

In connection with the above, Dr. Ward (District Surgeon in this division) has kindly allowed me to quote an interesting case under his care at the local gaol. Patient, an elderly native convict, complained of tape-worm, a moderate dose of extract of male fern being given with no effect; this was followed by a larger dose with an appalling result. Tape-worm began to be summarily ejected in large quantities by both mouth and anus. At the mouth they were brought up in such quantity that the patient was literally suffocated by his own vomit and died. At the *post mortem*, mouth, nasal passages, pharynx, and larynx were blocked with tape-worm, and a great number were found along the whole alimentary tract, from the œsophagus to the rectum.

This case warns us that in giving large doses of anthelmintic medicine the patient's life is in grave danger should vomiting supervene, with a large number of *tæniæ* infesting the alimentary canal.

Autobiographic Hallucinations.

THE following is a truthful record of what I felt and saw while in a state of mental collapse consequent upon a severe brain affection. One peculiarity about my illness was that never at any time, except perhaps at the crisis, was I quite unconscious of surrounding objects or of what I was doing, and that assuredly one of the most distressing things connected with that terrible time is the fact that I remember with almost painful accuracy nearly everything that happened. I now feel as sound mentally and as free from hallucination as any normal person can be, but for many years I suffered from an hallucination of hearing, which used to be strongest whenever I laid my head on the pillow at night.

Almost the first thing I can remember about my malady was of walking alone in a part of the London suburb in which I lived and experiencing a feeling of dizziness and vertigo. All sounds were intensified to my sense of hearing. I was to some extent unable to control my thoughts or actions. I must have looked strange, also, because when I reached my rooms my landlady called in her married sister and her brother-in-law to see me, and the lady, when she had looked at me, gave a slight scream and a look of intense fear or horror appeared on her

countenance. That night I lay down dressed upon my bed, while my landlady and the servant sat in the adjoining room to watch, but whether at my request or not I cannot remember. I did not sleep that night, and the next day I felt everything about me stranger than ever. I went to my office and tried to concentrate my thoughts on my work, but soon gave up the attempt, and went out to pay a visit to a friend in another part of the city. I reached his house and was received as usual, and asked to remain and take tea with the family. We had scarcely sat down, however, when I complained of feeling very unwell and asked to be permitted to lie down. I was accommodated in an upper room, and soon after lying down I either went temporarily blind, or, as I believed myself at the time, would not open my eyes for fear of what I might see. I then heard a number of voices about my bed. The voices seemed familiar, but in my own mind I knew them to be the voices of fiends preparing to torture me. I was not surprised, therefore, when I began to feel my face and hands in process of being hacked by these fiends into little pieces about one inch square with knives. I could not move, and I would not or dared not look, so I lay there and suffered. Ah! how I suffered! These were the tortures of the damned indeed, and I know not for how long they lasted. While under this torture, a consciousness came to me that by making a mental effort I could effect a junction of the pieces into which I was being cut. I accordingly made the effort and immediately the pieces of my hands and face apparently joined, to be immediately cut again into little pieces by the fiends about me. This process of being cut into pieces and rejoined went on for I do not know how long, and I found that by a strong effort of will I could suffer the torture which was being inflicted upon me without flinching. At last it was over, and, after an interval of unconsciousness, I awoke to find myself in the same room, and a strange man sitting watching me near the window.

Whenever I moved this man came and pressed me down in bed, until I promised to be quiet, and then he sat at the window and smoked. Either it was very rank tobacco or my senses were abnormally excited, for I never in the whole course of my life smelt such vile stuff. Indeed, it did not smell like ordinary tobacco at all; I was a smoker myself then, and am so still, so anything in the shape of tobacco of an ordinary kind

was not likely to astonish me, but this tobacco fairly filled my soul with disgust. The stench was to me the pungent odour of the very pit itself! During the night I had a wonderful experience. There was a coloured print of our Saviour as the Good Shepherd, or the Light of the World, hanging over the mantelshelf of the room near my bed, and in the middle of the night this figure appeared to come down full life-size and lie upon me, face to face, and was absorbed in my very innermost being, so much so, that from thenceforward it became part of me, or rather became me. I cannot explain it. I can only state what I felt and saw, and that the result was I experienced an intense feeling of bliss and happiness. Some time before or after this I heard a strong rushing or rustling sound as of flames tearing along close at hand. It was surely the sound of the city on fire, and the flames were coming nearer every instant; it seemed horribly close. And now I was two persons: one was myself lying in the room, and whose name was A. B—, but there was another of the same name out there in the midst of the burning city, and the people were thirsting for his blood, and hunting him along the public streets, and he was innocent, while it was I who was the criminal. I could hear their ferocious cries mingling with the roar of the flames, and a great horror was upon me; for, although the man out there bore my name I knew that he was not me, but another identical with me in name and appearance, who had taken my personality upon him in order to save me from the fury of the rabble, and who was to die for me in this horrible manner at their hands. Of course this was a dream, but it was as terrible as reality.

