented to the eye, and the same sounds fatigue the ear. The mind, drawing its ideas from these limited resources, bodies forth creatures of its own, gives to them its own colour, and stamps them with its own perverted image; endowing them with properties which, in nature, they do not possess, it becomes fixed upon one subject, some favourite science, some cherished study, and forgets that the world possesses anything beyond either to fear, desire, or love.

The effect of solitude upon the Imagination has been admirably illustrated by Dr. Johnson, in his history of the Astronomer of Cairo, and the mode in which the cure of his diseased fancy was effected by Rasselas and his sister.

Here we have the true state of mind pourtrayed which is frequently produced by long-continued attention to any one object or study. The astronomer, who had spent forty years in unwearied attention to the motions and appearances of the heavenly bodies, and had drawn out his soul in endless calculations, naturally enough fancied that he had acquired some influence over them, that he possessed the regulation of the weather, and the distribution of the seasons; that the sun listened to his dictates, and passed from tropic to tropic by his direction; that the clouds, at his call, poured out their waters; that the Nile overflowed at his command; that he restrained the fury of the Dog-star, and mitigated the fervour of the Crab.

Let us follow him into the world to which he had been gradually allured and restored, by the elegance of the manners, and the charms of the conversation, of Nekayah and her favourite. We here find him mingling in the gay tumult of life, and dividing his hours by a succession of amusements; and as realities rise up in greater variety and combination

around him, we find the conviction of his authority over the skies fades gradually from his mind; though such was the dangerous prevalence of the primitive and long-cherished power his fancy exerted, that a temporary return to silence and himself brought back the fallacies his imagination had created, in nearly their pristine force and vigour. "If I am accidentally left alone for a few hours," said he, "my inveterate persuasion rushes upon my soul, and my thoughts are chained down by some irresistible violence; but they are soon disentangled by the prince's conversation, and instantaneously released at the entrance of Pekuah. I am like a man habitually afraid of spectres, who is set at ease by a lamp, and wonders at the dread which harassed him in the dark; yet, if his lamp be extinguished, feels again the terrors which he knows that, when it is light, he shall feel no more."

Long-continued study commonly produces fancies as perverted as those which possessed the astronomer of Cairo, to which I have just alluded. Independent of the bodily disorders which act upon the mental constitution of the student, from his sedentary life, the mind, like the constantly strung bow, will, sooner or later, lose its elasticity, and, at length, break. It is true that the prevalence of imagination to which over-much study gives rise, is, during the last half century, much diminished, owing to the vast progress which all branches of natural philosophy have made during this period. We have now no searchers after the philosopher's stone. Alchemy is but a dream of the sciences of past days, and its devotees are known no more. The occult sciences, necromancy and witchcraft, number none of the students of the nineteenth century among their classes; the volumes which treat of them have passed away; they have been swept down the stream of time, and now and then only is one to be found, which has been washed, by the force of the current, upon the bank, as a relic of the labour and folly of past ages, which

that stream has hurried away to eternal oblivion. It is, doubtless, owing to the nature of the studies of the present day, that they affect the mind in so comparatively trifling a degree. If we turn to the records of antiquity, we find numberless treatises on the mental affections which result from the diseased imagination of students. We are there told of peculiar hallucinations which come from over-much study—of the dotage and insanity of students, the inevitable and almost certain consequence of their occupation, which, in the language of Cicero, "is a continual and earnest meditation, applied to something with great desire." The account which Manfred gives of his studies well illustrates this kind of application and its effects—

> "I dived,
> In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
> Searching its cause in its effect; and drew
> From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd-up dust,
> Conclusions most forbidden. Thus I pass'd
> The nights of years in sciences untaught,
> Save in the old time; and with time, and toil,
> And terrible ordeal, and such penance
> As in itself hath power upon the air,
> And spirits that do compass air and earth,
> Space, and the peopled infinite, I made
> Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,
> Such as, before me, did the Magi, and
> He who, from out their fountain dwellings, raised
> Eros and Anteros, at Gadara."

Reason must draw all its materials from the facts which it witnesses or from those which it knows to have taken place. Imagination, on the contrary, acts upon its own premises, themselves the production of a perverted fancy. The sciences which are purely speculative, are those which most endanger the reasoning faculties of the student pursuing them; such are those which relate to the nature of mind, of spiritual

essences, and those enchained in the fetters, or bewildered in the light, of a false religion. The folly of metaphysics is fast disappearing; demonology has no more advocates; and the insanity of the recluse and the devotee are scarcely to be met with, save in the followers of Brahma or Mahomet, among the individuals and nations of the east. Grief, labour, care, pale sickness, miseries, fear, filthy poverty, and hunger, are, according to Burton, the appanage of the speculative student; his income, his benefice, and his patrimony—

> "Vainest of all!—the student's theme,
> Ends in some metaphysic dream."

The mind has, doubtless, different faculties, which, in their action, are independent of each other, and which are excited or depressed by agents which do not act in a similar manner upon all. Thus, the imagination, memory, and judgment are properties distinct in all their phenomena. We have noticed the effect of solitude and study upon the former. We have seen it rendered more brilliant, gloomy, and despotic by the influence these several agents have exercised over it: on the other hand, the memory has not been at all affected, whilst the judgment has been materially weakened or altogether paralyzed. The effects which these produce upon the mind, are of a more lasting character than those I am now about to speak of: they are long in producing any morbid changes in its action; but these changes are of a serious character, and it requires a considerable period of time to restore the mental functions to their pristine strength, balance, and vigour, even after the causes affecting them have been removed. Alcohol, in its varied states of combination, and opium, have marked and striking effects upon the imagination of some individuals, though not equally upon all. The minds of men of lofty genius possess a susceptibility and delicacy of structure which unfit them for the gross atmosphere of human

nature as it is. Mr. Smellie, the friend of Robert Burns, observes that, "no sentient being, with mental powers greatly superior to those of man, could possibly live and be happy in this world. If such a being really existed," continues he, "his misery would be extreme. With senses more delicate and refined, with perceptions more acute and penetrating, with a taste so exquisite that the objects around him would by no means gratify it, obliged to feed on nourishment too gross for his mental frame, he must be born only to be miserable; and the continuation of his existence would be utterly impossible. Even in our present condition, the sameness and insipidity of objects and pursuits, the futility of pleasure, and the infinite sources of excruciating pain, are supported with difficulty by cultivated and refined minds. Increase our sensibilities, continue the same objects and desires, and no man could bear to live."

This is a faithful description of the temperament of the man of genius — of a mind endowed with qualities which common spirits can neither fathom nor understand. A mind of this stamp discovers beauty, where others see nothing but deformity; and retires with disgust from what the vulgar approach with satisfaction and pleasure. It at once detects a more luscious sweetness in the honey, but feels a more exquisite torture from the sting.

Genius combined with poverty is, of all conditions, that which is productive of most mental misery to its possessor. Even when united to competency, or wealth, the mental constitution of its owner is far from desirable, as the instances of Byron and Rousseau, Shenstone and Gray, among numerous others, sufficiently prove: but when obliged to minister to the selfishness, to feed the pride, or bend under the tyranny of beings it despises and hates, is it to be wondered at that the imagination is full of melancholy images, which are the more aggravated and distressing since the objects or causes which

produce them are painted to the fancy of such minds with a strength and vividness of colouring which they do not really deserve?

It is to relieve feelings such as these that men of superior talents and attainments have had recourse to stimuli of various kinds, to dispel the dark phantoms of the imagination, and people it with objects and ideas of a brighter and more pleasing cast: and though the fumes of tobacco, in the cases of Newton and Hobbes; coffee, in those of Voltaire and Fontenelle; and cold water, in Demosthenes and Haller; have been the agents resorted to for this purpose; still alcohol, in the people of Europe, and opium, among the inhabitants of the east, are the magicians most generally employed to smother the dictates of the judgment, and to give unbounded license to the dreams of an excursive and delighted fancy.

The effects produced by wine and spirit drinking on the temperament of individuals varies extremely; hardly producing any exhilaration in some, whilst in others it excites the fiercest paroxysms of insanity. It is not my object here to enter into any medical detail of the morbid phenomena which are the result of the intemperate or habitual use of alcoholic liquors of any kind; I shall, therefore, pass, in accordance with the nature of my subject, to their mental effects on what the late Dr. Currie, of Liverpool, has termed the temperament of sensibility, which Dr. Macnish, with equal truth, names the melancholy drunkard. To such men the bottle is a perfect witchery, and contains spells as powerful as Michael Scott's book of magic, filched, by the elfin page, from the vest of William of Deloraine. It clothes external nature with new forms of beauty—it adds whiteness to the lily, and perfume to the violet—it conceals all moral evil. To the minds thus influenced, the men are all virtuous, the women all beautiful, and mankind all happy. The joyousness

which it excites breaks in upon habitual gloom, like sunshine upon darkness. Above all, the sensations, at the moment when mirth begins with its magic to charm away care, are inexpressible. Pleasure falls, in showers of fragrance, upon the soul, and the imagination revels in a delirium of short-lived joy.

> "Elysium opens round,
> A pleasing frenzy buoys the lightened soul,
> And sanguine hope dispels the fleeting care;
> And what was difficult, and what was dire,
> Yields to your prowess, and superior stars:
> A deeper blue colours the cloudless sky,
> A stiller calm deadens the sleeping wave,
> No storm to ruffle, and no frost to chill,
> No icy friendship here, no selfish love—
> But all is warm, and beautiful, and true."

Hafiz among the Persians, and Anacreon among the Greeks, have sung, in glowing strains, the pleasures of wine—not its physical and animal pleasures, but the mental delights springing from its effects upon heated and poetic fancy—

> "Which bathes the drooping spirits in delight,
> Beyond the bliss of dreams."

Such are the pleasures imagination derives from intoxication. Let us reverse the picture, and behold its pains. And now melancholy, in her "robe of darkest grain," fills the disordered fancy with images of a tenfold deeper gloom. When the visions of pleasure begin to fade, ideas of the most distressing and painful character rise to occupy their place. The imagination is now a perfect tyrant; she shews her slave every species of imaginary evil, and accumulates all in one vortex upon his devoted head. The mind becomes a chaos of all that is dark, dreadful, and desponding. Phantoms, grotesque and horrible, rise and gibber at the unfortunate being; and the conflict of contending fancies lashes him into a fit of

excitation bordering on mania, or presses him down with feelings of blank despair.

> "His cares return
> With tenfold rage;
> And such a dim delirium, such a dream
> Involves him, such a dastardly despair
> Unmans his soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt
> When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
> He saw two suns and double Thebes ascend."

These effects are not very commonly the result of the habitual or excessive use of wine; but more than one instance has fallen under my own observation where it has produced visions of delight and forebodings of evil, equally vivid with those I have endeavoured to describe.

I now pass to the consideration of the influence of opium upon the imagination, and the modifications effected by it in the exercise of this class of mental operations. According to De Quincey, who styles himself the Alpha and Omega on all points connected with the use of opium; "its effects upon the human constitution differ materially from those produced by wine. Wine disorders the mental faculties; opium, on the contrary, if taken in a proper manner, introduces among them the most exquisite order, legislation, and harmony. Wine robs a man of his self-possession; opium greatly invigorates it. Wine unsettles and clouds the judgment, and gives a preternatural brightness, and a vivid exaltation, to the contempts and the admirations, the loves and the hatreds, of the drinker; opium, on the contrary, communicates serenity and equipoise to all the faculties, active or passive; and with respect to the temper or moral feelings in general, it gives simply that sort of vital warmth which is approved by the judgment, and which would, probably, always accompany a bodily constitution of primeval or antediluvian health. Thus, for instance, opium, like wine, gives an expansion to the heart and benevo-

lent affections, but with this remarkable difference that, on the sudden development of kind-heartedness which accompanies inebriation, there is always more or less of a maudlin character, which exposes it to the contempt of the bystander. Men shake hands, swear eternal friendship, and shed tears, no mortal knows why, and the sensual creature is clearly uppermost. But the expansion of the benigner feelings incident to opium, is no febrile excess, but a healthy restoration to that state which the mind would naturally recover, upon the removal of any deep-seated irritation or pain, that had disturbed and quarrelled with the impulses of a heart originally just and good. True it is that wine, up to a certain point, and with certain men, rather tends to exalt and steady the mind; but still, it constantly leads a man to the brink of absurdity and extravagance, and, beyond a certain point, it is sure to volatilize and disperse the intellectual faculties: whereas opium always seems to compose what had been agitated, and to concentrate what had been distracted. Under the influence of opium the moral affections are in a state of cloudless serenity, and over all is the great light of the majestic intellect."

The effects of opium, like those of wine, are widely different upon different persons. I have known opium, taken with a view of removing melancholy and ennui, produce a state of delirium and watchfulness bordering upon insanity, instead of quieting the mind and producing those delightful sensations for which it has been so much extolled, and which, in a great majority of instances, it never fails to excite. Macnish, in his *Anatomy of Drunkenness*, observes, "The ecstasies of opium are more entrancing than those of wine; there is more poetry in its visions, more mental aggrandisement, more range of imagination. Opium, for hours after its use, gives a license to the imagination, which is almost unbounded. It inspires the mind with a thousand delightful images, lifts the soul

from earth, and casts a halo of poetic thought and feeling over the spirits of the most unimaginative. Under its influence, the mind wears no longer that blank, passionless aspect which, even in gifted natures, it is apt to assume: on the contrary, it is clothed with beauty as with a garment, and colours every thought that passes through it with the hues of wonder and romance."

So intellectual are the imaginations of the opium-eater, that it is necessary a mind should be highly cultivated and exquisitely tasteful to enjoy, in perfection, the ecstasies to which it gives rise; since the very structure of the mind, thus influenced, furnishes the proper nourishment on which the imagination feeds. An ear naturally unmusical, or badly cultivated, could take no enjoyment in the most perfect harmony, in the most melodious air, or in the most spirited or heart-stirring chorus — neither would opium produce this faculty, in the ear or in the mind: but supposing the taste for music to be acquired, it would heighten its pleasures a thousand-fold. One of the most delightful pictures ever drawn of the pleasure of an imagination heightened by opium, is that given by De Quincey, in his *Confessions of an English Opium-eater:* it relates to the pleasures imagination derives from music, when the mind is under the influence of opium; and to obtain these, he used to take his customary draught of laudanum-negus on the Tuesday or Saturday, which are the opera nights, abstaining from it rigidly on the other evenings of the week, in order to increase his enjoyment on these. "At that time," says he, "Grassini sang at the opera; and her voice was delightful to me beyond all that I had ever heard. Five shillings admitted one to the gallery, which was subject to far less annoyance than the pit of the theatres; the orchestra was distinguished, by its sweet and melodious grandeur, from all English orchestras, the composition of which are not, I confess, acceptable to my

ear, from the predominance of the clangorous instruments, and the absolute tyranny of the violin. The choruses were Divine to hear; and when Grassini appeared in some interlude, as she often did, and poured forth her passionate soul as Andromache at the tomb of Hector, I question whether any Turk of all that ever entered the Paradise of opium-eaters, can have had half the pleasure I had. But, indeed, I honour the barbarians too much, by supposing them capable of any pleasures approaching to the intellectual ones of an Englishman: for music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it, and, with the exception of that fine extravaganza in the *The Twelfth Night*,* I do not recollect more than one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature; it is a passage in the *Religio Medici* of Sir Thomas Brown, and though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophic value, inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects.† The mistake of some people is, to suppose that it is by the ear they communicate with music, and, therefore, that they are purely passive to its effects: but this is not so; it is by the reaction of the mind upon the notices of the ear, that the pleasure is constructed; and therefore it is that people, of equally good ear, differ so much on this point from each other. Now, opium, by greatly increasing

* "That strain again—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour."

† "Whatsoever is harmonically composed, delights in harmony: for even that vulgar and tavern music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer. There is something in music of Divinity, more than the ear discovers; it is an hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world and creatures of GOD—such a melody to the ear, as the whole world well understood would afford the understanding. In brief, it is a sensible fit of that harmony which intellectually sounds in the ears of GOD. I will not say, with Plato, that the soul is a harmony—but harmonical, and hath its nearest sympathy unto music."

the activity of the mind generally, increases, of necessity, that particular mode of its activity by which we are enabled to construct, out of the raw material of organic sound, an elaborate intellectual pleasure. A chorus displays before me, as on a piece of arras, the whole of my past life—not as though recalled by an act of memory—but as if present and incarnate in the music; no longer painful to dwell upon, but the detail of its incidents removed, or blended in some hazy abstraction, and its passions exalted, spiritualized, and sublimed. All this was to be had for five shillings; and over and above the music of the stage and the orchestra, I had all around me, in the intervals of the performance, the music of the Italian language talked by Italian women—for the gallery was usually crowded with Italians—and I listened with a pleasure such as that with which Weld, the traveller, lay and listened, in Canada, to the sweet laughter of the Indian women; for the less we understand of a language, the more sensible we are to the melody or harshness of its sounds; for such a purpose, therefore, it was an advantage to me, that I was a poor Italian scholar, reading it but little, and not speaking it at all, nor understanding a tenth part of what I heard spoken."

I have now traced the history of the general phenomena of the imagination, as a component part of the sound mind, in its healthy or natural state. We have seen the peculiarities induced in its exercise by climate, constitution, and education; and also the modifications impressed upon it by other moral and physical agents, as the passions, wine, and opium. In the next lecture, I shall pass to the consideration of the imagination during sleep, as it is manifested in the phenomena of dreaming, and to the effects of certain agents upon it in this state, which exalt and change its mode of action.

II.—THE IMAGINATION OF DREAMERS.

IN my first lecture, I considered the Imagination in the general phenomena of its actions in the waking state, and its modification, in that state, by certain agents, of which we found the most powerful to be solitude, study, wine, and opium. The Imagination is, likewise, most powerfully modified in the condition in which I then considered it, by disease: but this was too exclusively a medical subject to merit much attention in this series of discourses, and, in addition to this, it will demand some portion of my attention when speaking of the Imagination of the insane. This lecture leads me to the history of the Imagination during sleep, as it is displayed to us in the phenomena of dreaming, and the modifications of this faculty, in that state, by certain agents—such as disease, diet, moral causes, the passions, wine, and opium. There are visions that arise without sleep; but, generally speaking, dreaming is confined to this state. "Waking dreams are merely the effects of unbridled Imagination, from which none of us are altogether exempt."* This faculty, when exercised under common circumstances, is kept in strict subordination to the judgment, which guides and restrains us in its flights, and never, for a moment, permits us to suppose that the fictions it calls forth are realities. But when this sway of the reasoning power is shaken off—when the spirit mounts upwards, unfettered and alone, and we forget that the sights revealed to us are merely illusive visions—then, and then only, are we assailed by waking dreams.

* Macnish, *The Philosophy of Sleep*, Glasgow, 1830.

"The train of ideas which fill the mind at this time, depend much upon the age, situation, and character, of the individual. If he pine ardently after wealth, his mind is, probably, filled with visions of grandeur and opulence; and the hallucination is so great, that he supposes these things to be in his actual possession."* If he be young, and burn with the fire of genius, all obstacles give way before him; he creates new systems, remodels old ones, gives fresh colouring to truth: whilst Fame, with her olive crown, is seen, in perspective, through the deep vista of coming years, waiting to reward him with a crown as unstable and powerless as the vision which created it. "Whatever emotion prevails has a character of extravagance: we see everything through the serene atmosphere of the Imagination, and imbue the most trite circumstances with poetical colouring. The aspect which things assume, bears a strong resemblance to that impressed upon them by ordinary dreams. They are equally full of pathos and beauty, and only differ in this, that, verging continually on the limits of exaggeration, they seldom exceed possibility."†

Dreaming is, however, generally limited to the sleeping state. General or complete sleep is a species of temporary death: the continuance of the functions of the organic life, of

* Macnish, *op. cit.*

† Macnish, *op. cit.*—The waking dream is not inaptly illustrated by Sir W. Scott, in the description which the White Maid of Avenel gives of herself to the monk, Eustace:

> "'Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream,
> A form that men spy,
> With the half-shut eye," &c.—*Monastery.*

Also by Thomson, in *The Castle of Indolence:*

> "A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
> Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye."

Wordsworth's ballad of *The Reverie of Poor Susan*, is a light, but perfect, illustration of this mood of the Imagination. See his *Lyrical Ballads.*

respiration, circulation, and a few others, merely indicate that the man thus influenced is still an inhabitant of earth. The whole of those actions which constitute the pride and pleasure of our existence are extinct during complete sleep. The life of relation, as it has been termed by physiologists—the mind and the senses—for this period actually cease to live; they are not in action, and their action alone constitutes their being. Complete sleep is, comparatively, a rare condition of our animal existence, and is only compatible with the most perfect mental and bodily health, or with that state in which both have been exhausted by continued or intense fatigue." * The body may sleep without the mind—one sense may be in action, and the remainder chained in the fetters of undisturbed repose. The memory may be active, the imagination dormant; the latter may be "girdling the earth," whilst the former, together with the judgment, have left the mind governed by the fancy alone. The latter is by far the most ordinary state during sleep; the Imagination being endowed with tenfold life and power, whilst, it should seem, the remaining faculties have given up the peculiarities of their existence for a time, in order to concentrate the whole mental force in the brilliancy and vigour of the Imagination.

Byron, with his usual characteristics of poetical beauty and mental or physical truth, has admirably depicted this activity of the Imagination during sleep:

* Shakspeare well describes the perfect or complete sleep of fatigue and mental health, *i. e.*, a mind free from all anxiety, care, and guilt; the first in the words of Claudio, in *Measure for Measure:*

> "As fast locked up in sleep, as guiltless labour
> When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones."

The second, in the address of Brutus to his page, Lucius, in *Julius Cæsar:*

> "Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber;
> Thou hast no figures nor no phantasies,
> Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
> Therefore thou sleep'st so sound."

"Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and Existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality:
And dreams, in their development, have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy:
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils;
They do divide our being: they become
A portion of ourselves, as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past—they speak
Like sybils of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that 's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows. Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind? The mind can make
Substance, and people shadows of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh." *

To remark upon one idea in this most beautiful passage. It does not appear that the mind has the power of creation—of forming things actually new from materials of its own production. The Imagination, which, if creation there be, possesses solely the creative power, does, indeed, form scenes which have never before existed; but the materials of these scenes are derived, as I have before stated, from objects which have been presented to the mind through the medium of the sense of vision. Fancy is engendered in the eye; "by gazing fed." So sings the poet—so reasons the psychologist. The three great powers of mind are, the Memory, the Imagination, and the Judgment. They exist in nature; no reasoning is necessary to prove their existence or their phenomena. We

* *The Dream.*

remember what we have seen — we judge of its beauty or deformity—or we invest the fading recollection with attributes which it did not originally or naturally possess. In the waking state, these three faculties are all active, and the rational man is the result of the just balance of power which is exercised by each. A man would be miserable were he all Memory, mad were he all Imagination, and a bore were he all Judgment.

"In proportion as these several faculties sleep, or are kept awake, during the continuance of a dream, in that proportion will the dream be reasonable or frantic, remembered or forgotten.

"If there is any faculty in mental man that never sleeps, it is that volatile thing the Imagination. The sedate and sober constitution of the Judgment easily disposes it to rest; and as to the Memory, it records in silence, and is active only when it is called upon."* If in dreaming, the mental faculties are all awake, and the mind, as a whole, in action, the dream is so probable, so like an event of the waking state, that it excites no wonder, calls for no comment, and is soon forgotten; but if either the Memory or the Imagination be at work, the dream is sure to make a powerful impression, since the vividness with which the mental faculties separately act is so much stronger during sleep than when awake.

Numerous theories have been devised to account for the phenomena of dreams. Democritus supposed that the body threw off from its surface an impalpable and invisible resemblance of itself, and that these shadows assaulted, or intruded themselves upon, the mind during sleep, thus producing dreams. This species of exhalation was supposed not to be confined to man, but to be extended to the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms, and the whole realm of nature.

* Clio Rickman, *Essay on Dreams*, London, *Universal Magazine*, May, 1810. A paper thoroughly original, and of great merit.

Lucretius, and the philosophers of his time, likewise supported this theory, which was the prevailing dogma of the schools, with reference to the causes of dreams. This opinion must have been very ancient, since we find it the prevailing one in the time of Homer. When this poet, in the second book of the *Iliad*, describes Jupiter as influencing the mind of Agamemnon to induce him to lead the Greeks to battle, he does not represent him as disposing the monarch's mind by any exertion of supernatural power, but dispatches the shadow of Nestor to present itself to his mind in a dream:

> "Swift as the word, the vain illusion fled,
> Descends, and hovers o'er Atrides' head,
> Clothed in the figure of the Pylian sage,
> Renown'd for wisdom, and rever'd for age;
> Around his temples spreads his golden wing—
> And thus the flattering dream deceives the king."

The imagination of the poet is exercised in strict subservience to the philosophical theories of his day, which were revived in the schools of the Epicureans. *

* The theory of Lucretius, which was compounded from those of Epicurus and Democritus, is extremely curious and speculative. Dreams and spectral illusions were both explained by it, as being produced by

> "Forms that, like pellicles, when once thrown off
> Clear from the surface of whate'er exists,
> Float unrestrained through æther. Fearful these,
> Oft through the day, when obvious to the sense;
> But chief at midnight, when in dreams we view
> Dire shapes and apparitions, from the light
> Shut out for ever; and each languid limb
> With horror gaunt convulsing in its sleep."

Consistently with the doctrine of the perpetual emanation of pellicles, or images from every existing object, this philosopher supposed that such kinds of images are incessantly thrown forth also from the corses of the dead, after their interment: but so thin is the membrane ejected, that it passes with as much ease and as little injury through the surrounding coffin and superincumbent earth or marble, as light passes through glass. In the day time we are generally prevented from noticing these floating forms, by the more forcible and direct assault of the images of bodies that immediately surround us, which attract our notice in a superior degree: occasionally, however, when we are abstracted from the noise and bustle

It is strange, that at so late a period as that in which Baxter, the divine, flourished and wrote, when Philosophy, though not clothed with her present simplicity of beauty, had discarded the grotesque and fanciful garb with which the schools had arrayed her, should advance and endeavour to sustain an opinion which is equally whimsical and to the full as untrue. He supposed, likewise, in his book entitled *The World of Spirits*, that spiritual beings were the active agents, the abettors and supporters of all the extravagances of the sleeping dreamer.

"Dreams are nothing more than the media through which Imagination unfolds the ample stores of her richly-decorated empire; and in proportion to the vigour of that faculty in any individual is the luxuriance of the visions which pass before his eyes in sleep." *

"There are no limits to the extravagances of those visions sometimes called into birth by the vivid exercise of Imagination. Contrasted with them, the wildest fictions of Rabelais, Ariosto, or Dante sink into absolute probabilities. "I remember dreaming on one occasion," says the modern Pythagorean, "that I possessed ubiquity, twenty resemblances

of the world in solitude and quiet, the eye, or the mind itself — to which the eye is only the avenue — becomes sensible of their presence: and it was upon this principle that Cassius accounted to Brutus for the apparition that stood before him in his tent, previous to the battle of Pharsalia. In the silence of midnight and of sleep, we are still more susceptible of these impulses: the eye is, it is true, at this period, closed, and all is darkness around us; but, for the very reason that this filmy emanation is capable of piercing through the coffin and sepulchre in which the corse is confined that ejects it, is it capable, also, of insinuating itself, through all the pores of the body, till it reach and stimulate the very soul itself, without the exercise of its eternal organs of sense. From these ideal circumstances were deduced and developed all the phenomena of dreams. — Lucretius, *De Rerum Naturâ;* translated, with copious notes and illustrations, by J. M. Good, M.D., London, 1805.

* Macnish, *op. cit.*—These visions are not, however, altogether governed by the whim or caprice of the fancy; but are regulated in the pleasing or terrific shapes which they assume, by certain states of body and mind, which I shall presently more particularly allude to.

of myself appearing in as many different places in the same room, and each being so thoroughly possessed by my own mind, that I could not ascertain which of them was myself and which my resemblance."

