

Papers relating to Alexander McKibbin Arrowsmith

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Wellcome Collection
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
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1.

THE WEEKLY "BULL-ETIN."

A JOURNAL IRRESPONSIBLE

No. 3.

THE RETREAT, YORK.

Nov. 10th 1906.

The DELUDED Specialist.

On the whole Pierce continues fairly quiet.

So Mand tells me anyway.

I myself during the past week have been too busy in my boudoir to favour him with more than a couple of brief visits.

And on each of these he was asleep.

One night though in the middle of the week I understand he was gripped by a most extraordinary HALLUCINATION.

It appears that he was lying restless & wakeful upon his bed & of a sudden chanced to spot a mouse that was frisking itself about on the hearth rug in the firelight.

Instantly says Mand, there was a commotion!

In less than a twinkling of an eye he had leapt from the bed & rushed in sheer terror to the door.

This was locked however so he flattened himself against it backwards, slobbering & waving his hands as if warding off some unseen enemy.

Poor man, didn't know what to do!

Owing to his being in front of the door, of course, she couldn't possibly get out to run to the London & summon my assistance - (not that she would have got it if she had, ~~come~~ for I was far too busy!) - & when she endeavoured to approach him with soothing words & soft caresses he only gesticulated the fiercer & stood the tighter.

At last however when she had lit the lamp & produced the bitters from the safe he grew quieter & presently panting & exhausted ~~he~~ sank into an arm chair.

He told her all about the HALLUCINATION.

Said he felt certain he had seen a wild animal something like a tiger crouched on the hearth rug; & that if he hadn't leapt out of bed when he had it would

have sprung at his throat.
And so on.

Maud stroked his hand
soothingly & told him that what
he had seen was a mouse.

But he wouldn't believe her
& as he again began to strain his
eyes on the hearth rug she once
more approached the safe & brought
him his toy doll which sometimes
has a wondrous effect in keeping
him quiet.

That's what it did then.

And when he was hugging it
to him as a mother hugs her
baby she softly moved her hand
towards his mouth & ere he
was aware of it had placed
the thermometer under his tongue.

After it had reposed there for
five minutes she withdrew it &
discovered that the mercury registered
exactly 102 degrees — which for Peice
is good.

A little later as he shewed
signs of sharing drinks with the
doll instead of with her she
undressed him & put him back
to bed.

He slept soundly till morning.

The very latest as I go to press
tells that he's busying himself at
a little table in his bedroom with

writing materials & bitters.

Maud says that he believes himself once more to be a big MENTAL doctor like what he was two years ago when I had him placed under restraint.

And all over the paper he's scrawling reports about myself & my "INSANITY!"

He writes letters too! Addresses them to Mr. G.V. Anson Smith & the COMMISSIONERS!

Gums them up, stamps them & gives them to Maud to post. She of course. When he's not looking sticks them in the fire.

Every now & then he asks for his doll & reads it some of his writings!

Ah well, it's a harmless enough pastime & so long as it amuses him & keeps him from becoming VIOLENT, we ought to be thankful.

