Sur la Théorie de la Paralysie Générale : de la Folie Paralytique et de la Démnce Paralytique Considérées comme deux Maladies Distinctes. Par le Dr. A. BAILLARGER. Paris : 1883. 8vo., pp. 117.

The views defended in this pamphlet have long been entertained by M. Baillarger. In 1858 he sought to prove that in the maniacal stage of general paralysis two morbid conditions co-exist, one permanent and incurable, which he termed "paralytic dementia," the other transitory and accessory, which he described as "congestive mania." This opinion was fully discussed at the time in France, but did not meet with general acceptance. He now so far modifies it as to give the name of "folie paralytique" to what he previously called "congestive mania." He shows that "paralytic dementia" may run its full course without any maniacal symptoms whatever; and, further, that a maniacal condition, closely resembling that of general paralysis, may occur in various other disorders, such as alcoholism, locomotor ataxia, &c. He admits, indeed, that this "folie paralytique" is much more frequently connected with general paralysis than with any other affection, so that its presence should always make us suspect that disease. Probably, with this qualification, these two statements will be denied by no one; and the question then becomes one of terminology and description rather than of fact. M. Baillarger's scheme has, no doubt, the advantage of bringing into prominence the presence of a delirium, like that of general paralysis in other diseases, and so, perhaps, of enabling us to trace the connection between this particular symptom and the state of the nervous system of which it is the evidence. Its disadvantage, which much outweighs this, as it seems to me, is that it breaks up what is obviously a single anatomical and clinical process into two, and thus gives an incorrect view of the facts to be accounted for.

J. R. G.

Called Back. By HUGH CONWAY. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

We understand that the sale of this book has been very large, a fact which of itself is sufficient evidence of its popularity. How far it is evidence of its merits is quite another question, and one which must be discussed on other grounds in these columns. It is foreign to our purpose to enter on a minute criticism of its literary qualities, but

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we may be permitted to say that the secret of the success of the book lies in the fact that the author never permits the interest to flag; he has set himself a task, and he keeps his shoulder against the collar all the way, the result being that, by a natural sympathy, the reader gets as much interested in the story as the narrator. The present writer is not ashamed to say that happening to take up the book as it lay on a drawing-room table one Sunday evening, without having heard of it before, he did not lay it down until he had finished it. The fatigue felt afterwards was considerable, but it was not the mere fatigue ensuing upon ordinary work; there had been a considerable outlay of mental force in keeping the attention fixed on what, in spite of many absurdities, is a very fascinating book. The tale is short enough to permit the author to keep himself at high pressure without any risk of a collapse, and we can, as we say, vouch for it that he communicates the high pressure to the reader.

The story consists of a narration of a schoolboy who went blind from lenticular cataract. When grown up, and still blind, he lived in London; and he wandered from his house one night, and losing his way, was directed to a wrong street by a drunken man. In this street was a doorway similar to his own, the family likeness apparently extending to the lock, for his own latchkey turned it. He had some doubts whether it was his own house, and he felt for a bust which he knew ought to be there, to take his bearings from it, but not finding it, he recognised the fact that he was in a strange house. Much perturbed by this discovery, and not without misgivings, that if the rightful owner caught him feeling for the bust, he might leave him to explain the matter before a magistrate, he groped his way about and heard voices in a room, the door of which he had touched in feeling for the bust. He came to the conclusion that it was better to knock and explain who he was than to let them find him; but, as he raised his fingers to tap, he heard another voice, a woman's voice, singing to an accompaniment on the piano. The song was a difficult one from an opera not well known then in England, and the singer, of course, sang so like a mistress of the art that our author began to think he had intruded on a company of "professionals," and congratulated himself, because he thought he should have less difficulty in explaining his presence; it being apparently the custom of "professionals" to wander into strange houses in the middle of the night and feel for busts. Suddenly he heard "a spasmodic, fearful

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gasp that could convey but one meaning. "I heard it succeeded by a long, deep groan, which terminated in a gurgling sound which froze my blood. I heard the music stop suddenly, and the cry, the piercing cry, of a woman ring out like a fearful change from melody to discord, and then I heard a dull, heavy thud on the floor!"

Our author "threw open the door, rushed headlong into the room." . . . "My foot caught in something, and I fell prostrate on the body of a man. Even in the midst of the horror that awaited me I shuddered as I felt my hand, lying on the fallen man, grow wet with some warm fluid which slowly trickled over it." He was, of course, arrested by the others in the room, and had some difficulty in explaining to them that he was blind. They peered into his eyes with a strong light (one of them turned out afterwards to be a medical man), and they put him to a test, which we here transcribe for the benefit of those who have to examine malingerers. "I stood motionless. 'Walk this way—straight on—four paces,' said the voice. I obeyed. The third step brought me in collision with the wall. No doubt," adds our author, "this was an extra test as to the truth of my statement."

