Recollections of an alienist : personal and professional, / by Allan McLane Hamilton.

Contributors

Hamilton, Allan McLane, 1848-1919.

Publication/Creation

New York : George H. Doran Company, [1916], ©1916.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ALIENIST

ALLAN McLANE HAMILTON

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RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ALIENIST

Personal and Professional

BY

ALLAN McLANE HAMILTON

M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. (Edin.)

With Original Illustrations, Photographs, and Fac-Similes



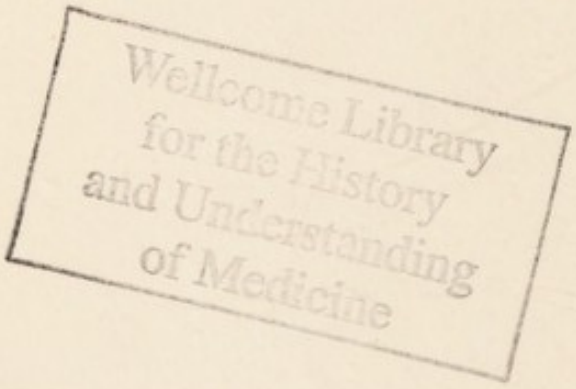
NEW YORK

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

BZP (Hamilton)



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I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME
TO

DOCTOR JOSEPH A. BLAKE

A GREAT BIOLOGIST AND SURGEON,
AND A FAITHFUL FRIEND, THROUGH
WHOSE CONSUMMATE SKILL AND RARE
DEVOTION MY LIFE WAS SAVED

PREFACE

In a letter written by Benvenuto Cellini to his friend, Benedetto Varchi, he said: "Your lordship tells me that the simple discourse of my life contents you more in its first shape than were it polished and attouched by others, for then the truth of what I have written would show less clear; and I have taken great care to say nothing for which I should have to fumble in my memory." I shall be governed, therefore, by the example of this interesting man, and make no further explanations except to say that the following pages are intended to reflect some of my personal and professional experience during an unusually busy life time. It is always difficult to know what to include and what to omit in a book of this kind, and I regret that there are many incidents that I must of necessity leave unrecorded by reason of their very personal character, and others that can interest no one, although of exceeding importance to myself.

New York, *November,* 1916.

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PART ONE: PERSONAL

PART ONE: PERSONAL

CHAPTER I

ORIGIN AND FAMILY

I Come Into the World—My Grandfather Alexander Hamilton—The Beauties of Early Williamsburgh—My School Days—My Father—His Presence at My Graduation—The Yacht *America*—He Tried Gibbs, the Pirate—The "Underground Railroad" for Fugitive Slaves—My Mother's Father, Louis McLane, Ambassador to England—My Mother's Life in London—Washington Irving—Tom Moore and Campbell the Poet—Gilbert Stuart Newton the Artist, Lady Wellesley—My Mother Plays Tom Moore's Accompaniments—Entries in Moore's Diary—Samuel Rogers—Andrew Jackson Writes About the Loss of the "Hermitage"—Irving Goes to the Opera—He Writes a Poem to My Mother—Commodore Isaac Hull and the Constitution—My Mother's Marriage—My Brother Is Killed Under General Custer.

I WAS born in the year 1848, "the year of trouble," when most of Europe was in turmoil, although the condition of general conflict was but trivial when compared with the awful upheaval of to-day. This country then offered a welcome asylum for many distinguished men who fled from central Europe, especially Prussia, in peril of their lives—among them the late Carl Schurz, and Doctors Ernest Krackowizer and Abraham Jacobi, the former of whom cared for me in my infantile illnesses, and afterwards became a great surgeon.

Upon the paternal side, I was of the third generation of a family whose interest for the public began with the

birth of my grandfather, Alexander Hamilton, the Statesman, in 1756, on the island of Nevis in the West Indies. My father, Philip Hamilton, his youngest son, was born in the City of New York in 1802, two years before his father was shot by Aaron Burr in the famous duel. I first opened my eyes in the pretty little village of Williamsburgh, now a rather sordid portion of Brooklyn, on October 6, 1848, my father then being forty-six. There were, therefore, only three generations in one hundred and fifty-nine years.

Williamsburgh was then a country village; the only means of communication with New York being a ferry of slow and clumsy paddle-boats, so that when I went to the old Public School No. 40, in Twentieth Street, much of the day was consumed by travel. The river front was rather beautiful, and I remember the sandy beach at the foot of the street where we lived, which was backed by tall Normandy poplars; here we bathed and swam, despite the swift currents of the East River. The region is now given up to tall and ugly factories and warehouses.

My father was a delightful man, of pleasing personality, a keen sense of humour, and a harmless kind of wit, which led him everlastingly to chaff his sons, but never to hurt our feelings. He had many of the hearty, bluff ways of the sea captains whom he represented in court, for his legal practice was largely in Admiralty cases. The New York pilots were his devoted adherents, and one of them—the late Captain John Maginn, a picturesque character of the Captain Cuttle type, and for many years the dean of the corps—often came to him for advice, and smoked his very bad pipe in the front hall while waiting his turn. My father was presented by them with a silver snuff-box, which was brought by a

delegation, and accompanied by a large bunch of peonies, and this present of coarse and showy flowers from that source was repeated each Christmas and birthday for many years.

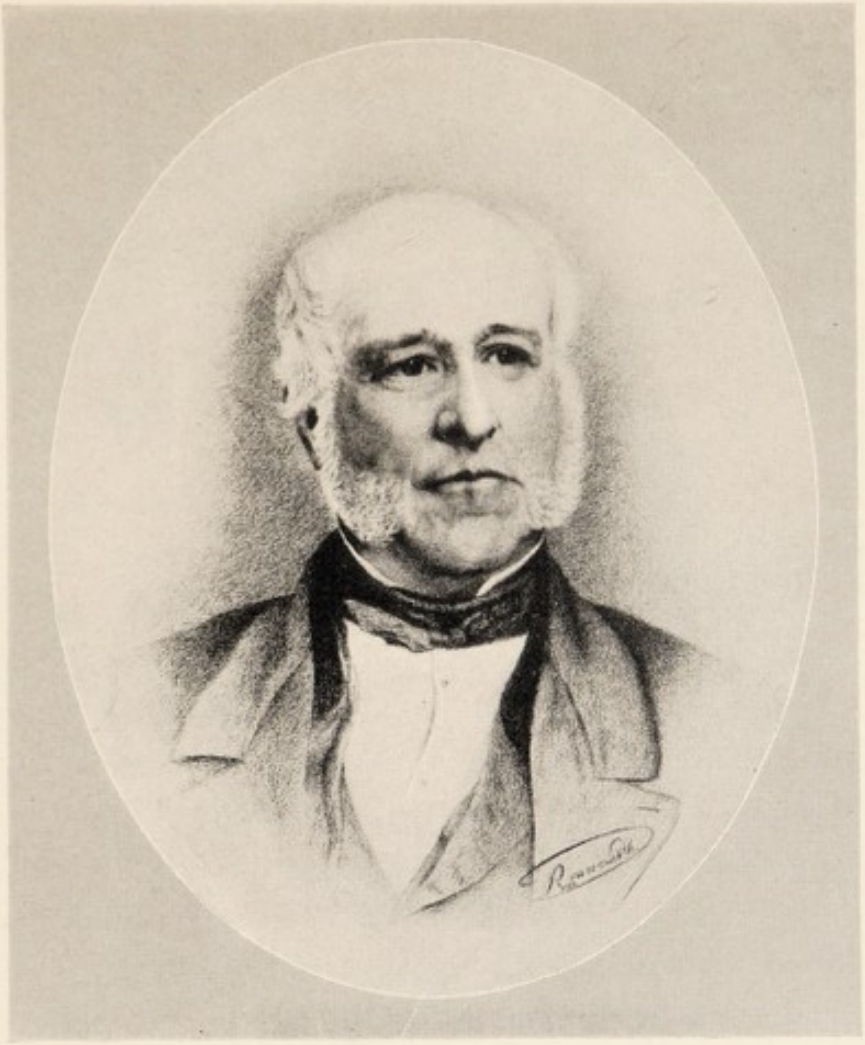
Of commanding stature, with silvery white hair and closely-cropped whiskers, my father made an imposing appearance in the blue suit of naval cut that he usually wore, with a "Gladstone" collar and black stock. He always carried a gold-headed Malacca stick and a large red silk handkerchief with white squares, a nautical survival; this he not only used for the ordinary purposes, but to signal with upon every needed occasion, or as an outlet for the expression of his elated emotions—it was, in fact, a part of the man. I shall never forget the occasion upon which I was so fortunate as to take the two first prizes when I graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1870, the Commencement being held at the old Steinway Hall in Fourteenth Street. My father had a seat a few feet from the body of the graduating class of embryonic saw-bones in the front of the hall, and when my name was announced by the dignified President from the platform, I saw him at first wiping away the tears, and then waving the same red badge of independent approval wildly in the air. Later, in a mysterious way, after expressing a sort of proprietary interest in the whole class (which it did not resent), he put a bank note of large denomination into my hand with the injunction to "spend it without getting into trouble." The hilarious and happy graduates scattered for a night of celebration, and my father proudly walked down the aisle as if he had launched something into the world.

He was a great lover of outdoor sports, and especially of yachting, and when the racing schooner *America,* which afterwards went over to England and won the Queen's

cup, was built by a syndicate composed of his nephew, George L. Schuyler, and eleven others, he sailed the yacht in many of her trying-out cruises in this country.

His later life was a quiet one, and his career at the bar quite without event, his only celebrated case being the trial and conviction of Gibbs, the pirate, who was hung at Bedloe's Island in New York Harbour. Upon several occasions he acted as Judge-Advocate before the several Naval Retiring Boards at the end of the Civil War, and represented his many Navy friends, such as Commodores Stringham and Storrow, and various brave old salts who had served their time with honour and distinction.

Shortly before the Civil War the escape of negro slaves from the Southern states had assumed great proportions, and the so-called "underground railroad," an organisation established to facilitate their safe transit to Canada, and to supply them with funds on their way, was established, with headquarters at Chester, and sub-agencies in neighbouring counties in Pennsylvania. It is reported by popular tradition that one Thomas Garret, an old Quaker who, according to my friend, General James H. Wilson, was "a prudent and secretive man who did his best to conceal his operations for helping runaway slaves, which was a dangerous business," was the director of a particular centre at Wilmington, Delaware, through which many were cleared. In the North, the so-called Abolitionists are too well known to need extended mention, but that celebrated band of free thinkers which was established at Concord, Massachusetts, and known as "Brook Farm," contained several members who encouraged the actual smuggling of black men to places of safety. Among these was the late Charles A. Dana, the Editor of the *New York Sun*. My father, while a mild Abolitionist, was a sympathiser to the last degree when his heart was touched,



MY FATHER

and at least on one occasion helped a fugitive slave get away. I recall this very well, for my brother and I saw a very black and ragged man in the cellar who was being fed by my father himself, and kept until such time as he could safely resume his journey. The mystery of why he was in our house, for which no explanation was given at the time, impressed us then intensely, and our imaginings, it is needless to say, ran riot. After President Lincoln's great proclamation we were told all, but it was not until after my father's death in 1884 that Mr. Dana referred in the *Sun* to the latter's many acts of self-sacrificing kindness in this direction. My father went later to Poughkeepsie, New York, where he lived until his death in 1884.

A correspondent in the *New York Herald* wrote of him in the following words: "Judge Hamilton lived among the Knickerbockers so many years that his features would seem to have assimilated to the ancient type. Among his friends and neighbours the Judge is represented as a man of merry mood, brimming over with anecdotes of the olden days, when the earth was to him fresh and golden. The new has no such charm for him as the old. He loves old houses, old trees, old books, old wine and old friends." This is, indeed, a delicate and true estimate of a universally loved man during the sunset of his life, shortly before he died.

During the administration of Andrew Jackson, my mother's father, Louis McLane, of Delaware, was sent to England as Ambassador to the Court of St. James with the proposal that if Great Britain would make concessions in the carrying trade between the United States and the West Indies we would repeal our own laws which up to that time had acted to the detriment of the former power. He embarked in a United States frigate in 1829,

with a portion of his family, including his eldest daughter Rebecca, a girl of seventeen who was to become my mother many years later.

When the McLanes reached England they were joined by Washington Irving, who was to become my grandfather's Secretary of Legation. In a letter from Irving to his friend Henry Brevoort, written August 10th, 1829,* he says: "I stayed in Paris a little more than a fortnight. When, hearing that the frigate had arrived at Portsmouth with Mr. McLane, I set off to meet him at London. I am perfectly delighted with him, and doubt not we shall live most happily together." Irving's anticipations were verified, for until the day of his death he was not only a friend of McLane's, but entertained the most affectionate relations with my mother and the other children. It was owing to Irving, whose literary position had already been recognised in England as well as at home, that they speedily met the most charming of the literary set, among them Tom Moore, Rogers and Campbell, the poets; Robert Harry Inglis, the statesman, who accepted the Chiltern Hundreds to represent Oxford University against Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, and vanquished the latter by defeating his more extreme reform measures; Gilbert Stuart Newton, an American artist born in Halifax, but who went to England where he attained great fame, was another intimate. He afterwards married a daughter of Arthur Sullivan, of Boston, a son of General Sullivan, of Revolutionary fame.

Besides these, my mother was made much of by many other charming people, as she sang and played delightfully, and was exceedingly bright. The old Duke of Wellington and Lady Wellesley saw a great deal of her

* Letters of Washington Irving to Henry Brevoort, p. 225, New York, Putnam, 1915.



TOM MOORE AT THE PIANO
A pencil sketch by Gilbert Stewart Newton

and evidently took a fancy to her, for the former gave her a locket surrounded by rose brilliants, which I owned until a few years ago, when it was stolen by a dishonest servant.

Her other friends, among them Lady Caroline Grenfell, wrote long and affectionate letters to her after her return to this country.

Number 9 Chandos Street, where my grandfather lived, was the scene of many a merry gathering. In his diary,* Tom Moore said, April 26th, 1830: "Dined with the Fieldings, and went in the evening to a party at Dr. Bowrings. Introduced to several first rate literati whose names I knew nothing about, also to Pickergill and Martin, the artists. To my surprise and pleasure, saw Washington Irving among the group, who proposed that I should accompany him back to a party of Americans he had just left at Mr. McLane's, which I accordingly did, to his delectation. A young American lady played the harp, and I sang." At most of these gatherings was Newton, and upon one occasion he sketched the diminutive Moore at the piano. Newton's pencil sketches were very clever and more elaborate than most of those preserved; I own one of his pictures of this kind, of Sir Walter Scott, taken from life.

There is an entry in Moore's diary † worth repeating. William IV., whose reputation as a gay bird, and whose brood of Fitz-Clarences as the result of his long existing liaison with Mrs. Jordan, the actress, had been tolerated by easy-going England before he mended his ways, married the Princess Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, and became the King in 1830. Moore said on May, 1831: "I forgot to tell Lady Holland what I had in coming up the avenue fully resolved *not* to forget, namely, the fol-

* Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence of Thomas Moore, Vol. VI, London, 1854. † Ibid., p. 190.

lowing anecdote: Among other stories told to the horror and glory of the reforming monarch, it is generally stated that McLane, the American Ambassador, said to his Majesty, 'I little thought, Sire, I should live to see the day when I should *envy* a Monarch.' In paying a visit at McLane's the other morning I mentioned the currency of this anecdote; on which Mrs. McLean (who is a very amiable, natural person) said, 'It is true that Mr. McLean said he envied the King, but it was not on the Reform question, but it was, I am ashamed to say, on seeing the King kiss Lady Lilford.' "

Samuel Rogers, the "banker Poet," lived in St. James' Street, and had a very wonderful house full of works of art. It contained numerous paintings, among them several by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which by an ingenious mechanical apparatus might be turned to the light. There were also carvings by Flaxman, and a mass of other objets d'art. He came often to the McLanes' and wrote verses to the young daughter of the house, as was the custom in those days. T. Campbell also made his contribution to her album in the form of a rather dreary and commonplace string of verses entitled, "Some Thoughts Suggested by a View of the Sea from St. Leonard's."

My maternal grandfather's stay in London was only for a year or two, for he was recalled in 1831 to become Secretary of the Treasury, and later Secretary of State, at which time he refused to be a party to President Jackson's arbitrary measure of withdrawing the Public funds from the Bank of the United States.

Upon the return of my mother to the United States, she entered with all the keenness of youth into the society of Washington, and was a great favourite of the bluff old President, Andrew Jackson, who seized upon this opportunity to take the sympathetic young girl into



MY BROTHER AND MYSELF IN 1851
Louis, seven; Allan, three

his confidence, showing a rare gentleness which was in contrast with his impatience with every one else. To her he wrote in 1834, after thanking her and her father and mother for their letters of condolence when the Jackson homestead, the Hermitage, was destroyed by fire: "It is true it was dear to me because the site and plan was selected by my dear departed Mrs. Jackson—the little grove of trees standing between the house and garden was the product of her industrious hand. I regret not the loss of the House; it can be rebuilt, but this little grove I fear is destroyed by the fire, or so much injured that it cannot be preserved except by cutting them down to the root and preserving the sprouts; if so, then to me they are lost, for I cannot expect to live to see them matured to their present grandeur. I never repine at the loss of property—my regrets are for the little grove which cannot be replaced by the hand that reared it—perhaps I thought too much of it. I have long since brought my feelings to be ready on all occasions to say 'the Lord's will be done.'"

Washington Irving spent much of his time after his retirement from politics at his cottage near Dobb's Ferry. He had reluctantly given up the idea of obtaining the consulship at Naples, which he had coveted because of the opportunity for further literary work, but as soon as he heard that another man had been thought of, he abandoned his efforts and gave himself up to the comforts and pleasures of his native land. In a letter written from Washington, January 20th, 1834, to my mother, he said:

"My dear Rebecca:

"How shamefully you have treated us in turning back from Philadelphia when we had provided so charming an Italian opera

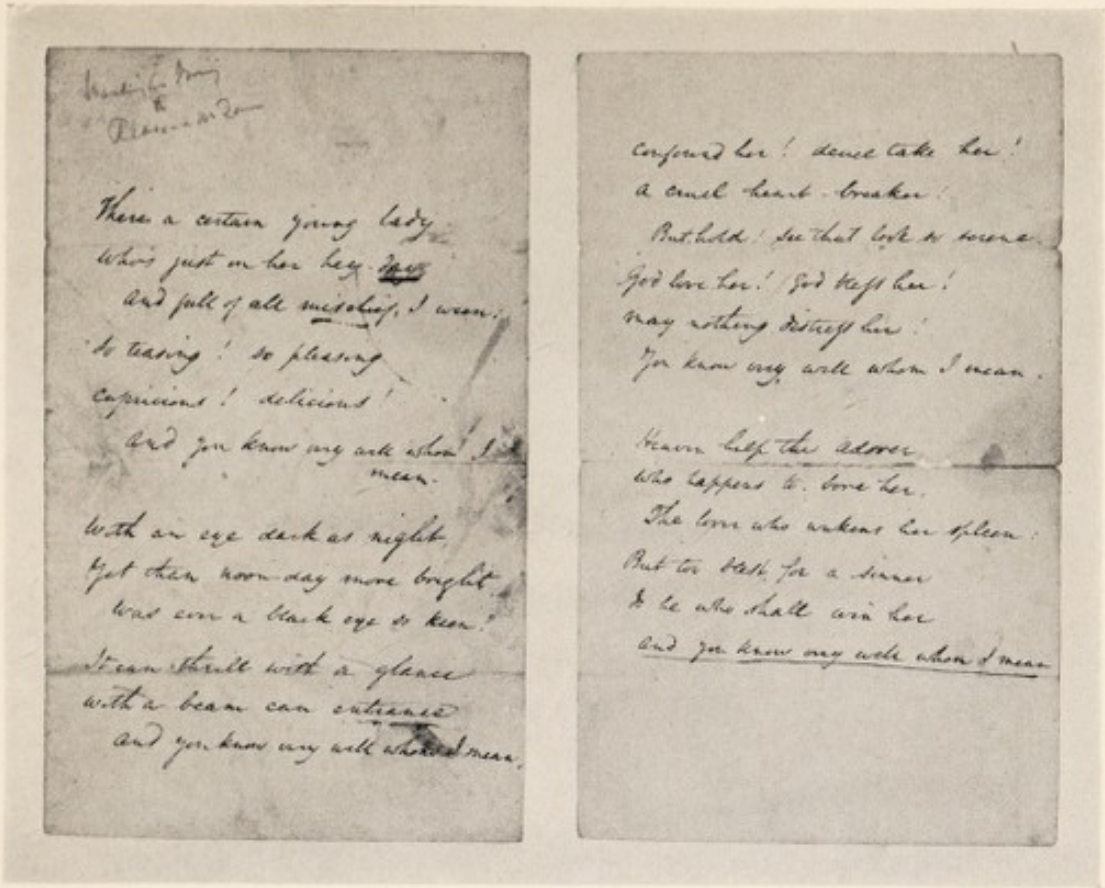
for your entertainment. You have no idea what you have lost. The opera is delightful and the house heavenly. All the prettiest belles of the city are to be seen there in the private boxes of the second tier, sitting on downey and silken cushions, for all the world like the heathen goddesses lounging on their feather-bed clouds, and looking down from high Olympus; while in the centre box sits Lynch, radiant as Apollo, with ecstasy beaming from his spectacles, and now and then like Jupiter giving a word of appreciation that 'seems to shake the sphere.' How goes on your levee this Winter? still crowded, I suppose, with admirers, the 'respected' and 'neglected' and the 'dejected' and the rejected —I am passing my Winter in the bosom of my family, happy as can be, with a niece on each arm whenever I can get out, and nearly a dozen about me when I am at home. I wish you could see what a pleasant household we are. Yours ever,

"Washington Irving."

A lively correspondence of this kind passed between them until almost the end of his life, and once he indulged in verse, the production being addressed to my mother. This was shortly after the return from England.

Commodore Isaac Hull, who after his many gallant encounters retired to private life in the late thirties, was one of my mother's old friends. He never tired of telling her of the fight between the *Constitution* and *Guerrière*. The old gentleman gave my mother a box made from the wood of *Old Ironsides*, as the *Constitution* was afterwards known, with a small piece of paper in the cover bearing the inscription—*"Ironsides—From Isaac to Rebecca."*

My mother was married in 1842, and with her husband left the old Southern home on the Bohemia River and came to New York, where my father took up his profession in earnest. I find among my papers this letter from my grandmother, the widow of Alexander Hamilton

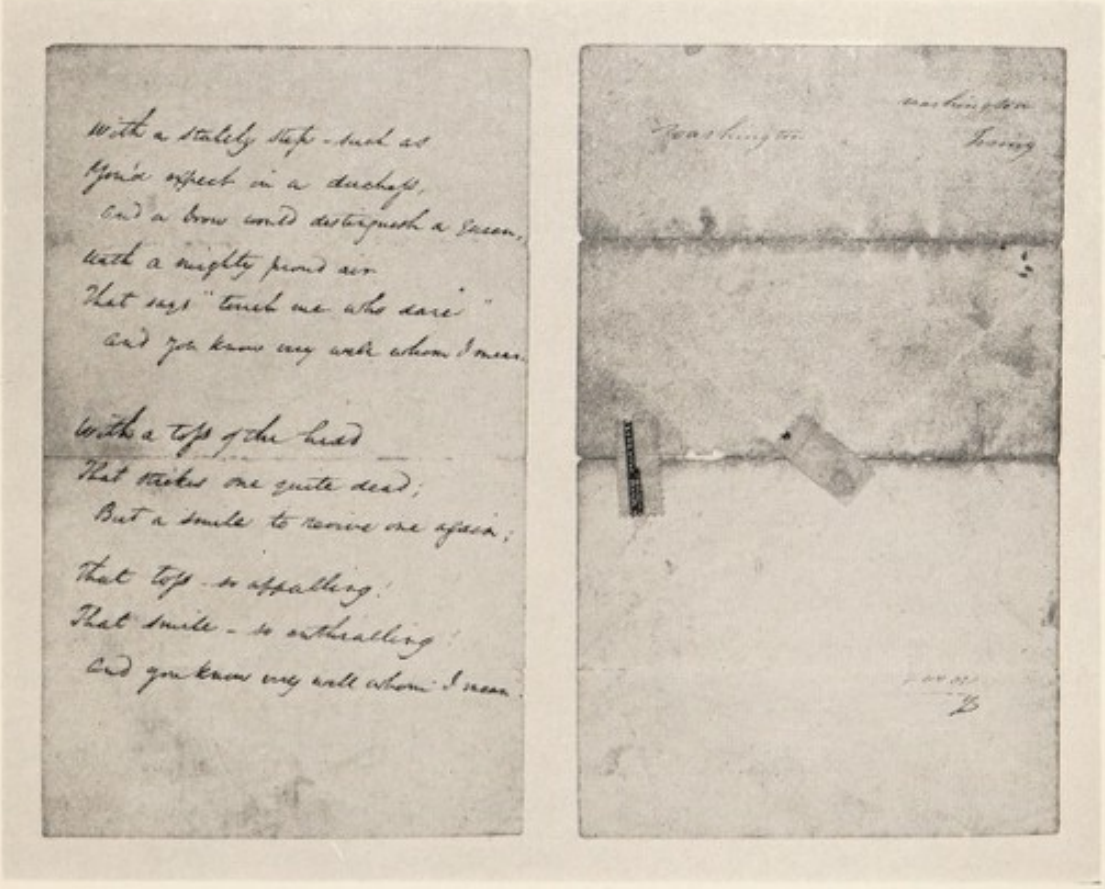


There a certain young lady
Who's just in her hey-day
And full of all mischief, I ween:
So teasing! so pleasing
Capricious! delicious!
And you know my wife whom I mean.

With an eye dark as night
Yet clear noon-day more bright
Was ever a black eye so keen?
It can thrill with a glance
With a beam can entrance
And you know my wife whom I mean.

Confound her! deuce take her!
A cruel heart-breaker!
But hold! see that look so serene.
God love her! God keep her!
May nothing distress her!
You know my wife whom I mean.

Heaven help the adorer
Who happens to love her.
The love who unbars her spleen:
But to task for a sinner
If he who shall win her
And you know my wife whom I mean



With a stately step - such as
You'd expect in a duchess,
And a brow could distinguish a Queen,
With a mighty proud air
That says "touch me who dare"
And you know my wife whom I mean.

With a toss of the head
That strikes one quite dead;
But a smile to revive one again;
That toss - so appalling!
That smile - so enthralling!
And you know my wife whom I mean.

Washington Irving

WASHINGTON IRVING'S SONNET TO MY MOTHER

(then in her eighty-sixth year), relative to the event. It was written to my maternal grandmother, and shows astonishing mental vigour from a person of that great age:

"It is with great gratification, My Dear Madame, that I have received your kind letter expressive of your Approbation of the Union of your Daughter with my Son. Her most intimate friends have given her such a high character for Piety and Amiability that I am assured my son has made a selection which will promote his happiness, and may he give your child and yourself every mark of his attention is the prayer of his affectionate Mother. I regret the season of the year and my advanced age will deprive me of the pleasure of being present at the Marriage of our children. Remember me kindly to Mr. McLane and my Daughter. With great regard,

"ELIZTH. HAMILTON."

There were two children by this marriage who grew to manhood, my brother, who was a few years older, and myself. The former, after going through the Civil War, having received his commission as Second Lieutenant in the old Third Infantry, became a Captain in the famous Seventh U. S. Cavalry, which was organised after the War of the Rebellion. He was killed in a raid upon Red Kettle's band in the battle of the Wichita in November, 1868. He had been a dashing cavalry officer, serving with General Phil. Sheridan and other famous Indian fighters, and in the Battle of Gettysburg had been an aid to General Ayres: he was several times brevetted for gallantry on the field.

His death was, of course, a crushing blow to my father and mother, for their hopes were, naturally, centred upon their first born, who certainly in many ways reflected by inheritance the great genius of his grandfather, Alex-

ander Hamilton. A long illness in childhood which confined him to his room gave time and opportunity to read everything he could find that might later be of use to him. Plutarch, Gibbon, Motley, Prescott, and works treating of the great Alexander and Napoleon and the warfare of the world, gave him a nice insight into things not as a rule popular with the very young. He was essentially one of those "trained to be a soldier." With this he was never offensively precocious, but was modest, thoughtful and even brilliant and accomplished in many ways. When little more than a child he wrote timely editorials upon the war which were widely copied, no one conceiving that they were the work of a mere boy. It has been said that his ancestor's celebrated pamphlet, "The Farmer Refuted," which was a reply to Bishop Seabury in 1774, when he was about my brother's age, was from the pen of some older man and the name of Chief Justice John Jay was that wrongly hit upon by the very wise. It is certainly interesting to speculate what he would have been, with his great talents, had he been spared.

After my brother's death, General George A. Custer, just eight years before his own cruel end at the hands of the Indians at the Battle of the Rosebud, wrote these sad and prophetic lines to my mother. After speaking of her son's noble qualities, he said: "In fine, his whole character and life justifies us in the happy belief that he has gone where there are neither wars nor rumours of wars, where the soldier is at rest and all is peace."

CHAPTER II

EARLY MEMORIES

My First Cigar—A Visit to Franconi's Hippodrome—The Prince of Wales in New York—My Grandmother Hamilton—Dolly Madison's Letters—Nevis—Early Hudson River Steamboats—George William Curtis and His Brothers—Pierpont Morgan as a Young Man—He Is Pursued by a Crank—Early Aspirations—Barnum's Museum—My Friend the "Lightning Calculator"—The "Lecture Room"—The Family Parson and His Influence in Suggesting a Career for Me—I Fall from Grace—The Choice of a Profession.

I HAVE distinct memory of two early events that stand out sharply. Both occurred before I was six years old, and are the antithesis of each other. One was a dreadful illness, due to the stupid ignorance of a devoted but foolish nurse maid, who, on our way through Fulton Market to the water front, treated me to quantities of an edible dried red moss and locust honey beans, which were at the time delicacies greatly in favour with the newly-landed sailors, and bought for me an enormous black cigar, two or three whiffs of which led to my collapse. I have always suspected that this act was a bribe to hold my tongue regarding her flirtations with a salty son of the sea who had joined us on our way home. I was carried there in a semi-moribund condition by the tearful and penitent woman.

This, however, was a preparatory experience for a subsequent life-long indulgence in tobacco; though I really

had not the courage to smoke my enjoyable "first cigar" until I was eighteen, so keen was my distaste. Since then it has been a blessing, and, in the words of Charles Kingsley, "When all things were made, none was made better than this," for despite the sour intolerance of King James, it is really

"A lone man's companion,
A bachelor's friend,
A hungry man's food,
A sad man's cordial,
A wakeful man's sleep,
A chilly man's fire."

An equally keen reminiscence of a different character was a visit to Franconi's Hippodrome, which was built at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, and had a brief existence of three years—and for those days was enormous, holding six thousand people. It was finally replaced by the Mt. Vernon, afterwards the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the brother of my neighbour in the country, Mr. Gardner Witherbee, now the proprietor of several large New York hotels, was chief clerk, and had much to do with providing amusement for the Prince of Wales during his visit to this country in 1860, for, being bored by attentions, he is said to have escaped and played leap frog in the corridors of the hotel.

Previous to her death in 1856, my Grandmother Hamilton came sometimes to see us in Williamsburgh, and then I was entertained by stories of her early life, and she read me letters from "Dolly" Madison, who wrote in a queer, small hand. It was difficult to connect the little aged woman, dressed in quiet bombazine dress, wearing large iron-rimmed spectacles, and carrying the reticule



MRS. ALEXANDER HAMILTON AT THE AGE OF NINETY-FOUR

that was universal in those days, with the sprightly, beautiful creature described eighty years before by Tench Tighlman and Rochefoucauld-Liancourt.

After her husband's death, when she exchanged the Grange for property down in the heart of the city below Canal Street, her life was devoted to charity. She it was who with others built the first orphan asylum in New York, and who literally impoverished herself for the poor. By her father, General Philip Schuyler's will, she inherited not only large tracts of land in Saratoga County, and at Oswego, but houses and lots in New York as well, and all of this was sold and given away in alms, so that had she not ultimately been awarded her husband's back pay in the Army, which amounted to about ten thousand dollars, she would have been penniless.

I will remember my visit to the country place of my uncle, James A. Hamilton. It was near Dobbs Ferry, and was named Nevis, after the West Indian birthplace of his father, the island where Lord Nelson was married. It is even now an enormous place, extending from the Hudson a mile or two, and the large brown house with ten columns used to be a landmark from the river.

In the early days we went there by sloop, or by the Hudson River Railroad, the depot being at Chambers Street, from whence we were dragged through the city by horses, in long cars with little windows, to Thirtieth Street, where we were coupled to a wood-burning locomotive. We had choice of steamboats, and could take the *Traveller* from the foot of Warren Street, the *Isaac P. Smith* or the *Peter G. Coffin,* an ancient tub built in 1851, and which was afterwards sunk during the Civil War, leaving its necrotic bones on the banks of the James River. The popular joke then used to be the question

to those who went up the river, "Are you going up in the *Coffin* or train?"

At Nevis I used to meet Washington Irving, Stagg, the Boston painter, and many jolly young men (much older than myself), among them the youthful Pierpont Morgan, who was a friend of my cousins, Philip Schuyler and George L. Bowdoin, the latter of whom in after years became his partner. In those days, before he became a world power, Mr. Morgan was simply a rather trim, good-looking young man. When he became a leader in finance, many years afterward, Mr. Morgan, and later his son, were not to escape the persecutions of the dangerous maniac, and I was called upon several years before the elder Morgan's death to examine a woman at Bellevue Hospital, one Ella Williams, who had for a long period, as the result of a paranoia, entertained all manner of delusions of persecution regarding him. She had pursued and bombarded Mr. Morgan for a long time with crazy letters. Happily her condition was so patent that we had no difficulty in committing her to an asylum. All prosperous financiers are especially liable to the insane enmity of the unbalanced, and Robin, the bank-wrecker who was convicted, was very bitter in his baseless abuse of Morgan. Whether the German who assaulted the present J. P. Morgan was really insane, as was supposed at the time, is a matter of extreme doubt in the light of recently discovered conspiracies: certainly the mere fact that he committed suicide is not conclusive, as he knew that if his identity as Meunter was disclosed he would be executed for the murder of his wife in Boston some years before.

One of the most delightful visitors was George William Curtis, the author of *Potiphar Papers, Trumps, Lotus Eating,* and other novels, and for nearly half a century

the occupant of *Harper's* "Editor's Easy Chair." He read to us all under the trees in a charming, well-modulated voice, and was a most fascinating man. In later years I knew his brothers, Drs. Edward and John G. Curtis, the former an interesting but peculiar man, who was the best histologist in the United States of his time. He was a learned, reserved and solemn man, who, however, would occasionally find relaxation in writing a classical burlesque in a literary manner worthy of a better subject than that usually chosen, dressing up in fantastic costumes, and doing a "funny part," in which he was still solemn. The other brother, John, and I were fellow medical students, and he afterward became Professor of Physiology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

I also remember Theodore Winthrop, who was a member of the Seventh Regiment, and was one of the first officers killed in the war. He it was who wrote a delightful story called *Cecil Dreene.*

The speculations of ambitious boys as to their future all bear a somewhat close resemblance, and the influence of early experience and environment affords opportunity for the active play of imagination. Happily the conclusions reached are usually evanescent, and change with personal evolution.

The rational work of those who devote themselves to that branch of science known as Eugenics, which is intended to improve the race, may ultimately regulate the choice of a calling and favour the survival of the fittest; but none of these painstaking gentlemen who dilate upon the deficient attributes of what Mr. Roosevelt has called "the weakling" can destroy the rosy-coloured dreams of the very young boy, or prevent him from building castles, even of the most unstable materials.

I, like others, had planned my life at a very early period,

and was not free from romancing. In recent years, those of us who have devoted ourselves to the study of the morbid human mind have called such falsification *pseudologia fantastica,* which in the adult is a sign of derangement, but in early childhood implies a perfectly normal and natural indulgence in lies. This led to the construction of wonderful and impossible personal experiences—such as hand to hand encounters with Indians and pirates, and in brave but preposterous deeds by land and sea. This led, sometimes, to punishment, varying from deprivation of toys to the application of the parental slipper, or a small strap, which was one of the lares and penates of the household.

The delicious comfort of building the fabric of dear beautiful life from imaginary materials close at hand, which are intimately connected with pleasurable feeling, is something that we cannot be robbed of in our puppy days; it is only when our development brings into play the exercise of all those more important mental functions that imply the exercise of reason and an extended idea of consequences that we awake to the sense of caution and the more complicated relations of pleasure and pain.

In adaptation to the cold ways of the world, we curb our imagination and think as do our fellows.

At a tender age my infant steps took me frequently to a small candy shop where heaps of multi-coloured bars, delicious balls and sticks of concentrated sweetness embodied a temptation to which I often yielded. My subsequent fall led, as the result of disobedience, not only to repeated and unwelcome correction, which was hardly less bearable than the ministration of the elderly family physician, who, I think, at some time must have written a prize thesis upon drastic cathartics. The vulgar little old woman who kept the shop was privy to my demorali-

sation and lapse from virtue, and bade me to "Come again," which I invariably did so long as my pocket money lasted. To me the prospect of owning such a place, with unlimited peppermints to eat all day long, was bliss too great for words, and led to frequent visits to this cave of delight of which I longed to be the sole proprietor.

Like other little boys, I was carried away by the glitter and noise of the circus, and my first visit to the old one-ringed Robinson show is vividly impressed on my mind and easily recalled to-day. I remember the stinking smoke from the circle of flaring oil lamps about the pole, the smell of fresh sawdust kicked from the ring into my face by the pudgy, sedate and rosin-backed horse who dumpily circled to the music of the blaring band, and the hoarse orders of the ringmaster. I witnessed the buffoonery of the half-drunken clown, who appeared to be so closely in touch with all of us. His dull gibes then seemed as the wit of Sydney Smith or Charles Lamb does to-day. Was it a wonder that I longed to espouse the career of Grimaldi?

It was my custom on Saturday to spend the day at Barnum's Museum, which was at the corner of Ann Street and Broadway, and which contained not only a permanent collection of worm-eaten and very doubtful curiosities, but what are to-day called freaks; that is to say, a gathering of deformed men and women who lived by their infirmities; mangy animals, a Belgian giant, a negro microcephalic idiot, known as the "What is it?"—and a "Lightning Calculator." Besides these, there was a lecture room, the term theatre being discarded out of respect for the feeling of the truly moral clergymen, or those parents who would not expose themselves to the contamination of the usual playhouse.

For long hours I glued my nose to the glass cases and lost myself in the inspection of bogus relics and other horrors, and, strange to say, they had every week the same interest, and seemed to be a part of my life. I knew intimately all the "living wonders"—especially the Albino boy, whose blinking pink eyes fascinated me; but Professor Hutchings, the "Lightning Calculator," was the greatest friend of all.

The "Professor" was a seedy, middle-aged man, with a huge black and deeply-dyed moustache, and black snake-like locks, which he nervously twisted aside when possessed with the mathematical afflatus. He had, I believe, been a Baptist minister, but I was told left the pulpit because he had a wonderful gift of mathematics—but this was *his* story. It was the habit of this talented man to add with startling rapidity long columns of complicated figures, after which he struck an attitude. In my eyes he was the embodiment of wisdom, and I especially felt his greatness after I had been "kept in" at school to labour over an imperfect lesson and was given as a punitive task a load of sums to carry home. In my eyes he was the incorporation of Pierce, Cayley, and De Morgan. One day, after I had, spellbound, watched his gyrations and the play of his magic chalk, and the crowd had dispersed, he shared my paper bag of bolivars, a name given to a large, round, crenated ginger cake, which formed the staple luncheon of the sightseer at the museum. I appreciated the condescension and prized the friendship of this truly extraordinary man, but the recollection of Friday afternoon and the rap upon the knuckles from the ruler of "Granny Greacon," my elderly and bad-tempered teacher, whose plans for a drive in the country had been thwarted by my stupidity, made me aware of my limitations.



BARNUM'S MUSEUM IN THE SIXTIES

The performance in Barnum's moral Lecture Room suited the most catholic of tastes, and the company included the deep-lunged Mr. J. J. Prior, the ranting Milnes Levick, C. W. Clarke, James W. Lingard, Emily Mestayer, Sally Partington, and Kate Denin, who was a sterling actress. From this place graduated many good actors and actresses, among the latter "Aunt" Louisa Eldridge, who afterward obtained a national reputation. *Joseph and his Brethren* was one of the dramatised gospel plays, especially popular with parsons and Sunday schools. The episode of Joseph and Potiphar's wife had been tactfully arranged so that the lady's importunities were of the most harmless description, and *Joseph* kept aloof.

I well remember the *Sea of Ice,* a spectacular melodrama, *New York Patriots, or the Battle of Saratoga, A Mother's Prayer, The Rich of New York,* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* played by Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Howard and Cordelia Howard. Occasionally such a gem as *Valentine and Orson,* or *The Wild Men of the Woods,* or *Gotham by Daylight and Gaslight,* conveyed their moral lessons, though at times these were ambiguous.

At twelve most boys and girls begin to undergo that preparatory upheaval in their physical and mental make-up, and those radical changes in development, which so often lead them to be misunderstood by their elders. I, too, expressed that same introspection, and morbidness that finds vent in over-conscientiousness, depression, and especially an all-absorbing devotion to religious matters. This was to some extent fostered by my dear proud mother, and by certain elderly female friends, who pointed out to me the delights of a new vocation. Another factor was the example of a popular and rather sanctimonious clergyman who often came to our house, usually re-

ceived the best things on the table, and seemingly revelled in the tid-bits. Not only were these material comforts appreciated to their fullest by me, but the adulation which was his opened my eyes to the delights of an ecclesiastical career. At this time my high soprano voice made me an acquisition to the choir, but I was later disabled by a familiar disqualifying change, which created some consternation and rendered me less desirable as an acolyte. And possibly my devotion to certain amusements had something to do with a change of heart, which led to most of Sunday being spent at Newton Creek, or some other sylvan retreat, in pursuit of crabs, which in later years ceased to take an interest in worldly affairs when the Standard Oil Company established their factories and discharged sludge into the placid waters of Western Long Island.

My criticism of my mother's clerical friends is perhaps not altogether fair, for the above is an exception. Some dear good friends were the Reverend Geo. W. Bethune and Theodore L. Cuyler, both great and eloquent men in their day.

Whatever doubts I had as to the selection of a calling vanished when my dear and only brother went to the Civil War in 1862, but I was not permitted even to be a drummer boy, as did another friend who ran away from home and eluded all search.

It was not until 1865 that influences made themselves felt that had much to do with the choice of a profession. I had always delighted in applied science, and especially chemistry; and scars remain to-day which are lifelong reminders of the occasion when I mixed explosives in a retort that burst with disastrous result, so that for days I took but little interest in anything but the renewal of ice water bandages.

Toward the end of the War an event occurred that had much to do with my subsequent life, for I met the great scholar and naturalist, Louis Agassiz, who was to make a voyage to Brazil, accompanied by an expedition equipped by Nathaniel Thayer of Boston. It included clever men of varied scientific tastes and professions. We were to part with them at Rio and continue to California by way of the Straits of Magellan. The contact of over a month with this very great man had its influence in shaping my whole life; but this must be reserved for another chapter.

CHAPTER III

THE CIVIL WAR

I Meet Abraham Lincoln—His Peculiarities—Letter from John Hay to Writer—The President Writes in My Brother's Behalf to Secretary Stanton—Mr. Lincoln Reviews the Troops of the Army of the Potomac—I Join the Home Guards—My Uncle, General "Joe" Johnston, and General W. T. Sherman—A Divided Family—The Sanitary Commission—A Vermont Contribution—My Brother Describes the Battle of Fredericksburg—The Draft Riot in 1863—Bounty Jumping.

EARLY in August, 1862, our little family was thrown into a state of agitation by a proposed visit to Washington, to be undertaken by my father, my brother, and myself who pleaded earnestly not to be left at home. We were to see President Lincoln in regard to Louis' possible appointment in the regular army. He had had some success in raising an independent company of volunteers at Poughkeepsie, New York, but was impatient for action, and as his cousins were in the regular service, and all the traditions of the family were connected therewith, he sought an appointment which was ultimately granted, he being assigned to the Third U. S. Infantry.

Our reception by the President was most gracious, and I well remember that even I was not forgotten, for the great man placed his hand on my shoulder, and said a few nice words, doubtless because I was nearly the same age as one of his sons. While my father and brother



CARICATURE AT THE TIME OF THE MASON
AND SLIDELL EPISODE



A THUMB-NAIL SKETCH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
IN 1862

were talking, I watched the interesting face opposite me, and was fascinated by the warty growth upon one side of his face, and amused by his hearty laughter, which he himself said to some one on another occasion was the "joyous universal Evergreen of Life." At other times there was only a whimsical smile, his eyes indicating nothing but a kind of far-off dreaminess and introspection. I have since witnessed this disharmony of expression in peculiar or psychopathic people, although I do not for a moment make any imputation.

There was indeed at times a deep look of sadness which suggested a lurking sorrow and afforded a sufficient excuse for his moods. Many people have referred to certain mental peculiarities possessed by him, which it is said amounted to a morbid personality, if not a mental disorder, and that he had hallucinations and illusions. Long after this visit, in 1910, I wrote to his former Secretary, John Hay, for some information to be utilised in a book I was then writing. In reply, Mr. Hay said: "He was a man of deeply religious feeling rather than theological belief. There was a vein of mysticism which characterised him all his life, but he was not what I would call superstitious, and, so far as I know, he had no hallucinations."

As the result of our visit to the White House the President wrote the following letter:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, *August* 18, 1862.

HON. SECRETARY OF WAR,
SIR:

Louis McLane Hamilton, grandson of the first Secretary of the Treasury on the father's side, and also grandson of one who at different times was Sec. Treas. and Sec. of State on his moth-

er's side, has served a three months' term as a private,* and now wishes at the end of his term near by to have a commission in the regular Army.

Let him have a Lieutenancy if there be a vacancy.

