

associations even in olfaction.¹ He declares that music recalls to him gold and scarlet, and speaks of the perfumes of children's flesh or of the dawn.¹

These morbid geniuses have a style proper to them, at once passionate and glowing with color, which distinguishes them from other writers perhaps because they seem unable to compose unless under mania-like impulses. Often they claim to be unable to compose, or even to think, unless at periods of inspiration.

Tasso² writes, in one of his letters :

I toil and am unfortunate in everything, even in composition. My ideas are embarrassed—slow to arise and slower to develop, and I cannot express them except in moments of fervor.

Rousseau avows³ the animated and eloquent exordiums of Cardan frequently contrast markedly with the rest of his monotonous works and show how he differed at different times in his composition. Haller, himself an excellent poet, said that all the poetic art consisted in being obscure.³ Pascal began thirteen times his "Eighteenth Provincial Letter."⁴ Something analogous in style and nature led Swift and Rousseau to admire Tasso, Haller to admire Swift, and Baudelaire to admire Poe and Hoffman. Almost all great men are painfully tormented by religious⁵ doubt which awakens their minds and which they combat as a crime, their consciences alarmed and their hearts sick. Tasso was tormented by a fear of being a heretic. Ampère often said doubt was the worst torment of man. Haller wrote in his journal :

God, grant me a drop of faith ! My thought believes Thee, but my heart refuses to. This is my crime.

Lenau repeated in his last years :

Hourly, when my heart suffers, the idea of God is enfeebled within me.

Doubt, as all his critics admit, is the hero of his "Savaronola."

Insane geniuses are wrapped up in themselves and eternally babbling of their misfortunes, virtues and diseases. They finish at last by remarking even their defects. All men love to speak of themselves and the insane excel in this particular, but when genius is joined to insanity even this egotism is doubled. Then result those marvelous mixtures of passion and pain, monuments of phrenopathic poesy, permeated throughout with the grand unfortunate personality of the author. Cardan has left us his life, complete poems on his

misfortunes, and the work "De Somnüs," devoted solely to his dreams and hallucinations. The poems of Whitman are but expressions in verse of his "ego."

Little is the theme of the hymn ;
But the greatest of all is myself.

Here he depicts a child who can scarcely see a cloud, a stone, a drunkard or other object without imagining itself thereinto transformed. This child is himself. Rousseau, in his "Confessions," his "Dialogues" and his "Reveries;" Musset, in his "Confessions," and Hoffmann, in "Kreisler,"¹ confined themselves to the minute depiction of themselves and their mental morbidity. Poe, as has been well observed by Baudelaire, took for his themes the exceptional features of human life—the illusions, which appeared to him at first uncertain, then clear and convincing, the absurd which seized upon intelligence and governed with a frightful logic the hysteria which seized upon the will, the contradictions between nerves and mind going so far to express sorrow by laughter. Pascal, whose mental defect showed itself in an exaggerated humility—Pascal, who says that Christianity consisted in the abnegation of the "ego," left no autobiography, but has depicted his mental state in his "Amulette," and there is no doubt but that he refers to himself when he says,

That extreme genius is closely akin to extreme folly ;
That men are such fools that he would be a new species who was not ;

That diseases alter mind and sense, and if the great are most affected the little are influenced proportionately ;

That if the genius has his head higher than other men, his feet are lower . . . there is no great gap between them and other men or children or animals.

Haller² has detailed his religious delusions and avows often a change of thought in twenty-four hours, when he becomes

Stunned, stupid, pursued by God and despised and neglected of men.

Swift, in his "Letter to a Very Young Lady," traces, day by day his life, and confesses his insanity in terms at once clear and concise :

Every human body exhales vapors which mount to the brain. If these be moderate in quantity, the man remains normal ; if they be excessive, they exalt him and change him into a philosopher, a politician, a religion-founder, in a word, into a lunatic. Hence, it is wrong to keep men shut up in Bedlam, and a commission appointed to examine them would doubtless find in this academy many imprisoned geniuses, which might produce admirable instruments for the several offices in a state, ecclesiastical, civil and military . . . Even I, the author of these momentous truths, am a person whose

1. As old as Solomon's Song.

2. How much of this was due to the exhaustion of periodical insanity and masturbatory excess and in no way related to genius, Lombroso fails to point out.

3. A special criticism rashly made general by Lombroso.

4. Goldsmith frequently refined his style ; hence, thirteen recastings of an important letter was no evidence of difficult composition.

5. Great men do not differ in this from others of their time. In a time of religious introspection doubt would result naturally. In a time of world-wide fluxions of religions it would also result as well as in the changes resulting from the advances of science. Lombroso here exhibits his bias to look upon the abnormality of one epoch as necessarily an abnormality always.

1. "Kreisler," as he himself says, is filled with strange conceptions, always at war with reality, becomes at last insane.

2. Tagebuch. Wherein does this differ from conversion phenomena among Protestants, to which no morbid stigma can be applied.

3. This passage is really distorted from one in the "Digression on Madness," of the "Tale of a Tub." Lombroso mistakes satire for autobiography. Psychology was dominant in the literature of the time.