

wherever a separate seat is also evolved for it. We consider it unphilosophical, and contrary, indeed, to the analogy of Nature, to draw a hard and fast line between proximate higher and lower grades of evolution. For this reason and others, therefore, we conclude that what exists in the sensorium as rudimentary intelligence, in brains devoid of a cerebrum, no longer exists in the sensorium as such when a cerebrum is superadded in order to admit of the intelligence assuming a more developed form, namely, intellectual and emotional *consciousness* or *knowing*.

This paper contains, among other things, the answer we feel compelled to return to Dr. Carpenter's question in "The Contemporary Review," namely, "Does not all Psychological as well as Physiological probability point to the identity of the sensorial instrumentality through which we become conscious (1) of a *present* impression, and (2) of a remembered sensation?"—and the answer is a negative one.

*The Madmen of the Greek Theatre.* By J. R. GASQUET, M.B.

#### V.—THE MAD HERCULES.

(Continued from vol. xix. p. 58.)

The *Mad Hercules* is not one of the best of Euripides' tragedies; but it has a particular interest for us, because it is the only one extant in which madness is personified, and introduced on the stage. This had been already done by Æschylus, in his version of the story of the Bacchæ, and was adopted by Euripides amongst the terrifying effects borrowed from the elder dramatist for this play.

The early part of the play does not concern us, and its argument may be briefly summed up. Hercules has completed the last of his labours, and has returned to Thebes to find his wife, Megara, and his three children, in the power of his enemy, Lycus, who was about to put them to death; to deliver them, and to slay Lycus, is an easy task for the hero, who remains within the palace, while a chorus of Theban elders chant an ode of triumph for his final victory. This is interrupted by the appearance on the stage of Iris, the "Handmaid of the Gods," who leads the terrible spectre of Madness, *Λύσσα*. Iris explains that they come with no hostile designs against Thebes, but only to carry out the

purposes of Hera (Juno) against Hercules. Finding that he has safely passed through all the labours imposed on him by Eurystheus, she has resolved that he shall slay his children, as a final and most terrible trial, which may teach him the power of the queen of heaven. Iris urges Madness to the task, for which that "Maiden of noble race, daughter of Heaven and of Night," shows considerable reluctance, alleging that she delights not in chastising those who have done her no ill.

At last she takes the sun to witness that she is acting unwillingly, only at the command of Hera; and she then exclaims, "Lo! now he tosses his head at the beginning of his madness, and speechless rolls his distorted cruel eyes, and he breathes not soberly, as a bull that is eager for the fray; he groans fearfully, calling upon the Furies of Tartarus."\* She then bids Iris return to Olympus, and herself goes into the palace to complete her work; "to whirl him faster in the dance, and to urge him on with fear."

After a short interval, during which the chorus hear sounds which make them fear that Hercules is pursuing his children, and finally trying to pull down the house about his head, a servant enters, and gives them an account of the catastrophe, which (according to a rule seldom infringed in Greek tragedy) could not be performed in the presence of the audience. He tells them how the hero prepared a sacrifice of purification for the uncleanness he had incurred by slaying Lycus; his putative father, Amphitryon, his wife, and children stood by; and the preliminary rites had been performed when "Alcmena's son, as he was about to take a brand up from the hearth, and dip it in the lustral water, stood silently, until his children, marvelling at his delay, raised their eyes. He was not the same man he had been, but vacant, with distorted eyes, and eyeballs strained so that the blood-shot roots were visible, and the slaver ran down on his well-bearded chin.