Sincerely yours
The Physician.

~~~~~

# THE WEEKLY "BULL-ETIN."

A JOURNAL IRRESPONSIBLE.

No. 4.

THE RETREAT, YORK.

Nov. 17<sup>th</sup> 1906

The DELUDED specialist.

Peace taken a turn for the worse again.

Until Wednesday both Maud & I were in hopes of having a quiet week.

He seemed quite given over to his doll & writings: & so long as we left him alone he left us alone.

Which was very satisfactory.

But it didn't last!

It was ~~the~~ the lull before the storm.

And on Wednesday afternoon came the storm.

I was having a siesta in my boudoir when a hurried knocking at the door brought me quickly to my feet, startled & dishevelled.

Maud stood without.



3.

"Come!" she panted, clutching at my arm in her excitement. "It's another DELUSION! He says you're trying to get him divorced."

Swiftly I followed her up the stairs.

I fancied I recognised the DELUSION right then!

I had had some of it before! Maud hung back on the threshold while I entered the bedroom.

It was a pretty sight!

The table had been overturned, & on the floor scattered about in all directions were his reports, letters & various writings; while as for him, he was striding up & down the room in a great state, trampling ferociously upon the littered documents & mouthing in anger to the furniture.

On seeing me he spat in my face & his striding up & down seemed to become wilder.

"But, but! This won't do!" I remarked soothingly & in my best professional manner.

But he refused to be comforted.

"Come boy, come!" I cried whistling at him, clicking my fingers at him & finally motioning him towards me by patting my shin in the same way that a man motions a dog.

"No!" he shouted, shaking his fist at me "you've been telling



my wife I'm a whoremonger & you've a nasty mind!"

I edged towards the door.

"Is he going to get violent, do you think?" whispered Maud, pale-faced & anxious.

"I don't think so," I answered slowly, as I watched the striding, slobbering figure, "but it's as well to be careful!"

Decidedly it was, & although appearing optimistic in order that Maud should not be alarmed I was in reality nothing of the sort.

Again he reiterated that opprobrious BULL-like epithet. And then — "I can't RISK you out of my sight!" he shouted

Thinking that it was no place for Maud I turned to her and suggested that she should retire to my boudoir & await me there.

But she would not hear of it.

Said she had nursed plenty of IRRESPONSIBLE people & never minded what they said.

She was used to them; & to their mouthings never attached importance.

So at last I let it rest.

A minute or two ~~that~~ elapsed & I had again given myself up to observing the striding DELUDED specialist when of a sudden I felt Maud pulling nervously at my arm.

I glanced sideways over my



shoulder -

Her ripe young face, crowned with its raven black hair, was up - turned to mine & her lips were pouted & anxious.

At once, in order to catch her whisper, I bent towards her. So close to her indeed did I get that the scent of her presence almost intoxicated me.

"Don't you think it would quieten him if you prescribed him some gin & bitters?"

That's what she whispered.

And scarcely had she done so, when a snort of jealousy jumped one six paces away from her into the room.

Evidently my attitude towards her had been misconstrued by the Specialist; for he had stopped dead in his striding near the fireplace & was glaring at us in an enraged BULL.

I quickly recovered my composure however.

"Now look here Pierce," I began easily, speaking to him as if he possessed sense "try & calm yourself like a good chap and listen to me. I've told your wife, nothing — & I don't intend to. It's <sup>simply</sup> that you're the victim of hallucinations and

But he cut me short quick. "You have told her! You have, you



"Have!" he exploded angrily & spitting at me he recommenced his striding.

My diplomatic manoeuvre in switching him back on to his wife topic — in order that he shouldnt develop a fresh DELUSION concerning Maud & myself — had answered rather better than I had intended; & despairing of calming him by the use of more words I walked to the safe to try the use of drinks.

The bottles however were empty.  
Not a drop left!

I sent Maud with them therefore to a neighbouring hostelry — about a couple of minutes walk down the street — to get them replenished.

During the hour that elapsed before her return I exerted myself to the utmost to soothe & pacify the Specialist.

Picked up the doll that was lying full length amidst the scattered papers upon the floor, & dangled it coarsely in front of him (as he strode up the room) in much the same manner as a man dangles a carrot in front of an ass.

But no he would have none of it; & beyond pausing to spit <sup>fiercely</sup> in its face, continued with his striding more vehemently than ever.

Throwing myself with professional ease into the armchair I implored him to sit down & chat to me.



After a little he got a bit <sup>quieter</sup> & actually did what I suggested!

But as soon as I asked him whether the DELUSION pained his head he bounced to his feet again & continued as before.

Fearing therefore lest he should develop VIOLENCE I deemed it advisable to leave him to himself until the return of Maud.

And that's what I did.

Got quietly out of the room when he had his back to me & locked the door on him.

Heard him rattling at the handle & shouting to "let me out! let me out!" as I descended the stairs.

Scarcely had I reached the hall when in came Maud.

I was glad to see the replenished bottles!

And to make quite sure that she had brought back the right stuff - (for great care is necessary in making <sup>up</sup> ~~out~~ Pierce's prescriptions) - I ventured to sample them right then.

After which we ascended to ~~pierce~~ Pierce.

And a quarter of an hour later, we had him dothed & peaceful - (his doll in his arms, & the thermometer in his mouth) - in his armchair in front of the fire.  
Temperature 102.

Since Wednesday his condition has



