

Philippe Pinel, 1745-1826.

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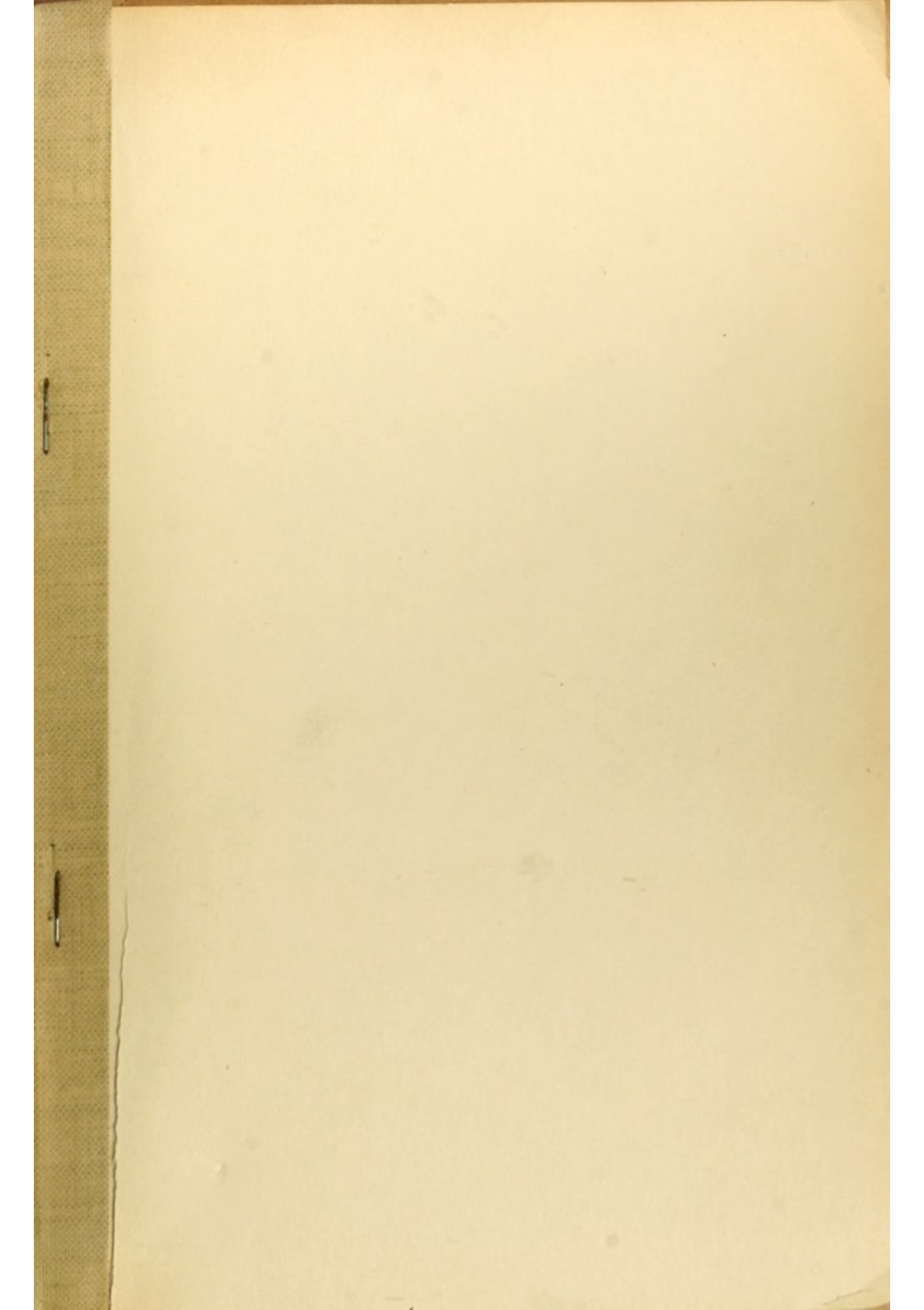
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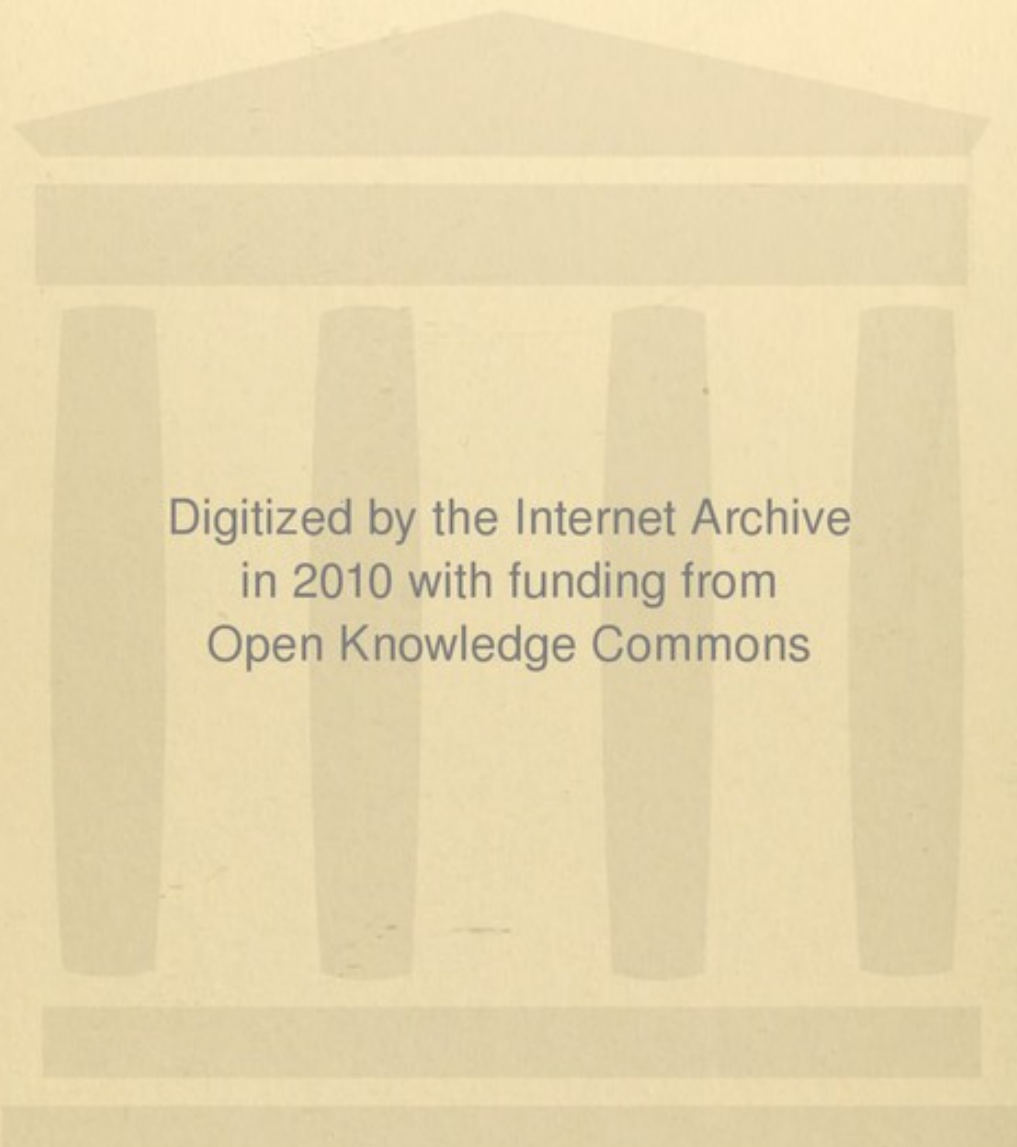
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Philippe Pinel