Yours truly,

A. Lincoln.

The letter was all-powerful, and the coveted commission was sent to him by the War Department. When in the field a year later my brother jocosely described the numerous reviews of the tired Union army that seemed to be the fashion at the time:

"We were reviewed first, or rather this business began in the great review by Mr. and Mrs. and Master Lincoln. The President wore a long black sack coat and rode a fine bay horse (of which he was greatly in dread). A huge saddle cloth covered all over with gold lace lay between his august limbs, and the horse and the whole royal family looked very much pleased and bewildered. They smiled sweetly when we presented arms, and would have done exactly the same thing if we had stood on our heads. . . . The reviewing mania has seized everybody, and there have been reviews by Generals of Divisions and Generals of Brigades, and all sorts of things with stars on their shoulders and yellow sashes and great flashy staffs that cover an acre."

My own military activities in 1861-1863 were confined to repeated drillings, and marchings in the Rochester Home Guards, a sort of Boy Scout organisation. All of us at home did our bit to be of use, and much of the activity of to-day found its parallel in the dark days of our own Civil War. The well-known Sanitary Commission enlisted the services of all people too old or too young for military duty, and most of the women did a great deal

* In the 22nd N. Y. Militia at Harper's Ferry.

of work delegated to the Red Cross of to-day, and sent boxes of food and clothing to the front.

Our family was much divided in its sympathy, for all of my mother's kinsmen were fighting with the Confederates, and one of her brothers-in-law, John Garesché, was making gunpowder for the South, while another, Joseph E. Johnston, one of the then great Generals, unsuccessfully opposed General W. T. Sherman, who had been his classmate at West Point, in the celebrated march through Georgia. One first cousin by marriage, General W. H. Hallock, was Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army, and made himself most unpopular by his arbitrary methods. Another cousin was General Schuyler Hamilton, who had long been in the regular service, and there were numerous younger cousins who like my brother Louis fought for the Union cause. It is unnecessary to say that there was much stress and bitterness of feeling when Lee surrendered, but like that of other wars, it was happily buried and we became united. After the war "Joe" Johnston and Tecumseh Sherman fell into each other's arms, and kept up their tender friendship until death parted them, often being seen in Washington on the streets together, walking arm-in-arm, or on Johnston's front stoop on summer nights, when they probably fought over their battles.

We saw but little of Louis during the war, although every mail brought graphic accounts of what was going on at the front. He also found time to send illustrations to *Vanity Fair* and *Harper's Weekly*. So well written is his description of the battle of Fredericksburg that I may be pardoned for reproducing his letter to his mother, and it has much greater interest when we compare the fighting with that of to-day on the European battle grounds.

"Camp near Falmouth, *Dec.* 17, 1862.

"Dear Mother:

"As Artemus Ward says, 'There's been a fite,' and I have gone through the experience of my first battle and I'm sorry to say first retreat, so that I am beginning to have the proud consciousness of being a 'veteran' who has been 'through the mill' and escaped being ground.

"Knowing how anxious you must have been I wrote the first opportunity, but found it impossible to mail the letter, owing to the terribly unsettled state of the Army after the severe fighting of Saturday, and preparations for the retreat which occurred Monday night.

"You have probably heard all about it in the papers. How 'General what you call'm' was supported by 'General So-and-So' until forced to retreat, described with the clearness and precision of a newspaper reporter. For my part I believe the battle was only understood by the Generals themselves, and the newspaper accounts are mere conjectures, picked up here and there, from an aid, or a skulking soldier, and filled up from the imagination of the writer himself.

"On Wednesday night we received orders to move from the camp occupied for several weeks, and there was a general presentiment that a terrible battle was to take place in which all but Sigel * and ourselves were to be engaged.

"But the Regular Reserve (Sykes' Division) was ordered to move with the rest so that if the chance of success became critical, they could be called into action at a moment's notice. I promise you, dear Mother, that I slept very little that same Wednesday night and felt very much as if I were going through some queer dream as I packed my haversack and loaded my pistol in the early starlit morning and just as I stepped out of my tent to join my company—Boom—Boom—Boom came sounding along the plain from the River and we knew that the Ball was opened.

"We started at the head of the Division, as it moved *right*

* General Franz Sigel.

in front, and as we came nearer the River, and the mist cleared away from the woods, the cannonading increased until it became like the prolonged roll of distant thunder, and when within a few miles of Falmouth we halted in line of battle along the road to allow the Volunteers to pass—the Irish Brigade, who fought so like tigers the next day, came first—their tattered green flag and poor Meagher at their head, and then, score after score of other Brigades, laughing and shouting as though on the road to a first-class spree, instead of the bloody entertainment that awaited them.

"Every now and then the Battalions with bands marched to music and others with 'Yankee Doodle' on the drum and fife. I did not see a single face that was anxious or a step that did not spring with eagerness and hope as they came marching past, and I can tell you that of all the tunes that were ever played to bring a soldier's heart in the right place and make him march gaily to certain destruction, this dear old air holds its own to the last, and I've no doubt that Paris would have fought like a hero if the Trojans had only thought of striking up 'Yankee Doodle' when he turned his back on the foe.

"It would have amused you to hear the different salutations our Brigade received as the troops marched by, and the cross-fire of repartee that glanced across the road while the shells were glancing across the river. 'How are you Regulars?' said a Volunteer sarcastically. 'Divil the better for seein' you,' was the rejoinder. 'Humph,' says a Volunteer, 'them are the fellows that stayed in the rear at Antietam.' 'Faith, yer right,' says an old Regular, 'to keep you fellows from runnin' away, and it was more than we could do,' and again the old Volunteers would exchange good-natured greetings with our men, and be encouraged to go in—and win.

"After the whole Grand Division had passed the order was received to detach our Division from Hooker and *support Sumner*, when he crossed the Bridge. This we did, bivouacking Thursday and Friday nights on the hill behind our Batteries, watching the shells bursting in the City, listening impatiently

to the cheers of the troops, as they crossed the pontoons, and reading the delightful package of letters which I received, while the cannonading went on sullenly, stopping only at nightfall, and we found ourselves still inactive on the safe side of the River Saturday morning, the only troops who had not crossed. Up to this time there had been little or no Infantry fighting, with the exception of a brisk skirmish at the Bridge, *where a Mississippi Regiment numbering only four hundred men, gallantly disputed the crossing of our whole Army under the fire of over a hundred heavy guns at short range and only retreated when the whole lower part of the city was battered about their ears and laid in the dust.* This was as gallant and heroic a feat as that of Leonidas.

"On Saturday morning a terrible fire of musketry was heard across the river, accompanied by the opening of all the Rebel batteries, who had hitherto kept silent and *saved their ammunition,* and then, one by one, our batteries crossed the bridge and the thunder of a general engagement rolled over the river—grand and sublime beyond anything I have heard or conceived within the limits of the sublimity of War. At one time we could hear the musketry crackling, like numerous packs of firecrackers set off at once in a barrel—and then—the Artillery would join in like the deep baying of a great hound and the smoke float like a fog over the hills, thick and stifling with the peculiar smell of gunpowder.

"At eleven o'clock a hurried aid came spurring across the hill between us and the river, and we all knew what was coming. Every man took his place in the ranks without a word, or waiting for a command, and then, slowly winding our way in a long line, the Division passed over the plain and halted the column in front of the Bridge to await further orders. In front of us the shattered town and the smoke and the thunder, every now and then the loud explosion of a shell as they burst near us and the rattling of the stones and the dirt it threw over our men.

"I was standing by the side of my Company, watching a Rebel battery about a mile off, the only one that commanded

our position, when a little white puff burst innocently out of the distant embrasure. I turned my head to point it out to an officer, who stood near me, when *whiz-z-z-z-z* went a great screaming, roaring, round shot like a fiend and struck in the bank. I turned my head to look and found that rapid as had been its progress that terrible whiz had been through our ranks, and three poor fellows were laid out on the ground with the Doctor and his assistants cutting their clothes open and spreading his instruments out on a blanket.

"Double quick across the Bridge and through the town seemed like a dream, and it was hard to realise that I was actually going into action. Past shattered houses, with windows knocked into one, over great holes in the street torn by our shells, red flags on every corner to mark the hospitals, with frightened groups of men bearing a comrade to the Surgeon, and on the corners of the streets laid out in long rows, like the ranks of a Regiment, were terrible stiff looking blankets, and under the blankets—I was almost afraid to think.

"We halted on the corner of the main street and the order came to load. Then we knew that our work was before us and there was no mistake—and then—and not until then—there came a queer physical sensation, not exactly nervous, but very much like it; and the thought came across my mind that it would be very pleasant to be seated in a secure cellar in the interior of the Catskill Mountains, with a big dog in the background, and a policeman in front of the house. By the right flank double quick—march! out of the town, past the last house, and then—the battle field! Excited aids, tearing past on foaming horses, wounded men hobbling down the streets into shelter; Doctors with their green sashes, cool and busy—and I looked out on the terrible scene that lay before us. No more imagination, no more romance—stern, dark reality.

"It was evident to us all that the day was against us when we first emerged from the shelter, and that the Regulars were the only troops that could turn the scale. In front—about a hundred yards distant—stood a mound, clearly defined against

the sky, with the smoke rolling in wild clouds over our heads and dimming the fierce red glare of the setting sun that was disappearing grimly through the gunpowder and threatening the approach of night to add to the horror of the Battle.

"Around the base of the mound we could see Infantry huddled in blue masses, supporting a Battery on its summit, with the figures of the wild looking Artillery men working the guns like so many demons, and cheering when a caisson was blown up or a shell exploded in the Rebel works. 'Thank God, we are all right,' cried a poor fellow by the road, 'here comes the Regulars!'

"*Phiz, Phiz, Phiz*—went the Minié bullets over our heads as we were drawn up in line of battle—with a heavy thud every now and then when they struck a man, and then—when we were fairly in I began to feel like a brick and realise that I not only had myself to take care of but a whole company. So I put on what Allan calls the domineering smile, as if I was not the least bit scared (which I was) and told the men not to be nervous, and keep their heads up, and thus we stood, waiting for the order to charge.

"Suddenly a great cry was raised and we could see our troops fall back in groups of two and three, running like chickens, and then the wild yell of the Rebels as they charged, and thus drawn up we remained in front of the town until dark, with our troops fleeing past, as they did some days before, *but filing the other way*, and thus when not a single man remained our two Brigades were kept alone on the field.

"At eleven o'clock we were marched out and established as a Picket in the advance. The right of the line (3rd Infantry) covered by an old Tannery, with a company from each Regiment thrown out as skirmishers on the flanks, and there we remained Saturday night until Sunday morning, when the fight commenced again.

"The papers report a second battle on Sunday, but this is not true, as the only fighting on the right in front of the town was done by our Division and that was not a Battle, but a duel

of sharpshooting. It commenced at daybreak by the Rebels (the same terrible Mississippi Regiment) firing upon our Regiment—it continued about an hour, when it was ordered that the Company deployed as skirmishers should fall back into the woods. This was done—by our losing twenty men.

"I wish Father could have seen the Rebels shoot—it was the most beautiful exhibition of skill with the rifle that I have ever beheld. A man showing himself at three hundred yards was a gone subject, and yet they used the ordinary open sights. A party of several of our Officers and men got in the loft of the Tannery; and we enjoyed some superb excitement in the way of target shooting.

"We cut little loopholes in the bricks, and some beautiful shots were made on both sides. I was trying to draw a bead on a tall rebel, who showed his head out of a rifle pit about 200 yards off, when he sprang up, firing offhand, and sent a bullet through the same loophole that I was aiming through. He spoiled my nerves for the rest of the day.

"We remained all Sunday exposed to the same fire until relieved in the evening by a California Regiment, who broke and ran the next morning when the Rebels opened on them.

"Sunday night we slept in the basement of a superb Church in Fredericksburg and spent the next day in strolling about the town, although the Rebels shelled it from time to time all day, and we lost several men while walking quietly in the streets. There were quantities of beautiful things, china and toilet ornaments thrown out of the houses by the soldiers.

"I noticed a pair of the most beautiful Sèvres china toilet bottles; also a lithograph of a picture by Landseer called *The First Lesson,* a mate to the *Chip of the Old Block;* it was too large to carry so I cut out one dear little pup in the corner to keep as a memento.

"Monday afternoon strange rumours floated through the town, and we noticed large bodies of troops marching towards the River during the whole day and the remainder of the Regiments

'falling in' towards night with the evident intention of joining in the retreat.

"At eight o'clock Sykes' Division received orders to march out and be drawn up in line of battle outside of the town and remain until every man had crossed the river, so that the Regulars had the distinction of remaining alone in the presence of the whole Rebel army and being the last to retreat, four hours after our troops had crossed.

"The last battalion that marched over the bridge in the blinding rain of Tuesday morning was 'the *Third Infantry*' and the last horseman General Sykse!

"We are now occupying the same old camp, and with the hope, dear, darling Mother, that you will soon write, I remain, with love to all,

"Your affectionate son,

"Louis."

In 1863 I was in New York upon the occasion of the celebrated draft riots, which led to much destruction of life and property upon the part of those opposed to conscription, who were chiefly the Irish, who had always hated the negroes, and saw no reason why they should fight a war growing out of emancipation. I had come to New York from the country, reaching there the eleventh of July. Most of the rioting was uptown, and Washington Square, where I stayed, was a safe region. The disturbance first began at the Provost Marshal's Headquarters on the corner of 46th Street and Third Avenue, Monday, July 13, 1863. The police and militia were unable to quell it, and Superintendent Kennedy, of the former, was almost beaten to death, while General Sanford's soldiers were powerless against the mob of thousands. Two houses on Lexington Avenue and one on Fifth Avenue were sacked, and the Provost Marshal's office at Twenty-eighth Street and Broadway was burned. Col.

O'Brien, a well-known officer, who strove to address the crowd and divert them, was stoned to death. With cries of "Down with the Abolitionists" and "Hurrah for Jeff Davis," they proceeded to the Coloured Orphan Asylum, on Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, and set fire to it, with resulting great loss of life. They seized the Armoury on Second Avenue, and tried unsuccessfully to set the *Tribune* building on fire.

As usual, weak-kneed public officials only made worse trouble, for Mayor Wood addressed the mob as "My friends." The Common Council voted to give them $2,500,000 in bounty, but the Mayor would not hear of this concession. The riot was finally halted only after Archbishop Hughes had addressed them and reinforcements of Federal troops had arrived.

The riot reached its climax at the end of the third day, when General Kilpatrick arrived with a large force. It is estimated that the loss of property amounted to $2,000,000. Notwithstanding all this violence, the draft went on.

A day or two after, I went down to Carmine Street, where, at the time, was an old cemetery in which there were sycamore trees. From the branches of one of these hung the body of a mutilated negro, upon whose clothes kerosene or some other combustible fluid had been poured and lit. From other branches lengths of manilla rope, burned at the ends and swinging in the wind, indicated where other victims had been burned and hung. Never since the early negro riots in 1741 had there been such a slaughter of this race.

From the beginning of the war New York was a great military camp, and the public squares, notably the City Hall Park, were given up to the housing of recruits. As a heavy bounty was paid to enlisted men, the temptation to

"jump" this was very great, and there was a regular organisation of rascals ever ready to swindle the nation. In order to keep them securely confined, City Hall Park was surrounded by a tall board fence; but even this was not always sufficient to prevent a daring escape.

I did not learn of the end of the war until several months after Lee's surrender. When the *Colorado,* upon which we had passed through the Straits of Magellan, reached Callao, we were met by the American Consul and some officers of the Chilean ironclad *Esmeralda,* who told us of the termination of hostilities, the assassination of President Lincoln, the attack upon Seward and the other members of the Cabinet. It is needless to say how great was the mingled shock.

CHAPTER IV

THROUGH THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN IN 1865

The Steamship *Colorado*—Louis Agassiz and the Agassiz Expedition—Catamarans Off the Brazilian Coast—Arrival in Rio de Janeiro—The Corcovado—The Railroad of Dom Pedro Segundo—The Amazon—Mr. Roosevelt's Claims—The Straits of Magellan—Sandy Point—Vicious Natives—Captain Slocum's Experiences—An International Postoffice—A Disabled United States Man of War—Wonderful Scenery.

In the spring of 1865, I had the extreme good luck to receive an invitation to form one of a party that was to encircle South America, and ultimately land at San Francisco. Its means of conveyance was the then "new and splendid steamer *Colorado*," which was later placed in the Oriental service of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. The most interesting feature of the trip, and a great inducement, was the fact that we were to take with us the members of a scientific expedition headed by Louis Agassiz, the great Swiss naturalist and friend of Cuvier, who had many years before been urged to take up the unfinished work of Spyx, and compile a history of the fresh-water fish of Brazil. They were to go as far as Rio de Janeiro, and later to explore the Amazon. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Thayer the equipment was perfect in every way and most liberal, while its personnel included about a dozen of the brightest specialists in zoology, geology, conchology, and the allied sciences in America, with artists and a photographer. Besides these there

was a sprinkling of ambitious young men, not the least interesting of whom was the late William James, who later became the great psychologist. Mrs. Agassiz, an admirable helper, was also one of the party, and afterward wrote a volume describing the work of her husband and his assistants, which was most exhaustive and well done.

The *Colorado* at the time was considered to be the last word in efficiency and perfection of marine construction, but she was in fact a slow tub, about three hundred feet long and forty-foot beam. She had clumsy and dangerous guards extending pretty much her whole length, a walking-beam engine of the old type with an enormous cylinder, and was propelled by iron paddle wheels which in rough seas were rarely both in the water at the same time. By tender and solicitous nursing she could do nine knots an hour, but usually seven or eight was her pace, and once when we thought a Confederate privateer was after us we made an alarming spurt of ten. Despite her erratic movements, so far as our comfort was concerned, there was for those days little complaint to be made. It is true that our staterooms were illuminated by candles or dim lard-oil lamps, but we all had plenty of room and good food, fresh milk, and meat or chickens, the forward part of the ship being turned into a miniature farmyard.

After we parted with the Agassizs our party was a much smaller one. It included the venerable Bishop Potter of Pennsylvania and his third wife, then a bride of a few weeks; Frederick Billings of Vermont, Vice-President Schuyler Colfax, ex-Governor Bross of Illinois, and Samuel Bowles, the then editor of the *Springfield Republican,* who were on their way to inspect the Union and Central Pacific railroads, the first trans-continental line.

Besides these persons, there were two or three invalided army officers, and Frank Huntington Potter, who is to-day known as a great musician, and the possessor of a wonderful tenor voice.

We sailed from New York upon a cold, snowy day, the 30th of March, 1865, but soon ran into the gulf stream and warm sunshine. The delights of the tropical seas were accentuated by the contrast with the leaden skies and dismal winter weather we had just left, and when, a week out, we entered that vast collection of seaweed known as the Saragossa sea, which is regarded by the superstitious as the graveyard of derelict ships, we found new delights, and plenty of material for the scientific members of our party.

Of course the central figure in our midst was Professor Agassiz, whose impressive personality appealed to every one, from the captain to the most unimportant member of the crew, for he always had a kind word for all, and even did not neglect the two or three boys on board, of whom I was one. He was in appearance a broad-shouldered man, with a large head and good strong features. His brow was high and expansive, his eyes of light colour, and rather widely set apart, and his mouth large and expressive; his Roman nose was, as is usually the case, an indication of force and character, and the sole hairy adornment of his face was small, short whiskers. He was usually smiling and happy, and I never saw him ruffled or out of temper. His great attraction was his enthusiasm over his work, and his thoroughness, there being the impression conveyed that he was always working toward some great and useful end. I now think of him in association with Emerson's beautiful words: "Every occupation, trade, art, transaction, is a compend of the world, and a correlative of every other. Each one

is an entire emblem of human life; of its good and ill, its trials, its enemies, its course and its end. And each one must somehow accommodate the whole man and recite all his destiny. The world globe itself is a drop of dew. The microscope cannot find the animalcule which is less perfect for being little. Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion, resistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction that take hold on eternity,—all find room to consist in the small creature. So do we put our life into every act. The true doctrine of omnipresence is that God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb."

When the time came for him to begin his lectures in the saloon, he found every one vying with each other to supply specimens and help of all kinds, and Captain Bradbury often stopped the ship to dredge for sea animals, of which there was an abundance in these warm waters, including the exquisite nautilus, many varieties of marine parasites, and minute crustacea. The sailors, infected with the enthusiasm of the great savant, wielded the buckets and nets with a will, and provided huge tubs on the deck which became serviceable aquaria. Then came the informal talks every morning at ten, the audience being composed not only of Agassiz's assistants, but every one else who could find time. Even the freshly combed and washed stokers stole sheepishly into the saloon, and appeared to be as interested as any one. The charm of the lecture was that he never said anything that these simple minds could not grasp, and sometimes, as if he had said something ambiguous or involved, he would apologise and explain in more direct language. He depended upon home-made blackboards, and was, as I remember, an admirable draughtsman. There was no branch of scientific investigation connected with our voyage in which he failed to take part, and when we first saw the Southern Cross,

that marvellous constellation of stars, in his joy he danced a fandango one evening upon the upper deck, his partner being the venerable Professor Anthony, the conchologist, who was equally enthusiastic.

As we neared South America his lectures, however, became more technical, and consisted in minute instructions to his assistants preparatory to landing. These were well thought out, for there was no haphazard plan, and each man knew his projected part.

We were always much interested in the antics of the flying fish, which darted away in every direction in seeming competition with the ever faithful porpoises who raced under our bows for many days. The former occasionally landed upon the deck, and were immediately taken to Agassiz, who was greatly interested in their mechanism of progression. I remember he explained that, contrary to popular opinion, their organs of flight differed entirely from the wings of birds and were patterned like the pectoral fins of most other fish.

On the twenty-third of April we made Cape Frio, and saw ahead of us the Organ mountains, which appear to surround Rio de Janeiro. The most prominent is the Corcovado, which we afterward ascended on mule-back, the party consisting of Bishop Potter, his wife, and the Agassizs. This picturesque peak, which is familiar from its reproduction in many pictures, is over two thousand feet high, and on one side drops without any break into the harbour. By lying flat one can, if he be sufficiently free from vertigo, see the wonderful harbour beneath, with the island of Santa Cruz and the Sugar Loaf (Pao de Azucar) on the other side.

When the ship enters, the impression is one of being landlocked in some beautiful lake. As I looked down I was reminded of some of the old pictures of Cole's *Voy-*

age of Life that I had seen in my childhood, and which always seemed exaggerated and impossible. Here these crude things were, however—but idealised and blazing in colour.

General James Watson Webb, the then American Minister, had a place in Petropolis, and for a time lived at the Hotel de Larangeiras, near the seat of government. The General, who at home was known as the Editor of the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, and who had fought at least one fatal duel, was a doughty representative of the United States at a time when some one of decision was needed, and he took the place of one Meade, a Southern sympathiser, who decamped when the war of the Rebellion commenced. Webb had gone to Brazil by way of Europe, and had asked for and received the endorsement of Napoleon the Third, for it was feared the sympathy of England was largely with the South and that Brazil herself was not too neutral.

Rio is now, I hear, a magnificent reconstructed city, but even in the sixties it was a pleasant place, despite its inconveniences and dirt. There was plenty of music and many theatres, and at the time of our visit Offenbach's comic operas with Tosti and Irma were the rage, this being before they came to the United States. The Emperor, Dom Pedro II, was an excellent ruler, a scientific man, and a bit given to pomp and circumstance. When he went to the opening of the Chambers it was in a gorgeous old coach that had formerly belonged to the Emperor Francis the First, of Austria, and his staff was a brilliant one. Twenty-four years after my visit he was deposed by a revolutionary party, a member of whom was the editor J. C. Roderiguez, whom I knew very well in New York. The Emperor did all in his power to help Agassiz, furnishing laboratories and facilitating the de-

parture of the expedition, which started up the coast for Para, and later ascended the Amazon and explored many of its tributaries. Many subsequent alleged discoveries, especially regarding the fauna and flora of Brazil, were undoubtedly anticipated, not only by Agassiz, but others; for instance, the cannibal fish referred to by Mr. Roosevelt were fully described by Charles Livingston Bull, who found them and studied their vicious habits in the Orinoco several years before the Colonel's visit, while the evil ways of the vampire bats were minutely detailed by Lieut. Herndon, of the United States Navy, as early as 1851. The celebrated "River Duvida," about which so much has been written and said within the past year or two, was probably one of those branches of the Amazon entered, perhaps at its mouth, by some of Agassiz's party. That Mr. Roosevelt came down such a stream is undoubtedly a fact, despite the scoffers; and Sir Clements Markham, the great English geographer, who had been much in South America, wrote me just after the Roosevelt articles appeared in the *London Daily Telegraph,* and at the time of Mr. Roosevelt's lecture before the Royal Geographical Society: "Mr. Roosevelt must have descended the Cammona, flowing from the Cordilliera Geral to the Amazon, a course of 640 miles between the rivers Topajos and Madeira. The lower part was known before, but he discovered the upper course. I have long thought that there must be a longitudinal valley with a river between the Topajos and the Madeira. The river cannot be very large."

We took leave at Rio of the Agassiz party, who went to Minas Gerals, where they split up and later left for their respective stations in the Amazon valley.

The sea passage from Rio to the entrance of the Straits of Magellan is an uninteresting and sometimes, as we

found it, an intensely cold one. At times we saw the dim Argentine coast, and again its proximity was indicated by the flight of small land birds which dropped exhausted upon the deck, but as we neared the entrance, guarded on one side by Cape Virgin and on the other by Cape Espíritu Santo, we were welcomed by large gatherings of gulls, cape pigeons and albatross, who never deserted the ship until we emerged into the Pacific, three hundred and fifty miles away.

We steamed into the Straits on a very cold morning in May when a northeast gale had kicked up a high sea in the face of an ebb tide. The usual tide rate is never less than five knots, so that it was not until the afternoon that we dropped anchor in the roads opposite Sandy Point, which is now known as Punta Arenas, and has the distinction of being the most southerly city in the world, for it is 1600 miles below Cape Town, and 900 miles nearer the south pole than Christ Church in New Zealand, from which the English Antarctic explorers have recently departed upon their daring voyages of discovery. At the time we landed it was a dismal hole with perhaps a dozen houses, a Chilean governor, and a population chiefly of Patagonians, who wandered about in guanaco skin robes reaching to their feet, whose extraordinary size originally led some early visitor to give them their name. They were eager for barter, and I exchanged an old hat for a beautiful ostrich skin containing the breasts of nine birds, while a bottle of whiskey had a trade value beyond the dreams of avarice, as some of the sailors discovered, for they came on board heavily laden with various furs and skins, ostrich robes and eggs, and other valuable curios. The Indians then were as fond of a battered billy-cock hat as the ordinary Japanese coolie is to-day.

Before the founding of Sandy Point in 1851 there was

a Chilean convict settlement at Port Famine, about fifty miles away, but as the result of a mutiny the Governor and all the officers were killed and their bodies burned. The ringleader was a lieutenant, who with the released prisoners seized an English schooner; but their liberty was short-lived, for they were all captured, and the instigator of the massacre was himself drawn and quartered!

Punta Arenas is to-day, I learn, a bustling place, with many important buildings, electric lights, and the inevitable trolley railways. Its superb docks are crowded with steamers, for it has been, and will be, the centre of trans-oceanic commerce until the South American coast trade shall be diverted through the Panama Canal. At the time of our visit these ships were few and far between and these were chiefly men-of-war, who preferred the Straits to the dangerous delays of the Cape Horn gales, for when obliged to round "the tip of the continent" they often had many weeks added to the uncomfortable voyage, perhaps from China or the far East, materially increasing the length of their home pennants. The longer voyage was obligatory for small, poorly-manned vessels, because of the danger at that time of attacks by the hostile and treacherous natives of Terra del Fuego, who were always on the lookout for incautious or helpless crews to massacre, or for vessels to loot. Under the leadership of renegades they sought every device to lure ships to their destruction, and we saw the bleached ribs of a schooner that had a year before been piled up on the beach, and every soul slaughtered.

In 1895 Captain Slocum, a clever Yankee sailorman, took his small forty-foot sloop through these waters, and was continually molested by these venemous devils—for they are the incarnation of savage ferocity. Worn out and without sleep, he conceived the idea of turning in,

one night, and locking himself in his cabin. He first, however, sprinkled the deck with carpet tacks. The howls and screams of the Fuegians, who had jumped on deck and then quickly off into the sea, apprised him of the success of his plan.

We were not annoyed, but were often hailed by a dirty native, who, with his family, was cruising in the family dugout, in the bottom of which was a fire used for cooking or for signalling. They were armed only with bow and arrows, and I find that as late as 1895 these were their sole weapons. On one occasion only were we in danger, and that was when some of us landed to bake mussels, and had we not taken to the boats in the midst of our feast would probably have been attacked by the natives whose cries we heard in the distance, and who crowded down to the bank. Upon another occasion we landed and examined a native hut, which was made of saplings bent over and fastened at the top. This was unoccupied, and had evidently been but lately deserted, for we discovered the remnants of a fire, and the empty shells of the peculiar mollusks that form a large part of their diet.

The entire trip was a succession of beautiful scenic surprises. We were in full view, at different stages, of exquisite glaciers, smouldering volcanoes, floating icebergs and beetling cliffs thousands of feet high. The channel is everywhere tortuous, sometimes so narrow that the trees apparently touch the ships, and again there are reaches nearly thirty miles wide. In some deep black pools we saw the greatest variety of animal life. Ducks and geese were at home again, after a flight of many thousand miles. These birds, only to be shot with decoys and blinds in Northern regions, were here absolutely fearless, and I believe could have been knocked over with a stick. Numerous seal and otter swam out of reach of

the lumbering *Colorado,* and were shot at, but without result, by some of the sportsmen on board.

A peculiar bird which, I believe, is not to be found elsewhere, is the so-called *steamboat duck,* which has rudimentary wings, and paddles away, leaving a track of foam in the rear. Everywhere we found delicious edible mussels, many of which contained fair-sized pearls. A few small beeches and stunted cedars were seen, but the vegetation consisted mainly of a small abundant bush of the ilex family, bearing yellow blossoms with red tips.

Near Borgia Bay we placed a board with the name of our ship painted thereon with several other similar boards, and left letters to be collected by the next vessel going the other way; for there is, or was, at this point, a primitive international postoffice, however, without postage stamps, supercilious or bored officials, or a political postmaster. There is evident aboriginal honesty, and I have no doubt the letters are safe even from the Fuegian, for we saw several of remote date awaiting collection and transmission.

Before we left Rio we were led to expect possible interference from the Confederate cruiser *Florida,* but the double ender *Suwanee,* of the United States Navy, had been sent to protect Union commerce.

Our surprise was indeed great when, somewhere near Eden Harbour, we found her without coal, and rather in need of provisions. For many days her crew had been obliged to cut all the wood they could, and the accumulation was often burned in a few hours! We were fortunately able to supply her wants, and, in return, she convoyed us well on our journey into the Pacific. Our own armament up to this time had consisted of only two smooth bore six pounders, which we discharged as we left the inhospitable region and saw the last of Cape Pillar.

CHAPTER V

STUDYING MEDICINE

Why Men Follow This Profession—Old Doctors—Old-Fashioned Doctors and Their Offices—Dreary Waiting-Rooms—The College of Physicians and Surgeons—Dr. Henry B. Sands—A Great Surgeon—"Old Clark"—John T. Metcalfe, a Wag—"Jim" McLane—Students' Pranks—The Two Meanest Men in New York—T. G. Thomas—The Dissecting Room—A Horrible Identification—The First Operation for Appendicitis—McBurney and Bull—Dr. Trudeau in the North Woods—The Old New York Hospital—Experience as an Interne—A Surgical Nightmare—The Medical and Surgical Society—Gargantuan Feasts—Bogus Terrapin—Dr. Meredith Clymer and Hungry Joe—The Emmons Case—A Plat de Négre—A Night Off.

MEDICAL education in the sixties was of course far more primitive than it is at the present time, there being, as to-day, a few really good colleges in the large eastern cities, and innumerable little schools scattered everywhere. No preliminary education was then required, and it was possible in at least one college for a man in haste to take the two needed courses for graduation in one year, winter and summer. To-day any standard institution of medical learning requires a preliminary course of several years, and no one can matriculate who has not a university degree or its equivalent. The hospital appointments were limited, and the excellent system of clinical requirement in vogue in Great Britain and elsewhere abroad had not been adopted in the United States, so that

often an imperfectly educated individual left college to plunge at once into practice.

Why so many men take up the profession of medicine is always a puzzle. Undoubtedly a number are not fitted by nature for this calling and have only adopted it because it was supposed to be remunerative, or because the person happened to be the son of a doctor. My experience is that comparatively few men have really been "in love with their profession" in the beginning—and fewer are afterward honestly enthusiastic. To-day the most contented are the research workers in directions that never permit them to come into contact with commercialism; who follow it to escape the thousand and one buffetings incident to ingratitude and disloyalty of patients; to avoid the prevalence of quackery, Christian Science, osteopathy, and a hundred other forms of popular clap-trap, each one of which lures the impressionable client sooner or later. Happier far is the man who can afford to give his entire service to the sick poor, either in the hospital or elsewhere—the only rewards being the consciousness that he is doing good in some way, and adding to the advances in his science, or pure love of the thing.

Antagonism to medicine as a trade, and the cultivation of whole-hearted devotion to study, has of late become largely possible through the magnificent generosity especially of John D. Rockefeller. Since the endowment of the great institution that bears his name, not only have many superlative discoveries been made—but the example of the workers therein has led to a much higher grade of work.

It is only the other day that a universal standard of honour and dignity was maintained in my profession, and I recall without difficulty the names of a score of old doctors whose unwritten code of ethics was quite as exact-

ing as that which is now insisted upon by the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons. The very idea of "fee splitting," and other abominations, would have struck a cold chill of righteousness; and the disingenuous advertising of recent times among a certain portion of the profession, would have led to the exercise of the most radical kind of tabu. The old family physician was often the surgeon as well, although certain men like Valentine Mott, Willard Parker, and W. H. Van Buren, of New York and Ashurst, and Gross of Philadelphia, did the more important operative work.

Every old doctor's office was furnished in the most primitive way, the contents being a desk, a few hard chairs, a tall closet containing an entire articulated skeleton, and on the walls a diploma and one or two sad medical prints. An oil cloth often covered the floor. A well-stocked bookcase contained among other volumes, Watson, Cheyne, Gross, Bedford, Andral, Louis, Trousseau and the *London Lancet,* with perhaps one or two American periodicals, such as the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences,* and the *Medical Record,* but even these were sometimes absent. There were none of the attributes of comfort or convenience of to-day—no stenographer or smartly dressed office nurse—no white tiled operating room, and none of the dazzling nickel-plated electrical apparatus which is supposed to be so attractive, if not useful. I can well remember when the installment of a static electrical machine was regarded as a mild species of quackery. The instruments were cumbersome and solid, and quite primitive, and the lancet and a jar of leeches were always on hand.

It is somewhat extraordinary that so little is done to make the doctor's waiting room an attractive place, especially as the patient has often to wait a long time. The

most depressing casts or prints and pictures decorate the walls, or there are anatomical plates and the magazines are a year old. Austin Dobson in one of his charming poems, "The Drama of a Doctor's Window," describes the cheerless conventional physician's office.

"'Well, I must wait;' the Doctor's room,
"When I used this expression,
"Wore the same official gloom
"Attached to that profession,

"Rendered severer by a bald
"And skinless gladiator
"Whose raw robustness first appalled
"The entering spectator.

"No one would would call the 'Lancet' gay—
"Few would avoid confessing
"That 'Jones on Muscular Decay'
"Is as a rule depressing."

The English physicians, however, are more considerate of the literary needs of their waiting patients than ourselves. As a rule the waiting room of a London doctor is only the dining-room used for the occasion, minus the plate. The waiting rooms of many medical men contain a plentiful supply of the very latest periodicals and books, and that of Sir Alfred Fripp has an imposing collection of shells and war relics collected during the South African War in which he was engaged, and these may be said to be highly appropriate decorations, as he is a well-known surgeon.

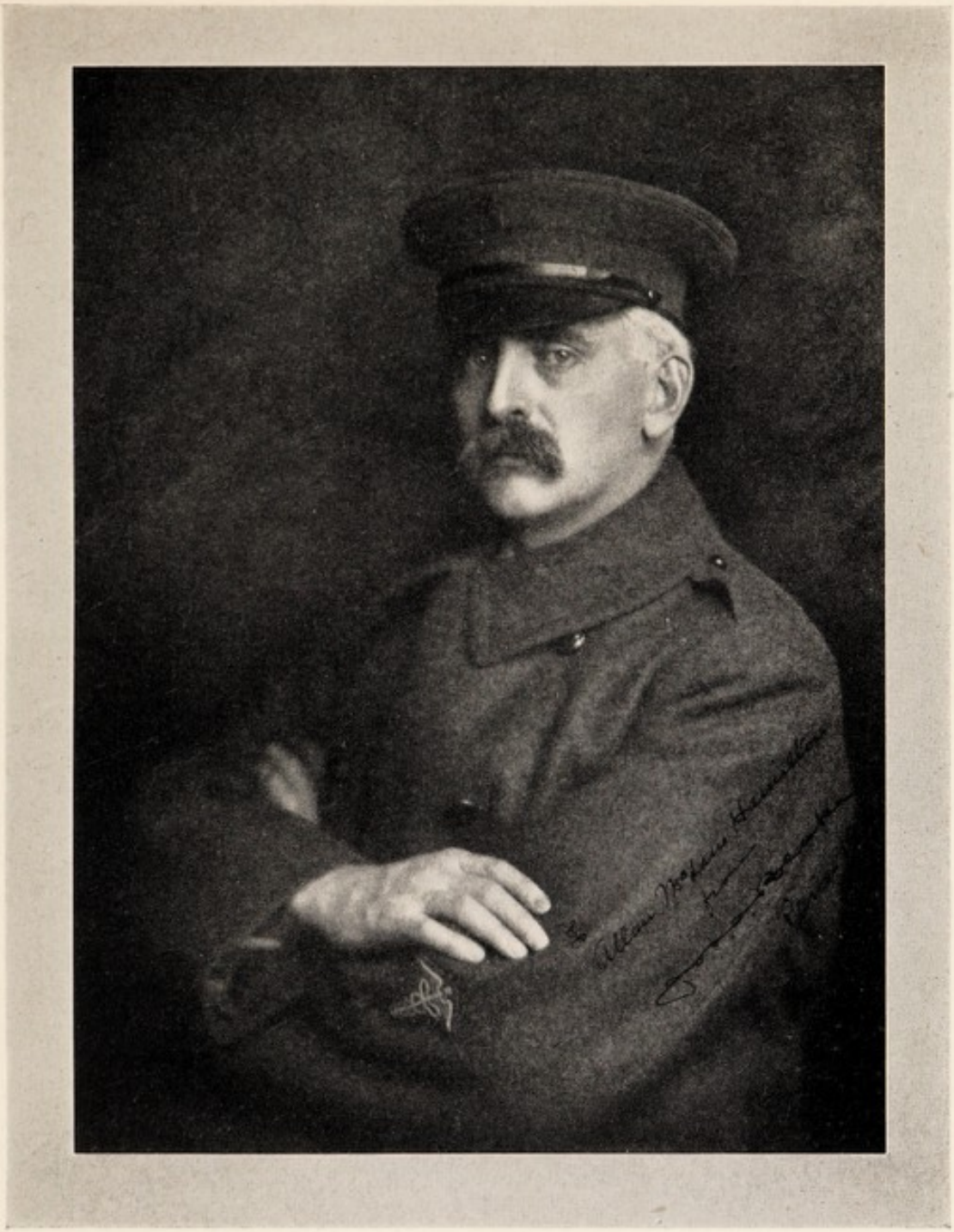
Bleeding was a common remedial measure prior to 1870, and useful if not abused. It then gradually fell into disuse, and it is doubtful if, until a very few years ago,

the average medical student knew at all how to perform it. I have no doubt there are many medical men of the last generation who never saw it done.

My first medical studies were undertaken in the basement office of a country doctor, a wizened and jolly little man and a "war veteran," who swapped stories with his cronies who flocked in between office hours, and sat upon that flat and convenient bone known as the sacrum, the chief anatomical purpose of which according to an irreverent foreign friend is to afford a certain type of my countrymen with a suitable *point d'appui,* while taking their ease. My attention was divided between their gossip and the inspection of the daily funeral across the street at the Methodist church, in front of which numerous patient hack horses of various ages and colours sought in vain to escape the tortures of the midsummer flies. It is scarcely necessary to say that there was little chance for real study, and I longed for the time I should enter a New York preceptor's office.

As the author of *Confessio Medici* says,* "It is certain that some men are indeed called to be doctors; and so are some women. They are, as we say, born doctors; they were in medicine. So apt are they to their work, and it to them, that they almost persuade me to hold opinion with Pythagoras, and to believe that in some previous existence they were in general practice. Or their ability may be the result of inheritance; but we know next to nothing about inheritance, neither is it imaginable by what physical processes the babe unborn is predisposed for our profession. Still, there are men and women, but not a great number, created for the Service of Medicine: who were called to be doctors when they were not yet called to be babies."

* Confessio Medici, p. 2.



DR. JOSEPH A. BLAKE

Most of the men comprising the faculty of the old College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York in the sixties were of this kind—and I doubt if even one of them ever allowed personal gain to supersede the duty of his profession.

When I entered the office of Henry B. Sands in 1867, my fellow students were Dr. John G. Curtis and Dr. John Black of Halifax, the first of whom died last year. Dr. Black, after a few years, went to London to live, and it is said that his experience in crossing was so dreadful that he has remained there ever since rather than run the risks of the sea. Dr. Sands, who lived in Thirteenth Street, was a pioneer in latter day surgery and was the first to use the antiseptic methods of Lord Lister. He had made his way by sheer hard work, having been the son of a humble druggist on the Bowery. He had graduated from the office of Willard Parker, then the Nestor of American surgery. Sands was a lovable man, with precise little ways of manner and speech. He was absolutely full of the knowledge of his profession, and was the most delicate and skilful operator I have ever known —not even excepting Dr. Joseph A. Blake, who has been so active in France. He was also an accomplished pianist and instinctively ran his fingers over the keys wherever he found the instrument. I shall never forget that he was called to perform a slight operation upon a patient who was a member of a very serious family on Lexington Avenue. When we reached the house Curtis and I were sent upstairs to get the patient ready and give him the anesthetic, while Sands remained below. The horror of the friends who had keyed themselves up unnecessarily to the occasion was apparent when the notes of Chopin's "Tarantelle" ascended from below, and when, after tickling the few hairs on his otherwise bald head

with his crooked little finger, he hummed to himself the few remaining bars and proceeded to business.

After the Civil War the faculty of the College of Physicians and Surgeons was increased by the advent of Dr. John C. Dalton, a Boston physiologist, who had been an army surgeon. Dalton was one of the most intellectual of men, quite original in every way, and quite independent in his method of getting results. He invented most of his own apparatus for demonstration, and his style of lecturing was clear and incisive. So much in earnest was he, and so heartily did he win the love and respect of all of us, that there were none of those outbursts of student disorder that sometimes occur. On one occasion, however, when he lectured upon digestion, a loaf of bread was passed about the class to show the effects of fermentation, and one bold disturber of the peace broke off a fragment and threw it across the room at a friend. Dalton, who saw this, simply stopped a moment and said, "If the *gentleman* really desires recreation, I will supply him with a rubber ball and he can go outside." This was the only time I ever knew him to admonish any one. Willard Parker was not so considerate. He hated the use of tobacco in any form, and more than once scolded a western or southern student who chewed, and was not as careful as he should be where he spat!

Alonzo, or "Old" Clark, as he was called, was the very type of the successful consultant of his time. He came to New York from a small college either at Pittsfield, Mass., or Woodstock, Vt., I forget which, and became the leading exponent in his day of American medicine. His was a leonine figure, and his rugged features, which were often compared to those of Gladstone, are familiar even to-day to a large number of people who remember his services and kindly manner of trying to make us good

doctors. His name has been coupled with that of the great French physician Louis, probably the greatest authority on fevers. He and the elder Austin Flint, also an importation, were undoubtedly the leading medical diagnosticians. Dr. Clark was very fond of objective illustration and attached to those morbid specimens that had been in service for years. In the cellar of the old building, under the charge of the veteran Irish janitor, "Andy" McLaughlin, were several hundred household utensils brought from the original school in Crosby Street, where they had been in process of collection for ages, and these contained desiccated evidence of typhoid. Notwithstanding the vicissitudes through which they had passed, and the pranks of former students, who delighted in adding cigar stumps and other foreign substances to their contents, they were gravely brought in and shown to the class year after year, despite their condition. Alonzo Clark undoubtedly anticipated many recent bacteriological discoveries, and his "pneumonic globule" was the forerunner of the so-called pneumococcus of to-day.

In contrast with him were two men who were the embodiment of humour, one of whom was James W. McLane, who was full of anecdote; the other, John T. Metcalfe, a delightful *farceur* who wrote innumerable medical verses, in which the foibles of his professional brothers were held up for pleasant ridicule. Upon one occasion, when a popular purgative water was a bit too freely endorsed by the doctors to conform with the provisions of the medical code, Metcalfe, at a supper given by him, introduced a number of bottles of pure water, each bearing a burlesque label, which amiably reflected upon the malefactors.

McLane was never tired of telling of the rich and miserly old man whose only daughter had died after a

protracted illness. The father, who had from time to time not only complained of the expense incident to her illness, but disputed the doctor's bill, demanded at the end that the flowers that had been sent for several days before her demise should be utilised at the funeral to save expense.

Another of McLane's stories was of a student at one of the medical "spreads." Having come from a remote part of the country where the fruit was then unknown, he proceeded to eat a banana, skin and all.

Speaking of what the Bavarians call *sparsen* patients, I am reminded of a "close" old man who consulted me many years ago. This Mr. B. had a brother, and between them they owned pretty much all the real estate in a neighbouring city. When I told a friend of how my patient had come to my office in shabby old clothes and pleaded poverty, with the result that I charged him only half my usual fee, he told me of another occasion when some one upbraided the old man, saying, "Do you know, Mr. B., I think you are the meanest man I have ever met?" He replied, "Perhaps you think so, but have you ever met my brother?"

Dr. Thomas was the product of South Carolina, and came to New York, making an impression upon the feminine part of the community, especially by his redundant floridness of manner. His emphasis and fecundity of comparison made his rather unpleasant specialty most attractive to his audience; as one of his students said, "Thomas's description of an ordinary attack of indigestion was an epic poem." His were the celebrated "bedside manners" and his method of persuading a fastidious woman to take a dose of nasty medicine was worthy of a better cause. With all this he was an able and successful physician. He was rather a pompous man, but withal had a nice sense of humour and no desire to retaliate upon



DR. JAMES W. MC LANE

those who poked fun at him. One of my doubtful accomplishments is to caricature in a feeble way. I have "blown off steam" in this manner in the courtroom when waiting to be called to the witness stand. During the last few days of my course at college I made some poor but faithful silhouettes of the faculty. When I entered Thomas's room he said, "Oh, here comes the young man who pokes fun at the faculty!" and my heart sank; but he grinned and asked me a few perfunctory questions, and subsequently gave me his approving vote. It seems that these pictures had fallen into the hands of Sands and had been reproduced upon a menu for the faculty dinner the night before.

