

PAUL AVENEL.

Homeward from tropic seas he came,
A sailor, bold and brown;
And saw the scarlet moonrise flame
Above the distant town.

The locust gave him dreamy song,
The breeze blew fresh and free,
"O love," he thought, "it is not long
Ere I shall hand with thee!"

A touch upon his shoulder fell,
A voice fell on his ear;
"Whence have you come, Paul Avenel,
And wherefore come you here?"

He knows the face, though gloomed it be:
The voice, though sad, he knows,
"John Waldron, friend, if you are he,
Speak blither words than those."

"Speak welcome warm and welcome say:
Do I not need glad cheer?"
John Waldron sighs, and turns away:
"You will not find it here!"

Pale, in the eerie light, is Paul,
"Oh, say the truth," he cries;
And, louder than his language, call
The yearnings of his eyes.

An answer sounds in broken voice:
"The love you held so true
Is worth no honest lover's choice,
But faithless unto you."

"Look, yonder where the lights illumine
Her many-windowed house:
The bride is beautiful, but the groom
Hath gray upon his brows."

"He promised grandeur manifold—
The ancient, heartless tale:
He bought her with a flash of gold,
A costly wedding-vail!"

Paul Avenel in silence hears,
In silence, dark and stern,
His deep eyes wear no trace of tears,
But keenly, strangely burn.

"John Waldron, if I did not know,"
At last his lips reply,
"Your truth is stainless as the snow,
These words would seem a lie!"

"Oh, trusted with a trust supreme,
Oh, worse lost, in thy shame,
Than though I saw thy grave-slab gleam,
And read thy carved name!"

"What curse too bitter can I speak,
To match these pang, that make
My life a desert, blank and weak,
For thy poor worthless sake!"

He lifts a white face to the skies,
He lifts a wrathful arm,
"Hold! curse her not," John Waldron cries;
"Nay, God forbid such harm!"

"For never lie more foul was told,
I swear, than this of mine:
Not all a kingdom's proffered gold
Could tempt her love divine!"

"And even in death her parting thought
Was your sweet loyal slave:
For now two April-tides have wrought
Fresh daisies round her grave."

Paul Avenel in silence hears,
And slowly understands,
The low moon sparkles on his tears,
And gilds his heavenward hands.

"Thanks, friend," he murmurs, "for the rude
Cold he that snote to say:
In grief, and yet in gratitude,
I now shall seek her grave!"

EDGAR FAWCETT.

AN INDICTMENT THAT WILL STAND.

There appeared in the current (July) number of *Lippincott's Magazine* a very remarkable article under the title of "My Asylum Life." There is no clue given by the editor to the identity of the writer, except in the line beneath the caption, — i. e., "By a Physician." — and that clue is given in the text by the author himself. Indeed, whatever value this latest contribution to the science of psychiatry has, is largely if not wholly due to the fact that it is the work of a physician, who alone could speak with such authority as to command attention as it is here commanded. The physician who being ill takes his own medicine, watches and records, minute by minute and hour by hour, its effects, — who studies within himself that which he practises upon others, — is certainly rare among his kind. So elevated are his courage and fidelity that we cannot sufficiently honor him for them. Of this sort seems to be this physician who lays bare to the world the awful tragedy of his life; for he who first "dies a-top," even though he rise again to compact reason, carries about with him always the stigma of insanity. To the world which knew him before that mental death touched him, he can be the same man again. His old self is dead and buried in the asylum yonder, and this is but his ghost that walks abroad or sits again in the old accustomed places. The taint of the asylum is upon him forever, and only that other deeper death will ever free him from it. Therefore, for a physician to come before the world as this one has done in this remarkable paper, is to argue, not only great moral courage upon his part, but a profound conviction that duty to his fellows makes it necessary that he should do it.