fluctuated considerably, but more to the bad than to the good.

Seems to have got his wife & myself on his train.

Keeps saying that I'm telling her things about him & trying to get him divorced.

Mauds says it grows quite painful to listen to him; especially when the DELUSION develops a loud curiosity as to where I've got to & brings on his striding-up-&-down-the-room antics.

She has to keep the door locked else he'd be on my track.

I'm getting a bit sick of it.

However tomorrow afternoon Maud & I are going to have a consultation about him in the boudoir, & we shall doubtless come to a decision.

Something most certainly will have to be done.

My own idea is to have his wife transported neck & crop from the building to the south coast & somewhere on the other side of England.

Then perhaps his DELUSION that I'm confiding things to her & what not, will begin to evaporate.

Evidently the present fact of her being in a separate wing of the same building in which are he & I, has preyed on his weakened and overwrought mind.

So a fresh arrangement will I feel confident be advisable.



Of course it's possible that his wife may object to my suggestion.

Perhaps she'll think that she ought to continue remaining close at hand in case of emergencies.

~~But I don't~~ <sup>although as far as</sup> emergencies go - (which mean I suppose that he might develop a red hot temperature & fall into a dangerous decline) - we could very soon wire her & have her back in a flash.

However we shall see.

Meanwhile all I know is that last time she visited my boudoir in order to settle the outstanding account for my professional services rendered to him, she expressed a most genuine faith in the treatment I prescribed; & stated that if the final issue was unfortunate, <sup>then</sup> not I but God would be to blame.

Which of course to myself as a medical man is very flattering.

And it shews that as in the past she has taken my advice, so doubtless she will <sup>continue to</sup> do in the future.

Plice as I go to press very uneasy & feverish.

Just popped upstairs & and favoured him with a brief examination.

He's in bed, crooning & ohimpering about his wife.

His temperature 104 — & his pulse rapid. Mand in the armchair reading a french novel. Ordered him half an hour of the gin & tittas.

Sincerely  
The Physician.



## Asylum Flashes.

Burrage hasn't been out to tea lately!

Won't somebody please volunteer?

Now Kitchen "me thoy" let's see what yer made of!

== 11 ==

Mackenzie, I understand, has accepted an invitation to spend a month in a Paris workhouse.

Very good! He has my best wishes!

But don't let him hurry back!

== 11 ==

Is it true that Stratford of the galleries is starting a Sunday school class for the idiots?

If so then I suggest that he labels it "LADIES only!"

He'll have a better time this way than the other!

== 11 ==

Is it true that the wife of one of the attendants visited my boudoir the other day to be treated for sciatica?

Of course I know more of mental diseases than of bodily



ones; but I invariably endeavour to do my best for either.

I am sorry I was out.

If next time she calls she will kindly drop me a line beforehand I shall arrange to be at home

== 11 ==

Every honour to the bogus German Captain who bluffed Koepenick & it's Mayor!

He's amused Europe.

Nevertheless he's arrested & for a spell he'll have to live in prison.

Why though before visiting Koepenick didn't he come in here & get Pierce to certify him as IRRESPONSIBLE!

Then he could have RUN AWAY, brought off his coup — & been alright!

How's that Unpique!

== 11 ==

Riddle — How can a SANE man be MADE SANE?

== 11 ==

In last week's "BULL"-ETIN I criticised the dance under the heading of Topical Events.

This heading of course was in error.

It ought to have been Tropical Events!

Why & oh why, do they think it necessary, considering the nature of



7.

the dancers, to light fires both in  
the Saloon & in the corridor adjoining?

If we go on at this rate  
we shall not only require the smoked  
glasses, but blocks of ICE as  
well!

== 11 ==

Is it a fact that two of the  
asylum laundry girls were hauled  
the other day in front of the  
magistrates for using bad language?

If so then it is a pity; for  
assuredly if anyone is entitled  
to use bad language it is not  
the laundry girls but the parties  
who sample their washing!

== 11 ==

Why didn't the cook turn up at  
my boudoir last Sunday afternoon as  
arranged?

Was she busy elsewhere?

== 11 ==

I am still in the dark as to  
whether or no Laura the hall door  
slavey has false hair.

I shall be very glad if she  
will kindly stop round to my  
boudoir at her earliest convenience  
in order that I may ascertain.

Meanwhile inquiries from correspondents  
on this subject must remain unanswered.

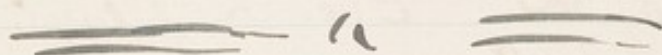
== 11 ==



Someone says that ere long  
Marie Lloyd (THE Comedienne) is going  
to favour the asylum with a "visit".  
I understand she's to sing & dance  
in the saloon.

If this is correct then it'll be a case  
of no "LADIES" admitted to her.

On the other hand if her "visit"  
spells the common & ordinary sort of  
"visit" don't - ch - know, then it'll  
be a case of Marie being admitted  
to the "LADIES!"



This is a sad business about the  
Coachman & his couple of old nags that  
he terms horses.

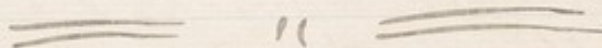
Drove them four miles the other  
day in two hours.

So now they're bust up!

Unfit for further use.

However he's still a felly or two  
left; & doubtless after his latest exploits in  
the driving direction he'll now for  
a bit of a change fall back on  
the art of riding!

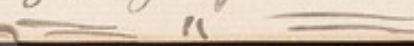
Only don't let him ride them  
too hard!



Well done DOOLEY!

He's so far recovered from his ILLNESS  
as to be already arranging for another night

on the Razze Dazze.  
Last time it was Leeds but this time it's to be London!  
So he's going up one at any rate!





9.

## The Editor's Boudoir