The dissecting room of the old College of Physicians and Surgeons, which was then on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, was a dreary place, and it took a long struggle before I could bring myself to enter upon my practical anatomical studies; but, once begun, I rather enjoyed the work itself, and forgot the horrors. Once indeed a gruesome incident occurred that shocked several of us who had been allotted the body of a young woman. Among our number was a young Southern student who immediately recognised the corpse on the table as that of a sister, who I afterwards learned had disappeared from home some years previously, and who had evidently sunk to successive lower moral levels, literally ending in the gutter.

This case brings to mind de Maupassant's story of a sea captain who found his lost sister in a Marseilles brothel.

There was nothing interesting about our wretched subjects, and even the elaborate tattoo marks on the sailors and criminals were not illuminating. Stevenson's *Body Snatchers,* which describes a time when "Burking"

was usual, gives one a thrill when he reads it. The fate of Gray . . . it is no wonder that *Fettes* became half crazy when, for instance, he was called upon to deal with the body of the man with whom he had dined a few days before.

In my class at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and in that following, were a number of men who afterward became very distinguished, one being the late Charles McBurney and the other W. T. Bull. These two, especially the latter, introduced and perfected abdominal surgery in this country; for up to 1870 most people with abdominal wounds or disease were simply treated with opium or its alkaloid and kept quiet. A small proportion recovered. To-day the deaths from appendicitis are comparatively exceptional. When Bull wrote his thesis upon "Perityphlitis," which was its old name, and advocated a free incision into the abdomen, I had a wounded burglar under my care at the Brooklyn City Hospital, who was seemingly paralysed from his waist down. This man had a severe abdominal wound from a pistol shot; we considered the outlook for him a fatal one, and gave him the usual opiates. As a matter of form a policeman sat at his bedside night and day, for he was under arrest. After a month he was carried into the prison next door and, a week after, actually escaped and let himself down to the ground by a rope. The wound did not really penetrate the abdomen and the paralysis was evidently temporary; but we had before this discussed the propriety of getting Dr. Bull to operate!

Another distinguished classmate was the late Dr. E. L. Trudeau, who was a day older than myself and a dear friend. I was his best man at his marriage a few months after his graduation, but lost sight of him when he sought the asylum of the North Woods—the only place

where he could live without having hemorrhages. Here it was that he met and treated Robert Louis Stevenson for pulmonary tuberculosis. Stevenson never seemed to like the Saranac: he described the country as a kind of insane mixture of Scotland, a touch of Switzerland and a daub of America, with a thought of the British Channel in the skies.

Trudeau, while not a brilliant student at College, was a most charming person, devoted to outdoor sport—a hunter and fisherman and a great deal of a Bayard. His ideals in his profession were the highest, and he devoted himself to his life's work without any reward whatever, helping the unfortunates who flocked to the North Woods. He was pathetically humorous about his own sad condition, and when at the occasion of our last meeting I asked him when he would return to New York again, he said: "Well, Allan—this left lung is all gone, and the right nearly put out of business, and it is all a matter of pulmonic economics, but I shall stick to my work to the last and see my friends as long as I last."

The old New York Hospital, where I took the last Harsen prize given there, and served as a substitute, was situated on lower Broadway between Worth, Duane and Church Streets. It had been in existence since the year 1770, when it was organised by Drs. Bard, Middleton and Jones, and chartered by Lord Dunmore, the Colonial Governor of the Province of New York. Although burned to the ground shortly after its completion, it was quickly rebuilt and reopened in 1775. At different times it held patriot and British wounded, and for long years was one of the landmarks of lower New York. Here a riot took place, a boy having seen some doctors holding an autopsy before an open window. The popular feeling against body stealing was then so keen that the place

was stormed and the doctors had to flee for their lives. Meanwhile many people were killed and wounded.

Here it was that, under the tutelage of a visiting staff of excellent men, I got my first clinical training; for the hospital had not only medical and surgical wards but a building for sailors. The management of the hospital was old-fashioned, and many customs which had existed for nearly one hundred years were in vogue. One was the daily lunch which all the staff attended standing, an enormous piece of corned beef and huge pitchers of milk being provided. This perennial joint from a Gargantuan beef was never absent.

My early hospital days were gloomy indeed, especially when I had to come in contact with the superannuated superintendent and his family, which consisted of a number of rather acidulous and frowsy old women with whom we ate—and who not only inflicted upon us their vacuous gossip of South Brooklyn society but criticised us in every way, indulging in acrimonious innuendo. Imagine these daily repasts with Mr. and Mrs. Squeers, Mrs. Jellaby and Mrs. Mantilini. The head of the institution was a skinflint, and the food we received was of the poorest and cheapest kind, evidently picked up here and there for a song.

The visiting staff for the most part were pompous and second-rate men. There comes to me, still vividly, a horrid experience with an instrument invented by one of the attending surgeons, which was supposed permanently to close arteries by turning in their internal coats and plugging them, thus doing away with ligatures. A patient had been operated upon one afternoon, her thigh having been amputated, and this machine used. The flaps were all adjusted and sewed up, and although she had lost a great deal of blood, she was supposed to be doing well.

I had gone to bed very tired, but at midnight was summoned to find the wretched woman bleeding to death. I was quite alone, all of the house staff being away. There was of course nothing to be done but to open up the wound and hunt for each spurting artery. This I did and sent for the much-abused ligatures. She was the subject of a disease where the vessels were absolutely fragile, and whenever I tied, the ligature cut through unless I used a minimum degree of force. Finally, although the woman was almost exsanguinated, and had a fluttering pulse, the work was done and I watched by her bedside until relieved. She fortunately recovered.

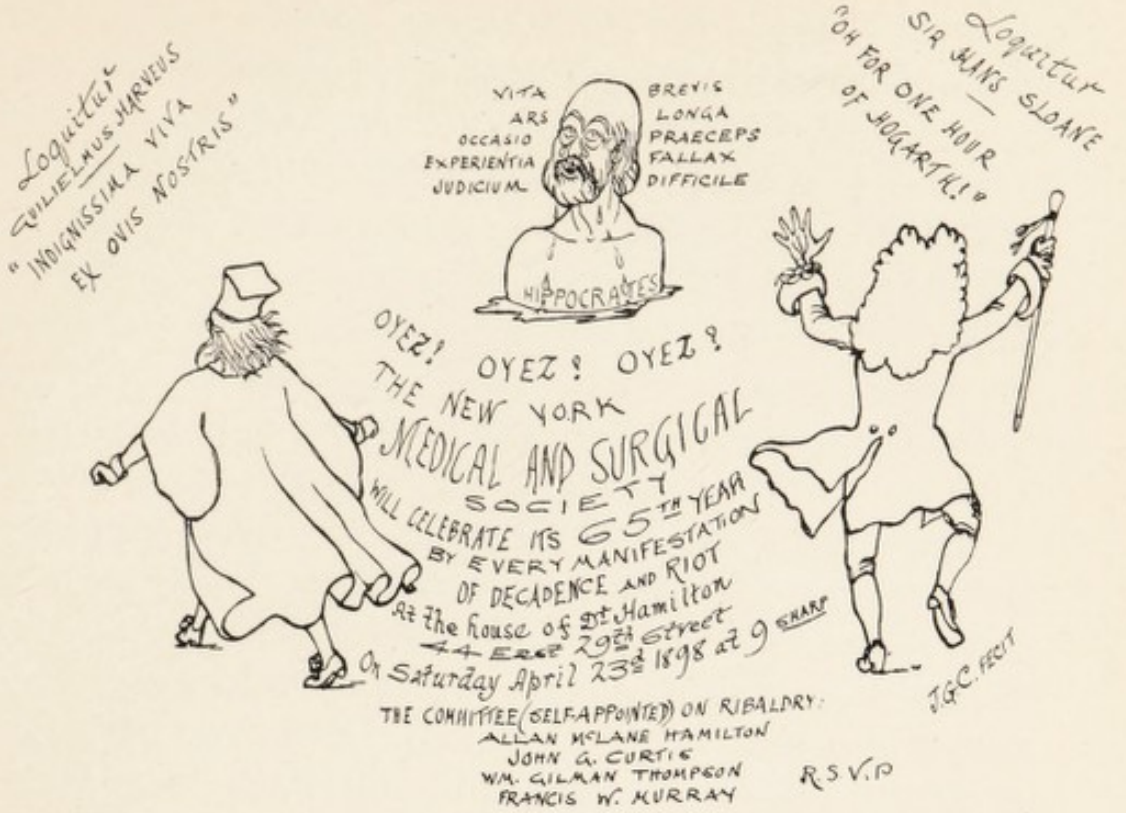
There is in New York a quasi-social medical society that has been in existence for three-quarters of a century, and which has always included a number of the leading men in New York practise. The meetings consist of a discussion of reported cases, a supper and *conversazione*. It is known as the Medical and Surgical Society and its minutes include the names of most of the prominent men identified with the medical history of New York, such as Drs. Francis, Valentine Mott, Blakeman, Wilkes, Elliot, Weir, Barker, Keyes and others.

The suppers were usually events which would have met with the approval of Brillat Savarin himself. Delicacies brought from all parts of the country, wines that had been carried around the globe in the holds of sailing vessels, canvas-back ducks and terrapin, both of which are becoming extinct, antebellum hams from Virginia plantations and wild rice from South Carolina were usually provided; and, of them all, the feasts arranged by the late John T. Metcalfe, who was not only an accomplished physician but a *gourmet* with more finished gastronomic skill than even Sam Ward, took the first rank. The scientific discussions were as a rule good, but occasionally a

dreadful bore would get his innings, exhibiting perhaps a nail extracted from the foot of a patient or a button from the œsophagus of a neglected child. Such an one was old Dr. P——, a veritable sarcophagus of learning and a surgeon whose mortuary mistakes were appalling, although he did his best to conceal the failures of this kind. One night he minutely related the dreary and dull details of a very commonplace case where he had operated, giving no inkling of the result. Sands, who was a great tease, could not resist the temptation to ask, "And was the operation successful, Dr. P——?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "but the patient died on the table." And thereafter, recovering from his evident chagrin, he proceeded to relate the second case in the same aggravatingly stupid manner, omitting the conclusion. Every one saw the roguish twinkle in Sands' eye, who repeated his original query. In a condition of great irritability and annoyance the old doctor petulantly and jerkily replied after a demoralising pause, "And *he* died *also,* sir."

Although this was at a time prior to the introduction of aseptic surgery, some of his failures were probably explained by the fact that he washed his instruments in the tubs of the laundry which was back of his basement office.

Speaking of terrapin, I know of an excellent story in which my friend, Dr. George Huntington, figures. He is now Professor of Anatomy at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and one of the cleverest comparative anatomists in the world. One day, while dining with a friend at a widely known restaurant on Fifth Avenue, they ordered terrapin Maryland. A few minutes later Huntington quickly removed from his mouth a small bone, and later called up the head waiter. "And now—be good enough to tell me how long you have served muskrat for terrapin?" The reply was an indignant and



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angry denial. "Well," said the Doctor, "I have here the upper jaw of the *Fiber Zibetheticus* or common muskrat. Unless you make some explanation I shall expose you." The result, after the Swiss *maître d'hôtel* had had time to cool off, was a confession that most of the "terrapin" furnished at public eating places in New York and elsewhere was really muskrat, raised and supplied by an enterprising "farmer" in Philadelphia. I have upon one occasion eaten this animal and enjoyed it, even when it was not masquerading under another name. It is a graminivorous rodent and perfectly clean in all its habits.

An interesting figure in New York medical life in my time was old Dr. Meredith Clymer, who, when he died several years ago was nearly ninety, having graduated in Philadelphia in 1837. He was a learned man, and may be truly said to have been the father of modern neurology in the United States. He worked hard almost until the day of his death, and made a great reputation in the Walworth and other murder cases as an alienist. Some of his briefs prepared within a year or two of the end of his life were masterpieces of medico-legal composition, an art unknown to the younger men of to-day. His personal peculiarities and eccentricities, however, alienated him from most of his old friends, while he spoke sorrowfully about the bad manners of the present day, especially of the young men at his club, some of whom struck matches at his private table without so much as "by your leave," or *sat* on the table in the public lounge where the newspapers were to be found. When he talked of the post-revolutionary society of Philadelphia, from whence he came, he was delightful; for in his day he was a great beau and was a grandson of one of the signers.

I recall an adventure which for a time threatened to sever our pleasant relations. Professor Emmons of

Washington, D. C., of the U. S. Geological Survey, had married a woman as the result of an advertisement for some one who could utilise her services to sew on buttons and mend clothing. She was a handsome, dashing and fascinating half-Portuguese, and during their married life poor Emmons had a wretched time by reason of her drinking habits and later actual insanity. Her case figured in the newspapers for months. I first saw her at Bloomingdale Asylum where she proposed to the elderly and most proper Medical Superintendent that they should go bathing together. Upon one occasion, when her condition was apparently better, she gave a dinner party in Washington to a large collection of distinguished people, and when the butler removed a cover from an imposing salver, a little negro baby was found beneath, crowing in its complete nudity.

She was later confined in an asylum and subsequently went to London where she was arrested and arraigned at Bow Street and sent home. I met her at New York, on her arrival by one of the Monarch steamers, the captain of which had become infatuated with her like the rest, and refused to recognise either myself or Dr. Clymer, whom I had asked to join me in examining her. We subsequently committed her, and the doctor took her to an asylum in Rhode Island; but on the way he also fell a victim to her charms, and despite the fact that the day before he had sworn she was insane, permitted her to escape—then there was fresh trouble. I think he was subsequently very sorry.

One day when he was standing looking into the window of a shop under the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, he was approached by "Hungry Joe," a noted confidence man, who probably took him for an "upstate farmer" and a possible victim. "Well," said he, "how is my old friend

Mr. Johnson of Syracuse, and how did you leave all the folks?" Clymer looked at him contemptuously for a full minute and replied, "Ah, my dear young friend, you are much mistaken. I am in reality Mr. *Ketchem* of Sing Sing, and the folks are eagerly waiting for you up the river!"

Dr. F. S. was one of the most popular medical graduates of Harvard who came to New York in the sixties, and was in the habit of attending the monthly dinners of the alumni association where the fun "waxed fast and furious." His wife was rather an exacting woman, and insisted that he should come home at an early hour. Upon one occasion the jollity increased until midnight when he looked at his watch and suddenly felt the enormity of his wrong-doing. Now he had been engaged to attend a rich young woman who was about to become a mother. The idea occurred to send a message to his wife to the effect that he had been suddenly called to accouche this patient. The next morning his wife at breakfast was delighted, asking for details of the colour of the child's hair, eyes, its weight, etc., and he answered without embarrassment or hesitation.

A month later found him at another dinner and as reckless of the passage of time as upon the first occasion. Mounted upon the table he made a speech, and every one was in a more or less oblivious condition. When the early morning daylight filtered through the smoke-laden atmosphere, he was aghast. Some one suggested that an explanatory note be sent his wife, and without considering what its contents should be, he repeated the message of the month before, even mentioning the patient's name. Forever after he was discredited in the eyes of his suspicious wife, and became the steadiest, most circumspect, and domestic of men.

CHAPTER VI

THE OLD FAR WEST

San Francisco in the Beginning—The Vigilantes—California Society in the Early Days—The Sand Hills—"Nob Hill"—Extravagance—Chinatown—The Transcontinental Railroads—Crossing the Plains—Nevada—The Pioneer Stage Line—A Night Ride with Adah Isaacs Menken—Salt Lake City—A Versatile Family—Denver to Kansas City—Dangerous Indians—The Seventh Cavalry—Rough Pistol Practice—A Sea of Buffalo—A Hunt—The Amenities of Army Life in the Late Sixties—Denver in 1870—The Country of Feuds—Cumberland Gap.

In 1849, when the seething mass of heterogeneous human beings was poured through the Golden Gate, San Francisco was a wholly Spanish place, but the gold seekers and their followers soon turned it into the same kind of hell that has always been found in other parts of the world invaded by the miner. The original collection of rickety wooden houses was wiped out by a fire in 1851, and no serious attempt was made to rebuild subsequently until just before the Civil War. Owing to the lawlessness of the population there was much early violence, and this was met by the Vigilantes, who without ceremony, and often after the most perfunctory and informal trial, strung up the murderer to the nearest tree or sign post. Epidemics of murder and consequent lynching were, I learn, common up to a few years before I first reached San Francisco, and even later, and often the sound of a great bell would summon the Committee together from all parts

of the city to take prompt and vigorous action. The Vigilance Committee was composed of the leading merchants, lawyers, doctors, and all those who stood for law and order, so that within a short time they were feared by the dangerous classes, many of whom were obliged to decamp.

For a long time California society was most mixed and unsettled, for very few of the better class of immigrants brought their wives with them, although later the establishment of homes under the best conditions was general. Many of the early arrivals had a rather informal life and the consequence was that there were numerous illegitimate children who did not suffer for the sins of the fathers, and had good social positions.

In 1865, although Kearny, Market and some other streets were, as they now are, important business thoroughfares, and the celebrated "Nob Hill" was the residential region of the rich and well-to-do, there were many poorly built houses, much squalor, and a great many dreary sand hills. It was in one of these "sand lots" that the anti-Chinese agitator Dennis Kearny held forth. My uncle lived in Bryant Street, and near him were the great redwood palaces of the multi-millionaire mining men. These were in every way vulgar and showy erections, filled with costly and garish furniture and decorations. There was a pleasant small society, nevertheless, consisting of the McAllisters, Judge Ogden Hoffman, the Maynards and other really interesting people with agreeable families.

Everything was free and easy, and there was a great deal of extravagance. There were no such things as nickels or copper cents, the smallest coin in use being the ten-cent piece. Everything was much more dear than in the East, and the cost of living was excessive.

Much has been written about Chinatown, which was a

city by itself, full of big buildings, and with tier upon tier of subterranean cellars, reached by rickety stairs and ladders, without ventilation and with but little artificial light. Here and there ran underground passages like rabbit-warrens, and as the inmates were murderers, thieves, gamblers, and other fugitives from justice, they could easily escape when pursued by the police. Many feet below the ground flourished fan-tan and poker games, opium smoking dens and brothels.

Shortly before I arrived these places had undergone a raid by a mob, and many Chinamen were killed, but this only effected a temporary subsidence of the hideous vice. Murders ceased for a time, but not for long.

The waterfront was full of shanghaiing and kidnapping, and many decent, well-dressed people were drugged and pressed into service for the depleted ships crowding the harbour, whose crews had deserted to go up to the gold fields.

Every one on the Pacific coast was most enthusiastic about the completion of the great railroad system, which was finally made possible by the exertions chiefly of Jay Cooke & Co., then the leading New York bankers, and the open handedness of the Government of the United States. Before this time the Pacific coast was in great measure isolated, the only means of communication with the East being by the steamers of the Pacific Mail Company acting in concert with the Panama Railroad, or by a service via Tehuantepec, and by various clipper ships that came by way of Cape Horn. Besides these, the long, dangerous and uncomfortable transit of the "Plains" was made by "prairie-schooners," and many emigrants came this way, despite the Indians, the deserts and possible starvation.

The first recorded transit of the plains was by one Sylvester Pattie, a Virginian, and five companions, in 1824,

preceding John C. Fremont by a number of years. They started on June 20th, 1824, and did not reach the Pacific Ocean in the neighbourhood of San Diego until about ten months later, having undergone unheard-of hardships: Indian attacks, deprivation of water and food, and many other dangers.

My father, who went to San Francisco in 1851 to become a law partner of his wife's brother, Robert McLane (afterwards Governor of Maryland and Ambassador to France) and Judge Ogden Hoffman, voyaged out in one of the crazy old ships, in company with a horde of miners and fortune seekers, but he found the country uncongenial and returned home in a year or two, there being little or no civil litigation except of a petty kind.

In spite of the apparent plenitude of money, there were many unfortunates who had "gone broke" and were destitute until the mining market should take a turn for the better. Some of them lived at the free lunch counters of the numerous great bar rooms, which were ornately decorated and gilded. The large tables of these places were well stocked with great joints of bear meat and venison, game, wild turkeys, chicken and salmon. A single drink, costing "two bits," or twenty-five cents, would supply incidentally a hearty meal; meanwhile the pleasures of a "refined minstrel entertainment" would add a certain amount of esthetic enjoyment. It is hard to see how any money was made by the proprietors, but doubtless the gambling in other rooms swelled the profits. Suicides were as common as in Monte Carlo at a later period, and the ever-ready Colt's revolver, then in fashion, was available to settle many a "gentlemen's quarrel."

Long before the present development of Southern California, one or two rampant land booms occurred. One of these was antecedent to 1870, the projector being a man

named Horton. When I visited San Diego in 1871 it consisted of a great number of comfortably built houses, all deserted except the Horton House—a hotel in the throes of failure, a great many of the extra jobs being done by the landlord himself and the members of his family. Los Angeles was a sparse settlement and the incomers were just then commencing to plant oranges and other fruits and starting developments that have since made the state the greatest citrus region of the world.

Some of the people, notably the old Spanish Californians, were delightfully cultivated and agreeable. Here I met Mrs. Burton and her lovely daughter, the former being the widow of General Burton, a distinguished old officer of the United States Army. The Stones and the Miners were also representatives of a stock that is rapidly dying out, in spite of American intermarriages. Many of these people had vast estates, and from one a great amount of the *Orchella* used in the world for dyeing was obtained. This is identical with the ancient Tyrian purple obtained from the *Murex brandaris,* and was very valuable, but probably its use since has now been supplanted by the inevitable aniline colours. There was also obtained much gold dust, and a great deal of abalone shell pearl from the wonderful pools and caves along the coast.

Local transportation on the Pacific Coast was ample but primitive. Short lines of rail, stage coaches, and river boats on the Sacramento and Stockton rivers, were the means of getting about, yet one still saw pack trains and mining outfits in profusion as late as 1871. There was much of the atmosphere of Bret Harte's stories. In fact at that time he had written his best short stories, and was afterward founder of the *Overland Monthly.* I knew him very well, and he told me that in every instance he had

chosen his characters from real life, even the lovable Oaksmith, the gambler.

A prosperous and well-managed service of coaches ran over the Sierra Nevada Mountains to Virginia City, via Placerville and Carson, which was known as the Pioneer Line, and was equipped with Concord coaches, blooded stock, and for a great part of the way the route passed over well-kept and even sprinkled roads. The time made was excellent, and compared favourably with the railroads. One reckless driver, who was a great deal of a character, and nearly frightened Horace Greeley to death, was Hank Mudge, with whom we crossed, finding him to be a very good fellow with a fine sense of humour and a lot of anecdote.

A friend and myself were offered a stage to ourselves from which to see the country, and we were permitted to visit many of the placer and other gold mines that were then being worked at Murphy's and elsewhere. We saw the Calavaras group of big trees, through the trunk of one of which a man can ride, and afterwards Lake Bigler or Tahoe, which is one of the highest bodies of water on earth. Its specific gravity is so low that it was impossible to swim, and the only pleasure one could have was that of bathing in its absolutely transparent, refracting, and illusive waters. The result was very general and severe sunburn, and I regret to say that my experience of an hour cost me a delay of two weeks in bed with high fever and intense agony, blistering, and subsequent complete exfoliation of the outer skin.

At this time Carson and Virginia City, both in Nevada, were rival mining towns, the latter being the location of the celebrated Comstock lode where Flood, O'Brien and Mackay made their enormous fortunes. There was much local jealousy, and *tu quoque* abuse. Carson was a Mor-

mon town, and had little cause for existence except that it was a herding place of these people.

Ross Brown, who at the time wrote entertainingly of the region, described "Virginia City as a mudhole; *climate,* hurricane and snow; *water,* a dilution of arsenic, plumbago and copper; *wood,* none at all, except sage brush; no title to property, and no property worth having." "Carson City: mere accident; *occupation of the inhabitants,* waylaying strangers bound for Virginia City; *business,* selling whiskey; so dull at that that men fall asleep in the middle of the street going from one groggery to another; *production,* grass and weeds on plaza."

If Carson, through which we passed, was dull and full of Digger Indians, and other human vermin, Virginia City was a seething hell of excitement. Every one was drinking and fighting, and speculating, and rapid deals were made in "Mammoth," "Lady Bryant," "Wild Cat," "Root Hog or Die," "Dry Up" and "You Bet." Great properties, such for instance as "Ophir," made wild extremes, and in the San Francisco stock exchange fluctuated from a few cents to thousands of dollars a share, with a resulting long list of "princes and paupers." We soon had enough of this, and started back down the mountains. Before we left our hotel we received a visit from the local Pioneer Stage agent, who asked if we objected to the company of "a lady," who wished to go down to 'Frisco. As it was a beautiful moonlight night, and warm besides, we secured top seats, and gave the interior of the stage to the woman passenger, who turned out to be the well-known Adah Isaacs Menken, the wife at one time of John C. Heenan, the prize fighter, and afterwards, in Paris, the Goddess to whom the elder Dumas wrote many amatory sonnets. To old theatre goers she may be remembered as the original and only Mazeppa, who, bound to the "fiery, untamed

steed," careered over the stage of the Chatham Street Theatre and many playhouses throughout the country. The exchange of places was no loss, for from our box-seats we had a glorious view, as we rode over the tops of the Sierras, through the Devil's Gate and down to Placerville, where we caught a glimpse of the inside passenger, who in the early morning looked anything but attractive in all her frowsiness and overnight change in facial decoration.

In 1871 I paid a second visit to the Pacific Coast, finding great changes and a very different kind of civilisation. Salt Lake City, now a place of 100,000, until the death of Brigham Young, whom I saw, retained all its Mormon customs; in fact, it was not until 1904, twenty-seven years after his death, that any one had the temerity seriously to attack polygamy, and then only for political reasons.

In the early seventies many tragedies undoubtedly occurred through the activity of the "Avenging Angels," especially in the southwestern part of Utah. At the time of my sojourn in 1870 I heard many stories, evidently well authenticated, of the fate of lukewarm ar traitorous Mormons, who had been put out of the way for the good of the sect.

Despite all statements to the contrary, this community was a happy and prosperous one, and I was surprised to find a certain division of labour, the women being anything but downtrodden, or mere chattels. Two of the wives of Mr. Clausen, who was one of the heads of the church, were in the stock company of the local theatre. One of his several sons consulted me professionally some years later, and I learned he has since become a clever musician. The audiences at public places largely consisted of women and children. So far as I could learn there was little jealousy or domestic unhappiness.

Although the activities of those who carry the Mormon

propaganda extend all over Europe, with a resulting increase in the number of foreign converts who flock to Utah, the prevailing physiognomy is one of commonplace Americanism, and differs but little from that found in other places.

Denver was originally an offshoot of Greeley, a small town a few miles north which was founded through the exertions of the *New York Tribune* and the persistent advice of Horace Greeley to "go West." It was, in 1870, beautifully situated at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and Pike's Peak was a prominent part of the background. At that time it consisted of a muddy stream with a small and heterogeneous collection of frame and brick buildings on either side. The railroads, notably the Denver & Santa Fé, and the Ogden branch of the Union Pacific, entered the town, or what there was of it. I do not think there were two hundred inhabitants. To-day it is a great mining centre and has a population of at least 150,000. I sat on a hill to the east of the city and made a rough sketch, while about me coursed antelope, and prairie dogs darted into their underground homes. The city now extends at least two miles beyond my hill, and the ground is covered by fine houses. In the early days Denver City, as it was called, had only stage connection, or the mail was brought by pony riders.

The railroad journey from Denver to Kansas City was, in those days, one likely to be attended by extreme danger from attacks by Indians, as well as highwaymen. My brother had been killed four years before by the former, in what was regarded as a punitive expedition in Southern Kansas. Until 1887, except in a few locations, Indian uprisings were frequent and disastrous, because of the niggardly behaviour and indifference of the Government, which never sent troops enough; for, thanks to the igno-



DENVER IN 1871
Sketched by the author

rance and obstinacy of average politicians, who entertain the long-enduring delusion that we are invincible, we were never (and probably shall never be) in a proper state of preparedness.

The admirable book of Mrs. G. A. Custer, under whose husband my brother fought, most graphically depicts the border horrors just as they existed at the close of the Civil War and at the time of the organisation of the famous Seventh Cavalry—Indians, floods, scurvy, cholera, mutiny and desertion were the dangers that made the protection of life and property so difficult, and were it not for the heroic bravery of the officers, headed by Custer and Major Wolcott Gibbs, this now famous cavalry regiment would have been swept out of existence. On my return I passed near or through Hays, Wallace, Riley, McPherson and other forts that have to-day become more or less thriving and populous Kansas cities, and we saw much of the frontier life.

The rough element at the time was in great measure increased, and I had a friend whose room was on the second floor in the frame hotel at Hays. His slumbers were often broken by the bullets fired through the floor by the roysterers in the bar room below, but luckily none of them did much harm.

On the morning after we left Denver our train came to a standstill, and we all flocked out to find the cause. From within a mile of the track, as far north as the eye could reach, and for miles east and west, was a vast moving crowd of buffalo, that in the sunlight looked like a brown sea. This was the great Southern herd on its way to Dakota and Canada. It is depressing to think that in less than fifty years they have been virtually exterminated. It is difficult to-day to find even the bleached skulls and

bones which have been collected by the manufacturers of fertilisers, and even of buttons.

One of the diversions of the Seventh Cavalry, when they were not surrounded by Indians on the warpath, was buffalo hunting. Custer had an exciting encounter with one of these brutes, and having accidentally shot his favourite charger at the same time, was dismounted, and came very near being gored. The buffalo changed his mind, however, and withdrew, and the General, separated many miles from his command, and in a strange and hostile country, was in a double peril; but he managed to later join the troops. He was not only a dashing officer, but a woodsman as well, and was seldom at a loss for expedients. He was most winning and honest in manner, hated shams, and a certain kind of display, glorying in the regular service. I well remember standing with him outside of the old Hotel Brunswick during a militia parade. When a regiment passed us with immaculate white duck trousers he quietly said, "Oh, how I would like to have those boys out on the plains for an hour or two." His soldierly instinct rebelled against any but the real thing and real fitness. He told me later of one of the regimental buffalo hunts, one side having killed twelve animals. Four of these had fallen at the hand of my brother, who was the hero of the day, sitting later at the right hand of his Colonel and being toasted in native champagne brought all the way from St. Louis!

My brother wrote from Fort Lyon, Colorado, September 30th, 1866:

"Gen. Sherman arrived here last night, returning from his trip to New Mexico, to spend the day with us and inspect the Fort, which is an important one in the Indian country, and I thought he looked queer when he heard *I* was to command it.

"Tell Allan that I have at least reached the height of my am-

bition as a hunter, and had a buffalo hunt with unusual success for a beginner. We started early in the morning from Fort Larned—a large party: Crane, the sutler, a great shot and rider; Asbury, Kaiser, the Doctor, Williams (the Indian trader, a son of an ex-member of Congress from Rochester), and myself. We were all well mounted; I on an Indian pony whose disposition and temper were more like those of an Irish terrier than anything else I can compare him to. I had my rifle in the wagon which followed us to bring in the game, and my revolver around my waist. After a ride of three miles we could see the prairie in the distance dotted with a mass of little black objects which were pronounced to be buffalo.

"The guide worked and dodged around the hills, or rather roll, of the prairie until we found ourselves about 200 yards to the leeward, when all got off, tightened our girths, put our hats tight on our heads, and got ready for the rush. My pony was as excited as myself, and fairly quivered all over with the smell of the animals—the word *ready* was given. We trailed to the hill that divided us, and came in full sight of them; there must have been about one hundred and fifty in the herd—the most hideous creatures that God ever created. The bulls almost black, except the dull, dirty brown of the mane, and their horrid little eyes blinking out of a huge mass of hair. As soon as they saw us there was a snort; the cows and calves hurried in to the centre of the herd, while the vicious-looking old bulls deployed on the flank and rear.

"As we neared the spot some of the party yelled and we charged, each man for himself, as the herd turned and ran.

"You ought to have seen the pony. His mane, which was cropped, bristled on end, his ears laid back like main springs, and he fairly flew, as chance would have it, right at a bull, the oldest and toughest in the herd. (The rest of the party went after cows, which are better to eat.)

"It was more like going into action than anything else as the pany ranged alongside and ran neck and neck with the bull, the animal with its huge head down, its eyes staring, tongue out

and thundering along with a peculiar lope which tried the speed of a good horse. I managed to shoot him twice in the side, when he turned and charged me. This did not put the pony out a bit; he jumped sideways and turned with the buffalo, who again resumed his course with the herd. After him went the pony and I fired my remaining four shots with the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Bull run on apparently unhurt. I am ashamed to say that I used some very bad language, directed in part to the bull, the pistol, and, with an ingratitude that is unparalleled, to the poor pony. The bull ran about two hundred yards, stopped, turned round and then began tearing up the ground with a sullen, angry roar that showed he was badly hurt.

"I reloaded my revolver (which seemed to take an hour) and rode after him again—this time the pony was cautious—as I neared him he stopped pawing, reared his head high, took a good look, lowered it, stuck his tail up like a ramrod and came right for me on the run. The pony dodged him and I shot him again as he passed. His flight was now over; he stopped and braced himself on his feet with his tail well up, and rolled over at the next shot, game to the last, with a proud disdainful look at me that would have become a dying Cæsar. Poor fellow, he died game in defence of his family, and I felt sorry for him after it was all over, although when I turned to go back I found that I had run two miles since I first fired at him.

"I shot another in the afternoon and we all came to camp."

In many regiments of the regular service there was great friction because officers, enlisted men of humble origin before their advancement and receipt of a commission, married women in their own position in life. This was especially true in the new regiments organised at the close of the Civil War. The Seventh Cavalry had officers of all kinds: there were soldiers of fortune from the European armies; one had had a position in the Papal Zouaves; others were poor noblemen with good titles, which they kept secret, and there were many volunteer officers who

had fought bravely in the Civil War that had just ended.

The wives of old and efficient soldiers, deserving as the latter were, had not developed at all. The story is told by Mrs. Custer of an Irish woman who was originally a laundress and later the widow of an old regular soldier who held a commission in the Volunteers and had been killed in action. She drew the pension of a Major's widow, so it was not money that brought her back to the frontier post.

On her arrival she found a place which she temporarily filled, until a time when it was thought she might obtain another with the wife of a former enlisted man who had received a commission. It seems that this woman, the new employer, had herself been a laundress. The woman applying for work, when offered the job, turned to the intermediary, placed her arms akimbo and independently announced her platform as follows: "Mrs. ——, I ken work for a leddy, but I can't go there; there was a time when Mrs. —— and I had toobs side by side."

Toward the latter part of the eighties I had interests that often took me to that interesting part of the middle west where Kentucky, Tennessee and North Carolina join, on top of the Cumberland Gap. During the Civil War this had been a strategic point, but for a long time thereafter it was given up to the natives, a degenerate and lawless lot, and the descendants of bondsmen who had before the Revolution escaped from Virginia. Through isolation and intermarriage they developed peculiar mental and bodily characteristics, and were mostly a long-haired, gaunt people, with over-refined and abnormally delicate features.

They were daring and insubordinate, and followed a code of their own which led them for trivial reasons to take life in the most reckless manner. When an English

land company bought up their farms for five dollars an acre and sold them for town lots for two hundred and fifty dollars each, they naturally boiled with resentful indignation, and not only potted the outsiders who they declared had cheated them, but renewed many old and dormant local feuds. I have seen several men killed for no apparent reason. One night I rode over the divide and we were pleasantly saluted by a tall, serious native armed with a rifle. As we continued our ride, we met another on his way up on horseback, also armed. In the space of ten minutes two shots rang out, and both men were killed together. This was the result of a long-standing quarrel and they were ready for each other.

An old family named Turner was practically exterminated as the result of one of these feuds, and the natives were in appearance and manner so gentle and attractive that it was difficult to believe them to be the bloodthirsty wretches they were. Besides this disregard of human life their morals were impeccable, and they were chivalrous and generous.

The Superintendent of the Land Company was a young man whose only fault was that he shocked local taste and angered the community by wearing rather pronounced dress, one article of which was a pair of smart white riding breeches made by a London tailor. His life was therefore for a time made a torment by some of his neighbours, who after nightfall made his house the target for their rifles. One dark night I visited him, and on our way over to the railroad station, the lantern was shot out of the hand of the negro who carried it.

The operations of the English company, which included the building of a vast hotel and sanitarium, the cost of which was nearly a million of dollars, were rudely upset by the Baring failure. The largest of these buildings was

sold to a Western second-hand lumber dealer for less than one-tenth of its original cost, and some of the grand pianos, mirrors, tapestry and superb furniture were bid in by the natives themselves for practically nothing and found new homes in the mountain shacks.

CHAPTER VII

EARLY STRUGGLES

Taking an Office—An Appointment—Mayor Oakey Hall and the Tweed "Ring"—Political Corruption—I Am Offered a Health Commissionership—Smallpox in 1873—Two Exciting Adventures—Dr. Fox's Experience—The "Five Points"—Subterranean Cellars—I Shoot a Policeman—Amateur Surgery—The Orange Riots—The Cholera Scare in 1894—Two "High Kickers" on the *Normania*—I Devote Myself to My Specialty—Blackwell's Island—A Perilous Marine Adventure—Fast Railway Time—A Montreal Consultation—Old New York Society—Doctors' Fees.

My début in my profession was made in 1871 with the help of Dr. Marion Sims, who was then at the height of his fame and a prominent specialist. He had been the physician of the Empress Eugénie, and came back to the United States after her flight to England. I was told by him that it was a great mistake to take a poor office in a second-rate locality, so he introduced me to a landlady of a boarding house in East Twenty-eighth Street, who put at my service a gorgeous suite of rooms with much "real elegant" furniture. This was in the early summer, and I waited day by day in the hot, dreary city for patients who never came.

But two or three individuals entered my office; one a book agent, another a collector for funds for the yellow fever sufferers in the South. One of my later patients was a large and very effusive Irish woman who came over from Brooklyn to see me. She was always very grateful

and one day asked me for a few of my cards. At the next visit I was horrified to hear her say, "Faith, docthur, I crossed on the ferryboat and lift a card in aitch sate, and bedad you now ought to have a lot of patients."

Upon another occasion she accounted for her failure to come the week before because "a drunken *lady*" had invaded her flat. This reminds me of the anecdote of the dispensary told by George Russell. A woman presented herself with a wound which seemingly was a bite. As the surgeon was dressing it he said, "I cannot make out what sort of a creature bit you. This is too small for a horse's bite, and too large for a dog's." "Oh, sir," replied the patient, "it wasn't an animal; it was another *lydy.*"

My new sign evidently attracted no one, and meanwhile my small capital dwindled exceedingly, and I began to think of something else to do. It was a sad blow, after all the nice things that had been said at the Commencement about the coming "emoluments" that were to be mine, and the optimism, flattery and encouragement from the faculty who beamed upon the class of indigent but hopeful young sawbones. The prospect was practically starvation if I kept on as I had commenced.

A friend had suggested that I should seek a public position in the Health Department, which has never been so decent since that time, when it was the only city organisation that escaped at all the serious muddling of corrupt politicians, although the political member of the board was occasionally obnoxious and tried to force some of us out, by suggesting an amendment to dress us in uniform like policemen. All the younger men were of good standing, and some have since attained distinction, among them the late Drs. E. G. Janeway, Joseph Bryant, Stuyvesant F. Morris, William Post and Roger Sherman Tracy. To two of the commissioners in particular, Dr. Samuel Oakley

Vanderpool, Sr., and Prof. Charles F. Chandler, we owed much, for they encouraged special scientific work, and I made reports upon lead and wall-paper poisoning, street paving, and various other interesting subjects.

Thanks to the influence of Commissioner Isaac Bell, an old New Yorker and friend of my uncle Robert McLane, later Ambassador to France, I was appointed as an Inspector by Mayor Oakey Hall, a cultured, able lawyer, who had not then been openly accused of a criminal affiliation with Tweed, Sweeney, Garvin, and other members of the "ring," but who was later pilloried in all the newspapers and caricatured unmercifully by Thomas Nast, in a way that was his ruin. After he was deposed, he felt himself to be a great deal of a martyr, and although it would have been a great deal better had he kept silent, he determined to vindicate himself. A few months later he wrote a play called *The Crucible,* which was produced in December, 1875, in the Park Theatre on Broadway near Twenty-second Street, in which he played the part of *Wilmot Kierin,* a misjudged convict in prison stripes, wearing his gold-rimmed eyeglasses. It was a dull, unconvincing production and gained him no sympathy—except for his awfully bad acting.

At this time every one was supposed to pay tribute to Tammany Hall, and bribery was everywhere extant. It was a regular incident for a "collector" to enter one's office to get something for "the Hall," and every mail brought tickets for benefits and balls, all of which were numbered so that it could be seen who did not pay. During my term of office the daughter of Boss Tweed was married, and the daily papers contained a list of the wedding presents, which were of the most costly kind. It was amusing to note the donors of the gifts, the names of whom were

those prominent in New York society, and one wondered what had been the consideration.

When I was first appointed I was made responsible for the whole district on the West side of New York from Fifty-ninth Street to the end of Manhattan Island, and the population consisted chiefly of pigs and goats and men and women of the dirtiest and poorest description. The keeping of both of the first mentioned varieties of live-stock was strictly forbidden by the Sanitary Code, but their owners had managed to evade the law in a way that I found it impossible to countenance, much to the astonishment of the squatters, who persisted in their attempts to bring tribute ranging from brass rings or painted horse-shoes to five-dollar bills.

Another difficulty was to force the owners of vacant lots to make sewer connections and keep their land in good sanitary condition.

During the early seventies, owing to the exactions of the Tweed party, and the uncertainty of alleged improvements, the owners of real estate were constantly in terror of interference. The "Boss," however, looked after his friends, and when it was proposed to run a new street or avenue through the unimproved upper part of the island his cronies had an early tip and were able to speculate with advantage. The outsiders were often unable to retain their lots, so thoroughly were they taxed for the new extensions. I know that one owner of sunken lots on Fifth Avenue that are now worth half a million, after fighting an order of the Health Department to connect them with the sewer, was quite willing to sell them at four thousand dollars each.

Happily just now there is less political corruption than in the days of certain notorious bosses in New York City, when every political office was said to be paid for, either

by direct or indirect taxation to the "organisation" or the "old man." Even within a year I learned of the case of a would-be judge of the Supreme Court, who tried corruption to get the office and has spent a year in state's prison.

While Mayor of New York, Abram Hewitt offered me the Health Commissionership, but at the time, under the law, the candidate must have the approval of the Board of Aldermen. A friend of mine received a visit from an alleged representative of this board, who demanded that I should pay $5,000 for my confirmation at its hands, and when he expressed his astonishment he was told that "I ought not to kick," for all the judges had to pay from $10,000 to $15,000 for this favour. It is unnecessary to say that my name was withdrawn. I certainly believe the justices were libelled.

In 1873 New York was visited by a plague of smallpox, which for a time became almost uncontrollable, despite the house-to-house vaccination. This was somewhat interfered with by the opponents of this vital precaution; these agitators inflamed unintelligent public opinion, and the disease spread with great rapidity. Our little band of physicians was worked sometimes for twenty hours out of the twenty-four, and the plan was for two men to take all the newly reported cases. I have myself seen as many as thirty-two patients in a day in extreme points of the city. One of the inspectors made the diagnosis, and then the person would be taken to the hospital on North Brothers' Island. If there was a refusal to go, a joint report was made by a second physician, and then the patient was taken, if necessary, by force.

I had several rather disagreeable experiences, the first of which was an assault upon me by a stalwart German, father of the patient, who attacked me with an axe; but providentially I escaped injury. A second case is worthy

of more extended mention. The case was reported in East Houston Street, a very bad locality, and a joint report decreed that the woman, who was the wife of a low ward politician, should be taken away. Reports from "the skirmisher" we sent ahead showed that in the street about the house was a huge crowd, and that in a saloon two doors away a number of drunken men were preparing to attack us. They had taken down such Civil War relics as guns and sabres that adorned the bar, and were uttering loud curses of vengeance. I sent to the nearby police station and secured a guard of ten or twelve policemen with night-sticks, and then we marched to the door of the tenement house; but at the last minute they failed me, being afraid of the disease, and I was obliged to go up the four or five flights alone with a faithful Sanitary policeman who was immune. Our upward progress was not indicative of a cordial reception, for not only were we cursed in all tongues, but the offensive contents of certain domestic utensils were thrown upon us over the banisters by the tenants of the various stories. Finally we reached the closed door where the sick woman lay, and heard the ominous click of a trigger and the snorting of an angry man. Hesitation would not do, so putting our feet and then our shoulders against the flimsy door, it fell in, and there stood a brawny and gigantic Irishman with an old army musket. Instead of firing he lowered the muzzle and burst into tears, and in a few minutes we had converted him and quieted the half-crazed woman, who was literally covered with an eruption of confluent smallpox. We dressed her and helped her downstairs, and amid the jeers of the crowd, who were kept at an unnecessarily remote distance by our guard of cautious policemen, she was sent to the ferry and thence to the Island. A month after, the man, who was not really a bad sort, called upon

me to give thanks for what we had done, and he admitted that without the good care she had had she undoubtedly would have died.

Dr. George Henry Fox, who is to-day one of the leading dermatologists of the world, was in 1873 a vaccinator in the service of the Health Department. He relates with amusement the story of his experience when he went to a squalid negro hovel about twelve feet square, with glassless windows and a rusty iron stovepipe, which was the only chimney. The broken door was opened by a huge negress, to whom he made the usual polite offer of gratuitous vaccination. Drawing herself up to her full height, she said, "No, sah, indeed, no, sah, such mattahs is attended to by ouah family feesician," and suiting the action to the word, shut the door in his face.

The sanitary condition of New York was very bad at this time; we had a cholera scare in the early seventies which turned out to be a false alarm, but it is a wonder there was not more illness in a region where there was no drainage, and only contaminated water and food; where cases of contagious disease were secreted, and an attempt to locate them was met by a vicious dog or even a bullet.

In the lower part of the city existed many underground dwellings which were the abiding places of thieves and low prostitutes. The "Five Points," as its name indicated, was a locality where five streets met, and this region probably gave the Police and Health Departments more concern than any other.