At another time, he dreamed that he was converted into a pillar of stone, which reared its head in the midst of a desert, where it stood for ages, while generation after generation melted away before it. Even in this state, though unconscious of possessing organs of sense or being anything else than a mass of lifeless stone, he saw every object around—the mountains growing bald with age — the forest trees drooping in decay; and he heard whatever sounds nature is in the habit of producing—such as the thunder-peal breaking over his naked head, the winds howling past him, or the ceaseless murmur of streams. At last he also waxed old and began to crumble into dust, whilst the moss and ivy accumulated upon him, and stamped him with the aspect of hoar antiquity. In dreams, the judgment is an absolute nullity; it takes no cognizance of circumstance, but leaves them all at the disposal of the giddy fancy. One of the most remarkable defects of judgment, in dreams, appears to be the utter inability to appreciate, with the possible approach to truth, the lapse of time. Dr. Gregory mentions a gentleman who, after sleeping in a damp place, was, for a long time, liable to a feeling of suffocation whenever he slept in a lying posture; and this was always accompanied by a dream of a skeleton, which grasped him violently by the throat. He could sleep in a sitting posture without any uneasy feeling, and, after trying various experiments, he at last had a sentinel placed beside him, with orders to awake him immediately he sank down. On one occasion he was attacked by the skeleton, and a severe and long struggle ensued before he awoke. On finding fault with his attendant for allowing him to be so long in a state of suffering, he was assured that he had not lain an instant, but had been

awakened the moment he began to sink. This person ultimately recovered from his distressing state. Another gentleman dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and having awoke with the fright, found he had been asleep ten minutes.* Similar to these relations was the alleged dream of the prophet of Mecca, who fancied himself transported, by the angel Gabriel, to the world of spirits, through which he wandered for years, and was initiated into the mysteries of heaven and hell; when awaking, he found that the pitcher which had fallen from his hand as he dropt asleep, had not then reached the ground. The uncontrolled Imagination of our dreams carries us to worlds and elements our waking thoughts never conceived, and peoples each with its appropriate inhabitants. We are carried to heaven, and ravished with the harmony of angelic music—we are plunged in Hades, and tormented with penal fire. We ride the blast with the "bonny nightmare," or revel in the caverns and secrets of deep waters. Clarence's account of his dream is a masterly description of this. It will be recollected that his Imagination plunged him into the "tumbling billows of the main"—

> "And then methought what pain it was to drown,
> What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
> What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
> I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
> A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
> Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
> Inestimable stores, unvalued jewels:
> Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
> Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,

* Many cases illustrating this point, of the inability of the judgment to appreciate the lapse of time during sleep, will be found in Dr. Abercrombie's work *On the Intellectual Powers*, in Dugald Stewart's *Philosophy of the Human Mind;* and elsewhere.

As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scattered by." *

Although the Imagination, in dreams, is perfectly free and unfettered, yet it is easily directed into certain channels by circumstances over which it has no control. Bodily sensations, or pains, and our prevailing habits, tastes, and pursuits, influence, in a marked degree, the character of the imagination of our dreams. "A gentleman having occasion, in consequence of indisposition, to apply a bottle of hot water to his feet, dreamed that he was climbing the sides of Mount Etna during an eruption, and that the volcanic fire had rendered the heat of the ground almost insupportable. The Imagination of another, to whose head a blister was applied, transported him to the woods of Canada, and placed him under the scalping knife of the Indians. If the bed-clothes happen to slip up and we get chilled, we are, in imagination, wandering illimitable steeps, destitute, homeless, and naked: if the feet slip over the edge of the bed, we are falling from some dreadful precipice into the unfathomable gulph below." †

What Dugald Stewart ‡ has called our previous habit of association, directs the Imagination into a sort of beaten path, which has been travelled by our waking thoughts, and which is, consequently, not altogether new to our dreams. This previous habit of association is nothing more than the customary train of thought into which the mind most generally falls, and to which it is led by our prevailing inclination, study, or business. Thus—

* *Richard III.*

† Macnish, Chap. 6.

‡ See his *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, Chap. 5, Part 1, Sec. 5.

"The stag-hounds, weary with the chace,
Lay stretched upon the rushy floor,
And urge, in dreams, the forest chace,
From Teviot-stone to Eskdale Moor." *

"From this cause the miser dreams of wealth, the lover of his mistress, the musician of melody, the philosopher of science, the merchant of trade, and the debtor of duns and bailiffs. In like manner, a choleric man is often passionate in his sleep; a vicious man's mind is filled with wicked actions; a virtuous man's with deeds of benevolence; and a humourist's with ridiculous ideas." †

This metaphysical truth doubtless suggested to Shakspeare part of Mercutio's inimitable description of Queen Mab. §

It appears perfectly natural that the mental faculty which is active during sleep should recur to the prevailing ideas of the mind in the waking state, when the mind preserves its due balance of power. Neither is it strange that the Imagination, when unfettered by the Judgment, should, in accordance with the character of its being, tinge these ideas with unnatural and gorgeous colouring. The mind being fixed intently upon a single train of thought, which is only interrupted by repose, resumes her reasoning when any of her faculties escape from the thraldom of sleep, with this modification, that, as one power or faculty—generally the Imagination — is alone active in dreaming, the conclusions which

* Sir W. Scott, *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

† Macnish, *op. cit.*

§ *Romeo and Juliet:*— The same ideas are very finely expressed in an Italian tragedy, termed *The Acripanta:*

"Whilst the fond scenes that daily sway the Man
And fill the spirit, haunt him still in sleep,
When dreams the huntsman, punctual, of the chase,
The warrior pants for combat.
So * * * *
* * * with the winds,
Strives the vain mariner, each adverse wave
Bearing him farther from the fancied port."

it draws from the same premises are occasionally, and frequently, diametrically opposite to truth.

It has not yet been ascertained, and in fact we are but in the very threshold of the inquiry, what are the effects produced by different states of the body upon the mind. That disease of body affects, in a marked degree, the mental operations during the waking state, is a fact well known to all, and the influence is not removed during sleep. I have before stated that perfect sleep — that in which the whole of the mental operations are annihilated — is an attendant only on the most perfect bodily and mental health. There may be here mentioned, however, in addition to this, a peculiar condition of constitution; for it appears dependent upon the combined condition of both mind and body, in which dreaming never takes place. Cleon, the friend of Plutarch, Thrasymedes, and others, never dreamed during the course of a long life. Similar instances have been recorded by Locke and Aristotle, where dreaming never took place till a certain period, and then was produced by an assignable cause. A gentleman, whose case is mentioned by Locke, never dreamt till he had a fever; a second never except when indisposed. It is extremely probable, though I do not advance it as a positive truth, that we never dream but in a state of bodily indisposition. The state of our health is hardly the same two hours together; the infinitely various modifications which this undergoes can never be appreciated by us, but may be ascertained, in some measure, by the variable state of the mind. We are troubled with ennui, listless and unhappy, we know not why; and again are cheerful, gay, and merry, and are just as ignorant of the cause. The variation in the condition of the body is, in a great measure, the origin of this; and the extension of this influence to sleep, the cause of the greater part of the phenomena of our dreams. A remark of Aristotle's tends materially to confirm this view of

the subject; he says that persons who never dream till they are grown up are generally liable, soon after their first experience of the kind, to a change in the bodily constitution terminating in disease or death.* It is plain that here, as in the case of the gentleman who never dreamt except when indisposed, that the dream was solely produced by variation in the state of the body, indicating an approach to, or an actual state of, disease. Where disease is confirmed, the Imagination of our dreams is at once powerfully modified by it. The sudden starts from sleep, which attend the approach of fever, are produced, doubtless, from unpleasant dreams. We are hurried along upon the blast, and plunged into caverns of infinite space and chaotic gloom; we are rocked to giddiness in the whirlpool; appalled with sounds so tremendous that they appear to be produced by nothing less than the universal wreck of matter; and plunged thousands of feet down precipices, into the boiling cataracts below. These mental images are produced by, and strictly dependent upon, a morbid state of body, and are in strict relation to the degree or danger of that state. The visions, indeed, which occur in a state of fever are highly distressing; the mind is vehemently hurried on from one train of ideas to another, and participates in the painful activity of the system. If, from any cause, we chance to be relieved from the physical suffering occasioning such dreams, the dreams themselves wear away, or are succeeded by others of a more pleasing description. Thus, if perspiration succeed to feverish heat, the person who, during the continuance of the latter, fancied himself on the brink of a volcano, or broiled beneath an African sun, is transported to some refreshing stream, and enjoys precisely the pleasure which such a transition would

* Silimachus informs us that the epidemic fever of Rome was ushered in by dreams of the most frightful character; and Sylvius Deleboe, who describes the epidemic which raged at Leyden, in 1669, states that, previous to each paroxysm of fever, the patient fell asleep, and suffered a severe attack of nightmare.

produce, did it actually take place.* The most distressing dreams to which we are subject are, perhaps, those known by the name of nightmare; an imaginative state of mental suffering depending upon error or excess in diet, or an actual state of disease. This affection, termed Ephialtes, by the Greeks, and Incubus, or Succubus, by the Romans, was, in the ages of superstition, supposed to result from the actual visit of a fiend, who, by the torments he inflicted during sleep, wished to obtain from the individual visited some concessions to the rulers of the kingdom of eternal night. It is nothing more, however, than a painful dream, produced by a temporary or permanent state of bodily disease. Some people are much more prone to incubus than others. Those whose digestion is healthy, whose minds are at ease, and who go supperless to bed, will be seldom troubled with it.

"Those, again, who keep late hours, study hard, eat heavy suppers, or are subject to bile, acid, or hypochondria, are almost sure to be, more or less, its victims. There are particular kinds of food which, in some persons, pretty constantly lead to the same result; such as cheese, cucumbers, almonds, and other substances difficult of digestion. Hildesheim remarks, that he who wishes to know what nightmare is, must eat chestnuts before going to sleep and drink feculent

* Macnish, *op. cit.* The Hydropic dreams of seas, lakes, and rivers — his Imagination wafts him to the sandy desert, and there, thirsty as he is, cheats him with the deceitful mirage. Thus La Vega, in his dream of Salicio —

> "I dreamt, beneath the summer beam,
> Along where Tagus winds his stream,
> My playful flock I led to drink,
> And spend the noontide o'er his brink.
> I reached it, but his wonted bed
> Saw, with surprise, the stream had fled.
> Parched up with thirst, I followed still,
> Thro' its new course, the wayward rill:
> I follow'd on, but still my lip
> Th' illusive wave could never sip."

In this manner are the distressing sensations which disease produces in our dreams continually aggravated by phantoms of promising alleviation, which only give additional poignancy to whatever miseries we may feel.

wine after them." * The dreams produced by nightmare are the very acme of human ill, and the consummation of all human suffering. They are a thousand times more frightful than the fabled visions of necromancy, and transcend in horror all the descriptions and pictures of history, poetry, or romance: Spencer's Cave of Despair; Dante's appalling picture, or Ugolino and his famished offspring; Laocöon and his sons, pressed in the folds, and strangled with the pressure, of the mighty serpents; the tortures of Isaac Orobio, in the cells of the Spanish Inquisition, do not exceed, and frequently do not equal, the agonies of the labourer under nightmare. The state of mind and feeling at the time of the invasion of the nightmare tends materially to increase or modify the scenes and horrors which it produces: if we have been harassed by care, depressed by grief; if we have been watching the sick-bed of a parent, or mourn the loss of lover, friend, or wife, such feelings or persons will mingle with the inexpressibly horrible nature of these dreams. I remember the case of a gentleman who experienced an attack of nightmare soon after the death of his wife, produced by supping at a late hour of some unwholesome food. She died soon after their marriage, the attachment preceding which had been long and ardent. He imagined that she was restored to him from the dead, and, like the Eurydice of Orpheus, was not tainted by the damps or dishonours of the grave — the demon of Corruption had not dared to lay a finger upon her sainted form, but she was, to his imagination, gay and blooming as she first appeared to him, a fair-haired girl, sporting among the flowers her hand had planted, whose beauty was immeasurably inferior to her own: he clasped the delightful vision to his bosom, and once more dwelt in an elysium of earthly happiness which, alas! was soon to be shadowed by the phantoms of icy despair. Suddenly, by one of those strange

* *Philosophy of Sleep.*

changes which are peculiar to the phenomena of our dreams, he was stretched upon the bed, and the phantom of his deceased wife seated upon his breast: her beauty began to fade, the skin to peel and turn blue, the lip lost its vermilion and the eye its lustre, and he laboured in an agony of terror to throw off from his body the lifeless corse, which, with a weight like that of Ossa and Pelion, appeared to be pressing him through the earth to her own clay tenement.

A lady, during a period of convalescence from alarming disease, had an attack of nightmare. Her Imagination carried her to a gloomy vault, fathoms below the surface of the earth. Here, inclosed by walls of adamant, completely cut off from the sights and sounds of earth, she was incarcerated; and so deep was her living grave, that the mole and the earth-worm never descended to its level: here she was to wrestle with death; the phantom assaulted her in shape of a skeleton, wound his bony arms round her neck, and hugged her to suffocation. Then followed the struggle for life, the sense of utter inability to escape, and the toil and horror of unearthly warfare.

The modifications which nightmare assumes are infinite; but one passion is never absent — that of utter, incomprehensible dread. "Sometimes the sufferer is buried beneath overwhelming rocks, which crush him on all sides, but still leave him with a miserable consciousness of his situation: sometimes he is involved in the coils of a horrid, slimy monster, whose eyes have the phosphorescent glare of the sepulchre, and whose breath is poisonous as the marsh of Serna. Every thing horrible, disgusting, or terrific in the physical or moral world, is brought before him in fearful array; he is hissed at by serpents, tortured by demons, stunned by the hollow voices and chilled by the cold touch of apparitions; a mighty stone is laid upon his breast, and crushes him to the ground in helpless agony; bulls and tigers

pursue his palsied footsteps; the unearthly shrieks of hags, witches, and fiends float around him. In whatever situation he may be placed, he feels superlatively wretched; he is Ixion, working for ages at his wheel; he is Sysiphus, rolling his eternal stone; he is stretched upon the iron bed of Procrustes; he is prostrated by inevitable destiny, beneath the approaching wheels of the car of Jagernaut. At one moment he may have the consciousness of a malignant demon being at his side; then, to shun the sight of so alarming an object, he will close his eyes—but still the fearful being makes its presence known, for its icy breath is felt diffusing itself over his visage, and he knows that he is face to face with a fiend; if he look up, he beholds horrid eyes glaring on him, and an aspect of despair grinning at him with more than hellish malice; or, what is most common, he may have the idea of a monstrous hag squatted upon his breast, mute, motionless, and malignant—an incarnation of the *Evil* Spirit, whose intolerable weight crushes the breath out of his body, and whose fixed, deadly, and incessant stare petrifies him with horror, and makes his very existence insufferable." *

In the earlier ages of the history of philosophy—when the greater part of the occurrences which the systems then in vogue could not explain were attributed to the agency of demons, fauns, and satyrs — when the Platonic philosophy was the order of the day — the incubus, or nightmare, attracted much attention, and called forth the ingenuity of all the theorists of the age. But, as that kind of science advanced which was based on the profound aphorism of Bacon — as nature was observed and facts recorded — the speculations of the Platonists melted, like the composition of their spirits, into thin air, and a knowledge that was real, tangible, and useful began to shed her pale but steady light, and gradually to disperse the mists and vanities of philosophy

* Macnish, *op. cit.*, ch. 9, p. 125, 126.

and physic. As I have said, incubus was supposed to be produced by the visits of fiends of various grades and orders, angels good, bad, and indifferent; and according to the mild or aggravated form of the attack was the rank or malignancy of the ghostly visitant. Much curious information on this subject may be found in the works of Aristotle, Plato, Pliny, Paracelsus, and a host of other writers who, in their day, supported, illustrated, and defended the speculations to which I have alluded.

Popular superstition, although based on ignorance of the laws which regulate and produce the phenomena of natural events, is nevertheless directed, floating as it is upon a sea of error, by the tenets of some philosophic school; and it is not till every link in the chain of arguments supporting the doctrines of such schools has been repeatedly examined and proved unsound, that the system is at length abandoned for that of some new sect, whose opinions, perhaps, merely gain novelty and renown from their being totally opposed to those of the declining system on whose ruin they are built. The illustration of this point would furnish much useful information, and form a subject of extreme novelty and interest, both in astronomy, medicine, and metaphysics. The doctrines promulgated by Plato are, even at this distant period of time, after a lapse of twenty-one centuries, not altogether exploded; and two centuries ago they swayed certain sects with a full confidence of their immutable truth. It is strange, at that advanced period of philosophical inquiry — for such in some respects it certainly was — that we should find the Platonists accusing those men of atheism, who imputed the phenomena of dreams, spectres, and incubi to mere melancholy and the workings of a disturbed fancy. These Platonists were a party in science, who, like the physicians of the days of Charles II, dreaded all change—who were willing to clothe truth in a robe of mist and darkness, merely

because she should not shed the lustre of her effulgent brightness upon the deformity of the ridiculous and distorted being in whom they were attempting to preserve a sickly existence by the crude and unnatural food with which they nourished her. The ideas of the Platonists were revived, with slight modifications, by the writers upon witchcraft, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries — by Wierus, Remigius, and others. A class of dreams, termed Ανχανθροποι by the learned, but by the German vulgar, *were-wolves*, and by the French, *loups-garous*, was supposed by these writers to be the cause of nightmare. By a compact with the fiend, men acquired the power of leaving their own body and entering into that of any animal they might choose, and, in this form, of repairing to the sleeping couch of the dreamer. Space will not permit me to pursue the train of argument by which the reality of these metamorphoses was supposed to be effected. I merely notice the conclusion of a writer of this period, who sums up his reasoning by saying that "It is more natural to suppose that they were thus transformed, than that the affection was a mere delusion of fancy."

The "squab fiend," however, and her nightmare are things created, by disease or disorder, from the chaos of a disturbed fancy. If the food be lighter, and in less quantity, these visions will not disturb us; we shall sleep in peace; no dreams will harass us, except those of the most pleasing character. I am persuaded that, by paying attention to the phenomena of our dreams, much useful information might be obtained with regard to the state of our health individually. Some persons whose minds are active dream habitually, others never do so. If, in the former, the dreams change their character, and become unpleasant, we may attempt to elucidate their cause by reviewing the state of mind, the mode of living, and the occurrences of the past day; if these differ not from the usual routine, we may suspect some lurking

bodily ailment, some incipient state of trivial or serious disorder. If, in the second instance, we begin to dream, and cannot trace any error in diet, or mental impression, to which the dream can be referred, we may take the dream as a silent, but sure, monitor of some lurking, but concealed, enemy within. This attention would be making a good use even of dreams — those giddy children of an idle brain, to most persons, appear to rise without any cause, to which prophetic power is frequently attributed, and which, to individuals of weak minds, render their nights miserable, and their days cheerless. Dreams do not arise without some cause; they may occasionally occur, and baffle all our soothsaying to unravel them, but in a vast majority of instances the state of body calls up the phantoms, and the previous bias of the mind gives it its peculiar character, attributes, and tendency.

All violent mental excitement produces a corresponding affection of body, though this sympathetic disorder may be modified in a variety of ways, according to the constitution of the person in whom it takes place. So intimate, however, are the connexions of mind and body, so inseparable is "*la physique*" from "*la morale*," that one cannot be unhinged, even in the minutest particular, without impairing that healthy harmony which we could wish might always connect our mental and corporeal constitutions. These data are strictly applicable to those phenomena of dreaming which yet remain to be noticed; and I am extremely sorry that my limits will oblige me to pass many of these facts unnoticed, and to omit many illustrations of a highly interesting character.

I cannot, however, omit referring to two classes of causes modifying the phenomena of our dreams. The first of these illustrates the change produced in the mind, during sleep, by the action of agents upon the body; and the second that state of mind continued in sleep, which is produced by causes originally affecting it in the waking state. Opium is the most

powerful of the first class of causes; and though only one author in the whole range of general or scientific literature well illustrates this kind of dream, and this author is so well known, I cannot omit referring to him, since the nature of the dreams is so extraordinary, and the language in which they are related so powerful, and possessed of so much striking poetic beauty. The dreams to which I am about to refer were caused by an indulgence in opium, which had been persevered in for four years; the delights of which indulgence were dearly paid for by the pains which succeeded: and, of all pains, those are the most acute, and shadow the soul with the deepest gloom, which follow, or are the consequence of, an inebriated and long-continued paroxysm of pleasure. It is a curious thing in the history of the phenomena of mind, to witness the effect which the previous bias of that mind excited in deepening the scenes of horror exhibited in the dreams of the opium eater, when even its constitution was so changed, by the immoderate use of his darling but pernicious drug. "The causes of my horror lie deep," says he, "and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would alone have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and capricious superstitions of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect him in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel, and elaborate religions of Hindostan. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, their institutions, histories, modes of faith, are so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese appears to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, cannot but shudder at the mystic sublimity of castes that have flowed apart and have refused to mix

through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the mere names of the Ganges and Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings, that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, that part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great '*officina gentium.*' Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires, also, into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to all oriental thoughts and images. In China, besides what it has in common with the rest of this quarter of the earth, I am terrified by the modes of life, the manners, the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy, placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyse. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into, before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which my dreams of oriental imagery and mythological torture impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights, I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Hindostan. From kindred feelings, I soon brought Egypt and her gods under the same law. I was stared at, hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit, or in secret rooms; I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshipped; I was sacrificed. I fled from the wrath of Brahma, through all the forest of Asia; Vishnoo hated me; Seeva laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris. I had done a deed, they said, which the Ibis and the Crocodile trembled at. I was buried, for a thousand years, in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers, at the heart of eternal pyramids. I was kissed with cancerous kisses, and

laid confounded with all unutterably slimy things, amongst reeds and Nilotic mud." * I might pursue this narrative to a much greater extent, and at every step light upon some new scene of amazement and horror. The want of judgment of time, which is peculiar to dreaming generally, is immeasurably increased by opium. Seconds become hours, minutes days, and days centuries. And this, from my own experience, I can more particularly allude to, after having taken it, as I have done, some few times in the course of my life, for the relief of bodily anguish. The mind then becomes, as it were, disembodied, and roams through scenes it has before visited, which seem to expand before it into primeval magnitude; time appears to grow with space, and becomes so extended that we are unable to waste it. This, during pleasurable dreams, is a perfect ecstasy; but when we come, like the opium-eater, to be buried alive, with a perfect consciousness of existence, and a sense of the unutterable horror of our state, we may well enter into his feelings when the day chased away his dreams, and he wept for joy, as his awaking once more enabled him to control the tyrannical power of his Imagination.

The passions, modifying as they do in a most important manner the constitution of the mind, exercise a powerful influence upon the imagination of our dreams. Love, joy, hope, and those of a kindred character, exalt and refine its ideas, and give a brighter and more pleasing view to all objects viewed by the mind when thus influenced. And as these clothe natural objects and moral impressions with a

* *Confessions of an English Opium-eater*, p. 169, London, 1823. The whole of these dreams are worthy of attention; they form, in the language of the author, an "Iliad of woes." If the pleasures of an Imagination excited by opium, detailed in the first Lecture, should have induced any one to adopt so baneful a practice, as that of opium-eating, which the Editor of the *Cheltenham Journal* seems to fear, let them be warned in time to discontinue a habit which, in the sequel, will be productive of a load of mental misery and will render night and day alike wretched.

garb of beauty; so their opposites, remorse, fear, shame, sorrow, disappointed love, and hope deferred, make the heart sick, darken the intellectual faculties, and soon impair the body.

Whatever may be the torture the mind undergoes during the day, from these sources, night occasionally restores its tranquillity, and once more fills it with delight: but though these visions are for a time pleasing, and lead us to the very verge of long-lost happiness, some demon dashes the cup from our lip, fate interposes, physical obstacles arise, and we are separated by an impassable barrier from the haven which hope created, and the dwelling which love made home. These phantoms of our dreams, like the weird sisters, "hold the word of promise to the ear, but break it to the hope." These were the dreams of the unfortunate Eloïse —

> "When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
> Fancy restored what vengeance snatch'd away."

Of this character, varied indeed in the melancholy and terrific imagery which attended them, were the dreams of Dido for the loss of Æneas, so beautifully described by Virgil; of Sardanapalus, dreading the loss and destruction of his Assyrian empire, and the extinction of the line of Nimrod; of Rachel Baker; of Helen McDougal, and others.*

* Sometimes the dreams in which the passions are concerned are of a more pleasing character than those just referred to; we are occasionally, under these circumstances, transported to the society of those long dead, and to scenes which we thought faded from the memory for ever. It is a singular fact that dreams of the dead are seldom, if ever, accompanied by terror or surprise; and in these states the friend of our youth, the wife of our bosom, the child of our affection, is restored; and the exquisite pleasure of these dreams throws sometimes a halo of pleasure around us for days after they have occurred. "The slumberer in these states, supposes himself enjoying the companionship of those who were dearer to him than life —

> 'He hears their voice in dreams,
> Upon him softly call,
> Like echo of the mountain stream,
> Or distant waterfall;

The beautiful illustrations which have been given by Juvenal, Lucretius, Byron, and Pope of this mood of the Imagination, are the truths of philosophy conveyed to the understanding and rendered more pleasing by the poetic garb in which they are arrayed. They are admired by most readers for their beauty of language; but they carry an instruction which, if we value the happiness of bodily health, of mental power, of a good night and a peaceful day, should hardly be passed over as the mere effusions of a brilliant fancy. Much of the pleasure of our existence depends upon the due regulation of the Imagination. Half our evils are imaginary, and more than half our good ideal; we heighten the colouring and deepen the shade of both one and the other.

The mind, like the body, only continues its existence from the action of repeated stimuli upon it; and were we unexcited by hope, desire, or love, had we no object to attain, no reverse to fear, or nothing to call into action our mental faculties, the mind would become cut off from external nature, like the body deprived of its senses; our being would be a blank, and we should feel that we were, like Campbell's last man, alone in the world. The passions are our mental stimuli; and I have shown how they modify the state of the Imagination during sleep: hence, if we wish to sleep undisturbed, or to be visited only by those dreams which are agreeable, we should remove all strong mental impression, of an unpleasant character, from our thoughts before retiring to rest. Unhappily, however, for such is the tenure of our existence, we are

> He sees their form as when
> They were a living thing,
> And blossomed in the eyes of men,
> Like any flower of spring.'

—and the pleasure of their society is trebly enhanced from the intensity and purity of the feelings with which these dreams are accompanied; in which the characters of the emotions of the mind have so little resemblance with the waking state, that we sometimes lie for a time after waking, to recollect what circumstance of our dreams has caused that repose and serenity which we feel diffused through our whole mental being."

unable, in many instances, to control the gloomy ideas which will intrude themselves, unbidden and unwished, into the mind—we cannot get rid of the melancholy produced by loss of fortune, injured fame, or false friendship—so that we in reality possess more power over the condition of the body, than we do over the state of the mind; and, consequently, these recollections will be called up during sleep, and invested with all the false colouring with which the Imagination can array them. The state of our body, also, modifies the condition of the mind, as I have said, in a degree as marked as that produced by the passions; but with regard to the management of this, some rules may be laid down, which will influence, in a great measure, the Imagination of our dreams. Physiologists have divided the stimuli which affect our body into classes; such are the great divisions established by Halle of the circumfusa and injesta—the former including all physical causes, such as climate, the atmosphere, and the seasons, which affect us from without; the latter comprehending such as operate upon the body from within, in the shape of the infinite modifications of diet.

There is a third class of causes, which may affect the mind through the medium of the body; and that is the imperfect exhalation or excretion of those liquids or gases which are become foreign to its nature, and which are evidenced in the perspiration from the skin, the vapour from the lungs, and the serous fluids exhaled on the surface of every membrane, and in the interior of every cavity throughout the whole organization. From impure air, from indolence, and from other causes, these become retained or not furnished in sufficient quantity; and the result is, a state of bodily complaint, which, re-acting upon the mind in sleep, becomes a source of unpleasant dreams. Exercise, during a state of health, is the great medium of preserving these eliminations, or excretions, in a state of sufficient activity. In bringing

one division of causes affecting the bodily health to bear upon the condition of the mind during sleep, we should, if we wish to rest in peace and dream of happiness, have a chamber of moderate capacity, well supplied with pure air. The clothing of the bed should not be too heavy or too hot, since, by exciting the circulation of the brain, unpleasant dreams, partaking of the character of nightmare, might be produced; the same effects would be brought about by the head lying too low, which would prevent a return of venous blood from the brain. The state of the stomach, above all, should be attended to; if the food be difficult of digestion, an undue degree of acidity will be produced, which, acting upon the brain, will produce all the evils which, in the course of the lecture, I have passed in review. An overloaded stomach causes similar effects, but in a different way; it acts chiefly by irritating the heart, and quickening the circulation; and if the conjecture of an ingenious physiologist be true—that only a certain number of pulsations are allotted to every man—we should be most anxiously watchful how we suffered moral impression, or bodily affections, over which we had any control, to accelerate the action of the heart. Late hours are attended by a slight degree of fever, which acts in a similar manner; and early rising is productive of the benefits attributed to exercise, in the third division of causes affecting the body.

