

Pliny tells us of a man who—"ictus lapide oblitus est literas"—and of another, an orator, named "Messala Corvinus, who, under disease, lost the memory, not only of the names of his servants, but even of his own name." Morgagni, in Italy, 150 years ago, described various cases of aphasia, in his celebrated "*epistles*," with such admirable precision, that one might almost imagine that later investigators had found in them the germs or indeed the outsprung stems of modern discoveries. Unfortunately, however, for the fame of the pioneers in discovery, it has happened in medical science, usually, and in medical literature almost universally, that the race and the rage are ever for the new, and olden treasures, not only are doomed to forgetfulness, but are actually ignored by the panting aspirants for authorial glory. Who, in the present day, ever meets with a student, nay indeed with very many teachers, who hold in high esteem the works of Sydenham, Cheselden, Cullen, Abernethy, Cooper, or even the Hunters or Charles Bell? Bah! these were all merely purblind moles, groping and rooting in the dark. Their optics could not have borne the brilliance of our electric lamps; their snail-pacing thoughts would never have reached parturience under the bare anticipation of our age of steam and lightning speed, of telegraphs and telephones, dynamographs and sphygmographs, of Listerism, and Pasteurism, and Kochism, of evolution and involution and devolution, and the survival of the fittest, which means the utter extirpation of all memory of the old fogies and their glimmering rushlights. Well, since the fates seem so to have decreed, be it so; peace to the ashes of the departed. They are gone, and to be forgotten is the lot of humanity. Let us not waste our tears over their useless bones, but rather speak of their working successors.

It is now a little over thirty years since Broca, after long and patient clinical observation, announced the fact that aphasia stands in direct connection with lesion or diseased condition of the inferior or third convolution of the frontal lobe of the cerebrum, and by far preferentially with that of the left side. I confess that when I first became acquainted with this teaching, I received it with something, not exactly of contempt, but savouring rather much of that semi-derision with which complacent ignorance is wont to regard unlooked for new announcements, which fail to square with

petrified preconceptions. I had read Gall and Spurzheim, and some other minute brain geographers, until I had fallen into utter skepticism on the entire subject of brain regions and boundaries, and I could only regard the great capital organ as a supreme solidarity, or aggregation, not of independent principalities or states, each possessing functions or legislative powers of its own, but all as acting in consentaneous harmony, and all as, some how or other, sharing in, or sympathising with, the acts of each part. It takes time to draw any of us, but especially those of the foggy class, out of our old deep-cut ruts. Indeed I sometimes almost doubt whether I can ever get completely out of mine; but when, from year to year, and day to day, I learn more and more of the facts brought to light by clinical and autopsical observance, and when I see that the doctrine of Broca now ranks in its adherents almost the entire body of eminent observers of the present day, it seems to me that longer holding out is almost as hopeless, if not as senseless, as striving to stem the tide with a pitchfork. I can see indeed no way of getting back into my old cozy quarters, but that of unreading all I have read on my lingering way out, or, which is just equivalent, and far less impracticable to one of my years, that of forgetting it all; and as our early impressions always survive those of later birth, my case, in this regard at least, may not be quite hopeless.

The aphasia which paramountly, if not exclusively, engaged Broca's attention, was but one form of the affection, but it was that which is by far the most usual. It consisted in the inability to articulate words. It was therefore a failure in the muscles of articulation to obey the behests of the will, the simplest and best designation of which is *motor-aphasia*. With this form, in various degrees of evolution, you, Mr. President, must be, as I myself long was, far too familiar. In that hopeless mental disease, properly best known under the designation of general paresis, motor-aphasia is often an early and a surely progressive symptom. In corroboration of Broca's doctrine I cannot here do better than to quote the following passages from the recently published lectures of Dr. Clouston, of the Royal Insane Asylum at Edinburgh, whose recently published lectures on mental diseases, constitute the most valuable work on the subject I have ever had the pleasure of reading.