The condition of Water Street was so dangerous and unhealthy that one day Dr. Stuyvesant Morris and I were directed to "take a sufficient force" and clear out these horrid dens. We had a dozen or more policemen, and a gang of labourers when we made our descent upon the

underground human rat warren. There must have been three or four stories of subterranean rooms without air, or light except that given by smoking kerosene lamps, and on each side were rough bunks filled with drunken sailors and women, who resented our entrance but were afraid to resist. The walls were covered with vermin and the escaping rats in the lowermost cellar plunged into the stinking tide water that had seeped in from the river, not over one hundred feet away. In a short time the street was filled with blear-eyed people, many of whom had not seen sunlight for weeks, and the labourers destroyed and removed the woodwork. I was rather upset upon this occasion, for when Dr. Morris borrowed a policeman's club to brush off some of the vermin and cobwebs that clung to my clothes, he hit the hammer of my revolver, with the result that there was an explosion, followed by the fall of a policeman to the ground. The ball, which luckily was a small one, had gone through his wrist. Fortunately no worse consequences followed than my arrest, and a disposition upon the part of the man to visit me frequently and borrow money.

In times of peace the sensation of shooting some one is by no means pleasant, and this was my second experience, for at a military school, as a youngster, I did guard duty and snapped what I supposed to be an empty gun at an intruding and very dirty boy who was climbing a fence and ready with stones to pelt me. Unfortunately a charge of small birdshot remained in the gun as the result of a previous hunting expedition of some one who had forgotten to remove it, and to my horror the boy fell shrieking to the ground while I cast away my murderous weapon and sought a refuge under my bed. My horrid fears were exaggerated, for I subsequently learned that the shot had lodged in a part of the boy's anatomy where

they could be easily reached by the family doctor, his only inconvenience being that for some time he could not ride his bicycle.

There was a tendency with all medical students, in my young days, to be on hand when accidents were likely to happen, and often in the excess of youthful professional zeal I became entangled in street rows and killings of various kinds. As ambulances were then almost unknown, I often acted the good Samaritan, but suffered the subsequent annoyance of subpœnas from the coroner. In this connection I recall the Orange, or, as they were called, Hibernian riots. Upon this occasion the little band of Protestant Irishmen, who had been bullied unmercifully by the Roman Catholics and had not for several years dared parade on the twelfth of July, made up their minds they would celebrate the battle of the Boyne. This was in 1870, and the public officials, including the Mayor and Superintendent of Police, who were sympathisers with the Catholics (then, as now, powerful in Tammany Hall and strong in politics), gave the Orangemen no encouragement, and for a time even the Governor of the state held aloof. Finally, guarded by the 84th, 9th and 6th Militia regiments, they left the Armoury at Eighth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, and slowly marched down Eighth Avenue through a dense crowd of noisy antagonists. Meanwhile my friend and myself entered a hall door of a tall tenement house just above Twenty-fifth Street, and went up to the roof, where from the edge we had a good view of what was going on below. Presently we saw a puff of smoke and heard the crack of a gun fired from a top window in a house further down the street, which was answered by a soldier in the ranks who raised his rifle and fired, with the result that we saw a man pitch out of the window, turn a somersault or two and fall into



THE ORANGE RIOTS OF 1870

the crowd. Then there was a fierce outburst; stones and sticks and pistol shots were fired at the soldiers and Orangemen, who responded with a volley which swept the sidewalk.

When we reached Twenty-fifth Street the pavement was littered with dead and wounded men. The mob was drunk and cursed us, but I harangued them and soon commandeered a grocer's wagon, in which the wounded were placed, and their friends found a rope and dragged us all to the Mt. Sinai Hospital, then in that neighbourhood.

In 1894 the *Normania,* a Hamburg-American ship, arrived in the lower bay, and was compelled to anchor at once and submit to a rigid though ridiculous quarantine. One or two sailors had died of Asiatic cholera just after she left Hamburg. Many people in New York were beside themselves with apprehension, and the Chamber of Commerce appointed a committee of doctors, of whom I was one, to help the health officer; but despite his evident nervous demoralisation—for he cried when I saw him—he later regained his wits and scorned our well-meant offers of help. The unfortunate passengers and crew, though they did not suffer from cholera and there was no extension of the scourge, underwent many hardships, incident to their imprisonment, first on the *Normania,* then on the *Narragansett* (a Providence steamboat anchored in the lower bay and utterly unfit for the purpose), and later in the big Surf Hotel at Fire Island, which had been purchased by the politicians for a huge sum.

On the steamer, among others, was E. L. Godkin, Esq., Editor of the *New York Evening Post,* who wrote daily letters of protest to his own and other newspapers. Another passenger was "Lottie" Collins, the danseuse and

singer, and author of that classic, *Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay.* It was said that the only "high kickers" on the *Normania* were these two, and considering the dignity of the former, it was a cruel joke.

All the sanitary work was distasteful in the extreme, for much of it was outside of my specialty, and in 1880 I was glad to resign, and I have since advised all my young professional friends to have nothing to do with medical work of this kind, for not only is its performance in a big city, and the contact with politicians, trying and humiliating, but it dulls one's activities in other directions and necessary study is interfered with. I took it in time of stress, and to enable me to master my specialty, foolishly refusing an offer from the late Dr. Fordyce Barker to be his assistant. I did a great deal of hard work in neurology and wrote three treatises before 1880, during my nine years of slavery. Then I was able, after taking a well-to-do patient to Europe, to throw up my billet, to settle down and do an enormous amount of hospital and dispensary work, to lecture and prepare papers, and to make a financial success. No longer would I spend dreary days in the tenement houses, nor did I cool my heels in some tessellated hall of a Fifth Avenue latter-day plutocrat, awaiting her pleasure.

I was now my own master in every sense, and responsible to no one but myself. Soon after, my connection with the large Asylum on Blackwell's Island gave me plenty of material for study, although I was in constant rebellion because the dirty hand of politics had stretched out, putting in incompetent superintendents and attendants and even doctors. We had to fight for medicine and supplies, and large parties of sight-seers, who were friends of politicians, were trotted about the wards to see the poor patients. The tri-weekly visit implied an uncomfortable

trip, sometimes in an open boat, and in winter this was exceedingly disagreeable because of the quantities of floating ice in the East River and the intense cold, but in summer it had attractions.

One of my medical friends who had a service on the island was the late Henry G. Piffard, a highly original though erratic man, and he thought it would be a good plan to avoid the filthy and crowded little boat, often filled with discharged prisoners and loathsome patients, that plied between an East Side dock and Charity Hospital, and get "a small-sized launch." He selected it, and we shared the expense. I must say, novice as I was, that I looked upon this toy when I first saw it with some apprehension, for, as every one knows, the tide in this part of the East River runs at the rate of four to five or six knots an hour while our launch could, with selected fuel and great attention, do five, so our experience was unusually disastrous. We often embarked at a point a mile further up the river and allowed for the tide to carry us down to the dock. When it was flood we reversed the proceeding. One day, however, all our plans went awry, our fuel ran out, and after burning all the loose or detachable woodwork, we were rapidly drifting down the river, and had it not been for some friendly "dock rats" in a rowboat, I suppose would have drifted through the harbour and out to sea.

For a long time I was one of the very few neurologists in the United States, there being only three or four in New York, two in Boston, the same number in Philadelphia, and one in Chicago, so that we were obliged to make long journeys to meet other physicians in consultation, and my own work of this kind took me as far west as Minneapolis and even to Denver. I well remember a trip I made at the request of the elder Dr. Palmer Howard to

meet him at the bedside of the wife of a prominent person in Montreal. A special train consisting of an ordinary car and an engine was waiting for me at the Grand Central depot. The first part of the journey from New York to Albany consumed only three hours and fifteen minutes, an unheard-of time in the seventies. The conductor came to me after we reached Sing-Sing, apologising for not going faster as "the car was not heavy enough." He need not have reminded me of this, for the run of five miles from Tarrytown to Sing-Sing was made in four minutes, and it seemed as if the flimsy car was off the track most of the time, and we had to hang onto our seats for dear life. I reached Montreal about midnight, too late to do any good, but in time to make a diagnosis. There was something rather gruesome about this case, for the lady was the third wife who had died in exactly the same way as the others, and evidently from the same condition, and the husband was horrified by the fatality.

During my early practice I saw much of the old New York society, in which were many of my patients. This included the names that one seldom hears nowadays, and its habitat was about Washington Square, lower Fifth Avenue and even St. John's Park. The latter square, lately occupied by the ugly freight depot of the Hudson River Railroad, was, when I first knew it, a lovely, conservative old place, about which lived the Lydigs, Coldens, and others, and for many years, as a boy and later, I invariably ate my Christmas dinner at the old-fashioned English home of David Colden, a son of Lieutenant-Governor Cadwallader Colden, who was such a figure in the history of the state of New York. Another event was my Thanksgiving dinner taken yearly with Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the mother of "Willie" Astor, who has since become an English peer. At this time he was a tall, lanky and

most eccentric youngster, a dilettante in sculpture, having studied in Rome, a producer of expensive *editions de luxe* of his own poems, and an amateur politician. He found it difficult to impress the "rough and ordinary politician," and his short public career was so full of surprises of a kind that need not be gone into, that he was unkindly ridiculed in the press. Not appreciated in his own country he went abroad, and, I believe, has never returned. His mother, who was one of the Rhode Island Gibbses, was a sensible, clever woman, doing much good in ways of charity, and was universally loved.

New York society of the best kind was exclusive and conservative, and something besides money was then required to get a foothold in its midst. In the early seventies the names of De Peyster, Livingstone, Van Rensselaer, Schuyler, De Rham, Wilkes, Delano, Forbes, Schermerhorn, Wetmore, Minturn, Grinnell, Winthrop, King, Duer, Swarthout, Duncan, and Hamilton, with a few others, were familiar, but from the close of the Civil War their ranks became thinned as people with money came to the front. It was then that successful business men, merchants and capitalists without family became prominent, and the old people, like those identified with the Faubourg St. Germain, sought their shells, or died out in great measure. Some of them growled at the innovations of the newcomers.

I can well remember being taken by a student chum to the house of some rich people of the newer kind, whose name I had not up to this time heard. They were a rollicking, good-natured party of several sons and daughters, all jolly and fond of horseplay. The Virginia reel was a riotous performance, and it was led by the eldest son of the house, who, I remember, wore a bright red satin edging in his dress waistcoat, and every one was pressed

to "have a good time," and enjoy the bountiful supper in another room. I little realised that these people would later become the very leaders of the most prominent New York society, sharing the honours with the descendants of the exploiters of the Comstock lode and various other people whose origin was equally humble, and often obscure, but who acquired money and everything it could buy, and could eventually oust the poorer set. At the time when I began practice, the so-called "social leaders" of New York society were Mrs. William and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, between whom there existed some rivalry, and there was an "elegant" set, led by a Mrs. Coventry Waddell. The literary and musical society was headed by Professor Ogden Doremus, the chemist, Mrs. John Sherwood, who wrote *The Sarcasm of Destiny, A Transplanted Rose,* and other novels, and articles upon home decoration, and later Mrs. Burton Harrison, whose literary contributions included nice little stories, chiefly of southern life, and handbooks of etiquette.

One could, in those simple days, find much variety and kind hospitality, quite impossible in an age when so-called fashionable society consists largely of a maelstrom of vulgar frivolity, artificiality and extravagance, and all the worst things of European life that have been copied and adopted. There are no lines drawn; the undesirable rich Semitic influence is everywhere; and money, no matter how obtained, figures largely in determining a standard. This may be only the expression of a cycle and it is to be hoped that this is so.

Professional fees in my early days were nothing to what they are to-day, except in the matter of expert work in Court, which was better paid for. There was less competition—and the rank and file of my profession were generously compensated, although they did an enormous

amount of work for nothing, especially at the dispensaries, where the patients generally deceived the doctors as to their means. It was not unusual to find in the waiting room a prosperous-looking fat woman in sealskin cloak and diamonds, who always had the effrontery to tell the common story of destitution.

Some surgeons, like Sands, Bull and McBurney, received great sums, and in the beginning the operation for appendicitis, which is now performed by almost any country doctor, brought a fee of from $1,000 to $10,000. Dr. L. was called to Chicago, receiving $5,000 for an ordinary medical consultation, and Dr. H. charged staggering sums for "tapping the liver." A man who then suggested "splitting fees"—that is to say, taking a share of the specialist's fee—would have been drummed out of the profession, and the ethics of medicine were very strict.

All medical men have curious experiences in money matters. In the country the honorarium often takes the form of a barrel of potatoes or a fat shoat, but the farmer pays—cash when he can. One must be prepared for all sorts of things in the city. Some years ago a prosperous Hebrew came to me accompanied by his wife and large family of children, with a letter from his local Chicago doctor. After taking two hours of my time, and subsequently asking me to examine and express an opinion on the health of his wife and progeny each in turn, he asked my fee, which I told him was twenty dollars. Then, after perturbed surprise, and an ineffective attempt to *marchandé,* he pulled out a canvas bag and counted out twenty trade dollars (this coin was then worth only seventy cents!), his face bearing an expression of resigned martyrdom.

CHAPTER VIII

NEWSPAPER WORK

I Become a Dramatic Critic—E. L. Godkin and the *Evening Post*—Joseph Bucklin Bishop—A Disgusted Reporter—Cable Service in the Early Days—The Trouble with Chile—Bob Evans' Plan for Ramming the Chilean Navy—The *New York Sun* and *World*—Albert Pulitzer Starts the "Yellows"—Offensive Interviewer—Contempt of Court—The Society Newspapers—*Vanity Fair* and Its Staff—Libel Actions.

DURING my early professional life some of the time was given to newspaper work, for I have always had a mild *cacoathes scribendi,* and have contributed extensively not only to the daily press, but to magazines and other periodicals as well. In this way I have come in contact with many journalists, all excellent fellows, some of whom have since become great friends. At one time there was a newspaper edited by *Nym Crinkle,* otherwise A. C. Wheeler, who was a caustic and in a superficial way a brilliant dramatic writer, and very fond of *feuilletons.* He was attached to the *World,* and afterward became managing editor of the *New York Star,* a paper owned by one Dorsheimer, for a time a state official. At his invitation I wrote weekly articles upon dramatic subjects, all rather pedantic and ponderous, I fear, and quite unoriginal. They, however, seemed to please the owner of the paper as well as the editor, and as the regular musical and dramatic critic, one Townsend Percy, had severed his connection with the *Star,* I was offered the position, which

I gladly took, as I was having rather a hard time. I had always supposed the duties of this important journalistic position were confined only to criticism, and when I was sent by the managing editor to interview the keeper of a rather low variety theatre as to why he had not given the paper his share of advertising, and to urge him in one way or another to do so, I naturally rebelled.

My first week's work consisted in "covering" the Italian opera, and a large bundle of tickets for the seven performances was placed in my hands. I quite conscientiously attended every performance, but my misery was great, as my little boy was taken down with scarlet fever, and I hated to leave him to the care of others. Besides all this I was exhausted by the hard work of the day, which included my duties in the Health Department. There were minor reasons which prevailed, and at the end of the week I drew my twenty dollars and resigned.

Many young men were anxious at this time, as they now are, to become journalists, and they were usually told that the only way to succeed was to begin "at the bottom of the ladder" and to do reporting. One of my friends, a talented young lawyer, went to the editor of one of the morning papers to get employment of this kind. He was fond of gaiety and knew nearly every one in New York society. His first experience was his last, for he was assigned to go up town and interview a man who had registered under an assumed name at a hotel, to escape service from his wife, who was seeking a divorce. As the lady happened to be his own wife's sister, the situation was embarrassing, to say the least.

The *Star,* like other papers, depended for much of its European news upon the fertility of imagination of a Cable Editor, who received a message in code and padded it out so that the result was a magnificent concoction, most

of which had little or no basis. Even then cable and telegraph rates were enormously high, and ten years before they were almost prohibitive. In the year from 1866-1867 the rate from Valentia Bay to New York was $2.90 per word in gold, but it was the habit of several New York newspapers to divide up the cost so that it did not fall too heavily. It is said that the King of Prussia's Peace Speech, cabled to the *New York Herald,* which in condensed form consisted of 1010 words, cost, at the old rate of five dollars a word, $5,083, or about $7,100 in greenbacks.

To give an idea of domestic rates, the following table, given by a contemporary writer, may be detailed:

From	First 10 words	Per word after
New Orleans to New York...	$3.25	.23
Washington to New York....	.50	.05
St. Louis to New York.....	2.55	.17
Chicago to New York.....	2.05	.14
San Francisco to New York..	7.45	.57
Boston to New York.....	.30	.03
Albany to New York.....	.55	.04
Montreal to New York.....	1.20	.07
Quebec	1.82	.12

The cost of one special despatch to the *Herald* was $132.50.

Some medical men I knew graduated from the daily papers, one of these being the late Dr. George L. Shrady, who for years had been on the staff of the *Tribune.* He afterward became editor of the *Medical Record,* and was an excellent surgeon. He it was who operated upon General Grant, and the scalpel with which the operation was performed occupied a conspicuous place in a little glass case on his mantelpiece.

One of my friends was E. L. Godkin, the editor of the *Evening Post,* with whom I made a delightful voyage to Europe. The *Post* had been founded in 1801 by my grandfather and others, and has always been a powerful organ for the correction of corruption and public wrongs. The original editor was one William Coleman, who had fought one or more duels. Mr. Godkin's predecessors were John Bigelow, formerly Minister to France, Carl Schurz and Horace White. Godkin, who founded the *Nation,* a journal of the highest standing, was invited to head the staff of the *Post,* which he did most efficiently. And Diblee in his book said of him: "Another successful Irishman, Godkin, became one of the most remarkable men in America. No one exceeded him in the courage with which he attacked knavery and jobbery of all kinds, not occasionally, but steadily day by day."

This really explains the great work done by the *Post,* for its editor believed in the efficacy of constant and repeated attacks and the power of moral suggestion; for this reason he was hated by evil doers, especially in New York. In 1883 my friend Joseph Bucklin Bishop, who had served his apprenticeship on the *Tribune,* and who has much caustic wit, became Mr. Godkin's able assistant, and wrote many of the most brilliant editorials.

In 1891 the country was stirred by the possibility of war with Chile, and Don Ricardo Trumbull coming with letters to the *Post,* I saw much of him through Mr. Godkin's son Lawrence, also an intimate friend. I then had rooms in Sixteenth Street, and Godkin, who was to dine with me, proposed that he should bring a friend, who might have to leave us rather suddenly during the evening. Before sitting down, our guest asked that if any wire came the servant should give it to him at once, and at eleven a boy placed a telegram in his hands, which he tore open

with some eagerness. It was a message from the Chilean Minister in Washington, containing the decision of Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State, who finally made the concessions that would obviate war. Had the contents of the message been of a different kind, Mr. Trumbull was ready to leave us at midnight, board the French steamer, and proceed to Toulon, where he was to take command of a Chilean man of war. Happily no such disagreeable ending of our dinner occurred. We became great friends, the more so because his ancestor, Jonathan Trumbull, and my own grandfather fought side by side in the American Revolution.

The imminence of the quarrel with Chile assumed such proportions that Admiral, then Captain, "Bob" Evans embarked in the little gunboat *Yorktown* for the harbour of Valparaiso, where, with others, he was to rescue Americans and beard the Chilean navy, which was then of relatively considerable importance. Evans admitted that he did not look forward to his task with keen anticipation, but ever resourceful, he told me that he had decided, if it came to action, to fill his forward compartment with gun cotton and high explosives and "ram the biggest and nearest ship like Hell!"

I have reason to believe that many efforts were made by certain low but powerful politicians to interfere with the publication of the *Post* at different times. I knew of one occasion where the compositors went on a strike, and practically terrorised every one. During this time, while Mr. Godkin was quietly sitting in his room, the gigantic foreman truculently stalked through the editorial offices, but attempted no violence. Mr. Godkin turned to one of his associates and said, "Well, I hope any way that he approves of the editorial policy of our paper."

Every one is familiar with the independence of the

New York Sun, which first appeared in 1833 and in its way was as valuable a regulator of decent public opinion under the editorial control of my friend the late Charles A. Dana and his able and original assistant, Edward P. Mitchell, as was the *Post;* although the two journals did not exactly resemble each other. One sarcastic and ill-natured critic said that this difference consisted in the fact that "the *Sun* made vice attractive and the *Post* made virtue offensive," which was funny but not exactly true. Dana, like Henry Watterson, was severe, if not bitter, in his attacks, and never forgot a personal wrong or affront. For this reason his reiterated abuse and ridicule have well-nigh ruined, or at least made very uncomfortable, many a victim.

In 1883 Joseph Pulitzer, a Hungarian, who had by his own exertions risen from abject poverty to financial ease, and who owned a St. Louis newspaper, came to New York and bought the *New York World* from Jay Gould. This paper, under his management, became the first so-called "yellow" journal, because of its extreme sensationalism, and the freedom with which it exploited the private affairs of many people. Under its previous editors, W. H. Hurlburt and Manton Marble, it was a rather ordinary but well-conducted journal, with literary pretensions, and devoted to the interests of the Democratic party; but owing to Pulitzer's revolutionary methods, it became the most prosperous paper in America, and its composition and paper bills were the largest of all, not excepting the *New York Herald.*

Within a short time Albert Pulitzer, a younger brother of Joseph, came to New York and obtained employment as a reporter upon the *New York Herald.* His insistent and pushing manner, and peculiar personality, made him a success as an interviewer, and he could get access to his

victims when others failed. It is even related that a celebrated interview with Mayor Oakey Hall was obtained upon an occasion when the latter was in a position where he could not help himself, and in a place from which he could not emerge to elude his pursuer.

I met Albert Pulitzer when he was my only fellow passenger on the *Lessing,* a little Hamburg-American steamer, and heard much from him as to his future plans. He had then bought the *Morning Journal,* and started to make it an offensive, sensational paper. He was absolutely frank in his avowal of his policy of a "free lance," and believed that "a journal enterprisingly conducted could succeed without the aid of its advertisements," but he did not deign to go into further particulars. He afterward made a great deal of money, and spent it like water, wining and dining notable people in London and elsewhere, with whom he sought to ingratiate himself; and I am told that he always went abroad with a secretary or two, not only taking the best stateroom for himself, but two on either side "to insure privacy," travelling with couriers and valets, and dressing most expensively and showily.

I, like many other public men, have suffered at the hands of the interviewers, although as a rule my treatment has been most courteous and fair. On many occasions reporters who have asked for a "story" have, I think, found me obliging if I could help them over a rough place, but occasionally I would be asked to give professional opinions upon strange subjects. A woman representative of the *Evening Mail* once called me on the telephone to ask "Why women *snuggle* so?" I learned before she had finished that the word really was "smuggle," and as I could throw no light upon the subject, I refused to be interviewed. The importunities of newspapers are sometimes



AN INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE

remarkable, and I have, in my country home, been dragged out of bed late at night to answer a telephone inquiry of no interest whatever to any one, perhaps only a piece of gossip.

There is a certain class of reporters who draw upon their imaginations for material. The late John Paul Bocock, who was an energetic journalist, never failed to preface his article with a redundant account of my house, my personal appearance, and many other things doubtless highly complimentary, but not always true, and of no interest to any one.

When I appeared as an expert for the people in the Terranova case, the prisoner being a young girl who had murdered her step-father, I made some physical tests of the defendant, of the most ordinary kind, among them those for the determination of sensation. None of these were more painful than the use of a pinprick. When some one called my attention to the *New York American* I found a blood-curdling account of torture inflicted by dropping heavy stones, or steel points attached to heavy granite weights, upon the feet and toes of the victim, and the picture which was printed is reproduced. It is hardly necessary to say that all of this account was the purest invention.

The sensationalism of that part of the daily press which flourished upon the pleasure that many people derive from perusing an account of the misfortunes and weaknesses of others, became general about this time, and has had much to do with debasing public opinion. It was not long before some London papers took their cue from those in New York, but the English law of libel is so strict that they did not commit the journalistic excesses permitted in the United States. One newspaper had imported an offensive little reporter who had been formerly attached

to the *New York World,* and before the trial of a celebrated murder case in London, had written an article freely commenting upon the proposed defence, as well as on the plans of the prosecution. The result was that he was brought before Chief Justice Alverston and received a severe reprimand. In the Terranova case my friend, Judge Francis M. Scott, who presided, rebuked the papers for their improper comments upon the case during its trial, but this kind of judicial correction is exceptional in the United States.

There are many actions for libel brought in the English courts as the result of the activities of a certain class of "society journals," and despite the heavy damages accorded the plaintiffs, it is strange that the papers persist as they do, for they transgress again immediately. The only conclusion is that their gross earnings are so enormous that the damages awarded can be charged to "profit and loss" without inconvenience. Numerous attempts have been made in this country to start these vile sheets, but as a rule after the appearance of a few numbers they have languished and died. One or two have nevertheless survived, and have done a great deal of mischief.

As an instance of this, I may refer to an exceptionally venomous attack which led to lamentable consequences. The case fell under my professional notice, and had to do with an elderly lady of the highest social position whose early life, so far as any one knew, was irreproachable. She lived with her sons and grandchildren during the summer by the seaside, and one evening while alone she glanced over this sheet, carelessly brought down by her son. There stared her in the face a vile personal attack, covertly veiled, referring to some scandal of her early married life. Without attracting notice, she quietly walked from the room out into the bay, and her body was found



A CIVIL WAR CARICATURE BY LOUIS MC LANE HAMILTON

VULGAR AND SATIRICAL YOUTH: No, sir-re; you can't put on any more of yer airs. It was all very well when yer was a *crisis*, but now yer ain't nothin' but a counterband—and niggers ain't better than anybody else

the next day. Possibly this desperate thing would not have occurred had she not been a nervous invalid, but there was sufficient cause in the cruel gossip.

The difficulty of obtaining punishment for libel in this country is indeed great, for the so-called freedom of the press carries with it a license to attack not only private citizens but public officers with impunity. I had many years ago one such experience, when Judge Donahue of the New York Superior Court held that an untrue and vicious attack upon an official constituted a libel. At the time I was connected with the Health Department, and made a report upon the merits of asphalt for street pavements. A property owner, the late Amos F. Eno, sent a virulent letter to the *Tribune* accusing me of venality. In vain did I try to get a retraction, and my friend John Hay, then an editor of the paper, endeavoured to get Whitelaw Reid to make some disavowal, for I did not care for a lawsuit. The answer was the statement that "the letter had been written by a well-known gentleman on the Avenue and it was probably true." Eno was served the next day with papers by my lawyer, the doughty General Francis Barlow; the case was tried and I received a handsome verdict. It is estimated that Eno's folly in appealing the case twice, and his counsel fees, cost him nearly $10,000.

I knew of another occasion when a vile libel appeared in a sensational journal, for which the editor was promptly arrested. The case never came to trial for the reason that the District Attorney of that time was heavily in debt to one of the owners of the paper—a stock broker—and did not dare make a move. The then Chief of Police begged for clemency for the editor: he too had been speculating in the same office, and was heavily behindhand in the matter of margin.

One of the early comic papers in New York was *Vanity Fair,* which was intended to be an American *Punch.* It was certainly ahead of the vulgar sheet called *Yankee Notions,* which owed its existence to the caricatures of Frank Bellew, all much alike and very silly. During its brief existence it included in its list of contributors a number of brilliant men who met at Pfaff's, a Bohemian beer cellar on lower Broadway, but the best of them went off to the war.

The staff included W. H. Shannon, E. C. Stedman, the poet; "Artemas Ward," H. L. Stephens, Edward Mullen, McLellan, Kemble, Elihu Vedder and FitzJames O'Brien, who produced *The Diamond Lens* and *The Sewing Bird,* and was perhaps Poe's equal in fanciful writing. He joined the Seventh Regiment and died from tetanus, the result of an infected wound, April 16th, 1862. Most of these men were friends of my brother (who contributed caricatures), and I met them through him. The office of *Vanity Fair* was at 113 Nassau Street, where, following the example of the contributors to London *Punch,* they had a meeting every Friday afternoon.

CHAPTER IX

NEW YORK THEATRICALS

Old Recollections—Wallack's, Burton's—Winter Garden—John Brougham as *Pocahontas*—M. W. Leffingwell—George L. Fox as *Hamlet*—Stuart Robson as *Captain Crosstree*—*The Black Crook*—Bonfanti and the Rigl Sisters—Adeline Genée—Lydia Thompson and Her British Blondes—Richard Grant White Writes Sonnets to Pauline Markham—Sothern as *Dundreary*—Insane Actors—John McCullough—*The Ravels*—Old Negro Minstrels, George Christy and Dan Bryant—Gilbert and Sullivan—Alfred Cellier Writes a Full Orchestra Score in Twelve Hours—W. S. Gilbert—Barnum and Bailey's Circus on Blizzard Night—The Count Johannes—Josef Hofmann the Boy Pianist—Artemas Ward—Mrs. Scott Siddons.

My recollections of the theatre, which extend back nearly sixty years, are filled with intense pleasure, not only because they date from a time when the legitimate stage was in full vigour, but that I have seen and known some of the great actors and actresses who flourished during the middle and latter part of the nineteenth century.

For years one could enjoy the productions of such great stock companies as that of Wallack's, and see and hear the old comedies well acted by such people as the elder and younger Wallack, E. L. Davenport, John Gilbert, George Holland, J. H. Stoddard, Madeline Henriques, Mrs. John Hoey, Mary Gannon, Mrs. Vernon, and many others, including the well-drilled and capable Daly Company. Never in the United States have there been such presentations of the *School for Scandal, She Stoops to Conquer,*

The Rivals and the other sterling old standard comedies; and Shakespeare was then played by American actors as it never has been since the days of Kean, McCready and our own Edwin Booth, while in contrast was the noble work of Salvini and Fechter, and later Henry Irving. All this was long before the advent of the trashy, salacious productions and adaptations of the last twenty years for which the Jewish managers are chiefly responsible. My first remembrance of New York theatricals goes back to the time of unctuous Burton who then played *Poor Pillicoddy, Bob Acres,* and many delightful farces and comedies at the old Burton's Theatre, afterwards known as the Winter Garden, opposite Bond Street in Broadway. Earlier still, the "lecture room" performances at Barnum's Museum claimed me when I must have been only eight or ten years of age. I remember vividly John Brougham in *Pocahontas,* an inimitable bit of burlesque with a really good book. John Brougham played this and other burlesques as late as 1876, and in 1869 he produced *Much Ado About a Merchant of Venice* at the Twenty-fourth Street Theatre. At this performance he played *Shylock,* Effie Germon, afterward with Lester Wallack, the part of *Lorenzo,* and the strenuous Mrs. J. J. Prior that of *Portia.* Myron W. Leffingwell was the droll original of *Romeo Jaffer Jenkins,* and had more real humour than any of his successors, even including Jacques Kruger. He too played *Shylock* in a burlesque, with the vivacious and exceedingly pretty Lina Edwin. On one occasion he was made up as *Beppo the Gladiator,* after Edwin Forrest, and strutted about the stage apparently unconscious of the large carving fork, one prong of which was buried in his immense calf, which was stuffed with sawdust. In John Brougham's cast was Miss Hodson, who afterward married the English editor Henry Labouchère, whom I

met in London at an "At Home" at the house of T. P. O'Connor many years after.

His original advertisement of *Pocahontas* is worthy of reproduction:

"Original, Aboriginal, Erratic, Operatic, Semi-Civilised and Demi-Savage Extravaganza of Pocahontas.

"Scenery painted from Daguerreotypes and other authentic documents, the costumes from original plates, and the music was dislocated and reset by the heads of the different departments of the theatre."

No more delightful *farceur* has ever appeared than George L. Fox, who, originally a clown, played *Humpty Dumpty* with his brother C. K. Fox, an admirable *Pantaloon,* fifteen hundred times in New York alone. Fox was an intelligent man and a scholar as well as a sterling actor for his rendition of *Bottom* in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was a finished production. It was a burlesque of *Hamlet,* however, which made all New York flock to the theatre again and again and to give themselves up to unrestrained enjoyment and laughter. This was written for him by T. C. DeLeon of New Orleans, and was a witty and bright travesty. Fox played the part with all seriousness, introducing his own funny business. For instance when he appeared on the ramparts of the Castle of Elsinore, and *Horatio* referred in his lines to the "nipping and eager air" Fox was supplied with ear-muffs and arctics, and beat his chest with his mittened hands. When adjured by the ghost to curse his uncle, he feebly and softly said "damn." *Ophelia* was told to get herself to a brewery instead of a nunnery, and he made a dreadful face, holding his nose and sniffing, when, after examining the skull of *Yorick* with its evident post-mortem offensiveness, he hurled it away from him. The play was

produced at the Olympic Theatre in February, 1876, and had a long run.

James Lewis, who was one of Augustin Daly's best actors in later days, figured at an earlier period in burlesque, and I remember him in the title rôle of *Lucrezia Borgia* at Elise Holt's Theatre which was at 720 Broadway. The Palace of the Borgias was set like a modern drug store and Lewis was a quack doctress.

Another amusing burlesque was that of *Black-Eyed Susan* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in 1869 when Stuart Robson, who afterwards appeared as *Bertie* in *The Henrietta,* played *Captain Crosstree.* He was dressed in a blue satin uniform which was inflated by an enormous rubber bag beneath. The spectacle of this huge creature floating or skipping about the stage delivering his amorous lines in a high, squeaky voice was ludicrous in the extreme.

It was Augustin Daly who translated and "adapted" several German farces and light comedies. While as a rule they were very amusing and well done they exhaled the atmosphere of a certain shoddy society which was made offensive by the antics and dress of several male members of the company who had probably never off the stage worn evening dress. One *jeune premier,* following the mode of the lower East side, wore upon his wide and very glossy shirt-bosom a Roman cross made with diamonds, and another had gigantic detachable shirt cuffs which he took pains to display suddenly by a peculiar motion of his forearms, this feat of gymnastics gaining for him the sobriquet of "the cuff shooter."

It was here that John Drew did a great deal of hard work for so many years, and became the ideal "matinée idol," although I am sure he was disgusted with the kittenish worship of the school girl and the neurotic women of romantic mould.

The renaissance of the ballet is familiar to most old New Yorkers who remember the excitement caused by the opening of the *Black Crook* at Niblo's Garden by Messrs. Jarret and Palmer. This spectacle had been produced in Paris as the *Biche au Bois,* and even though toned down for American taste, created a tremendous sensation, as the dress—or rather undress—of the coryphées shocked the public and called forth a storm of remonstrance, and preparedness at Police Headquarters in Mulberry Street. Country clergymen, it was asserted, attended the play to see if it really was fit for their congregations, and on the other hand the *"jeunesse* (stage) *d'orée"* haunted Niblo's. The translation had been made by a Spaniard named Barras, and it is said his fat royalties enabled him to buy a country place at Cos Cob, the ground now being occupied by the Electric Power plant of the New Haven Railway. Every one connected with the venture made much money, for the antagonism of the good people of New York which is so often the best advertisement was so in this case and seats were at a great premium.

The ballet was really less objectionable than those at present to be seen in a half dozen theatres, and the dancing, notably that of Marie Bonfanti (now an elderly and corpulent teacher of dancing, if she is still alive), was the perfection of power and grace combined. Among the premières were two Viennese dancers, the Rigl sisters, both lovely, modest and domestic women. I saw Emily occasionally as she was a patient, and I was rather pleased on the eve of a visit to Europe to have her ask me to go to the *Père la Chaise* cemetery and see that her mother's grave had been taken care of, the old lady having died in Paris during their absence.

Most ill-informed people know very little about the morals of the ballet dancer. My knowledge enables me

to say that perhaps it is higher than any other following that belongs to the stage, and certainly the conscientious women who follow this calling are the most consistent, and lead admirable domestic lives. They are usually very ambitious, and, as for work, there is not enough to be said in their favour. A. B. Walkley has said that "nothing on the English stage is sacred except the dancing of Adeline Genée."

I have for some time known Mlle. Adeline Genée, who married Frank Isitt, the business agent of the Duke of Norfolk. No mention need be made of her talent or of her industry. Not only does she spend hours planning new ballets and drilling her dancing corps, but no one does such an amount of real hard work. I hear that when she last went on tour she ordered sixty pairs of dancing slippers, and wore these out long before the season was over.

Lydia Thompson and her company of English burlesquers opened at Wood's Museum, afterwards Daly's Theatre, in 1868, affording a new sensation for the jaded theatre-goer. With this company appeared a number of very handsome women, as well as Harry Beckett, who later went to Wallack's and became a great popular favourite. One of the company married a distinguished professor of Columbia University, and another—Pauline Markham—was celebrated in verse by Richard Grant White, the father of the late Stanford White—who, I believe, wrote for or actually edited the *Galaxy,* a monthly magazine.

One of my earliest delights as a schoolboy was a visit to Laura Keene's theatre where Edward A. Sothern appeared as *Lord Dundreary* in *Our American Cousin,* the same play that filled Ford's Theatre in Washington when President Lincoln was assassinated. Sothern was



MISS ADELINE GENÉE

an original man, somewhat queer and erratic, possessed with an uncanny humour, and unable quite to resist the temptation to play a practical joke—in which he was usually asisted by William M. Travers. His old friend William Winter, who at the age of eighty-six years is alive to-day, tells a story of his arraignment by Laura Keene in whose company he was playing. He did not know exactly what was coming, but when he silently entered her room he said, "Before you utter a word, Miss Keene, let me turn down the gaslight." "What is that for?" she cried in amazement. "Because I can bear to endure whatever you have to say, but I cannot bear to see those beautiful eyes blazing with passion, and that lovely face distorted with wrath. Go on now and say whatever you please." The result was an outburst of laughter, in which they both joined, and there was no admonition.

It is a curious thing that so many actors lose their minds, and I have professionally seen a number of these whose cases have been a matter of newspaper discussion. Among these were Tony Hart, W. J. Scanlon, the Irish comedian, and John McCullough. The latter was a protégé of Edwin Forrest the robust tragedian, and played the same range of characters. He was one of the most popular actors in the country, and leaped into fame as the understudy of E. L. Davenport, who was playing *The Dead Heart* in Boston. Davenport did not appear one afternoon, so McCullough took his place, making a distinct hit. His mental disorder was not apparent at first, though he had explosive outbursts, and did many silly things. When I saw him he was in a sad condition of melancholia with hypochondriasis. This was in 1883 and he soon after was sent to an asylum where he died at the age of fifty-one. He was, in health, a kind and very human man; had nice tastes, especially in literature, and

could quote Keats and Shelley at length, as well as Shakespeare. Upon one occasion I witnessed from a private box the breakdown of another very popular actor who until this night did not realise his collapse. He grew worse and worse in his delivery and then stared in a meaningless way at the audience and stopped, when the curtain was slowly lowered. The next day he was taken to Bloomingdale.

No such pantomime has ever been known as that given by the Ravel Family who originally came to New York in 1832, but whose last engagement at Niblo's was in 1866. For all these thirty-four years they delighted young and old with ingenious tricks. François and Gabriel were the two great mimes of their time and gathered about them various members of their family among the Zanfrettis and Martinettis. Their best productions were *Robert Macaire, Jocko or the Brazilian Ape, The Green Monster,* and *Mazulah or the Magic Owl.* Not only were these men great actors, but no such mechanical devices have ever been seen on the stage in this country, and I recall a trick in which Gabriel the clown was besieged at the top of a lighthouse, and seeing one of his pursuers standing below, dropped a cannon ball upon him. The result was that the man beneath was completely flattened out; then a companion appeared with a pair of bellows, inserted the nozzle somewhere in the flat remains, and inflated them, when the revived and restored figure walked off the stage.

The evolution of negro minstrelsy in the United States goes back to the eighteenth century, but until the advent of one Rice with Jim Crow there was no important development in this form of entertainment. It will surprise most people to hear that Edwin Booth, and even his father Junius Brutus Booth, appeared in negro parts, and the former played *Sam Johnson* in *Bone Squash,* an early

Ethiopian farce, at the Front Street Theatre in Baltimore. Laurence Barret, the tragedian, and George Holland followed his example—the latter in a female black part—while Joseph Jefferson, when a boy, took part in a benefit as a miniature Jim Crow. When quite a lad I enjoyed a "nigger minstrel show" as a particularly delightful treat. George Christy, whose real name was George Harrington, who died in 1868, appeared at Mechanic's Hall with his brother E. P. Christy, and Foster's familiar compositions, which included *Nelly Bly, Oh Susannah, Old Dog Tray, Old Kentucky Home, Way Down Upon the Suwanee River,* and *Hard Times Come Again No More,* were sung into world-wide popularity. I have heard the latter in many parts of the world, even in far-off Japan.

Dan Bryant, who was the most liked of New York minstrels, opened at Mechanic's Hall in 1857, and later in 1868 at Tammany Hall in the annex. Before his death he moved to his own theatre on West Twenty-third Street near Sixth Avenue. With his brother Neil, Nelse Seymour, and a good company he immediately became a favourite. There were people like the late Judge John R. Brady who had particular seats reserved for them every week, and Saturday night had its especial clientele. A pleasant, jocose relationship existed between the company and the audience which stretched beyond the footlights, and personal jokes at the expense of those present were not unusual. Some habitué, perhaps a prominent man who had lost at poker the night before, or who was the hero of some ludicrous story, found himself quietly guyed, the news of his escapade being secretly communicated to the "middle man" who made use of it.

"Billy" Ricketts, who afterward, through the influence of Judge Brady, became Chief Clerk in the Supreme Court, and later held the same position with the Appellate

Division, for a long time was the ticket taker at Bryant's, and knew more people by sight at that time than any one in this country.

Other old minstrels, some of whom I knew well, were: Birch, Backus, and Wambold, the latter a wonderful tenor who later died of tuberculosis; Dan Reed, who toured with his family until he was a very old man as the "Reed Birds;" Ad. Ryman, a dry comedian; Bob Hart, who had been educated for the pulpit and who delivered side-splitting comic orations; Luke Schoolcraft, and the unctuous Unsworth. Kelly and Leon were, after the Civil War, at 720 Broadway, and put on the stage several rather amusing negro burlesques of French opera bouffe, as did the Worral sisters a few doors above in an old converted church, almost opposite the New York hotel. Leon was the "female impersonator" and made up and sang the music of *The Grande Duchesse* very acceptably. He was, I believe, a graduate of a Roman Catholic college and a decent young man. His partner was one Kelly, who shot a politician and business rival in Twenty-eighth Street who, he declared, had slandered him. When the case was tried a loophole of a technical character in the medical testimony saved his life, but after this episode the business declined. In 1879 Gilbert and Sullivan came to this country, and with them was Alfred Cellier, the former London conductor. He had been educated with Sullivan at the Chapel Royal, and I have heard it said that he composed and arranged much of the music of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, at least much more than that for which he was given credit; that, as he was a good-natured, easy-going man, he never availed himself of the *kudos*. I know of no one who was so thoroughly drilled in orchestration, and when the company hurried over to produce the *Pirates of Penzance,* it was found that the

entire score was missing and a rehearsal was called for nine o'clock the following morning. All that Cellier had was a piano score, so, with a bottle of whiskey at his elbow, he sat up all the night, and at seven o'clock in the morning, just twelve hours after, he had a perfect score for the big band. It was a superhuman effort, but when he joined me at breakfast he was as fresh and chipper as ever. The large orchestra Sir Arthur insisted upon had never been gotten together before except for Grand Opera, and the novelty had much to do with the success of the Savoy productions.

I saw much of Gilbert, both in this country and subsequently in London, where we met at our club. He always was ready for a sinister joke, except when beside himself with rage when he found that others were pirating his work, or attempting to alter his book. One can imagine his withering sarcasm shown upon an occasion when in New York a certain manager suggested that he should localise the libretto and introduce into *Pinafore* the name of a certain American naval officer. He was always kind to the chorus girls, who as a rule are always damned and bullied when they are stupid. Of course there were the little rows and bickerings that one always finds among theatrical people. One day a little chorus girl came to him with tears in her eyes and said, "Oh, Mr. Gilbert, what do you think that girl over there said about me? She said that I was no better than I should be," to which Gilbert replied, "You are, my dear—you know you are," and with this ambiguous assurance the girl dried her eyes and went smilingly back to her place in the rear rank of the chorus.

At the time of *Pinafore* when Richard Mansfield played the part of *Admiral Sir Joseph Porter,* every one became wild with enthusiasm, and companies were formed all over

the country. There were church *Pinafore* companies, Masonic *Pinafore* companies and infantile *Pinafore* companies—George Edgar, the tragedian, and Chandos Fulton, his partner, owned and managed one of the latter. As a side issue they hired a dilapidated old side-wheel steamboat called the *Twilight* and flew a *Pinafore* flag, taking daily excursions down to Coney Island, the idea, I suppose, being suggested by the incident in Stevenson's *The Wreckers.* All the crew were in appropriate uniform with bands about their hats, while Edgar and Fulton, resplendent in gold lace, received the heterogeneous crowd at the gang plank.

The appearance of Barnum and Bailey's Circus was always a timely reminder of the commencement of spring, and in its way as much of an event as the taking down of stoves, and the annual house-cleaning in the country. Sometimes its opening at the Madison Square Garden was premature, as was the case on March 12th, 1888, the time of the great blizzard, when the whole city was enveloped in snow with impassable drifts that were not removed for days, and in some streets weeks; everything was paralysed, and those people going to their homes uptown were glad enough to find a midway shelter. The University Club, then on the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Madison Avenue, was crowded, the members sleeping on billiard tables, and I believe even on the floor. They were a jolly lot, and after dinner some one proposed that we should go to the circus, so we all went across the street and found the show people were not daunted but proposed to "keep faith with the public." No one dared enter the Garden but ourselves, so we took our seats, about one hundred in all, on one side of the vast amphitheatre, quite close together. The show began, the performers as conscientiously going through with the per-

formance as if there were five thousand persons present. When the bareback riders passed us they received a roaring welcome, but there was something weird in their subsequent departure for the other side of the great place where all was dark and silent. The same thing occurred with all the acts, and soon the circus people were on intimate terms with us, and the clown found out who we were and indulged in the most personal kind of gags. Before the performance the "freaks" sat in a long row in an upper room. One of them was, I think, *Sitting Bull* or some other Indian brave, who with his war paint seemed ready to attack any one he did not like. Quite near him sat the fat woman and the bearded lady, and there were other strange females in the neighbourhood. In our party was Frank J——s, a little man who gloried in saying alleged bright things and playing practical jokes. Approaching the glowering savage, who undoubtedly understood some English, J——s, with a sweep of his hand which took in the women, said to him, "Are these *all* your wives?" *Sitting Bull* with a snarl of rage was about to leave the platform to answer the question in his own way when J——s darted away to a place of safety, and we later saw him sitting under the wing of the biggest man in the party.