If we wish, therefore, to have pleasant dreams, the body should be slightly fatigued, the pulse should be quiet, the mind calm, the skin cool, and the stomach nearly empty. We shall then not need a "*pillow of hops*" to woo us to repose. We shall not have to think of the sounding rain, the murmur of bees, the meandering river, the waving corn, or the restless ocean. We shall not have then to exclaim, "I cannot win thee, Sleep, by any stealth;" but our slumbers will be light and protracted till long after "the small birds' melodies" and the "first cuckoo's melancholy cry."

III.—THE IMAGINATION OF SLEEP-WALKERS.

DURING perfect sleep — that is, during the complete and undisturbed repose of both body and mind—we are dead and insensible to the world around us, and are totally cut off from all communication with external objects, whether they are presented to the senses or to the Imagination. Sleep, like his brother Death, annihilates all our faculties, destroys perception, throws over our senses a veil of total insensibility, and, though differing in nature and appearance from his terrible relative, presents points of similarity which are at once recognised by all.

> "Death and his brother Sleep —
> One, pale as yonder waning moon,
> With lips of livid blue;
> The other, rosy as the morn
> When, throned on Ocean's wave,
> It blushes o'er the world;
> Yet both so passing wonderful." *

Perfect sleep is a state not frequently enjoyed or long continued, attendant only upon the most complete bodily and mental health. There is a state of mental disturbance common to sleep, in which the faculties of the mind are irregularly called into action, losing their proper and accustomed bearing and relation, acting independently of each other, and producing combinations which rarely have any existence in nature, but which are, at various times, and under various circumstances, pleasing, ludicrous, or terrific. This constitutes dreaming. Dreams, under ordinary circumstances,

* Shelley.

are not sufficiently vivid in their pictures, or do not act with stimulus of sufficient power upon the sensorium, to induce it to call into action, in a more or less isolated form, the senses, or the organs of locomotion. In its more active and extraordinary forms we have, however, induced sleep-talking and sleep-walking — the *Paroniria loquens*, and the *Paroniria ambulans*, of the classification of Dr. Mason Good. The Imagination of our dreams is of three distinct classes. 1. That which, however vividly impressed upon the sensorium, does not call into action any of the voluntary functions, *i. e.*, any power of body over which we have any control when awake: 2. That which calls into action one of the senses separately, under which must be included speech: and, 3, That which is sufficiently powerful to excite one or more of the senses in conjunction with the organs of locomotion; to cause the person so affected to go to long distances, and into perilous situations, from which he returns perfectly safe, in order to perform actions which, when awake, he is not conscious of having committed. Sleep-talking is a modification merely of somnambulism; a variety in degree of that condition of the sensorium which produces, in its more violent forms, sleep-walking. Dr. Macnish supposes that "sleep-talking consists in a distribution of sensorial power to the organs of speech, by which means they do not sympathize in the general slumber, but remain in a state fit to be called into action by the particular trains of ideas." This opinion is difficult to understand; we cannot conceive of organs whose nervous or exciting influence is derived from central sources, such as the brain, remaining, during sleep, in a state to be acted upon, unless that nervous centre from which they derive their excitation were, in itself, morbidly or unduly excited. The opinion of the German physiologist, Hennings, adopted by Dr. Mason Good, appears far more rational and satisfactory, and explains, as far as the sensorium is concerned,

the proximate causes of sleep-talking. "As the stimulant force of our ideas, in dreaming, is often sufficient to rouse the external senses generally, and to awake us suddenly and at once, it may be of just such a kind, and just such a strength, as to excite into their accustomed action the muscles of those organs or members only which are more immediately connected with the train of our ideas or incoherent thoughts, whilst every other organ may remain torpid: and hence, the muscles chiefly excited being those of speech, some persons talk; or again, those chiefly excited being those of locomotion, others walk in their sleep, without being conscious, on their waking, of any such occurrence." Dreams of great power and vividness, which are terrible in their character, and connected intimately in their scenery with our own immediate destiny, are of so stimulating a character as to rouse the whole faculties of the mind at once, and we are instantly awoke. Of such a character were the dreams of Richard, on the eve of the battle of Bosworth. These dreams are always dependent, during a state of bodily health, upon intense mental anxiety, which, if it permit sleep at all to take place, constantly produces dreams of this kind, which as constantly interrupt it. The invasion of attacks of acute disease are almost invariably marked with dreams of this nature.

Persons thus indisposed jump up suddenly in extreme terror; they are suddenly plunged into the ocean from high precipices, or placed in situations of danger, from which they attempt to escape by efforts so violent that the dream is broken. So intense, and apparently real, are the events and objects of these dreams, that the personages or fiends of our visions remain, to the fancy, tenants of our chamber for some time after waking, and it is with difficulty we can imagine that these pictures, the children of a distempered fancy, are not actual occurrences. Those dreams which produce sleep-talking, are far inferior in the intensity of their character to

those which I have just described. Carrying forward the theory of Hennings, which, with some trifling modifications, appears to me to be the correct one, I should describe the Imagination of our dreams, which causes sleep-talking, to be "Ideas presented to the fancy, with sufficient power to call into action the faculty of speech, the ideas at the same time being of such a character, as relate immediately and directly to the exercise of this faculty."

The modifications of sleep-talking are extremely variable, from the use of a few incoherent expressions, to the distinct relation and long description of scenes long past, or those which are then present to the Imagination. These variations depend, doubtless, upon the intensity of the dream, and upon the natural vigour of the Imagination thus excited. Children are particularly liable to sleep-talking; the nervous system is, in them, so active and so easily excited, particularly in some constitutions, that a day of pleasure with their companions commonly produces sleep-talking, by reviving the events of the day in vivid and unsettling dreams. Days of great excitement are highly injurious to some children, by thus becoming the causes of disturbed and feverish nights. A youth, about nine years old, had been visited for several successive mornings, with attacks of sleep-talking of rather an extraordinary character. He would, for half an hour, hunt a pack of hounds, as appeared by his hallooing and calling the dogs by their names, and discoursing with the attendants of the chase; describing exactly a day of hunting, which he had witnessed a year before, going through the most minute circumstances of it: calling to people who were then present, and lamenting the absence of others who were then also absent. He then sang an English and then an Italian song, part of them with his eyes open and part with them closed, but could not be awakened or excited by any violence which it was proper to use. Reasoning meta-

physically upon this case, the hunting scene appears to have been rather an act of the Memory than the Imagination, attended with the pleasurable eagerness which was the consequence of those ideas recalled by recollection. Some occurrences of this nature are most singular, and cannot be well explained by the laws of ontology, as far as they are at present known. A very elegant and ingenious young lady, had an attack of sleep-talking on alternate days, which continued nearly the whole day; and as on her days of disorder she took up the same kind of ideas which she had conversed about, in her sleep, the day but one before, and could recollect nothing of them on the day she was well, she appeared to her friends to possess two minds. Now, it is probable (for Dr. Darwin, who relates this case, does not inform us of the fact) that the subjects of this lady's sleep-discourses, and revelations, were some private occurrences, of a melancholy or secret nature, which she did not choose to reveal to her friends, but which, constantly preying upon and exciting her mind, produced that excess of sleep-disturbance which characterized her malady. Many examples of this kind are to be found in real life, and in the poets. Great crimes, from precisely similar circumstances, have been revealed during sleep. Memory — busy, meddling memory — haunts them by its harrowing dreams; and the disclosure (which involves life itself, and which is guarded when the judgment is awake by all the watchfulness of suspicion) is made with its attendant circumstances, when the Memory and the Imagination escape in dreams from her controlling power. Byron's description of the dreams of Parisina, in which is revealed her guilty love for Hugo, is an illustration in point:

> "But fever'd in her sleep she seems,
> And red her cheek with troubled dreams,
> And mutters she in her unrest
> A name she dare not breathe by day."

Dreams of great power are seldom unaccompanied by sleep-talking, when they do not at once rouse the whole of the mental and corporeal faculties into action. It matters not of what character they may be; but, certainly, those which relate to our own immediate circumstances, above all if these happen to be of a more critical nature than ordinary, are most apt to occasion this phenomenon.

The cases of sleep-talking which have excited most attention, are those in which great crimes have been disclosed. The sickness of heart, the weariness and brokenness of spirit, which must attend minds thus diseased, prevent all true sleep: theirs is a trouble for which the freshness of morning, the splendour of noon, and the repose of evening offer neither alleviation nor relief—which waking does not dissipate, nor sleep drown—which casts a gloom o'er all the beauties of nature—which the revolving seasons change not—which eats like a canker into all our joys—which embitters all the sweetness of existence, and dashes a polluted ingredient of unmingled misery into our hopes, our wishes, and our comforts. This is wretchedness for which there is no sympathy, it is but to be disclosed to be abhorred—it is a mill-stone hanging over us by a thread, from the impending of which we know no escape—a cave, through whose adamantine sides there is no exit; and we know that our misery, our unutterable misery, is not for an hour, for a day, for a year, but for ever. This state of mind, destroying all natural repose, has been analzyed in the most masterly and perfect manner by Shakspeare, in the tragedy of Macbeth. Immediately after the murder of Duncan, the imagination of Macbeth at once opens to him, as the most appalling evil which could befall him, that he should never again know calm repose: his fancy rings in his ears, with the voice and accents of a demon, that peace has for ever flown: "Methought, I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep;

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore Labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in Life's feast.' "

And then, accumulating, as it were, the concentration of all human misery upon him, he continues—

" Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house,
'Glamis hath murdered Sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.' "

This appears to strike all minds, like the punishment of Cain, that it was a retribution too great to bear; and all the great actors who have personated this character — Garrick, John Kemble, Kean, Young, and Macready — throw expressions of the most acute agony into the words " Macbeth shall sleep no more!" Macbeth, when visited by the Physician, who informs him that his queen is not so sick, as she is troubled with thick-coming fancies that keep her from her rest, is aware from what source the indisposition proceeds, and directs his mode of cure by recommending his attention to the state of his patient's mind, in one of the most pathetic passages of this noble play:

" Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Rase out the written troubles of the brain,
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?"

We now revert to the scene in which Lady Macbeth is introduced as a somnambulist and sleep-talker, disclosing, by fragments, the past scenes of her guilty life. And here the poet, as in the cases of insanity in Lear, Hamlet, and Ophelia, has shown himself a correct physiologist, and a judicious

metaphysician. As in the case of the youth, which I have related, and in most others of inveterate *Paroniria loquens*, we have the Memory playing a part almost as important as the Imagination; and Lady Macbeth's mind constantly dwells upon her remembrance of the murders of Duncan and Banquo. She is transported by the Imagination of her dream, as we learn from her disclosures during sleep, to the castle of her husband, as Thane of Cawdor, and the daggers, the bell, and the bleeding Duncan are present to her fancy, with all the attendant scenery of that awful hour. She is introduced attempting to wash spots of blood from her hand, to clean which appears an attempt as vain, as to cast an oblivion over the truth of her memory or the wanderings of her imagination: "Out, damned spot! Will these hands ne'er be clean? Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. To bed — to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand; what's done cannot be undone. To bed — to bed — to bed." Nothing can exceed the fidelity of this illustration. Reality itself is not more true to nature, than this fictitious character to these instances of sleep-talking depending upon similar causes or intense mental anxiety.

The milder forms of this affection, which, apart from bodily indisposition, depend merely upon an irritable and restless state of mind, are, in most instances, relieved by the administration of opium before the attack. As its invasion is, in general, periodical, and its paroxysms pretty regular in occurrence, the person should be awoke about an hour before the attack is expected, and opium freely given; so that its effects may be in full operation at the time of the usual occurrence of the disease. When this affection depends, as it commonly does, upon bodily disorder, it will be removed or mitigated only in proportion as its exciting cause is lessened,

or altogether removed; and, of course, the indiscriminate use of opium in such cases cannot be too severely condemned.

I shall now proceed with the consideration of the subject of somnambulism properly so called, not, in this lecture, adverting to that state of ecstatic somnambulism produced by the manipulations of the animal magnetiser. Somnambulism, or sleep-walking, is a peculiar condition of the nervous system consequent upon our dreams, in which the Imagination gains the power of directing our movements, and, in some measure, of controlling the operations of the senses, although the operations of these organs are then excited in a particular manner, widely different from their waking actions, which I shall presently particularly notice. In sleep-walking, the affected person is a sort of anomaly in nature. He is blind and sees, hears and is deaf, sensible and insensible at the same moment. The causes of this walking are various, and like those of insanity and dreaming generally, and in strict accordance, also, with those which produce hallucination, are dependent upon the two classes of causes to which I have so frequently adverted, viz., bodily disorder producing mental excitement, or certain states of the latter independent of the former. There is evidently a predisposition to this affection in the organization of the nervous system of the individuals in whom it occurs. They generally possess all the characteristics of what is called the nervous temperament, or constitution; they are thin, dark, sallow, addicted to study, fostering ridiculous fancies, and taking up unwarrantable prejudices. Their imaginations are brilliant or morbid as it may happen; tinging the whole moral aspect of events with the sunshine of summer, or shading them with the gloom of winter. On this account, females, students, philosophers, physicians, and statesmen are particularly liable to it; whilst others whose occupations relate rather to things tangible and real than to ideas, are comparatively exempt from its attacks.

The young are more subject to it than the old, and its accession is more to be expected in spring and autumn than in summer and winter. The most curious point in the history of the Imagination of sleep-walkers appears to be "From what source the sensorium derives its ideas during this state." I have described somnambulism to be the result of vivid dreams, occurring in constitutions of peculiar nervous irritability, the dreams being dependent upon bodily complaint or not. In this case the ideas of the sleep-walker would be the product of his Imagination alone, with the assistance of Memory, without which, it will be at once perceived, that the former could not exist. Three opinions divide the scientific world on this subject, and in illustrating them I shall have to bring forward some cases of a most singular and amusing character.

The first opinion considers the sleep-walker, as I have described, acting from the Imagination of his dreams. A young nobleman, in the citadel of Brenstein, was observed by his brothers, who occupied the same room, to rise in his sleep, put on his cloak, and, having opened the casement, to mount, by the help of a pulley, to the roof of the building. There he was seen to tear in pieces a magpie's nest, and wrap the young birds in his cloak. He returned to his apartment and went to bed, having placed his cloak by him with the birds in it. In the morning he awoke, and related the adventure as having occurred in a dream, and was greatly surprised when he was led to the roof of the tower, and shown the remains of the nest, as well as the magpies concealed in his cloak. A gentleman of my acquaintance invariably acts his dreams, when they happen to bear upon the events or occurrences of real life. He dreams that the house is on fire, and instantly the family is aroused by the most vociferous cries for assistance. I remember him once having a dream of this kind at an inn in London, the whole household of which would have

been alarmed and the engines summoned, had not a friend who was with him, and aware of his propensity, awoke him.

Bertrand and Professor Heinroth both positively assert that somnambulism is a distinct affection from dreaming, since, in dreams, we exist in an ideal world; whilst the sleep-walker is conversant with actually existing and material objects. Therefore they conclude that the sleep-walker is awake, or rather that he derives the impressions which are the objects of his imagination through the senses alone.

Somnambulism appears rather to depend upon the nature of the dream, when there is a strong propensity to it, and this will explain the difficulty which Bertrand and Heinroth have started. It is only when the dream relates to actual or real occurrences, that it can be acted upon by the sleeping person: were it of a more fanciful or ideal character, this could not possibly take place. He may dream of swimming, and imitate the action—of walking or climbing to certain situations near, and instantly do it—he may dream of writing, reading, dressing, cooking, riding, dispensing, composing, singing, and other actions, and perform them: but if his dream carries him to Arabia, to the North-pole, to Heaven, or to the Moon—if his imagination bury him alive, turn him to a stone, a sphynx, to a mummy, an egg, or a tea-kettle—it becomes impossible for a somnambulist to represent or perform any of these actions, and, therefore, he remains quiet and undisturbed.

These physiologists consider the somnambulists' actions to be entirely independent of both the perception of their senses and the imagination of their dreams; they suppose them to be endowed with a peculiar mode of perception, which they term "*Clairvoyance.*" This power combines the functions of sight and hearing; it is neither separately, but a compound of both, and is diffused over the body generally; though its principal seat, the organs of the function, are the finger-ends and the nervous centres surrounding the stomach.

This opinion seems to be ill-founded, and unworthy of reception or belief, although adopted by all, or the greater part of, the philosophers and physiologists of the continent of Europe; and, indeed, many facts may be deduced in its support. A somnambulist was accustomed to rise in his sleep, dress himself, go down to the cellar, and draw wine from a cask; he appeared to see in the dark as well as in a clear day; but, when he awoke in the street or in the cellar, he was obliged to grope and feel his way back to his bed. Negretti, another sleep-walker, of whom we have an account given by Muratori, in his admirable book, *Della Fantasia Umana*, sometimes carried about with him a candle, as if to give him light in his employment; but on a bottle being substituted, took it, and carried it, fancying that it was a candle. He once said, during his sleep, that he must go and hold a light to his master, in his coach. Righellini, an observer, followed him closely, and remarked that he stood still at the corners of the streets, with his torch in his hand, not lighted, and waited awhile, in order that the carriage, which he supposed to be following, might pass the place at which he imagined the light was required. The young Devaud, of Vevay, one of the best reported cases of sleep-walking on record, being engaged to write a theme, took pen, ink, and paper, lighted a candle, and began to write. As he was writing, a thick paper was placed before his eyes, notwithstanding which, he continued to write and form his letters as before, shewing signs, however, that something was incommoding him; which apparently proceeded from the obstruction which the paper, being placed too near his nose, opposed to his respiration. Upon another occasion the young somnambulist rose at five o'clock in the morning, and took the necessary materials for writing, with his copy-book; he meant to begin at the top of a page, but, finding it already written on, he came to the blank part of the leaf, and wrote some time from the following words:

Fiunt ignari pigritiâ, ils deviennent ignorants par la paresse; and, what is remarkable, after several lines, he perceived that he had forgotten the *s* in the word *ignorants*, and had put, erronously, a double *r* in *paresse*. He then gave over writing, to add the *s* he had forgotten, and to erase the superflous *r*. Probably the most remarkable case of this kind, in which the somnambulist acted entirely independent of his organs of sense, is one which has been given to the world by the Bishop of Bordeaux, himself a witness and reporter of the facts. A young priest in a catholic seminary was accustomed to rise in his sleep and write sermons. After finishing a page, he read the whole aloud, and, if necessary, erased words, and wrote his corrections over the line, with great accuracy. In order to ascertain whether he made use of his eyes, a card was put under his chin, so as to intercept the view of the paper which was on the table, but he continued to write without perceiving it. Wishing to know by what means he judged of the presence of objects, the paper on which he was writing was repeatedly changed. He always perceived this by the difference of size; but when a paper of exactly the same shape and size was given to him, he took it for his own, and wrote his corrections on places corresponding to those on the paper which had been taken away from him. The most astonishing thing is, that he would write music with great exactness, tracing on it, at equal distances, the five lines, and putting upon them the clef, flats, and sharps; afterwards he marked the notes, at first white, then blackened those which were to be black. The words were written under; and once happening to make them too long, he quickly perceived they were not exactly under the corresponding notes; he corrected this inaccuracy by rubbing out what he had written, and putting the line below, with the greatest precision.*

* L. A. Muratori, *della Forza della Fantasia umana*, Venezia, 1766.—*Reflessioni sopra il Sonnambolismo*, di Francisco Soave.—*Dictionary of Practical Medicine*, Art. *Somnambulism.*

These cases, with numerous others which I could adduce from authentic record and from personal observation, prove that the senses, properly so called, do not, in such instances at least, minister to the activity of the imagination. How this is fed, is a matter concealed by a veil too thick for us to penetrate. There may be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of even in our philosophy; but with due deference to the Magnetizers of France and Germany, we can hardly believe that hearing dwells in the tips of the fingers, or sight in the region of the stomach. It is plain that the general and vulgar opinion denies the operations of the senses generally in the phenomena exhibited by sleep-walking; at least, though the eyes are open, they are supposed to be unable, to be incapable, of exercising their accustomed properties. Such was the opinion of Shakspeare, in the dialogue between the Gentlewoman and Physician, on the somnambulism of Lady Macbeth — "You see her eyes are open!" "Aye! but their sense is shut."

We must at once conclude, from the perusal of the cases I have selected to illustrate this part of my subject, that the Imagination alone was active in producing all the phenomena which those cases present. The sense of vision did not in any measure assist the fancy, since the eyes were not only completely closed, but opaque bodies, as in the cases of Devaud and the priest, were placed between them and the paper upon which their themes, sermons, or music was transcribed. It at once strikes us as extraordinary, and almost impossible, that, without the assistance of sight, a person should be enabled to write, with as much accuracy as though this sense was in full operation; and to make all the alterations, corrections, and additions which a second perusal of a composition invariably requires. These cases of somnambulism can only be explained by supposing that the objects, about which their attention is engaged, are pictured to the Imagination in

precisely the same order as they actually exist around them. It is a common circumstance, in ordinary dreams, that we fancy ourselves to be lying in the chamber in which we are actually reposing, and surrounded by the furniture which really occupies our apartment. In such cases, there is some difficulty in distinguishing between a dream and the waking state; and we dream, if I may so express myself, that we are awake — at least we are unable to distinguish, from the identity of circumstances, between the waking and the dreaming state. Such a state is extremely common with some persons, and with myself it is a frequent occurrence: I dream that I am in my own bed, in my own room, under all the circumstances which would surround me were I awake and so situated; and it is not till some unpleasant event takes place — such as the fancied entrance of robbers — or change in the character of my dream — that I am convinced, by waking, that I was not so before. I am convinced that these are the sort of dreams which produce somnambulism; and I am also certain, in such cases as I have deduced, that somnambulism does result from such dreams; though in most instances they have passed from the memory of the affected person.* Under the influence of such dreams as I have mentioned, the sleep-walker would go to any part of his room, and take from his desk pens and paper, write, and perform other actions, since the accurate imagination of his dream pictures to him surrounding objects precisely as they are then disposed. It appears necessary to this explanation, that the senses should, before retiring to rest, have taken cognizance of the situation of surrounding objects, with which Memory would furnish the Imagination during sleep. The priest read what he had written during his sleep, and cor-

* The young nobleman, of Brenstein, did, however, recollect his dream, and it was precisely the same as the action he had performed during his somnambulatory state, which he had not been aware of, but only related his dream.

rected his composition. This is an extremely curious point; but it does not appear improbable that he would recollect what he had written in his fit of somnambulism, though his senses certainly afforded him no evidence of it — precisely as we remember the actions of a dream as long as the dream lasts.

It is from this cause that somnambulists generally meet with no accident in ascending to perilous situations during their sleep; as in the case of the young nobleman in the citadel of Brenstein, who ascended the tower for the magpie's nest. The surrounding localities are so correctly presented to the mind, that the person ascends with safety to the roofs of houses, or crosses torrents and bridges which, during the waking state, he would be afraid to do — the passion of fear being destroyed by sleep. The perilous situations of somnambulists have formed the wonder and admiration of gazing multitudes, and the mind of the vulgar has been impressed with the importance of leaving the sleep-wanderer to his own guidance, where a mistake in his footing of the twentieth part of an inch would have plunged him into eternity. The intense interest thus excited has been scarcely lessened by the admirable personification of the somnambulist by Garcia, Kelly, and Damoreau Cinti.

The somnambulist is limited in all he does, during this state, to the ideas which are furnished by the dream under the impression of which he acts; his mind and, it should seem, his organs of sense generally, are likewise limited to these impressions. Many persons have composed sermons and themes, elucidated difficult points in law and mathematics, during sleep, which they were unable to accomplish when awake. The intellectual faculties are here concentrated, by the power of Imagination, upon one train of ideas, to the exclusion of all the rest. From this cause, those passions which agitate us when awake are, in sleep, all in a state of

oblivion, except those which are connected with the Imagination of our dream. The state of the perceptive power of the senses of vision, hearing, taste, and touch, is under the complete control of the Imagination during the somnambulatory state. In the waking state, the Imagination is dependent for the materials of its actions upon the senses, particularly upon the sense of vision. Fancy is "*engendered in the eye, by gazing fed:*" but during sleep-walking, when the senses are evidently in action, they appear to be entirely governed by the Imagination, and see and hear only what the Imagination chooses to take cognizance of, or only perceive those objects about which the Fancy is then employed. Castelli was a pupil of Porati, an Italian apothecary. He was found one night, being asleep, in the act of translating from Italian into French, and looked for words in a dictionary, as usual. His candle being extinguished, he fancied himself in the dark, although several other candles were burning in the apartment, groped for the candle, and went to light it again at the kitchen fire. He used to leave his bed, go down to the shop, and weigh out medicines to supposed customers, to whom he talked. When any one conversed with him on a subject upon which his mind was bent, he gave rational answers. He had been reading Macquer's *Chemistry*, and somebody altered his marks, to see if he would notice it. This puzzled him, and he said, "*Bel piacere di sempre togliermi i segni.*" He found his place and read aloud; but his voice growing fainter, his master told him to raise it, which he did. Yet he perceived none of the persons standing round him, and though he heard any conversation which was in conformity with the train of his ideas, he heard nothing of the discourse which those persons held on other subjects. His eyes seemed to be very sensible to objects relating to his thoughts, but appeared to have no life in them; and so fixed were they, that, when he read, he was observed not to move his eyes, but his whole

head, from one side of the page to the other.* In this remarkable case, which differs from all those which I have hitherto brought forward, we have that singular action of the senses exemplified which is peculiar to somnambulism; we have vision recognising one object before it, whilst blind to all the rest. Castelli saw his dictionary and books, whilst insensible to the presence of numerous persons who surrounded him: his Imagination rendered him attentive to the command of his master which related to his own immediate employment — to the train of ideas then in operation — whilst he was deaf to the conversation and remarks of other persons, or which had no such relation, although made in as loud a tone. The eye of the sleep-walker is insensible to the strongest light, whilst it perceives objects, at the same time, in a state of gloom, which it would not be able, under ordinary circumstances, to pierce. His ear perceives not sounds of great power, whilst it collects the merest whisper that bears upon the wanderings of his fancy. The young Devaud, to certain particulars of whose case I have before alluded, whilst in a fit of somnambulism, heard a clock strike which repeated, at every stroke, the note of a cuckoo. "There are cuckoos here," said he, evidently associating the song of the bird with the situation in which he fancied himself placed. The senses are all in limited action in this state, if excited, but are invariably controlled by the fancy of the somnambulist. If Devaud was pinched or teazed during a fit — unless his Imagination was more than commonly fixed upon any subject — he was sensible of the impression, and wished to strike the offender; however, he never attacked the person who had actually done the ill, but an ideal being whom his Imagination presented to him, and whom he pursued through the chamber, without running

* See *Cyclopædia of Practical Medicine*, Art. *Somnambulism* — the work of F. Soave before quoted, &c.

against the furniture; nor could the persons whom he met in his way divert him from his pursuit.*

A female servant, in the town of Chelmsford, surprised the family, at four o'clock one morning, by walking down a flight of stairs in her sleep, and rapping at the bed-room door of her master, who inquired what she wanted? when, in her usual tone of voice, she requested some cotton; saying, that she had torn her work, but hoped that her mistress would forgive her; at the same time bursting into tears. Her fellow-servant observed her get out of bed, and quickly followed her, but not before she had related the pitiful story. She then returned to her room, and a light having been procured, she was found searching for her cotton-box, from which she was offered an empty reel, but she refused it, and taking up the gown she pointed to the two holes which she was anxious to mend. In order to quiet her, her fellow-servant threaded a needle with black cotton, which she angrily rejected as of no use, her gown being a light-coloured one. Another person now went to her, when, perceiving a difference in the voice, she said, "That is my mistress," which was not the case. This girl evidently acted upon the imagination of her dream; and, without doubt, her senses were limited in their action to it. Her sense of vision enabled her to distinguish the difference of colour between the two cottons; but at the same time deceived her in the person of her mistress, who was not present. Her imagination was employed about tearing her work, for which she supposed

* A most pathetic and singular instance is given by Erasmus Darwin, of the facility with which somnambulists tenant the scenes of their imagination with sights and sounds which affect them in this state, and the manner in which these are modified by the imagination of the dream. This lady in the somnambulatory state heard the sound of a passing bell. "I wish I was dead," she cried, listening to the bell; and then, taking off one of her shoes, as she sat upon the bed, she exclaimed, "I love the colour black; a little wider and a little longer, and even this might make me a coffin."

her mistress would be angry, and hence the two leading ideas of her fancy were the rents in the work and the anger of her mistress. We consequently find what her senses reveal to her relating only to these two circumstances. Cotton is presented to her, which she rejects, because it was not the colour suited to her wants. She hears a voice, and fancies, since the anger of her mistress was the predominant idea of her fancy, that it is her mistress's voice, though it is not so. The senses of the somnambulist are curiously modified in their action, and over them, in this state, the Imagination exerts some of its most extraordinary effects. They take cognizance of nothing except the fancy wills it, and to the examples which I have given of hearing and sight, may be added others which affect the senses, touch, taste, and smell, in the ordinary condition, not nearly so liable to deception or deranged impression as the former.