1745 - 1826

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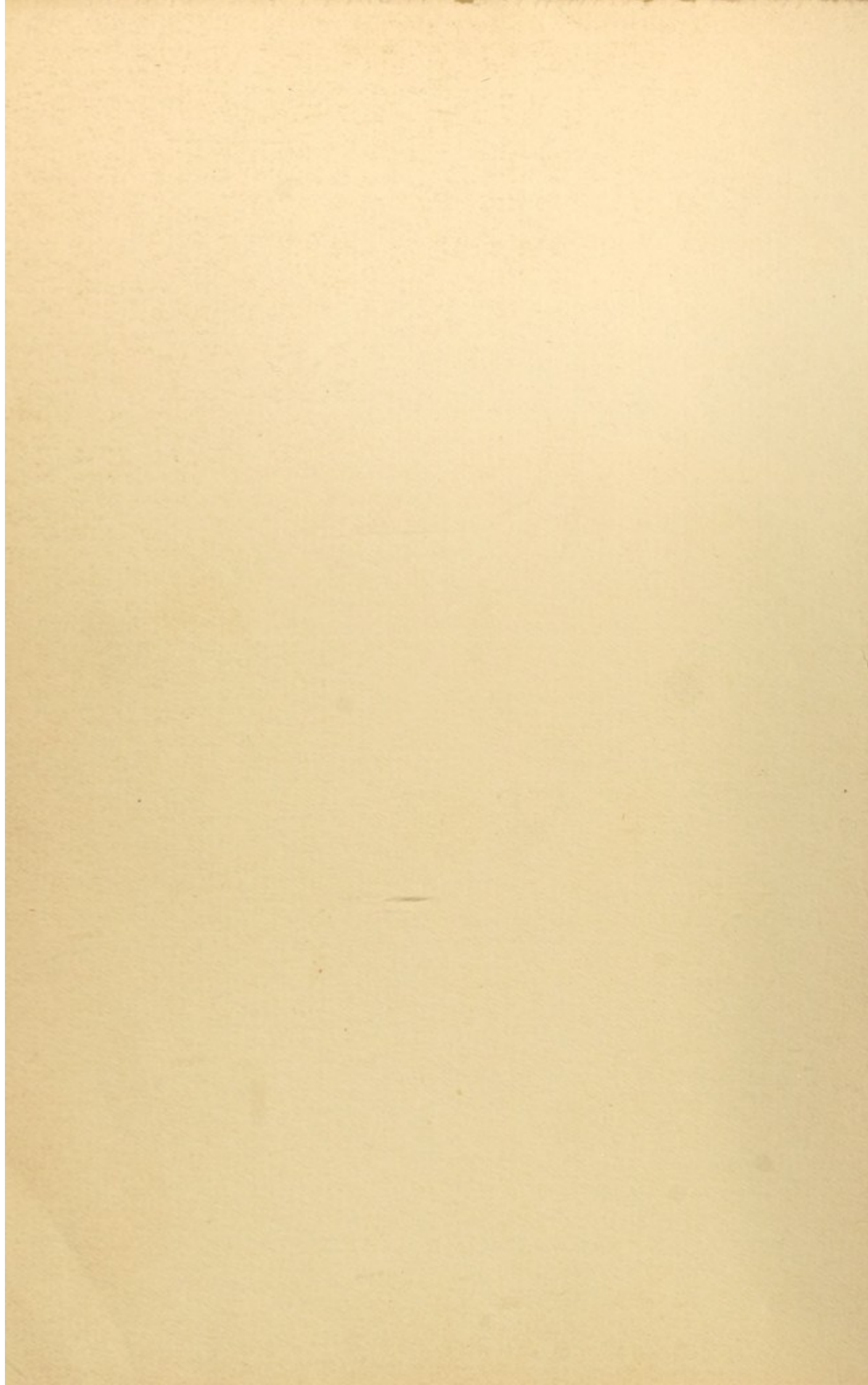
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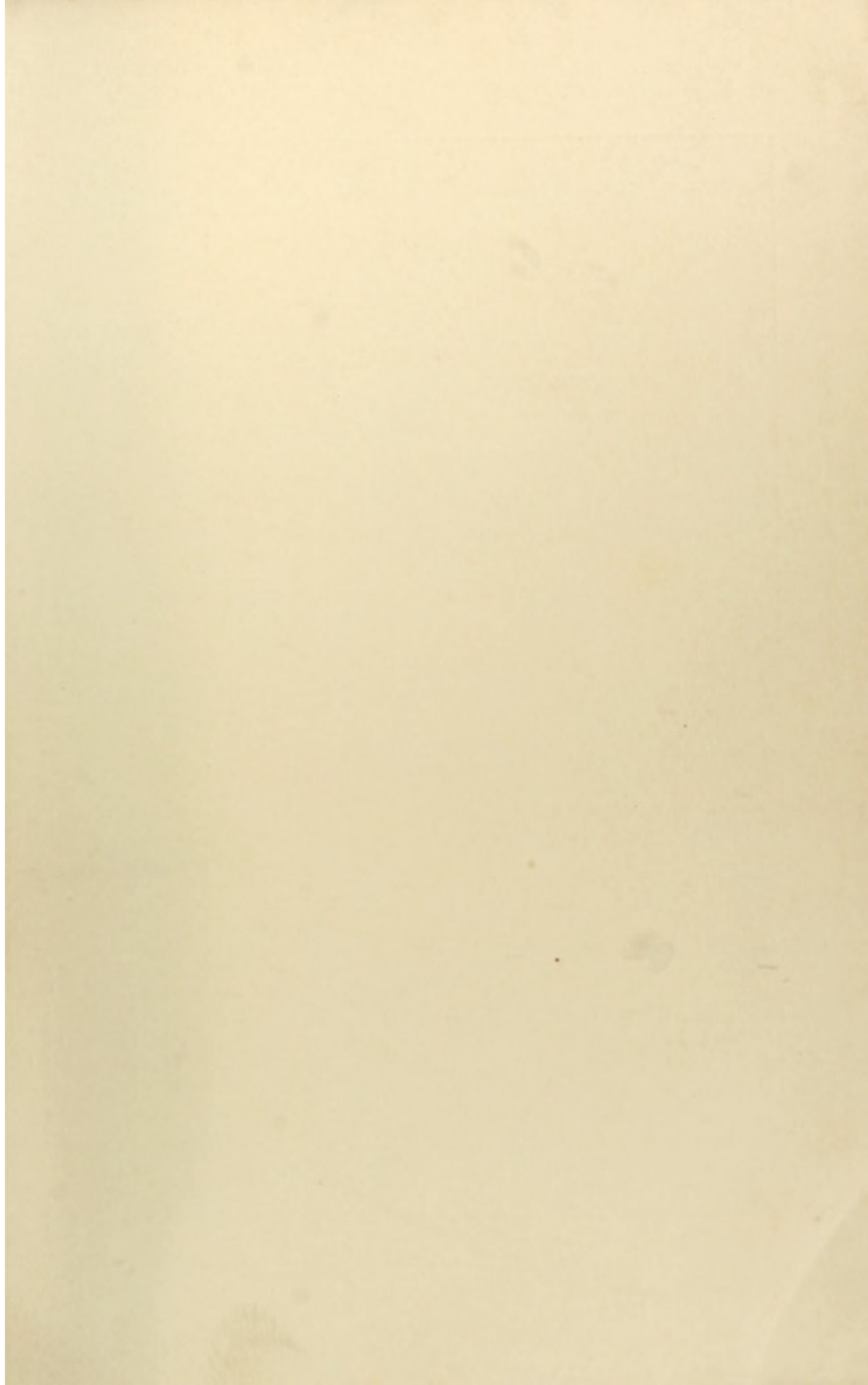
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DR. PHILIPPE PINEL'S VISIT TO THE SALPÊTRIÈRE, PARIS, 1795.