When I was a medical student one of the popular amusements was to go down to the Bowery Theatre and see the "Count Johannes," a paranoid actor, who ranted and mouthed, and who patiently stood the avalanche of decayed vegetables thrown upon the stage by the noisy audience. He had been for many years an intelligent though unconvincing actor, but after his disease became apparent no one could keep him off the stage. He came to the United States in 1836, and when I saw him he must have been a man of sixty. Like George Francis

Train, he was a harmless lunatic with the intense love of notoriety so characteristic of this disease, but no bitter resentment for those who did not appreciate his genius—only pity.

I met Mrs. Scott Siddons in 1869 through my friends the Majors, of Second Avenue. She was a very beautiful woman, bearing a striking likeness to her great ancestress, the celebrated Sarah Siddons. Her beauty was refined, and while intelligent, she was not impressive because of certain mannerisms, so her stay in the United States was neither long nor profitable. There were many old actors in New York who, though possessing great talent and aptitude, especially in character parts, never became distinguished, and always had rather bad luck. One of these was Harry St. Maur, an English gentleman who had gone on the stage. Every one must remember his delightful impersonation of the old French music teacher with the only daughter, a part played deliciously and with rare humour by Selina Dolaro. Another actor of this class was Charles P. Flockton, who came over with E. P. Willard. He was a dear old man, quite Dickensesque, cooking his own red herring at his lodgings, playing the zither beautifully, and painting in oil with a great deal of skill; he greatly resembled Henry Irving both in voice and appearance. One of the most interesting musical prodigies was Josef Hofmann, now one of the two or three leading pianists of the day, whose greatness increases with his years. I met him as a small boy of ten, when he was playing under the management of the late Henry Abbey, and he was a little chap who took as much pleasure in his toys as in his wonderful music. Those who heard him then must remember his great genius and the manner in which he enthralled the huge audiences at the Metropolitan Opera House. Abbey was making a



JOSEF HOFMANN AT THE AGE OF TEN

fortune, when one fine day he was descended upon by Elbridge Gerry of the Children's Society, who saw a chance to create a sensation. Josef played but little in public, and always enjoyed what he did intensely; he had plenty of time for recreation. Gerry made demands that would have ruined Mr. Abbey, but the kind Mayor, Mr. Hewitt, had a hearing to settle the matter himself. I saw Josef, with the late Dr. Lewis A. Sayre, at the request of his manager, and found him to be a bright, healthy boy, not at all nervous or overworked. He ate and slept well, and hardly could be kept from the piano. At the age of five years and six months he had already written a Mazourka, and Rubinstein called him the "greatest wonder of the present age." As the result of this interview and of the interference his performances were limited to four a week. Subsequently some "wealthy resident" of New York offered $50,000 for Josef's education if he would leave the concert stage, but $100,000 was demanded by his father. The father on his own account broke his contract with Mr. Abbey, was sued by the latter, and subsequently a compromise was effected.

I had met "Artemas Ward," the humourist, through my brother, who drew for *Vanity Fair,* and one night I went to see him as he was about to lecture at Dodsworth's Hall, 806 Broadway, upon *The Mormons.* "Artemas Ward" or Charles Farrar Browne, who had been lecturing since 1861, was a gaunt, pale young man with an enormous pointed nose, red hair and straggling moustache. He even then showed the emaciation that attends tuberculosis, and coughed a great deal during our interview. He received me in a cold, barren room, we being separated by the drop curtain from the small audience that had filtered in from the raging snow storm outside. After waiting half an hour after the announced time, he went forward

in no cheerful frame of mind and began. The sparse audience, of whom I was one, laughed as heartily as if the hall was crowded, and he kept on describing his crazy pictures in his curious solemn way, apparently unconscious that he was excruciatingly funny.

CHAPTER X

VACATIONS ABROAD

(JAPAN, ALGERIA AND MOROCCO)

Japan—Vancouver to Japan—Feudal Influences—Shoguns, Daimios, and Samurai—Ancestor Worship and Christianity—I Visit the Interior—American Misconception of the Japanese—Alleged Immorality of Promiscuous Bathing—The Soul of Old Japan—Imported Servants and Their Ways—Japanese Delicacies—Kyoto and the Kwannon—Cremation—Madame Chrysanthème—Family Morals—The Hotel Yami at Kyoto—Geisha Girls—Water Fêtes at Osaka—The Warm Springs at Myanoshita—Baron Kaneko Kantaro—Algeria—Lion Hunting and Hyenas—The "Man of Two Tombs"—Gorge of Chiffa—A Historical Fish Chowder—Tunis and the Palace of the Bey—Snake Charming—Some Risky Experiments—Robert Hichens and the "Garden of Allah"—The Market Place—The Street of the Ouled Naïls—Sidi-Okba—An Arab School—Circus Arabs—Ben Ali the Bold—Our Friend Hamid—Dangerous Hunting—Constantine—Williams Loses His Shoes—Tangiers.

I HAVE always felt the truth of Locke's observation that "He that will make good use of any part of his life must allow a large portion of it to recreation," and perhaps even at the cost of interference with my professional work I have at times sought absolute change of scene and life. After all these years I have no regrets; for the men who not only have gotten most out of life, but those who have learned how best to understand their fellow men are the

ones who have escaped drudgery, and occasionally have gone out into the World.

At various times, therefore, have I locked my desk, turned over my practice to others, and gone to remote parts for diversion. One of my pleasantest summers was that spent in Japan in 1893. An early medical book of mine had been previously translated by a distinguished Japanese doctor, and on my arrival I was greeted with the following quaint welcome, which was published in the leading native medical journal, and of which I am told the following is a translation:

"Dr. Hamilton's visiting Japan—Dr. Hamilton of New York City, who is world-known for his electoric-cure, came to our country a few days ago and is now staying in Yokohama. One of his works was translated and published by Dr. Eihaku Sato at the past fourteenth year of Meiji under the name of Dr. Hamilton's Electori-Cure, and read very widely."

In July I had crossed the Continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and embarked upon one of its comfortable steamers, the *Empress of Japan,* for Yokohama, which we reached after a comparatively peaceful and rather uneventful voyage of eleven days, the only land seen being the dismal Aleutian Islands off the Alaskan coast. The comparative rapidity of the transition from one country to another most radically different was my earliest and most intense impression, and it was something like that first view of the Brazilian coast nearly thirty years before. I saw early one morning a beautiful, highly-coloured moving picture of *sampans* and other craft, and their brown, half-clad occupants, framed in a landscape of incredible loveliness, the central figure of which was the towering, conical Fuji-Yama. I thrilled with the novelty of it all, and left an untasted breakfast so that I might

not lose a minute of the constantly changing panorama. The only jar came with our arrival, when for a few days we could not escape the Occidental contamination of a semi-foreign port. There was the usual dominant and loud-voiced tourist lounging upon the hotel piazza, and the large sprinkling of Japanese in battered derby hats. Even the jinriksha men had learned the tricks of Western hackmen, and the Chinese tailors and other touts descended upon us to supply exceedingly cheap and seasonable clothing, which we ordered. A few dollars—I think ten—would buy an excellent dress suit, and everything else was in proportion.

I soon met good Dr. Eldridge, a Civil War veteran, who I believe had been also originally a surgeon in the Pacific Mail service, and had settled down with his family in Yokohama at a time when it was very dangerous for foreigners to live in Japan. He, like the genial Louis Eppinger, the proprietor of the Grand Hotel, was a decided old timer and liked by every one, for he was employed by the Japanese as well as those living on the Bund. A great deal of the early gossip of the island was told me by Eldridge, for we had much in common, and he cordially welcomed a new professional comrade. It was difficult to realise, from what he said, that only sixteen years before, blundering and tactless strangers were being run through with the long sword because they ignorantly used the words from the coolie dialect to salute the dignitaries with whom they came in contact, instead of the ceremonial language of the higher classes. At this time and before, notwithstanding the welcome extended to American teachers, it was all the authorities could do to prevent blood-thirsty attacks for fancied insults. However, all this was changed later with the subsidence of the intolerant methods of the Shoguns, Daimios and more or

less ignorant Samurai, who could not escape the feudal influences that die so hard. The Samurai especially could not bear to give up their primitive and exceedingly punctilious clan distinctions and their dislike of outsiders. This sprang from the time of the Dutch occupation of Nagasaki, and no one can blame the Japanese for their inherited resentment against this race, as well as the Portuguese, for having introduced syphilis among a previously healthy people—a malady which spread like a plague over the length and breadth of the land and still shows its effects.

The so-called "Jesuit Peril" which threatened Japanese national integrity was also not forgotten, and it is not strange that the people were inhospitable. The successful attempt to antagonise Christianity was chiefly due to Hideyoshi and Iyesau, two great generals, and to-day, despite the attempts of missionaries, the race has retained its autonomy, and any religion is simply an ethical element of their civilisation. The Buddhist and Shinto religions, while they have a general adoption, are useful because of the part they play in the social and economic life of this interesting and serious people.

I found that most of the public works were initiated and carried out with the aid of the Buddhist priests, while the universal and intense patriotism was due to the existence of the military traditions of the Shinto cult, which is the real ancestor worship—both family, clan and state. It does not even appear that those cultured natives who have been educated at various American and European universities have embraced Christianity to any great extent, for with the exception of a few Japanese missionaries who have gone to religious seminaries in the United States, all who have returned are loyal to the religion of their ancestors, and in 1912 there were only 130,000 Christians in a population of 50,000,000.

After spending a few days in Yokohama I visited places in the surrounding country, among them Enoshima, the shrine at Kamakura, Yokushima and Myanoshita, and later went to Nagoya, the old military fortress, and to Nikko, Kyoto, Nara, and Osaka. My trip, though not a very long one, was most interesting. I made the most of my time armed with useful letters and accompanied by a good guide, and it sufficed to give me a very illuminating idea of Japanese ways and character.

I have felt ever since the greatest respect and admiration for this people and their honourable traditions to which they cling, and I am sorry that my own countrymen, especially the ill-informed and prejudiced, have always entertained the opinion that the Japanese are a quarrelsome, conceited, and uncivilised (!) race, who are ever "spoiling for a fight" with their American neighbours. Nothing can be further from the truth, for even the most superficial reading about or intercourse with them discloses the fact that the Japanese are a dignified, chivalrous, and brave people, with a fine sense of honour. They are peaceful, domestic and modest; only stirred to a sense of wrong when real or attempted advantage is taken, or when they are actually insulted and called "niggers" or "monkeys" by some of the boorish people of the Pacific coast. So, too, their civilisation is apparent when we turn to their literature, and study their art of all kinds, and the existence for centuries of an ethical basis of conduct which regulates all their social customs.

About twenty years ago their surprise was great to find that they were regarded as an immoral nation. Prior to 1890 they had no false idea of modesty, for men and women bathed together in public, and indulged in acts innocent enough in themselves, but evidently offensive to the bigoted and intolerant of other countries, who came

among them with hands raised in horror. First it was Clement Scott, and again Royalty, that rushed into print, and even prevailed upon the little Empress to call the attention of her people to the fact that indiscriminate bathing was quite improper and something to be discouraged. The bare legs of the jinriksha men, even, came in for the same kind of criticism that one heard in Havana at the time of the first American occupation.

The Japanese are not a sexually demonstrative people, for they never kiss each other, at least in public. Their love making is idyllic, a verse or two and a visit to the father complete the initial preparation. Their literature even is free from sensuality, and the only obscenities I saw were the ancient caricatures of the Dutch in Nagasaki. It is true that their netsukes are often sexually humorous, but there is nothing salacious about these.

The criticism of women's dress which was heard even during my visit from those who recommended the introduction of European dress, reminds me of Stevenson's reference to the mischievous activities of the female missionaries in the Marquesas Islands: "The mind of the female missionary tends, for instance, to be continuously busied about dress. She cannot be taught without extreme difficulty to think any costume decent but that to which she grew accustomed on Clapham Common; and to gratify this prejudice the native is put to useless expense, his mind is tainted with the morbidity of Europe, and his health is set in danger."

Much of the pride of race consists in what is called the *Yamato-Damashi*—literally, "The Soul of Old Japan." As Hearn has pointed out, this led the great Shinto scholars of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries to put forth the bold assertion that "conscience alone was a sufficient ethical guide." This declared the high quality

of the Japanese conscience, "a proof of the divine origin of the race."

The influence of the Yamato-Damashi accounts not only for much of the dreaming and even fatalism of the soldier of the country, but for the steadfastness and prosperity of the nation. This faith was an important element of the feudal system, and even to-day the descendants of the Shoguns and their retainers are the possessors not only of a high sense of honour, but a faithfulness to their employer and those in authority, which is enduring. The Samurai, or feudal retainers, are still devoted servants and to-day hold their allegiance to an old master, although the conditions are entirely different to those that existed before 1868.

The recognition of adopted paternity is a delightful though sometimes an embarrassing custom, and one of the two boys I brought over to New York persisted in calling himself my "musko" (son). He was, until the lure of a larger salary and better position came, a willing and devoted servant. He actually, upon one occasion, saved my life, for his companion, the cook, who was a low caste Oriental and (I afterward heard) had killed a man in Japan, took offense at some criticism I had made upon his cooking, lay in wait, and would have assassinated me had it not been for "Shillo," who watched him with feline persistency. One man I knew, who told his Japanese butler to look after his wife in his absence, found on his return that the servant had literally slept on the doormat outside her room, fully armed with a large Japanese sword that had formed a part of a trophy on the wall. My man had two brothers in the army at home, one of whom was a colonel. He had a high opinion of himself, therefore, and looked down upon the Swedish cook. One day I found a long letter upon the hall table, which he

had secretly left for me to read. I do not now remember all its delicious pidgeon-English, but he began by warning me against the alleged iniquity of the woman, and extolled his own perspicuity in finding out her evil ways by a comparison with a brave general of his own land—"How Gen. Hydeoshi knew there was amblush (ambush)? He hear wild gleese (geese)," etc.—and then he advised me to look out for her wickedness and discharge her. One of his laudable but distracting occupations was self-instruction, and he read the *Youth's Companion* for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of English, always neglecting, while so engaged, the door bell or any other summons. Although a Japanese gentleman, he actually married an ugly, cockney, squinting maid-servant, with the accent of Bow-Bells, and these mésalliances are common with Orientals, who prefer white women, rather looking down on their own kind.

The other man was really a most dangerous character, with bloodthirsty instincts, and upon one occasion tried to stab an offensive German workman who in terror barricaded himself in an upper room of my house. When the cook was brought before me he had a long white cotton cloth wound about his hand that held the carving knife with which he intended to kill the man. This was to cover his own abdominal wound when he should subsequently commit hari-kari, which he intended doing, after he had disposed of the mechanic.

I found the Japanese food, with one exception, rather unsuited to western palates, and I never could bring myself to eat the flesh of the quivering and even flopping live carp that was placed before me at formal dinners and which is considered so great a delicacy; nor could I eat the crab of Kamakura that bears upon its back the likeness of a human face. The one palatable dish is a rather tasteful



"SHILLO" IN HIS ANCESTOR'S ARMOR

◎ドクトル、ハミルトン氏の來朝

米國合衆國紐育府に於て夙に電氣療法を以て有名なるドクトル、ハミルトン氏は過般渡航し目下橫濱港に滯在せらるゝよし氏の著書の一部は明治十四年佐藤英白氏か譯せし華氏電氣療法なりと云ふ

NATIVE WELCOME TO THE AUTHOR

combination of young eels and rice dressed with soy, which is the base of our own Worcester sauce and the product of the soya bean. The dish is called *unagi* and the best is obtained at Kyoto. Like the custom at the inns in Southern Austria and elsewhere, where the guest is asked to pick his blue trout from a pool for his breakfast, the latest arrival at the *Golden Koi* or some other place selects his eels and they are carried off to be dressed and broiled over a charcoal fire.

As is well known, the Japanese are a pleasure-loving people, and are most ingenious in the creation or selection of their amusements. The theatre with them, even before the days of the luxurious Tokugawas, has been a national institution.

I saw a weird production in which Commodore Perry and a group of American officers appeared in awkward and ill-fitting uniforms and accoutrements. There was something very jarring about all this, and one longed for the purely characteristic dress and story which were to follow. The Japanese theatre is a great barn-like place with flimsy boxes and a gangway that runs down the centre of the auditorium over the heads of the audience. This is called the *Hana Michi,* or flower walk, and is provided for the performers to reach the stage, it being customary for the admirers of a favourite actor to strew his path with flowers.

The revolving stage, which anticipated the arrangement of Steele Mackaye at the Madison Square Theatre in New York many years ago, enables the stage hand to arrange the next scene when the first half is being used. Danjiro, the Henry Irving of the Japanese stage, played the night I was there, and he invariably varies his performances each time, so one can never complain of sameness and lack of histrionic variety.

Ordinary politeness and the consideration for the feeling of others were the only things that prevented one from laughing at the anachronisms and primitive methods employed. I saw a boy clad in black who held a reflector which surrounded a candle; this evidently took the place of the spotlight, and he darted from one actor to another, holding it as near to the face as possible! It is said that sometimes the revolving stage, as the result of a wrong signal, is turned prematurely and those who are preparing the setting for a coming act are whirled to the front. However, the scenic effects in the larger theatres are really marvellous, and the scene painting quite realistic.

While I was in Kyoto there were several festivals, among them that of the floral *Kwannon.* There are at this time processions of beautifully decorated floats, some of them being hung with real Gobelin and Flemish tapestries which were given to the Japanese by the unwelcome early foreign residents, or sent by European governments; but I think the people themselves prefer the products of their own looms and their native art. From a second-story window I photographed one of the historical floats, much to the amusement of the boys in the street.

The disposal of the dead in Japan is nowadays largely by cremation, and one evening I ascended a hill to the *Nagashi,* back of the city of Yokohama, passing several funeral processions on the way to the crematory, where the attendants were waiting to begin their gruesome task. There were no evident ceremonies in advance, but rough deal boxes tied loosely with flimsy cord were brought up and laid upon a long stone platform, with here and there small recesses piled with faggots. After a light had been applied to the twigs, there was a furious blaze, the boxes kindling almost immediately. One of these contained the

body of a boy of ten or twelve years, and when prodded with an iron bar by one of the men it burst open with a loud noise and one side fell away when a leg protruded. Other gruesome sights during the stoking process suggested a business-like indifference to the treatment of the corpse, but after an hour or two the ashes were collected and removed.

The bodies are not always cremated, for the farmer often buries his dead near his home, and in previous times the house of the dead person was given up for a tomb in perpetuity.

Madame Chrysanthème, Pièrre Loti's story, pictured a condition of real life which existed at least in 1893 and probably does to-day to some degree, but I doubt if such things will be tolerated for long. While the hiring out of daughters for purposes of prostitution has been common enough, and not attended by disgrace, the girl at any time is allowed to leave the Yoshiwara and marry, without losing caste. The rather queer relations that are portrayed in the idyllic book of the French novelist are not, I think, in favour with the Japanese people. A dissipated American ne'er-do-well would at one time seek the society of a native female companion with whom he would travel, or perhaps live for some time; but the experience, like that of the heroine of Madame Butterfly, was often lamentable. I heard of more than one tragedy the result of desertion, and there are unfortunately many unfeeling B. F. Pinkertons. One man I met was the nephew of one of the greatest bankers in the United States, who had always given his father a great deal of trouble because of his crazy antics. He had his Japanese mistress, a girl of low origin whom he persisted in bringing to this country, to the horror of his family. He returned with her later and, much to his credit, when he died he left her

well provided for. It is no unusual thing for foreigners to take native wives. The case of a prominent English tea merchant occurs to me. He married a woman with whom he lived for many years, sent his two sons to an English University, afterwards taking them into partnership with him and treating them with the greatest devotion. The marriage of Lafcadio Hearn was also a most happy one, and his sons after his death were brought up to literary careers, and, I learn, inherit much of their father's great ability.

I found that there was not the same prejudice against the irregular relations with women that prevails in Christian countries. One day a young Japanese Prince showed me the photographs of his family, and after these the picture of a rather pretty young girl, and I said, "Is that your sister?" "No," said he, "she is my girl—a great friend of my wife; she lives in the palace, and plays koto with my wife, very nice girl."

Kyoto is, I think, the most interesting city of all Japan; it certainly, next to Nara, is more intimately connected with the oldest traditions, and has been for centuries the sacred home of many Mikados. Here the latter lived under the strict surveillance of the Shoguns, a watchfulness so complete that not only was the Mikado kept a close prisoner, but no one was permitted to look upon him. The first departure from this severity of isolation was when he received foreign envoys with uncovered face when he was a boy of sixteen, some time in the sixties.

On a hill back of the city was a delightful old hotel called Yami, which was, I believe, originally a monastery; it is of great interest because it is surrounded by a number of temples where one constantly sees the native pilgrims and a varying crowd of picturesque people. I found the Yami very comfortable, but here abounded the most venomous

mosquitos I have ever known, and although they were not disease-bearing insects, their poison was evidently the concentrated essence of old war-like Japan.

In no such small space, except, perhaps, Nara, does one find such a collection of exquisite gardens, temples, Torii or arches in which bells are suspended, while certain large bells have towers of their own. Here is the Yasaki Pagoda, five stories high, having a great bell of the familiar squat shape so characteristic of the country.

The Geisha girl is always spoken of as a most agreeable creature, being trained from the age of seven to be entertaining. She certainly was not, so far as we were concerned, nor was she evidently what one of my irreverent friends called "an elegant conversationalist." I could not believe, therefore, from what I heard, that she combined all the graces of intellectual femininity. On the contrary, she continually grinned, and with her artificially whitened and enamelled face and painted lips was rather repellant. Her dances, which are said by the initiated to be symbolic and full of poetical meaning, seemed stilted and ungraceful. At the "Maple Club" in Shiba are supposed to be the best dancers; certainly the costumes there were much more showy and elaborate.

Water fêtes are frequent at Osaka, and in midsummer there is a festival of a religious nature with general illumination, signal fires being lit, as in Brittany, on every hill. In the many canals thousands of boats, all decorated with flowers, dart here and there, while some more slowly propelled are arranged for magic lantern and shadow pictures. Humorous slides in which the fox is displayed are the source of great merriment, for he plays a droll part in Japanese mythology. These pictures are not always decent, but, nevertheless, crudely funny. In one boat, which contained a stage, a number of Geishas danced, while

others contained men and women all in ridiculous dress who indulged in harmless badinage. Some of the lanterns were very odd and ingenious. One consisted of an outer cylinder of white paper upon which conventional waves were drawn, while within was another gaily painted with fish; as the heat of the candle arose and actuated a species of "pin wheel" at the top, the greatly enlarged pictures of the fish were shown in motion upon the outer screen.

Any one who has read Rudyard Kipling's account of the warm springs at Myanoshita will appreciate my feelings when I took my first walk over the burning mountain, the thin crust of which was likely to give way and let one drop into fiery torments. The natives call it Ojigoku, which means "big Hell." It is certainly an appropriate name, for one is in deadly fear of sinking into some hotter region as he incautiously plants his foot, the result being a deep indentation in the hot putty-like surface and the escape of a jet of steam. It is far more disagreeable than the *Sulfaterra* near Naples, and I am sure a more risky place for a promenade.

I found that the educational problem has undergone great changes, but the Japanese themselves have solved it, for though they at first imported their teachers from the United States, they later sent their young men there for training, and to Germany and England, ultimately thinning out the foreign pedagogues and gradually depending upon local instruction. They were, I am told, disappointed with the American teachers sent them in the beginning, for they were by no means the best that could be found, being retired or decayed college professors for the most part. This tendency to do without outside help was undoubtedly in accordance with the advice given by Herbert Spencer to the Count Ito: "Keep Americans

To Dr. Allan M. Hamilton,



With regards of the friend,

Kentaro Kaneko.

TOKIO, JAPAN.

Tokio, Jan. 1912.

BARON KENTARO KANEKO

and Europeans as much as possible at arm's length in any way but in the matter of commerce." He also suggested that the marriage with foreigners be forbidden: a kind of advice, however, that was not followed. Possibly the warning of Spencer had something to do with the dismissal of foreign teachers.

My friend Baron Kaneko Kantaro is an example of the educated and latter-day progressive. He was educated at Harvard, and married a wife in his own country by whom he had two daughters when I last met him. One of these was brought up in the foreign way, both in the matter of education and dress; while the other was kept essentially a Japanese, wearing the comfortable loose clothing of her people—the *hakama* and *kimono*. She was brought up rigidly in the Japanese way and the result should be interesting. Baron Kaneko, who was at one time Prime Minister, and who was one of those who prepared the Constitution for adoption, came here at the time of the Portsmouth peace negotiations which ended the Russo-Japanese War, and undoubtedly had most to do with the arrangement of terms that was so much in favour of his countrymen, for he is a skilled, subtle diplomat.

When I returned home I found on the steamer a curious collection of Japanese emigrants, many of whom were women and girls, bound for Canada. They were all dressed in cast-off "civilised" finery of different ages and patterns, and all the dresses were ill-fitting; it was like some vulgar masquerade. Even the little Prince Komatsu, who stood at my side as we looked from the upper deck down into the steerage, appreciated the unfitness of it all, for he said, "Very funny, is it not?" His own appearance in an old-fashioned glossy top hat, a rather loud suit of slop-shop clothes and a wrist watch was really quite as "funny" and

incongruous. Upon this occasion the Prince was a person of importance, for his fellow naval officers who were on a torpedo boat escorted him well out to sea, while the service band played *Auld Lang Syne* in two-four time.

A year later I spent my summer in Algeria, and ten years after returned to Northern Africa, in the interim, having visited Tangier, which is one of the most primitive and unspoiled of Oriental places.

Although my first visit to Algeria was made several years after the valorous Tartarin of Tarascon created fame as a *dompteur* and all-round sportsman, and in his search for lions killed one lonely donkey by mistake, there was evidently some big game left, for on our railroad journey from Algiers to Tunis the train was stopped to give the engine crew a chance to blaze away at the hyenas who prowled near the track, and terrified the timid passengers by their horrible howling. I doubt if it is now possible to find any wild animal further north than El Kantara on the edge of the Northern Sahara desert, unless in the fastnesses of the Atlas mountains. So great a curiosity is a lion in a country where less than twenty-five years ago they terrorised whole districts, that I heard of a tame old beast raised in a Marseilles menagerie that had been taken to Biskra and exhibited as a novelty. A few centimes were demanded for the privilege of jumping over him, which some superstitious women did who wished to become the mothers of lusty children.

Algiers itself is a rather dirty city, and to a degree provincially French, the native quarter even losing in measure its identity. From the sea it is superbly beautiful; tiers upon tiers of low white buildings forming superimposed terraces with a semi-tropical setting of the most vivid green are the first things that greet the eye of the arriving visitor. In the outlying districts one can find

enough to interest him for a few days, and I soon went into the suburbs, and explored the cemetery wherein is the tomb of Sidi Mohammed ben-Abder-Ruhmen bon Koberan, or the "Man of Two Tombs," whose burial in two places, namely Kabylia, where he was originally interred, and Algiers, where his remains were later brought, created great dismay among his local adherents. The matter was finally settled by the statement that "the body of the Saint had been miraculously doubled." Here the Moorish women come every Friday, and with great difficulty I gained admission, and took several photographs. One of them shows the widows pouring water down two deep holes in the tomb. Why this is done is a mystery, for I can find no warrant for it in the Mohammedan religion, and it suggests the burial ceremonies of the Chinese, the funeral rites of the North American Indians, or those of other savage people. It may perhaps be merely to fertilise the luxuriant growth over the graves.

One of the Algerian show-places is the famous Gorge of Chiffa, near Blidah, and the *ruisseau de singes.* I took my luncheon there one day, and was entertained by at least six monkeys, who came down out of the woods, and after two or three, more bold than the rest, had sat on the table and been fed as cats at home might be, they all jumped off and joined their fellows, who up to that time had kept themselves concealed.

There is a delicious dish that has its origin in Marseilles, and has been celebrated in verse and song. I refer to *Bouillebaisse.* It is composed of several kinds of fish cut up and stewed with onions, tomatoes, saffron, and olive oil. Sometimes langoust, which is a species of coarse lobster, is added, and in Algiers, where it is almost as popular as in France, it is certainly improved by the addition of a small clam found on this coast. It is probable that

this ancient dish was the forerunner of our national chowder, and that the secret of its preparation was first brought back to the United States by some liberated or escaped American prisoner in the early part of the nineteenth century. It may be had in perfection at one or two of the little restaurants near the water front, notably those of Cassar and the Percherie, but it is not the same thing at any of the restaurants elsewhere.

In 1894 travel in Algeria was usually safe, except in some parts of the Kabayle region, where a rough hill people lived, in whose veins flowed the blood of their warlike Roman ancestors. These tribes had been in frequent conflict with the French, and tourists were advised to avoid the mountain towns. I, however, took the precaution to go in disguise, and with an intelligent, tactful, and fearless guide took an extended trip without any harm.

Tunis, which is also a French city, hardly repays the traveller for the long and tiresome journey there, unless he intends to take a steamer from the Goletta for Naples via Sardinia, which I later did. Most of my fellow passengers were criminals who in squads were liberated every day, heavily manacled, for a walk in the fresh air. The ship had seen long service in the South American trade and was of an obsolete type and very dirty. Our dining saloon was at the bottom of the ship, and was flanked on either side by staterooms, from which strange sounds and smells came, their occupants being seasick throughout the voyage.

There are only a few things worth seeing in Tunis, but one will find the bazaar full of life and interest, containing, as it does, strange merchandise in a building of arched arcades, and vendors of brilliant embroideries and stuffs, perfumes, food, fruit and even lizards and other live animals.



WOMEN'S DAY IN AN ALGERIAN CEMETERY
Photograph by the author

The palace of the ex-Sultan Sidi Ali is called the *Dar el Bey,* but he only goes there weekly to hold a reception. It is well worth seeing because of the exquisite tiles which equalled, if they did not surpass, anything I saw in Andalusia. I had thought the Alcazar in Seville and the Alhambra very beautiful, but the delicate Arabesque tracery of the tiles in the *Dar el Bey* is more intricate and lovely. The old-coloured African marbles and granite from Carthage were much like those I found later in Capri and were of the same colours.

The decadent Sultan and his ancestors at some time lived in great luxury, if one may judge by these remains of former grandeur, although the native potentate upon a pension from France is at present a pitiful spectacle. I found that the various European sovereigns had at various times contributed to the palace, even down to the reign of Louis Philippe, and its walls were covered by portraits of various guests, pieces of rare tapestry, and many incongruous *objets d'art.* One large room was decorated in the style of Louis XVI and was vulgar and garish in the extreme, and there were everywhere evidences of that kind of barbaric taste which expresses itself in a love of clocks—there must have been twenty of these in one room, of all periods and kinds, ticking away noisily on shelves and furniture.

Snake charming is as a rule very unexciting because the reptiles are nearly always rendered harmless by the extraction of their poison glands and fangs. There was an exception to this in Tunis, where I found two dirty-looking "saints" who had probably come up from the interior of Africa, and had brought with them a real cobra in full possession of his deadly apparatus. They had soon collected a crowd, and I took my place in the background with my camera. The snake at first was very angry, ex-

panding its hood, and was prepared to strike, but in a twinkling the taller of the two men had seized it back of the head and rapidly whirled it as he circled about, and it, in consequence, came in close proximity to the faces of the fascinated but thoroughly frightened by-standers. Then, clasping the tail of the reptile, he stretched it upon the ground in front of him, and stroked it softly from head to tail. The snake seemed to flatten itself, and made no attempt to attack any one, even when he removed his hand from its neck, and it was subsequently put back in the basket when there was no resumption of its pugnacious attempts. I learned from a medical man at the hotel that he had had sufficient interest to examine the cobra a few days before this, and not only saw that it had not been tampered with, but that it had killed a dog in his presence in a few minutes.

Some years ago I was anxious to try a series of experiments for the treatment of nervous diseases with snake venom. My friend, Dr. Weir Mitchell, had many years before investigated the toxic effects of the poison of the *crotalus horridus,* or *durissus* rattlesnake, and I at length found a doctor who had a collection of these, as well as other venomous reptiles, which he kept in a back store on Fourth Avenue. Why Doctor —— had spent so much time and money, and had even risked his life (for he had been bitten and nearly died), I cannot say. It seems, however, to have been a sort of mania with him. For a time our attempts to collect venom were partially successful; I prepared small hoops upon which cotton cloth had been stretched, and when the snakes struck at these they left them saturated with a viscid yellowish green substance which dried and could be subsequently removed.

There were reasons, however, why the collection should be removed elsewhere. Luckily only certain harmless



THE AUTHOR IN NATIVE DRESS

snakes had so far escaped (one was killed in a cellar in Twenty-eighth Street), but no one could tell when a real rattler would wander off to pay its respects to the innocent tenants of the houses in the neighbourhood, so I suggested that we hire a laboratory and construct proper cages. I asked the doctor to secure such a place. Upon receiving a letter, with a key enclosed, stating that "all was ready," I came to New York and unlocked the door of the cheap tenement flat he had rented. There was nothing in the kitchen, which I first entered, but in the middle of the inner room was coiled a large rattler, evidently ready for business, who, had I not been sufficiently agile, would have probably put an end to my experiments for good and all. I had begun, however, to lose heart for this kind of research.

I am afraid that Mr. Robert Hichens is responsible for ruining the charm of Biskra, that curious little oasis scarcely more than a mile long, which contains 100,000 date palm trees. It lies at the upper part of the Great Desert of Sahara, and though for many years it has been visited by invalids, and has been for a long time a French military post, it preserved up to the publication of the "Garden of Allah" an oriental character quite its own, and had not been advertised or exploited. In the early winter of 1908 (to escape the annoyance of being called as a witness in the unsavoury Thaw trial), we took a Boston steamer by way of the Azores, and after a glorious visit to Punta Delgado in St. Michaels, disembarked at Algiers and went to the south by a slow and crowded night train that took twenty-two hours to reach Biskra. On our way down we ran near the wonderful ancient city of Timgad, which contains far more, and much better, early Roman remains than any of the other North African ruined cities. In the late afternoon we passed through the gateway of

the desert—El Kantara—and the setting sun cast its golden-brown and deep red rays upon the great hills that formed the northern limit of the desert, while a few miles beyond was the oasis of Biskra with its fringe of tall date palms framed in the blue-purple of the early evening.

I have no doubt that if one could have examined the belongings of each passenger there would have been found at least one copy of the "Garden of Allah," and when we reached the Hotel Royal several of the characters of the novel were on hand. There were numerous guides who claimed to be the original Batouch, and one had a card inscribed "recommandé par M. Hitching." We contented ourselves with a very good-looking young Arab, one Gatouchi, whose modest claim was that he was the cousin of "the original Batouch," which was a sufficient mark of distinction for most people. We later saw in the dining-room of the hotel a rather wan-looking, middle-aged Scotch lady who had married an Austrian nobleman, and was said to be the original *Domini,* the soulful heroine of Mr. Hichens' romance, and later we had an interview with *Larbé,* the sentimental and musical young negro whose flute was ever ready to charm the sympathetic tourist for a few centimes.

Despite the novelist's glowing pictures, Biskra is disappointing, but one can well understand its former attractions. It consists of a rich and fertile oval of territory, which is irrigated by ditches full of muddy water in part supplied by artesian wells, and in part diverted from the small river. The clearly French town with its fort, cathedral and public buildings touches elbows with the native quarter, and one sees officers taking their *apéritif* at the cafés. At the southern end of the town is old Biskra, which is wholly occupied by natives who are rather a bad lot; it is not safe to visit this place by night.

The Garden of Allah contains a handsome château in the Arabic style, and a great deal of beautiful vegetation. The view of the upper part of the desert from the eastern side is very extensive and satisfying, and one can well understand the influences that created the amatory rhapsodies of *Dominie* and the monk *Androvsky*.

The *souk*, or market, and the street of the ouled naïls attract the visitor at once. The former differs but little from other eastern places of the kind, but one is immediately interested in the arrivals from abroad, who bring a collection of strange wares. There were large piles of dried locusts, which have a scriptural suggestion, and even coarse wild honey may be purchased in another locality. These were said to be palatable, but although I have eaten snakes and various other strange things in my day in different parts of the world, I could not bring myself even to try them.

There is a short street in Biskra through which every visitor walks at least once during his stay. Here live the women of the town, the *ouled naïls*, as they are called, who sit on their doorsteps and ogle every male passerby. It would be difficult to conceive of a greater variety of ugliness, for the collection of sirens includes negroes, nomads and other equally repulsive specimens varying from sixteen to seventy years of age. Some are toothless, others blind from ophthalmia, or presenting evidences of chronic disease. Many of the best looking are decorated with perforated twenty-franc gold pieces, which they string about their heads and necks, or entwine in their unwashed hair, and several horrible murders for the purpose of robbery have taken place from time to time in which they were the victims. A year before our visit the body of one of the best known was found with a cut throat. Her Maltese lover had escaped, but was later captured, half-

starved in the desert. His pockets were crammed with the golden loot from his mistress, which was of little use to him, however. So serious has been this withdrawal of gold from circulation for purposes of personal decoration, that the French authorities have entirely substituted bank notes and silver in these native towns.

Just outside of the oasis is the apparently limitless brown desert, and to the east and northeast of Biskra is a streak of waste land where we saw many camels feeding upon a species of what looks like sage brush, while here and there an attempt is made to raise scanty crops. Various small mud villages occupy nearby oases, one being at Chetmah, where we saw a pretended wedding, evidently arranged for tourists; and twelve miles away is Sidi-Okba, which is perhaps the most distinctly Eastern place I have ever known, although its privacy and exclusiveness have been broken into, the entering wedge being a French barber of Biskra, who has taken a house where he gives breakfasts to tourists. Here, in a garden with two or three sickly trees and a muddy gutter which was referred to by him as "la ruisseau," we ate an excellent meal which the man had brought out in his pony cart. The place was closed an hour or so after we left, and thereafter remained in the keeping of M——'s Arab wife.

Upon this occasion our party consisted of Colonel Russell, a retired United States army officer, and Frederick Williams, an Englishman whom, strange to say, I had met in New York fifteen years before, when he consulted me professionally. My astonishment was great when he came up and wished me "good morning" at the lonely railroad station of Batna where we had just breakfasted.

The sights in the small market place of this ancient town were different from those to be found elsewhere, and were doubtless the survival of early customs that had not

been changed or modernised, and the indifference of the natives made it all the more interesting. The jeweller continued to work his bellows, these consisting of the inflated skins of two goats, which were made to contract and expand by vigorous kicking. The dentist sat ready for a patient, while he passed his thin hand caressingly over a pile, two or three feet high, of human teeth that he had extracted from thousands of patients, while the dermatologist covered a little boy's head with hot liquid tar, the child meanwhile behaving just as any I know would, and roaring like mad.

Sidi-Okba contains the tomb of one of the most revered of Moslem saints, a great warrior who in the sixtieth year of the Hejira conquered the whole of Northern Africa, and, it is said by Playfair, "spurred his horse into the Atlantic, and declared that only such a barrier could prevent him from forcing every nation beyond it who knew not God to worship Him or die."

Our visit to the mosque was not a welcome one, although we took off our shoes and behaved as properly as we knew how. There were angry glances, and two or three old men who were muttering their prayers scowled in a way that suggested what must have been our fate were the French control less perfect. Some mosques elsewhere are absolutely inaccessible to the Christians; in Tangiers I believe that an intruder would be badly maltreated if he were to force an entrance, so I took no risks there at a previous visit.

In passing a low building we heard the familiar singsong hum that denotes the school for little children the world over. The teacher, a mild-looking man, sat in the centre surrounded by about a dozen little boys, who were squatted upon the hard earthen floor. Each had a board of palm wood upon which were inscribed extracts from

the Koran, and the master was armed with a long wand with which he could reach the furthermost boy when he saw any indication of flagging attention. Wishing to get possession of one of the "slates," I sent Gatouchi to buy it from a scholar, but ten minutes after we were stopped by a messenger from the teacher, who forced the five-franc piece into my hand and took away the slate. I suppose the former realised that the Christian dog had no right to such a holy thing.

Whether there is now any native disaffection because of the war I do not know, but there was little danger to outsiders a few years ago except from the Nomads, who are really Arabian tramps for the most part, and who move collectively about the country, bent upon many kinds of mischief. Colonel Richardson Cox, of Bath, England, however, told me that he had for years ridden over the entire Algerian country and a great deal of the upper desert with but one attendant, and he never was molested.

Up to the commencement of the present war France had little to fear from the Arab chiefs, who were her dependents. Most of them were well pensioned, and those people who have been in Biskra must remember Ben Ali and his cousin, two good-looking young men who frequented the little casino and the hotels, and who were not averse to a flirtation with a silly girl or two. These wards of the Government, who have local influence with the tribes, are given an occasional trip to Paris, with a spree, and their uncle, the Kaid, is financially well looked after.

Ben Ali is a good horseman, of course, and his great pleasure was to get romantic young women to accompany him in his rides into the desert. He, however, at least once, to my knowledge, proposed marriage to an infatuated girl; had she agreed, it would, of course, have meant her life confinement in a harem. She was there-



HAMID
Photograph by the author

fore with much secrecy taken quietly out of the dangerous zone.

From our windows every morning we saw the arrival of the caravans that came from Tougurt or even from Timbuctoo. The camels carried loads of at least four hundred pounds, chiefly of dates and grain, but they sometimes bring ivory and other central African products. At night the animals are placed in a large square yard, where they scream and fight with each other, and make those noises that only a camel can.

The local pharmacist at Biskra showed, and afterward presented me with a huge black scorpion preserved in a bottle of alcohol, whose sting, he said, had caused the death of a native woman. The attack of the scorpion is not ordinarily fatal, but always exceedingly painful, and in this case it is probable that the woman was in delicate health. I have seen cases of poisoning both by the centipede and tarantula in Mexico and Southern California without serious consequences, but possibly the *gigas,* a large tropical variety of the former, can inflict a mortal wound, and I once had rather a scare in being obliged to walk, without foot covering of any kind, through the corridor of a South American hotel in which scorpions were found daily.

One of our native friends in Biskra was a little black boy of six, named Hamid, whose heart I won with a cigar that had been cast aside, which he picked up and smoked to the bitter end. He afterward followed us wherever we went, to the jealous disgust of Gatouchi, and later himself became a devoted and attached guide. He spoke only a few words of bad French, but with pantomime we got along very well. My wife was shocked by his evident suffering from the cold for, with the exception of a long yellow gown of the thinnest cotton and a rakish fez, he was

as naked as the day he was born; we took him to the market where they sold clothes, but could not buy anything, for there is a native custom that the negroes can only wear cast-off things of the Arabs, so the pile of gay-coloured haiks and burnouses upon which the boy had feasted his eyes with such longing was not to become his. We comforted him, however, by the present of a flageolet which the other ragamuffins fought for, but which for a time he pluckily retained.

The dancing at the Moorish cafés is extremely poor, and the active pen of Hichens evidently sketched happenings that were purely imaginary. I have, upon an earlier occasion, seen real native dancing in a small northern Algerian town which was far more interesting, and in every way the real thing. So, too, the efforts of local and imitation Assouai were not very amusing. Our guide had told us that as a great favour the holy man would, for the small consideration of five francs each, be persuaded to give an exhibition. As the audience consisted of only Colonel Russell and myself, there was a great delay, and finally a feeble performance was given which consisted in the prancing of several white-clad members of the company about the room, each one of whom held a piece of lighted paper inside their clothing, which they carefully prevented from burning their bodies or their robes.

Learning that the proprietor spoke some English, I called him up and found that he had been in the United States; when I asked him where, he replied, "New York, Chic, Phillelphy, Coney Isla,—Hell, Evaware." I found out that he and many of the men of the village had been in the habit of going over yearly, with camels and properties, to appear with Barnum and Bailey's circus.

The country outside of Biskra, beyond the hot springs of El Hammam Salahin, or the hills near El Kantara,

which is 56 miles distant, is full of big game. Every day the huge wild goat known as the Moufflon was brought into the market place or to the local butcher, and boar hunting was an exciting sport in the neighbourhood. The chase, however, is not without its dangers, and a few weeks before our visit two Englishmen had ventured into a new region, within an hour's ride. They did not return towards night and a search party was sent to look for them. They were found with their bodies covered with wounds, but they both slowly recovered. They had been attacked, robbed, and left to die by a band of nomads, three of whom they killed.

Constantine, which is about two hundred kilometres from Biskra, has, by many writers, been called the most beautiful spot on earth, and it certainly is most impressive, both because of its extraordinary situation, and its long and dramatic history. It occupies a grand plateau, in some places one thousand feet above the River Roummel, which runs through the great ravine that entirely encircles the city. It is filled with ancient remains and great buildings; such, for instance, as the Kasba, which was originally built by the Romans and contains huge cisterns and granaries which were in use when the French came into possession of the Arab stronghold. I saw the cliffs from which the besieged populace tried to escape by letting themselves down by means of ropes. When these broke, hundreds fell to the rocks below and were mangled and killed. I walked through the great gorge, taking the path on the right-hand side, and in this way got the best view of the town, the ravine itself, the Hamma, or hot baths, the Roman villas, and the distant fields, which were in a high state of cultivation.

The streets are, I think, more busy than those of Algiers or any other town of the province, and in the native quar-

ter we spent much time. Here were the little coffee houses, the merchants of slippers, and the gamblers who swindled the boys by means of a wheel and arrow. In the native market, the *Rabbai es Souf,* were the most delicious fruits and vegetables, and the money-changers sat stolidly before little piles of green and corroded copper coin.

Upon one occasion, about twenty years ago, I went with two friends from Philadelphia to see a native dance. We passed through a beautiful garden filled with fig trees and hibiscus bushes, and entered a large Moorish house. On the first floor were a number of Arabs, some of them smoking *kef,* who looked at us suspiciously, but, as they knew the guide, allowed us to go upstairs. Here we found a room full of gilding and showy wall hangings and gay rugs. Upon a dais sat three musicians, one of whom was a black who beat a lap drum with his fingers, while his companions played the African oboe and a violin. When the two dancers had finished I suggested to my friends that it would be a good thing to get a photograph, and C—— offered to touch off the flash powder with his cigar while I snapped the shutter. The explosion of the magnesium had an effect which was instantaneous, for there was a loud shriek; we rushed pell-mell down the stairs and out, pursued by the orchestra and some of the Arabs in the lower room, but most of them were too dazed by the drug to leave their comfortable cushions. It is needless to say we only felt safe when we were out of the Arab quarter, and in our own rooms at the hotel.