~~~~~

It's been a red & purple week
in the boudoir & no mistake!

Things have been humming like a
sky rocket, & it's small wonder
that my head throbs & I'm
taking pills!

Wild reckless carousals and
dissipation of every sort has been the
order of the week.

Yet in the centre of a HAREM
what else can one expect!

Perhaps the most dazzling orgy
took place last Wednesday night, for it
was then that I invited a dozen
of the HAREMITES to a dance &
Champagne supper.

I was the only male!

Thornston implored me on his
knees to let him assist at
the performance even though it were
~~only~~ in the part of butter.

But no I would have none
of it!

A man should never be
debased in the presence of his
valet!

It's bad policy.

However, having no wish to be
hard upon the fellow, I took him
to my safe & having stuffed his
pockets with crisp five pound

notes, I told him he could catch the express train to London & indulge in a week's holiday.

So that's where he is now —
— & God watch over him!

If it was not for my touching? long suffering devotion to the poor DELUDED specialist I should most certainly be up there with him.

The HAREMITES are all very well in their way, but they ain't a patch on the London gals — and don't you forget it!

Indeed if it wasn't for the fact of half a loaf being better than no bread sort of thing I should'nt deign to have dealings with them.

I vastly prefer a champagne supper at Scots or the Criterion to a champagne supper in the HAREM crowded boudoir!

A few samples of choice young actresses, don't-cha-know with music & "extras" thrown in midst the hubbub of life & the universe, are far more to my taste than this!

But then what am I to do!

If I pack up & go Pince would probably turn HOMICIDAL or something.

Indeed Maud thinks that he'd DIE right off from SHOCK.
And if anything happened like

11.

that you know, I could never
forgive myself — neither could
mand.