PHILIPPE PINEL,

OF FRANCE.

SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, COURAGE, HUMANITY, ALL IN
ONE PERSON.

PROFOUND HONOR AND GRATITUDE FROM
AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

J. M. B.

EASTER, April 10, 1898.

Medical
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1898

DR. PHILIPPE PINEL.

BORN April 20, 1745, in the Department of Tarn, France. His father and his uncle were medical men. After finishing his classical studies at Lavaur, he went to Toulouse, where he took his doctorate in 1773. Then to Montpellier, where he was obliged to give lessons in mathematics for his living. In 1778 he went to Paris. Being versed in English, he translated several great works in that language, and contributed to periodicals of medical science. To enlarge the sphere of his knowledge, he made studies in zoölogy and comparative anatomy. It was then, probably, that he attracted the attention of Cuvier, who pronounced the éloge upon him at his death. Shortly after he applied himself diligently to the study of mental alienation. He now published several works on this subject, especially "*Traité Médico-philosophique de l'Aliénation Mentale*." His ability in these studies caused him to be appointed chief of the Bicêtre, and in 1794 of the Salpêtrière, the two asylums for the insane in Paris. He continued to publish. But not as a lecturer or author did he achieve his greatest success. Science soon passes away, but philosophical courage and humanity never. They are immortal. Braving the opposition of the timid and con-

servative, he was among the first to introduce among the unfortunates the rights of humanity. He took off with his own hands the chains by which they had been bound to the walls, and substituted methods of sweetness, goodness, and justice, with the happiest results.

It may be said of him, as it was said of Montesquieu, "Admiré des Sçavans par l'étendue de ses lumières, et chéri de tous par sa tendresse pour l'humanité, il prouva à l'univers entier que s'il est des hommes qui font des maux qui durent plus qu'eux, il en est d'autres qui font des biens qui ne finissent jamais."

He died in Paris, Oct. 26, 1826.—*Encyclopædia Britannica*.

In 1879 I had the pleasure of visiting the Salon in Paris, where I saw the celebrated painting by Robert Fleury (Tony) of Dr. Pinel's visit to the insane in the Bicêtre. He was represented taking off the chains from the patients, assisted by a blacksmith. The figures were life-size, most effectively drawn and colored. The contrast between the humane and virile form of the doctor and the wretched beings before and about him was most effective. It commemorated one of the great epochs in the history of humanity. I was deeply affected by it.

Mr. C. Inman Barnard, now residing in Paris, has sent me a photograph of this great painting, a reduction of which is given in this pamphlet.

Rev. Francis Tiffany has prepared a memoir of the

great Frenchman, which is printed herewith; and I am sure that every one who reads it will admire the ability and thoroughness with which he has done his work.

Dr. Pinel's work was taken up by Dr. Jacobi of Germany; by the Quaker Tukes of York, Drs. Charlesworth, Conolly, and Gaskell, in various asylums in England; by Drs. Woodward, Stedman, Tyler, Channing, Weir Mitchell, Cole, and others in America. Miss Dorothea Dix demanded and brought about a new epoch in the asylums for the insane in the United States.

All of these date back to Pinel.

To appreciate what he did, it is only necessary to compare an old asylum, as shown in the photograph, with the McLean Asylum of to-day at Waverley. Every family in America is indebted to Pinel for this great improvement; for they are all more or less, directly or indirectly, touched by this fearful, mysterious malady. It is meet, therefore, that his memory should not perish from among us or be confined to specialists. This must be my excuse for my humble offering. Admirable as the treatment now is in our most civilized communities, I do not learn that any very great discoveries or reform have been made in the knowledge or treatment of the disease during the century.

This may be owing to my ignorance and very retired life. It seems to me that we may take hope for something better from the further development of the X-ray system, reveal-

ing to us the contents of the "closed box"; from the Gheel system, in place of large asylums; and from the practicality of home treatment, with a better knowledge of the physiology of the brain. That there is a good deal of dissatisfaction with things as they are is evident from the frequent articles in the newspapers, and by the occurrence of such painful stories as that coming from the Waterbury [Vermont] Asylum.

Meantime let us look earnestly and trustingly into the future for the coming of another man of genius.

J. M. B.

JUNE 22, 1898.

PHILIPPE PINEL.

A SKETCH.

BY FRANCIS TIFFANY.

AMONG the champions in the heroic struggle of man with the ignorance, misery, and diseases that oppress his lot, a few shining names will ever arrest the eye above the lustre of the rest, as the more splendid constellations of the sky pale the light of their countless starry mates. On this elect few the special grace has been conferred of inaugurating a new epoch, and thus of marking a distinct dividing line between the past and the future.

In chemistry such an epoch was ushered in through Priestley's discovery of oxygen ; in mechanics, through Watt's invention of the steam-engine. Equally true has this held of the healing art. The day was when all Europe was ravaged by the frightful scourge of small-pox. With the advent of Jenner, the fell disease, terrible as the Black Death, was literally stamped out. The day was when the operating-room of every hospital was a scene hideous as the torture chambers

of the Inquisition. With the advent of Jackson and Morton, every scream was hushed, and the surgical table transformed into a bed of dreamless sleep. Once again the day was when asylums for the insane — mad-houses, as they were called — were literal hells that beggared the imaginations of Dante's *Inferno*, ringing night and day with the clanking of chains and the yells and execrations of frenzied maniacs. With the advent of Pinel came a "Peace, be still!" and they were changed into the orderly, quiet, and beautiful retreats we see to-day.

In the frontispiece of this sketch of one of mankind's greatest benefactors, Philippe Pinel, is drawn the picture of an actual scene that strikes the keynote of as signal a triumph as earth ever saw of enlightened reason, courage, and mercy over ignorance and brutality. The picture was painted after Pinel's death, and hung in memorial tribute to him on the walls of the Academy of Medicine in Paris.

Calmly self-possessed stands the wise and merciful physician, ordering the chains to be struck off from the wrists and ankles of what was lately a mob of raving maniacs,—an act looked upon by the bravest of his associates as no whit less insane than wrenching away the bars from the cages of a menagerie of tigers. Yet in it lay in fruitful germ the secret of a no less

than Copernican revolution in medical theory and practice. The command sprang out of no mere impulsive instinct of mercy, but was the calm result of years of deliberate reflection, the simple outcome of what Milton calls "that formidable independence begotten of converse with truth."

