

of the extract to convince him of the sincerity of my belief.* About two hours and a half afterwards I was reminded of the almost forgotten circumstance by a strange and sudden sensation of warmth at the pit of the stomach, which quickly extended over the whole body. At the same time I became considerably excited and talkative, and with difficulty restrained a strong inclination to violence. These symptoms quickly and completely subsided. After the lapse of a few seconds, without any warning, the blood seemed to rush violently to my head, the heart beat rapidly, my mouth and throat became perfectly dry, and I entertained a painful sense of suffocation. In a few minutes, after a succession of such attacks, the interval of recovery growing shorter with each, I grew very faint; the power of moving my limbs seemed to be deserting me; I could scarcely speak, and felt certain that death would quickly terminate my rash experiment. Up to this time I had been able to control myself, and to resist the wild suggestions which thronged through my mind. But now, completely overpowered, I seemed like a cork floating up and down, now gently, now swiftly, through space. Then I was a balloon, gradually expanding as I filled with gas, till, becoming more and more buoyant, I suddenly, with a feeling of ecstasy, shot high up through the air. All at once I began to feel cold, and lo! I was an immense iceberg floating about on a calm sea. These illusions, however extravagant, were of a far more real and substantial character than is usual in ordinary dreams, and up to this period were rather of a pleasant nature than otherwise; there were short intervals of partial recovery, but the sense of buoyancy or floating prevailed throughout. These however were now replaced by others of a character so different, that for some days after my recovery I could not shake off the painful sense of dejection they left behind;—I was whirling through an ever-changing scene, sometimes along the course of rivers, sometimes through thick dark forests, sometimes in well-remembered houses. At first I struggled hard to resist the power which seemed hurrying me on; but at last became calmer, and began to enquire *where* and *what* I was. Was I dead? I had no body or form, and could touch nothing. I concluded I was dead, and vainly tried to remember how and when I died; and as I experienced a very distressing sense of isolation and unrest, with a burning pain which I could not refer to any part of my being (caused, I

* The same extract had been the subject of our talk from having appeared to evidence, in the person of another of my patients, a potent action in a single dose of two grains. To decide the improbability of this opinion, the *experimentum crucis* was voluntarily made.—W. W.