

and the bars broken down that resisted the control of the immortal part over the poor frail shell that subserves its uses in the fleeting present of this life.

I would not rashly say that all the great names to which I shall presently advert, must be placed upon the rolls of the undoubtedly insane; but I will aver that there is not one whose life does not show at some time the evidence of perverted or impaired cerebral force. And in proportion as we discover a tainted parentage, a badly trained childhood, an intense mental strain, or extraordinary physical excess or disturbance, just so far may we trace their wanderings into the mysterious Border-land that I have described—the realm where Genius and Madness rule with divided sway. In the language of Erskine, "To constitute insanity, it is not necessary that Reason should be hunted from her seat; it is enough that Distraction sits down beside her, holds her trembling in her place, and frightens her from her propriety." It is Lord Brougham who declares that "the inability to struggle against a delusion constitutes unsoundness of mind." And in regard to partial insanity, he affirms that the disease is always present, and only not apparent by the accident that the proper chord is not struck at the time. It has often been proposed as a test, that it is indicative of the affection that there be a delusion, if but rarely manifested, and a state of mind incapable of mastering it.

Hallucinations take possession when the reason, having a cloud before it, cannot correct the misapprehension of the lower senses. "It is a state of ideal intellection," says the celebrated Prof. Ordronaux, "in which the reason, after long struggling to maintain its ascendancy over the judgment, has finally yielded, but after yielding can still apprehend and compare correctly the relation of things. Thus even the insane rarely have hallucinations of more than two senses."

It is a pregnant fact in this connection, that the original basis of hallucination is often prolonged reverie. Perhaps it is of little consequence whether the cerebral fulness that gives rise to disordered brain action be the result of congested brain without voluntary effort, or the

sequel of long continued voluntary and strained attention, especially if the blood vessels, by inheritance, have been weakened to the point of yielding. The melancholy result is the same. Long ago Aristotle said: *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ*; and this has been a prolific text. Some writer, indeed, has ventured the observation that "all who have been famous for their genius, whether in the study of philosophy, in affairs of State, in poetical composition, or in the exercise of the arts, have been inclined to insanity or epilepsy, or one or the other of these diseases has existed in the same family."

I will ask you now to consider with me some of the innumerable men of power or of genius who have signally exhibited the fate of humanity when hallucination or delusion leads it away into the Border-land of Unreason.

Charles IX. of France, the impotent boy whose name ruled France, under the sway of his mother, goes to the Castle of Blois to welcome the Protestants Chieftains after long and useless civil strifes. He agrees to the marriage between his sister, Marguerite, and Henry of Navarre, his cousin, and cries, "I give my sister in marriage, not only to the Prince of Navarre, but, as it were, to the whole Protestant party."

The scheme effected, and the Protestants safely insnared in the city of Paris, upon the occasion of the wedding solemnities, the wretched boy gives the signal to the alarm bell that tolls two o'clock on the morning of Sunday, 24th of August, 1572. Old men, terrified maidens, helpless infants, venerable matrons—all are stricken down in their blood. Trembling at the very sound of the deep echo to the alarm, he cries out to stop, but too late. Beacon fires have lit their baneful glares, and alarm bells are sending the signal to the remotest corners of France. Recovering from his terror, fury seizes him, his eyes glare with frenzy; he shouts to the assassins, and grasping a gun, he joins the work of death, shooting, from the window of the palace, the wounded and the flying. Torches are held on high, that his own body-guard may slaughter in the very courtyard of the palace, the fugitives who stream to the King for protection. "Let not one Protestant be