It is evident that the senses are not awake during sleep-walking, or they would judge more correctly as to those circumstances about which the Imagination employs them. When I say, awake, perhaps I may be misunderstood: they are awake, as far as regards their customary actions—those actions which they perform independent of the governing or directing power of the Judgment; but dormant as far as relates to their detection of the qualities of bodies. They resemble, very much, the state of the senses in insanity, exemplified by the case of a poor gentleman, in Edinburgh, who, in a state of mental derangement, was limited in his diet to simple milk-porridge. He was curious in his selection of dainties (he observed to a visitor), careful in his choice of cooks, had every day a dinner of three regular courses and a dessert, but, somehow or other, all he ate, smelt and tasted of porridge. The state of this poor gentleman's senses resemble precisely those of the sleep-walker. Negretti had prepared himself a bowl of salad, for which seasoned cabbage was

substituted, but he did not detect the deception. Others have taken coffee for snuff, water for wine; imagined when they were struck with a stick that they were bitten by a dog, and resolved all objects, with which they came in contact, into the tenants of their own wandering and distempered fancy. It is not, perhaps, by examining in an isolated and simple manner, the mental condition in any morbid or erratic state, that we are enabled satisfactorily to explain the phenomena which, under these states, are exhibited to us; but, on comparing one with another—as insanity with sleep-walking—we arrive at a clear and satisfactory elucidation of what before appeared to us a mystery. Thus, in insanity, we find the senses correct in their action; whilst the Imagination throws the hue of its own peculiar colour over the scenes which they present to it; or we find, as in the case I have just alluded to of the Scotch gentleman, one sense bearing direct testimony to the false action of another. In somnambulism, the Imagination is the predominant faculty in activity, and the senses are strictly subordinate to it.

We must admit, with the phrenologists, the appropriation of certain parts of the brain to the fulfilment of certain actions; and, reasoning from this disposition, we may conclude that, when the senses of the sleep-walker correctly judge of what is presented to them, the judgment is, also, awake, at least to a small extent. Thus, Devaud, detected wine, in which there was wormwood, by the smell; and the servant-girl, at Chelmsford, could not be imposed upon in the colour of the different cottons. In the insane person, all the organs — both of the senses and the intellectual faculties —are awake: but, in somnambulism, parts of these only are watching, whilst the remainder are in profound repose; and some physiologists have supposed that those which do slumber, do this more profoundly from the activity of those which are awake. The senses may sleep independently of

the brain; and portions of the latter without the former. When all the senses are asleep, and the communication with external objects has entirely ceased—when colours of the most brilliant and varied hue, or of the most dazzling brightness, cease to provoke the action of the eye — when the most melodious sounds are lost upon the ear — when the fragrancy of the rose and the daintiest viands affect not the taste and the smell — the intellectual faculties may be in full activity, and all these may be present to the Imagination, to the Memory, or even to the Judgment. In this manner we have dreaming produced; but if the Imaginations of our dreams are of a certain character, or of sufficient degree of vividness, we have called into play the actions of the locomotive organs or the senses, and, in conformity with the Imagination of our dream, we may walk, sing, hear, smell, or taste, according to its character, and the sense, or senses, which are in action.

The endless variety of dreaming and the somnambulatory state can only be explained on the supposition that some parts of the brain wake whilst others sleep, and the opposite; resulting in innumerable modifications of mental effects, just as the notes of an octave in different states of combination, afford us music which, at one time, melts to tears, at another excites to love, or at a third, rouses to anger. Somnambulism is comparatively a rare affection, at least in its more marked and singular forms, and is generally connected with a morbid mental or corporeal constitution, commonly preceding or connected with epilepsy, catalepsy, the various forms of lunacy or mania, and other maladies which have their seat principally in the nervous system. It will be recollected that, in my lecture on the Imagination of Dreamers, I endeavoured to trace the connection between the wanderings of the fancy and the variations in the condition of the bodily health; and we shall find that a recurrence to this subject will throw some light on the causes of sleep-walking. "The state of our

health is hardly the same two hours together; the infinitely various modifications which this undergoes can never be appreciated by us, but may be ascertained, in some measure, by the variable state of the mind. We are troubled with ennui, listless and unhappy we know not why, and again are cheerful, gay, and merry, and are just as ignorant of the cause. The variations in the condition of the body are, in great measure, the origin of this, and the extension of this influence to sleep is the cause of by far the greater part of the phenomena of our dreams. Persons who never dream till they grow up are generally visited, soon after their first experience of this kind, by a change in the bodily constitution, terminating in acute disease or death." Of all dreams with whose characters we are acquainted, those which produce sleep-walking are the most vivid, intense, and real, and are excited, in persons predisposed to this affection, by the most trivial occurrences. Under ordinary circumstances, we are hardly led to recur to the events of the day in our dreams, except these have been of an unusually stimulating or impressive character. But the somnambulist dreams from the merest trifle; his Fancy is like the vane, veering towards any point from the faintest idea that strikes it. It is sufficient to determine the Imagination of the sleep-walker by impressing his attention with any subject immediately before retiring to rest. If we tell or read to him of a shipwreck, he no sooner closes his eyes in slumber, than he is immediately transported to the foaming billows, and he manifests, by his attempts at swimming, and the most convulsive movements, his sense of danger, and anxiety to escape from it. Devaud was devoted to reading tales of robbers; and dearly did he pay for his indulgence, undergoing a thousand terrors, during the somnambulatory state, from their fancied attacks. Commonly, however, the sleep-walker's imaginings are limited to the scenes of his home, with which he is most familiar, and its

accompanying or surrounding circumstances and localities; and it is natural to suppose that the scenes with which he is most conversant when awake, should be most frequently the area of his dreaming fancy. As in ordinary dreams, so in those accompanied by somnambulism, evident bodily disorder, as fever, local congestion or determination of blood, particularly towards the head, dyspepsia, or indigestion, aggravate, in a great degree, all the phenomena of sleep-walking, and render the attacks longer and more dangerous. Circumstances which have a tendency to favour the removal of an increased quantity of blood determined towards the head, likewise have a tendency to mitigate or prevent attacks of somnambulism where there is a predisposition to it. Signor Pozzi, physician to Pope Benedict XIV, had an unusual quantity of hair, and it was only by keeping it close cut that he could counteract the tendency to sleep-walking. The bodily affections, however, upon which sleep-walking depends are extremely variable; its essential character consisting in a natural irritability of mind, liable to be aggravated by any morbid change in the corporeal constitution with which that mind is so intimately connected.

Insanity is, in many cases, a disease of the fancy alone, unconnected with any appreciable bodily complaint; and, in these instances, somnambulism, in certain forms, bears a strict analogy to it. We have no attendant disorder, to which it can be attributed; but all its phenomena are alone referable to the ungovernable activity of a morbid imagination.

Reverie consists in an inactivity of the senses to the impression of surrounding objects; the concentration of all the powers of the mind upon one point, or a limited number of ideas; whilst, although the person be wide awake, the senses are not alive to the impression of external objects. Sounds cease to affect the ear, light makes no impression upon the eye, and to such an extent does the deadness to external

stimuli occasionally rise, that some are said to have stared at the meridian sun without pain, others to have been undisturbed with a report of a cannon; and there is extant a story of an Italian nobleman, who was so absorbed in the scenes which his fancy pictured, as to be insensible to the torture of the rack. The appearance of a person in intense reverie is not unlike that of the somnambulist, and so little difference is to be detected in their respective affections, that Darwin has considered somnambulism as a variety of reverie. The countenance is vacant, the eye dull and without speculation; and the whole character listless and unimpassioned. So active and vivid is the predominant idea which possesses the Imagination, that it appears to have abstracted all the energy of other organs to concentrate them upon itself. It arises commonly from two causes — from intense study, or from some overwhelming passion of joy or grief. The latter cause, only, will merit our attention here. It is not under ordinary circumstances, or from common causes, that reverie amounts to a degree sufficient to demand more than passing attention or remark; but when the result of a mental affection, which occupies all the energies of our very being, it sometimes acquires a pitch which is only exceeded by certain forms of insanity. The predominant idea which possesses the mind becomes one round which all the faculties at length assemble; and relates, as in the case of dreams, to the situation in which we are placed, or to the circumstances with which we are surrounded; to the hopes which allure us, to the griefs which depress, to the joys which animate, or to the cares which distress, harass, and corrode. The imagination now becomes so active, that an additional beauty is given to one class of ideas; whilst by the same law of mental abstraction, those of an opposite character are invested by a deeper gloom. We cease to be excited by external objects — the world which surrounds us passes unheeded, and we are occupied alone

by the pictures of fancy. Occasionally our Imagination is led into this state of reverie by occurrences which bring back upon the memory scenes and objects long since forgotten: the home of our childhood, the hopes of our youth, the objects of an early and blighted affection, by some particular and unlooked-for event, are again presented to the mind; and the Imagination, giving the rein to its workings, plunges us again into these scenes, recalls events before which oblivion for years had drawn her veil, and deludes us by hopes long dead, and joys whose very memory is grief.

IV.—ON THE IMAGINATION OF THE INSANE.

THE ideas called up by the Imagination during sleep, being so much more vivid than those of the waking state, sometimes affect the mind in a permanent manner, by persuading it that the imaginations thus elicited are realities, leading the individual to act upon the fancies of his dream, and continue to regard its delusions as facts. These instances of insanity from dreams are extremely rare, and produced only by those of the most extraordinary character, acting upon a mind predisposed to wander, where the dream bears a strict resemblance to the prevailing train of thought, wish, or apprehension. Thus, a dream of the day of judgment has produced insanity, where superstitious dread was the prevailing disposition of the mind. Ecstatic dreams during the night often form the prelude to acts of maniacal devotion. It is also sometimes from enchanting dreams, and a supposed apparition of the beloved object, that madness from love breaks out with fury, after longer or shorter intervals of reason and tranquillity. The origin of the ideas which ultimately lead the Imagination to put on the character of insanity, appears to be of the greatest importance to the elucidation of the causes of mental alienation generally, and it likewise will furnish the only certain data on which to effect its cure. This is a point interesting, I should suppose, to all, and it was solely from an intimate acquaintance with it that Rasselas and his sister were enabled to effect the cure of the insane astronomer of Cairo. This simple tale teaches us more of the nature of insanity, of its causes, and mode of

remedy, than half the elaborate and learnedly-mystical treatises that medico-metaphysicians have ever penned.

Of all the powers of the human mind the Imagination appears to be the most subject to injury. The fantastic illusions and ideal transformations, which are by far the most frequent forms of mental derangement, are solely ascribable to lesions of this faculty. How pathetic and how true is Ophelia's description of the unhinged mind —

> "That noble and most sovereign reason,
> Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;
> * * * * * *
> Blasted with ecstasy."

Perfectly just is this comparison of the mind of the insane. It still possesses all its faculties, like the octave of bells its full complement of notes ; but their concord is destroyed, their harmony lost : its workings hurt us by pain, instead of entrancing us by pleasure.

It is not often that ambition, indulged and successful, destroys the equilibrium of the mind. It is generally a voice of great souls — a set purpose, pursued with great patience, difficulty, and great mental effort through a long series of obstacles, which it removes gradually and laboriously from the tortuous and rugged pathway which it travels. The mind is thus prepared for the new condition in which it ultimately hopes to be placed, accommodates itself by anticipation to the circumstances of that condition, and grows familiar with all its relations and bearings. Even strong minds, have, however, been totally deranged by the unlooked-for and sudden success of great political enterprises : they travel a beaten road — all opposing force gives way before them — resistance becomes vain, and they arrive at the goal of their wishes so unexpectedly, that the mind can hardly persuade itself that such events are not rather the delusions of a dream

than the sober certainties of waking reality. Of this the history of Tommaso Anniello, better known as the fisherman of Naples, Masaniello, affords one of the most striking examples on the whole page of history.*

That species of disordered intellect termed, by authors, *mania mitis*—roving or restless melancholy—affords one of the best subjects for the illustration of the fancy of the insane. Let us take a medical description of it, and see how closely the creations of the poets resemble the natural pictures from which they are copied. "These people wake as others dream. Though they talk with you and seem to be intent and busy, they are only thinking of a toy; and still that toy runs in the mind, whatever it be—that fear, that suspicion, that agony, that vexation, that cross, that castle in the air, that fiction, that pleasant waking dream." †

The kind and degree of this craziness will vary from the previous constitution of the mind, from its natural bias, and from the causes which produce the mental aberration. I shall notice three examples of it: one of a French watch-maker, the second of Ophelia, and the third of Madge Wildfire—the first of these a real occurrence, the second and third fictitious, but strictly analogous to the descriptions of the malady given by authors, and faithful representations of nature. The case of the watch-maker is recorded by the celebrated Pinel, physician to the Bicêtre, in Paris, during the Revolution and the Republic. This man was infatuated with the chimera of perpetual motion, and to effect this discovery he set to work with indefatigable ardour. From unremitting attention to the object of his enthusiasm, coinciding with the influence of revolutionary disturbances, his imagination was greatly heated, his sleep was interrupted, and at length a complete

* For a full account of the rise, fall, and madness of Masaniello, see Miss Holford's *Italian Histories*.

† *The Study of Medicine*, by John Mason Good.

derangement took place. His case was marked by a most whimsical illusion of the Imagination: he fancied that he had lost his head upon the scaffold; that it had been thrown promiscuously among the heads of many other victims; that the judges, having repented of their cruel sentence, had ordered these heads to be restored to their respective owners, and placed upon their respective shoulders; but, that in consequence of an unhappy mistake, the gentleman who had the management of that business had placed upon his shoulders the head of one of his unhappy companions. The idea of this whimsical change of his head occupied his thoughts night and day, which determined his friends to send him to the Asylum. Nothing could exceed the extravagant flowings of his heated brain: he sang, he cried, or danced incessantly; and as there appeared no propensity to commit acts of violence or disturbance, he was allowed to go about the hospital without control, in order to expend, by evaporation, the effervescence of his spirits. "Look at these teeth!" he cried, "mine were exceedingly handsome; these are rotten and decayed. My mouth was sound and healthy; this is foul and diseased. What difference between this hair, and that of my own head!" The idea of perpetual motion frequently recurred to him in the midst of his wanderings; and he chalked on all the doors or windows as he passed, the various designs by which his wondrous piece of mechanism was to be constructed. The method best calculated to cure so whimsical an illusion appeared to be that of encouraging his prosecution of it to satiety. His friends were accordingly requested to send him his tools, with materials to work upon, and other requisites, such as plates of copper, steel, and watch-wheels. His zeal was now redoubled; his whole attention was riveted upon his favourite pursuit; he forgot his meals, and after about a month's labour, which he sustained with a constancy that deserved a better success, our artist began to think that

he had followed a false route. He broke into a thousand fragments the piece of machinery which he had fabricated with so much toil, and thought, and labour; entered upon the construction of another upon a new plan, and laboured with equal pertinacity for another fortnight. The various parts being completed, he brought them together; he fancied that he saw a perfect harmony amongst them. The whole was now finally adjusted; his anxiety was indescribable—motion succeeded; it continued for some time, and he supposed it capable of continuing for ever. He was elevated to the highest pitch of enjoyment and triumph, and ran like lightning into the interior of the hospital, crying out, like another Archimedes, "At length I have solved this famous problem, which has puzzled so many men celebrated for their wisdom and talents!" Grievous to state, he was disconcerted in the midst of his triumph. The wheels stopped!—the "perpetual motion" ceased! His intoxication of joy was succeeded by disappointment and confusion; though, to avoid a humiliating and mortifying confession, he declared that he could easily remove the impediment; but, tired of that kind of employment, he was determined, for the future, to devote his attention solely to his business. There still remained another imaginary impression to be counteracted, that of the exchange of his head, which unceasingly occurred to him. A keen and unanswerable stroke of pleasantry seemed best adapted to correct this fantastic whim. Another convalescent, of a gay and facetious humour, instructed in the part he should play in this comedy, adroitly turned the conversation to the subject of the famous miracle of St. Denis, in which it will be recollected that the holy man, after decapitation, walked away with his head under his arm, which he kissed, and condoled with for its misfortune. Our mechanician strongly maintained the possibility of the fact, and sought to confirm it by an appeal to his own case. The other set up a loud laugh, and replied,

with a tone of the keenest ridicule, "Madman as thou art, how could St. Denis kiss his own head? Was it with his heels?" This equally unexpected and unanswerable retort forcibly struck the maniac. He retired confused amid the peals of laughter which were provoked at his expense, and never afterwards mentioned the exchange of his head.* This is a very instructive case, inasmuch as it illustrates, in the clearest point of view, the moral treatment of the insane. It shows us the kind of mental remedies which are likely to be successful in the cure of disordered intellect. This disease was purely of the Imagination, and the causes which produced it did not lie very deep, neither were they such as, under proper management, were likely to produce any permanent alienation of mind. An intense application to the more speculative parts of his trade, had fixed his Imagination upon the discovery of perpetual motion; mingling with this, when his judgment was half dethroned, came the idea of losing his own head, and getting a wrong one. And at a time when heads were falling indiscriminately around him, this second freak of the Imagination, acting as a kind of interlude or bye-play to the first, was one of the most natural that could be supposed. From the same reason that this person ran mad in attempting to discover perpetual motion, does the astronomer, of whose mind religious veneration forms a part, make the sun his god, and worship him as the creator of the world. From the same cause does the enthusiast spend whole nights in prayer, and the poet speak constantly in rhyme. Of the latter form of insanity I once saw a lady who never spoke in prose; her rhyme was easy and natural, and the facility, with which it was composed and uttered, wonderful. The ideas which produced this man's insanity were rather of a whimsical cast; springing from a mind of no great power, over which

* Ph. Pinel, *Traité Medico-Philosophique sur l'Aliénation Mentale*, &c. Paris, 1809.

none of the passions appears to have exercised any marked or predominant sway.

The Imagination of Ophelia was of a far more intellectual kind.* The whole soul of the gentle Ophelia appears to have been absorbed in her passion for Hamlet, which was unable to bear up against the double misfortune of his declaration of "I lov'd you not," and the counterfeit insanity, to her real, which was assumed for the furtherance of his designs. Her dejection consequent upon this shows us, at once, the bent and tenor of her affections.

> "Oh! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
> The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
> The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
> The glass of fashion, and the mould of form.
> * * * * * *
> And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
> That suck'd the honey of his music vows."

The professions of affection on the part of Hamlet had been followed by contumely and insult, and her mind could no longer retain its sanity when she witnessed the murder of her father by the very hand that was presented for her acceptance. Although the insanity on the part of Ophelia does not take place till after the murder of Polonius, and

* That form of insanity under which Ophelia laboured has been termed monomania, *i. e.*, the hallucination is confined to one idea, or a small number of ideas. This species of disordered intellect is in direct proportion as regards the frequency of its occurrence, with the development of the intellectual faculties, and the progress of civilization; in which the play of these faculties becomes so much modified by the nature of the objects which surround them, and upon which they are exercised. No person can fancy a North American savage a monomaniac from sentimental love, or a New Zealander rendered insane from disappointed ambition or the success of an opposite party in politics. This disorder is essentially dependent upon the passions, which themselves are the result of the moral relations which connect mankind, and by which they are bound in one grand community. It is the child of the affections, the creature of sentiment; and he who wishes to become acquainted with its phenomena must make the heart of man his study, and gain an intimate acquaintance with those infinite varieties of human feeling which lie too deep for the eye of the vulgar and common-place observer to analyse.

appears to have been more immediately caused by that event—still we find her wandering Imagination weaving all her misfortunes into one thread, and twining it round the predominating passion of her love for Hamlet—

> "He is dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone;
> At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone;"

alluding to her father, doubtless, since Hamlet was yet living; but, immediately, the idea of her lover intrudes, and she is represented strewing the tomb of old age with tokens that are cast only upon the grave of youth and beauty—

> "Larded all with sweet flowers;
> Which bewept to the grave did not go,
> With true-love showers."

And again,

> "White his shroud as the mountain snow,"

white being the peculiar mourning-colour for the young. This feature of her diseased fancy—this wandering and mixture of ideas of opposite characters—this investment of one circumstance with attributes belonging to another, has never been more truly described—never more beautifully illustrated—than in the character of Ophelia.

In all cases of mental alienation from disappointed affection, or from any other cause in which love is the predominant feeling prior to the hallucination, the object of this passion mixes itself with all the wanderings of the maniac, and all the vigour of a morbid imagination is taxed to invest it with every ideal beauty. He is the god of their dreams and the idol of their waking hours; the maniac chants songs of his virtues, weaves garlands for his brows, decks the board for his return—at one moment arraying herself in bridal garments for the wedding, and the next clad in weeds, and following him in fancy to the grave.

This fact, which is recognized by all conversant with the insane, did not escape the observation of Shakspeare. The thoughts of Ophelia, though distracted and wandering, constantly return to one point — that of her passion for Hamlet. After mourning the loss of her father, and gathering the appropriate emblems of sorrow to strew his bier, her ideas suddenly revert to the master-thought of her distraction, and she breaks forth into chants of affection for her lover. Thus:

"I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died. They say, he made a good end.

'For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.'"

The remark of Laertes might be a medical comment upon her state:

"Thought, and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness."

The character of Madge Wildfire, so admirably drawn by Sir W. Scott, is scarcely inferior to that of Ophelia in the boldness of its outline and truth of its colouring. The previous bias of the mind was different: the station in life, the refinement of education, the delicacy of sentiment, were all on the side of Ophelia; though we find, as is commonly the case with the insane, that this delicacy is in a measure removed, and Ophelia the distraught speaks boldly of that passion which Ophelia the sane would hardly have dared to unmask to the moon.

The history of Madge Wildfire, previous to her derangement, is well known to all who have read — and who has not read? — that *chef d'œuvre* of the wizard of the north, the *Heart of Mid-Lothian.* Illicit love and its consequences, in a character of low extraction, whom beauty raised above her station, were the predisposing causes of her malady. Her personal charms appear to have attracted much attention,

and a considerable degree of vanity and self-love formed a prominent feature in her character. This ruling passion of her mind runs through the whole of her history when insane, and stamps all its workings with a peculiar feature. Facts teach us that when persons, in whom vanity or *amour-propre* form a predominating part of the disposition, are afflicted with insanity, from whatever cause it may arise, the ideas of health are renewed in a modified and exalted form in the state of disease; and as the tenor of the mind when awake determines, in a great measure, the nature of our dreams—so does the stamp of the sane intellect throw the hue of its colouring over the Imagination of the insane.* The vain are apt, in this condition, to imagine themselves queens and princesses, and are more greedy of admiration than ambitious of power. This turn of the insane mind is peculiar to females. It is well exemplified in some of Madge's ditties—

"I'm Madge of the country, I'm Madge of the town,
I'm Madge of the lad I am blithest to own;
The lady of Beaver in diamonds may shine,
But has not a heart half so happy as mine.

I'm queen of the wake, and I'm lady of May,
And I lead the blithe ring round the May-pole to-day;
The wild-fire that dances so fair and so free,
Was never so bright or so bonnie as me."

* This is not only true as it relates to individuals, but as it regards the monomaniacs of a whole nation taken collectively. An author of great merit has asserted that the history of a country may be in some measure traced by the Imagination of its insane inhabitants. During the age of chivalry, the grand feature of the monomaniac was sentimental affection: when Europe was agitated with the Reformation, and the truths promulgated by the dauntless Luther shook the foundation of Catholicism to the very centre, religious enthusiasm became the prevailing idea in the Imagination of the insane. For this reason monomania has generally the national character: haughty and superstitious in the Spaniard—soft and pleasing in the Italian—gay among the French—gloomy and reserved in the inhabitants of Britain. Of course, in addition to this must be taken into consideration the peculiarity of individual minds, their prevailing disposition, and the cares, the griefs, the losses, or the provocation which were the exciting causes of the disease.

Bred at a distance from the court, and in an obscure village, the Imagination of Madge wonderfully adapts itself to the circumstances of her previous life. Had she been accustomed to society of a higher order, she would probably have fancied herself a royal queen, but the fancy having no materials of this kind to work upon, she exalts herself to that dignity which, in rural sport, is generally awarded to the most beautiful. The tenor of all this maniac's history strictly accords with the illustration I have given of it; but her death-bed scene is one of the most feeling that the pen of the narrator or historian ever sketched. In the most violent and perfect maniacs, alarming disease very commonly, partially or completely, restores the mental faculties; the body acts by way of revulsion upon the mind, and the disorder appears to be removed from the one by the action of disease on the other. Most commonly this return of consciousness is rather an unsteady twinkling than a fixed and brilliant light. The mind seizes ideas which it fancies are not new; looks upon objects in a truer light. The causes of its observation become apparent; and however gay the paroxysms of the disorder may have been, a tinge of profound melancholy frequently attends these periods of mental health, especially where the occasion of its overthrow has been crime or great misfortune. When these periods immediately precede dissolution, as they frequently do, there is always an instructive "persuasion" of its approach. The maniac is aware that his troubles are past, that his toils are at an end, that his grief and his gaiety, the troubles of his spirit, and the wanderings of his Imagination, will all sleep the sleep that knows no waking.* All the wanderings of Madge's partially

* "It is rare," says Foville, "that the insane die in a state of mental alienation; they generally fall victims to some bodily disorder, and the mind recovers, in some measure, its sanity before dissolution. Even where the most complete fatuity has been produced by long-continued mental derangement, an unsteady glimmering of reason occasionally returns. The intellect appears to

restored mind upon her sick-bed centre in her approaching death, and the whole of the portions of old ballads collected in her roving and desultory life bear upon this point.

"Our work is over, over now—
The goodman wipes his weary brow,
The last long wain winds slow away,
And we are free to sport and play;
The night comes on, when sets the sun,
And labour ends when day is done;
When autumn's gone and winter's come
We hold our jolly harvest home."

Again, in a strain of a different character—

"When the fight of grace is fought,
When the marriage-vest is wrought,
When faith hath chased cold doubt away,
And hope but sickens at delay,
When charity, imprisoned here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere;
Doff thy robes of sin and clay,
Christian, rise! and come away."

The next snatches are extremely pathetic, and indicate a greater degree of consciousness than was exhibited by the former. Memory assumes more power, and the poor maniac looks back with sorrow and shame at the crimes and misfortunes of her past life, and her once happy home—contrasts it with her present situation as an outcast on the bed of charity; and prophecies that an evil and sudden termination of existence must attend the author of all her miseries:

"Cold is my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep of sorrow;
But thine shall be as sad and cold,
My false true love, to-morrow.

approach once more the throne of reason, to linger about the scenes in which she once delighted, and to recall for once more, and but for a moment, ideas which she once possessed, and which she is about to part with for ever." How true is our author's character to nature!

And weep ye not my maidens free,
Though death your mistress borrow ;
For he for whom I die to-day
Shall die for me to-morrow."

Her last words relate to her burial, which a strange mixture of ideas confuses with a wedding:

"'Tell me, thou bonnie bird,
When shall I marry me?'
'When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.'

'Who makes the bridal bed?
Birdie, say truly;'
'The grey-headed sexton,
That delves the grave truly.

'The glow-worm o'er gravestone,
Shall light there steady;
The owl, from the steeple, sing
'Welcome, proud lady!'"

Such are the examples I have chosen to illustrate the Imagination of that form of mental derangement termed *mania mitis, amenomania,* or gay melancholy.