That a physician wrote this paper, — the mental and spiritual anatomy of which, even for the reader to consider, is to consider a thing full of terror, and which to the anatomist himself must have been terrible beyond expression to recontemplate, — there can be no doubt; and if we may infer from the internal evidence supplied by the text the writer is a physician of very remarkable character and distinction. But that he is all and always that which he assumes to be, there is fairly reasonable ground to question. He says in the opening paragraph:

"I have no wildly emotional statements to make as to the shutting up of sane folk, or of barbarous nurses. I shall furnish no material for sensational novels. Nevertheless, being a physician, I shall have criticisms to make on asylums, asylum managers and asylum doctors. I shall do this as a duty, but with the sense of despair which arises out of the fact that the statements and opinions of one who has been insane are, as I painfully know, forever after suspected of inaccuracy or inconsequence. Yet many times, while believed to be insane, I was clear-witted enough; and I may add that for a long while after I was well I was detained, because no doubt the physician in charge felt uncertain as to the reality of my recovery."

The entire article, apart from the profound and startling analysis of the assumed mental condition of the writer while the fit was on him, is a criticism of asylums, their managers and doctors. It is, moreover, so shrewdly thought and expressed, so cunningly grouped, so earnestly pressed, and evidently so conscientiously indulged, as to make it apparent that its author was forced by the sternest sense of duty to make it public. A physician, a philosopher, he undoubtedly is, and, we believe, a publicist and philanthropist also. But is the narrative, told with such fidelity to detail and circumstance, true as stated? Was the writer an inmate of an asylum for the insane, or is he a physician, an alienist, who, having had large experience in the treatment of mental disease, in and out of asylums, has grouped in one compact whole the cases of many men, and taken many asylums, managers, doctors, nurses and systems, and placed them all within a single enclosure of high, forbidding walls? We incline to this latter opinion, even at the expense of doing violence to the assumed *bona fides* of the writer, because the scheme of criticism is so comprehensive and wrought out upon principle, so elevated in human and scientific purpose, as to force us to the unwilling conclusion that the narrative is but as a frame upon which to hang the curious mental studies and the striking and important criticisms which constitute that which will be recognized by thoughtful minds, especially by those of the medical profession, as the most valuable part of the paper.

This is but a theory, — possibly an impertinent one; but it is supported in great measure by internal evidence. For instance, what sane man could recall with any degree of fidelity the most important conversation had with another person, after a lapse of years or even months? It is to be premised that the hallucination under which "A Physician" suffered was that of believing he was Satan's actual self. Between himself and the Satan who in some fashion dominated his mind, there were long and curious colloquies held, and these "A Physician" assumes after intervening years to remember, not in whole, but in part, — not the letter, but the spirit of them. That which the sanest mind could not readily do, this assumedly insane mind pretends to do. He may be that which he declares himself to be; but we cannot direct ourselves of the suspicion that in order to make more complete and effective his work he has grouped his professional knowledge of many insane men and of many asylums, and managers, doctors and nurses of asylums. If this he be, it increases, not decreases, the value of his work; for it is not only a sane man, but a dispassionate, shrewd, humane and learned observer, writing of the things of which he has seen.

Here is a criticism on a physician who is only a machine, instead of a man — and whom it has been the misfortune of all of us to meet in time of sickness, of soul as well as of body, — consulted by the writer in the earlier stage of his disease:

"A day later, I hastened to one of our large cities, and without betraying my profession consulted a well-known physician. It was clear that he thought me an ill man, — as well he might. I had eaten little for months, and absolutely nothing for ten hours. He advised certain medicines, and especially that I should cross the ocean. . . . I was by this time longing for some firm human stay, and this man was coldly advisory. I longed to say to him: 'Don't you see my misery? Put out a hand to help me; but I am by nature shy, and respect the barriers men build up about them.'"

Later, "A Physician" sullenly submitted to the force he could not combat successfully, and entered an asylum. It is apparently one that the *personnel*, the characteristics, and the records of the courts in insanity cases, have made somewhat familiar, although the writer takes notable occasion to say that "it is the system, and not the often kindly individual agents, that I desire to criticize." To take a man whose mind is disturbed, as this man's mind was, by great and sudden grief, and remove him from the active world of work and affection, and place him in a prison-like cell, does not seem the height of medical wisdom. He says:

"The first forty-eight hours of asylum life should be the subject of the gravest and most anxious attention on the part of alienists; but as a rule one set of measures are applied alike to all patients. It is impossible to have at this time with every insane man an attentive and really intelligent nurse, or, better, a physician educated to observe such cases, it would be invaluable. Then, too, I should be disposed to give at this period the largest freedom, restricting it afterward, if need be. The effects of the other plan — that of stupid suspicion, — I felt as others feel it. It caused in me an outbreak of violence."