"He laughed as one struck with madness, and said, Father, why should I kindle the purifying fire, and have double work, before slaying Eurystheus; when I bring his head hither, I will then cleanse my hands on account of the dead. Who will give me my bow; who my club? I will go to Mycenæ; I must take levers and crowbars, to overturn with the curved

\* Vv. 867—870.—The "rolling the distorted eyes" (*διαστρόφους ἰδίσας γοργωπῶνς κέρας*) has already been noted, it will be remembered, in the *Orestes* and the *Bacchæ*.

iron those dwellings of the Cyclops'. Then he moved, and although he had no chariot, he said he had mounted into it, and began to urge his steeds as if he had his goad in his hand. There was both laughter and fear amongst the servants; and, while they looked at one another, some one asked, 'Is our lord mocking us, or is he mad?' Meanwhile he strode up and down the house, and rushing into the midst of us, said he had reached the city of Nisus,\* although he had gone into his own house. Then, as if he were there, he laid on the ground, and prepared a meal; but presently going on he said he had come to the wooded plains of the Isthmus. There he stripped, laying aside his garments, and strove, but with no real adversary, proclaiming himself victor, though to no spectators. Presently, threatening Eurystheus the while with terrible vengeance, he reached, in his imagination,† Mycenæ. But his father, touching him on his mighty hands, spake thus:— 'Son, what ails thee? what manner of journey is this? has the slaughter of these dead, whom thou hast killed to-day, driven thee mad?' But he, fancying that it was the father of Eurystheus, who touched his hand as a suppliant, repulses him, and prepares his ready bow and arrows for his own children, thinking to slay those of Eurystheus; and they, terrified, fled different ways, one to the skirts of his wretched mother, another to the shadow of the pillar, while another escaped, like a bird, under the altar. Their mother cried out:—'Father, what art thou doing: wilt thou slay thy sons?'—the old man and the crowd of servants cried out too. But he chasing the boy round the pillar (a terrible pursuit!) when at last he faced him, struck him in the liver, and the child, falling and moistening the stone columns with his blood, breathed his last; while his father shouted for joy, and proclaimed aloud—'this one at any rate of Eurystheus' brood, has paid me the penalty of his father's hatred.'

"Then he bent his bow against that other child, who had fled to the altar-steps, thinking to be hid; but the poor boy stopped him, by falling at his father's feet, and, stretching out his hand to his chin and neck, cried aloud, 'My dearest father, slay me not. I am thine own, thy very son, thou wilt not be killing a child of Eurystheus.' But he, rolling his cruel-looking Gorgon's eyes, as the child stood too near for the reach of his murderous bow, raised his club high above

\* "He pretended that in his journey from Thebes to Mycenæ he had already reached Megara."—Paley.

† Τῶ λóγῳ

his head, like one smiting the hot iron, let it fall on the yellow-haired head of the boy, and brake the bones. Having slain this second child, he proceeds to sacrifice yet a third victim; but the wretched mother had already carried off the boy into the house, and closed the doors. He then, as if at the very walls of Mycenæ, digs under the doors, prizes them open; and, breaking down the doorposts, slays his wife and child with one arrow. Thence he hurries to destroy the old man; but a form appeared, as it seemed to beholders, Pallas, waving in her hand a pointed spear, and cast a stone at the breast of Hercules, which checked him in his furious slaughter, and threw him into a sleep; and he fell on the ground, striking his back against the pillar, which lay broken against the altar-steps. We, then, returning from our flight, helped the old man to bind him to the pillar with ropes, so that, when he awoke from his sleep, he might add nothing more to the deeds he had done.”\*

The door of the room here opens, and shows the dead bodies and Hercules bound to the pillar, at the back of the stage. Amphitryon enters, and beseeches the chorus to moderate their lamentations, lest they should rouse the hero, in the same strain as we have seen Electra do in the *Orestes*. At length he awakes, and exclaims, in much perplexity:—

“ Ah! †  
 I live indeed, and see, as I am wont,  
 The air and earth; and these rays of the sun;  
 And yet I have been toss'd in tempest dread  
 And in some storm of mind; my fever'd breath  
 Comes laboured and uneven from my chest.”

He asks for an explanation of his being bound by cords, and of the ruin he sees around him, and Amphitryon breaks to him, as gently as he can, the fearful news. There is no return of insanity, but his shame and despair are such that he contemplates suicide, as did Ajax under the like misfortunes; when Theseus, whom he has lately delivered from Hades, enters, and shows his gratitude to his deliverer by urging him to play the man:—“Thou hast spoken the words of any ordinary man. Does Hercules say this, who hath endured so much; the benefactor of men and their mighty friend?” The hero yields at last to the affectionate entreaties of Theseus, saying, “I had already thought, even in my

\* Vv. 922—1016.