My friend Williams was always a carefully dressed and neat Englishman, and was often late in the morning because he could not make his toilet properly in some out-of-the-way place. In Constantine one morning I was startled by a message to the effect that he could not leave his room. As he had left us the night before in good health

and spirits, I was somewhat anxious, and went as quickly as possible to his apartment. There I found him fully dressed with the exception of his feet. He mutely held out to me a pair of abominable shoes, just the kind that are worn by French commercial travellers. They were contorted and bulging, to accommodate pedal lumps of various kinds, and had light cloth tops and pearl buttons. The storm then broke, and never have I seen a man so purple or boisterous. Some one had taken his expensive and almost new Bond Street shoes by mistake—and, besides, the substitutes were three sizes too small. After an hour spent in getting the landlord to institute a search, and after another hour spent in buying an equally villainous pair in the town, Williams managed to get out, and I left him hunting for the robber, and inspecting the footgear of every Frenchman in Constantine.

It is only thirty-six miles from Gibraltar, with its smart English soldiers and gay life, to Tangiers, which is the most oriental town in North Africa. No place has preserved its native habits and customs as has this; because there has not been any real protectorate or stable government, there has been no adoption of foreign ways. In fact, there are no permanent foreign residents except the Ministers and Consuls with their staffs, and scum of the white race, ex-convicts, fugitives from justice, and bad characters of all nations. The very impossibility of any of the great powers coming to an agreement, so far, has given the Moroccan a sort of independence, and the continuation of a rotten government; with all this there is much disorder and injustice in the administration of the old local laws, which includes the *lex talionis,* so that we see everywhere one-handed, noseless and blind men, foreign protest being of no avail.

It was after the time of my visit that Perdicaris, the

former American Consul, was kidnapped by Raizuli, the famous bandit, and even the Kaid McLean, who was the bandit's friend, had been abducted. I was warned not to go into the country, but nevertheless took my chances and had a delightful donkey ride one afternoon without any mishap whatever. The native houses in the interior are simply mud-built hovels, but at a village about three miles from Tangiers, after our approach had been sounded by the huge storks who build their nests on the roofs, we were welcomed by the caretaker to a rather pretentious Moorish house, which was of the conventional plan, the *patios* with the fountain being the chief attraction. In the city itself one did not feel exactly safe, for there were always bullies hanging around outside the cafés, and had it not been for young Bensusan, our Gibraltar guide, I think I should have been stabbed upon one occasion by a skulking Arab. It is not often that many Riffs, who are the wild coast tribesmen, find their way into Tangiers, but one day I incurred the hostile inspection of one of these ruffians, who was at least six feet three inches tall, and his loose wild hair added several more inches to his stature. He was fully armed and of course I had nothing.

The administration of justice is in the hands of the Kaid, arbitrary and cruel sentences being imposed. In fact, it is only necessary for a person with influence to wink at the judge, or tender a suitable bribe, to have any one committed to the prison. From this he may not emerge alive, for the inmates are wholly dependent upon their friends for food, so if they have none they starve and their bodies find their way to the sea. I saw the poor wretches inside, some of whom dragged themselves to the bars to have me buy their baskets. Others could not even rise from the floor, and presented all the evidences of advanced starvation.

The most important religious dignitary is the Sherifa, who had some years ago married an English woman who was an estimable lady and had great influence over her master, but later when he became weak and senile his children by another woman sought to accomplish her death by poison. They were unsuccessful and I believe she left the country.

The followers of the Assouai, a sect with headquarters at Fez, are much more in earnest in Tangiers than elsewhere. Their existence as a religious body is dependent upon the extent of their self-mutilation and suffering, and this resembles in measure the performances of the whirling dervishes in the far East. They come in crowds into the city, draggled and torn and in a condition of fanatical excitement. Some fall in epileptic or hysterical fits by the roadside, and they proceed to injure themselves, often trying to dash their heads against walls or thrusting sharp instruments into their bodies. I had a chance to see two or three of these people detached from the main body, who worked themselves into a state of auto-suggestion and religious frenzy, so that their skin everywhere became insensitive; then taking long needles and a small sharp dagger, they passed them through the cheek, there being no hemorrhage whatever. In some hysterics at home this bloodlessness and analgesia of the skin is found.

The fakirs at Tangiers took a long, green and apparently venomous snake from their goatskin bag, which they allowed to bite the tongue; here, too, there was no indication of pain.

After a happy week in Tangiers, I took a packet boat which had formerly been the steam yacht *Giralda,* the property of my old friend, the late Harry McCalmont of London, who sold it to the Spanish Government during the Spanish-American war.

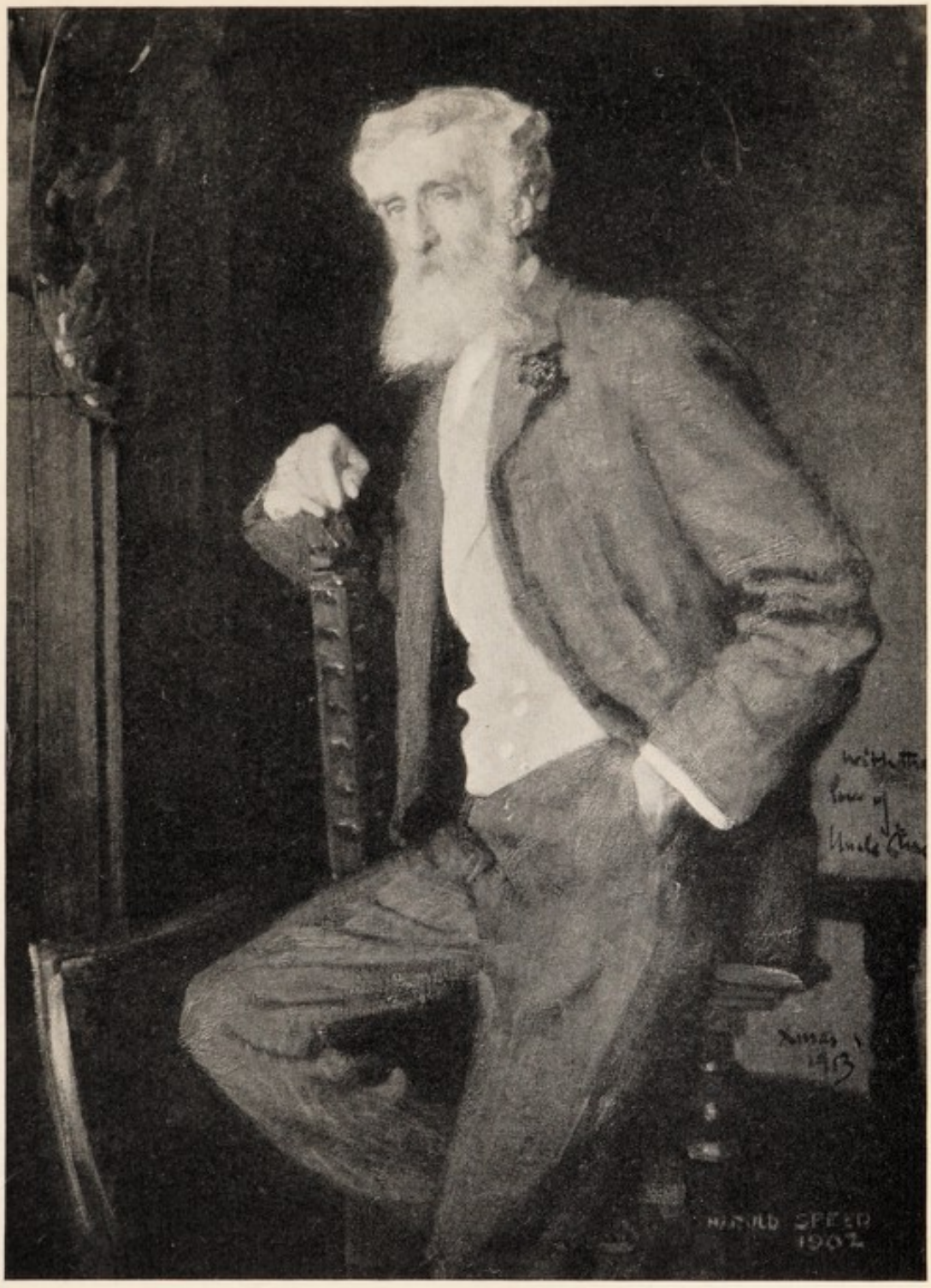
CHAPTER XI

CAPRI

The Palaces of Tiberius—Coleman the Artist—The Villa Castello and Its Beauties—Numidian Marbles—A Midnight Adventure—The Earthquake at Ischia—An Interrupted Concert—Axel Munthe and the Cholera of 1884—Capri Society—Native Cruelty to Animals—Quail Trapping—Dolce far Niente—The Capri Boats—Elihu Vedder—Capri Wine—Taxes and Monopolies—The Saint Serafino di Dio—Festas—Dr. Cerio—Marion Crawford—Neapolitan Cab Drivers—A Sand Storm.

It was no wonder that the Emperor Tiberius, worn out and jaded with the cares of his office and life in Rome, settled upon the Island of Capri as a fitting place in which to end his days, or that he built so many grand palaces. Among these was the Temple Jovis, on the highest cliffs which were lashed at their feet by the angry sea through which Ulysses passed after he had evaded the temptations of the Sirens, who would lure him to the caves near the present Piccolo Marina. He built others near Damaceuta over the Blue Grotto, and on the edge of the sea, and one can look down any clear day and see the solid walls of the Palazza a Mare and baths of Tiberius beneath the surface of the blue Mediterranean.

But a few ruins remain to-day of all this magnificence, and the lovely island which is less than four miles long and two miles wide is still as beautiful as ever. Vesuvius, which he looked upon every day as I did for several years, still changes its moods and has altered but little in the past



CHARLES CARYL COLEMAN, ESQ.

two thousand years. Before and since his time Capri has been occupied by the rough men of the stone age, whose cave beneath Monte Solaro exists, and where primitive instruments were found a few years ago, by the followers of Mithras, the Sun God, whose altar may be visited in another part of the island, and by Greeks and Romans; it has even been in possession of the French, and the English under Sir Richard Church and Sir Hudson Lowe, and to-day is overrun by Neapolitans and German tourists—or at least was by the latter two years ago.

I first went to the island in 1894 at the invitation of Charles Coleman, the distinguished American artist, and now the "oldest resident." He had fought bravely in the Civil War, had studied art in New York and Rome, and was an intimate of the late Frank Millet, the painter, who was lost on the *Titanic,* as well as Elihu Vedder, a recent addition to the Capri Colony. Coleman built the beautiful Villa Narcissus, a store-house of artistic things, and found for me a superb house and garden—the Villa Castello—near his own place. It had originally been the residence of an early Catholic Bishop, and was at least eight hundred years old, the foundation walls being formed of huge blocks of pink granite. These were undoubtedly a part of the great Cyclopean wall built probably by the Cumans. It had been occupied for forty years by an English artist named Anderson. He and Dr. Cerio, the resident physician, had in the early days bought up all the pieces of antique marble they could find, and when I took the house the floors of the principal rooms were paved with these exquisite materials, just as they were in the Tiberian villas.

The rooms were lofty, and always full of fresh air, while in front was a large terrace that overlooked the entire bay of Naples and the villages at the base of Vesuvius; Sorrento, Massa, and the mainland, as well as the island

of Ischia, could be seen, while on the north the beetling grey crags of Monte Solaro were ever beautiful under different effects of light and shade. My courtyard contained an enormous ancient oil vase in which at one time had been planted an oleander that had attained the proportions of a small tree, and was often covered with exquisite pink blossoms; there was also a clump of feathery bamboo. The garden back of the house was nearly two acres in extent, and there grew oranges and lemons, figs, mulberries, and huge umbrella pines; while grape and other vines trailed over ancient pergolas. After I left, an entire Roman room with frescoes in a perfect state was opened up by Mr. Thomas Jerome, the new tenant, and I myself often picked up fragments of Greek glass, once finding a terra-cotta mask of Medusa.

I slept in a room off the studio; at the other end was a tower with a steep flight of stone stairs leading to the road beneath. Thoroughly tired out one night, I had gone to bed, and must have slept soundly for several hours when I awoke to find a man's face very close to mine, and the unmistakable smell of the local bad cigarettes, mingled with the fumes of stale wine. Half asleep, I quickly got to my feet and seizing the intruder by both shoulders marched him across the room, down the tower steps, and out into the road, he making no resistance whatever. I was unarmed, bare-footed, and only in my pyjamas, and there was no way of notifying others. It was a rather gruesome experience, and probably signalled the appearance of one of the petty thieves that infest Naples.

From my front windows and terrace I could see Ischia, twenty miles away. This island contains a slumbering or extinct volcano and, unlike Capri, is subject to earthquakes. One terrible shock occurred some time before my visit, and as there are during the summer time a great

many people there who go to take the cure, the loss of life was enormous. At one hotel a concert was being given before a large audience. Not only did the floor sink, but an eye witness told me of the disappearance through the stage of the grand piano, performer and all, into a great crevasse.

Capri is said to be exempt from these visitations, and in the memory of man there has been no *terro-moto*.

The Villa Castello was in the centre of the island next to the infant school of Santa Theresa, which was a great annoyance, as the young Capresi looked over the garden wall, and the priests, who were continuously extortionate, were ever insisting upon non-existent property rights. When upon one occasion they built a small house squarely in front of the entrance to the carriage drive, I brought them to their senses by the threat that I would go to the American Ambassador and make it an international affair.

Back of the place was the Castiglione, a venerable castle, and south of the town was the beautiful San Michele. A steep, narrow road took one to Anacapri, a quaint, unspoiled village at the northern end of the island. Here, beneath a hill upon which the corsair Barbarossa built a castle in the early sixteenth century, lived Dr. Axel Munthe, an extremely cultivated Swedish physician, but withal somewhat eccentric. During the cholera epidemic of 1884 he arrived in Naples from Sweden, his luggage consisting only of a small portmanteau with a few clothes and medicines. He actually lived in the midst of the populace that died at the rate of one thousand a day. Here he remained, doing magnificent work, and when the scourge was over moved over to Capri and built a villa. It is needless to say that he was simply worshipped by all the Italians of the lower class, and his word with them was law. I can never forget that in 1902, more dead than alive,

I was carried over to Naples to enter the International Hospital, having chartered the local steamboat for an extra trip. When we approached the dock, I found an angry, gesticulating mob determined that I should not land, as at the time bubonic plague was prevalent and any one looking as weak and ill as I did was in their eyes an undesirable visitor. Munthe, who was coming down the quay to take the boat, simply walked among them and explained, and they immediately subsided, many actually helping me ashore. Any one knowing the attitude of the ordinary savage Neapolitan crowd will appreciate not only the risk he ran, but the influence he must have had.

Munthe had fitted up and restored a part of the Barbarossa Castle, but it proved to be a dangerous place in which to stay, for it was three times struck by lightning in one summer, so he lived in his beautiful villa and also used the Roman rooms he had excavated, and a mediæval chapel which he had restored to its original condition, supplying it with missals and ecclesiastical belongings. To him came at various times the Crown Princess of Sweden, and some of his other patients.

Other distinguished residents of the island were the late Colonels Mellis and Hempsted, retired British officers; Professor Behring, the discoverer of anti-diphtheritic serum, and Maxim Gorky, the novelist, who arrived after I left. I also knew Norman Douglas, the writer and journalist, a very learned man, who is said to have escaped from the island in a small boat with the help of Mr. Jerome, the American Consul, when about to be arrested for a ridiculous civil suit, but who later returned.

There was, unfortunately, another kind of Capri society that eventually made it a disagreeable place of abode.

I speak of the Germans who overran the island: there

was hardly a path that was not strewn by them with empty sardine cans and greasy papers, scraps of ham and bread, marking their daily walks; their noisy voices also penetrated everywhere. They were accustomed to meet at Pagano's Hotel, the walls of which were covered with mural paintings by Teutonic artists of the past fifty years.

Apart from certain drawbacks, Capri is a delightful place. Despite the Neapolitan admixture, much of the Greek type of beauty is found among the women, and the older people are fine looking and of good character. When Sir Hudson Lowe came to Capri in 1806 with an English force, many of his troops were red-headed Irishmen, and it was said that the occasional or red-haired Capresi one meets owes this peculiarity to the conjunction of the sexes of different races, but I saw no evidence of the transmission of Celtic mental traits. The children are generally very cruel to animals, as are many adult Italians, and it is no uncommon thing to see a toddling youngster trailing by a string the body of a half-dead bird. The feathered tribe have a poor chance, for every one who can beg or borrow a gun of any kind shoots even the smallest and most inedible birds.

The most cruel practice of all is the trapping of quail, and I have seen large nets stretched over the upper part of Capri in the line of flight from the African coast. Each of these is about thirty feet high, and has pockets into which the quail fall when exhausted or killed when they strike the net. Not only are flares used to attract them, but the cruel Capresi catches a bird or two which he blinds by a red-hot wire, and as they cannot distinguish night from day in this blind state, they constantly make the call that attracts fresh victims.

Life on the island is a *dolce far niente* existence, and one can be happy with his books, an occasional foreign mail,

and the local newspapers, which latter are, however, poor things. Besides these, the walks are beautiful and there are drives and excursions on the sea. With the exception of a few hours in the day, from the time when the Naples boat discharges its load of tourists who devour macaroni and drink sour Capri (?) wine, at the hotels on the Grand Marina, until it leaves at three o'clock, Capri is itself. When these finally depart, one draws a long breath of relief. Few of the sight-seers reach the piazza by the funicular railway, or take a vettura, the most part staying on the boat. The passenger craft for the most part were condemned English channel steamers that had had long years of service and were hardly fit for even the eighteen-mile trip, which was sometimes a very rough one. One day when I went home by the least seaworthy of these, I examined the metallic lifeboat and found I could run my knife blade through its rusted bottom without any difficulty, and a further search revealed structural defects of other kinds. Sometimes the boats bring to the island some of the worst lazzaroni, and for a few days acts of burglary occur, but for years no one has locked his doors or windows, for the Capresi himself is not a robber.

One of the best known characters in Capri was a model, one Spadero, whose specialty is posing for Christ. He grew his hair and beard in the fashion of religious pictures, but here the illusion ended, for he was a crafty old fellow. To him belonged the honour of having climbed to the top of one of the Farraleones, two great rocks that arise from the sea on the south side of the island, and finding a species of the celebrated blue lizard which is to be seen nowhere else in the world.

George Butler, the one-armed portrait painter, who had been a fellow-officer with my brother in the Civil War, lived in Capri for several years, and married a native

woman with whom he was most happy, later returning to the United States, where he died. Another marriage of this kind was that of Lord Grantly, who afterward became Lord Norton; his wife, a beautiful Capresi, took a prominent place in London society. Many of the marriages of the local artists are with peasants who have been models, and all end well. Their private life is everything that can be desired, indeed the standard of native virtue is high, and the old Jewish custom of announcing the previous virgin purity of the bride, in a way which need not be here explained, is still universal, or was several years ago.

One who lives in Italy is likely to suffer from taxation of all kinds. The cost of selling a house and the taxes and fees are about ten per cent of its value, so that the Government may be said to own it after it has changed hands ten times. The *richezza mobile* or income tax is especially heavy, being twenty per cent. This is arbitrarily collected, and I have known the case of a poor invalided peasant who had made nothing, yet the collector would not listen to his excuses, but insisted upon the payment of a certain sum which he "ought to have earned." The result was that he was forced to labour on the roads for a day or two, or until he was supposed to have worked out a sum equal to the *richezza* fixed by the authorities. Government monopolies of salt, sugar and tobacco, and the conduct of the Custom House are other evils. The new arrival is treated much worse than he is in the United States, where things are certainly bad enough. I was taxed and fined for bringing into Naples a few chairs with cotton-covered seats which the inspectors insisted contained much silk. With a microscope one could detect scattered fibres of waste silk in the braid with which the cushions were bound, but this was all. They are particularly severe upon those who are accused of im-

porting sugar, and a lady I know was obliged to stand by and see four or five cans of corn opened and ruined because the label bore the words "sugar corn." Mark Twain tells the story of a Yankee sea captain who landed, and was asked if he had any wine or spirits to declare. "No," said he, "I ran no chances and took my drink before I left the ship." The result was an arrest, not only for smuggling liquor, but *concealing* it as well.

When the island was cut off by a storm for a week, the salt ran out, and on one occasion at least a peasant was found evaporating sea water on the shore. He was promptly taken before the Syndic and sentenced to imprisonment of one month.

Capri wine is a misrepresented thing, and though like the wine of Salernum it might, in bygone days, have been properly made, and even ambrosial, I never drank a bottle that was not sour and unpalatable. The frequenter of the cheap table d'hôte in the United States or elsewhere who orders Capri *bianco* or *rosso,* always gets sophisticated wine from the vineyards about the base of Vesuvius, to which sugar and alcohol are added; in fact, the exportation often includes the poorest kinds, which have been fortified and doctored. One gets better wine in Sicily, and the brand known as *Corvo* is really drinkable. None of these is as palatable or pure as really good California wine, and their use at home is not only expensive but usually an affectation.

The oil is good, though strong in flavour, and one finds plenty of fine fruit, mostly brought from the mainland. Fish are abundant and delicious, and the native lobster or langoust was not so very dear. The red mullet and lamprey eel which most classical writers have delighted to praise, and which graced the tables of Augustus and Tiberius, were brought to us every day, with figs, grapes and

oranges from the garden, while vegetables in variety, cooked over small charcoal fires, or chickens and meats roasted under covers would have delighted Lucullus.

One of the *plats* prepared by the accomplished Rosa, a great good-humoured Capri woman whose family had lived on the island from time immemorial, was a mixture of egg-plant, tomatoes and cheese, baked in layers with thick and rich stock. Pasquale, her husband, a barefooted fisherman dressed in a suit of blue cotton with a red silk sash, did the work about the house and brought the fish from the sea, or rowed to the bathing place.

Many days were ushered in by the booming of cannon which were used to celebrate the day of some saint; these were of the mortar type so common in France in the seventeenth century and were touched off with a hot iron. Then during the morning a procession of the islanders, including the young girls that form the *figlia di Maria,* would march down the road in front of the villa, carrying the ugly statue of Saint Constanza.

Capri is famous as being the home of the well-known *Suor Serafina di Dio,* who is one of the greatest Roman Catholic Saints; in fact, she once lived in the building next door to my home, which was originally a convent, toward the end of the seventh century. Norman Douglas, in a learned article, referred to the suffering of this remarkable woman, who flagellated herself and indulged in other humiliations too disgusting to enumerate, but they all were connected with mortification of the flesh. "She performed miracles three years after death; her picture sweats and speaks, and the oil that burns before it is medicinally useful; pieces of her clothing are efficacious as talismans, and pilgrimages to her tomb have been known to produce cures."

I made one very good friend in Capri, the elder Dr.

Cerio, a delightfully simple man, learned in his profession and in science generally. He had spent all his life there in an old palace next to the Cathedral, full of rambling rooms. One of these was used as a museum, and contained a collection of local curiosities of great ethnological value, including stone implements, bronze weapons and minerals, as well as other specimens brought from Egypt and elsewhere. Being first on the spot, he has accumulated a great quantity of Roman remains, pottery and Greek glass. The old doctor is very fond of animals, and one of his pets is a large ape, that clings affectionately to him. The doctor's well-known attachment to animal pets led some friend to present him with a little African gazelle which became so tame that it would follow him about the house, and come to his room with the maid who brought the morning coffee, getting its share of the breakfast. Dr. Cerio is now leading a lonely life, for his devoted English wife was killed by a stroke of lightning and his children are scattered.

Once he brought to me in New York a patient from Capri, and was as happy as a child on this first visit to the United States, spending his days in the American Museum of Natural History.

After the battle of Manila, Admiral Dewey stopped at Naples, but although I boarded his ship I could not persuade him to cross the bay to Capri. I was delighted to see him, and found him just the same quiet unspoiled person that he was when I met him at the University Club before the Spanish war. Marion Crawford, whom I had known in New York, lived at Sorrento, and on a clear day I could see his villa. I had occasionally the chance to meet home friends, but Naples is not a pleasant place for the traveller. It is the hot-bed of corruption and the Camorra flourished at the time of which I speak. To the surprise

of every one, a titled Italian who was supposed to be a philanthropist and an upright member of society, was really the head of this gang of blackmailing murderers. Beggars in shoals, touts for bagnios, and other human vermin were in the *Galleria Humberto,* and upon the public thoroughfares. The Neapolitan cab drivers were so cruel to their horses that even the police were obliged to interfere, which means a great deal. An English representative of the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty arrested one of these, who had filled the horse's collar with sharp-pointed nails; for his trouble he was stabbed, and no further attempt was made to curb this evil. As there is no capital punishment in Italy, a convicted murderer is sent either to one of the coast islands such as *Ponza* (for only a short time, however, as he usually buys his freedom), or if he be a "political murderer" he gets a sentence of ten years, and is, as the result of confinement in an underground dungeon, driven insane.

CHAPTER XII

MY LIFE IN LONDON

The Irish Coast—Old London—Covent Garden and Its Taverns—The Tavistock Hotel—Evans' Concert Rooms—The New Club—The Duke of Beaufort—London Clubs—The Beefsteak—Prince Francis of Teck—White's and Brooke's Clubs—Gay Life—Cremorne Gardens—Argyll Rooms—Night Clubs—London Actors: Sir Beerbohm Tree, Harry Kemble, W. S. Gilbert, Charles Brookfield—The Grossmiths—"The Bodley Head" and Its Tea Parties—Oscar Wilde—Watson, the Poet—Lord Kitchener and Sir Edward Cecil—Artificial Rubber—Lloyd George's Attack on King Edward—Two Great Chief Justices—Montagu Williams—A Donkey Case—The Mordaunt Divorce Case—A "Funny" Judge—Sir George Lewis—London Doctors—Sir James Crichton-Browne and Sir Lauder Brunton—Sir Victor Horsley, "Clothes Horsley"—Bernard Shaw and the Doctors—London Consultants—Ocean Crossings—The Lost Pilgrims On the City of Brussels—The Chase of a Whaler—Captain Jones' Tame Whales.

ONCE only in a lifetime does one experience the thrill of pleasure that is incident to the first glimpse of the Irish coast with its glorious green and purple shades, and sunshine, and vast expanse of rock and surf; after a slow voyage in bad weather this sight gives one not only mental but actual physical pleasure.

My first visit to London was made at a time when I was young and keen, and prepared to enjoy it to the fullest, for all my ideals of England and English life were founded

not only upon the delightful reminiscences of my mother, whose life abroad had been so pleasant and eventful, but I had ever been a diligent reader of Thackeray and Dickens, who pictured the life in different ways. It was to plunge immediately into the atmosphere of old London that I sought the Tavistock Hotel, situated in the heart of Covent Garden, and one of the very few old taverns left. For many years it has been patronised by a clientèle of its own, among which were substantial country squires, and old-fashioned, conservative people.

Covent Garden was at one time the convent garden of Westminster, and in 1222 it was known as Trere Pye garden. Later it was built upon, a market occupying the centre. St. Paul's church was on the west side, while around the other sides was an arcade, or piazza, in front of various substantial buildings which were chiefly given up to hotel purposes. Covent Garden was always the centre of much activity of various kinds, and Sidney Smith referred to its "amorous and herbivorous pavement," which is expressive of the place to-day although it is no longer a rendezvous for the pugnacious Mohun and the duellists of other times, and rags rather than gold lace and ruffles are to be seen. The raucous slang of the coster who fills his barrow, or munches his breakfast while he drinks enormous bowls of tea before starting on his rounds, fills the morning air, and the noisy chaffing of the market men is heard on every side.

Thackeray said: "The two great national theatres on one side, a churchyard of mouldy but undying celebrities on the other; a frieze of houses studded in every part with anecdotes or history; an arcade often more gloomy and deserted than a cathedral aisle; a rich cluster of brown old taverns, one of them filled with the counterfeit presentiments of many actors long since silent, who scowl and smile

once more from the canvas upon the grandsons of their dead admirers; a something in the air which breathes of old books, old paintings and old authors; a place beyond all other places one would choose in which to hear the chimes at midnight, and a common centre into which Nature showers her choicest gifts, and where the kindly fruits of the earth often nearly choke the narrow thoroughfares; a population that never seems to sleep, and that does all in its power to prevent others sleeping; a place where the very latest supper and the earliest breakfast jostle each other over the footways."

The Tavistock Hotel was originally known as the Piazza Hotel, and was fitted up by one Macklin, an actor, who provided a large coffee room for refreshments and oratory. To a three-shilling "ordinary" he added a shilling lecture, or "school of oratory and criticism." Foote and Fielding were among the frequenters. At the original Piazza, Sheridan and Oliver Goldsmith often met with their cronies, or joined the "shilling rubber club" at the Bedford next door.

Even to-day it is a characteristic survival of old London, and one is quite prepared to meet Dr. Johnson or Sir Joshua Reynolds straying through the deserted passages, or to hear David Garrick ordering his punch "with plenty of sugar." The office on the second floor is reached by a flight of steep brass-covered stairs, and on the right is an old-fashioned coffee room. At the time of my first visit there were wide alcoves, and separate heavy mahogany tables, while generous English joints and aldermanic fowl were within easy reach. The wines were the oldest and best, and one was waited upon by solemn and ancient waiters of the type of those who served David Copperfield when he dined with Steerforth. The bedrooms were very dark and filled with ponderous old furniture—just the

place for ghostly visitors, and one could not feel quite sure that Hogarth or Sam Foote would not claim that the room was theirs, or at least try the door knob.

The Star Hotel at one time occupied the house at the northwest corner of Covent Garden that had belonged to Admiral Russell, afterward Earl of Orford. It was later the home of the eccentric Kenelm Digby, and was afterward acquired by an actor named Evans, who opened a concert hall with a high grade of part-singing. In 1844 it was bought by a Mr. John Green, who made extensive alterations, taking in the garden which was formerly the site of a cottage belonging to the Kembles, and where the celebrated Fanny Kemble was born. Here one could hear a marvellous boy choir, which sang old English glees while he quaffed his musty ale and ate his Welsh rarebit, and at one time there was a series of amusing mock trials, usually dealing with divorce or breach of promise cases with questionable details. Many of them were conducted by clever but broken down barristers who were brilliant indeed when sober, and at one time had distinguished themselves at the English bar, but as the result of drink or other failings had degenerated to this level.

It later became the New Club, where nightly dances took place, and a great effort was made to keep it a decent place. One of its chief visitors was the old Duke of Beaufort, that famous patron of the sports, who sat on one side of the room and acted as a sort of Master of Ceremonies, while he amiably beamed upon every one. I met him at an early period, and he immediately selected for me a dancing partner who at the time was Miss Connie Gilchrist of the Gaiety Theatre; she afterward became the Countess of Orkney, and is to-day a sedate elderly woman of much good sense and usefulness. She was then a blithesome, attractive young girl. Another frequenter of the club was

Lord Donoughmore, who was known as "D," a big-hearted and jovial Irish peer, who had done much excellent work as secretary to his uncle, Lord Minto, Viceroy of India. He later had a business connection with the Grace Brothers in Peru, and his son, the present Earl, married the beautiful daughter of Michael Grace. "Hughie" Drummond, always ready for practical jokes; the handsome George Howard, Marquis of Queensberry, resplendent in sporting and rather loud clothes; and Harry DeWindt, the explorer and writer, were also habitués.

Most London clubs were originally the outgrowth of tavern meetings. The first is supposed to have been that founded by Sir Walter Raleigh at the Mermaid, while at the Devil's Tavern in Temple Bar Ben Jonson established the Apollo Club, which was frequented by a number of interesting people, among them Shakespere. The Cocoa Tree was also one of the oldest, as was the Kit-Kat, referred to by Addison in the *Spectator,* and there are many in existence to-day which date back to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The most enjoyable small and exclusive club is the Beefsteak, founded in 1876 by the 8th Duke of Beaufort, Claude Hay, "Hughie" Drummond, Charles Sugden the actor, and a few others, and to which I have belonged for a quarter of a century. Its predecessor was the Sublime Society of the Beefsteaks, started by one Richard Estcourt, a well-known harlequin and machinist at the Covent Garden Theatre in 1709. Hogarth, and all the celebrated men of that day, were members of the club, which was housed in a room in the upper part of the theatre. In 1735 one Rich founded another which lasted until 1867 and met in the Lyceum Theatre. The present Beefsteak, whost list of members includes some of the most noted Englishmen in every profession, and where one is sure



OLD BEEFSTEAK CLUB (1876-1895)
With permission of Leslie Ward, Esq.

of finding a congenial companion at dinner, has a collection of quaint and antique silver, including some of the relics of the first Beefsteak, among them the ring and sword of Garrick. Ralph Neville, in his book, said: "The Beefsteak, like the Garrick, once contained quite a number of members, who had a great disinclination to go to bed, and who lingered late over the pleasant talk of the supper table." I can recall many late sittings of this kind when I had such agreeable companions as Prince Francis of Teck, W. L. Courtney, the Editor of the *Fortnightly Review,* Sir George Chetwynd and others, all of whom talked interestingly. The first named was a very simple and agreeable soldier, whose chief interest was the management of the Middlesex Hospital, and no charitable work was too great for him. I was sorry I could not before his death accept his kind invitation to address the students.

He told me one evening a rather comical experience he had had in India, when he was camping with his regiment. It appears that the command had pitched its tents in a rather cold spot, in a district where there were many large monkeys, and after he had turned in with very meagre bed covering, he was surprised to receive a visit from first one and then a second of them, who lifted the blanket, and cuddled in next to the big officer, remaining until morning, when they slyly raised the tent flap and scampered off to the woods.

Most of us who have read *The Virginians* must remember Harry Warrington's visit to White's Club, which was known as White's Chocolate House in 1698, and is referred to at a later period of its existence by Thackeray. White's and Brooke's Clubs are to-day the two smartest in the world, and are both proprietary clubs frequented chiefly by army and navy officers and young men about town. Play is high and such a membership is an expensive luxury

for many reasons. A few years ago some New Yorkers of the newly rich kind, who were introduced there, made themselves so obnoxious that a rule was passed that confined the membership to men of English birth. Social complications attending the numerous Anglo-American marriages have been common, and the occasional coming to London of certain dissipated individuals and relations —the gilded youth who even at home caused "the judicious to grieve," and who were guilty in England of gross social indiscretions—has certainly produced a bad impression which is likely to remain.

There is always something most common-place about the so-called gay life of London, in spite of its alleged wickedness, and Weedon Grossmith tells some funny stories of the extreme dulness of most of the supposedly fast resorts of other days. I well remember the chain of all-night clubs which included the Corinthian in St. James's Square, the Gardenia in Leicester Square, and others that served a well-known purpose of "providing exclusivism for the masses" and favouring certain amatory assignations. "These clubs," said Grossmith, "were not difficult to become members of, though you had to be properly proposed and seconded; this was frequently accomplished by the aid of the hall porter as proposer and a cabman as seconder." Such places, however, shortly went out of existence, and were rejuvenated only a year or two ago, but some were such foul nests for all kinds of vice, as well as blackmail and even robbery, that the majority have lately been suppressed. People were brought in from the streets by the harpies that infest Leicester Square without any form of election whatever, but as the English law demands that even workingmen's clubs should conform to the Licensing Act of 1902, which requires that any one who joins a club

shall be proposed at least forty-eight hours before his election, their extinction ought to be an easy matter.

The famous Vauxhall Gardens referred to by Pepys and Thackeray became a thing of the past in 1859, but were later succeeded by Cremorne Gardens, which were situated in the gardens of the country house of Lord Cremorne, but they too were suppressed because of noise and disorder in 1877. During their existence they were a resort for a gay set who danced upon a circular platform to the music of an excellent band with surroundings of lights and fireworks.

I well remember the Argyll Rooms, which was succeeded by the present Trocadero restaurant, at the corner of Shaftesbury Avenue and Windmill Street. I recall also the fact that a world-wise (?) American friend who took me there, seriously told me that the place was the favourite rendezvous of the best of English society. I soon found that the beautiful women, in their superb but rather loud clothes, belonged to the "oldest profession in the world," that most of the male frequenters were of the shadiest kind, and that many had evidently dined too well that evening. This place was closed in the late seventies, despite the fact that it was the "resort of the British aristocracy."

There are many men on the English stage to-day who possess the same brilliancy and wit that was Foote's. Some are Admirable Crichtons, and have varied accomplishments. My old friend, Wilfred Draycott, is not only a versatile actor, but a learned botanist as well, and when he visits us he spends much of his time in the woods, returning with arms full of wild flowers. Weedon Grossmith is an artist, as are other actors, and most of them have written novels or plays, or done other literary work of merit. Sir Charles Wyndham was a surgeon and fought in our Civil War, and I have always been impressed with

the culture and education of the English players of recent times, many of whom are graduates of the great Universities.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, who is one of the most successful actor-managers in London, is an old friend whose career I have watched with the greatest interest. He comes from a clever family, his brother being Max Beerbohm, the writer and caricaturist. His industry and resourcefulness are remarkable, and I have attended rehearsals at His Majesty's Theatre that extended to the early morning, when he was the only one of the great cast who was apparently not exhausted; and he ought to have been, for he attends to the smallest details, and by extreme persuasion, gentle sarcasm or an expletive or two, manages to get a perfect performance. Sir Herbert has the good sense to employ the best advice he can find; the aid of noted artists, antiquarians and historians is sought when needed, and the result is a performance free from the anachronisms of the ordinary theatre. When he produced the *Darling of the Gods* he called upon Markino, the clever Japanese artist, then in London, who was responsible for the beautiful *mise en scene.* When a new production is staged Tree shuts himself up in the theatre and works night and day. He has a sumptuous suite of apartments in the upper part of the building, and a beautifully decorated banqueting hall wherein he gives supper parties, one of which I attended.

He is a great and original character actor, and his make-up is most perfect, usually taking much time. It is, I think, his ambition to be considered a great Hamlet, but his dearest friends have not been over-sanguine as to his complete success in this part. There is a story told at his expense of a visit paid to a provincial theatre by his friend, Sir John Hare, where Tree was playing Hamlet; after

the performance they adjourned for supper. "Hare, what do you think of my Hamlet?" asked Tree. "Well," replied Hare, "as you have asked me to be frank, I cannot say I like it at all." (A pause.) "But you like my wife's *Ophelia?*" To which Hare with becoming chivalry, but over-mastering frankness, replied: "Well, to tell you the truth, Herbert, I think I have seen her do better in other parts." Then there was an awkward pause, but Tree's optimism came to his aid and he said: "Well, anyway, it is a noble *play,* is it not? I am sure you are not prepared to deny this." And Hare did not.

Tree is a most amiable man, with a soft voice, which lisps slightly. He possesses that great gift of making his hearer think he is always the subject of the greatest interest. Sometimes his intonation is peculiar and, like that of the late Henry Irving, tempts a lot of would-be entertainers who strive, but without much success, to imitate his peculiarities. He is absent-minded, and it is said on occasions he has forgotten to give the address to the cabman. He is fond of occasional vague conversations, during which he is inclined to pose. One day when he was dreamingly talking to Leslie Ward, he said, after inquiring what were Ward's politics, "You know, Leslie, I am a Socialist." To which the latter replied: "Then why, in Heaven's name, do you keep the words 'His Majesty's' over the door of your theatre?"

W. S. Gilbert was another London friend. I had met him in New York at a time when he had come over with Sir Arthur Sullivan and Alfred Cellier to produce the *Pirates of Penzance,* and they had suffered at the hands of those persons who were quite ready to steal their copyright, and who, upon one occasion, were successful. Gilbert, therefore, was not cordially disposed towards America. He was a most interesting man but not a person in

whom, from his appearance, one would look for such original and whimsical wit and humour. He seriously acted as a magistrate in the Middlesex Court, and the thought occurs to one whether he did not sometimes indulge in the legal humour of the leading character of *Trial by Jury*. I have listened to his charming talk for hours, and upon one occasion he attacked the value of novels that had gone out of fashion, being particularly severe upon Sir Walter Scott, but all the time one seriously suspected that he was poking fun at us. The delightful character of all his literary work consisted in the fact that it was the clever production of a well-educated and widely informed man, and quite spontaneous.

A player of the old school and of a noted theatrical family was Harry Kemble, with whom I have had many a delightful evening, and whom I first met when he was playing *The Man from Blankleys*. He was a born low comedian, an elderly and rotund *farceur*, with a laughter-compelling manner, a great deal of comic gravity and a somewhat stilted and quivering voice and mode of address. He always dressed in sombre black, being known to his friends as "the beetle." When he lived at Datchet, just after Prince Leopold died, he met Queen Victoria, who was in heavy mourning, taking her daily drive: at that time the Queen had a very florid complexion, and Kemble's irreverent description of her was "a carbuncle set in jet."

Charlie Brookfield, another good friend, was once spending the week-end with Kemble. One Sunday morning he took an air gun into the garden and shot a sparrow. Kemble rushed into the house and called to Draycott and other friends: "Something so dreadful has happened; Charlie's assassinated one of God's choristers," and then added: "I fear it's the soprano."

Once Kemble and Draycott were waiting for a train at

the Windsor railway station, when two small schoolboys came in and looked rather wistfully at the cakes in the refreshment room window. Kemble took them into the room and stood them buns and ginger beer, and he said to them: "Now some day you can tell your grandchildren that you knew Mr. Kemble, the actor." Then turning to Draycott, he said: "Thus, my dear Wilfred, do I purchase immortality at sixpence a head."

The Brookfield who killed the sparrow was a delightfully droll individual, a clever character-actor, who achieved his great and early success in the Robertson comedies at the old Prince of Wales Theatre. He was the son of the Reverend William Henry Brookfield, whose wife was so admired by Thackeray, and who was so great a beauty. Charlie Brookfield was an erratic man, and none of his friends knew what he would do next. During the latter years of his life he went to Italy for ill-health, and became a Roman Catholic, and at one time it was said that he intended becoming a monk. This rumour was untrue, but he succeeded in making one of his only son "Peter," who is now in an English monastery: as I hear he has inherited much of his father's humour, he must be a welcome addition to his immured companions.

Brookfield had a caustic tongue, and his wit often rankled, making him enemies. The golden opportunity for this was when he became Censor of plays; he was then widely abused and a rather *risqué* farce he had written years before, called, I believe, *That Awful Charlie,* was held up as an example of his moral unfitness. Most of his ragging was not really ill-natured, but he could not resist the temptation of having a fling at some peculiarly officious or conceited individual. He hated affectation and pomposity, and one of his victims was an elderly, overrated, and rather grandiloquent American correspondent,

who came in for his share of ridicule. One of those who drew forth his chaffing was George Grossmith, the very successful singer and entertainer, who was known as the creator of the rôle of *Sir Joseph Porter* in *Pinafore.*

One night, years ago, when George Grossmith was giving his entertainment at St. George's Hall, he and C—— were dining together. After dinner Grossmith left for his work. C—— remarked that "none of the company could go and sit down at a piano and sing some songs and make one hundred pounds." "No," said Brookfield, "but *we* don't look funny in dress clothes."

Two stories are told of him by Leslie Ward in his *Forty Years a Spy.* When Brookfield first went upon the stage, an outraged and emphatic relative met him on the street and exclaimed: "Oh, my dear Charles, why in the name of God do you go on the stage?" To which Brookfield replied: "I certainly have no idea of using any name but *my own* when I take that step." One Christmas he had the effrontery to write to the editor of the *Lancet,* the dignified medical weekly, and offer to prepare for it a Christmas story, to be called "My First Post-Mortem."

I first met Weedon Grossmith in New York in the eighties. He was with a delightful set of theatrical people, who were enormously successful in their production of *A Pantomime Rehearsal,* a clever skit written by Cecil Clay, and descriptive of the efforts of a party of fashionable amateurs to act. I regret to say that it has since been grievously murdered by generations of real amateurs, who have utilised it for purposes of charity, from time to time. When originally acted, the clever Vokes family took the principal parts, but when Grossmith played *Sir Arthur Pomeroy* he created a rôle that is quite unique. *Sir Arthur* is a spoiled little fop who, despite the agonised objections of the stage manager, insists on playing the part in his

own way, making wrong entrances, introducing new "business," and petulantly throwing up (or rather down) his part at the least opposition. In the cast Willie Elliot, a dear old friend, played the stage manager, while Brandon Thomas, who wrote *Charley's Aunt* and made several large fortunes therefrom, which he as easily lost, was the heavy dragoon. I have spoken of Grossmith's artistic talent. It is a pity that a man whose work was certainly as good as that of Millais could not make a fortune by his brush, but the world is a gainer in another way, and he is constantly delighting London.

One of the interesting places in London is the Bodley Head, the bookshop of John Lane in Burlington Street, at the upper end of the Albany. Lane is more responsible than any one for bringing out and "making" a number of writers and illustrators whose names have to-day a world-wide celebrity. Back of his counting house is a little room where these people dropped in to afternoon tea, and there I often went. Some of them had written for the *Yellow Book,* which was discontinued after the Oscar Wilde scandal, and others were newcomers. I was rather disappointed not to meet Wilde again, for I had known him at the University Club in New York, where he had been a visitor a year or two before, and where he confided to me the unreality of some of his affectations which were supposed to attract American audiences, and which I advised him to cut out. I was surprised, as were many, to hear of his disgrace, and that, at the very time, he was an inmate of Reading gaol. He was but another example of much intellectual brilliancy associated with homo-sexuality, a common enough combination, with which the psychiatrist and criminologist are familiar—but what astonished me most was to find a great number of people taking

his part, among them the literary wife of a distinguished K. C., whose son was a charming writer.

I often went to Bodley Head, and there met Richard Le Gallienne, whose fanciful and graceful verse was that of a second Villon. I am glad to hear that since those days he has had his hair cut; it was then picturesquely long. William Watson, the poet, untalkative and sad, was another tea-drinker; and Kenneth Grahame, author of the *Golden Age,* and Henry Harland, were habitués. "George Egerton" was the pseudonym of a charming woman playwright and novelist.

The poet Watson's productions have, I believe, gained for him a national pension, but his work is very uneven. I have recently found a little verse of his which is interesting to me, because it is an example of the influence of what is known to psychiatrists as the "clang."

VERITAS VICTRIX

The mill of Lies is Loud,
Whose overseer, Germania's Over-lord,
Hath overmuch adored
The Over-sword, and shall be overthrown,
with the overproud.