The end of this portion of the story was that his captors, afraid, perhaps, that if they walked him against anything else he might put his hands out, and save himself, and so spoil the success of their trick, gave him an opiate, and left him "drunk and incapable" at a police-station, whence he was conveyed home, and returned to consciousness on his own bed, his housekeeper sharing the belief of the police that the charge on which he was delivered to them was true.

The second part of the story may be said to be that which is devoted to an account of the cure of his lenticular cataract. After a very tedious recovery he goes abroad, to Turin, where he visits San Giovanni, and the first use he makes of his newly-recovered sight is to stare about him in church, where he sees a very pretty girl. After a series of adventures he contrives to become acquainted with this girl, when she returns to England, and finds that her history is shrouded in mystery. He, however, marries her with the consent of her "uncle," a Dr. Ceneri. This Dr. Ceneri bargains that "the man who marries Pauline March must be content to take her as she is. He must ask no questions, seek to know nothing of her birth and family, nothing of her early days. He must be content to know that she is a lady, that she is

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very beautiful, and that he loves her." These conditions are gulped down, after a little hesitation on the part of our author, and he marries her. After the marriage, and while on the honeymoon, he discovers that the reticence of the "uncle" had extended so far as to omit to inform Mr. Vaughan, our author, that Pauline March, taken as she was, was taken insane. She had no knowledge of the past, and though we may often wish for that faculty ourselves, it is not one which we should desire to be associated with our brides. Lest we should be accused of giving a perverted meaning, by an abstract, we append the author's own description of her "case":—

"Slowly at first, then with swift steps, the truth came home to me. Now I knew how to account for that puzzled, strange look in those beautiful eyes—knew the reason for the indifference, the apathy she displayed. The face of the woman I had married was as fair as the moon, her figure as perfect as that of a Grecian statue, her voice low and sweet; but the one thing which animates every charm—the mind—was missing!

"How shall I describe her? Madness means something quite different from her state. Imbecility would still less convey my meaning. There is no word I can find which is fitting to use. There was simply something missing from her intellect—as much missing as a limb may be from a body. Memory, except for comparatively recent events, she seemed to have none. The powers of reasoning, weighing and drawing deductions, seemed beyond her grasp. She appeared unable to recognize the importance or bearing of occurrences taking place around her. Sorrow and delight were emotions she was incapable of feeling. Nothing appeared to move her. Unless her attention was called to them she noticed neither persons nor places. She lived as by instinct—rose, ate, drank, and lay down to rest as one not knowing why she did so. Such questions or remarks as came within the limited range of her capacity she replied to —those outside it passed unheeded, or else the shy, troubled eyes sought for a moment the questioner's face, and left him as mystified as I had been when first I noticed that curious enquiring look.

"Yet she was not mad. A person might have met her out in company, and after spending hours in her society might have carried away no worse impression than that she was shy and reticent. Whenever she did speak her words were

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those of a perfectly sane woman; but as a rule her voice was heard only when the ordinary necessaries of life demanded, or in reply to some simple question. Perhaps I should not be far wrong in comparing her mind to that of a child—but alas! it was a child's mind in a woman's body—and that woman was my wife!"

There is some more to the same purpose, but the above will suffice for a description of the heroine. Mr. Vaughan, however, was married to this interesting creature, and found himself in something of the same plight as the celebrated Admiral Dalrymple, who paid £20 for a dunghill, and then offered £10 to anyone who would tell him what to do with it. He therefore resolved to try if the recovery of the mental state could be effected, and with the view of discovering the previous history of his wife, he tracked down Dr. Ceneri, who, however, was not very communicative. He did inform Mr. Vaughan that she had "received a great shock—sustained a sudden loss. The effect was to entirely blot out the past from her mind." Another character now appears, one Macari. He passes himself off for Pauline's brother. In consequence of a tale which he relates of having once, in battle, transfixed the heart of an Austrian soldier with a bayonet, and by gestures illustrating his story, Pauline has a fainting fit, from which she recovers only to undergo an accession of mental excitement. In the course of this she starts, followed by Vaughan, on a midnight stroll, and, quite unconscious of her surroundings, she makes for the house into which he had strayed three years ago, when he groped for the bust. She reached it, and Vaughan having his old latch key with him (the house was now uninhabited, and, as is customary in such cases, the door was left on the latch), he opened, and they entered. She made for the old scene of violence, sat down to the piano again, sang the difficult song again until she came to the place where she had before stopped suddenly, when she again gave the cry of horror. Our author then held his wife's hand for a few seconds, and saw through folding doors into the next room, where there was a blaze of light, with four men grouped around a table. These were Dr. Ceneri, Macari, a short man with a scar on his cheek, and a young man falling out of his chair stabbed to the breast. Dropping his wife's hand, the vision vanished. He afterwards charges Macari with the crime, who does not deny it, but alleges that he killed the man because he had