This "violence" resulted in a conflict with his keeper, who lacked tact and fitness for the discharge of his delicate duty as nurse. What else it resulted in was the creation of the belief in the minds of the asylum doctors that he was a dangerous lunatic, needing to be placed constantly under restraint.

On the subject of the inspection by boards of managers, "A Physician" says:

"On this morning we were visited by two gentlemen who belonged to the board of regents, or trustees, of the asylum. This was supposed to be a visit of inspection; but as it occupied not more than three hours, and consisted in walking through the wards and carrying home grapes or bouquets, it would have been in the opinion of an army-hospital inspector the veriest farce. . . . One of the gentlemen was a very worthy retired manufacturer of cordage, and one was an active wholesale grocer. What real function did these two excellent persons perform? In late middle life, they became regents or managers, and were supposed to inspect hospitals. As mere inspectors, they were valueless from ignorance; as a court of appeal from the superintendent, they were incapable; and naturally the views of an expert who was their own choice would override with them any statement of a patient. I do not mean to say that there were gross abuses or great brutality to be complained of; but if there had been by no chance could these good people have been available for redress."

The absence of work, of amusement, in these places is thus strongly criticised:

"There is a time in many — not in all, — pressing cases of insanity when this lack of occupation becomes terrible. The profoundly insane can rarely be interested in any work; but so far as I know Asylums, — and I have now lived in one, and been in many, — this is a weak point. I am, of course, aware of the great difficulty of inducing the convalescent insane to work. It was clear to me that it was difficult; but it was as plain that a little bribery, in the way of granting privileges to ride, walk out, sit up later, &c., would have been an efficient aid. I could suggest a number of forms of work which might be tested."

And in these following brief lines there seems to be summed up almost the entire cause of the dire failure of asylum management:

"When my good doctor told me he was too busy, it was true. He was the head of a vast hotel of insane men and women, and he was expected to be the watchful physician of his boarders. I cannot say that he competently succeeded. He was trying to serve two masters, and with the usual result. His assistants were entirely too few in number, and as all such persons are ill paid the highly-trained and ambitious young physician declines to accept the chances of such a career. Hence the superintendent and his little staff are often overworked. Cut off from frequent association with the outside active world of doctors, and impressed with the belief, fostered by isolation, that their incessant life with the unsound must fit them above others to decide upon and treat such cases, they seemed to me to end in a preception of their inability to fulfill their duties, and to give up at last all energetic effort. One of the results of this living in authority outside of the current, in a side-eddy of life, is the entirely satisfied opinion asylum physicians acquire as to the competence — indeed, the desirableness, — of asylum treatment for all forms of insanity. Yet it does not seem reasonable that all the types of unsoundness should need an asylum or its restraints. I have, however, looked over a few asylum reports to see if there be any notes of patients as at once returned to their friends, because of being judged by asylum doctors unfit for asylum treatment. I could find none. Yet outside of asylums there is a growing force of medical opinion to the effect that except in dangerous cases asylums are not desirable abodes for the insane."

We have made these quotations at great length, because they seem to us the clearest and bravest words that have been publicly spoken upon this most important subject, and the latter part of them confirm the opinions of the most distinguished alienists, including such men as Weir, Mitchell and Hammond, that the asylums of this country, especially of this city, have never made any valuable contributions to the cause of medical science in its bearings upon the treatment of the insane.

One quotation more about the attendants:

"They were simply common, uneducated and under-paid, and no surveillance would or could prevent them from being abrupt or insolent, or at least impatient. They, of course, had some authority, and the mere exercise of that upon persons who were as a rule socially and intellectually their superiors, was of itself annoying. Complaints in regard to them were always heard and courteously considered; but if the attendant was exchanged it was always for one of the same class. The real trouble lies in the want of training and previous education, and, of course, in the absurdly low wages offered for doing a most difficult task. Fit on to twenty dollars a month will not buy educated intelligence and fitting manners. There should be, in fact, training-schools for male nurses, as there are for female nurses."