† The interjection used here, *êa*, is the same as that put into the mouth of Orestes, when his fit of violence was past.

sufferings, I might be accused of some cowardice if I abandoned the light; for whoso knows not how to bear misfortunes being a mortal, he cannot stand against an enemy's weapon. I will bravely await death." He consents to accompany his friend to Athens, the city of Pallas, who delivered him from his frenzy, whither Amphitryon is to follow him, after bringing his wife and children.

To my mind, the conclusion is the most excellent part of this play. With the example of the suicide of Ajax, celebrated by the two elder tragedians, before him, Euripides had the courage to oppose the feeling of his age, which was in favour of suicide. Plato and Aristotle but followed him in pointing out that the endurance of the troubles of life is an evidence of true courage, while to escape from them by death is a flagrant instance of cowardice. With what scorn would these old Greeks have quoted the latest euphemism for suicide of our age of softness—*euthanasia*—as exactly expressing that flight from the sufferings of life which seemed to them so grave a want of manliness.

As for the delineation of insanity in this play, I think my readers will agree with me that it is inferior to any of those we have gone through together. The whole story is indeed simply and naturally told; but there is an inconsistency between the earlier and later parts of the narrative—the imaginary journey to Mycenæ, with the halts at Megara and Corinth, being evidently a description of a case of ordinary mania with systematic delusions, while the scene of blind fury that follows is as obviously copied from a different form of insanity. Again, we are not led up to this attack of homicidal madness by anything in the previous character of the hero, as we were in the cases of Ajax, Pentheus, or Agaze, or by remorse for any deed done, as with Orestes; so that the episode seems out of harmony with all the earlier part of the play.

Some of my readers may be glad to know how Lyssa was put on the stage; and Mr. Paley\* has collected some information, from which it would appear that as a Chthonian or Titanian power, the genius of Madness was probably clad in black garments, and wore a mask of the terrible sort. It would seem that her head was entwined with snakes like an Erinnys, and she is described as riding in a car. She resembled outwardly, therefore, one of the Eumenides, from whom she was distinguished by her office—since these in-

Note on v. 872.

flicted madness as a punishment for moral guilt, while Lyssa was a servant of the gods, and did their bidding upon the men they sought to chastise.

I have now completed my account of those extant tragedies in which insanity is a prominent feature; and in my next and last paper I propose to describe the only comedy which introduces the antics of a madman, and then to give some idea of the many lost plays which we know must have put madmen on the stage.

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*The Morbid Psychology of Criminals.* By DAVID NICOLSON, M.B., Senior Assistant-Surgeon, Convict Prisons Department, H.M. Civil Service.

“Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,  
And these reciprocally those again;  
The mind and conduct mutually imprint  
And stamp their image in each other's mint;  
Each sire and dam of an infernal race,  
Begetting and conceiving all that's base.”

COWPER.

The inner world of prison life is one of the best fields for the study of psychological questions, speculative as well as practical. If the circumstances are somewhat exceptional, they have the special advantage of being uniform in their application; and this uniformity represents a standard to which individual minds, or particular groups of mind, bear a relation, and at which they may be tested. Imprisonment is the very antithesis of social usage, an involuntary servitude taking the place of the liberty of the subject, and it is surely a matter of no little interest to watch how social beings, varying in moral and intellectual status, bear themselves under confinement and a complete change in their circumstances and surroundings.

The psychological range submitted to us among the inmates of a prison may be held to comprise two distinct types of mind, which stretch towards each other, and join in the middle. These two types mark the extremes of the range, and serve to distinguish what I would call the *accidental criminal* on the one hand, from the *habitual and thorough criminal* on the other. It will be understood that the application of the term “accidental” is not to be made to the *crimes* of the individuals, but that the word is used relatively in order to distinguish criminals, who, at the age of maturity,