These wretched and outcast beings, they were not wild beasts: they were men, women, and, alas! too often, children, with something quick and vital not in the wild beast, to appeal to,—a lingering ray of reason, a surviving instinct of gratitude to whoever would help them, a not yet extinct sense of moral responsibility, a recuperative energy of sanity. In these slumbering forces Pinel believed with the sublime courage of a rational faith nothing could shake. To him the things that were seen—the shriekings and frenzies—were temporal: the things that were unseen—the enduring bases of health, self-control, reason, and love—were eternal. You have called insanity a devil, and have fought that devil with fire, thus but adding flames to his fury. Insanity is disease, as essentially as typhus or consumption; in one of its forms a fierce inflammation, as naturally setting the brain afire as it might the lungs or any other tissue of the body, but with reactions attaching to brain alone. Who of you but in croup or typhoid has seen his child temporarily

delirious, out of his head, you say? Do you chain up your raving little one, seek to drive him back to reason from his terrors and shriekings with blows? The whole method in vogue in our mad-houses is a relic of ignorance and barbarity. They are manufactories of madness, not merciful retreats for its healing.

It is easy enough to say all this to-day,—as easy as, now that Columbus has showed the way, to cross the Atlantic in a shallop, and be sure of solid land on the other side. But to say and act upon it, in the face of what Pinel had to confront, demanded courage of the firmest temper,—courage of reason, courage of humanity. Yet it was at the period of the wildest frenzies of the French Revolution that this act at once of clearest sanity and tenderest compassion had its birth-hour, at the very period when the sole surviving faith of the nation seemed centred in the violence of mobs, the furious proscriptions of national assemblies, the savagery of public executions.

To bring before the imagination a vivid picture of what a public insane asylum meant in the day when Pinel received his first appointment to the charge of the Bicêtre, it is only needful to read the description the great scientist Pariset gave, in his "*Éloge de Pinel*,"—a description substantially reproduced by Esquirol and Cuvier in their last tributes to this grand

benefactor of his race. "Vice, crime, misfortune, infirmity, diseases the most varied and the most revolting, all were heaped together and treated alike. The buildings were untenable. Men crouched there covered with filth, in cells of stone, narrow, cold, dripping, without air or light, and furnished only with a litter of straw, rarely renewed and soon infected,—hideous lairs in which one would have hesitated to shut up the vilest animal. The insane, thrown into these sewers, were at the mercy of their keepers; and their keepers were malefactors from the prisons. The wretched patients were loaded with chains and tied with ropes like convicts. Handed over thus to the cruelty of their guardians, they were made the butt of insulting raillery or of blind and wanton brutality. The injustice of their savage treatment transported them with rage: and despair and wrath inflaming their deranged minds, drew from them night and day cries and howlings that rendered still more dreadful the clanking of their chains. Some, more patient or more cunning, showed themselves insensible to such outrages; but they only concealed their frenzy, to gratify it more surely. They watched with their eyes the movements of their tormentors till, surprising them in a helpless attitude, they struck them with blows of their chains on the head or stomach, and dashed them

dying at their feet. Thus ferocity on one side and murder on the other!"

In the light of to-day, it is hard to read a description like this without the temptation to stigmatize in the fiercest language the brutality of the past. In no such mood of wrath, however, is opened the way for appreciating the supremacy of reason, the patience of love, the serene command of remedial resources, borne witness to in a sublime innovator like Pinel. The most piteous feature in the long tragic story of madness is the terrible logic with which this fell scourge has been found to excite exasperation and the instinct of violence and cruelty in the mind of sanity itself. In the moral world insanity is what the earthquake is in the physical. The steadfast foundation on which every act of rational will is based is suddenly overthrown; and, in either case, physically or mentally, men stagger to and fro, and are at their wits' end.

More than this, insanity not only exasperates reason, but it frightens it, paralyzes it, transports it into an alien world, assails it with superstitious terrors. The very brutes taken out of the hulks and installed as keepers in the Bicêtre would have been far less cruel in charge of fellow-convicts; for they would have encountered in them some basis of recognition of the

relation between command and obedience, penalty and orderly conduct. But here, driven wild by midnight howlings that would not suffer an hour of sleep, by stark delusions proof against every rational word, by filthy habits and tearings off of clothes that no lashings would eradicate,—these brutal keepers fell back on the wild-beast theory of their calling, and saw in themselves but so many tiger and catamount tamers in a menagerie. From their level to the sublime elevation in scientific reason, psychologic insight, patient, persistent love of a Pinel, is to be measured the vast abyss between the old system and the new.

Who, then, was this wonder-working Philippe Pinel? What his origin, education, cast of mind? What his special training, type of intellect and character, emotional temperament? His tastes, habits of life, relations with the world,—what were they? Surely, if there is such a sentiment as natural gratitude to the benefactors of the race, all should desire to know something of this man. In a world in which at any hour an accidental fall on the ice, a wreck of fortune, an intemperate fit of study, a harrowing bereavement, may plunge any one into at least temporary insanity, who would not consecrate in the heart a grateful shrine to the benefactor who outright changed the lurid handwriting over the portal of every Bicêtre in France or

Bedlam in England,—“All hope abandon ye who enter here,” into the inscription over so many a blessed retreat of to-day, “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest”?

Philippe Pinel was born April 20, 1745, during a temporary absence of his mother from St. Paul, at St. André, France. His father was a country doctor, poor and with five children to support, whose early education he cared for by hiring a private tutor.

From the start the boy developed the student temperament, and was by nature grave, recluse, and devouringly intellectual. Sent at the age of thirteen to Lavour to the Collège des Doctrinaires, he took such distinguished rank in the humanities as later, under the direction of a professor, to be employed in teaching his fellow-pupils logic, ethics, and metaphysics. It seemed at first that his destination would be the Church, to which the benevolence and piety of his mind strongly inclined him. Indeed, when at home on vacations, he conducted the religious services of the family as a kind of household priest. The fascination, however, of the natural sciences steadily gained power over his mind; and he resolved to devote himself to the medical profession.

With this in view, young Pinel went for study to Toulouse at the age of seventeen. He was poor, and

his father could do nothing to help him. So he supplied his own scant needs through lessons in mathematics. It was little outwardly he required. His "mind his kingdom was"; and, with the passion of a universal student, he felt in no haste to shorten the days of acquisition and get into practical life. A profound classical scholar and endowed with poetic sensibilities of the rarest kind, much of his time was spent over his *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Pindar*, and *Plato*, as well as over *Virgil* and *Horace*. He read deeply into history, ancient and modern, and mastered the English language. His geometrical studies he pushed so far and in so original a way as later to command the admiration of experts. Thus not till the mature age of twenty-nine did he receive his doctorate of medicine.

To open up to himself still wider opportunities, Pinel later on changed his residence to *Montpellier*, then one of the most famous schools of medicine in France. There he attempted to begin professional practice, but was again thrown back for support on lessons in mathematics. However, nothing daunted, he absorbed himself in studies in comparative anatomy and physiology and on the application of scientific analysis to the classification of human diseases. So far nothing gave promise of the daring innovator he was ultimately to become,—the successful practitioner consulted from

every quarter of Europe, the man decorated and titled by all learned societies. Nor is the reason for this far to seek.

