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AN ANIMATED MOLECULE.

We are indebted to the talented author, Dr. Daniel Clarke Medical Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum, Toronto, for a copy of the above interesting *brochure* of 42 pages, which we doubt not have cost the writer much earnest thought and extended research. Were we as well versed in metaphysics as we are led to believe Dr. Clarke is, we should be better able to review his production in terms befitting its merits; but, perhaps to our shame, we must confess, that though we have often tried to possess ourselves of some degree of competency in this branch of science, we have almost invariably retreated from the enterprise, with the blushing conviction that our mind was never designed for this sort of work, just as *Burns*, dumb-founded and bedizened, in contemplation of the *Alloway* witch scene, was forced to collapse, in the hapless lines:

"But here my Muse her wing maun cour,
Sir flights are far beyond her power."

So we, confronted with the *ego* and the *non-ego*, the *objective* and the *subjective*, the *conditioned* and the *unconditioned*, *et hoc genus omne* of writers on this transcendent department of philosophy, have ever been constrained to own ourselves utterly impotent. Even since we read Dr. Clarke's pamphlet, we made some effort to qualify ourselves for the duty of understanding a portion of his ingenious argument, by searching for a clear exposition of the radical terms *the ego*, and *the non ego*, and we thought we could not seek for what we needed in a better author than the renowned Sir William Hamilton, the Samson of "Common Sense." Here was what we found in the wondrous treatise of this philosopher, in elucidation of the *self* and *not self*, alias *ego* and *non ego*.

"Whatever comes into consciousness, is thought by us, either as belonging to the mental self, exclusively (subjective—subjective,) or as belonging to the non-self exclusively, (objective—objective,) or as belonging partly to both, (subjective—objective.) It is difficult however to find words to express precisely all the complex correlations of knowledge. For in cognizing a mere affection of self, we objectify it; it forms a subject object, or subjective object, or subjectivo-subjective object: and how shall we name and discriminate a mode of mind, representative of and relative to a mode of matter?"

Well, now, if our reader stands enlightened by the preceding agglomeration of subjective objects, and objective subjects, all we can say is that he is an apt scholar, and we congratulate him on his facility of comprehension; but at the same time we are very much inclined to regard the metaphysical *ego* and its negative as very nearly "all in my eye."

Dr. Clarke tells us, "it," (the *ego*) "is a substance more subtle than the ether which pervades all nature." Who, after reading Hamilton's above cited explanation, will for a moment doubt the subtlety of the artful dodger? It must be "the highest development of that entity called magnetism," for it certainly magnetises, and mesmerizes likewise, all who approach it. Why! it must be one of the staff of that master spirit, which has been styled "the prince of the power of the air," and everybody knows what an uncanny metaphysician he is. Let no one wonder then, that we take our leave rather precipitately of this part of Dr. C's essay, yet we must be pardoned for this expression of our doubt, as to the efficiency of Dr. C's vindication of the non-materiality of mind: for ultimately to assume, that this entity is but a super-refinement of magnetism, comes, in our interpretation of language, so very near to materialism, that we fail to realise the difference, though we are perfectly sure that any such conclusion must be utterly antagonistic to Dr. C's convictions.

We could very much have wished that Dr. C. had seen his way clearly through his subject, so as to have avoided the metaphysical obscurities which intrude between our dull optics, and a distinct understanding of his ingenious arguments; for we confess that we have an almost never failing admiration of everything that comes from his gifted pen: and what is still more and better, we