The next species of morbid imagination constituting insanity which I shall notice is that commonly termed *tristimania, tedium vitæ,* or sad melancholy. It is not necessary for me here to notice the propriety or impropriety of these terms, or to what particular form of mental derangement they should or should not be applied. It is sufficient to state that they here exclusively refer to that form of disease in which the ideas are clothed in a shade of the deepest gloom; reasoning after a fashion, it is true, upon the nature and moral aspect of events, but shadowing them all with the mists of a distempered fancy. These people look always on the dark side of things. To them the world has no sunshine, no

pleasure; their mind is a crucible of peculiar construction, that extracts nothing but misery and bitterness from whatever materials it may analyze. All is of

> "Blackest midnight born,
> In Stygian cave forlorn —
> Mid'st horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy."

This species of insanity is dependent altogether upon the natural constitution of the mind. In many instances it is merely a morbid exaltation of the usual mental phenomena. The sane and the insane mind are constituted of the same materials, and after the same type; and it is a general exaltation of its functions, or a derangement in the mode or reciprocity of their actions, which produces the insane state. I shall illustrate the nature of this affection from the character of Hamlet, and I have many reasons for doing so. It is the completest history of melancholy madness, and the state of mind which precedes it, that has ever been given. "Its first symptoms, and their progression to, and ultimate termination in, confirmed insanity, are illustrated with singular exactness; and it is a remarkable coincidence that every predisposing and exciting cause by which the author could denote an intention of making his hero subject to paroxysms of insanity, has been clearly developed in the course of the five acts. The stages of the disease are distinctly marked from the first scene of Hamlet's appearance, when he expresses a disrelish of life, until the violent explosion of his madness at the grave of Ophelia." *

Hamlet's mind appears, from what we can collect of his previous history, to have been one of great power and depth. Well versed in the literature and philosophy of his day, naturally disposed to retirement, he possessed all the

* *Illustrations of Mania, Melancholia, Craziness, and Demonomania, as displayed in the characters of Lear, Ophelia, and Edgar*, by George Farren.

character of Milton's *Il Penseroso.* The arched walk of twilight groves and shadows brown — the studious cloister pale — were the places in which he delighted, and not the pageantry of royalty or the vain delight of giddy pleasure. This natural bias has been recognised on all hands as the precursor of melancholy madness. Hippocrates tells us that the chief reasons which led the citizens of Abdera to suspect Democritus of insanity was, that he forsook the city, and lived in groves and hollow trees, upon a green bank by a brook side, or by a confluence of waters, day and night.

The first scene in which Hamlet is introduced, shews us the state of his mind and the *tedium vitæ* under which he laboured; though the tendency to suicide is controlled by religious fear, which it would not have been in an advanced stage of his disease:

> "Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
> Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
> Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
> His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!
> How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
> Seem to me all the uses of this world!
> Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
> That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
> Possess it merely."

The truth of this description of the mental state of approaching melancholia admits of corroboration from numerous and well-authenticated facts. Erasmus Darwin tells us of a gentleman who said to him, "A ride out in the morning, and a warm parlour and pack of cards in the afternoon, are all that life affords." In a few months afterwards he destroyed himself.*

The insufficiency of natural beauties, of the harmony of the universe, of the ordinary pursuits of life, to produce

* Darwin's *Zoonomia.*

mental ease, are next exemplied in the address of Hamlet to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; and it is a curious fact that most writers on this disease have taken Shakspeare's description of it, finding it so true to nature, and aware that no composition of their own could possibly convey the same ideas so well. "I have of late (but, wherefore, I know not), lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you — this brave o'erhanging firmament — this majestical roof, fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither."

The very pursuits of minds thus disposed all tend towards the same subject; their studies, their favourite authors, have all a misanthropic tinge. Thus we find Hamlet introduced reading that passage in the tenth satire of Juvenal, beginning —

"Da spatium vitæ, multos da Jupiter annos,"

in which old age is dispraised, and the natural defects attendant upon advanced life set forth in most dishonest satire. Hamlet's madness, like that of melancholy generally, is not one continued stream of mental aberration, not one long uninterrupted chain of monotonous woe, but a moody, wayward affection, pregnant with the most poignant wit, shadowed with the deepest gloom, or occasionally, but rarely, breaking forth into paroxysms bordering upon the violence of

mania. His accumulated misfortunes — the murder of his father — the marriage of his mother — the derangement of Ophelia—and the loss of his kingdom—render that alienation of mind at length real, which was only, in the first instance, assumed as a mask. We cannot fail to be struck with the peculiar pertinence and tartness of some of the replies of Hamlet, especially in his conversations with Rosencrantz and Polonius; and this may be supposed to be discordant with the state of mental disease under which he labours.

It may appear strange to those who have not studied the subject, that persons possessed of a defective judgment should at any time be of quick and lively apprehension, and thus be witty without being wise. But the faculty of wit is not dependent so much upon the judgment as upon the imagination. "And hence," says Mr. Locke, "some reason may be perhaps given for that common observation that men who have a great deal of wit have not always the clearest judgment or the deepest reason. For wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. Judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from the other ideas, wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another. And hence we may easily account for that gaiety, and those ebullitions of a vivid fancy, which so often assume the character of wit in persons whose minds are deranged." How wonderfully has this property of the Imagination of the insane been analyzed by Shakspeare:

> "How pregnant sometimes his replies are!
> A happiness that often madness hits on,
> Which sanity and reason could not be
> So prosperously delivered of."

How powerful a faculty of the human mind is the Imagination! and how necessary it is for persons in whom it is apt to reign paramount to the Judgment, to acquire, by all artificial means, some control over it, which nature has not given them. In the cases which we have been considering—those of Hamlet and the French watch-maker—an encouragement of its undue prevalence was the principal cause of their insanity; and though, with the exception of some rare instances, the Imagination itself might not actually become so tyrannical as to render the individual insane without the application of some powerful moral affection, still this unequal balance between it and the judgment renders the mind less capable of resisting any shock which, in the varied tenor of human occurrences, it is so likely to receive. When thus indulged, the mind does not view the objects around it in their proper light and natural relation; it takes some of their properties only, and forms them into combinations which are incongruous and unnatural. Acting upon data thus constituted, the conclusions which it draws cannot possibly be sound, since the premises upon which it acts are either decked in borrowed beauty or distorted by ideal deformity. The mind thus becomes like a bad mirror, which throws shades upon beauty, and, by its unequal reflection of the different parts of an object, gives to it a false and unreal aspect. The various kinds of insanity springing from superstition and fanaticism are all the result of this diseased condition of the Imagination. A most curious instance illustrative of this is recorded, in the *German Psychological Magazine*, of a gendarme, of Berlin, who, being disquieted in his mind, sought alleviation in the perusal of religious books. In reading the Bible, he was struck with the book of Daniel, and so much pleased with it that it became his favourite study; and from this time the idea of miracles so strongly possessed his imagination, that he began to believe he could perform them

himself. "He was persuaded, more especially, that if he were to plant an apple tree with a view of its becoming a cherry tree, such was his power that it would bear cherries. He was discharged from the king's service, and sent to the workhouse, where he conducted himself calmly, orderly, and industriously for two years, never doing anything that betrayed insanity. He answered every question correctly, except when the subject concerned miracles, in regard to which he maintained his old notions; adding, however, at the same time, that if he found on trial, after he was at home, that the event did not correspond with his expectation, he would readily relinquish the thought, and believe he had been mistaken. He confessed that he had already removed one error from his mind in this way, for there was an old woman whom he had, at one time, considered to be a witch, but whom *he afterwards discovered to be no such thing.*" *

* The same species of morbid Imagination constituting the insane state, sometimes extends from one individual to many, to the whole inhabitants of the same family, community, town, or nation; as the history of some particular epidemics of this kind well illustrates. Of such character was the dancing mania of the sixteenth century (a complete notice of which has lately been given us by Dr. Babington, from the German of Hecker), in which both the disease and its cure, which was effected by music, were solely to be traced to the workings of a diseased fancy. Affections of this kind have been attributed, by Foville and others, to the simultaneous action of moral impressions of the same character upon a number of individuals at once. We cannot, however, conceive of moral impressions of a similar character producing the same effects upon the inhabitants of a whole nation, or spreading even further than this; for the dancing mania extended over the whole of central Europe. I am led rather to attribute it to the faculty of imitation, or instinct of imitation, as it has been termed; the mental impression having primitively been made upon the few, or upon one, and afterwards spreading, from the exercise of this peculiar faculty, to many. The Imagination is commonly led captive through the credulity or from the narration of others, and not from actual impression first made upon the mind so influenced. Many curious examples in illustration and support of this remark, are to be found in Walton's *Lives*, in Sir W. Scott's *Letters on Demonology*, and elsewhere. The instinct or faculty of imitation is widely extended in nature, possessed by all animals and man, and in greater power by the latter as he is less civilized or less intellectual, approaching more to the state of the brute or the savage. Hence we find diseases in which the faculty of imitation is concerned, almost peculiar to the ages of ignorance and superstition. Hence all the epidemic diseases springing from a distem-

I come now to speak, shortly, of those forms of mental disturbance in which the Imagination is called forth in its most energetic forms; where, the judgment exercising no part of the mental faculty, the mind is given up to the vacillating and uncertain government of the former.

I need not repeat what has been recognized by the only two judicious writers on insanity with whom I am acquainted, Pinel and Esquirol, that the peculiar form of alienation is regulated altogether by the previous constitution of the mind, and that this scarcely ever takes place without a powerful predisposition. This predisposition to mania is different from that which formed the precursory stage of craziness and melancholy. The individual is generally characterized—not by a powerful judgment, a brilliant and lively wit, or profound thought—but, by great energy of purpose, suddenness and quickness in determination, violence in affection, and implacability in hatred, embracing the most exaggerated schemes with an enthusiasm which in itself is hardly indicative of perfect sanity. His imagination is ardent, the visions which it produces full of life and fire. His is the royal road to fame; the whole energy of his intellect is bent on the accomplishment of his designs. Obstacles disappear, as it were, by magic, from before him; he is impetuous, ungovernable, and impatient of control. The fancies of his dreams are similar to the determinations of his waking hours: he dreams not of the calm sea, of the peaceful home, but of the tempest, the hurricane, and the tornado—not of the arts of peace, but of the din of war. So active is the imagination of these persons, that somnambulism is a frequent occurrence with them: the

pered fancy occurred in the ages and countries where fanaticism prevailed, when the laws regulating the phenomena of natural occurrences both in physics and physiology were utterly unknown, and where the promulgator or advocate of truth was branded as an atheist for his unbelief in the errors which surrounded him, and happy if his talents or his zeal did not hurry him to the cells of the Inquisition, to the scaffold, or the rack.

hurry of their mind will not allow them time for needful repose. The imagination of the maniac is a perfect chaos, having no direction, no harmony, no predominant feeling or idea, no leading affection, no cherished sorrow: all is desultory, wandering, and terrific. A General, rendered insane, threatened the sunbeams which offended him with the vengeance of his whole army. The slightest bodily pain, the minutest physical evil, contradiction, or mistaken moral perception, excite a train of imaginary feelings of the most violent character. I shall illustrate the imagination of the maniac from the *Lear* of Shakspeare, and the *Orestes* of Euripides. The first scene in which Lear is introduced dividing the kingdom with his daughters, perfectly illustrates that impetuosity of character, that morbid feeling, which is not satisfied without the most hyperbolical and exaggerated expressions of attachment. The plain and modest declaration of filial affection on the part of Cordelia, does not satisfy Lear; but he breaks forth into a declamation of the most violent character, and for a word mis-spoke or wrongly taken, casts the child of his love portionless upon the world:

> "Let it be so.—Thy truth then be thy dower;
> For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;
> The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
> By all the operations of the orbs,
> From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
> Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
> Propinquity and property of blood,
> And as a stranger to my heart and me
> Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
> Or he that makes his generation messes
> To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
> Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
> As thou, my sometime daughter."

Speeches of this character, shewing the predisposition to

mania in Lear, might be cited to almost any extent from the earlier scenes of this magnificent play, especially his curse of Goneril, for refusing to entertain his full complement of knights.* On Lear's first coming to the knowledge of the ingratitude of Regan, Shakspeare again displays his intimate familiarity, not only with the workings of the human passions, but with those bodily affections by which they are occasionally attended. Thus:

> "O! how this mother swells up tow'rd my heart!
> *Hysterica passio!* down, thou *climbing* sorrow!
> Thy element 's below!"

I bring forward a case to illustrate the truth of this description of the poet: A person was subject to paroxysms of insanity, of which the first symptom was heat in the region of the stomach, which was felt to ascend progressively to the chest, neck, and face. To this succeeded a flushed countenance; and no sooner was the head invaded, than he was seized with an uncontrollable propensity to commit deeds of violence and bloodshed.

The mind of the person predisposed to mania is seldom completely disorganized without the occurrence of some strong mental impression addressed immediately to itself—as inordinate grief for the loss of friends or property, disappointed ambition, remorse, woe, "soul-stifling fear," or "heart-sickening shame." The approach of the attack is sensible to many, and is finely described by Lear:

* These dreadful explosions of rage would at once indicate the predisposition to mania, even if they were elicited by some provocation proportionate to their violence; but when we see them called forth from trifling causes, we cannot fail at once to be struck with a peculiar disposition of mind approaching to ungovernable fury: as thus—

> "You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
> Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
> You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
> To fall and blister.

"My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy: How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I'm cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee."

The maniac lives an isolated being in the moral and physical world which surrounds him. The ideas and images which his imagination forms are without order or connection, continually reproduced by new impressions, at once fading from the memory, and like the impression of a seal upon the wave, leaving no trace behind them. He is incapable of distinguishing the properties or nature of things; carried away by ideas which are produced from memory, he confounds time and place, conjures up before his mind's eye the scenes of former days, fancies himself in distant countries, and takes the greatest strangers for his most intimate friends: he creates the most absurd pictures, holds the most ridiculous conversations, and unites in one grand monument of folly, the sublime, the absurd, the monstrous, the horrible, and the pathetic. The equilibrium between actual and present perception, and the ideas which memory furnishes, is destroyed; and the activity of the Imagination is so great that it presents to him in their pristine and original colours scenes which have been long past.

Many of these points are illustrated by the conversations of Lear, during his paroxysms of mania. He discourses with Mad Tom during the tempest—"First let me talk with this philosopher: What is the cause of thunder?"—and again —"I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban." But, perhaps, the master-stroke in this part of the play is the fancied trial of Regan and Goneril for their ingratitude, and his investment of his vagabond companions and the disguised

Kent with the attributes belonging to the administrators of justice. Thus Lear:

> "It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:
> Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;
> Thou, sapient Sir, sit here. Now, you she-foxes!"

Again —

> "I'll see their trial first: Bring in the evidence.
> Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;
> And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,
> Bench by his side. You are of the commission,
> Sit you too."

"Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king, her father."

> "And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
> What store her heart is made of. Stop her there!
> Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in the place!
> False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?"

This utter chaos of the Imagination is highly descriptive of the mental imagery of the maniac; so wild, so wandering, occasionally so absurd, and again so natural and pathetic, as in this speech: "Let them anatomize Regan; see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?" The maniac's imagination surrounds him with angels and demons: he holds conversations with them, promises them obedience, flies from their fancied denunciations and horrible forms, and conducts himself as though his chamber or his cell were actually peopled by the beings that exist merely in his imagination. An unfortunate being, under this variety of mental derangement, fancied that he saw devils constantly about him; and one day rushed upon a party of visitors as upon a legion of demons. Another, during the day, was generally tranquil, but, at night, fancied

himself surrounded by ghosts and phantoms. At different times he had imaginary conferences with good and bad angels, and, according to the respective influences of these delusions, he was mild or furious — inclined to acts of beneficence, or roused to deeds of ferocity. This feature of the imagination of the maniac has not escaped the penetration of some of the Greek poets, who were extremely partial to illustrations of madness, and fond of peopling the diseased mind of the guilty maniac, and pursuing his footsteps with the Furies. The finest example of this, perhaps, in the whole range of Greek literature, is that wonderful scene in the *Orestes* of Euripides, where the madness of Orestes for the murder of his mother, Clytemnestra, is represented:

> "Ah! mother, do not set thy furies on me;
> See how their fiery eyeballs glare in blood!
> And wreathing snakes hiss in their horrid hair!
> There, there they stand ready to leap upon me.
> Oh! Phœbus, they will kill me; these dire forms,
> These gorgon-visag'd ministers of hell!
> Off! let me go! I know thee, who thou art,
> One of the furies, and thou grapplest with me
> To whirl me into Tartarus. Avaunt!"

I am, perhaps, a little anticipating the subject of my last lecture, by mentioning the hallucinations produced by the Imagination; but they are so intimately connected with the fancies of the insane, that their introduction here will hardly be considered out of place.

I have endeavoured, in my former papers, to trace the general phenomena of the Imagination; but their limits would not permit me to bring forward that vast body of facts, as yet scattered through the whole domain of literature, which completely illustrate its power. Our mental health altogether depends on the due regulation of the Imagination.

Most men, from natural tendency, from peculiar turn of mind, at first determined by chance and later confirmed by education, are apt to take up some leading idea, and to foster it to the prejudice of their judgment. When this is the child of passion, the case becomes of a more serious character, since our passions, rather than our literary or scientific pursuits, enchain the subordinate faculties of the mind, making the whole of these faculties subservient to one governing and absorbing power. Ambition, desire of fame, fear, love, and anger are those from which we have, perhaps, most to fear. It is, in many instances, the unlimited indulgence of one of these which lays the foundation of that predisposition to insanity, without which this seldom occurs. The Imagination itself, when continually bent towards one point, and limited to one set of ideas, whether of a pleasing or gloomy character, may become permanently exalted and produce a partial alienation of mind, which the lifting of a finger, or the shaking of a straw, may precipitate into an abyss of incurable melancholy or mania. I have endeavoured in this paper— and it has been an undertaking of considerable difficulty— to trace those exalted states of the Imagination which predispose to the different turns of mental aberration. The limits of a single paper, of course, would not permit me to pursue them to a great extent: I have given the outline, and leave others to complete the picture. The track which I have chosen has been nearly an unbeaten one; the road has been clogged with rubbish, overgrown with weeds, and some little labour has been required to form a new path, which at present is extremely rugged. Uniform study, or unremitting manual or mental application to one subject—especially if this be pursued with the ardour common to many minds — not unfrequently wears a track in the brain, down which the Imagination rushes with destructive violence. The great object in the regulation of mental sanity, is to divert this

single stream into many smaller channels, which, by their uniform and gentle motion, will visit and strengthen all the mental powers, instead of concentrating their whole force in one, which, from the violence and impetuosity of its career, rests not till it has included all in one general wreck.

"At Saragossa, in Spain, there is an asylum for the insane of all countries. The patients are divided, early in the morning, into parties, some of which perform the menial offices of the house; others repair to shops belonging to their respective trades; the majority are distributed, under the superintendence of the guards, through a large inclosure, where they are occupied in the works belonging to gardening and agriculture. Uniform experience is said to prove the efficacy of these labours in reinstating reason on its seat. It is added, that the nobles who live in the same asylum, but in a state of idleness suitable to their rank, retain their lunacy and privilege together; whilst their inferiors are restored to themselves and to society."* This fact is so striking, explains so thoroughly the moral treatment of insanity, and illustrates so clearly what ought to be the plan adopted in all systems of education, that I make the statement without comment — since no argument can add to its weight, and no sophistry detract from its utility.

* Beddoe's *Hygeia.*

V.—ON THE HALLUCINATIONS PRODUCED BY THE IMAGINATION.

OUR present lecture relates to a mood of the Imagination distinct from the three we have noticed in the previous discourses. Hallucination is mistaken or diseased perception. It is the seeming presence of that which does not really exist to the senses of a waking man. It may extend to all the organs through which we derive ideas of the nature of things, but those of hearing and sight are most commonly affected, and of these two most frequently the latter. The Imagination derives all the materials from which it compounds its extraordinary scenes from the sense of vision. Sight is the most active, the most varied, and the most useful of all the bodily senses; the most extended in its relations, and that from which the mind derives by far the greater part of its ideas. It has to do merely with the surfaces of bodies, with their form, size, and colour; it is liable to misconception of these properties from many causes — from distance, from the state of the atmosphere, and from imperfection in the structure or functions of the eye itself. From these multiplied sources are produced a variety of mistaken perceptions, termed optical illusions; and from a number of causes of a similar character the ear is misled, and conveys a mistaken and false account to the brain. If these illusions be extended to any of the other senses, of course they derange the operations of the mind with regard to those properties of bodies which it is exclusively the destiny of such sense to ascertain.

But these are not hallucinations, properly so called; it is true they convey erroneous ideas, and therefore may, in some measure, merit the term: but it is, as far as I am acquainted with medical or philosophical language, and the application of that language, exclusively applied to those illusions where no physical agent is concerned in their production. As the senses furnish the mind exclusively with all its ideas, and as this is dependent for their truth upon the fidelity of its servants, so does the mind by a reciprocal action, and by a mysterious property inherent in itself, direct the actions of the senses, and enable them to judge truly and correctly.* As long as the mind remains perfectly sound, and its three great powers bear a strict and healthy relation to each other, the actions of the senses will be correct, and the ideas they furnish consonant with the order and perfection of nature. But when the faculties of the mind become unduly exalted, or the reciprocity of these actions destroyed — whether, as we have before seen, from disease of body or disorder affecting the mind in the abstract—a false action will be given to one or more of the senses, and hallucination will take place. From this view it will at once be seen that hallucinations will be most common in persons whose minds are totally deranged, in those labouring under the various forms of melancholy or mania; and this is actually the case, scarcely

* Hallucinations, according to Esquirol, are images produced by memory, and associated by imagination. Foville, with more truth, considers them entirely as the product of a morbid imagination, which gives reality to the ideas existing in the mind; *i. e.*, the mind presents its ideas to the senses in a form which calls into action the functions of that sense to which the hallucination is addressed. Thus, the mind calls up the idea of a form which the eye beholds, it conceives of sounds which the ear detects, yet which have no existence. A priest, a man of strong mind and good education, was subject to hallucinations of the ear; he heard voices which continually threatened him. Being reasoned with upon his affection, and the nature of depraved sensation and false perception being explained to him, he constantly replied—"I ought then to doubt what you say to me and what I see; for the sounds which appear to you to have no existence, appear to me as certainly to be real as anything else which I see or hear around me."

any form of insanity being totally devoid of hallucination of one or more of the senses. Hallucination may be confined to one sense, as monomania is limited to one series of ideas; the eye may be false while the ear remains true, the taste may be deceptive while the touch accurately informs of all the properties its functions permit it to ascertain. It is commonly the case that hallucination, as affecting one or more senses, bears a correspondent relation with that state of mind which produces the affection in the first instance; thus, the maniac will be deceived by the actions of every sense, while the hallucinations of the monomaniac will be confined to one. A very remarkable instance of this is related in a recent publication, and though probably well known, illustrates so clearly this point, and throws so much light on the theory I have just promulgated, that I do not think it necessary to resort to works less popular for an example, since I know not where I could find one so suitable and so authentic. It was not originally related to illustrate a point of similar character to that to which I am about to apply it. A person confined for that form of mental derangement which we considered in the last lecture as amenomania, or gay melancholy, fancied the asylum in which he was confined his own, and he contrived to account for all that seemed inconsistent with his imaginary right of property. There were many patients in it, but that was owing to the benevolence of his nature, which made him love to see the relief of distress. He went little, or rather never, abroad, but then his habits were of a domestic and rather sedentary character. He did not see much company, but he daily received visits from the first characters in the renowned medical school of the city, and he could not, therefore, be much in want of society. With so many supposed comforts around him—with so many visions of wealth and splendour—one thing disturbed the peace of the poor optimist, and would, indeed, have confounded most "*bons vivans*."

"He was curious," he said, "in his table, choice in his selection of cooks, had every day three regular courses and a dessert; and yet, somehow or other, everything he ate tasted of porridge. This dilemma could be no great wonder to the friend to whom it was related, who knew that the poor lunatic ate nothing but this simple aliment at any of his meals."* His eyes were made the fools of his other senses, spreading before his deluded vision a splendid banquet, while taste remained true to nature, and spoiled all his ideal dainties by not taking part in the deception.

There are certain states of mind in which we are carried, in our ideas, beyond the ordinary routine of thought and the influence of customary impression. This may arise from many sources—it may be caused by certain medicinal or morbid agents, as opium, nitrous oxide, and febrile miasma. But that to which I now allude is not produced by any of these; it is a condition of mind the consequence of great excitement, when, on the eve of some great enterprise—of some literary undertaking—about the success of which we are uncertain, the senses, though wandering over the forms of outward objects, take little cognizance of their presence. The mind, at these periods, throws no part of its being into the actions of the senses; they are inert and powerless. All our mental faculties are concentrated upon the one great object of our anxiety. There are many persons in whom this state of mental concentration is habitual. When alone, from the activity and vigour of their fancies, some novel idea soon intrudes, becomes cherished and isolated. They create, and are charmed with the productions of their power, and are so lost in admiration of the beauties of their mental visions, or so occupied in their arrangement, that they lose all control over their senses, which thus become liable to hallucination. When the mind is exclusively concentrated on one

* *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, by Sir W. Scott.

absorbing desire or fear, hallucination frequently takes place, and relates directly to something connected with the ideas with which the mind is occupied. Of this character was the appearance of the ghost of Cæsar to Brutus, on the eve of the Battle of Pharsalia.

Here we see intense occupation upon one subject, from which the mind had acquired a high degree of excitement, exalting the imagination to the highest degree of which it is capable — that of giving form and colour to its productions, and stamping upon its waking delusions all the vividness of the fancies of our dreams. There is a strict analogy between the vision of the waking and sleeping states; since blind persons are as liable to hallucination, or rather to the appearance of visions, as those whose sight is unimpaired. This at once proves that the hallucination is not caused by an actual impression upon the sensitive organs, but by a creation of the Imagination presented to the sense of vision.* No one believes that he actually sees the scenes which are presented to him in dreams. The illusions of wakefulness are precisely of the same character, though perhaps dependent upon a more exalted or active state of the Imagination than that which produces the incongruities of the illusions of our sleep. There was in Paris, in 1816, a blind Jew, whose visions were of the most extraordinary character. There were likewise two deaf women who continually heard persons addressing them, and held disputes with them incessantly, both day and night. The habitual activity and concentration of some minds produces constant

* It will be recollected that in my first lecture I traced the influence of solitude upon the Imagination, and we found it to be a powerful exciting cause to the activity of this faculty of the mind. The remark applies to hallucinations, which are always more frequent in solitude, in silence, and in darkness, than at other times. The impressions upon the senses made by surrounding objects are, in these situations, weakened; the mind retires, as it were, upon itself, and in its seclusion creates visions which only deceive the judgment.

hallucination. The case of Cardan, professor of mathematics at Milan, in the sixteenth century, is a remarkable instance of this. "I descried," says he, "the shapes of castles, of houses, of animals, of horses with their riders, of herbs, of hills, of musical instruments, of the different features of men, and of their different garments. Trumpeters appeared to blow their trumpets, but no sound was heard. I saw besides soldiers, people, and the forms of bodies even to this day unknown to me, groves and woods, some things of which I have no remembrance, and a mass of many objects rushing in together, yet not with marks of confusion, but of taste." Similar to this were the narrations of Blake, the painter, who saw fairies' funerals when he walked in groves or gardens, painted the ghosts of fleas in his bed-chamber, and conversed with the shades of Homer and Hesiod, Fingal, Tasso, and Milton in the mists of twilight, on the sands and shingles of the sea shore. These instances of hallucination appear to be dependent upon occasional or habitual mental excitement, operating in the manner I have already described. The mind may be wrought to its highest pitch of excitement and agitation from feelings partaking of a still more intense character, such as those which produced the vision of the dagger to Macbeth. There the fear of detection — the workings of a heart as yet not quite sealed in guilt — the apprehension of failure, or detection in the murder of Duncan, with all its consequences — and the dazzling hopes which glimmered in the distance in case of success; the crown, the throne, power, and dominion with all its attendant honour, lent their combined influence to work the mind into a state of excitement which could hardly be produced under conditions of perfect sanity. Macbeth's vision of the dagger is an excellent illustration of the nature of these hallucinations, and his remarks upon it at once shew us that he was aware that his excited state of mind had produced it. Thus —

"Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?"