In his eulogy pronounced on Pinel, the world-renowned Cuvier contrasts the hardihood of spirit displayed by his subject in applying to medicine methods as rigid as those of geometers, and in carrying into his language the precision of the naturalist, with the extreme reserve and timidity of his nature in confronting the outside world. "It was this," he adds, "which kept him so long back from the success and ascendancy which were his due."

We strike here on a deep-seated element in Pinel's nature,—an extreme of sensibility, which, in contrast with the world's rough-and-ready ways, put him at grave disadvantage: often paralyzing his great powers and enabling unspeakably inferior men to impress themselves on the common mind as his superiors. Alongside with this went that habitual abstraction of the profound student, which in common language is derided as being "'way off in Egypt," when one ought to be on hand now and here. Even as a boy, Pinel himself narrates how he would sometimes go hunting with his father; but the sight of the dead or wounded game so distressed him that he would take along his favorite authors,—Virgil, Horace, Pliny, or Tacitus,—

and lie under a tree, absorbed in reading, till the day's sport was over. Indeed, in illustration of his habit of abstraction, his nephew records : "My father has often recounted to me that, when studying together in Toulouse and lodging in a very humble room, he has frequently on awakening found my uncle at the place he had left him on retiring, his elbows on the table, and his hands supporting his head, still absorbed in a state of meditation."

When after a three years' vain attempt at success as a practitioner in Montpellier, Pinel finally, in 1777, made up his mind to seek his fortune in Paris, the same fatal drawback accompanied him thither. He was then thirty-three years old, and so poor that he made the journey on foot. Carrying with him a letter to Cousin, the great geometer was at once struck with his genius for mathematics, and counselled him to devote his life to its pursuit. But he resumed his old ways of gaining a modest living by teaching, and was soon absorbed in the study of the works of Borelli, in their application of the laws of statics and mechanics to physiology. Besides he wrote articles for the *Gazette de Santé* and translated from the English Cullen's "Institutes of Medicine." Meanwhile he was making a strong intellectual impression on men of the calibre of Cabanis and Thouret.

At last, then, he had gained friends willing and powerful enough to help him, if only he would not stand in his own light. This was an obstacle hard to be overcome. When, for example, his friend Desfontaines presented him to Lemonnier, physician to Louis XVI. (to procure him the position of doctor to the aunts of the king), he scarcely spoke, remaining so mute that the princesses formed so low an opinion of him as to refuse to accept him. Three times he appeared before the faculty in competition for the chair of regent doctor, and three times signally failed in the public trial. Finally, in 1784, at the advanced age of thirty-nine, he offered himself a fourth time. On this occasion his competitor was a former army surgeon, a man of powerful frame, a sonorous voice, and imperturbable assurance, though ignorant to the last degree; while Pinel was below the medium height, of feeble voice, embarrassed in manner, and halting in speech. The burly army surgeon carried the day; and all that was left Pinel was to console himself by humorously demonstrating algebraically to his friends the comparative chances such public competitions offered to recent cram and resounding brass over years consumed in the most arduous preparation.

The French Revolution was at that time at its height, and the Reign of Terror had broken loose. In

the earlier days of the Revolution, like most humane men, Pinel had hoped for the dawning of a millennial day. But actual experience brought him a melancholy lesson. Appointed in 1791 a municipal officer of some grade, he writes thus in a letter of Nov. 7, 1792, to his friend, M. Roustan :—

“ You do well to speak with horror of the sanguinary executions occurring in Paris on the 2d of September and the following days ; and I declare to you never to have experienced such a feeling of consternation as that series of atrocious events has caused in my heart and the hearts of all upright and enlightened men. . . . I congratulate myself on not having been a municipal officer at that time. Without making any parade of fine and generous sentiments, I would have done anything in the world to prevent them or would have been killed myself. . . . I have been cured of every desire to throw myself again into this cyclone, especially in a country where the man of audacity and miscreancy so easily contrives by political cunning to ape true patriotism, and lift himself to any position. *When one sees a Marat sitting side by side with our legislators*, one need little regret not having been put on the election list. . . . You know that in the first days of the Revolution I also had this ambition ; but my life, as well as that of certain of my confrères, has been in such

danger when I so much as asked for justice and the public good that I have conceived such a profound horror of clubs and popular assemblies that since that time I have kept clear of all public functions unconnected with my medical profession. Certainly, I know well now this country and the worth of so many pygmies who make so great a noise."

Fourteen years had passed since Pinel's removal from Montpellier to Paris; and except within a narrow circle of such select friends as Helvetius, Cabanis, Condorcet, Thouret, D'Alembert, Hallé, and Lavoisier, he was still an unknown man. But all the while he had been laying in enormous erudition the foundations for his coming career. As far back as 1782 the cruel death of a friend driven insane by poverty, study, and excess of ambition for glory, had directed his mind to the study of mental alienation. In contrast with the wretched means of treatment prevailing, he had been struck with the judicious precepts of the ancients, and, besides, for five years had conducted observations on mania and the application of moral remedies in a private asylum (Maison de Santé Belhomme).

At last broke the dawn of a better day. Cabanis, Cousin, and Thouret were placed at the head of the administration of the hospitals of Paris; and then with united voice they cried, "Here is the sole man in

France capable of remedying the disorders reigning in the insane asylums!" At once they demanded his appointment to the Bicêtre, the horrors of which have already been described; and the great work began.

The heart of Pinel was torn by what he now saw in daily and hourly intimacy of contact, familiar as before he had been with it in the mass. He found within the walls but one man able, practically, to help him,—a sound-headed, human-hearted medical attendant named Pousin, a man indeed of little education, but of strong common sense and active humanity.

It was, however, from without, and not from within, that the most virulent opposition was to be encountered. An insanity of suspicion, wrought to the pitch of outright hallucination,—quite as marked as any mania inside the walls of the Bicêtre,—reigned in the minds of the revolutionary government. Was not this apparent zeal for the fate of howling madmen a mere cloak to conceal the hatching of some diabolical plot of the aristocrats? None the less, though his own life was in peril, Pinel set resolutely to work, studying the individual characteristics of his patients. He flattered the self-love of some, promised satisfaction to the reasonable requests of others, controlled with kindness and firmness the delirious fancies of others, and tried to gain the confidence of all by holding out hopes of a

better lot and of a return to their families through abstaining from violence and disorder. Finally, when he had gained ascendancy, he was ready to face the bold experiment of freeing them from their chains, and according a measure of liberty in the yards of their respective divisions.

For this last step, however, there was need of government authority. Appeal for permission had first to be made to the terrible Couthon, then presiding over the redoubtable commune of Paris, to that paralytic monster who from his litter had harried on the savage sack of Lyons, and then, as he was borne through the streets, had marked with his own hand the rows of houses doomed to destruction.

Couthon's suspicions were at once aroused, and he refused permission till he should have gone in person to the Bicêtre to investigate. What more plausible than that the proposal to unchain these wild beasts covered some desperate plot of the aristocrats to let them loose for the massacre of the friends of the people!

Arrived on the scene, even Couthon, at home amidst the frenzy of mobs, was appalled. "Are you mad yourself to want to unchain these ferocious beasts?" "No," replied Pinel; "but I am certain that these wretched beings are so violent and crazed only because

they are chained. I am convinced that, when they no longer are, they will calm themselves, and perhaps grow rational." Unquestionably there was in Pinel's look and tone a moral ascendancy—the eye of a Van Amburgh in the cage of tigers and leopards—that awed the ferocious revolutionary; for Couthon cried, "Do as you please!" and left.