While the sentiment is admirable, the use of the word "over," as it is here employed, must impress the alienist as a familiar indication of a psychic peculiarity.

I met the late Lord Kitchener shortly after his return from the Soudan campaign. He was of course idolised, as he always has been and ever will be, for the English people love a brave soldier. He was then the recipient of certain honours from the government, but in the House of Commons there were a few small-minded critics of the Exeter Hall type who were opposed to making him any

money grant because he "had shocked the religious views of the holders of the Mohammedan faith." Kitchener's alleged offence was that he had directed that the Mahdi's head should be thrown into the Nile, wisely knowing that the only way to make the enemy really fear him was to do something that would strike at the root of superstition, and that this ignoble end would have the desired effect. Kitchener was a superb example of physical development and a vigorous, sensible man, free from vanity. His features were large and his eyes grey-blue, and searching, although one of them had been injured. He spoke in a quiet low voice, but very distinctly and impressively. His able aide was Sir Edward Cecil, who not only went through the various Eastern and South African campaigns with his chief, but has since occupied positions of great trust. Sir Edward developed into an executive financier of great astuteness in Egypt, and has as well been Lieutenant General of the forces. Since the war began, much of his time has been spent in London; he was on his way back to Egypt in August, 1914, when he was recalled, so important were his services considered. I have always admired him for, like Kitchener, he is a typical soldier and a jolly companion. Since our last meeting his only son was killed in the trenches; a dreadful blow, the effect of which, however, will only be to make him more determined and more ready to do his duty, if such a thing is possible. Much of his great ability he inherits, of course, from his father, the late Marquis of Salisbury. To most of his friends this burly-headed, boyish man is known as "Ned," and he is affable, quite full of fun, and abominates "side" of any kind.

I met in London a year or two ago Mark Barr, an American scientist, who, I believe, originally came from Philadelphia, and who by his clever suggestions in applied

chemistry has rapidly made a place for himself as an expert adviser in important commercial questions. Since the outbreak of the war he has been an invaluable counsellor. Barr told me a remarkable story which might appropriately be called "The Lost Bacillus." A few years ago, when the rubber craze was at its height and every one was speculating in shares, some English capitalists received a visit from an American inventor who claimed to have discovered a process for making rubber synthetically at a trifling cost from turpentine, through the agency of a bacillus obtained from the "mother" of vinegar. Experiments undertaken by Barr bore out all he claimed, and a powerful company was organised. Presently, with the exhaustion of the original barrel of vinegar, brought from somewhere in New Jersey, the ability to make rubber in this way ceased. It was then that a hunt was undertaken and search was made for a specimen of cider or vinegar corresponding with the original supply, but without success; even specimens of San José scale and other parasites were obtained, but they were inefficient. In this quest much money was spent in sending agents to scour not only New Jersey but other regions. Finally Mr. Barr with the aid of bacteriologists succeeded in isolating what they called the "bacillus elastica" from another source, but it was found that the cost of making rubber from the native bug was much greater than the cost of even the cheapest rubber, so the company went to pieces.

Conservative Britons have very little use for the present Liberal Party, although one of the most abused members is to-day applauded for his individual work in supplying ammunition and other patriotic achievements. I was told by the late Lord Onslow that in the great fight for political control several years ago this individual made a speech in Wales in which he used the Welsh tongue. In

it he vilified the late King whom he is said to have called a "pauper and a parasite upon the nation." An English lady present who understood the local language heard this treasonable utterance, and for a time it looked as if the authorities would take up the matter.

Before either of them obtained the greatest legal honours possible in Great Britain, not excepting the Lord Chancellorship, I met two great jurists, both of whom were afterward Lord Chief Justice within a short time of each other. One was then Sir Charles Russell, afterwards Lord Russell of Killowen; the other Sir Richard Webster, who later became Baron Alverstone. They were both Attorneys-General at different periods, and the latter became Master of the Rolls. In 1899 Lord Russell retired, and was succeeded by Baron Alverstone, who remained upon the bench until a year or two ago, when he too retired because of ill-health. Lord Russell was a devout Roman Catholic and an enthusiastic home-ruler, appearing as counsel for the defence in the Parnell case, and it was largely through his efforts that the case went favourably. He had many friends in this country, among them the lawyer Bourke Cockran, who was with him in Sorrento after he left the bench. He was fond of sport and frequented the Turf Club in preference to any other. Lord Alverstone often appeared with Lord Russell in important cases, and they were associated not only in the just mentioned Parnell case, but in the Behring Straits matter, when Lord Russell was a commissioner. He was a talented musician and composer, and an all-around accomplished man, as well as an engaging companion.

Both of these great lawyers had all that broadness of mind and worldly wisdom combined with modesty, kindliness and simplicity which is so often developed by experience and responsibility such as theirs. In some respects

they resembled my friend Edward Douglas White, the beloved Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. I may be pardoned for reproducing, in part, a letter which illustrates this. I had met Judge White some years before his elevation to the highest Court in this country, and upon his appointment wrote a few words of congratulation, recalling myself to him, in reply to which he sent me this graceful letter:

DEAR ALLAN:

What a good memory and generous heart you have to write me so kind a letter. As I do not intend to give up anything which is very pleasing to me, I venture to say that you are mistaken in recalling yourself to me by mentioning N——— L———. Long before that it was my good fortune and privilege to meet you. I trust it may be given to me to so discharge my duty as not to fall below a proper standard.

Faithfully yours,

E. D. WHITE.

One of my legal friends in London was Montagu Williams, a brilliant man who had been obliged to abandon his important and trying work to accept an appointment which had been found for him as a police magistrate. He was greatly interested in my own work, and one day invited me to sit on the bench with him and hear some cases tried. These were of a petty kind, but none was too insignificant to engage his careful interest, and I saw the spectacle of a leading London lawyer threshing out the merits of a simple assault. Oh, how different from what I knew actually existed in New York at the time, when a notorious judicial mountebank was giving out "tin dollars or tin days" without listening to any evidence for or excuse by the defendant. One of the cases in the London court was that of a coster who had been brutally maltreat-

ing his donkey. After hearing the policeman who made the arrest, and the man himself, Mr. Williams adjourned the hearing so that he might personally examine the donkey, which he did, taking me with him to a particularly dangerous London slum.

Montagu Williams had appeared a few years before in the celebrated Mordaunt divorce action, in which the then Prince of Wales figured and testified. The plaintiff had brought suit for the usual cause, but it transpired that Lady Mordaunt, the defendant, suffered from that form of insanity incident to childbearing, and as the result of a delusion accused herself of improprieties. Despite the fact that at the first trial the judge and jury both found for her, the case was appealed and tried a second time, and her husband was granted a divorce, the question of insanity being altogether eliminated, much to the surprise of every one. This case established the ruling in England that, though a woman was insane when she committed adultery, her mental disorder was no excuse.

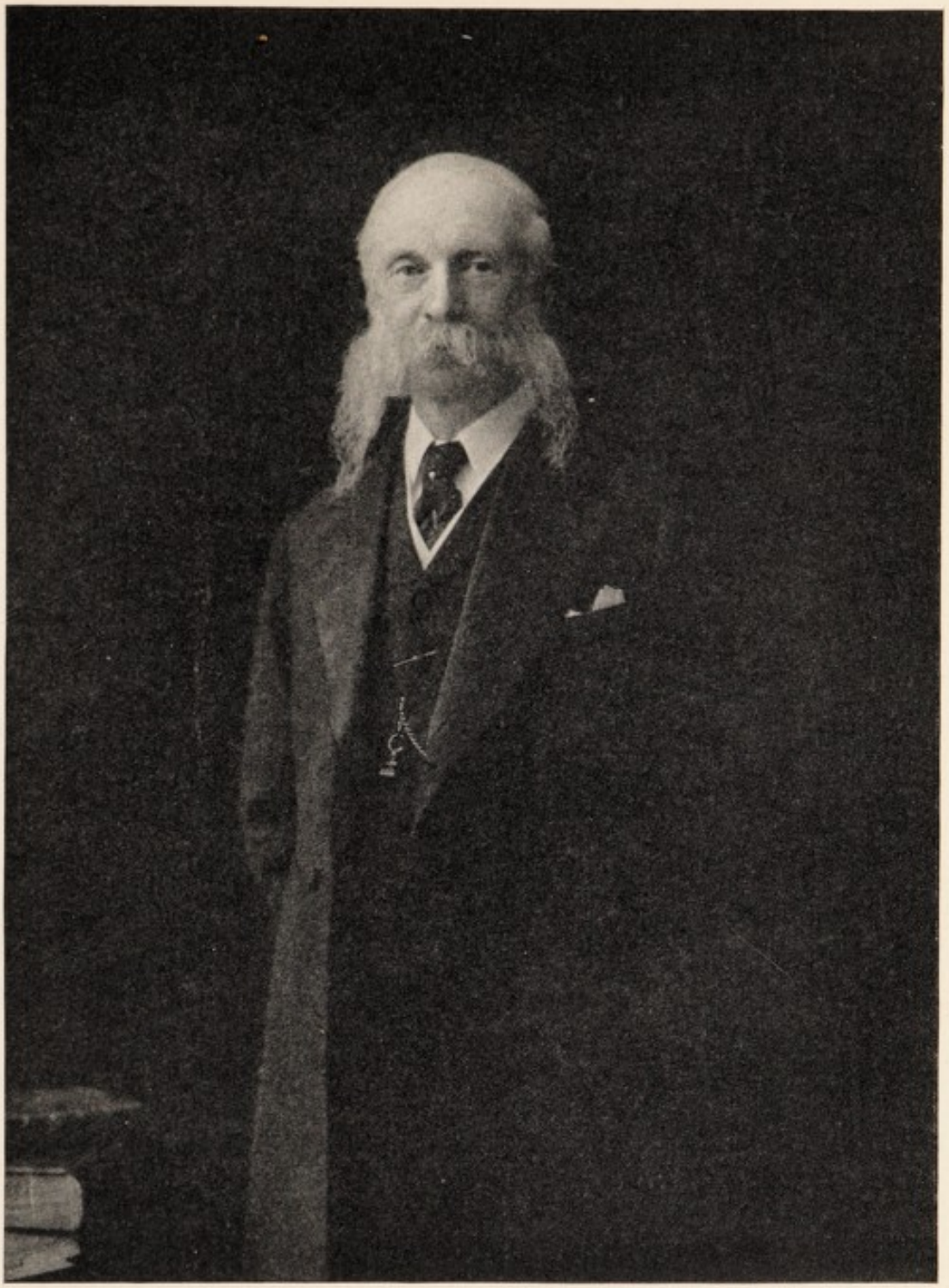
I have during all these years seen much of the English bar, and count among my friends to-day such active workers as Charles Gill, K. C., and Marshall Hall, K. C., both of whose names are connected with some of the most important criminal trials of recent years. The latter, besides being an able barrister, is an expert in old snuff boxes, silver, and miniatures.

As I have said, the fairness and dignity of most English judges is remarkable, and, all things considered, one can get full justice, though the methods sometimes seem exasperating. It cannot be said that all those who sit upon the bench are dignified, and one notable example of a really able man who is a dreadful "jokesmith" occurs to me in the person of Mr. Justice Darling, who does not hesitate to interrupt a trial with a more or less feeble

witticism, or to perpetrate a far-fetched pun. He has gained for himself not only the disrespect of many impatient lawyers, but the ridicule of the press as well, and one of the characters in the *Great Adventure* manages to embellish his lines with a sarcastic gag at Darling's expense.

Sir George Lewis, whom I met about twenty-five years ago, was a physically unimpressive person. He was an astute Jewish lawyer, however, who was said to have had money-lenders among his clients, and was a very shrewd and popular solicitor. His kind of practice was like that of the late firm of Howe and Hummel in New York, although conducted on wholly different lines. There was no better known character in sexual litigation in the world, his clients indulging in breach of promise, divorce, and other actions of the kind, but a great many of them were settled out of court. He possessed a great deal of subtlety and resourcefulness, and made himself extremely useful to a number of people, including the late King Edward the Seventh, who liked him exceedingly. There was something rather interesting in finding the man who held so many family secrets, and of whom so many people were in dread, really showing the kindest qualities at home. Upon the occasion when I dined there, I found him a gentle, well-bred person, quite devoted to his family and very domestic and natural. Before his death, five years ago, he carefully destroyed all his notes, letters and private papers: it is alarming to think what consternation might have been created in English society had he failed to do so. In speaking of the professional secrets of Sir George, it was said that "he knew enough to hang half of London."

I naturally came in contact in England with a large number of my profession, among them my early friend,



James Crichton-Browne

SIR JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.

Sir James Crichton-Browne, brother of Balfour Browne, the leading member of the Parliamentary bar. Sir James had been the Lord Chancellor's Visitor in Lunacy for many years, and his duties compelled him to visit every insane ward in Chancery, as well as many other feeble-minded persons. He has therefore probably seen more insane people than any man in the world, and is eminently an expert. He is now at the head of the Lunacy Commission, and incidentally busies himself with matters of public importance.

I owe to this dear old friend a debt of gratitude, for when my first treatise was published and I was an unknown young man, it was virulently attacked by an older professional rival, who secretly wrote no less than seven venomous and lying "reviews" which, owing to his influence, were published in as many American journals. I found them all in a neat pile on my office table when I returned from my summer vacation, with the offensive notices marked in red pencil, but at the bottom of all, like the last occupant of Pandora's box, was the great English periodical, *Brain,* with a long and extremely eulogistic review signed "James Crichton-Browne," who did not even know me by reputation. Among other pleasant things were the following: "This is unquestionably the best and most complete text-book of nervous diseases that has yet appeared, and were international jealousy in scientific affairs at all possible, we might be excused for a feeling of chagrin that it should be of American parentage." Sir James, who is a good correspondent, in later years wrote me from his summer home in Scotland: "This letter is dated from a quiet little cottage I have in the land of Burns and Carlyle, and to which I retreat now and then. Pray, come to see me there. I can promise you good oatmeal and whiskey, and we would visit

Craigenputtock and Ecclefechan together." So far I have been unable to respond to the invitation of this delightful companion who, like myself, has highland blood.

Another old friend is Sir Lauder Brunton, who studied in Vienna with my classmate, the late Dr. George L. Peabody of New York, and with that wonderfully learned Northumberland doctor, the late Milner Fothergill, who not only had the reputation of being most receptive in accumulating medical facts, but was a notorious consumer of Austrian beer.

Sir Lauder is at present the leader of his profession, and has written much about therapeutics. He it was who was invited some years ago by an enormously rich and progressive Indian Rajah to go to India and settle for all time the controversy as to the matter of chloroform anesthesia. He travelled *en prince,* and completed his object most effectively, seeing meanwhile a side of Indian life denied to most Europeans. He is very fond of hunting for and unearthing ancient remedies, and I lately found him reintroducing to the profession Galen's original remedy for the prolongation of life, which was nothing else than our old friend saltpeter; but Brunton found that it must be *impure* to reduce arterio-sclerosis, lower arterial tension, and lengthen the days of the prematurely old. When he printed his address upon "Longevity," delivered before the Manchester Medical Society, he gave me a copy, endorsed, "Dr. Maclane Hamilton, from his *old* friend, the Author." I have known him very intimately for many years, and have never met a more diligent student, for though over seventy to-day, he is constantly at work at the new instruments he has invented for detecting the inroads of disease. He literally, until a year or two ago, worked from morning till night, and after his consultation hours were over jumped into his brougham

and hurried over the river to Saint Thomas's Hospital, his only luncheon being a handful of almonds and raisins, which his butler put daily into his overcoat pocket.

At his table I met, among other interesting medical men, Sir Victor Horsley, who has the reputation of being a very independent and not always a popular man. While he is regarded as probably the most noted and experienced operator in brain surgery in the world (excepting perhaps our own Harvey Cushing), he finds time for crusades against alcohol, and has battles royal with the anti-vivisectionists. He enters body and soul into public work, and I well remember the occasion of a general election when his house was covered with lively caricatures and other political posters, so that it must have astonished his patients. I am told by one of his former students that his interest in temperance is so great that he devotes himself at present almost entirely to public lectures; as he is a convincing speaker, his work will do a great deal of good in a land where there has been so much drunkenness.* Sir Victor's father was a mid-Victorian artist whose methods resembled those of Frith, for they both produced realistic pictures of race courses, railway stations and large groups of persons. At one time the elder Horsley awakened to the realisation of the supposed immorality in art, and engineered a propaganda, the object of which was to have an act of Parliament passed which would do away with the occupation of the nude model. It was unsuccessful, and he was afterwards called by the unfeeling: "Clothes-Horsley."

Bernard Shaw's opinion of medical men is, I am told, not the highest, and this is due to what is said to have been their inattentive treatment of a serious illness of

* *Note:* Since the above was written I learn that this brave medical officer died from sunstroke in Mesopotamia.

which he was the victim. In the *Doctor's Dilemma* he unmercifully ridicules three or four types, and good-naturedly attacked Sir Almaroth Wright,* who, I am told, is really one of his dearest friends, but this is another Shauian paradox. I recognise the other characters under a thinly veiled description. It is said that one of them is Sir Dyce Duckworth, who holds several honourary positions at Court, and he apparently enjoys this privilege to the fullest. I casually met Sir Dyce many years ago, and found him to be a suave physician of the older type.

Medical honours are often given in England and other countries for reasons other than professional distinction, and (as upon various occasions) the personal interest of a Sovereign or Cabinet Minister may do the work. I recall the case of a well-known surgeon who was knighted for the treatment of a simple and not altogether interesting malady in the person of a dissipated young prince, which required no skill whatever. Again, we meet with cases where a richly deserved mark of approval is bestowed: every one was delighted when that brilliant international physician, Sir William Osler, was made a baronet, and Regius Professor at Oxford. It was a matter of great regret to me not to go to Edinburgh after I had been proposed by the late Sir Grainger Stewart and elected as a Fellow of the Royal Society, for Scotch scientific gatherings are apt to be pleasant. I recall here another occasion when I received the honour of Doctor of Laws from a flourishing and very old American College. Through a certain absent-mindedness which I inherit from my father and grandfather, I retired to my seat among the other victims who were awaiting their turn, without

* In The Doctor's Dilemma, Sir Colense Ridjer is probably intended for Sir Almaroth Wright.

staying for the investure of the hood. The truth is, I was so appalled by the redundant Latin compliments of the eloquent President that I felt a desire to escape and hide my head. My first return to full consciousness was when the Dean hurried from the platform and placed the decoration over my shoulders while the large class of young men burst into roars of laughter.

I may be pardoned for referring to a characteristically British product—the fashionable consultant. Most of these men have abandoned their early useful professional study, reading, and research. Many of them have been the recipients of special marks of royal favour while others have been made by accident. Again, by the aid of newspapers or of advertising (which I do them the justice to say they have not always encouraged) they have had greatness of a certain kind thrust upon them. Every one must remember the sensational story of the treatment of the father of the present King, who, when Prince of Wales, contracted typhoid, and when at death's door had the living and quivering flesh of a recently-killed sheep applied to his abdomen. This may or may not have been true, but it made Sir William Gull, who before his death was the leading English consultant. England, however, has not the monopoly of such men, and I have known many at home who by their "beautifully expressive eyes," or their "wonderful magnetism," or some other God-like quality, heralded with the exaggerations of a hysterical patient, have acquired the success denied a more modest and better-equipped doctor.

There are several consultants not more than a mile from the centre of Mayfair who are largely sought for by Americans, one being a very large and pompous individual who has possibly "just come from seeing the dear

little princess," and who in appearance resembles a butler, and in speech has the unction of a bishop.

My frequent ocean crossings have brought me in contact with many interesting people, not the least agreeable of whom were the men who commanded the ships. One of the first friends of this kind that I met was Captain Watkins of the *City of Brussels,* who shortly before I crossed with him, had had the bad luck to be "forty days and forty nights" at sea, his passengers being a shipload of clergymen and priests who were pilgrims to Rome. Long after the ship was given up they all made port, bored to death with each other and much the worse for wear. The captain had the misfortune later to run the *City of Paris* upon the Manacles owing to some unavoidable accident. The old Inman captains were good sailors but rough men, though not given to profanity except under the most aggravating circumstances. I remember an incident that was an excuse, if ever there was one, for an indulgence in this method of relief. Once when the *City of Richmond* was approaching the Irish coast we saw the light from a ship apparently on fire. She was many miles to the north, but Captain Leech, who was noted for the many rescues he had made, changed the ship's course, and we approached the vessel, which was apparently aflame from stem to stern. As we neared her we saw a man nonchalantly standing in the fore-shrouds smoking a pipe, and when hailed he replied that they were "in need of nothing." She was a whaler, and her crew were engaged in trying out blubber, the caldron being on the main deck and supplied with refuse blubber, which made a great flare. Never again have I heard such a flood of marine profanity as issued from the lips of this ordinarily smooth-speaking officer.

Captain Richard Owen Jones is a Welshman in the

White Star-Dominion service, who has the deserved reputation of spinning more picturesque yarns than any man afloat. He imposes upon the lady passengers especially, for he is a consummate actor and always tells his wonderful stories with a straight face. When I last crossed with him he seriously told a small tableful of people about the little harbour near his Welsh home on the sea coast, the mouth of which was blocked by the Allen Line steamer *Missouri* that at some time had been wrecked there. Captain Owen-Jones, according to his story, bought a wire hawser and stretched it across the mouth of the harbour to imprison two whales, who eventually became so tame that they would eat out of one's hand and come at the sound of a bugle. According to this veracious narrator, an American inventor appeared with a milking machine, and fresh whale milk was a delicacy supplied thereafter to the neighbourhood. They were great pets, and the London and Northwestern Railway ran special trains down to a siding it had built and carried excursionists who fed the animals on buns. The captain further said that one day when coming up the channel opposite his place he saw two whales sporting at some distance from the ship, and when he told the bugle boy to blow a familiar call they came alongside and were without remonstrance taken home. According to Captain Jones, the exact name of the spot where the whales were to be found was "Tre Arthur Bay, Llanfairpwllgywmfyllgogerchwyrndrobwll-llaanderliogogogolh, Anglesey." If any one has any doubts about its correctness he may address Captain R. O. Jones, Llyswen-Bodorgan, Anglesey. The Captain is now commanding the transport *Northland,* which is carrying troops to the Mediterranean, and I hope he may live for many a day to humbug, and in his quaint way delight, countless future passengers.

A year ago I made my fiftieth crossing of the Atlantic, and despite the dreadful English climate I find London always an agreeable place to which to return, and Frederick Lockyer's description of one delightful locality applies to many others:

> "Piccadilly shops, palaces, bustle, and breeze,
> The whirring of wheels, and the murmur of trees;
> By night or by day, whether noisy or stilly,
> Whatever my mood is, I love Piccadilly."

Old as I am, I must say that I ever feel the call, and if I am in need of absolute rest of mind and body, strange as it may seem, I can always find it in London in the springtime, when Nature is at her best, and when there are a thousand things to make one feel the joy of living.

CHAPTER XIII

THE HUNT FOR THE ANTIQUE

Treasure Trove—An Interesting Buddha—American Picture Collectors—Old Pictures Without Histories—Expertism—London Experts—Chemistry and the Microscope—Prof. Laurie's Researches—Identification of Old Masters—Wilhelm von Bode, a Great German Expert—Old Furniture; False Chippendale, Sheraton, Adam and Pergolesi—Experience with the Custom House—A Smart Trick—Old Prints—London Sculptors, Sir George Frampton—Caricaturists, Max Beerbohm, Leslie Ward—Anecdotes—An Exacting Art Patron.

I HAVE always had a keen love for old pictures and antique furniture, and one of the greatest pleasures of going abroad has been to browse about in the little shops, some of which were in out of the way localities, and therein to make friends. It was also satisfactory to have my good luck and judgment in purchases confirmed, for I sometimes found duplicates of the rare things I had picked up in great museums. For instance, in the Cluny Museum I discovered the replica of a piece I owned—a wonderful painting on copper of Anne of Austria, with detachable mica films superimposed, each containing a rude painting of some quaint costume with a space left for the painted face on the copper. At the South Kensington museum I not only found rare Gothic brasses with inscription identical with some I owned, but a huge mediæval German lock which was the exact counterpart of one in my possession.

I bought a large Buddha at the celebrated Binkley sale.

It was undoubtedly genuine, very old and covered with a black deposit of incense after centuries of exposure in some temple, but ill-informed critics would not admit its antiquity. Many years after it came into my possession, however, I left it in a place where it was drenched with rain. The consequence was that it fell apart, and in the interior I found many rolls and sheets of prayers all in a form of script that probably antedated the tenth century.

I have picked up pictures and wood carvings in the old days for a few dollars or francs that were quite valuable examples, but all is now changed, and the trail of the dealer is everywhere; the golden opportunities were those of a quarter of a century or more ago.

One of my artistic friends bought, in the seventies in Northern Bavaria, a little wooden statuette of Saint Elizabeth, a marvel in modelling and colour, for less than fifty dollars. This he sold a few years ago to an appreciative and rich collector for $15,000, and doubtless there are many other such finds even now to be made, despite the activity of the commercial antiquarians. Most of them really know very little about art of any kind, though they are keen enough about their business, and acquire the faculty of working upon the ignorant and impulsive buyer.

Most people fond of old things go through the period of being educated, and usually pay relatively high prices for their first acquisitions; but they get rid of the trash later and buy, and buy again. Such an one was the late Benjamin Altman, a patient of mine at one time, whom I well remember as at first having a little outdoor shop on Sixth Avenue, where he sold thread, needles and other notions, and by industry, self-denial and intelligence prospered and became enormously rich. When he first collected I do not know; but before he died he had accumu-

lated, as is known, some of the greatest pictures in the world, including an extraordinary collection of Rembrandts. Altman was a lonely man, and had quarrelled with some of his next of kin. He had no one depending upon him, and very few friends, but a great many sycophants who surrounded him for purposes of gain. He was so clever as to see through all this, but in the end provided generously and impartially for all his former loyal employés. At a certain period of his success, he determined to collect works of art and found several people who acted as his mentors, telling him what he ought to buy or purchasing for him. His first efforts were not the happiest and as a result he got together a quantity of stuff of doubtful authenticity and merit. As in other cases, he paid for his experience, and did not complain; but here his business methods appeared—he had learned what was the best, and parted as quietly as possible with the poor things, and thereafter, till he died, bought only examples of great merit.

Most collectors begin in this way. The late William H. Vanderbilt was a comparatively uneducated man, and knew nothing, and probably cared less, about art; but he must have a picture gallery so he depended upon the skill of the late Samuel P. Avery, an all-around collector. P. A. B. Widener, whose early life was spent in a Philadelphia butcher's shop, relied upon advisers who were more or less intelligent and competent. He apparently bought afterward largely those paintings which had an established pedigree, and a fixed, or at least a minimum, value. He paid the highest prices if he wanted a picture, and was not always discriminating about the merit of the particular example. His great Van Dyck, which cost him a half million dollars, is one of the most celebrated works of art in the United States.

The comparison of a picture having a well-vouched-for history to "a woman with a past" is not a happy analogy, but, nevertheless, a true one, and there is many a derelict and unidentified real "old master" whose wanderings have destroyed its value and reputation. An authentic portrait, say by Hoppner, which has been in one family for one hundred years since it was painted, no matter how indifferent an example (although it would be difficult to conceive of an uninteresting picture by this great artist), has a value that is greater than an undoubtedly genuine picture which has drifted hither and thither with vague or lapsed ownership, even though it possesses inherent and recognised merit. It is for this reason that the owner of the latter kind of painting finds most difficulty in establishing for it a reputation. The first kind of picture gets a *cachêt* from the expert, for he is saved much trouble. I knew of the case of an undoubted Van Dyck, painted during the artist's stay in Genoa, where he produced the Balbi and other important family portraits. It was at a time when he was poor and had no pupils, and no incentive to let others work for him while he merely put on the finishing touches and added his signature as it is said he did later when in the employ of Charles the First. This canvas had fallen on evil days and when it came into the possession of its late owner, he (convinced that it was genuine, but with no proof) made the usual investigation, calling in well-known experts in the United States and Europe. These included portrait painters, dealers, restorers and the heads of great museums. Without going over a wearisome experience that extended over a year, the results may be summed up as follows: Of ten experts, six gave absolute favourable opinion as to its being a veritable and good example; two were not sure and two said it was not a Van Dyck, but the work of Lambert

Sustermann, "who had painted Van Dyck from life," and was an intimate friend. (The value of this latter opinion may be estimated when it is shown that this Sustermann died in 1566, just twenty-three years before Van Dyck was born.*) One artist said that a peculiar crook of the little finger in the disputed picture could not possibly have been the work of its great painter, but a photograph of the *Mulibiere* in the Uffizi gallery, a pedigree picture, was found with the same bad work shown in the drawing of the hand. This same gentleman positively declared that the rose on one side of the subject's head had been added in recent years by a restorer, but the great expert, Wilhelm von Bode, the head of the Friedrich Museum in Berlin, did not agree with him.

Two of the most reliable and intelligent experts of old pictures in London are Colin Agnew of the great house of picture dealers, whom I had the pleasure of meeting before he went to the trenches in 1914; and Richard Norton, an American, who has done such noble work in the war in the Ambulance Corps. Besides these, older men whose reputation is world-wide are: Claude Phillips, Esq., Sir Charles Holroyd and Hawes Turner, Esq., of the National Gallery.

A very clever man is Prof. R. P. Laurie, President of the Heriot-Watt College of Edinburgh, and chemist to the Royal Academy. For years Laurie has laboriously worked and experimented for the purpose of determining

* There seems to have been a great deal of uncertainty as to the identity of the "Sustermanns." One was known as "Lambert Suavius" or "Sustermann"; again as "Lambert the Lombard," and again as "Lombard Lambert." Justus Sustermann, or Sustermans (1597-1681), was a contemporary of Van Dyck, who painted *his* (Sustermann's) portrait. It was Sustermann who painted many of the Medici family. I do not think his work can be mistaken for that of Van Dyck, for his technique is different and he uses blue tones in painting flesh.

by scientific means the identity of old paintings, and this he does in two ways: by investigating minute quantities of colour, medium and varnish, and by a micro-photographic study of the brush work. His results are astounding. He has determined the period at which particular colours were used for the first time, and presents a table. If, for instance, the claim is made that a certain oil painting has been produced prior to the commencement of the eighteenth century and the presence of Prussian blue is found, it may be regarded as a fake or copy because this particular pigment was not used until after 1704. This is but one evidence and there are often others. He found that a picture painted in tempera in the fifteenth century with blues peculiar to that period had been retouched with oil colours containing pigments of the eighteenth century. The use of certain blues and greens bears close relation to the period and also to the habit of the artist. It is shown by Laurie that Teniers used smalt blue, Boucher, blue-verditer, and Watteau, verdigris and ultramarine; so it can be seen how good a detective chemistry may sometimes be in settling a question of identity and perhaps veracity.

The photographic enlargement of an oil painting will enable one to see at a glance what the technic of the artist has been. There is as much individuality in this matter as in handwriting, and the unconscious method of Watteau, for instance, is different from all his imitators and copyists. Subconscious and habitual methods are shown which cannot be reproduced. In this connection attention may be called to the value of the microscope in identifying not only penmanship but even typewritten sheets, for an enlargement of the original shows all the peculiarities of the writer. Laurie has reproduced the details of foliage of various artists, and it can be seen how a picture

viewed with the unaided eye conveys an entirely different impression when greatly magnified.

When in Berlin during the early summer of 1914 I met Professor Wilhelm von Bode, who is to-day recognised as the possessor of more knowledge of art than any one in the world. He is absolutely free from commercialism, a man of gentle, sympathetic nature, and I have no doubt is indeed depressed and horror-stricken at the destruction of great works of art by the soldiers of the nation to which he belongs. His simplicity and directness are those of a great and learned man. He is a tall person, with a light brown beard and moustache, has easy manners, and is most enthusiastic about his work. As a rule his judgments are correct, but most people are familiar with the story of the wax medallion which he and the Kaiser a year or two ago declared to be a genuine antique. Upon examination a scrap of a comparatively recent English newspaper was found imbedded in the waxen body, showing it to be a fraud.

At the Friedrich Museum I also met Professor Krauss, a very peculiar looking man with an extraordinary dome-like or *oxycephalic* head. He was the official restorer, and at the time was engaged upon an enormous Rubens belonging to the Duchess of Rutland. One wonders if this was ever restored to England after the war broke out two months later.

There is very little real old furniture to be obtained at present, either in this country or abroad, for most of it has found its way into museums, or is held by those persons who appreciate its value and interest, so that would-be buyers have to be very careful. Nearly all cabinet work of every period is copied, and that too quite accurately, so that even dealers themselves are often deceived. It is better, if possible, to pay a good price for some

desired *pedigreed* specimen than to rely upon the dealer, or the auctioneer, first taking the trouble to do a bit of reading and study, and to make local acquaintances. I have no space to go into the question of the ingenuity of those rascals who imitate and sophisticate, for the subject would need a chapter by itself, except to say that there are other fraudulent means of suggesting extreme age than by firing bird shot at the new-old chairs and tables.

The folly of some rich people is beyond conception. A well-known and honest London dealer told me that the American wife of an English nobleman had sold to him much of the exquisite early English oak that had been in her husband's family for hundreds of years and bought modern imitation-Adam furniture of satinwood "because it was so fashionable."

A great deal of so-called "Chippendale," "Sheraton" and "Adam" furniture is sold now-a-days as the actual production of these men. In reality the two former made but little themselves, while scores of cabinet makers copied their designs from Chippendale's own exquisite ribbon designs, and settees of conjoined chairs published in the *Gentlemen's and Cabinet Makers' Director* and *Sheraton's Cabinet Makers' and Upholsterers' Drawing Book.* The so-called "Adam" furniture is simply that designed by the brothers Adam, who were architects, and not cabinet makers. Much of this fine satinwood and mahogany was decorated by Angelica Kauffman and others. Pergolesi was one inspired by the Adams, and much of his decorative work consists of a ground of some greyish-green flat pigment with garlands of flowers and medallions painted thereon, and possibly a border of satinwood veneer. He often used gold foil with his colours. Much of the French period-furniture for sale at cheap auctions consists of gilded stuff with imitation Beauvais tapestry,

turned out in great quantity from several manufacturers in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris.

The craze for certain kinds of furniture in this country is as fickle as other fashions, and just now, as in London, people are striving to accumulate cabinets and other pieces with the imitation Chinese coromandel, so popular in the times of Louis XVI and the Georges. One day I visited a well-to-do patient—a dilettante who had just acquired a desk of this kind at the suggestion of a dealer in antiquities. It was the newest kind of a piece, however, and the inside and underbearings of the drawings of the drawers might have been painted yesterday, for there was not the slightest indication of use. The purchaser evidently believed in the assurance of the tradesman that it was an old example, without considering the merits of the piece for himself. The next morning from a top seat on a Fifth Avenue omnibus I counted in the windows of antique dealers three others of the same kind, that might have been done by the same English maker, and probably were. When in London a few months later I met the man who made much of this stuff for Bond Street and Fifth Avenue, and who did a prosperous and ever-increasing business. He was a clever fellow and could supply any piece, of any period, at a comparatively moderate price.

The tricks of the trade are innumerable, and if people are swindled it is largely because there is no fixed taste, and a great deal of ignorance and much cupidity. Now-a-days real *objets d'art,* whether at Christie's auction rooms or elsewhere, bring enormous prices, and sometimes more than they are worth, while trash is obtainable as cheaply as ever. Many years ago I bought at a sale in New York two semi-circular Pergolesi tables for less than

ten dollars. One of them was afterwards bid in by Stanford White for about thirty dollars, and after his death bought by Duveen, who, I am told, sold it in London for fifteen hundred dollars to some one who knew its great value and appreciated its beauty.

To persons who have had much to do with the New York Custom House and its workings, there is something most aggravating about the ignorance of the so-called appraisers that is very galling, and their way of treating those whose imports they are supposed to pass upon is sometimes very impertinent and overbearing. In 1894 I brought from Japan some armour and stuffs, and from Spain some sixteenth century furniture. I knew the pedigree of the former, for they came from a Samurai family near Nagasaki, whom I knew well, and had been in their immediate possession since, if not before, the last Shogunate, having been handed down for many generations. All these things were held up; I protested, and we had a trial. I must say the presiding justice was a fair-minded and courteous gentleman but the appraiser was obstinate and tenacious in his opinion that my things were new. I finally called their attention to the fact that they would probably find the maker's name, the date and a verse or two in the iron helmet, and offered to slit up the old lining and let them see. My offer was accepted and it was found, as I said, that the name was Myochin Muncharo, the date 1560, and there was the usual verse regarding the valour of the wearer. All the other things were satisfactorily accounted for, even to the final satisfaction of the appraiser.

The Government a month later paid me the compliment of asking me to go to Newport and examine and give an opinion upon the collection of supposedly antique furniture in the house of a rich woman, about which there was



MAX BEERBOHM, BY HIMSELF

some dispute in regard to duty. Under the law then in operation a collection of genuine antiques of a certain age could be brought into the country free, but if the individual pieces were at all "made up" or reconstructed, duty would have to be paid on all the new material.

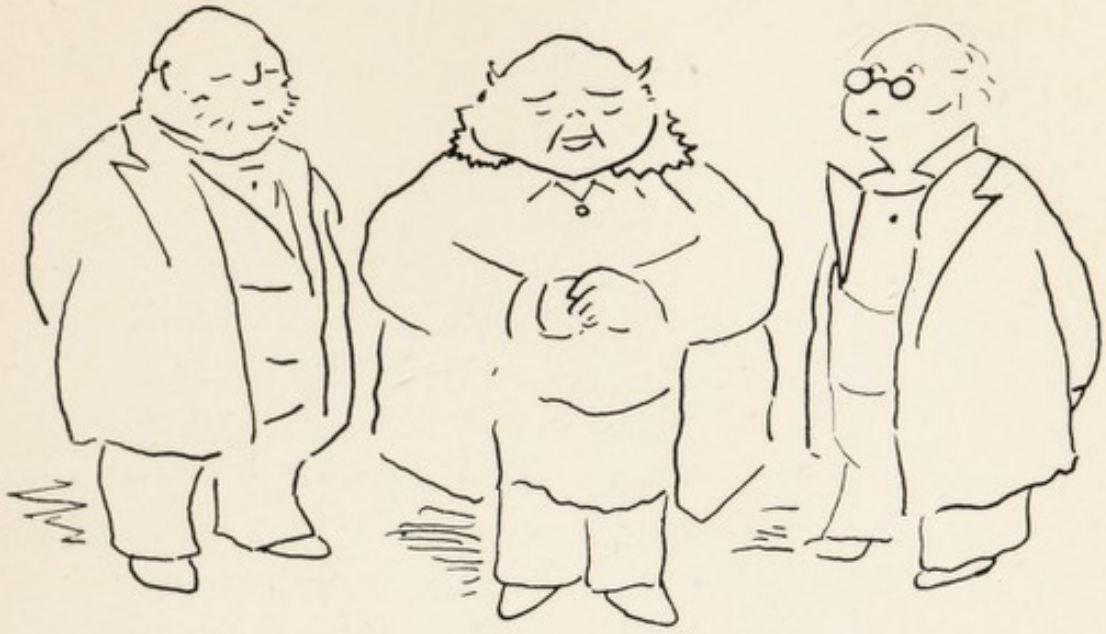
My friend, Stanford White, whom I met, had bought all these things in various European cities, and as was his wont had not examined them with the eye of an antiquarian, but only valued them for their artistic attractiveness, paying the dealer's price without any attempt to bargain. I immediately found, upon turning the chairs, cabinets and tables upside down, or by placing them in a position to examine them properly, that the greater proportion were patched or pieced with new wood, or constructed of odd old pieces assembled by the cabinet maker. This, of course, greatly reduced their value, and at the same time increased the duty exacted by the Government.

In this connection I may refer to a case in which the Government was made of use to advertise a fraudulent picture. A few years ago a great deal of amusement was created in art circles by a sharp trick played by an unscrupulous dealer who was in the habit, with others, of palming off fictitious old masters, which were copies made by a talented Frenchman in Paris who even went so far as to sign the name of the original artist. One day he was approached by the dealer, who said to him: "You are too fine an artist to copy the work of others. You should make your own name and I will give you a chance. Now paint out the name 'Rembrandt' and place your own on its place, and I will give you a good price for it," which he did. The picture was then consigned to the dealer's agent in New York, and at the same time an anonymous letter was sent to the customs officials warning them that "a picture was on its way over, signed by an unknown

French artist, but this was a mere blind. As a matter of fact the picture was a magnificent Rembrandt, whose signature could be found by a little rubbing." Of course this led to much excitement and sensational newspaper comment, with free advertising as well as the infliction of a large fine, and the picture was sold for an enormous sum.

A great deal of deception is practised upon print collectors, for very often old and worn-out copper plates are pressed into service. They may have been gone over by the graver, but very late impressions are made to do for early prints, to the detriment of the incautious collector. The market has been flooded especially by Piranesis, Bartolozzis, Morlands and Hogarths. Coloured mezzotints which are brought to the attention of the buyer are often only hand coloured, and the photogravure process has enabled unscrupulous dealers to make very close imitations of original sketches.

I know two sculptors in London, both of whom are in their way quite original. One of them is John Tweed, whose colonial statuary is both original and beautiful; the other is the popular Sir George Frampton, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at the house of Harold Speed whose bold and clever work is seen in his pictures of the late King Edward, Albert King of the Belgians, and John Burns. Sir George's *Peter Pan* in Kensington Gardens is the delight of artistic London and the hearts of all the children, and his statue of the murdered nurse, Edith Cavell, will probably add to his already great reputation. He is an interesting man, large and jolly and rather Dickensesque in appearance and manner. When I saw him he wore an unusual sort of evening dress coat buttoned across his chest, and his large Gladstone collar and white necktie were quite suggestive of the picturesque artistic temperament.



THE APOCHRYPHAL AGNEWS

By Max Beerbohm

I have known many caricaturists in by-gone days, and those clever men who drew for *Vanity Fair* (the American *Punch* during its short existence) were friends of my brother, who was no mean draughtsman himself. The list included Augustus Hoppin, Bellew, and even the venerable Elihu Vedder, now living at Capri and whose wonderful illustrations to the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám have made his greatest reputation.

Two men in London have for years been my friends; one of these is Max Beerbohm, and the other Leslie Ward, the celebrated "Spy" of *Vanity Fair,* who has been busy for forty years taking kindly liberties with the English physiognomy. "Max" is not only a clever satirist and critic, but possesses a sense of humour which finds vent in his caricatures which have this inspiration and wit as well, and are entirely different from the much more finished productions of Leslie Ward. Max has the suggestive method of Caran d'Ache, which is true and artistic fun-making, and he does not resist the temptation sometimes to caricature himself. I asked him for a letter of introduction to the Agnews, the famous Bond Street picture dealers, and he replied: "My dear Doctor: I enclose you a letter of introduction to the Agnews, whom, rightly or wrongly, I believe to have some such appearance as this (wrongly I hope)." Of course he was wrong.

He was one of the first to ridicule Oscar Wilde's ridiculous affectations. I photographed him striking one of the latter's favourite poses, when he was one of a merry party that visited me in the nineties. He was always a bit of a dandy and always wore a neat hat, even when he toured in the wild west. One of his *compagnons du voyage* told me it was a sight to see Max ascend the ladder in the sleeping car to gain his upper berth, stick, hat, and all, after

which he disrobed, hanging the conspicuous headgear on a hook.

Leslie Ward, one of my close London friends, has probably had a more extensive acquaintance with celebrated English people than any one I know, for a man who actually has sitters who come to be caricatured undeniably has pleasant relations with them, and sees a side denied to others. Ward is a handsome man, quite simple in manner, a bit forgetful, and altogether lovable. His speech is slow and hesitating, and he occasionally indulges in *lapses linguæ* of a laughable character, or his absent-mindedness leads him to do queer things. He tells the following story of himself:

One snowy night at a late hour Ward left his club, in evening dress and poorly protected against the cold. When he got down into the street he had only a shilling in his pocket, and after a diligent search could not find his latchkey. As he lived a long distance away and there was no available place at two o'clock in the morning where he could borrow, he started away on foot. Half frozen, he finally gave up and sought a policeman, who recommended him to a cabmen's shelter where he was hospitably received and given a bag to sleep upon. After an hour or two of discomfort he quite accidentally found the missing key in a pocket he had overlooked, and, after his night of misery, crept into his room long before the milkman had made his rounds.

One night at the Beefsteak Club Sir Edward Cecil and Weedon Grossmith were sitting at the dinner table with Leslie Ward. The former suggested a box at the Pavilion Music Hall, and insisted that the others should be his guests. Ward declined, as he had no dress suit, but Sir Edward insisted, and said, "My dear Leslie, we will not be deprived of your excellent company for the sake of an



LESLIE WARD, "SPY"

absurd convention. You *shall* be properly dressed," and calling the servant told him to bring some cartridge paper and pins, and with or without Ward's consent, he was rapidly transformed, according to Weedon Grossmith, who tells the story. The ordinary black frock coat was pinned up in front, and Cecil cut out a wonderful shirt front in paper and with ink made fine black studs and cuffs to match. A collar was cut out and a "ready made" white tie with gum and pins. The deception was complete. "Of course he had to be careful how he walked. We noticed he vibrated a bit, for cartridge paper hasn't the pliability of linen. We cabbed it to the Pavilion Music Hall, and Leslie never looked better than he did for the first ten minutes, sitting in front of the box, even if a bit stiff; but whether it was laughing too much or moving about, I can't say, but suddenly his paper tie came in half; half of it fell off, while the other half which was pinned, remained on. Shortly after the high collar tore at the back, and one cuff fell off, disclosing the blue shirt, the white shirt front got out of control and he practically fell to pieces."

Art patrons at all times have been the despair of artists, and I recall an incident which speaks for the independence of a certain conscientious painter. I had once a patient who had suddenly become rich. She was of humble origin and ignorant, and after buying a house and furnishing it in execrable taste, conceived the idea of having her daughter's portrait painted by a clever young artist who was devoted to the ideals of his profession. Her house was in an inland city near one of the great lakes, with a dull outlook of muddy water. The daughter, laden with all the available jewels of the family, was reproduced in a manner to which her family could not object, and in the distance was a background of a negative character: certainly the

best that could be done with the subject. The first serious trouble was when the mother insisted that a wholly imaginary lighthouse should be placed in the near distance. This the conscientious painter refused to do and carried his point after the case had actually gone to the courts.