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seduced Pauline and declined to marry her. This Vaughan will not believe, maintaining that Pauline is perfectly pure, and to make a long story short, he hunts up Ceneri, who informs him that Pauline's brother was the murdered man, Macari was the murderer, and was a disappointed lover of Pauline. The reason of the murder was Macari becoming vindictively excited by the brother calling him a low-bred beggarly Italian adventurer. Ceneri had previously to this become mixed up with certain Russian conspiracies, and was now on his way to the Siberian mines. There is a very graphic account of the journey Vaughan took to have an interview with him.

Having established the fact of Pauline's purity, he returns to England and to her. She does not remember him at first, but afterwards acknowledges that she has seen him in her dreams, travelling. They lived near each other for some time, and ultimately she recognized him, and he was made happy. She has, of course, quite recovered her mental equilibrium.

The story thus is an attempt to portray a case of what has been termed *Melancholia Attonita* in the heroine. Every one with experience of the insane will see how faulty is the portrait, and how inexpert the hand which has drawn it. The author seems to have read about *melancholia;* to have seen a few cases in asylum wards or elsewhere; to have noted the symptoms which were most apparent, and, to his eye, the most pitiful; and to have taken the most pleasing of them, and ascribed them all to one case, however incongruous they might be. Anything which he did not know of *melancholia* was supplied by his richly endowed imagination, which is never at fault, and makes ample demands upon the credulity of the reader. By his gift of assuming an appearance of earnestness, he carries the reader along with him, but the calmer after-perusal of the story reveals all its defects. He is rich in incidents of the *Deus ex machina* type, such as where the whole story of the murder is revealed to him when he takes hold of his wife's hand; but the style itself is bald enough. Thus he has nothing more novel to say of Pauline's appearance than that "her face was as fair as the moon; her figure as perfect as that of a Grecian statue," &c., &c., &c. This inflated style is not inconsistent with the method of the story, but it is singularly ill-suited to the description of a case of *Melancholia Attonita.* All the objectionable details of such a case are ignored, not as

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though they should not be spoken of, but as if they did not exist; the result being an incongruous medley of symptoms. It is this which always makes the difference between real cases of insanity and those of the story-teller. He says in one passage that Pauline was not mad. Now, without wishing to drive him to bay on the mere meaning of a word, if she was not mad, in the general acceptation of the term, what was she? The fact is that he has no definite idea of the case himself, and seeks refuge from giving a definition, in a shower of words. "There is no word, I can find," he says, "which [it] is fitting to use," and we certainly agree with him. No writer could put the whole of the details of such a case before ordinary readers; and while for not doing this we do not blame him, yet on the other hand he is to be censured for describing beauties which could not have been there, and suppressing many repulsive details which most certainly would, thus casting a glamour on the picture, and putting silly-romantic notions of insanity into the heads of people, making many a girl, no doubt, sigh and wish she could be a Pauline! This abstinence from everything which might disgust in the description of her mental state is all the more remarkable when we reflect that the author does not hesitate to touch on unpleasant matters when it suits his purpose, as where he describes with unnecessary precision, his hand in contact with the blood of the murdered man.

Such, then, is the wonderful creation which we have seen compared to *Ophelia*, and to *Undine!* There is nothing in common with either. Ophelia is sufficiently true to life to warrant one in expecting to find her counterpart in any large asylum, and indeed there are but few in which there is not at least one Ophelia; while Undine was professedly an imaginative sketch of what a being would be, not without a mind, but without a soul.

Practical Essays. By Alexander Bain, LL.D.

All Prof. Bain's writings may be termed whetstones of intellect. Whether they secure agreement or excite dissent, they seldom fail to stimulate the reasoning powers, and to stir up suggestive trains of thought.

The present volume consists chiefly of articles reprinted from magazines. All of them are interesting to those who have at heart the progress of mankind; a few are of special value to the student and to the psychologist.

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