There is, again, a particular state of mental excitement produced in a mind which is occasionally the subject of aberration, upon the verge of which it stands without having actually thrown off the trammels of reason. It is, perhaps, superior in intensity to the last; the feeble impressions conveyed to the mind by the senses are followed by ideas of the most vivid and exalted kind. Dr. Hibbert, in the zeal of metaphysical labour, has set himself to calculate mathematically the direct and inverse proportion between sensations and ideas, and the hallucinations which may be naturally expected to follow from these states. His attempt is ingenious, but false and unsatisfactory; it is splitting hairs, and calculating with precision the size of their angles — it is trammelling immaterial soul with the gross fetters of material agents—it is looking for the phenomena of mind in metaphysics, without taking the workings of the former as the base of all the data of the most bewildering and fallacious of sciences. "When I turn over the pages of the metaphysician, I perceive a science that deals in words instead of facts. Arbitrary axioms lead to results that violate reason; imaginary principles establish systems that contradict the common sense of mankind. All is dogma, no part is demonstration. Wearied, perplexed, doubtful, I throw down the volume in disgust. It is from this cause that we are the slaves of false knowledge; our imaginations being filled with ideas that have no origin in truth. We learn nothing from ourselves. The sum of our experience is but a dim dream of the conduct of past generations that lived in a total ignorance of the real nature of the objects which surrounded them, and of the laws by which they were governed. Our instructors are

the unknowing and the dead. We study human nature in a charnel-house, and, like the nations of the east, pay divine honours to the maniac and the fool." * A series of systems have mystified existence, have veiled the simple and beautiful operations of nature with a thick and filthy colour, which has deformed and concealed her truths. We believe what our fathers credited, whilst they were convinced without a cause. They took an idea for a reality, were prevented, from popular superstition or ridiculous enactment, both civil and religious, from examining that which they were required to take upon credit, and believed because the crowd of fanatics that preceded them had pronounced it true. In this remark I refer solely to the mistaken systems which have been formed to explain the various operations of nature, whether they regard the laws of mind or matter. The hallucinations of the senses have, perhaps, given birth to the most numerous and monstrous absurdities that have ever deformed the page of science. I have referred to some of these points in previous lectures, and, therefore, shall pass over them now, choosing rather to speak of the true which is, than of the false which has been. To return to the hallucinations of that state of excitation of the mind which borders upon mania, it is well known that the most vivid dreams attend commonly the approach to insanity, and so perfectly deceptive are they that persons cannot shake from their minds a conviction of their reality. This state of mind likewise occurs in the same persons during the waking state. Their vivid imaginations give to airy nothing not only a local habitation and a name, but all the attributes which physically characterize matter generally; as form, colour, feature, deformity, and beauty.

Two examples of this state of mind producing hallucination occur to me; they are in the cases of Hamlet and Tasso. At Bisaccio, near Naples, Manso had an opportunity

* D'Israeli.

of examining the singular effect of Tasso's melancholy, and often disputed with him concerning a familiar spirit which he pretended conversed with him. Manso endeavoured, in vain, to persuade him that the whole was the illusion of a disturbed imagination; but the latter was strenuous in maintaining the reality of what he asserted, and, to convince Manso, desired him to be present at one of the mysterious conversations. Manso had the complaisance to meet him next day, and whilst they were engaged in discourse, he observed Tasso to fix his eyes on a window, and remain immovable; he called him by his name but received no answer: at last Tasso cried out, "There is the friendly spirit that comes to converse with me; look! and you will be convinced of the truth of what I have said." Manso heard him with surprise; he looked, but beheld nothing but the sunbeams darting through the window; he cast his eyes over the room but could see only its customary occupants, and was just going to ask where the friendly spirit was, when he heard Tasso speak with great earnestness, sometimes putting questions to the spirit, sometimes giving answers; delivering the whole in such a pleasing manner, and in such elevated expressions, that he listened with admiration, and had not the least inclination to interrupt him. At last, this ghostly conversation ended with the departure of the spirit, as appeared by Tasso's own words, who, turning to Manso, asked him if his doubts were removed. Manso was more amazed than ever; he scarce knew what to think of his friend's situation, and waived any further conversation on the subject.*

The history of Tasso is well known to all; and those who are familiar with the effusions of his fine genius and ardent imagination, with the workings of a mind peculiarly alive to the tenderest sympathies and the nicest varieties of feeling, can judge of the torture of one thus constituted, confined

* Hibbert, *The Philosophy of Apparitions.* Edinburgh, 1824.

in a dreary cell, upon whose darkness broke no light except that of the dim and distant sunbeam, and upon whose silence no sound intruded save the ravings of the maniac, and the ideal voice of his attendant spirit. Tasso was not insane, and, comparing himself with the lunatics confined around him, he asserts "that none had seen him writhe or heard him rave;" he continues—

> "Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,
> But with a sense of its decay: I see
> Unwonted lights along my prison shine,
> And a strange demon, who is vexing me
> With pilfering pranks and petty pains, below
> The feeling of the healthful and the free;
> But much to one, who long hath suffered so.
> Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,
> And all that *may* be borne, or *can* debase.
> I thought mine enemies had been but Man,
> But Spirits may be leagued with them—all Earth
> Abandons—Heaven forgets me—in the dearth
> Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,
> It may be, tempt me further—and prevail
> Against the outworn creature they assail.*

The state of mind to which I have alluded has been still better illustrated by Shakspeare. The ghost of Hamlet's father must have been, in the scene where Hamlet is taxing his mother with her guilt, a creation of his own fancy, since we find it invisible to her, though it was visible to Horatio and his companions in the earlier scenes of the play. And this seems to have been the intention of the poet—to shew how a mind inordinately excited, in a temperament liable to wander, could produce phantoms which appeared real. He has placed his hero in this scene in a state of violent excitement, but has not made him mad. Thus his

* Byron, *The Lament of Tasso.*

mother addresses him, when he points to the ghost of his father:

> "This is the very coinage of your brain:
> This bodiless creation ecstasy
> Is very cunning in."

He answers—

> "Ecstasy!
> *My* pulse, as *yours*, doth temperately keep time,
> And makes as healthful music. It is *not* madness
> That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
> And I the matter will *re-word;* which madness
> Would gambol from."

The intimate knowledge which this greatest of poets possessed of the phenomena of mind in all its various complexions, characters, and bearings, is truly wonderful. Hamlet disproves his insanity, though believing in the presence of his vision, from the only two causes which could possibly have produced or continued it, viz., disease of body or disorder of mind. And it is singular that the latter test given by Hamlet should have passed unnoticed so long in inquiries into the existence or non-existence of mental sanity. Sir H. Halford, by chance, determined to rely upon it in a case which was extremely doubtful, where, if the gentleman had been treated as sane, and suffered to make his will accordingly, the physicians might have been involved in much litigation, and a series of unpleasant consequences produced. It is sufficient to state that Shakspeare's test was correct; the patient did not re-word what he had before said, and immediately fell into a state of incurable mania. Thus does literature furnish her mite to the advancement of medical knowledge; and I cannot conceive any man to be less acquainted with the features of disease, *especially those of a mental kind*, for having devoted part of his time to

general literature. The dramatic poets particularly, of all countries, have been extremely successful in the delineation of the human passions; they have shewn us mind in all its workings, they have given histories of its various constitutions, and have shewn the manner in which its different predispositions are likely to terminate. I illustrated this point to some extent in my lecture on the Imagination of the Insane, and make the foregoing statement because I am aware that many persons suppose literature of a general character to be a pursuit utterly at variance with all medical attainment. Were this the place for such digression, many instances might be adduced, and numerous examples brought forward, to prove that they commonly move hand in hand. Need I mention Darwin, Mead, Baillie, John Bell, Beddoes, Sir H. Halford, Abernethy, and others? It is probable that the narrations of the poet and novelist are, in many instances, taken from actual occurrences, which, from the imperfect state and the limited study of medicine in the earlier æras of its history, would otherwise have passed unnoticed. If this were not the case, the knowledge of many of them must have been intuitive. If Le Sage had not heard of or witnessed a case of disorder and death from the supposition that a person was constantly haunted by a spectre, how are we to account for his history of the case of the Duke d'Olivarez, who fell a victim to an imaginative affection of this nature? To one of two causes only can it be attributed—the one which I have mentioned, or so intimate a knowledge of the nature of the Imagination as to foresee that, in certain conditions, it must produce illusions of this character, though none had fallen under his own observation. If this latter were the case, how correct a metaphysician must the novelist have been; since we find in the *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft* a narration so similar in all its points, that one appears a counterpart of the other.

The various hallucinations which I have enumerated, are dependent altogether, as we have seen, upon morbid states of the mind; our next division includes those which are the result of diseased conditions of the body. These morbid states are so extremely variable, and so numerous, that it would require many lectures to illustrate, even in a general manner, the relations of those conditions of body and mind which are likely to be attended by hallucinations of the senses. There is one remark, however, which will apply generally to all these, namely, that hallucination never takes place (except where the organs of sense and perception, the brain and senses, are the subjects of disease) without powerful predisposition in the constitution of the mind, which might have produced hallucinations from moral causes, without the occurrence of bodily disorder. This predisposition to hallucination may be almost exclusively limited to persons of extreme nervous irritability, to those whose profession or occupation favours the development of the functions of the mind at the expense of those of the body; these are chiefly—as we saw in the last lecture when speaking of the predisposition to mania—divines, poets, metaphysicians, and literary or sedentary persons in general. The case of Nicolai naturally occurs to us here. Before entering into the detail of one of the most remarkable cases on record, I wish to say that the previous state of Nicolai's mind was one of naturally great power; he was highly imaginative; took great pleasure in inventing ideal scenes and mental pictures; composed on his bed novels, dramas, and fictions of all kinds; and was most happy when he threw the reins from his guidance, and left his fancy to wander unrestrained through the flowery meads of the lighter branches of literature. In addition to this predisposed condition of mind, he had been greatly excited by a concurrence of unpleasant circumstances, which had been followed by violent mental

excitement, and were enough in themselves to produce hallucinations of the senses in a person of his temperament. Further, he had neglected his usual periodical blood-letting, which had led to some indisposition of body, the particulars of which it is not necessary here to mention. "On a sudden," writes he, "while reclining on the sofa, I perceived, at about the distance of ten steps, a form like that of a deceased person. I pointed to it, and asked my wife if she did not see it? It was but natural that she should not see anything; my question, therefore, alarmed her very much, and she immediately sent for a physician. The phantasm continued about eight minutes and then disappeared. At four in the afternoon, the form which I had seen in the morning re-appeared. I was by myself when this happened, and being rather uneasy at the incident, went to my wife's apartment, but there also was followed by the apparition, which, however, at intervals disappeared. About six o'clock there appeared also several walking figures, which had no connection with the first. After the first day the form of the deceased person no more appeared, but its place was supplied with many other phantoms, sometimes representing acquaintances, but mostly strangers; those whom I knew were the images of living and deceased persons, but the number of the latter was comparatively small. The phantoms seemed equally clear and distinct at all times and under all circumstances, when I was by myself and when I was in company, as well in the day as in the night, in my own house as well as abroad; they were, however, less frequent when I was in the house of a friend, and rarely appeared to me in the street. When I shut my eyes the phantoms would sometimes vanish entirely, though there were instances when I beheld them with my eyes closed. I saw human forms of both sexes, but they seemed not to take the smallest notice of each other, moving as in a market-place, where all

are eager to pass through the crowd; at times, they appeared to be transacting business with each other. I also saw on several occasions people on horseback, dogs and birds. All these phantoms appeared to me of their natural size, and as distinct as though alive, exhibiting the purest flesh colour in the hands and face, and the most vivid shades in the dresses. The longer these phantoms continued to visit me, the more frequently did they return, while, at the same time, they increased in numbers. About four weeks after they had first appeared, I also began to hear them talk; they conversed among themselves, but more frequently they addressed themselves to me; their speeches were commonly short, and never of an unpleasant turn." After the continuance of these hallucinations for about four months, they began to fade; as the remedies employed for the cure of his indisposition were beneficial. The colours at first became dimmer, then the outlines of the figures were indistinct and fleecy; afterwards they appeared nothing more than a chaos of mist floating before him, till at length they mingled with the breezes and were seen no more. It is not for us to say precisely in what manner the faculties of the mind are disturbed by affections of its material organ the brain. It is, however, extremely probable that this happens from a deranged circulation of the sanguineous or nervous fluids, for I assume as a truth that a nervous fluid does exist, though of so subtle a character that it will always escape the microscope of the most minute anatomist. Many facts might be adduced in support of this opinion, but they would be out of place. It is likewise probable that this disturbance of the mind, this undue predominance of one function to the extinction or diminution of the remainder, depends solely upon this derangement of the circulation of the nervous fluids, since we know that, in a vast number of instances, disorder of the blood-vessels would not be followed by any such train of

events. Again; disturbance of the mind is produced by that mysterious connexion of the brain with remote parts of the body, which is termed sympathy; and this is, perhaps, by far the most common source of hallucination. The study of sympathy is altogether neglected, and its importance overlooked. If this was minutely traced in connexion with the different constitutions of mind as dependent upon those of the body, we should at once be in possession of a number of facts which would elucidate and explain all, or at least the greater part, of the phenomena of hallucination. As it is, we are unable to explain the majority of the causes which produce this exalted state of the Imagination, and make the bodiless creations of the mind more vivid to the senses than those arising from the actual impression of the objects which surround us.

The constitution of the mind influences the nature of the illusions which are produced. If this be habitually gloomy and austere, superstitious and melancholy, and in this state receive strong impressions, the nature of the attendant visions will be of a correspondingly terrific character. A most extraordinary case of this nature occurred in Paris some years ago; and I am not certain whether the subject of it is not now living, and does not yet retain her gloomy and horrible ideas:—a woman, during a state of corporeal disease, gave herself up to the study, or rather to the perusal, of books of witchcraft and tales of sorcery. Under the mental excitement which this occasioned, as she one day was walking in her garden, she was surprised to see, advancing along the walk to meet her, a figure, whom she recognized as the Mephistophiles of some of her fictions. The sarcastic countenance, the sepulchral brilliancy of eye, the suit of sable in which he was habited, at once convinced her that the abyss had given up one of its inhabitants to communicate with her on the subject of her grief, and to offer to her that con-

solation which neither heaven nor earth could bestow or afford. I should have said that, in addition to the other conceits which tormented her, her mind was uneasy with regard to a sum of money which she had borrowed, and in default of the repayment of which the creditor had threatened her with imprisonment. Mephistophiles accosted her with his usual insinuating politeness, with the sophistry which ruined Faustus, and the gilded temptation which we are told has blasted and destroyed the happiness of thousands more: he offered her the money if she would make over to him her body, promising that her spirit should continue to wander through air and earth, through flood and fire, unharmed and imperishable, insensible to pain, unexcited by pleasure, and, like Ladurlad, free from all the various kinds of death which the united force of physical agents could inflict. She consented. She pricked her thumb — and signed the deed. Instantly, flames burst out around her, torrents rushed over her, the whirlwind and the tornado encircled her —but she was free from the violence of all. The devil had taken her body, her ghost only was left; and material agents could no more hurt her than they could affect the Being that created them. So firmly convinced is, or was, this poor creature that all that had passed was true, and not a creation of her own disordered fancy, that she affirmed she had attempted to drown, to burn, and to hang herself; for she was convinced that she was a spiritual and not a corporeal being, and, therefore, the things of earth had no power over her. The physician who attended her declared that he had, at her request, passed a small dagger through the fleshy part of her arm, and that she was totally insensible to pain.* *Such tricks hath strong Imagination.*

Hallucination partakes not only of the character of the

* This case, orginally observed and related by Esquirol, is to be found in the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Médicales;* art. Demonomania.

individual in whom it occurs, but likewise of the nature of the disease which produced it. The last, however, is, in reality, so strictly dependent upon the first—*i. e.*, the form of disease is so influenced by the temperament or constitution of the individual in whom it originates — that the second of these states may be considered merely as a morbid modification of the former. The hallucinations of hysteria, hypochondria, fever, and inflammation of the brain, will illustrate this point. Those attendant upon hysteria are of a lively and volatile character; the patient fancies herself attended by the most grotesque and curious apparitions, birds of the brightest exotic plumage, animals of the most extraordinary shapes, forms of the most fascinating and alluring description. The patient is generally highly delighted with her attendant spectres; their manœuvres produce the most violent peals of laughter, and the most extravagant expressions of delight. The hallucinations of hypochondria are sad and gloomy, consisting of single figures gliding about in slow and solemn state, attending a funeral procession, or weeping for the loss of property or friends; their countenances and dresses are all of the same sombre and forbidding cast, they all relate to the patient's misfortunes, and never minister to his pleasure; they are essentially the phantoms of sorrow, the personifications of grief, the emblems of sadness and despair. Those accompanying fever are of another character; they are vivid and numerous, hurried in their motions, constantly changing their shape, appearing and disappearing with wonderful celerity; like the dreams of persons thus affected, they are terrific or alluring, distressing or pleasant, in proportion as the symptoms are aggravated or mild. The spectres produced by inflammation of the brain almost attain the intensified character of those which we noticed in the last lecture as accompanying a paroxysm of mania. They are huge, gigantic shapes, corresponding in size and form to the great excitement of the

mind. They are the Titans of hallucination, powerful beings, armed, determined, and terrific. Their forms are strong and muscular, their countenances fiery and passionate, and their habiliments remarkable for the brilliancy of their colouring and the peculiarity of their fashion.

The last instances of hallucination from bodily affections which I shall mention, are those which occasionally attend the dying couch of the sick, or the rack or scaffold of the martyr. Strange and mysterious is the tie which connects mind and body. We observed, during ordinary states of disease, the strength and faculties of the mind modified, exalted, and depressed in some degree proportionately to the bodily affection; during the series of lectures which I have been delivering, these have frequently fallen under observation, and from their various peculiarities of circumstance have led to some of our most pleasing illustrations. What are the strength and limits of that connection which unites the mind and body we know not; we see these grow and expand together into perfect maturity; we witness the beauty of that harmony which constitutes of itself so close a bond; we wonder, and theorise, and to a certain extent the speculations of science hold good: but when we come to that scene which shows us the death and destruction of one, we stand amazed at the power which the other sometimes appears suddenly to acquire. It is then that, rising above the wreck of the body, the mind seems to call together its wandering faculties, and, collecting them into a focus, shines forth with a brilliancy and splendour which illumine but for a moment, and then passes away into a more extended field of exercise and perception, where our limited senses are unable to follow her. It is this degree of mental excitement which, at a moment when the material and immaterial portions of our nature are about to separate, produces the hallucinations, of which many instances have been recorded. It is a state, not between death and existence, but

between this present degree of the latter, and one far more exalted. The mind travels by anticipation into the unseen world, and from many circumstances of visions at these periods we might be almost led to suppose that a part of its glories were, in some instances, revealed to it. The memoirs of Lady Fanshawe furnish a remarkable example of this. This lady was so near dissolution that her friends supposed her actually dead. The struggling breath, the quivering lip, and tremulous motion of the body, indicated, however, that the change had not, as yet, taken place. By the use of remedies she was partially restored, and being so, affirmed that she had been perfectly sensible to all that had passed around her, and moreover that she had been visited by two beings in white raiment, from whom she had solicited a continuance of her existence for fifteen years. This was granted; and her friends asserted that she did actually die that day fifteen years. This is one of those remarkable and rare coincidences between the phantasms of the Imagination and the actual occurrence of facts that have at all times puzzled and misled the vulgar; and, indeed, well-authenticated narratives of this kind, which this decidedly was, are Gordian knots which even the learned attempt not to untie. Hallucinations of this nature frequently deceive the senses of the dying. Shakspeare, with exquisite taste, has cast the halo of his genius around the death-bed of Catherine of Arragon, in deluding her with a vision of this character:

> "Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
> Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
> Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
> They promised me eternal happpiness;
> And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
> I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
> Assuredly."

Theodorus, who was unremittingly tortured by Julian, the

Apostate, for ten hours, relates that, while under the hands of the executioners, he was visited by a bright youth, conceived by him to be a messenger from heaven, who allayed his sufferings by wiping the perspiration from his body, and pouring cold water upon his lacerated limbs. Gregory, Archbishop of Prague, under the extremity of the torture of the rack, had a vision, in which he supposed himself visited by three men, who were afterwards elected the first bishops of the Moravians. Massinger, in his play of *The Virgin Martyr*, has taken advantage of this fact, and introduces a spectral illusion to comfort Theophilus under torture by the command of the tyrant Diocletian. The ecstasy produced in the martyr's mind by the hallucination is finely described by the poet.

> "Most glorious vision!
> Did ere so hard a bed yield man a dream
> So heavenly as this? I am confirmed,
> Confirmed, you blessed spirits! and make haste
> To take that crown of immortality
> You offer me. Death, till this blest minute
> I never thought thee slow paced, nor would I
> Hasten thee now for any pain I suffer,
> But that thou keep'st me from a glorious wreath,
> Which through this stormy way I would creep to,
> And, humbly kneeling, with humility wear it.
> Oh! now I feel thee. Blessed spirit, I come!
> And witness for me all these wounds and scars,
> I die a soldier in the Christian wars."

Very vivid sensations of either kind, whether of pain or pleasure, change their character after long continuance; the pleasurable becoming painful, while the painful are ultimately attended with extreme pleasure. It is the latter circumstance which is supposed, in cases of long-continued torture, to account for that kind of illusion to which I have just referred. The histories of religious persecutions furnish a

multitude of facts of this nature. Happily, at this æra, and in this country, we know not the effects of bodily torture inflicted by the caprice or will of man; the rack, the wheel, and the pulley are now merely the curiosities of museums.

The only hallucinations remaining to be noticed, are those produced by the nitrous oxide and by certain narcotic and acro-narcotic substances, such as opium and the deadly nightshade. Those caused by nitrous oxide appear to have been much exaggerated, and are, for the most part, limited to the delusions of the ear. Those from opium are of a most extraordinary character; of its effect in thus producing the hallucinations of spectral forms, I have to bring forward a case that perhaps has seldom been surpassed for its singularity. A most intimate friend of my own, a gentleman of high respectability, and well known in the world of science, received an injury in the thumb while abroad in a hot climate, which was followed by an attack of tetanus, commonly known under the denomination of cramp or locked jaw. He relied upon laudanum for his cure, and increased the dose till he regularly took nine drachms every three hours night and day for three weeks. He was not usually affected by it for some days, but after the lapse of a short time, the chamber in which he lay appeared to extend itself on all sides till he fancied himself laid in a vast library and museum.* One side of the vast dome was covered with marine productions of all kinds, the other fitted up with books. By degrees the room became peopled with spectral forms; the living and dead moved about in all their natural beauty of countenance; the colours of the dresses were as vivid as though they clothed breathing forms; the spectres were not transparent or filmy, but concealed objects which were placed behind them, and in fact possessed all the

* This effect of opium in apparently enlarging space, it will be recollected, I mentioned in my second lecture.

characters of living men; they addressed him, reached down the books and spread them open before him—and he has assured me that many useful discoveries which he has since made were read by him in the spectral books, which the no less spectral librarians reached down for his perusal; tools of all kinds were strewed over the floor, the instruments of all nations, for war, agriculture, mechanics, and commerce, some of which he had never before seen, but which he has since recognised. This state of the imagination continued during the whole time he was under the full influence of the opium: as the quantity was diminished the spectres began to fade, the walls of his chamber to assume their customary plain appearance, and the room returned to its natural size and figure.

Such are the chief phenomena of the Imagination in health and in disease, in sleeping and in waking, in the sane and in the insane. This extraordinary faculty—this great division of the powers of the mind—is the most varied in its actions, the most pleasing in its effects, and the most dreadful in its unrestrained workings of any of the mental processes. It has been recognised in all ages as the great governor and modifier of the judgment; for it will be perceived from what has been said in this series of lectures, that the balance of mental power rests entirely between these two. It has produced more diseases than the whole of the physical agents of the universe. It is, in many instances, the most powerful auxiliary to their cure. A knowledge of its effects upon the constitution of man led the ingenious Mesmer to invent that system of imaginary medicine which bears the name of Animal Magnetism. It gave rise to the Metallic Tractors of the once celebrated Perkins. It produced all the benefits attributed to the inhalation of the various gases in case of bodily disease. It is the grand sheet-anchor of empiricism. Numbers of cases might be adduced where affections of the

most decided and confirmed nature have been removed by acting upon the Imagination of the sufferers alone; not only in circumstances of imaginary diseases of a nervous kind — such as hypochondria and others — but where even change of structure, from the healthy to the diseased character, has taken place. It is difficult, as in the cases of spectral hallucination and disordered perception, generally to explain these facts; but they combine to lend an additional certainty to that view which considers them as changing the circulation, or at least the mode of action, of the nervous fluid.

I have now brought to a conclusion the remarks I had to offer on a subject certainly of great interest, and also of much importance. I regret I have not been able to do it more justice. A great part of it has been strictly of a scientific character, admitting, however of considerable elucidation and illustration from various branches of literature. Literature is the handmaid of Science. The latter is an unostentatious personage, plain in her attire and homely in her language; the former decks her in beauty, and gives to her an eloquence at once powerful and enchanting. Philosophy is the general benefactor of mankind. She is not a being of one country — her speech is not confined to one language — nor her dress to materials drawn from one quarter of the globe. She does not minister to the selfishness, to the pride, to the exaltation of individuals alone; but, by the promotion of the useful arts, and the removal of real inconveniences and dangers, she improves the condition of all by giving sightliness to what was deformed, and utility to what was hurtful. All nations bow before her, the people of all climes worship at her feet. She is like a building which the inhabitants of the world determined to erect, and in which their united efforts should combine to produce a structure perfect in strength and beauty. The various sciences and arts were engaged in the composition of the shell and the decorations of the walls.

The mathematician gave it form and regulated the disposition of its lines and angles; the chemist studied to protect it from the influence of atmospheric agencies, to guard it from the tempest and avert from it the lightning. The poet and the painter lavished the perfection of their arts upon it; the one covered its interior with pictures of every character of beauty, while the other exhausted language in their description. Like this, in unity of object, is the one great family to which the learned of all nations belong; the result is the unison of many notes producing a perfect harmony, not the monotonous tinkling of one by some self-sufficient dreamer who considers all the rest harsh and untunable. Philosophy is not to be considered in the light in which Romeo viewed it; we must not cry "Hang up philosophy, unless philosophy can make a Juliet." In the beautiful expression of Florian, "The sons of science should resemble those brilliant flowers which, although dispersed in various climates, compose but one single family."

PROSPECTUS

OF A

COURSE OF PHYSIOLOGY,

COMPREHENDING THE STUDY OF

THE HEALTHY ACTIONS OF THE HUMAN BODY,

AND THE

MANNER IN WHICH DERANGEMENTS OF THESE ACTIONS BECOME SOURCES OF DISEASE.

BY S. W. LANGSTON PARKER.

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PROSPECTUS.

PHYSIOLOGY, or the Science of Life, admits of a division of the functions which are its objects into four great classes.

CLASS I.

Consists of those functions termed Vegetative or Organic, which furnish, assimilate, and distribute to all parts of the body the material necessary for its nutrition and individual reproduction. This class includes the functions of Digestion, Circulation, Absorption, Respiration, Secretion, and Innervation, or the action of the nervous system of ganglia, and the nerves of organic life.

This class of functions is most widely extended in nature, being common both to animal and vegetable existence.

CLASS II.

Includes the animal or sensorial functions, since they are the most striking peculiarities of animal life, especially that of the higher classes of the mammalia. These functions constitute the relative existence of the animal, by which he is made acquainted with surrounding objects through the instrumentality of a series of organs placed on the exterior of the body; such are the senses of touch, taste, smell, hearing, and sight. This class likewise includes the locomotive order of functions by which the animal is approximated to or removed from the objects whose properties have been revealed to him by the senses; and the sensorial order of functions, those of the brain and spinal cord, or the nervous system of animal life.

CLASS III.

Includes those functions devoted to the reproduction and continuance of the species. These are divided between two individuals differing in constitution and the physical disposition of their organs, the actions of which are varied, as they are studied singly or in a state of connexion or combination. This class likewise comprehends the phenomena which result from the union of the sexes; conception and pregnancy, the vivification of the germ, utero-gestation, child-birth, and lactation.

CLASS IV.

Consists of a series of phenomena which relate to the physical education of the young individual; to the changes produced by infancy, puberty, manhood, old age, and death; also to the peculiarities of temperament, idiosyncrasy, habit, and the varieties of the human race.

CLASS I.

VEGETATIVE OR ORGANIC FUNCTIONS.

1.—DIGESTION.—The first and most important of these functions, through the agency of which the materials are furnished for the exercise of all the rest—the stomach, the seat of digestion, where it exists (which it does not in the lowest zoophytes)—general view of the process of digestion in the animal series.