Forthwith Pinel set to work, and the next day struck off the chains from fifty and a few days later from thirty more. It is this admirable and beautiful spectacle of science and mercy, doing such honor to humanity, which the Academy of Medicine has consecrated in an enduring memorial in a picture adorning its hall of session.

Still, ignorance, superstition, and political fanaticism continued to dog the steps of the great man. Couthon himself had been brought over; but in the minds of the half-insane populace an idea had got lodgment, akin to the delusion so common in panic times of cholera, that the wells have been poisoned by the doctors. Under this wild frenzy a frantic mob one day seized Pinel, and was dragging him off to hang him by the street-lamp rope, when Chevigné, an old soldier of the French Guard, charged furiously in among the throng, and rescued him from their hands. The man himself had been one of the insane whom

Pinel had freed from chains, restored to health, and then taken into his own service.

To tell the whole truth, however, these wild suspicions on the part of Jacobin leaders and frantic populace were not without a grain of foundation. In those terrible days of hunting down noble men for the guillotine, the tender humanity of Pinel led him to harbor more than one intended victim in the guise of an insane patient. Indeed, in doing his uttermost to save Condorcet, Pinel bravely risked his own life.

For a term of nearly three years the great reformer carried on his work at the Bicêtre, and was then appointed to the charge of the Salpêtrière, in which vast asylum he was destined to remain for the rest of his long life. His positive genius at last recognized, he was in the following year named one of the board of professors to organize the School of Medicine. Crowds of students now flocked to his lectures, fired with the hope of at last making a positive science, instead of empirical guess-work, out of medicine; among these students Bichat, whose splendid genius was destined to inaugurate a new epoch in histology. Pinel was, moreover, steadily training a class of experts who were to carry the fame and blessing of his classification of mental diseases and of methods of treatment all over Europe, and finally across the Atlantic to America,

where, under the fervid apostleship of Dorothea Lynde Dix, asylums for the insane of the highest type were founded in twenty different States. Of all this new work of science and humanity, Pinel was now the grand legislator. His "*Traité Médico-philosophique sur l'Aliénation Mentale*," published in 1800, became a guide commanding universal reverence, a chart precise and clear through what had been a pathless wilderness. Though modifications in his classifications were later made by his great pupils, Esquirol and Ferrus, he, nevertheless, had laid down solid foundations never to be removed. Far more than a mere medical treatise, his was a work of the profoundest philosophical reflection and moral insight, indispensable alike for physicians and all students occupied with psychology, education, legislation, and the administration of justice; for into all these departments did the gravest questions growing out of insanity extend. Throughout its pages the consummate experience, immense erudition, tenderness of heart, and fire of justice of the man made themselves felt, lifting the subject into universal relations. Later followed his "*Nosographie Philosophique*," for twenty years the acknowledged standard of students and practitioners, and which placed the final crown on his European reputation.

It is pleasant to record that after the severe struggle and humiliating neglect of his earlier period the middle and later years of Pinel's life were full of honors. In 1794 he was called to the chair of hygiene along with Hallé, and in 1795 at the death of Doublet to that of pathology. He was named member of the Institute in 1803, consulting physician of the Emperor Napoleon in 1805, and Chevalier of the Russian Order of Saint Michel in 1818. Of the closer relations into which his appointment as consulting physician to the emperor brought him with the world-famous man, a single anecdote remains. When Napoleon returned from Elba, at a reception of the Institute the emperor asked him if the number of the insane was increasing. "I answered no; but I thought to myself that superior geniuses and famous and ambitious conquerors were not exempt from a trace of madness."

Although living in such intimate relations with Cabanis and his circle, Pinel, according to his nephew and biographer, did not share their atheism. He had a mind too lofty to see in nature and creation nothing but a fortuitous assemblage of matter. He made no attempt to penetrate the impenetrable, but bowed humbly before the infinite. Without being a practical Catholic, he cherished that religious sentiment which inspires a morality sweet, persuasive, tolerant, the

enemy of superstition and fanaticism. One day the celebrated philosopher Lalande met Pinel, and said : " I am preparing a new edition of my 'Dictionary of Atheists,' in which I am reserving a special article for you." " And I," replied Pinel, " am getting out a new edition of my 'Treatise on Insanity,' in which I reserve a like place for you."

In personal appearance, Pinel was of small stature, but well proportioned and of strong constitution. He had a broad, high, and prominent forehead, black hair and aquiline nose, rounded chin, small mouth, and a sweet and affable smile. His physiognomy was a mingling of benevolence and reflection, his bearing reserved and austere. " In seeing Pinel," says Dupuytren, " one would have imagined he was looking at a Greek sage. His nature was tender and sensitive. He loved beauty and sublimity. He always kept up his taste for poetry, and was passionately in love with the masterpieces of antiquity." Indeed, his biographer narrates that his poetic sensibility was so extreme that, in discoursing of a fate so fraught with glory and misery as that of Sappho, he would sob with emotion.

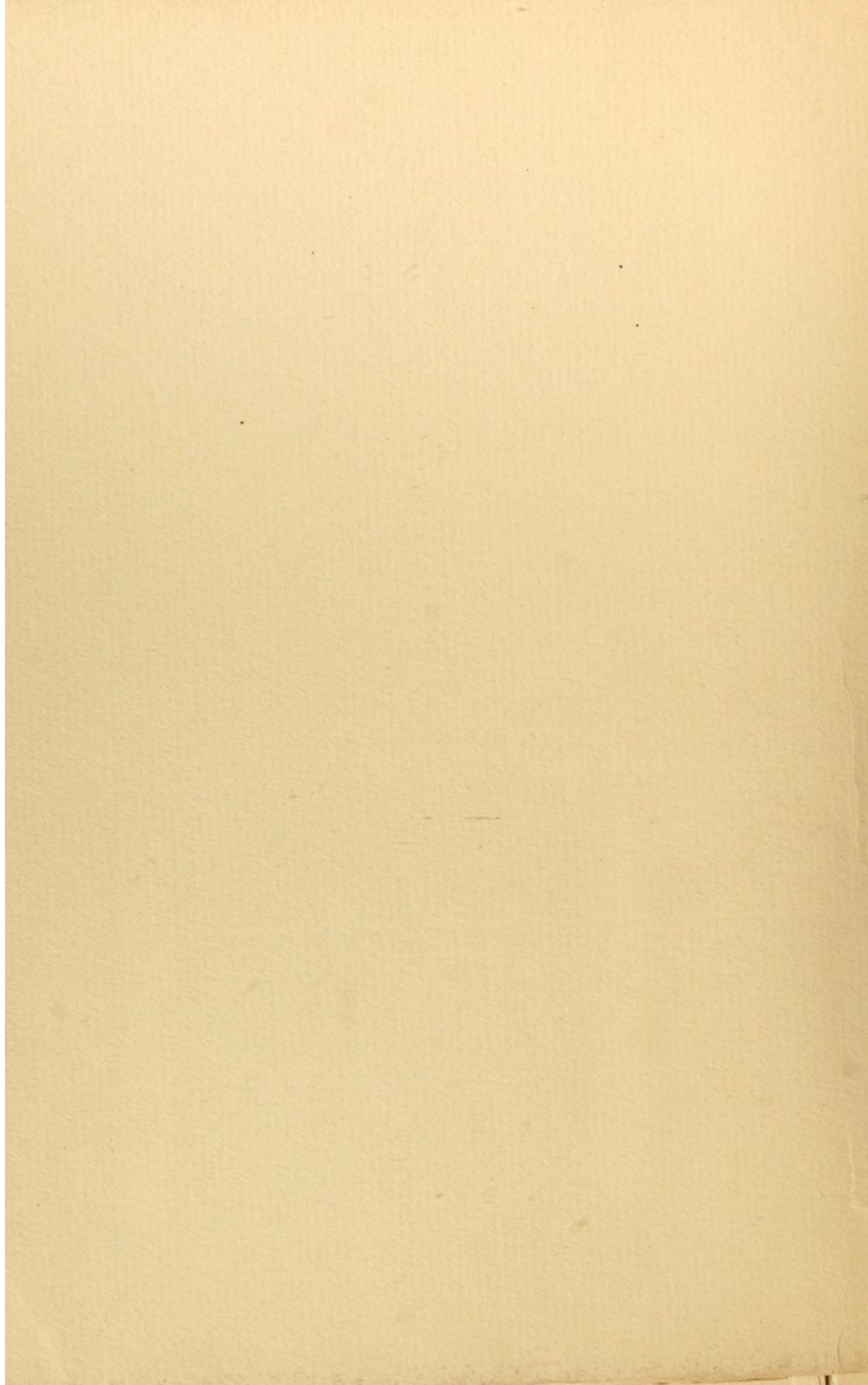
But one other name is fairly entitled to share with Pinel's the gratitude of mankind over this beneficent revolution in the treatment of insanity, that of the