The writer declares that he never saw a patient physically abused by attendants, — that he never saw mechanical restraints employed, but adds that he is satisfied "there are cases where it would be better than opiates, of which I think there was altogether too much made use of. No one who reads this curiously quiet, self-

contained paper can doubt the author's truth when he says that he writes "without personal malice;" but if the account of his experiences and this statement should awaken interest and inquiry, and incite to improvement, he will not regret having written, painful as it was for him to do so.

We have referred to this paper at length in order that public attention, and especially the attention of men of humane ideas, physicians, philanthropists, should be directed to it. The subject is one of great importance, and one which, while receiving proper attention abroad, has received little here, except that which our distinguished fellow-citizen, George L. Harrison, has labored so assiduously to provoke. In pressing through the Legislature the Hoyt Lunacy Act, Mr. Harrison has done the State great service; but in the asylums there is other great work to be done which can best be done by physicians inspired by such earnest purpose as is the author of the article under consideration.

D.

ENGLISH COURT ETIQUETTE.

The court etiquette, says a London paper, has grown more rigid and inflexible during these months of increasing morbidity, and soon, it is feared, the Queen will be as far removed from her people as a Chinese emperor. She carries out her wilful insistence upon etiquette in every least detail, and even when it concerns her own children and grandchildren. When the Princess Louise returned from Canada and arrived at Windsor, she was kept waiting until she had changed her attire and until the Queen sent word that she was prepared to receive her. It is reported that the princess entered the drawing-room in the evening to await dinner, dressed in a most lovely crimson velvet gown, with crimson silk hose to match. The Queen, happening to espy the princess' feet, said: "Do you not know that colored stockings are not permitted in my presence? Go to your room at once and change your stockings!" And so the poor princess came to dinner in a crimson velvet dress, wearing white stockings. Not one of the royal children ever visited the Queen except by special and formal invitation. Her Majesty appoints the hour for her own children to come and for them to go. One can imagine the unnaturalness of such a household. The Prince Consort was a stately, but he was a genial, happy, mirth-loving gentleman. He was the most affectionate husband and father, and no royal etiquette ever stood in the way of his fine German heartiness. Since his death his children have had no parental companionship, and they are as far removed from the Queen as though they had not been born of her. It is well known that the Prince of Wales has very great influence with his mother, and is personally deeply attached to her. He was a constant companion of his father, and he quite remembers how his father managed the Queen in the old days. The prince is said to be most charming in his relations to his mother, and is always upon his most beautiful manners in her presence. He at times does approach her with great affection, and even tenderness of feeling in a demonstration.

VARIETIES.

It is at length decided that the principal part in Massenet's "Mignon Lesaut" shall be created by Madame Marie Heilbron, an engagement with that intent having been signed with the direction of the Opéra Comique. In order to give her entire attention to this creation, it is stated that Mme Heilbron will renounce all idea of an engagement at Monte-Carlo for the next season.

THERE has just been completed at Mr. Lethere's works, at Lansdown, a very fine staircase balustrade, intended for the mansion of Lord Forester, in Carlton gardens. It is between sixty and seventy feet in length, and is made throughout of wrought and hammered iron. The design is foliated in character, the foliation consisting of a skilful combination of amaranthus leaves, foliage and fruit of the date, palm and lotus flowers. The graceful leaves of the palm and the delicate tendrils of the lotus adapt themselves readily to the purposes of ornamentation, and the artist has succeeded in uniting considerable freedom and variation in details with a striking continuity of design. Each petal and leaf is worked separately, and flower and foliage built up with remarkable fidelity to nature. In the middle of the first flight of stairs is a landing, and in the centre of the balustrade there is an oval shield surmounted by a crown, and in the centre of this Lord Forester's coat-of-arms in *repoussé* work will be placed. The balustrade will rest on a circle on each stair, and beneath will be a slight valence in keeping with the main work.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this power, W. A. Novas 148 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y. K-o-w