Peculiarities of the digestive process in the human subject.

Of the prehension of aliment.

Of mastication, deglutition, and the secretions of the buccal cavity—the salivary glands—their peculiarities in animals and in man—their number and mode of action in health—how derangements of their functions may become the source of disease.

Of digestion properly so called—the peculiarities of the stomach in certain animals and in man—of the action of the stomach during digestion in health.

In what manner derangements of its action may become the source of disease.

Of the accessory organs of digestion which immediately succeed the stomach—the duodenum and small intestines—their peculiarities in the animal series and in man—their mode of action in health—the manner in which their derangements become sources of disease.

Of the glands whose secretions are poured upon the internal surface of the duodenum to complete the formation of chyle—the liver and pancreas—their peculiarities in animals and in man—their mode of action in health—the manner in which increase, diminution, or alteration of their secretions become sources of disease.

Of the spleen—its peculiarities in animals and in man—its probable uses—the manner in which it becomes diseased.

Of the remaining portions of the alimentary canal more especially concerned in the formation of fœcal matter—their peculiarities in animals and in man—the change produced in the fœces in the large intestines—their mode of action in health—how their derangements become sources of disease.

2.—CIRCULATION.—Of the circulating system in general—its peculiarities in vertebrate animals and in man—of the circulation generally in the human subject—its mode of action in health—in what manner general derangements of the vascular system become sources of disease—division of the vascular or circulating system into three orders of vessels—lacteals and lymphatics (improperly considered as distinct orders of vessels, since their structure is everywhere the same)—veins and arteries—of absorption generally by the lymphatics—of intestinal absorption—of absorption in other organs besides those of digestion—absence of lymphatics in the brain,

spinal chord, eye, and placenta — (absorption however goes on in these structures)—of the mode of action of the absorbent system in health — of the functions of the lymphatic glands, or more properly ganglia — of the mode of action of the absorbent system in disease.

Of the Heart.—General disposition of the heart in vertebrate animals and in man — mode of action of the heart in health (vices of conformation of the heart considered under the article of its development in the fœtus)— analysis of the movements of the heart in health — of the sounds emitted by the auricles and ventricles in health — of the movements and sounds of the heart as indicative of disease — in what manner the heart becomes diseased — in what manner the alterations of the functions of the heart become causes of disease in other organs.

Of the Arteries.— General peculiarities of the arterial circulation in man — structure of arteries — vital properties of arteries — their mode of action in health — in what manner they become diseased — in what manner the local derangements in the structure and functions of arteries become causes of disease in other parts — of the termination of arteries.

Of the Capillary system.—Importance of this system — its extent, divisible into a general, a pulmonary, a mesenteric, and hepatic system — this system the seat of a great part of the important actions carried on in an animal body in health and in disease — seat of nutrition — mode in which nutrition is effected in health — its aberrations — formation of diseased structures referable to vices or aberrations of nutrition, in which the action of the capillary vessels is deranged — tubercle — melanosis — scirrhus — encephaloid tissue, &c., &c.—formed in this manner — action of the capillaries in acute diseases—inflammations, &c.—in what manner local derangement of the capillaries becomes a cause of diseases in other parts.

Of the Veins.—The origin of veins—structure of veins—vital properties of veins—general peculiarities of the venous circulation—mode of action in health—in what manner veins become diseased—how the local alterations in the structure and functions of veins may become causes of disease in other parts.

Of the contents of the Vascular system.—Of the Blood—its peculiarities in animals and in man—of its properties in health—the manner in which its various derangements become sources of disease—of the Lymph—its properties vary according to the organs from which it is absorbed.

Of the fluids which are separated from the blood during its circulation—of the fluids exhaled on the surface of the skin, in the sacs of the serous membranes of the arachnoid, pleura, pericardium, peritoneum, tunica vaginalis, and those of the synovial membranes; and on the surfaces of the gastro-pulmonary and genito-urinary mucous membranes, in the cavities of the heart, arteries, veins, and lymphatics, in that of the internal ear, in the chorion, amnios, and umbilical vesicle in the fœtus—of the fluids secreted by the cryptæ or follicles—the sebaceous humour of the skin—the cerumen of the meatus auditorius externus—the ciliary humour secreted by the Meibomian glands—the mucus furnished by the cryptæ of the mucous surfaces—of the glandular secretions, which are either excrementitial, as the tears and the urine, or devoted to the fulfilment of a particular function, as the secretion of the salivary glands, pancreas, and liver (these have been considered with the digestive functions, as their secretions are necessary to the completion of the process). Functions fulfilled by the foregoing exhalations and secretions—their mode of action in health—in what manner their derangement induces disease—how the local derangement of these secretions may become the causes of disease in other parts.

3.—RESPIRATION.—General remarks on the functions of respiration in animals and in man — the organs of respiration in the human subject divisible into two orders, the mechanical and chemical — of the mechanical agents of respiration — the bones and muscles of the thorax — general remarks upon the thorax in vertebrate animals and in man — peculiarities in the human subject — muscles of respiration — nerves of respiration — those concerned in the mechanical actions of the process — effects of division of the nerves concerned in the mechanical actions of respiration — of asphyxia from the suspension of the mechanical actions of respiration.

Of the chemical actions of respiration — their seat in the lungs — of the structure of the lungs, and the functions of their various parts — their combined actions in a state of health — the nerves of the chemical functions of respiration — their mode of action in health — of asphyxia from division, &c., of these nerves. Analysis of the sounds emitted by the action of the lungs in a state of health — in infancy, manhood, and old age. Alterations of these sounds indicative of disease — in what manner the lungs become diseased in the exercise of their functions. In what manner local disease of the lungs becomes a cause of disease in other parts — of the pulmonary circulation and the changes the blood undergoes in the vascular system of the lungs — of the functions of the pulmonary and bronchial arteries and veins (pulmonary circulation of black blood in the fœtus considered under the article "fœtal circulation"). Of diseases resulting from the circulation of black blood — of diseases productive of a circulation of black blood — of the phenomena furnished by the organs of respiration, which are independent of the respiratory process considered as a vital function. Of the voice — action of the lungs and larynx in the production of voice — alteration of the voice in disease.

Of the expressions of the countenance in health and in

disease—the expression of the passions dependent on the actions of the respiratory nerves—of the physiognomy of health according to age, sex, constitution, education, habit, &c. Physiognomy of disease in acute and chronic affections according to their seat, degree, duration, &c.

4.—INNERVATION.—Action of the nervous system of ganglia, or nerves of organic life—of the development of this system in the animal series and in man—state of the system in infancy, manhood, and old age—peculiarities in the actions of these nerves—in what manner different from those of animal life—organs more particularly submitted to their influence—heart, arteries, lungs, stomach, intestines, &c. Mode of action in the establishment of sympathy or consent of action in the organs submitted to their influence—of the sympathy of organs generally—of the sympathy of the organs of organic life with each other in health and in disease—of their sympathies with the organs of animal life in health and in disease—in what manner the system of ganglia becomes diseased—its influence in the production of disease in other organs.

Of the general peculiarities of the actions of the organs of the vegetative sphere of functions, or those of organic life—in what differing from the organs of the animal life in their modes of action in health and in disease.

CLASS II.

ANIMAL OR SENSORIAL FUNCTIONS.

Of the development of the actions of the organs of this sphere in the fœtus—their peculiarities in number, form, harmony, mode of action, duration and habit in health—the peculiarities of their actions in health necessarily induce a

mode of action in disease different from that exercised by the organs of the vegetative sphere—in what the two lives are similar in their functions in health and in disease.

Of the Nerves of animal life, or those of the brain and spinal cord — should be considered prior to the brain and spinal marrow, as their development is independent of the existence of the latter organs — general disposition of the nerves of animal life in animals and in man — division of this system into two orders of functions — nerves of general and nerves of special actions — nerves of general actions, those of the spinal cord — properties of which these nerves are conductors — sensibility and contractility or motility — nerves of special actions, the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 9th pairs—actions of the spinal nerves in health—their actions in disease — sympathies with each other — their influence on the sympathies of other organs — state of this system with regard to function in infancy—during growth—in old age.

Of the Nerves of particular functions not being the agents of a special sense — 3rd pair: its actions as a motor nerve — 6th pair: actions as a motor nerve—5th pair: its extended and multifarious actions as the sympathetic nerve of the senses—4th pair: actions as an appendage to the nerves of respiration—(7th and 8th pairs considered with the organs of respiration)—9th pair: actions as a motor nerve.

Of the Spinal Cord.—Apparent in the fœtus before the brain—(its mode of formation considered under the article of its development in the fœtus — envelopes of the spinal cord — properties of which the spinal cord is the seat — mode of action in health — its influence upon the integrity of other organs — how derangements of the actions of the spinal cord become causes of disease in other organs—of the brain—envelopes of the brain—results from the assemblage of a number of ganglia, each devoted to a separate func-

tion—of the ganglia of the intellectual faculties, the cerebrum and cerebellum — of the olfactory ganglia — of the optic ganglia — of the optic lobes or tubercula quadrigemina — the ganglia of the 5th and 8th pairs—of the ganglia of audition, or the tænia grisea of the fourth ventricle of the brothers Wenzell—of the medulla oblongata—of the actions of these parts in health—in what manner the brain, properly so called, becomes diseased in the exercise of its functions — in what manner derangements of the various parts of the brain become sources of disease in other organs.

Of the Senses.— Five in number — one general and four special senses — three organs implicated in the exercise of the functions of each sense—the mechanical apparatus of the sense, the nerve of transmission, and the sensorium for the perception of the impression produced.

Of the sense of Touch—Why termed general — of the component parts of the skin which is the seat of the sense of touch — the dermis — papillary body, rete mucosum and epidermis — of the mechanism of the sense of touch—of its mode of action in health—in what manner the sense of touch becomes diseased—of other functions of the skin independent of its tactile property—its importance in the animal economy—the manner in which the diminution or derangement of its exhalations become sources or indicative of disease in other organs.

Of the sense of Taste.—Mechanism of this sense generally in animals and in man—peculiarities of the tongue as an organ of taste in the human subject—action of the papillæ in the sense of taste—divisible into three orders—the conical, fungiform and calyxiform papillæ — action of the muscles of the tongue — actions of the nerves of the tongue — of the fifth pair as the special nerve of taste. In what manner the sense of taste becomes diseased in the exercise of its functions.

Of the sense of Smell.—Mechanism of this sense generally

in the animal series — peculiarities of the nasal fossæ — or mechanical apparatus of smell in the human subject — of the functions of the frontal, ethmoidal and sphenoidal sinuses or cells — of the functions of the conchæ narium or turbinated bones — peculiarities of the membrane of Schneider in the various parts of the nasal fossæ — of the first pair of nerves as the special agents of this sense — of the combined actions of these parts in health — in what manner the sense of smell becomes diseased in the exercise of its functions.

Of the sense of Vision.— Mechanism of this sense generally in the animal series — peculiarities of the eye, as the mechanical apparatus of vision in man — action of the sclerotic — of the choroid — the iris — the retina — the cornea — and the humours of the eye — of the second pair of nerves, the optic, considered as the special agents of the sense of vision — of the combined actions of the separate parts of the apparatus of this sense — in what manner this sense becomes diseased in the exercise of its functions.

Of the sense of Hearing.— Mechanism of this sense generally in the animal series — peculiarities of the ear of the human subject — actions of the concha — membrana tympani — ossicula of the tympanum — semicircular canals and cochlea — of the Eustachian tube — the portio mollis of the 7th pair considered as the special nervous agent of this sense — of the combined actions of its separate parts in health — in what manner this sense becomes diseased in the exercise of its functions.

Of Locomotion.— The functions of locomotion exercised by a double series of organs, active and passive, as muscles and bones — of the passive series — of the mechanism of the vertebral column for the support of the head — its partial and general motions — of the mechanism of the upper extremities — arm — fore-arm, carpus and metacarpus — of the pelvis — its mechanism for the support of the spine — of the

mechanism of the lower extremity — thigh — leg — tarsus and metatarsus — of the structure and uses of joints — in what manner the osseous system becomes diseased — physiological action of this system in the reparation of mechanical injury.

Active series of locomotive organs or muscles — structure of muscles — contractility — sensibility — extensibility — of the new sphere of contraction in muscles when they have been supposed to be shortened to their utmost, as in long standing fractures of the olecranon and patella — of the separate and combined actions of muscles in station — progression, &c. — theory of muscular contraction — termination of nerves in muscle — action of muscles in disease — alterations produced in the muscular system by disease in other organs — paralysis, tetanus, &c., &c.

CLASS III.

OF THE GENERATIVE SYSTEM OF ORGANS.

General view of the phenomena of Generation in the animal series — of the male organs of generation in the human subject — testes — their position and descent in the fœtus — gubernaculum testis of Hunter — of the action of the vas deferens, vesiculæ seminales, and prostate — of the penis — its structure in animals and in man — of the combined actions of these parts — of the manner in which the male organs may become sources of disease in the performance of their functions.

Of the female organs of generation in the human subject — of the vagina and its appendices — of the uterus and its secretions — Fallopian tubes and ovaries — of the Graäfian vesicles, and corpora lutea — of the combined actions of these organs — of conception — falsity of the Hallerian doctrine of evolution — nisus formativus of Blumenbach — of the development of the fœtus — of the peculiarities of the intra-uterine existence — of the changes produced during the intra-uterine

existence of the embryo — the development of the fœtus under the influence of certain laws — examination of the theories of Serres — laws of the eccentric development of organs — laws of symmetry and congregation — erroneous opinion of the ancients in assigning the imagination of the mother as the source of monstrosity and congenital malformation in the fœtus — of malformations to which an arrest of the process of development gives rise — division of the superior eyelid — lagopthalmia — of division of the nose — of the upper lip or hare lip — of the velum pendulum palati and bony palate — of the prepuce — of the opening of the rectum into the bladder, into the vagina, or on any point of the abdominal parietes — of the open umbilicus — of epispadias and hypospadias — congenital malformations produced by an excess or preternatural energy of the process of development — of the obliteration of the various natural openings — of hermaphrodism — of the development of the brain in the fœtus — of the congenital malformations of the brain to which deviations from the laws of development give rise — of the development of the spinal cord in the fœtus — of its congenital malformations — of the development of the heart in the fœtus — of its congenital malformations — of the actions of the uterus in the discharge of its contents — of the change in the economy of the female subsequent to labour — of the secretion of milk, &c.

CLASS IV.

OF THE EXTRA-UTERINE EXISTENCE.

Of the general changes produced in the animal economy by growth — maturity and decay — division of life into five distinct periods, not regulated by months or years, but by successive changes in the functions of certain systems of organs — of the first period of infancy, extending from birth

to the first dentition—importance of the changes produced in the economy of the infant by the change from fœtal to extra-uterine existence—changes produced by respiration in the circulating system—two kinds of blood now first evident, arterial and venous—changes produced in the functions of nutrition by digestion—changes produced in the special senses by the commencement of the life of relation—action of the air upon the skin—light on the eye—sounds on the ear—odours upon the nostrils—and sapid bodies upon the tongue—of the functions of the brain and nervous system at this period—of the state of the circulation in infancy—of the state of respiration in infancy—of the diseases of early infancy resulting from the natural energy of the actions of the nervous, vascular, and respiratory systems at this age.

Of the second period of infancy—of the phenomena produced by the first dentition—of the state of the follicle of the tooth previous to protrusion—of the number of the first teeth, and their mode of protrusion—of the state of the tooth subsequent to protrusion—of the changes produced in the circulation of the brain by dentition—in what manner the processes of the first dentition may become sources of disease—of the changes produced in digestion—in the muscles of mastication—and in the salivary glands, by the appearance of the teeth, and the phenomena to which their appearance gives rise—the digestion of solid food, &c.—of the gradual perfection of action in the organs of the senses—of the first appearance of the black pigment on the surface of the choroid, tending to the perfection of vision—of the development of the nervous striæ of Piccolomini in the fourth ventricle, tending to the perfection of audition—of the development of the organs and functions of locomotion at this period—of the mode in which a derangement or diminution of the functions of nutrition in the organs of locomotion as the bones, becomes a source of disease—rachitis, &c.,—of

the activity of intestinal absorption at this age — of the manner in which it becomes a source of disease.

Of the small size of the pelvis and inferior extremities at this period — its cause — and the influence this has upon the situation of the abdominal and pelvic viscera — importance of the application of these facts to the performance of surgical operations in the perineum and its vicinity — development of the frontal, ethmoidal and sphenoidal sinuses, and perfection of the sense of smell — of the more advanced periods of infancy and phenomena of the second dentition — of puberty — great distinctions between the two sexes now first apparent — of the age of puberty in the male — development of the organs of the voice and generation — changes produced in the vascular system — in the organs of respiration, and in the functions of the nervous system — of the age of puberty in the female — commencement of menstruation — of the development of the organs of repiration and the mammæ at this period — sympathies between the uterus and various systems of the economy now first apparent — importance of a knowledge of these sympathies in reference to practical medicine — in what manner an arrest of the development of the functions of certain organs at this period may become the source of disease — of manhood — predominance of the nutritive functions of composition over those of decomposition now terminated — of the changes in the functions of the brain and nervous system at this age — in the vascular and respiratory systems — of the termination of manhood, or commencement of the period of decay — predominance of the functions of decomposition — change in the nature of the secretions and exhalations — of the manner in which the state of the economy at this period becomes a cause of disease.

Of the critical period in the female — cessation of the catamenia — development of the sympathies of a new character between the uterus and mammæ — in what manner these

sympathies are productive of disease — of the changes produced by old age in the various systems of the economy — of the changes produced in the functions of the organic life — in digestion, circulation, respiration—of the changes produced in the actions of the organs of the animal life—in the brain — nervous system and senses—the manner in which the functions of the economy at this period become sources of disease — of the natural termination of the two systems of functions — of death without disease.

Of the individual peculiarities of the human race—temperament and idiosyncracy — importance of the study of these two states in reference to practical medicine—division of temperaments — of the manner in which they modify certain morbid actions of the economy.

Of the general division and varieties of the human race.

Of certain properties peculiar to an animal body, not referable to either of the preceding classes of functions, by which the latter are first called into action, and through whose agency their existence is continued and life preserved. These properties constitute the archæus of Van Helmont, and the vis-insita or vital principle of Barthez and modern physiologists generally — Bichat's division of vital properties — of sensibility — contractility (irritability of Glisson and Haller), and animal heat—of tone (vis telæ cellulosæ of Blumenbach), developed in the movements of the fluids in the areolæ of various tissues and membranes, in the contraction of the spleen, gall bladder, &c., &c., and of all structures not provided with distinct muscular fibre—of the augmentation and diminution of the tone of organs — sensibility — vis nervea of Blumenbach — of general and partial sensibility — of the special sensibility peculiar to each organ or each system of organs.

Of Animal Heat.—Peculiar and common to all organised beings — general view of the degree of animal heat in the

animal series — source of animal heat — of respiration considered as the source of animal heat — of circulation considered as the source of animal heat—of the nervous system of ganglia considered as the source of animal heat — its degree in health and variations in disease.

General Review of the Course.— Conclusion.

"LONGEVITY."

To the Editor of the Daily Gazette.

Sir,

A circumstance narrated in the newspapers of the day and quoted below, induces me to make a few desultory remarks on a subject, which in the hours of literary ease has attracted somewhat of my interest and attention:

"The King of the Belgians has just sent a handsome gold watch to M. de Boek, Burgomaster of Zele, on the occasion of his attaining his 102nd birthday. This gentleman still possesses all his intellectual faculties; he is Honorary President of the local Shooting Society; he walks out daily alone, and sometimes attends the Rifle Meetings."

Such are the facts of the case, and we naturally inquire to what peculiar cause, if any, is due this extraordinary prolongation of what we are led to consider as the natural ordinary duration of human life (seventy years), although Buffon places the natural duration at ninety to one hundred years, and Heller has extended it much beyond this.

It is quite certain that no general law applicable to all persons is known, by the observance of which human life can be prolonged; for persons who have drunk nothing but water, and others who have daily exceeded in their potations, have each repeatedly attained very great ages.

It must, however, be admitted that the latter class are rather the exception to the rule, for, on examining the analyses of 6,201 histories of persons who are said to have

exceeded one hundred years of age, most of those whose mode of living is recorded are found to have been most abstemious livers, many of them eating very sparingly of animal food, some living on vegetables only, and others drinking nothing but water. Nevertheless, one, who lived to the age of 102 was very intemperate, and got drunk twice a week; and one, a lady, must be considered as intemperate in another way, for she lived to be 107, and, it is said, married thirteen husbands.

The recorded histories to which I have alluded have been collected by Dr. Van Oven. They amount in number to 6,201, and are of all ages and countries. In remarking upon their occasional probable inaccuracy, he says: "I am fully aware that these histories may contain errors and exaggerations, and perhaps some wilful misstatements, but after having made due allowance for all these, enough and more than enough remain to justify a fair presumption that human life may endure much longer than it commonly does; and to encourage the exertions of those who desire to promote a healthy longevity." Such also was the opinion of Haller and Buffon.

One may naturally inquire—Are there any means by which the duration of human life may be increased? Doubtless there are means by which disease and premature decay may be avoided; but, as Lord Bacon observes, this great work is not to be accomplished by "a morning draught or costly medicines;" it is a "laborious work that requires many kinds of remedies, and a proper continuance and admixture thereof." There is no one rule applicable to all men, whether referable to diet, climate, or regimen, which will preserve health and conduce to longevity, but there are many which are generally applicable. When a man has attained the age of forty years, is in good health and his organs are in a state of perfect integrity, it becomes tolerably

clear that the regimen he has pursued up to this period has agreed with him; and there is no doubt that all sudden changes in modes of living after that period should be adopted with great caution. Constitution so called, *i. e.*, all the organs essential to life, being originally well-made, or organised, or constructed, is the chief point in reference to longevity. Buffon is right when he says: "The duration of our life depends neither on climate, nor food, nor variety, but on the internal original good construction of our organs." Regularity of living has a great deal to do with longevity; it is not any particular kind of diet or regimen, but it is what agrees and nourishes. A man should ascertain what kind of food or drink agrees with him, and what quantity agrees with him; and he should be regular in what he takes, neither committing an excess one day, nor living below the mark on another; as he gets older, the quantities, whatever they may be, should be slightly diminished. This regularity of habit is extremely important to longevity. It is M. Reveillé Parise's third rule: "Old men," says he, "who spend one day like another, with the same moderation and the same appetites, live always." It is one of the chief points insisted on by the able writer on Longevity in the January number of the *Quarterly Review*. It is the study of self and one's own organisation, and the adaptation of food, regimen, and exercise to one's own strength and age, that tend to preserve health and conduce to longevity. Few men understand this. "Few men," says La Rochefoucauld, "know how to be old."

> "Qui n'a pas l'esprit de son age,
> De son age a tous les malheurs."—*Voltaire.*

Another golden rule is to attack every malady in its source. There is no greater evil than a neglect of this. To wait in the hope that one may be better to-morrow is a maxim fraught with danger.

To pursue this subject farther would perhaps be foreign to the columns of a newspaper. It is sufficient to point out here several sources from which, both philosophically and medically, most interesting information and benefit may be derived in reference to the "Hygiene" of longevity. I mention especially the works of M. Reveillé Parise, of Lewis Cornaro, of Hufeland, and the article on Longevity in the January number of the *Quarterly Review.*

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

LANGSTON PARKER.

20, Colmore Row, Feb., 1868.

Juvenilia.

Juvenilia.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF "DON JUAN."

In Bagdad's city once a merchant dwelt,
I ween a very wealthy merchant he;
Within his Harem's walls, from morn till night,
No sounds were heard save those of revelry.
Blest with a wife whose beauty did surpass
Those of the famed Circassian's black-eyed girl,
His riches greater than man's vast desires,
More blest was he than sultan, king, or baldric-belted earl.

His children lovelier than the fairies were;
Courted he was by every bearded cadi;
Blest by the poor and wandering devotee,
For noble deeds of boundless charity;
With every luxury that man could wish,
By rich, by poor, by young and old caressed,
Not all the pleasures of the day could drive
His anxious thoughts away, when he retired to rest.

Fixed in the corner of his spacious room,
Upon a shelf a little box there stood,
'Tis not of any moment to the tale
Whether 'twas made of iron or of wood;
Within this box a tiny hag abode,
Who nightly visited, with horrid shriek,
Th' affrighted merchant, and within his ear
Harsh words did utter, such as now I speak:

THE ROSEBUD.

A rosebud once in a garden grew,
'Mid flowers of every odour and hue
That ope their leaves to the morning dew;
Her mildest showers the young spring shed
To nourish the plant in its vernal bed;
The summer sun lent all its power
To strengthen the plant in his life-giving hour;
But scarce had the frosts of November begun,
Or half of its race the bright autumn had run,
When the flow'ret drooped her head and died,
And lay scentless and dead
On the garden's bed,
Deprived of her blushes, her beauty, and pride.
As frail as the rose are the blessings we prove,
Th' endearments of friendship, the ardour of love;
They may smile, it is true, in prosperity's day,
But when life's winter comes they will all fade away.

CONCLUSION OF THE COVENANTER'S MARRIAGE DAY.

Stranger, my tale is done; thou wilt forgive
The humble dress these humble lines receive;
Their author is a rude, unlettered boy,
Who long has wooed the Syren—poesy;
Who loves at e'en to hear the zephyrs mild,
Touching with softest breath her harp-strings wild;
Now raising to a flame the poet's fire,
Now, dying on the breeze of night, expire.
Though he may never gain the world's acclaim,
The critic's praise, or trumpet-breath of fame,
Yet, could he win from one dear love-lit eye
The crystal tear, or from one heart a sigh,
The visionary bliss he'd part with never,
But plant it in his heart, to bloom for ever.

FRAGMENT OF AN ODE TO ROMANCE.

Hail, lovely Goddess, in thy spell-wrought bower
Etherial fancy dwells;
Thither she speeds at twilight's sober hour,
And lists thy spirits from their moonlit tower,
Or fairy-haunted dells,
Softly sighing to the breeze
Their soul-inspiring minstrelsies.
Goddess, teach my duteous feet
To seek thy ivy-crowned retreat;
Far from the ken of human eye,
Where some lone brook runs bubbling by,
On whose velvet margent green
Unearthly shadows oft are seen,
Flitting in the moonbeam's light,
Or mingling with the shade of night.
Goddess, here I would recline,
List'ning to thy lay divine
Of Arthur, and his Table Round,
And feasts by holy Sangreal crowned,
Of Gawaine, and Sir Launcelot,
The mighty wizard, Michael Scott,—
While the pale moon, riding high,
Chases the mist along the sky,
Still whisp'ring tales of love and fear,
To Fancy's all-attentive ear.
She tells, beneath the spectral shade,
Of murders done, of maids betrayed;
How the poor peasant, homeward bound,
Shakes as he treads the churchyard round,
And deems each head-embossed nave
Some wand'ring tenant of the grave;
And the dull screech-owl's dismal tale
Some penanced spirit's sad bewail.

* * * * * *

FAREWELL.

Thy presence, dear maid, is far sweeter to me
Than the honey just stolen from the bag o' the bee;
And sooner the bliss of thy lips would I prove
Than quaff of the nectar of thundering Jove.
The rays from thine eyes, that so witchingly stray,
Are brighter than those of the great God of day;
Yet as mild as the light of the moon's holy beam,
And as soft as the fall of the snow on the stream.

Farewell, dearest love! though from thee I depart,
Yet thou art alone, love, the gem of my heart.
O'er plain, lake, or mount, and wherever I rove,
My soul, like the needle, will turn to my love.
When I'm gone, will thy breast heave a fond sigh for me,
Whose breast borrowed all of its heaven from thee?
If I living return, wilt thou welcome me home?
If dead, wilt thou drop one fond tear on my tomb?

HORACE, Od. v, Lib. i.

"Ad Pyrrham."

What youth now seeks thy roseate bed,
Beneath some time-worn grotto spread?
For whom, fair Pyrrha, braid you now
Your golden hair across your ivory brow?
Alas! how often shall he weep
Thy broken faith, thy passion dead?
As he has mourn'd when morning's tranquil deep
Rose to the evening's storm, and all its beauty fled.
For me: my shipwreck's vow is paid,
And, on the votive tablet laid,
My storm-drenched garments rest above,
A grateful offering to the sea-god's love.

FRAGMENT.

