

2. Korsakow, "Ueber eine besondere Form psychischer Störung kombinirt mit multipler Neuritis," *Archiv f. Psychiat.*, 1890, Bd. xxi.
3. Jolly, "Ueber die psychischen Störungen bei Polyneuritis," *Charité-Annalen* (Berlin), 22 Jahrg., 1897, pp. 517—612.
4. Bonhoeffer, "Die akuten Geisteskrankheiten der Gewohnheitstrinker: eine klinische Studie" (Verlag von Gustav Fischer in Jena, 1901).
5. S. J. Cole, "On Changes in the Central Nervous System in the Neuritic Disorders of Chronic Alcoholism," *Brain*, Autumn, 1902, pp. 326—363.
6. S. J. Cole, "Systematic Examination of the Central and Peripheral Nervous System and Muscles in a Case of Acute Alcoholic Paralysis with Mental Symptoms," *Archives of Neurology of the Laboratory of the London County Asylums*, vol. ii, 1903, pp. 835—856.
7. John Turner, "Twelve Cases of Korsakow's Disease in Women," *Journal of Mental Science*, October, 1903, pp. 673—686.
8. R. Percy Smith, "Peripheral Neuritis and Insanity," *Brit. Med. Journ.*, September 22nd, 1900, p. 826.
9. Meyer and Raecke, "Zur Lehre vom Korsakow'schen Symptomen-Complex," *Archiv f. Psychiatrie*, xxxvii, 1903, Heft 1, pp. 1—44. (Detailed notes of eight cases of considerable casuistic value: three alcoholic cases without neuritis, three general paralytic cases, one senile case with gross vascular lesions, and one case of sarcoma of the right frontal lobe.)

Occasional Notes.

Herbert Spencer.

Herbert Spencer is dead. The last and greatest of the giants of the Victorian age has passed away; and, in the tumult and clamour of evanescent political strife, the country of his birth is strangely indifferent to the portentous loss that it has suffered. From the uttermost parts of the earth—from the length and breadth of the great continent of America; from France, Germany, and Italy; even from far-off Japan—come messages of condolence and appreciation of the mighty dead; but here his loss is scarcely noticed. Truly, a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country and among his own people. Queen Victoria was a great queen, and worthily ruled a great nation; but to distant generations the name of Queen Victoria will mean as little as the name of Semiramis means to us,

while the name of Herbert Spencer will loom as large as to us does that of Aristotle. In a future which may be distant, or may be nearer than we expect, when England, after occupying for a time the position of Holland, has become a sort of Isle of Wight for honeymooning Americans, Golders Hill will share with Stratford-on-Avon the honours of a place of pilgrimage for those who desire to honour the greatest of their race. What Sir Isaac Newton achieved in co-ordinating phenomena in space, Herbert Spencer achieved in co-ordinating phenomena in time. His task was almost superhuman, yet through ridicule and neglect at first, and at last in spite of the affectation of prigs, who feigned that his teaching was obsolete, he kept steadily to his task; devoting his life with wonderful purity of purpose to the completion of his great system of philosophy. He began in spite of scorn and ridicule; he lived to see his philosophy well-nigh universally accepted; and he lived to see it sneered at as antiquated by writers with less than a tithe of his knowledge, and with not a twentieth part the tithes of his intellect. He heaved Germany out of the slough of Hegelianism, only to see his own countrymen plunge and wallow in the same mire—to see them, as they struggled against asphyxiation, affect a sublime superiority over those who stood dry upon the bank, with limbs unhampered and breathing unobstructed.

There is a curious and wide-spread error, which Spencer never thought it worth while to rectify, which attributes the doctrine of evolution to Darwin, and regards Spencer as merely a disciple of his. (In earlier years Spencer was taunted as an imitator of Comte, until he put an end to the falsehood by publishing his *Reasons for Dissenting from the Philosophy of M. Comte*.) Darwin himself, the most honest and the least self-assertive of the human race, was the very last man to have countenanced a view so erroneous, and he probably never knew of it. Spencer's *Doctrine of Evolution* not only covered an immensely greater area of thought than Darwin's *Natural Selection*, but actually antedated it in point of time. There is therefore no excuse but the grossest ignorance for making the assertion.

Herbert Spencer is dead; but of no man could it ever be more truthfully said that "he being dead, yet speaketh." He has left us not only the colossal monument of his published works—a *monumentum aere perennius*,—but he has left the world for

ever richer by his example: the example of a brave man struggling uncomplainingly, through ill-health and pecuniary embarrassment, to the achievement of a stupendous task. He lived in a world in which many great men towered above the ruck of mediocrity. He has left a world in which everyone is clever, and no one is great. Now that he is dead, it seems scarce possible that we can have been contemporaries with so great a man. It is as if some huge *Dinotherium* or *Mastodon* had been found browsing amongst our improved shorthorns. There were giants in those days; and, although we may not predict the surprises that Nature may have in store for us, it seems unlikely that the world will witness the birth of another Spencer till it sees another Shakespeare.

C. M.

Miss Hickman.

The case of Miss Hickman appears a very mysterious one in the light of the facts which have become known. An able, sane, sensible, athletic young woman, in the prime of life, and with no known antecedents of mental disorder, a qualified medical practitioner, holding a temporary hospital appointment, leaves the hospital one summer morning without notice, and is never seen or heard of again until her decomposed body is found, two months afterwards, hidden away in a thicket in Richmond Park. The evidence of suicide was conclusive, and at once an hypothesis is mooted that the responsibility of her position weighed so heavily upon her as to unhinge her mind. On this hypothesis is founded a further thesis concerning the unfitness of women to hold positions of responsibility, and especially their unfitness for the profession of medicine. Whether women are unfit to practise medicine need not be discussed here, but it is as well to point out the fatuity of the hypothesis on which the thesis is grounded. Apart from such instances as those of Queen Victoria and Catherine II, which go to show that certain women, at any rate, are capable of holding positions of responsibility even greater than that of house surgeon to a hospital, there is no evidence that Miss Hickman felt her responsibility unduly. As has often been pointed out in another part of this JOURNAL, we are far too apt to speak of crimes as "motiveless" when all we are justified in saying is