Morning came at last, and a relative and friend came to fetch me to my home, away in the north country. As I walked, or rather tottered, along, supported on either side by their arms—for I was very weak—towards a railway station, I saw a man turning the handle of a barrel-organ. I seemed to see him in a sort of half dream. And truly he was a dream; for such music neither I nor any other mortal man had ever heard issuing from a barrel-organ. That the music heard did not come from the instrument the man was playing was made manifest to my consciousness by a sort of visual delusion, for though the man turned the handle nothing moved! I know this statement is a contradiction, but I cannot explain what I saw in any other way, or express it otherwise. But how shall I express what it

was I heard? Indeed, it would be impossible, for the music I heard was not of this earth. The man who turned the handle of that mean-looking box was but the instrument to convey to my senses such a ravishing flood of melody as I am convinced only spirits are privileged to hear. It was grand, it was majestic, it was sublime. Not the finest organ ever constructed could emit the tones of that wonderful melody. Of course it did not come from the barrel-organ, and I myself was the instrument which was being played upon by the music, but I was unaware of that at the time.

On reaching the station we were soon seated and whirling along on our long journey. It was a terrible journey to me in my weak state. I lay back in a corner of the carriage and looked out of the window and at my fellow-passengers alternately; I felt at one period burning with intense heat, at which times all those in the compartment took on a bluish tinge and looked like devils; at another I chilled with intense cold, when they looked like themselves again. On looking out of the carriage window, the air seemed full of motes or flakes ascending or descending. Some were white like snow, and these were the ascending ones; while others were black and descended. Those which ascended were to my consciousness the souls of the good, the saved ones, going up towards heaven, while the others were those of the lost, descending in a continual shower. The cling, clang of the train sounded ominously to my ears like the sound of the chains clanking in the bottomless pit. By-and-by we reached a large junction, where we had to leave the train and change to another. I knew the station well, having often travelled by that route before, but on this occasion everything was altered. I was in an abnormal condition, consequently I saw things which at other times were not visible to me. For instance, I saw a procession of black-frocked nuns filing through the entrance, gliding like spirits along the platform. Their appearance filled me with dread, and I was glad to get away from their vicinity. We now entered a small hotel near the station and I had some refreshment; while here voices came to me tempting me to do unutterable crimes, but I resisted with all my strength and overcame them. At length we reached our destination, and I was taken in a cab to my home. We sat down to table, and opposite to me was a little child—my own nephew. The little fellow gazed at me open-eyed,

and the sight of him somehow unloosed the well-springs of my being, and I left the table and burst into a passionate fit of weeping. The shedding of those tears, which were hot and scalding, seemed to give me immense relief. I was hurried off to bed, and now I was conscious of receiving every attention my condition required. The women who came and ministered to my needs wore the appearance of celestial visitants, but the men were like fiends. The doctor who came to see me I firmly believed was the evil one himself, bearing all the appearance of a fiend—pale, phosphorescent blue of tint, and having an expression of intense malignity stamped on his countenance, which I can never forget. He seemed to kneel with all his weight upon my chest and tried to throttle me. Now my sufferings were indeed hard to bear. Night after night I lay awake. Sleep would not come to me, so I was induced to take sleeping draughts at intervals of a few hours. My feelings were terrible. At one time in the middle of the night, I recollect, my brain went whirling in mad confusion, and I believed that my last hour had come. There was no one near me, and I had no time to summon anyone to my bedside ; so there I lay, while the galloping whirl continued to increase in velocity, until everything went from me but the feeling that I was going—going swiftly to the end. That end could only be in one moment more, when the brain would certainly burst asunder and I would die. Well, I was glad and yet awestruck at the thought, but it was well it should end there. I gave myself up and commended myself to God, but when the crisis came, with an explosion as it seemed of something inside my head, everything became clear again and I was as before. This was only one of my many curious experiences. The tempting voices again visited me, and for many a long day I was subject to their uncanny influences. Once they told me to leap out of my bedroom window, but I resisted. They never took the form of desiring personal violence to anyone except myself, but they continually entreated, cajoled, and argued me into destroying myself by some means or another. I was strong enough, however, to resist all such blandishments, and never attempted to do myself any injury.

When I was judged to be well enough to travel I was taken to a watering-place near at hand. I shall never forget my sufferings at that place. Whether the sulphur springs for which

it was famous affected me prejudicially or not I cannot say, but I felt distinctly worse while I remained there. The smell of the cattle at the farm where we lodged was horrible to me beyond words. It reeked of blood and offal even when at a distance. The dogs howling in the distant kennels affected me most lugubriously; they seemed to be straining to get at me to tear me to pieces. The rocks were full of human faces. When I went up to the well-house the people took awful shapes to my distorted fancy. A little cripple boy resembled the devil in human shape, being palish-blue of tint, and an old lady in black and white seemed to me the embodiment of a shape from the nether regions. One day I was walking in the meadows, and all at once I felt as if there was nothing between me and infinite space. No words can express the awful feeling of isolation that came upon me; it seemed to me that for a moment I stood there absolutely naked of soul, with nothing between me and God. I do not know how I recovered myself, but the feeling passed and I walked on.