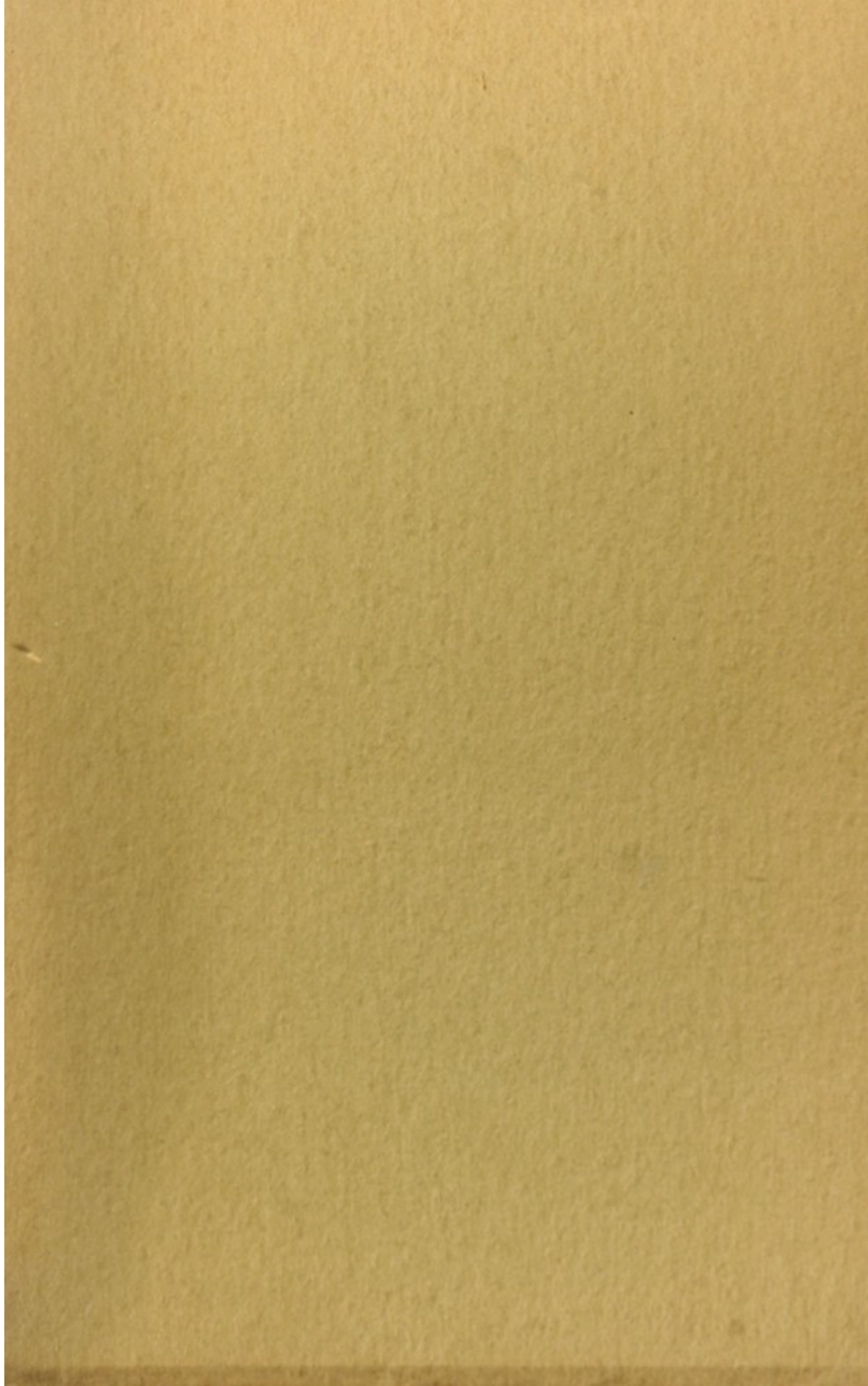
Quaker, William Tuke, who, at about the time Pinel was appointed to the Bicêtre, established "The Retreat" in York, England. The self-restraining principles of the Friends, together with their invincible faith in the indwelling light of God in the soul of man, had instinctively led this remarkable man to the same conclusion Pinel had reached through the vast range of his medical, physiological, and psychological studies. With Pinel, however, will always remain the honor of first establishing the new doctrine on a scientific basis, of intellectually demonstrating it by rigid analysis, of testing it under the most appalling circumstances, of fortifying it through his weight of authority, and thus of commanding its recognition throughout Europe and America.

