

and work in any particular direction, I have only gone by what I found on trial quieted her most, and that is certainly treating her as a little would-be nun.

We have two other acknowledged cases of hysteria, one of whom Dr. M—— does hypnotize. *Grazia* he has not succeeded with; it frightens her. This evening we had quite a curious scene. The chief came in late, accompanied by several doctors. The *infermiere* ran for lamps, ink, and the box of examination implements, and followed in his wake. He stopped by the last-arrived hysteria, a married peasant woman, and asked where she came from.

She mentioned a village beyond Tivoli; and the Professor said thoughtfully:—

“Is that not the place where some strange things happened two or three years ago? Were there not some women who were what you call possessed?”

“Yes, sir; they had to be taken to the cathedral to be exorcised, but it seemed to make them worse; they fought and struggled, and fell in convulsions.”

“And you saw them?”

“Yes, sir; and I saw them vomiting too. All sorts of things—bits of horse-shoe, birds, canvas—quite large bits—incredible!” And the patient sat up in bed quite excited at the remembrance. The chief was visibly delighted at the discovery of this fact in her “history”—but quieted her at once with a few kindly and encouraging words—ordering *bromurio*, and passing on to another case, when he continued the story to his colleagues, turning often also to me, as he generally kindly contrives to do. (I stand by Suor. M——.)

He related how he had been dining one evening with the Syndic of that village, just when these supposed possessed women were at the worst, and how the village doctor had come in and produced a box containing articles which he declared the women had vomited in his presence—glass, iron, canvas, etc. The Syndic was much bothered, for the excitement was daily increasing, and Prof. R—— remembered explaining it to him as hysteria, and advising him to send the women to the Roman Hospital. This he did; and the demons were finally expelled!

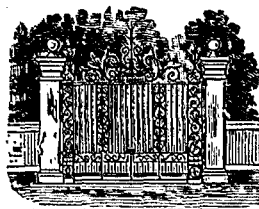
Whilst he was relating this, Agata, a girl who has been with us since the clinique opened, and who has paries of one of the cervical vertebrae, began a hysterical fit, with the usual yelping sobs; she has only evolved these since the other case came in, two days ago. The doctors all went to her, and ether was given her to inhale, but she continued for some time. The chief asked where she came from; and looking at her “*storia*,” they saw it was the same village, beyond Tivoli. He simply ordered “strong bromide,” to break the periodicity of her attacks, and they left, evidently much interested at all this corroboratory evidence of the contagion of hysteria. A cheerful look-out for our ward though!

January 15th.

Dr. M—— came in this evening alone, and wrote “*Isteria*” on the diagnostic slate over Agata’s bed. She was just beginning her sobbing, but he talked quietly to her, and the attack passed off. The other patient has been quite quiet all day; she seems to have been half-starved, poor woman, and to need only rest and good food. Dr. M—— said she would soon be able to go home, and she was most thankful to hear it, telling him how her husband and children needed her.

## Outside the Gates.

### WOMEN.



LADY HENRY SOMERSET sails for America on October 2nd, to attend the Conventions of the World’s and National Women’s Christian Temperance Union at Toronto and Buffalo—she is to preach the annual sermons at both Conventions—and we know no woman better able

to perform the duty with credit.

We are glad to observe that even the “ladies” papers are advocating the common sense of women wearing rational dress whilst cycling. The papers are full of accidents, even to expert male cyclists, and it is monstrous that the “*Man in the Street*,” still full of obsolete eastern ideas with regard to women, should be permitted to insult wheelwomen because they choose to ride in knickerbockers. Many should like to compel the male scorcher to adopt the skirt by way of a change. No doubt poor pedestrians would be infinitely safer when taking their walks abroad.

One signing himself “D. M.” in the *Daily Mail*, has expressed the immoral and obsolete opinion that “the first duty of woman is to be beautiful.” Mrs. George Corbett gives “D. M.” a smart rap over the knuckles. She writes:—

“‘Might a mere woman be allowed to suggest’ that for a man to deliberately perpetrate the statement that ‘the first duty of woman is to be beautiful,’ and that such trifles as health, safety, and convenience should be subordinate to the slavish and puerile desire to please such incompetent judges as he undoubtedly is, is to commit an impertinence which transcends in vanity anything that has been written on the sex question for many a year? Apparently, ‘D. M.’ has yet to learn that a man can no longer pose as a monopolist in brains and privileges without getting laughed at for his pains, and that the days are over which allowed irresponsible individuals of the male gender, to arrogate to themselves the right to make the health, comfort, happiness, education, and morality of one-half of the human race subservient to their own petty conceits and overweening selfishness. It does not really matter what their private opinion is, for every man whose opinion is of any value is ready to agree that the prosperity of the nation depends upon the mental and physical health of a nation, and that the health of its women is the necessary corollary to the improvement of the whole race. It may, however, prove a charity to ‘D. M.’ to advise him to refrain in future from rushing into the discussion of a subject concerning which his education has apparently been lamentably defective.”

Miss Lilian Hamilton, M.D., who has recently returned from acting as medical adviser to the Ameer of Afghanistan, is to be head of the new Ladies’ Settlement at Liverpool, which is to be begun shortly. She is particularly well fitted for the post, as she knows the needs of the Liverpool poor, having spent three years in the Liverpool Poor Law Infirmary, where she was trained as a nurse. The secretary is Miss Edith Ling, who qualified herself for the work in the Cheltenham Ladies’ College Settlement, Bethnal Green.

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