I will now relate two of my more remarkable dreaming experiences, but before doing so I should state that every night dreams of the most vivid character visited me, so that I lived as much in dreamland as in the world of actuality.

In the first of the two dreams the sky seemed full of living, flaming thoughts or words, which succeeded one another with the rapidity of lightning; my brain reeled in the effort to follow them, but at length came darkness, deep and impenetrable, in the midst of which I heard one voice, and I felt that I stood in some awful presence and was being judged. I did not doubt then, and I have never doubted since, that at that moment my soul or spirit was in presence of the Judge of all mankind, and that the words I heard were those of my accuser and Advocate. What was said I never could recall or I did not comprehend, yet I knew that I stood at the bar of that dread tribunal where every human soul is destined to be arraigned when it shall have "shuffled off this mortal coil." My name was called and the trial took place. I know nothing of what took place, except that at last I heard the voice pronounce sentence of acquittal, and I came back to earth and the things of sense once more, but whether, like Paul, I was in or out of the body when I went through that supreme ordeal I cannot tell.

In my second dream I seemed to be wandering through some

dark and tangled forest with one by my side upon whom I leaned with confidence, while another beside me continually tempted me to evil. On and on we went together through the tangled brake, which teemed with venomous reptiles, which I was miraculously prevented from treading upon at every stride. I stumbled on in the darkness, encouraged by the presence of my guide, until at last we reached the verge of a river or ocean, and at once I became aware that I had reached the utmost verge of my journey, and that this in front of me was death. One beside me questioned, "Are you willing to enter the tide?" and without an instant's hesitation I answered, "Yes, I am ready and quite willing to go." But I was not permitted to enter the stream at that time, yet I am fully persuaded to this day that I then stood on the dividing-line or verge of life.

Another experience I had was of being in the middle of a horrible pit or shaft full of sounds of the most terrible import, tempting voices, sounds of woe, a clash and din of horrid voices which never ceased, and I felt I was suspended in the pit of hell without the power to lift myself out of it. Sometimes, by agonising efforts of will power, I seemed to rise a little, at others I sank back into its hideous depths, and the struggle appeared to be interminable. After what seemed an infinitude of time, I was rewarded by reaching the outermost edge and I strove and climbed with desperate eagerness to free myself from the surroundings of that horrid place, until at length I was up and over the edge and a free agent once more. In these struggles everything seemed to be spiritual, yet my whole being seemed involved in the effort to rise to the clear air, and when I did so my state of mind was that of being freed from a fearful and awful condition, which I felt to be bottomless.

I cannot remember much more of a definite character pertaining to the acute stage of my illness, except that the voices of which I have already spoken came to me whenever my head was laid on my pillow at night, and even when sitting quietly by myself. They continued to trouble me long after I had attained to normal health, and was pursuing my ordinary avocations. One peculiar feature of these voices was that whatever my thoughts were they seemed to follow and put them into words. For instance, if I repeated mentally a form of prayer, which I did frequently in order, if possible, to relieve my troubled brain, the words were repeated to me in my brain independently of

my thought, and whenever I ceased the voices would continue saying something else, or another would take up the discourse and keep me following it with wearisome persistence. How tired it made me and how I longed for sleep! and yet I could not drive them away while consciousness remained.

At this time I was subject to a sort of nervous shock which came at regular intervals like the thud of a sledge-hammer. As I grew convalescent the shocks decreased in frequency and intensity, and as I recovered they came only occasionally, and at length ceased altogether.

It is said to be a physiological fact that every particle of the human body is renewed every seven years, yet it was nearly three times seven years before I could say I was perfectly free of the singing noises in my head and the voices which visited me at intervals.

In summing up the results of my experiences, I can see that many of them were waking dreams, but to me they were at the time terrible realities. The brain was in such an excited state that it knew no difference between reality and what is called hallucination. But the question occurs, Was it all hallucination? May not there be an exalted mental state where an existence is revealed of colour, form, and sound not apparent to the subject when in his normal condition? Why was everything that seemed to occur as real to me as when I was in the normal state? Are hallucinations glimpses of the actuality that lies beyond our normal senses?

Occasional Notes.

A Diploma in Mental Diseases.

The vast increase in the number of insane persons under care in institutions has correspondingly added to the ranks of the medical men engaged in their treatment, and there is every reason to expect that, as the necessity for medical skill in combating these forms of disease is more fully recognised, there will be a still greater addition to this large body,