Again then I ask ye what am
I to do?

Perhaps Thornton's idea of
getting down a batch of fluff
from London once a week
wouldn't be a bad experiment.

They could stay overnight
in the boudoir & we could bundle
them off again in the morning
by an early train before Peice
woke up.

But the idea will have to be
developed; for my valet tells me
that if Peice got an inkling of
what was afoot, his DELUSIONS
would sure to be aggravated.

So in the meantime I'm
making the best of the HAREMITES.

Now let me tell you of Wednesday
night.

The first great event when I
had let them all through the
window & they were seated at the
supper table was my standing up
to say grace.

It was rather blasphemous you
know because I could hardly help
swaying about on my feet & the
words left my throat a trifle
stuffy! — I had Emetty in

preparation for the carousal been
nipping brandy & what not during
the afternoon so that really, when
the shimmering "BEAUTIES" would
have it that I should pronounce
the grace, I was hardly in a fit
state!

However I made the best of it!
And judging by the laughter &
applause that quivered the air as
I once more flopped down into
my seat, my effort was not
altogether a bad one.

Towards the end of supper
when the champagne corks had
popped here, there & everywhere we
began to get uproarious.

Two of the dear girls were
sitting astride the table singing
"Rocked in the cradle of the deep!"
while another two had their arms
around my neck & their lips near
mine!

I tried to sputter "Order!" but
they wouldn't listen to me; & before
I knew what they were after
they were shoving cackows into
my mouth to deaden the
smell of the drinks!

Began to wish I had retained my
valet.

He could have acted as chucker
out!

Really the din began to get terrific
so at length, tipsy though I was,

I made a supreme effort, shook off the clinging "BEAUTIES" & rose unsteadily to my feet.

"This-h-h much (hic) stopp!" I exclaimed, banging down my fist upon the table, "We don't want (hic) Peace t-to hear us!"

My warning acted like magic!

It was truly comical to see the way in which they pulled themselves together!

What with the champagne & the fires of their passion they had forgotten to be as cautious as usual & it was lucky therefore that I had spoken when I had!

It is ever my dread, & theirs too, lest in one of these orgies in my ~~house~~ boudoir, the sound of the Merisiant should reach the DELUDED ears of the Specialist & that in the grip of jealousy & hallucination he should attempt to reach us.

True unless he got VIOLENT there's not much fear of his doing this ~~this~~, for generally speaking Maud locks the bedroom door of a night & my valet also when on duty is always at hand for emergencies.

But one never knows!

And it's as well to guard against contingencies by avoiding all risks!

As I said just now then, on

my little reminder they quietened
down considerably, & having risen
from our seats & pushed back
the table against the wall we
ended the orgy with a dance, which
although a trifle dissipated was
certainly lacking in the uproarious
air that had vivified the
supper.

Ever long I must linger my
pen over the details of these
dances so that you may have
an idea of what they're
like; but at present time
& space forbids.

BULLS ————— I salaam!

~~~~~

Alec. Arncliffe:

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"Extra Turns"

---

A book ~~book~~ entitled "Disenchanted", has just been published & see by Messrs. Methuen Co.

The author is Pierre Loti, & a snapshot review of his work says that it's "An arresting picture of life in a harem".

Dear me! We'll hope anyway, considering the "Disenchanted" title, that the HAREM Pierre Loti visited was not the HAREM of the Retreat! Now then specialist what have YOU got to say about the matter!!!

---

I notice that my old friend Fulton seems a trifle offended at my referring in last week's issue to his several months private nursing job at Acomb.

Dear me, this is very sad!

For after all I merely gave my opinion that when at Acomb (where lives the Landlady, a male patient & a couple of daughters) - he had not gone UP too stone.

Indeed if he had — well, two stone ain't much!

Kitchen was there before him for some months — & the rumour about him was that he had "gone UP" three!

And if I was to go there tomorrow & take on the "job", who knows,



that I might not "go VP" four!  
Very well then. Let us be  
reasonable!

===== " =====