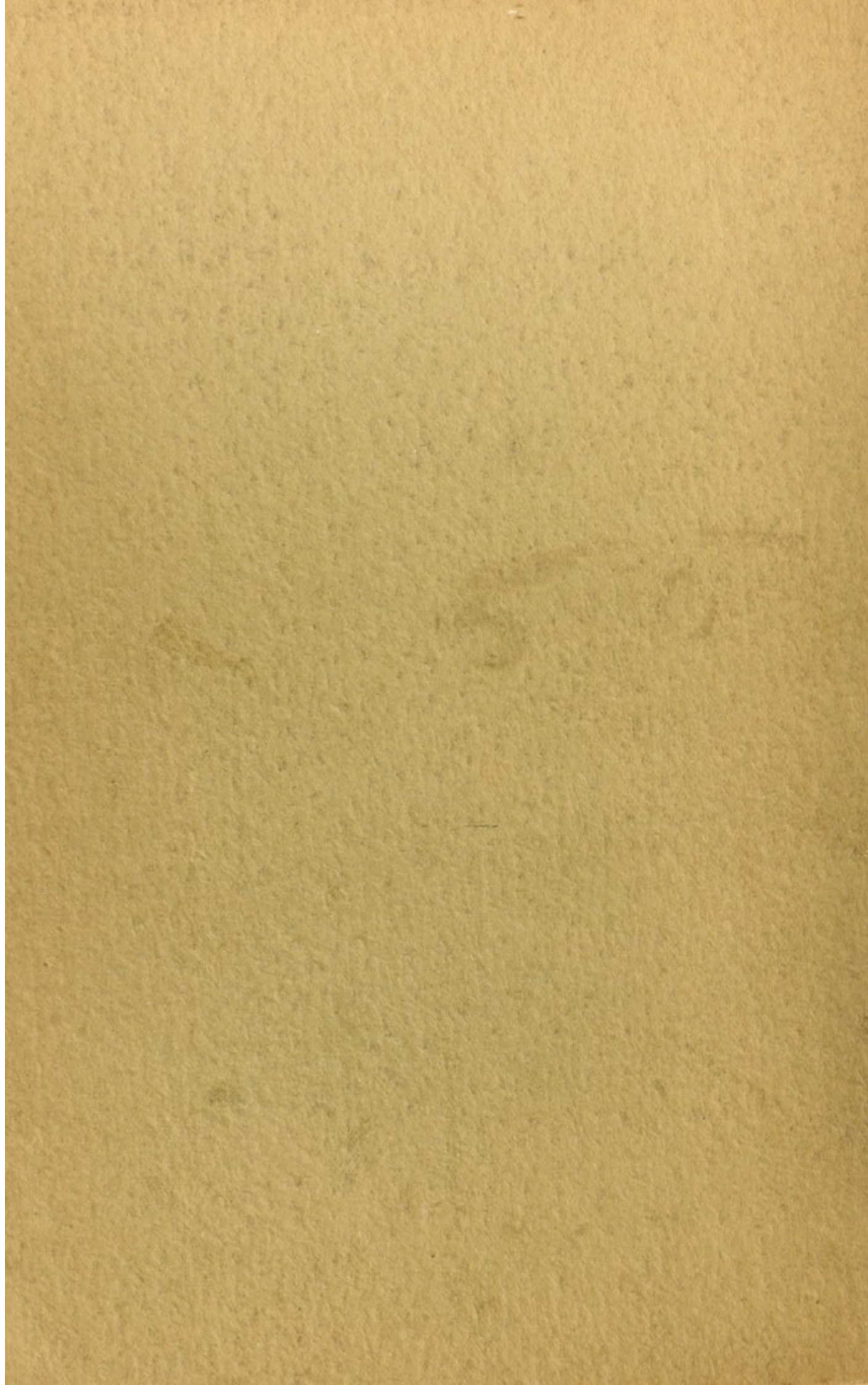
Philippe Pinel died at the advanced age of eighty-one. Losing his first wife in 1812, he was remarried in 1815 to a woman of a devotion so absolute that, when there came to him at the age of nearly eighty the loss of public position, and he was left with resources too limited to keep up his previous modest style of living, she denied herself to the uttermost to let no mark of the change appear.

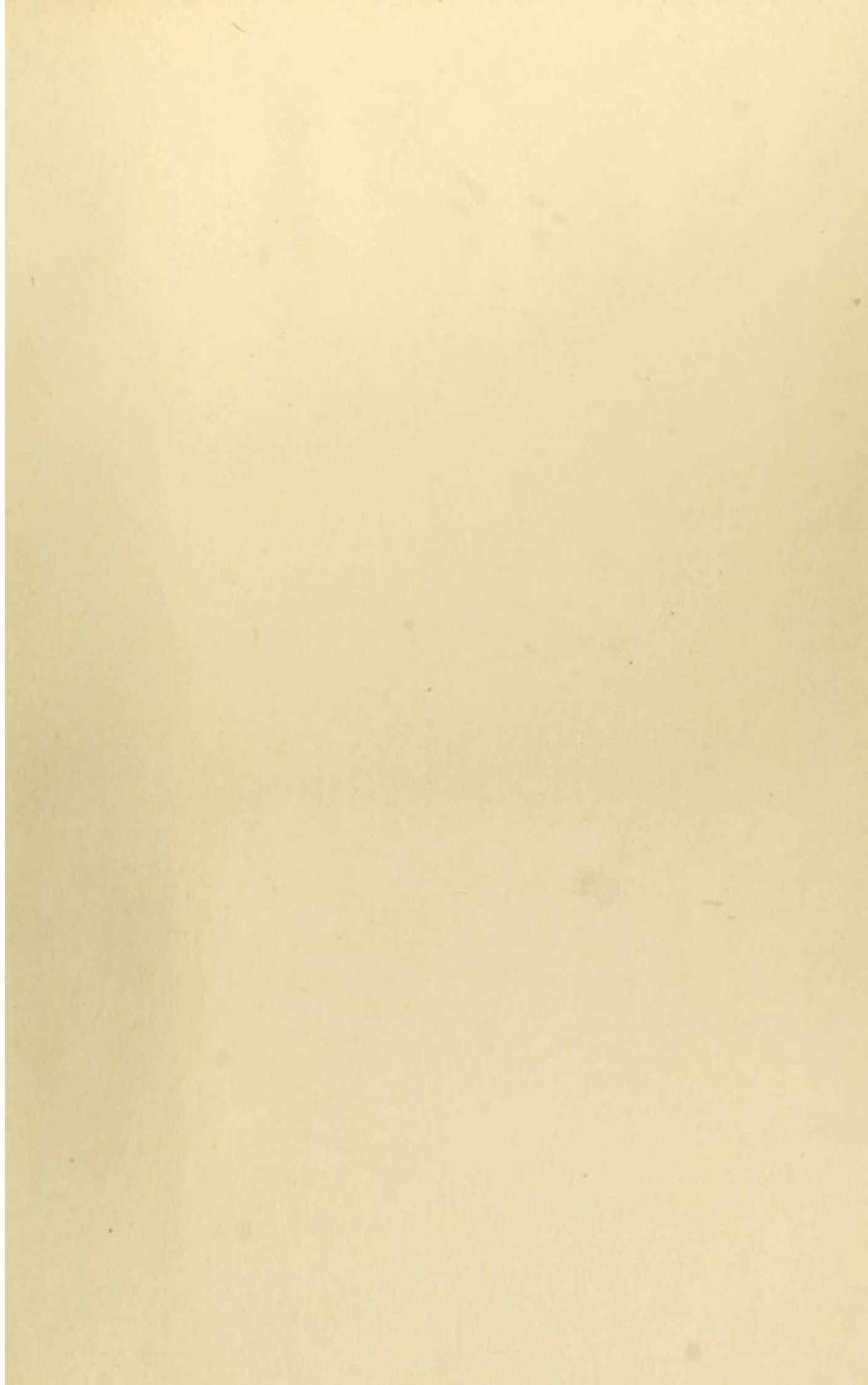
Death came Oct. 25, 1826. The concourse that followed the bier to the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise was immense,—the most eminent scientific men of France,

troops of reverent students, and with them throngs of former inmates of the Bicêtre and Salpêtrière who went out to pay the last tribute of tender respect to the benefactor whose wisdom, mercy, and courage had delivered them from the scourgings and chains of ignorance and barbarity.









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