

ulties in their respective ways, that some of the greatest discoveries of the immortal Newton were made. And from this we see that he was no less indebted to the faculty of imagination than Homer or any other poet was.\*

The imagination may present innumerable images to the mind; but when in health these can never be confounded with those recalled by memory; at the same time, unless while labouring under disease, the judgment will operate in preventing what is purely the offspring of imagination from being taken for reality. There is one exception to this last opinion, or at least a state which has been considered as an exception, and which may occur while the bodily health does not appear to be impaired. This happens in some disorders purely mental; as in some species of insanity, or more frequently when the mind has become impaired from old age. The writer of this remembers a poor old woman residing alone in one of the districts of Scotland where the superstitious belief in ghosts and feries was still prevalent. She seemed in perfect health as to body, and upon all subjects, but one, indicated no mental disorder, nor did her advanced time of life, being only about 50 years of age, lead her friends to suspect a delapidation of the powers of the mind, from that cause. Her residence was in the vicinity of a clergyman's house, and one morning early she waited upon him under a dreadful degree of depression in spirits, and commenced bemoaning her unfortunate condition, saying that she had been beset by the "foul feind" during the past night. The clergyman as was his duty, employed every argument he could suggest to remove the impression from her mind, but without effect, although she appeared perfectly rational on every other subject, and seemed in perfect health of body and mind. Every attention was bestowed to divert her imagination from the false image it had thus formed, and to direct the judgement so as to place it in its true light, during the day. She on the approach of evening, retired to her lonely cottage calmed but not convinced of her error. The following day she returned in the highest degree of good spirits, her mind perfectly recovered from the terrors of the preceeding day, and although she had sufficient recollection of the unpleasant ideas which she previously felt, it was only to laugh at her own stupidity in being so egregiously mistaken in them, and she now told the clergyman that what she had taken for the Devil before, was nothing but a parcel of feries and that they had paid her a second visit and spent the night in all the merry gambols, those tiny elves are said to practice. This diseased state of the imagination continued for several years, indeed during her life time; no force of argument could convince her she was wrong.—She enjoyed excellent bodily health, and upon all other subjects every faculty of her mind seemed to be in its full vigour. Her memory was good to the last and on no other objects which were presented to her mind, could the least confusion of judgement, be detected. A

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\* Newton by the strength of his imagination suspected the diamond to be an inflammable substance, from its singularly great power for refracting the rays of light, but this he advanced only as a conjecture. It was reserved for the future brilliant discoveries of chemistry to prove that he was right in his supposition.