Away from thee how dead were bliss,
  How joyless immortality;
The nectar of a Houri's kiss
  Were nothing to one smile from thee!
Could I ascend to Eden's bowers,
  Or ride upon the shooting star,
Or dwell within those fairy flowers,
  Whose leaves a life of perfume are:
I could not live; a spirit's life
  Were poor and wretched without thee;
My wings, my heart, would droop and die,
  If thou, my life, were not with me.

* * * * *

AD NOCTEM.

I love the twilight's sober hour,
  The close of bright and garish day,
When o'er the hill, or 'cross the moor,
  The ploughman homeward bends his way.

For 'tis the hour when lovers meet
  To tell their soft and dulcet tale;
To wander with forgetful feet,
  O'er lawn or hill, through grove or vale.

I love to hear the vesper-bell
  At evening tell the hour of prayer;
When the sweet sound, from some lone dell,
  Of shepherd's reed steals on the air.

I love to see the pale star peep
  From out the blue, unclouded sky,
And catch, with senses half asleep,
  The hum of bat or drowsy fly.

I hail thy face, oh, lovely Night!
  Thy shadows lengthening o'er the plain,
Thy sober, dim, religious light;
  Then, Thought, I am thine own again.

Thine is the hour, when fancy's ray
  Opes fairy visions to the view—
Brighter than all the blaze of day,
  Lovelier than moonlight's silvery hue.

Thine is the hour when music's spell
  Is stealing o'er the sleeping sea
From spirits' lips, who love to dwell
  In twilight, but, when day dawns, flee.

The rosy morn, the ruddy noon,
  Though clad in sunshine e'er so bright,
Are nothing to the modest gloom
  That hangs around thee, beauteous Night!

IMPROMPTU.

See! yonder music's spirit floats,
  The god of love—subduing sound;
Hark! didst thou hear the dulcet notes,
  That from his fairy harp resound?

Again I hear his dying song,
  As o'er yon azure hill he flies;
The glassy waves his strain prolong,
  And echo mocks his melodies.

Whither so swiftly does he glide,
  So gaily decked and mirth-bedight?
At some quaint revel to preside,
  That ends but with the morning's light.

Gay be thy revels, fairy King;
The fleeting moments full of glee;
Sweet be the airs thy lovers sing;
Let nought disturb their harmony.

LINES SUGGESTED BY READING THE EPITAPH:

JULIA . ALPINULA
HIC . JACEO
INFELICIS . PATRIS . INFELIX . PROLES
DEÆ . AVENTIÆ . SACERDOS
EXORARE . PATRIS . NECEM . NON . POTUI
MALE . MORI . IN . FATIS . ILLI . ERAT
VIXI . ANNOS . XXIII

Oh! Alpinula, oh, thou priestess fair!
Famed for thy piety and filial care;
What eye that reads the story of that strife—
That vain attempt to save a father's life,
Condemned by Aulus* for no crime to die,
Save that of prizing liberty too high—
Will e'er refuse to drop a passing tear
On thy ill-fated grave, thy young untimely bier?

Feb. 7th, 1825.

TO A TEAR.

Tell me, glittering Dew-drop, why
Thou lovest to stand in beauty's eye?
To glisten there, a crystal treasure,
Secret source of pensive pleasure,
Tear of sensibility!

Could I embalm thy pearly dew,
Thou child of joy and sorrow too,
To me thy modest lustre bright
Would be a source of pure delight,
Of bliss for ever new.

* Aulus Cœcina.

LINES.

Destined to lose thee, dearest maid,
My hopes, though young, are blighted;
But deep that form in memory's laid,
On which those hopes delighted.

The mavis' song, at close of eve,
To me tells nought but sorrow;
The maid for whom to-night I grieve,
Won't smile on me to-morrow.

'Twas ever thus. I've always seen
My loveliest prospects perish;
That shrub no longer will be green,
Which I begin to cherish.

Rest, my dark spirit, soon to cease
The pang thy bosom rending;
Death all thy passions shall appease,
Thy fears, thy sorrows ending.

SONNET.

The summer sun had set; the blue mist sailed
Along the silent lake; no sounds arose,
Save such as hallow nature's sweet repose,
And charm the ear of peace! Young zephyr hailed
In vain the slumb'ring echo! In the grove,
The song of night's lone bard, sweet Philomel,
Broke not the holy calm; the soft notes fell
Like the low whispered vows of timid love!
I paused in adoration; and such dreams
Flashed on my mind and woke luxurious tears,
As haunt the pensive soul, intensely fraught
With incommunicable silent thought,
And sympathy profound; with fitful gleams,
Caught from the memory of departed years.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

O'er every flower that nature yields,
To deck her garden or her fields,
To shed its fragrance for the great,
Or bloom away in idle state,
Or on the warrior's plume to wave,
Or wither upon beauty's grave,
O'er all, one little bud shall be
The food of love and hope to me,
Shall bloom around my lowly cot—
The little flower, "Forget-me-not."

Lovely flow'ret, in thy bell
The shades of absent lovers dwell;
If at eve should beauty spread
Thy withering blossoms o'er her bed,
Their wizard power shall surely raise
The form so loved in happier days,
And waft to realms of fairyland
The sleeping lovers, hand in hand.
And when to love's and friendship's eye
These visions of the night shall die,
Thou still shalt bless the wand'rer's lot,
And teach the words, "Forget-me-not."

Oh! flower, and then could you recall
The one, the dearest one of all,
And to my sleeping pillow tell
The words of her I love so well,
Or picture to my dreaming sense
That face so skilled in eloquence;
Then, little, lowly, lovely flower,
Thou'lt gild the wings of many an hour,
And in my memory's greenest spot
I'll cherish thee, "Forget-me-not."

FRAGMENT.

I saw one morn the brightest flower,
  Unfolding to the rising sun;
I came at evening's lovely hour,
  The flower was there, its beauty gone.

Th' inconstant sun had wooed its bloom,
  And cheered it with his morning ray;
Had stolen its lustre and perfume,
  And left it now to fade away.

Man! are not thou, too, like the beam,
  That steals the flow'rets hue and breath,
When thy wild passion—like a dream—
  Burns out, nor leaves one spark of faith?

So doth the beauteous maiden love
  Her young heart's god with every breath;
Too oft that god will faithless prove,
  And leave the maid no hope but death.

FAREWELL.

Maid of my heart, a long farewell!
The bark is launched, the billows swell;
The vernal gales are flowing free,
To bear me far from love and thee.

I hate ambition's haughty name,
The heartless pride of wealth and fame;
Yet now I go, through ocean's roar,
To seek them on a distant shore.

Can pain or peril bring relief
To him who bears a darker grief?
Can absence calm this fevered thrill?
Ah! no, thy form will haunt me still.

TO ——. A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * *

Still hangs around the shadowy wood,
Whose sounds but murmur solitude;
The raven's plaint, the linnet's song,
The stock-dove's coo in grief repining,
In mingled echoes steal along.
The setting sun is brightly shining,
And clouds above and hills below,
Are brightening with his golden glow.
Though beauty bless the landscape still,
Though woods surround and waters lave it,
My heart feels not the vivid thrill
Which long ago thy presence gave it.
Mirth, music, friendship, have no tone
Like that with which thy voice hath flown,
And memory only now remains
To whisper things that once delighted.
Still, still, I love to tread those plains,
To seek this sacred haunt benighted,
And feel a something, sadly sweet,
In resting on this mossy seat.

* * * * * *

TO MY FRIEND.

Loved friend, may this eventful day,
This day of hope, of joy, of fear,
Be gilded by the brightest ray
That happiness can give thee here.

When the evening sun shall shine
On vernal beds, the winter past,
Thee may this day returning find
Richer in blessings than the last.

May all the calm that love can give,
  The smile that friendship can awake,
The joys the pure in heart receive,
  Be thine, and of thy board partake.

When love shall droop, and friendship die,
  And death o'er this world cast his shade;
May'st thou ascend to realms on high,
  To joys that never, never fade.

FRAGMENT.

* * * * * *

Still on the lake's calm surface lay
The last red beam of the fading day;
Through the leaves of the forest the sun ever shining
Left his kiss on the withering leaf reclining.
The note of the bird from the briar still told
Of days once happy, of joys grown old;
When every sound of eve could awaken
To bliss the young heart, now sad and forsaken;
When the nightingale's trill, on the breeze borne along,
O'erpowered my soul, like the heavenly song
Of a child of light, whose accents are given
To welcome the erring one home to her heaven.
But now my heart is cold and chill,
And memory to my fancy still
Brings back the day—the night—of peace,
When all was love, and hope, and joy.
But now, 'tis gone: no death like this,
Which wakes the pang of love gone by,
Which wrings the tortured, madd'ning brain—
The throb of woe, the start of pain,
When all is dark and drear again.

* * * * * *

CHRISTIAN AND MOOR.

A STORY WITHOUT AN END.

I am of fair Italia's earth;
To her I owe my life, my birth;
That land of all that can invite
Him who enjoys the hue of night—
Or the bright blue of cloudless skies—
Or witching glance of ladies' eyes—
Her Painters foremost are of all
That seek the raptured eye to enthrall,
And on the panel's empty space
Fix each fair form in deathless grace,
Or knightly head, or traits divine,
For palace-hall, or holy shrine.
Her Sculptors, with creative art,
Bid from the Parian marble start
Forms than Jove's self that grander seem—
More beauteous still than Paphos' queen.
Her Poets have the subtle power,
Whether in grief's or passion's hour,
The heart to soothe, the mind to calm,
To steep the sense in heavenly balm—
While Music's sons such sounds supply,
As melt the soul to ecstasy;
And bear her from this nether earth,
To those fair realms that gave them birth.
The flowers that in her gardens rise
Bloom like the flowers of Paradise;
The rills that from her mountains break,
Flow bright and sparkling as the lake
Drank by the faithful, when they're given
To taste the ecstatic bliss of heaven.—

'Twas to defend such joys as these,
Young Leon left to cross the seas:
A youth of daring soul was he;
His breast inflamed with chivalry;
No maiden yet, with all the power
That beauty has in twilight's bower,
Had waked one pang in his free heart,
That did not with the morn depart.
Joyful he mounts the vessel's side,
That gaily floats on summer tide,
With heart elate, and courage high,
To conquer Moorish piracy.
His vessel leaves the crowded strand,
His native, lovely, fruitful land;
In many a danger he will be,
Or e'er again that land he see.
Ah! Leon, little didst thou think
When first thou sail'dst on ocean's brink,
That thou shouldst go to other skies
To find a maid whose sparkling eyes
Could chain a heart, till now so cold,
In nought but war and virtue bold,
And leave the maidens of thine own
Without a tear, a sigh, a moan.
Some twice five days their bark had been
Ploughing the deep, deceitful main;
When with a bold and watchful eye,
A speck within the mist they spy;
Quite motionless at first, but now
'Tis moving towards their vessel's prow.
What can it be? It larger grows,
It is—it is—their Moorish foes!
And, waving in the sunbeam bright,
They now espy their hue of night,

Dreadful and dark as is the tomb,
And murderous as the pirates' home.
Nearer, and nearer still, they are—
Now one and all prepare for war;
That which at first appeared a speck,
Seems now a bark with crowded deck.
The Christians mark, with certain ken,
The turbaned head, and yataghan;
Young Leon in the midst appears:
If aught of doubt, or servile fears,
Rise in a comrade's heart, he shows
That now's the hour to smite their foes,
And set their pining brethren free
From Selim and from slavery.
What shout was that? The ships have joined;
I hear their war-cries on the wind!
With vows to saints, and prayers to heaven,
And curses loud, the skies are riven!
The battle rages now amain,
Now Whites, now Moors, the vantage gain;
Brave Leon seeks, with eager view,
The leader of the Moorish crew,
The noble Selim—shame that he
A friend should be to slavery!
A braver never wielded sword,
Or broke, once pledged, his sacred word—
With turbaned head and visage dark.
Leon now boards the Moorish bark;
Tried by the force of many a shock,
The grapplings at that moment broke;
The vessels part, and, in the brine,
Friends, foes, alike, together twine;
And shouts of drowning wretches rise
In one loud clamour to the skies.

Leon alone, of all the band,
A captive borne to foreign strand,
Tugging perforce at Corsair's oar,
Mourns for the land he left before;
No friend, no countryman is nigh,
To catch his bosom's rending sigh;
Each wish of daring manhood crost,
Blighted his hope, his freedom lost!

* * * * *

'Tis evening! Over ocean's bed
No sound disturbs him, save the tread
Of sentinel, or wild seamew
That screaming round the mast-head flew;
Or the dull breaking of the tide
Against the vessel's polished side.
Dreary, despairing, all alone,
He pensive eyes the rising moon
Emerging from her cloudy fold,
And tipping every wave with gold.
Ah! how he joyed that moon to see
In his own land of liberty!
Beneath whose calm and holy ray
The serenader sang his lay,
And vesper hymn from fretted nave
Stole sweetly o'er the sleeping wave.
Day followed night, and night the day;
The moon still kept her watery way;
Nothing appeared to glad the eye,
Save the calm deep, or cloudless sky.
Warmer, more sultry, grows the breeze
That sweeps across these eastern seas;
No land can bear the scorching ray
That Phœbus shoots at middle day.

The crew at noontide all retire
Before the Gheber's god of fire,
Nor dare again his gaze to see,
Till he has clothed the radiant sea
In one bright sheet of burnished gold,
Almost too glorious to behold;
And sinking to his coral bower,
He frees the seaman from his power,
Leaving the skies in garments bright,
That scarcely fade till morning's light.
Leon beheld with raptured eye
This glory of the eastern sky;
He ne'er before had seen the sun,
His daily course of glory run,
In half this beauty sink to rest,
In half these clouds of glory drest,
Or deck his skies in such a smile
As that which gilds the Corsair's Isle.
Again the morn, in sunshine bright,
Has driven away the shades of night;
Again the mists of twilight grey
Have melted into dawning day:
The Pirate's isle appears in view,
Begirt with waves of azure hue,
And flinty breast of barren rock,
The force of Christendom might mock.
Corsairs have hearts, and joy to prove,
The danger past, their homes of love;
Again to hear the heaving sigh,
To see the tearful, lovelit eye,
To taste a rapturous parent's bliss,
In the returning welcome kiss;
To embrace the prattling, chubby babe,
An infant left, in cradle laid;

To have their hopes, their joys, their fears,
Answered by warring smiles and tears;
And every blessing to receive,
Their own fireside and dear ones give.
" Swifter, still swifter, strike the oar;
For see, quick crowding to the shore,
Our wives, our loves, our daughters come,
To welcome our returning home."
Swifter they strike the plashing oar,
The bark now glides along the shore,
And drops her anchor in a bower
Defended from the noon-tide power
Of the fierce sun, by twining leaves
Of jasmine and acacia trees.
The daring Selim, first to land,
Hastens before his pirate band,
And, throwing off his sable vest,
Gives out these orders to the rest—
" Bring forth the Christian prisoner, he
My share of this day's work shall be;
A slave my daughter Lilla wants,
To tend her flowers, and watch her plants,
To prune her verdant evening bowers,
And nurse her spring-buds and her flowers;
Then the remaining booty share.
Stow safe the bark in arbour there;
See that her planks are close and tight,
And that no injury in the night
She has sustained. When done all this,
Give the fast fleeting hours to bliss."—
Leon was now before him brought,
Buried in deep and anxious thought,
With downcast head, and measured pace,
His every motion fraught with grace;

'Twas not for him to trembling stand
Before the plundering Corsair band,
Or e'en one symptom show of fear,
Though their dread chief was present there.
He raised his head, was struck to see
A figure of such majesty,
Clad in capote of darkest red,
The Moorish turban on his head,
A silver crescent, glittering bright,
The corsair's day-star in the light,
Upon his brow is seen to nod,
The symbol of his faith, his God ;
His faithful sabre by his side,
In many a fierce encounter tried,
Suspended by a chain of gold,
That round him hung in graceful fold—
In truth he looked a pirate chief,
Though blanched with care his haggard cheek.
His eye deep sunk, his very scowl
That almost seemed to threat the soul.
Stranger to fear, brave Leon stands,
Waiting the corsair-chief's commands,
The motion of whose very hand
Could send his captive to the land
Of wailing ghosts, and dark despair,
E'er he could frame his lips to prayer.
A better fate waits Leon now—
So says the corsair's clearing brow—
"Christian, be this thine only care,
To keep within yon garden fair ;
Its precincts but one yard o'erpast,
That very moment is thy last.
Obey our voice, and thou shalt share
Our heart, our friendship, and our fare."

If aught could charm a captive's mind,
'Twould be the sweetness of a wild
So full of nature's joys as this,
Embodying every earthly bliss;
Each shrub, each plant, each tree, each flower,
That owns the sun or moonbeam's power,
Choicest of every clime is here—
The acacia, with her yellow hair;
The passion-flower that opes by day
To catch the sun's enlivening ray,
Yet scorns to show her beauty bright
To the unhallowed glance of night;
The rose, too, with her blushing cheek;
The lily, in her garment meek;
The violet, that is only found
By the sweet scent she throws around;
The tulip, in her gaudy dress,
Adds to its radiant loveliness;
The nightingale, concealed i' th' twine
Of sweetbriar and of eglantine,
Utters her plaintive, thrilling song,
That the o'erhanging cliffs prolong.
The humming-bird, with purple breast,
And many another of golden crest;
And moths of every varied hue,
From flower to flower unwearied flew,
With colours so divinely bright,
That the air seemed one blaze of light—
Bright creatures born of Phœbus' ray,
Their life to close with close of day—
Sure fitter prison this would prove
For some fair votary of young love,
Than for a rover of the sea
To spend his days of slavery.

Weary with brooding o'er his grief,
He hastes to give it some relief,
And for the present end his woes,
By sinking into calm repose.
The cosy curtains of a tent,
Which seem as they were only meant
For some fair daughter of the sky,
Invite him, careless strolling by,
To rest his weary limbs awhile,
Free from the sunbeam's dazzling smile ;
The witchery of the scene had stole
Deep into Leon's ardent soul ;
The sultry enervating breeze,
That, wanton, kissed the spicy trees,
With murmur soft of distant deep,
Soon lulled the slave to balmy sleep.

* * * * * *

The sun was shedding his last beam,
O'er mosque, and minaret, and stream,
And shining through the curtains nigh,
Scared the soft God from Leon's eye ;
His ear had caught a murmuring sound
And, kneeling near him on the ground,
A maid he saw, with hands and eyes
Uplifted towards the evening skies—
A maid, a beauteous Moslem maid,
As her dark eye and dress betrayed ;
Her glossy ringlets decked her brow,
As doth the shadow mountain-snow ;
Her eye was lit with holy light,
Her face in calm devotion bright,
The crucifix before her there
Proclaimed the maid engaged in prayer.

Her vesper services now o'er,
She rose to seek her own sweet bower;
When floating on the stilly air,
Leon's soft voice assailed her ear:
"Stay, beauteous maiden, if thy birth
Claims kindred with this lower earth,
And as that cross would seem to tell,
Thou lovest our Virgin passing well,
Fly not, sweet vision! deign to hear
A captive's woes, a Christian's prayer."
"What art thou?" cried the astonished maid,
"That com'st at this dread hour of shade,
With prying, bold, unhallowed eye,
My evening orison to spy?
Art thou from some angelic sphere—
Some offspring of dark night and fear—
Some beauteous soul, deceitful grown—
Some spirit of the starry home—?"

* * * * *

Here leave we Leon for awhile,
Stretched in the arms of night's soft God,
Within the corsair's sea-girt isle:—
If friends upon his slavery smile,
Or deign with an approving nod,
To lend a pitying ear and say,
"Poet, proceed,"—why then I may;
If not, 'twill be my greatest care,
To let him sleep for ever there!

IMAGINATIVE WANDERINGS.

* * * * * *

How sweet to sit in musing mood
In some Alpine solitude,
What time the dewy breath of eve
Shall teach the pensive soul to grieve;
When the sun's last fading ray
O'er lake and mount has died away,
And his lingering beam has drest
The fading colours of the west
In ruddy light, like that which glows
In the bell of the half-blown eastern rose.
Now comes the witching hour of night;
Beneath the holy, pale star-light,
Softly on the night-breeze dying,
The lovers' whispered tale is sighing.
From the lattice, sweetly gleaming,
Beauty's bright-eyed glance is beaming
On him below, who swears that never
Her image from his heart shall sever;
That, when away his course he's steering,
She is the star his dull path cheering;
That never one will come before him
Loved like her who now hangs o'er him;
While the scarce-heard convent bell
Shall echo down the mountain dell,
And whisper on the stilly air
The quiet hour most meet for prayer.
Now upon the soft gale ringing,
Hark! the vesper hymn is singing;
And the solemn service pealing
Softly o'er the hill-side stealing.

* * * * * *

All is silent now again,
Save the solitary strain,
That faintly greets the listening ear,
From the wayworn muleteer,
As he plods his mountain road,
To gain his scanty livelihood,
With nought to cheer his weary way,
Throughout the solitary day.
How welcome, when the sun is set,
And dew the closing flower has wet,
Is the patch of verdant green,
That sometimes 'mid the rock is seen,
And the cot with woodbine drest,
The haven of his nightly rest,
When the peasant's toil is done,
And the trifling pittance won;
Then free from care, and fear, and strife,
What equals here the goatherd's life?
His maiden then, with artless smiles
And featest foot his eye beguiles;
While some more accomplished swain,
Who has the city splendour seen,
With mantle negligently hung,
And o'er his back his guitar flung,
And on his forehead deftly set,
The drooping plume of his barrette,
Whispers some wild romantic ditty
To one dear maid who loves to pity—
Who, with every sense absorbed,
At each passion-breathing word,
With sigh suppressed and glistening eye,
Listens soft and silently.

* * * * * *

And now from the fir-clad mountain height,
  Let us speed our course to the cloudless sky,
Where the bright eyes that sparkle are brightest at night,
  To the clime of romance, fair Italy.
Oh, this is the land that the young poet loves—
  The land of wild and passionate thought—
Where the song and the sigh that awaken her groves,
  With rapturous ardour of passion are fraught.
Here beneath her balmy eve,
  And ruby tints around that glisten,
Lovers oft their tales shall weave,
  And dark-eyed beauty love to listen.

Here shall the maiden laughing twine
Her wreaths of flowerets half-divine,
To grace the lute whose fairy sound,
When everything is still around,
Breathes enchanting melody
From her flower-wrought canopy.
* * * * * *

Oh! I have watched beside a cot,
  With honeysuckle circled o'er,
And marked upon that lovely spot
  Each flower that sprang beside its door;
And I have seen the primrose bright
  Unfold her modest, blushing leaf,
To kiss the balmy breeze of night,
  Or woo the zephyr's fragrant breath.

And I have seen within this bower,
Daily at many a vesper hour,
A maiden rich in loveliness,
With pallid cheek and raven tress,

And her dark eye divinely bright,
Big with a wild and wandering light;
But once the kindling dawn would trace
The smile of pleasure o'er her face,
And she would seize, with hurried hand,
The lute that hung from silken band,
And on her lap unnoticed lay—
As though some transitory ray
From heaven's own fire, had sudden stole
Within her sympathetic soul,
That, Memnon-like, burst forth in song!

* * * * * *

TO THE VALLEY OF THE DOVE.

Along thy valley, oh, enchanting Dove,
I oft have roamed, when, to my youthful breast,
Thy lucid stream that foamed and bubbled o'er
Its bed of rock, told nought but tales of joy!
Now, hardly showing to the eye a ripple
Upon its placid cheek, as in some deep
And reedy pool it slumbered—now, again,
Fretting and wailing like a wayward child.
Oft have I marked, in noonday languor stretched,
The speckled trout—the monarch of the brook,
Watching with eager eye the silly moth—
Now floating on the stream, and then, aloft,
Sporting in eddying circles in mid-air;
Till, half afraid to seize the wished-for prize,
Scared by the ripple of the silver wave
Over some jutting stone—till that the sun
Is shrouded by some dark o'er-passing cloud—
With one decisive whirl he takes the fly;
But dearly pays he for such short-lived pleasure

By an untimely death. Yon summer cloud,
Fringing the summits of the barren hills,
Seems like the garment of some child of light,
Flung o'er it, as a mark on that loved spot
To which he may return, when Evening sheds
Her loveliest twilight o'er this peaceful vale!
Who does not love, at setting sun, to be
Beneath the shade of some o'erhanging cliff,
And see the cattle in thy limpid stream
Assuage their thirst, and lave the sides that smart
With gadfly's sting? In this sweet wilderness,
The passions that make wild the human breast
Are never known; the humble dwellers here
Bask in the pleasures of the golden age.
At dawn of morn, no trumpet here is heard,
Nor the shrill clang of soul-inspiring war!
No sound disturbs the silence of the air,
Save the sweet song of laverock's early flight,
Or the hind's whistle as to work he plods.
Could I but ride, on wide outstretched wings,
Like to the spirit of our sainted bard,
Hid in the covering of a foggy cloud—
Or, when the daylight dies beyond the west,
Could sail upon the moonbeam's flickering ray—
I would be found within this sacred vale,
Seated upon some green and flowery knoll,
Watching the twinklings of the polar star,
Reflected on thy smooth and glassy breast.
Dovedale, farewell! I never more may see
Thy river or thy rocks, within whose range
I've spent the happiest hours of childhood's days,
Blest with the presence of those friends I love.
But wheresoe'er I roam—whether I spend
My days in grief or joy—my soul will cast

A longing, wishful look on thy dear vale!
And as the sun, sinking to wonted rest,
Throws an expiring beam on those loved hills,
He late had lighted with his morning ray;
So may my friends, when they shall wander here,
Amongst thy verdant bowers—Oh! may they cast
One kindly thought on him, in boyhood's days
Who penned these humble lines!

TO MARY.

They told me woman's love was frail,
And fickle as the summer gale;
I turned to gaze on Mary's eye—
The shrine of my idolatry.

They told me Mary's love would cease,
At folly's whim, or youth's caprice;
Yet still upon my ear would dwell
The sigh that blessed our last farewell.

They sought to wake ambition's pride;
They proffered me a wealthier bride;
Great Heaven! Could I resign for this,
My Mary's smile—my Mary's kiss?

Ever the pearly lustre shone
In Mary's eye for me alone;
Her silver accents still would say,
"My love is thine, though thou'rt away."

Wilt thou, dear Mary, live for me,
For me alone, as I for thee?
Thou wilt—deceit can never share
A breast so pure, a brow so fair.

Thou wilt not blast, in love's young day,
Thy lover's hopes; nor cast away
That love so cherished, and so true,
That breathes, and lives, and dies for you!

THE SUICIDE.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

(From *The Analyst*, March, 1835; vol. ii, No. 8, p. 89.)

I stood beside the thronged hotel:
Shrouded in dust, and fleet,
A chariot, with four coal-black steeds,
Rolled thundering up the street.
And out there strode a lordly man:
And haughtily he bowed,
As doffed their hats, and shrunk aside,
The dense and wondering crowd.

That pageant and its gloomy lord,
Methinks I see them now:
The crest shone on his glittering gear,
And pride was on his brow.
And yet, beneath that calm, cold look
Of apathy and scorn,
I traced the workings of a soul
By guilt and anguish torn.

I hied me to my lonely couch;
But slumber came not near:
Strange phantasies disturbed my brain;
The death-watch smote my ear.

I turned from side to side; but still,
Whene'er I wooed repose,
In fearful guise, before mine eyes,
That lordly phantom rose.

At length, to cool my burning brow,
I sought the midnight air:
The moon shone sweetly on the court;
And all was peaceful there.
Beneath the ray, creation lay,
Slumbering in light and rest,
Save my dark spirit, and the heart
That throbbed within my breast.

As thus I mused, upon the wall
There gleamed a lurid flash.
A loud explosion followed:
From the shattered window-sash
The blue smoke slowly curled aloft.
Ere I could draw my breath,
One deep faint groan rose on my ear;
And all was still as death.

Straight to the stranger's sleeping-room
Instinctively I ran;
And met, just from his slumber roused,
The half-dressed waiting-man.
One moment brief, the barricade
Our mustered force withstood:
And there—the lordly SUICIDE
Lay weltering in his blood.

EPIGRAM.

(From *The Analyst;* March, 1835, p. 134.)

"Oh, Doctor, you're thinking of mischief, I vow,"
Cried Anne, "by the arch smile that plays on your brow."
"Yes, yes, my sweet friend," quoth the Doctor, "'tis true:
I was thinking of *mischief*, when thinking of *you*."

THE END.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

INDEX TO JUVENILIA.

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