CHAPTER XIV

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC DOCTORS

Oliver Wendell Holmes—Weir Mitchell—When May a Doctor Write?—*Ten Thousand a Year*—The Charaka Club—Sir William Osler—A Collection of *Religio Medici*—The Love of Notoriety—Two Recent Books by English Doctors—The Author Writes for the *Century*—Dr. J. G. Holland—Richard Watson Gilder and the Editorial Staff—The American Immortals—Charles Dudley Warner's Hands—I Write a Book—Sir George Otto Trevelyan's Opinion of Benedict Arnold—Dean Van Amringe—Public Speakers—Mixed Notes—Sergeant Ballantyne—After Dinner Speakers—Dr. A. E. MacDonald—Recreations of Medical Men—Painting and Music—An Expensive Violin.

At the complimentary dinner given to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes upon the occasion of his seventieth birthday, I sat next to the late Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and in the course of our table talk, knowing that he had written some unpublished poems, I asked him why he had not exercised his talent earlier in life. He then told me that some years before, he had asked Doctor Holmes to tell him when a physician might safely mount his literary Pegasus without injury to his regular medical work, for in this country patients are intolerant of a man who is not strictly devoted to his own profession. Holmes told him that "he might begin when he had made enough by medicine to do without practice." I doubt if this advice was entirely consistent with his own independence, for the author of *Elsie Venner* and the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* wrote these books

when he was in great measure dependent upon professional emolument, though he probably derived enough to live upon from his professorship at Harvard, and to an extent from the *Atlantic Monthly* of which he was co-editor.

The author of *Confessio Medici* quite bears out Dr. Holmes' admonition, for in his observations upon "retirement" he instances the case of a doctor who imagined himself a playwright and gave way to his leanings in this direction to such an extent that his patients deserted him, and he was forced to retire because he had nothing to do.

Weir Mitchell, until the success attendant upon the exploitation of the so-called rest treatment, was not, I believe, regarded as at all a prosperous practitioner, although his very solid and varied scientific work in neurology was recognised all over the world; but when all the hysterical women from Maine to Oregon flocked to him after the publication of the popular little book called *Fat and Blood,* he made a great deal of money and could afford to follow the advice of Dr. Holmes.

Perhaps the best known medical novelist was Dr. Samuel Warren of England, later a lawyer, who wrote *Ten Thousand a Year* and the *Diary of a Physician,* but with the exception of Holmes and Mitchell, there have been no very successful American medical novelists or writers of fiction.

It has been the fashion in late years for members of my profession to indulge in literary work allied to, or outside, of medicine, especially in historical or quasi-medical topics. There is a club in New York known as the *Charaka* that has this purpose, and some of the papers written by the members have really been very meritorious when not facetious. Those of Drs. Bailey, Gerster, Sachs, and Dana are especially creditable, while other members have indulged in respectable verse. The best all around literary

work, however, has been done by my friend, Sir William Osler, Bart., who is now Regius Professor of Oxford, and who has discoursed learnedly and entertainingly, one of his bright little productions being the *Alabama Student.* For years he has been devoted to the collection of *Religio Medici* and the other books of Sir Thomas Browne, and when I visited the library of Christ Church at Oxford, a few years ago, I found that one of Osler's pursuits since his incumbency had been to gather the different editions of this author from all parts of the vast libraries, and deposit them in shelves by themselves. So far he has not had the hardihood to write novels.

The works of fiction, and even the essays, of medical men are not always their happiest productions, for they often are pseudo-scientific, vain, and affected in style and composition, and this is notably true of American works of this kind; they may even be vehicles for personal aggrandisement, and I once knew a novelist whose vanity was so great that it might be said that his only fear of death was that he would not live to read his own obituary notices in the newspapers. He therefore could not resist the temptation to inject his personality into his work, and in one of his stories there was a cripple whose body was a thing of clay, but whose brain was intact and so active that he was wont to indulge in brilliant epigrams. This was an ingenious idea, but those who knew him best found no difficulty in recognising the good things the author said at his club and elsewhere, which were afterward reproduced in print.

There are few physicians whose literary work has attained the standard of Sir Thomas Browne, or Bernard de Mandeville who wrote the *Fable of the Bees,* and no one has written the simple sweet things of Dr. John Brown,

the author of *Rab and His Friends,* which is an enduring delight.

Two recent books of lighter vein are charming indications of what clever medical men can do. One of these is *Confessio Medici,* which has much to do with the problems of medical practice, full of wise philosophy and gentle fancy; the other, *The Corner of Harley Street,* consists of a series of letters which is "some of the familiar correspondence of Peter Harding, M. D."

Many years ago I wrote for the *Century* magazine a fanciful short tale called *Herr von Strumpell's Experiment,* which by some people was taken in dead earnest, and was practically the story of the transplantation of the brain of a cat into that of a beautiful, sensible and dignified woman who, after her convalescence, underwent a remarkable change, acquiring feline characteristics of a familiar kind, finally dying with the greatest difficulty and bearing out the popular superstition about the nine lives of tabby. Strange to say, this led to serious experimentation and I have heard of occasions where the brain grafting was actually tried with apparent success, but let us hope with no transfer of objectionable peculiarities.

Another short essay of mine was entitled *The Perils of Small Talk.* In this I pictured the mental degeneration that is associated with the repetition of colloquialisms and stereotyped forms of daily and meaningless salutation, and a resulting and gradual decadence of the vocabulary. Of course it was necessary to give familiar illustration of what occurs in small villages, at one's club and other places, but an English reviewer took it all very literally, and scolded me roundly for calling attention to faults of which he himself was probably guilty. He could not see the point at all.

This kind of denseness is by no means universal, but

seems to flourish in certain parts of Great Britain where they once derided American humour. Some years ago I sat talking to some old Scotchmen in the far northern town of Inverness. We reached the stage of telling anecdotes, and I gave them the familiar story of the yachtsman who sent his steward ashore with a ten-dollar bill, telling him to buy some bread, and not to forget the whiskey. When he returned with his purchases it was found that he had bought nine dollars' worth of whiskey and one dollar's worth of bread. He was asked, "Why in Heaven's name did you buy so much bread?" One old Scot who sat by me gravely asked: "And why did he?" Whether this was a natural query in a place where whiskey is so popular a beverage, or whether he saw the point I am at a loss to say.

This work in the past has brought me into contact with a few men who conducted the *Century* and *Scribner's* magazines, among them Dr. J. G. Holland, Richard Watson Gilder, Clarence Buel and Robert Underwood Johnson. As I remember, the first of these, Dr. Holland, dressed in a somewhat dandified manner, and as a rule affected a pose. He was a handsome, Eastern-looking man, and was very popular especially with his feminine country readers. He possessed editorial capacity, conducting the magazines over which he presided in an admirable manner. Under the pseudonym of *Timothy Titcomb* he wrote many light essays, a serial novel called *Arthur Bonnicastle,* and subsequently a *Life of Abraham Lincoln.* Richard Watson Gilder was a delightful man, most sincere and earnest; rather delicate and feminine in appearance and manner, this being in contrast with the other members of his family, one of whom was a stalwart Arctic explorer, and the other, the late Miss Jeanette Gilder, a large and somewhat masculine-looking woman with vigorous intellectual attributes.

He did much hard work upon the *Century,* besides finding time to put through an International Copyright law, to edit the *Life and Letters of Lincoln,* and to write much verse. As a poet he belonged to the school of Henry Van Dyck, his productions being largely pastoral. Clarence Buel was a modest and attractive person, possessing great good judgment, and I learn that it was largely to him that the success of the *Century* was due, at a time when Civil War articles were featured.

It was Robert Underwood Johnson who attempted with some success to form a native association of Immortals upon the plan of the French Academy, but such things are not fully successful in democratic or Anglo-Saxon countries, and he met with some opposition from unfeeling legislatures when he attempted to legalise the organisation. There were some persons who were even rude enough to say that it was a "mutual admiration society;" but all this did not deter the original members from getting together and electing a number of American men of Arts and Letters—including Dr. Van Dyck, Brander Matthews and Hamilton Wright Mabie, all distinguished litterateurs. One of my dearest and oldest literary friends was Charles Dudley Warner, whose gentle humour and sweet kindliness of spirit gained for him the great devotion of every one with whom he came in contact.

Warner was eminently simple, and his lighter writings, especially, reflect his happy soul, and never betray in the slightest degree any cutting wit or ill nature. His sarcasm was always of the most innocuous kind, and I believe it would have made him genuinely miserable to have hurt the feelings of any one, even the most vain and pompous of his own profession who had incurred his mild displeasure. He was a fine-looking, handsome man, with something almost patriarchal in his appearance in his lat-



THE HANDS OF CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

ter days, which was due in measure to the manner in which he trimmed his beard. His great refinement was not only apparent in his easy, polished manners, and in his quiet, well-bred musical voice, but he showed physical traces of all this as well. Sometime before the end, he gave me a photograph of his hands taken at the insistence of a friend, and in making this gift there was not the slightest evidence of vanity in his manner. This picture shows a particularly beautiful and artistic hand which expresses virility with delicacy, and a rare amount of physical grace.

The study of the human hand as a whole, unlike palmistry, reveals much. It has even been said by a French savant, M. d'Arpentigny, that the hands represent three types: "Those whose fingers have pointed tips are possessed of a rapid insight into things; are extra sensitive and pious, and impulsive. To this class belong poets and artists. To the square tops belong scientific people; sensible, self-contained characters, professional men. The spade-shaped tops—thick tips with little pads of flesh on each side of the nails—are materialists, commercial, practical, with a higher appreciation of all that tends to bodily ease and comfort."

One of Warner's charming traits was his domesticity and devotion to his wife, herself a clever and accomplished woman, who was the source of much of his inspiration.

In 1910 I wrote a life of my grandfather which was well received and had an immediate success and good sale for a time, but the profits were small. Possibly I might have had more return were it not for the sales to the public libraries, which in recent years have hurt most authors, and to a degree publishers. While these are of course a boon to the public at large, tens of thousands of possible buyers are lost, for I found at several large libraries that the copies of my book were always "out," showing how many readers

it must have had, and the same thing probably occurred in other places than New York, for I was told fifteen hundred copies were ordered by these institutions alone. Perhaps only really profitable books nowadays are low-priced and sensational novels, which physicians are not in the habit of writing.

During the preparation of my volume I received a letter from Sir George Otto Trevelyan, the nephew of Macaulay and the distinguished author of *The American Revolution,* who hoped that I would deal gently with Benedict Arnold, who, he intimated, was a much-abused historical character. "I am glad to learn," he said, "that the balance of probabilities is in favour of Aaron Burr having ended miserably; I wish him worse than Benedict Arnold, for whom I have a sort of kindness."

I came in for some adverse criticism because I showed that Burr was not the utterly despicable character he had been painted, although he certainly had faults enough.

When the book appeared, one of the first letters I received was the following from the universally loved Dean J. H. Van Amringe of Columbia University to whom I had made the dedication:

48 East 26th Street,
Nov. 6, 1910.

Dear Doctor Hamilton:

I have just finished a first reading of your Life of Hamilton and found it very interesting and instructive.

It is true to its declared purpose in being throughout an "intimate" life. Its candour and obvious fairness, not concealing such faults as he had (defects of his qualities) and not unduly extolling his many virtues, are engaging and impressive. It shows that his genius manifested itself from the beginning; makes plain, as the story unfolds itself, his inborn qualities of mastery of men and things, his noble ambition without pettiness of self-seeking, his essential and rare altruism, his magnanimity and free-

ness from envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness, his lovableness in private life, and his commanding power and influence in public and professional life, and must add much to the general knowledge of one of the most unselfish of patriots and greatest of men. I congratulate you on having wrought so good a work in so excellent a way.

Sincerely yours,

J. H. Van Amringe.

Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton.

This letter was indeed a reward for all the trouble I had taken, for Professor Van Amringe was more familiar than any one I knew with my grandfather's career, and he was ever alive to instil his own admiration for Hamilton into the minds of the young men under his charge.

There is a danger in writing for the public press and periodicals under one's own name that leads to more than one *mauvais quart d'heure.* Upon several occasions, during recent political compaigns, I have contributed various essays, especially to the *North American Review,* and other journals. One, written at the request of my old friend, David Munro, its editor for several years, was entitled *Psychopathic Rulers,* and in this I tried to picture the danger of electing persons to public office who were mentally unstable. It naturally was admitted that my criticisms were directed toward a well-known national character, whose popularity was then as now very great. I was showered with the most venomous and general abuse, but I bided my time until a period when the pendulum swung in the other direction, when many of the newspapers who had before been most bitter completely reversed their front, and one who had called me every name that his journalistic ingenuity could invent, admitted that I was perfectly right. My chief endorser was my old friend, Henry Watterson, the courageous editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,*

who is never afraid to speak his mind, although his shafts sometimes strike home.

I do not know what my article upon the *Psychosis of the German Kaiser* may bring forth, but so far I have escaped an attack by chlorine gas, or a "curtain of fire," and I go to bed every night without the fear that a Zeppelin may be hovering over my house-top, to drop a particularly poisonous bomb.

Upon one occasion the editor of a book trade journal sent me a number of semi-scientific books, asking for reviews, and one of these was upon Christian Science. In due course the notices were sent to the journal and all were printed except that upon this subject, which was rather caustic. I wrote to the editor asking if he had received the review of the latter. He replied and made an appointment to meet me at my club, and I could not guess what could be the matter. He was a young man of rather timid and bashful manner, and after beating about the bush for some time, said: "Now I know, Dr. Hamilton, you will forgive me for not publishing your adverse notice of the book upon Christian Science, but I really could not bear to, for both my mother and sister are devoted members of that church, and indeed I could not wound their feelings in such a way."

It would seem that educated physicians, especially those who were in the habit of lecturing, would make good orators, or even after-dinner speakers, but most of the successful men in this field are lawyers who acquire an easy facility in expressing themselves in public.

But once in my life had I the temerity to speak in public —at the instance of the late Judge John R. Brady before a Hibernian Society.

My turn came late in the evening, after the table had become lined with numerous empty champagne bottles.

Detached bits of song were started in different parts of the hall before I began, and during the last half of a rather long and platitudinous speech by a distinguished divine. In a few minutes, despite the violent pounding upon the table by the toast master for order, the room was in an uproar, and vinous conversation quite general. Hot and mortified and, I suppose, inaudible, I dropped into my seat, and no one of the more interesting speakers that were to follow had the courage to face the storm. I have never again tried the experiment.

Many years ago I met Serjeant Ballantyne, a well-known English barrister, and a wit and man of the world. He had published his memoirs, which were quite readable and full of narrative. Like George Russell's *Collections and Recollections,* they abounded in delightful personal experiences of fashionable English life. He came here in the eighties, and delivered an address at Chickering Hall under the auspices of Judge Brady and many members of the New York Bar, and I do not think I have ever felt so sorry for any one in my life. In the presence of a large, friendly, and fashionable audience, he suffered stage fright and hesitation of manner to such a degree that his lecture ended in inglorious failure in less than half an hour, much to the dismay of those who expected a finished and clever address. The trouble was that he was surcharged with material, but could not forget his strange audience and immerse himself in his subject as any successful speaker must. With hardly any exaggeration, his address was as follows:

"Now, Ladies and Gentlemen—ah—ah—I suppose you would like to hear something about my travels and experiences? I have met many people—ah—ah—— I must tell you how I met Lord Clancarty at Mentone in 1868—ah—ah—ah (pause, with momentary reflection)—but per-

haps this may not interest you (pause, nervous hesitation and rapid resumption). Are you interested in dogs? (Laughter.) Ah, I see you are (coyishly). Well, the Earl of Powys had a prize dog, a setter—no, a pointer—named Dash in his kennels near Inverness worth two thousand guineas (a pause), an excellent dog, quite affectionate, and kind to children, I assure you—and quite devoted to his Lordship as well—ah—ah—ah" (hesitation and rapid fumbling with his notes, which had become evidently hopelessly disarranged) and then a plunge into new fields, getting more and more involved in unrelated anecdotes, and more confused, until he literally ran down, stopped, and collapsed into a seat next to his kind host, who tried to comfort him. The sympathetic and puzzled audience slowly filed out of the hall after waiting a few minutes, not knowing exactly what to make of it all.

One of the best medical after-dinner speakers I have ever known was my friend the late Dr. A. E. MacDonald, for many years Superintendent of the Ward's Island Asylum.

He was in great demand at the dinners of the Lotus Club, and his speech at the Decennial banquet of that organisation, held on March 20th, 1880, was full of fun. In speaking of the original club house, he said: "It was a modest mansion, gentlemen, in which the Lotus first blossomed; it has had its vicissitudes, its ups and downs, and if the Irishism may be pardoned me, the downs had been decidedly in the *ascendant.*" . . . "The Club house in Irving Place," he declared, "gave some fitting indication of the aims and objects of the club, for it nestled between the Academy (of Music) on the one side, and the gas house on the other—music and oratory surrounded it."

The recreations of medical men, apart from outdoor sports, are often of an artistic nature. Many of my friends,

like Sir Henry Thompson of England, have been clever artists. One of the cleverest American etchers was the late Dr. LeRoy Milton Yale, who ranked almost with Sir Philip Gilbert Hamerton, but he did not let this diversion interfere with his skilful work as an orthopedic surgeon. Drs. John G. Curtis and W. Gilman Thompson both drew beautifully, and George M. Lefferts had much talent, and was a witty caricaturist.

Sometimes we find such accomplished musicians as was Henry B. Sands, and Lucien Demainville, who was a violin virtuoso of the first rank. There are probably six string quartettes to-day in New York alone, among the doctors, and some of the most valuable musical instruments belong to members of my profession. My friend, Dr. William Hirsch, owns a "Strad" which, I believe, has been sold upon one occasion for $12,000—a rather stiff price for a violin. This he keeps as he would a baby in a cupboard with carefully regulated temperature, and swathed in silk like a young prince.

CHAPTER XV

LONDON IN WAR TIME

I Go to Berlin—Mine Layer at Cuxhaven—Outbreak of War—Ill Treatment of Americans—The Night of August 4th, 1914—Enthusiasm in Leicester Square—Stranded Tourists—Food Panic—Execution of Spies—The Special Constables—I Offer My Services to the King—Lord Rothschild's Horses—Newspaper Correspondents and Interviews—Private Hospitals—The Canadians—A Letter from the Front—The Activity of the Navy—Winston Churchill—Prince Louis of Battenburg—The Falkland Expedition—The Zeppelins—The Effect of Battle Upon the Individual—Patrol Duty in the North Sea.

HAVING occasion to go to Berlin in July, 1914, I took the big German steamer *Imperator,* which reached Cuxhaven July 5th. Of course no one had any idea that a great war was imminent, although we had heard in London of the assassination at Sarajevo. I had, however, been in Munich in the winter of 1914 and had there found the existence of some disagreeable feeling regarding Russia, but nothing of moment. Outside of the Regina Palast Hotel one afternoon a telegraphic bulletin had been posted regarding some trouble on the border, and this drew forth angry exclamations from the crowd, but no foreigner was then really apprehensive.

When we came up to the wharf at Cuxhaven we immediately saw a large German mine layer, evidently in full commission, for she had an active crew, and a large number of mines were upon her decks ready for laying;

in fact, there was every indication that she had just come into port. The friend who was with me was as much puzzled as I, and my curiosity was increased by the fact that on our way up to Hamburg all the curtains in the cars were pulled down as we passed the entrance of the Kiel canal. In Berlin I found a great many troops in heavy marching order, and the telegraph offices were showing in their front windows despatches referring to the Austro-Servian affair, which were read by a noisy crowd. All this was twelve days before Austria declared war, and a month before England decided to be a party to the hostilities, so this indicated not only preparedness, but actual mobilisation; certainly the claim that the contest was forced upon Germany by England was more than disingenuous —it was a feeble lie.

Luckily I finished my business in a week, and lingered only a day or two thereafter in the German capital. The Kaiser was upon his yacht somewhere on the Swedish coast, taking his summer vacation, and *Unter den Linden* was quiet enough, although there was the usual tepid interest shown when one of the beflagged automobiles of the royal household darted by with one of the younger princes inside. I therefore returned to England in time to escape the inevitable internment, or that kind of persecution and annoyance that every English-speaking person had to undergo, for at remote points the ignorant soldiery made no discrimination between English people and Americans.

Some of the latter had a hard time in Germany, and there were many instances of great cruelty. Sir Henry Drayton, a prominent Canadian who was a member of the Relief Committee in London, told me of an interview he had actually had with an American tourist who, the day the war broke out, was somewhere in East Prussia with a

party, and accompanied by his three young daughters. When at a railway station, surrounded by a crowd of half-drunken German soldiers, he remonstrated, and was knocked about; he then threatened to appeal to the United States Consul. This seemed to intensely irritate the mob of soldiers and officers, who seized and tied him up by his thumbs, and then outraged each one of his daughters in turn before his eyes. This story was later confirmed by the purser of one of the Boston Cunard steamers to whom he subsequently complained, but the man could not be induced to appeal to the State Department, not being willing to expose his daughters' shame and feeling at the time he could get no redress. As things have turned out, it is doubtful if anything would have been done had he sought this aid.

The *Imperator,* I was afterward informed by one who was on board and should know, had carried on a previous trip a large number of German officers in mufti, as well as secret service agents, who were landed at Cherbourg without any evident hindrance. I do not know how many reservists we carried to Cuxhaven, but there were many Germans and German-Jews on board; and great Teutonic enthusiasm was shown at the Fourth of July dinner, when the flags of nations other than Germany and the United States were conspicuous for their absence from the tables, which was in contrast with what is usual upon other occasions.

There were some Americans making their first trip to Europe who spoke no other language than their own—one family of father and mother and several young children who, I afterward learned, were stranded in Southern Germany in a place where there was no United States Consul, and could not get away for weeks.

On my way to Flushing on my return I met Karl Chris-

tian Garve, a young member of the faculty of the University of Berlin, and a most intelligent man. In the course of our conversation he referred to the military aims of Germany, not at all in the spirit of Nietzsche, and dwelt upon the kindly feeling entertained for England, and the German respect for the energy and system of the United States. The "dream of Germany," he said, was the conquest of the Slav—"the savage Slav"—and to make all Europe a great Teutonic power was the sole aim of his Kaiser, and then there was a eulogium of Germany of the usual kind.

After my return to England I was daily thrown into contact with many public men. The feeling was growing more tense, but no one knew the full extent of the game the Kaiser and his friends were playing. Although there were plenty of proud Englishmen who did not hesitate in urging a strong course, the liberal Cabinet was strangely divided, and it was only after twelve days of constant session that a conclusion was reached, and then two or three men shirked the responsibility and resigned.

Meanwhile there were quiet but unmistakable indications of impending trouble, and Whitehall was daily crowded with people who stood for hours outside of the government offices in the great heat of August. Various territorial regiments marched through the Strand and Cockspur Street, and up the Haymarket, and all of these were provided with full equipment. Strange as it may seem, the onlookers on the sidewalk were absolutely undemonstrative; in fact, I learned that this was characteristic of the English, and upon another occasion, when I saw a long battalion of cheery-looking and almost boyish recruits who were marching down Sloane Street singing the *Marseillaise* meanwhile, I heartily applauded, as I would have done at home, but I was alone in this—in fact,

I was looked upon rather curiously by those about me. The night of the third of August, 1914, and the preceding days were never to be forgotten, for even on the Sunday before most of us felt absolutely certain that the time had come. I went to the South Kensington post office in Exhibition Road to send a registered letter with bank notes to Munich to enable a member of my family who was shut up there to get away. The postal authorities would only take the letter "at the sender's risk," and one could not send a telegram to Bavaria with any assurance that it would be received. On Monday, which was a bank holiday, and on all the earlier days of the week, there was growing unrest. On Thursday at midnight the government was to take action, for Germany had refused to answer Lord Grey's ultimatum. I, like others, went to Trafalgar Square, and there found a vast crowd filling the open space about the Nelson statue and densely packing the Strand and all the streets in the neighbourhood, and I was struck by the grim silence that prevailed. It might have been one of those huge, dense bodies of men sketched by Louis Raemaekers, the clever artist of the Dutch paper *Elzevir,* or some other impressionist. One heard no joking, no laughter or horseplay; every one was solemn, and talked in low voices. An assistant postmaster had left Charing Cross post office and told me confidentially that a messenger was to come from Downing Street at midnight, or perhaps before, with a message that would settle the question. I walked up St. Martin's Lane to my club and found there that they already had news of the decision of the Ministry, of which the men in the street were ignorant. In a few minutes a roar from below apprised us that they, too, knew the momentous decision, for there was now a noisy, seething mass of moving human beings, marching hither and thither and crying, "Vive la

France!" "Vive l'Angleterre"—for we were in the heart of the French district near Leicester Square. Then processions were formed, and popular men at the head were carried on the shoulders of the others. An open carriage dashed through Piccadilly, and its occupant was a little brown Japanese who carried an enormous flag of his country and cheered lustily, "Banzai—Banzai!" It reminded me of Mafeking night, without the inane rowdyism and disorder. About the French news office in Green Street a closely packed mass of Frenchmen pressed forward to get such additional information as they could, and roared with laughter when some pungent Gallic joke was made, while the *Marseillaise* was sung over and over again.

At my club grave, serious and conservative men were enthusiastic and joyous; and the usual English reserve was for the time broken. Old companions in arms in previous wars put their arms around each other, and soldier sons seated themselves by their fathers and clasped their hands.

The next day there was little outward enthusiasm or evidence that England was entering a fight for her very life. It was all taken as a matter of course, and I doubt if any one would have been at all disturbed if it had not been for the effect of such a little thing as the temporary refusal of the banks to give out any gold over their counters, and the inconvenience of those people who had failed to provide themselves. It was not only impossible to get sovereigns, but one could not, for a few days, change a five-pound note; small change, even, was very scarce. Bank Holiday, the first Monday in August, had preceded the actual declaration of hostilities by three days, and business was further paralysed by the situation—but I shall not further describe a state of upheaval which is so recent and familiar. The stringency of ready money continued for a week more at least. People were using postal notes

of small denominations and such silver as they had. There was something amusing about the plight of even very rich men who had to borrow sovereigns for their immediate petty needs from their more fortunate friends. I had cashed some North German Lloyd travellers' cheques a few days before, when I felt that there was something in the air, and was able to help some of my friends and suffer no personal inconvenience. Grossmith, the inimitable comedian, had accepted an invitation to spend a week-end with a friend, but only had a single lonely pound in his pocket. He presented himself at the booking office at Charing Cross, and said to the young man: "Is my face good for a return ticket to W——?" "Yes, indeed, Mr. Grossmith, every one knows *you,* sir—here's your ticket."

This condition of affairs became very serious for American tourists, several thousand of whom arrived in London without friends or money. The Strand was full of them, and quite like upper Broadway; and the Cockspur Street and Pall Mall steamship offices were besieged. Their letters of credit could not at first be cashed, for the banks were closed, but the American Express invariably honoured its own travellers' cheques, and was of infinite assistance. My friend, Mr. Dalliba, the head of the Paris branch, also did much good helping people to cross the Channel. Among that class of "trippers" who had left home with a return ticket and little money, the inconvenience was very great, for they even slept on the benches or upon the grass in the parks, and borrowed money and begged food where they were able until the relief committee was established at the Hotel Cecil. I knew of a party from a small inland city, largely composed of school teachers and dressmakers, who had paid less than four hundred dollars to go and return and for a trip over most of the continent with hotel expenses, guides, etc., included.



WEEDON GROSSMITH AS HAMLET
With permission of Weedon Grossmith, Esq.

Heaven knows how they did it at any time. They were held up in Germany, and later sent back to England, and, having no money, and there being no steamer available, had to stay for weeks at the expense of the Touring Agency, which found it difficult to pay the London hotel that charitably took them in. Some rich men pooled their issues and hired a steamer, and it was no uncommon thing for a ticket to be sold for one thousand dollars.

There was a rush for food from those who lived in London, as the perfectly unjustifiable fear of a shortage of supplies worried many housekeepers. Immense stocks were ordered from Harrod's stores and other places, and there was a sharp rise in prices. Finally, as the result of governmental interference, there was not only public reassurance, but steps were taken to prevent food speculation, and so the silly panic was averted. Of course London was full of German spies and plotters, and every subject of the central powers therein was obliged to register at the nearest police station; many were afterward interned at the Olympia and other big buildings. The German waiters at the hotels had a hard time, and were sometimes treated with great harshness by cowardly and bullying guests, the only proof of alleged wrongdoing being that they were born in Germany. Our own Embassy was very strict, and an American woman who had many years before married an Austrian, from whom she was separated, could not get permission to leave England because of her alleged foreign nationality. This was indeed a too literal interpretation of the law.

Thanks to the energies of the Boy Scouts and the country constables, many dastardly attempts undertaken by the agents of the enemy were detected and frustrated. It is well known that two Germans, who were said to be medical men, had attempted to poison the drinking water with

typhoid bacilli near Bramshott, where there is a military camp. They were caught in the act and promptly shot. Other spies, I am told, were executed near Southampton for this same offence.

When I returned to England on the ill-fated *Arabic* with the brave Captain "Tubby" Finch in December, 1914, we had three of these gentry on board, whose departure was cabled to the Liverpool authorities from Canada. They were, nevertheless, allowed to land and, I learn, closely shadowed during their stay. I saw them on the ship and subsequently at the Midland Adelphi Hotel—two men and a woman—and I think they showed their anxiety in their restlessness and the furtive glances they gave the other passengers who sat near them. At the Hotel the detectives took their coffee at the next table.

At an early date every one in London strove to be of some use, and among other things a special constable force was formed. Cyril Maude, the well-known actor, whom I know, did duty at the bottom of Bond Street from three until six o'clock in the morning, his early breakfast being brought to him in a basket. These amateur policemen were everywhere, and I always saw one standing on guard on the corner outside of the power house near the South Kensington station.

When the war first began the need for mounts in Great Britain was pressing, and army officers made a round of all the stables, not only of the farmer and jobber, but of the rich as well. When one of these gentlemen turned up at the racing stable of Lord Leopold Rothschild, he proposed to commandeer the stock. Among the horses were several very valuable prize winners. His Lordship was appalled, but had no redress, so when the Government agent offered him the nominal sum allowed in payment, with an awkward apology, it was refused, and the possible

winner of a future Derby was given to the nation. It was a matter said to be known to a few persons that this powerful nobleman had been approached by an emissary of the Kaiser before the war who had the effrontery to think that Lord Rothschild would be disloyal to his adopted country. Never was there a greater mistake!

Americans and English alike were anxious to do "their bit," and I saw the chance of raising a large sum of money to build a base hospital near the sea coast—a thing which was badly needed, as severely wounded men and those suffering from shock were, after being disembarked, immediately hurried off for long railroad journeys to some inland point. The projected hospital was to be altogether American—medical staff, nurses and attendants as well—and was to be modelled upon the plan of some of those that were so successful after the Civil War in the United States. My offer was very kindly acknowledged by King George,* but hung fire because it was in violation of neutrality under Article II of the Geneva Convention. At that time the English Government was more strict than it is at present, as lately some of the large London hospitals have been supplied with surgical staffs from Boston and elsewhere.

When I went to see the medical head of the army, Sir Arthur Sloggett, about this matter, I found him to be a bright, keen little man who had the medical management at his fingers' ends. He is a delightful person, and is

* BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
4th *August*, 1914.

DEAR SIR:

I am commanded by the King to thank you for the generous offer of your services during the coming time.

I am forwarding your letter to the War Office.

Yours very faithfully,

STANFORDHAM.

idolised by the junior medical officers, especially because of his universal kindness and complete absence of "side." I later received a nice Christmas letter from him at the front, where he was Director General. I afterward met Sir Alfred Keogh, who acted in his place in London, and whom I had known some years before in New York.

After I finished my talk in the War Office, I went downstairs, and was so absorbed in the things I had just been discussing that before I knew it I had descended the flight of steps into the basement instead of going out of the street door into Whitehall. I was brought to my senses, however, when I found myself confronted by a tall policeman, who examined my bundle of plans and took me upstairs, where I had no trouble in making my identity known. As every one was in fear that the building would be blown up, and of course Lord Kitchener with it, the presence of any stranger in the lower part of the War Office was suspicious.

The American newspaper correspondents, as well as their English companions, were always very wroth because they could not write and publish anything they chose about the war, some thinking the refusal of the censors was an affront to them personally; and in a manner deplorably familiar at home, proceeded not only to defy the authorities in getting news from secret sources and cabling it to the United States, but one of them assailed the War Office and Lord Kitchener in an American newspaper, with the result that he got himself into a great deal of trouble. I am told that he was sent for and warned that if he persisted in giving uncensored news that might find its way to the enemy, he would be treated as a spy and shot. Every one in confidence knew the troubles of the censors, who were often roundly abused for simply doing their duty, especially by

the "yellow" press which is as impudent in London as it is in New York.

There were many private estates given up by their owners for hospital use; at the invitation of a friend, Lady Helen Grosvenor, I visited Eaton Hall, the palace of her nephew, the Duke of Westminster. Here I found a large number of wounded soldiers who were having the time of their lives, with good nursing, excellent food, and the chance of roaming about and looking at all the magnificent paintings and art objects. Lady Grosvenor, whom I met many years ago, is best known for her introduction of caravaning in England, and her general love of sport. She has for over a year absolutely devoted herself to the noble work in which she is now employed, and her soldier charges simply adore her.

The Duke of Rutland has also given up his castle to wounded soldiers, and personally manages everything. He told of the great bravery and courage of some of the unfortunate inmates. One tall young Highlander, who could not be more than nineteen, had his thigh amputated, and when some one impulsively pitied him, he laughingly said, "Ah, well, I can make twa stockings go a bit firther now."

During the fall and winter of 1914 and 1915 Salisbury Plain was filled with troops from all over the United Kingdom and the colonies. Among them were soldiers from Canada, who, while as brave as lions, had what might be called a contempt for organised authority. A good story was told me by a friend, which is as follows:

One night there was some movement of local troops, and the sentry at a certain point challenged the advancing platoons about as follows:

Sentry: "Who goes there?"
Answer: "The Black Watch."
Sentry: "All right. Pass on, Black Watch."

(Again)

Sentry: "Who goes there?"
Answer: "The Suffolks."
Sentry: "All right. Pass on, Suffolks."

(Again, in a few minutes)

Sentry: "Who goes there?"
Answer: "What in the H—ll is that to you?"
Sentry: "All right. Pass on, *Canadians!*"

Every one who came from the front united in saying what splendid fighters these men were, afraid of nothing and always doing more than what was asked of them. I met two or three of the Canadian flying corps who were on their way home to drill fresh recruits after several months' reconnaissance in France. One of them, who had often been fired upon and slightly wounded, declared that he would never go up again unless he had a piece of boiler iron attached to the seat of his aeroplane. At the outbreak of the war he wrote from Toronto to a firm in Boston wishing to purchase a biplane, but he could get none because of the alleged violation of neutrality involved. His next move was to go to Boston in person, where he casually dropped into the establishment of the aeroplane manufacturer. Being in mufti, he bought what he desired and paid a deposit, and was afforded a chance to try the aeroplane. Accompanied by a friend, he got into the machine at the hangar, and to the astonishment of its custodian flew away and did not land until he reached Toronto, some hours later.

Several years ago I met a clever young Irish doctor who came to the United States to practise his specialty, which is the same as my own. In 1915, wishing to go to the front, Dr. Foster Kennedy found some one who was

willing to establish a Hospital unit, so he sailed with his wife, who was an able ally. The doctor first went to the front, and later secured an abandoned monastery at Ris Oranjis, near Fontainebleau, which was reconstructed and furnished. It was subsequently taken charge of by Dr. Joseph A. Blake, formerly with the American Ambulance service at Neuilly.

Kennedy wrote me the following letter from the front, where he had first gone to see if he could be of use:

"I am really a most delinquent person for not having written to you long ago and told you of my various adventures and plans, but each day saw the latter changing, so I always felt that I would have a more definite story to tell if I delayed writing to you.

"It looks now as though it were probable that we shall be able to start quite a big Hospital for the benefit of the French wounded. I cannot describe to you the innumerable difficulties and delays with which I was confronted! No one who has not gone through the experience could really believe the troubles that beset this road. It became clear that I could not really touch the situation without seeing it at first hand, so after considerable difficulties I got my passports and so forth in order and crossed to Calais at the beginning of last month. I met there two Belgian Lieutenants who were going by motor car to Lapanne, an amazingly interesting drive through placid country in which the only signs of war were the innumerable soldiers and sentries on the road, the artillery observation posts concealed in the trees, and the church spires protected by scaffolding against shell fire and of course a perpetual obligato of booming from both sea and land.

"Lapanne is a little sea-side place on the Dunes, a few miles behind the most northerly trenches; it is really a base hospital at the front. The men are carried there straight from the trenches into a first-class hospital, but unfortunately it is a great deal too near the front to be continually effective.

"Whilst I was there, we were bombed by a Taube, and since I left, shells have been dropping in the town. The Germans could blow it to blazes any time they have a spare half hour and the inclination. It was quite clear that in that locality more hospitals were not required, not only for these reasons, but for the fact that they have been flooded with money both from America and England.

"From there I went to Bourbourg, to which the Belgian Ministers had fled after the bombardment of Dunkirk. There I saw the head of the Service de Santé, who clearly made it evident that medical assistance for the Belgian army was no longer necessary.

"From Bourbourg I went to Graveline and Dunkirk and there I stayed a considerable time. I did so because the hospital situation in Dunkirk was absolutely destroyed by the bombardment, which had occurred a short time previously. Consequent upon the shelling, all the hospitals were evacuated and no one could say when they would be allowed to be filled again; that is, no one except the Prussian officer in command of the gun at Westend, and his information was not available. I wanted to see if the gun would begin again and thus clear the air; on the other hand, the gun remaining silent, whether the authorities could make up their minds to allow the streams of wounded to return to Dunkirk, in which case I could easily have obtained permission to go ahead in their place. But none of these things happened and I finally left Dunkirk, having offered the Unit to the French government, which offer was accepted later when I returned to London.

"While at Dunkirk I saw innumerable interesting and extraordinary things. Being unattached I was able to see the wounded, which were left in many hospitals, and best of all I was asked to go to Poperinghe to see a baby with a bad shell wound in the head—this I did with great pleasure, and we left it in good condition to recover. Poperinghe is shelled with true Teutonic punctuality every two hours. While there we heard that a certain Flemish family had decided that the time had come for them to

leave Ypres and as the hospital at Poperinghe was evacuated and short-handedness prevailed, I went into Ypres with another man to fetch the Flamands out. Ypres is surrounded on three sides by the Germans and the entrance into the town is quite an unhealthy proceeding, as shelling never stops both over the town and this one road leading into it. The row was pretty awful and for a time I was considerably frightened, though I hope no one noticed it. However, that sort of thing is not one's preconceived ideas of fighting, it is as impersonal as a thunderstorm—offering both the conditions and the species of fatalism with regard to the chance of being hit.

"I am afraid I have not time to tell you everything that I saw at Ypres, but look forward to doing so when I meet you. I spent a long time at an Aid Post just outside the town, pulling shrapnel out of our soldiers and trying to help as much as possible the poor chaps suffering from gas poisoning."

All of my London medical friends were active in war matters, and seeing their patients in khaki, or going over to the front to investigate special conditions. Dr. Joseph Blake had, as I knew he would, created a great sensation in France by his incomparable surgery at the Paris Ambulance hospital, and endeared himself to all. I have heard of wounded English officers who returned invalided who talked of him just as affectionately as we all do in America.

The doings of the navy all this time were kept very secret, but things of importance leaked out occasionally despite the censors. The loss of the *Audacious,* which was known in the United States with all its details as soon as it occurred, was absolutely kept from the English public, and on my return in December I was eagerly asked if the rumour that she had been sunk was true.

There had before this been much criticism of those who forced the resignation of Prince Louis of Battenburg. All well-informed and decent people deplored the fact that so

good and loyal a man should be sacrificed and humiliated merely because of his Austrian blood and alleged pro-German sympathy. There were many men, however, who liked and respected him, but said that while he was a good organiser, he was not a good tactician, and that it was as well he was out of the service. The low attack upon him by certain "yellows" made the blood of most persons boil, for naturally there was no reply possible.

Late in the autumn of 1915 there was a great deal of internal unrest upon the part of the navy because of the failure to follow up and destroy the fleet German cruisers who had attacked Yarmouth. The chagrin was all the more keen because some one had blundered about the wireless, for there was a large squadron of men-of-war within easy striking distance of the invaders. The destruction of the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* on the Chilean coast was another source of recrimination, for it was felt that these rather old-fashioned and slow ships should not have been sent upon their mission. It was in November, 1915, that a secret plan of retaliation was hit upon, and the *Inflexible* and *Invincible,* both ships of from twenty-five to twenty-six knots, were despatched to join several slower men-of-war already in South American waters, and here the Germans were caught napping. In the preparations for seizing the Falklands as a naval base, they had no idea that any help could reach the comparatively weak English fleet in so short a time, their calculations being evidently based upon the length of the voyage of ordinary passenger ships which make several stops and crawl over the Atlantic at a pace of from fourteen to sixteen knots. The two big cruisers actually dropped their anchors in a South American port in less than two weeks from the time they left Plymouth; the fastest passenger steamers usually taking from three weeks to a month or more. The subse-

quent operations of Admiral Sir F. C. Doveton Sturdee in sinking the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* were compensation for the earlier omissions.

While most people gave Winston Churchill full credit for all he had done in building up the British navy, there were many who deplored his officiousness and blundering, especially in the matter of sending marines to Antwerp. I had never met him, but knew some of his American relatives, among them Mr. Travers Jerome, the active District Attorney. I had the opportunity, a few months before the war, of seeing the then Naval head at close range when I crossed the English Channel. His appearance and conduct certainly bore out much of the caustic comment of critics who were disposed to ridicule him for his constant posing. The hour and a half from Dover to Calais was an amusing one, for he took the bridge and practical charge of the little boat all in dead earnest, and he occasionally turned and faced the curious throng below from the bridge and struck an attitude. He was then the First Lord of the Admiralty. The bluff Admiral Paget, an old acquaintance of mine who was also a passenger, must have appreciated the presence and conduct of his chief.

When I left, in January, 1915, no actual attacks upon London itself had been made by Zeppelins, although they had dropped bombs upon Dover and some west coast places, as well as Scarborough. No one seemed to be alarmed, and beyond the precaution of extinguishing the electric signs, painting the tops of the arc lights in the streets a dark colour, reducing them in number, and ordering people generally to draw down their window shades at night, nothing was done in the matter. Such precautions as searchlights which played from the top of the Marble Arch in Hyde Park and the Charing Cross sta-

tion were also taken, but many people thought that this was a benefit to the Germans instead of the reverse. One night we were sure we saw an enemy airship over Kensington, but it may have been one of our own. Since the initial raid most people have learned of the small but horrible slaughter inflicted by these barbarians. From letters I learn that no one is worried, and instead of seeking their cellars they congregate on the sidewalks.

Within a month I have received a letter from a London artist friend which gives rather a realistic description of his own experience and the attitude of unconcern:

"I was talking to two friends at my club about the beauties of Morland when there came a terrific bang. 'Ullo,' said Captain J., 'here we are again.' Then the guns commenced firing over our heads, shaking the windows. Several went to them to look out. Some one said, 'If you are going to raise those blinds, turn out the lights in the room.' I went into the street, and had a fine view of it. It was two miles high, and didn't look five feet long. Just like a piece of phosphorus, the guns firing all around it. I got a taxi, as I wanted to get home to my wife, but a lot of frightened ladies rushed out of the Alhambra, so I gave up my taxi to them and walked home. My wife was having tea, not a bit disturbed, although the devil passed over the square, as it did on the previous visit. They always come one way. There were about eighty people killed, some blown *absolutely* to pieces, about four hundred wounded."

This war, more than any other, has afforded the medical man many curious examples of the effects of new weapons of offensive attack. I do not refer so much to poisonous gases, which are devilish and cruel agents, but to the effects of shock and concussion. The velocity of high-powered guns and explosives is such as to kill sometimes without a visible wound; and if they do not do this

they absolutely demoralise the functions of the nervous system. There is also the element of sudden and great fright. At the battle of Mons, when one English division was seemingly overwhelmed by a much greater force of Germans, a condition of mental paralysis resulted, which was followed by actual deafness and dumbness, the so-called "battle-shock." Some men were found in the hospital who rocked to and fro, uttering ceaseless gibberish, and others became hysterical. I saw one of these in London, and heard of many others. One brave young captain who had obtained an order for bravery and had a few days' leave cried and laughed the night before his return to the trenches. The horrors of the front to some sensitive people were responsible for great mental agony. It was not so much the fear of death as the constant tension, and the effort to escape the shell and shrapnel fire.

Very few men were made insane by all this, the cases I have mentioned recovering in a few months, as a rule, and the *mutism* disappearing. Those who became insane were men who had some such predisposition and might have become so from any adequate psychic and physical cause even if there had been no war.

It is the "mental insult" that does the work, and the minor psychoses and neuro-psychoses are the same as we sometimes see at home in people who have been in railroad accidents.

I spent a week in Liverpool toward the end of January, 1915, and met a number of very agreeable naval officers who were engaged in the perilous duty of sea-patrol in converted liners, a most dangerous and trying work. Most of them were off again a few days before I left, having had a week's rest on shore. They were all cheerful, brave fellows; one of them, Captain Jeffries, a descendant of the great Justice of that name, had been in America

and we had many mutual friends. He was a simple-minded sailor and talked very touchingly and enthusiastically about his little home on the west coast and his family, and looked forward to the time when he could go back to his garden and his flowers. My distress was intense when I learned that within a week of our meeting he went to the bottom in the *Clan* line steamer he commanded, as the result, probably, of a submarine attack.

One of my friends in England is a brave naval officer—Captain B——, who has been engaged in perilous work in patrolling the coast, constantly exposed to attack by German submarines, and to the dangers of floating mines. I saw him before he departed on one of these trips, and gave him a diminutive Aztec figure for good luck. A few months after, he wrote me:

"You will be glad to hear that the little Mexican talisman you gave me has, so far, performed its good office in the most wonderfully efficacious manner. Not only has it kept me free from all personal harm, but it seems to have actually brought me a measure of good luck, for I have been advanced to the rank of Commodore since I saw you. There is a very curious incident in connection with this mascot which is enough, in itself, to make one turn thoroughly superstitious! The last time I was in Liverpool it was very hot, so I left off my waistcoat and with it my mascot for one day. Sure enough, I met the only bit of bad luck that has come my way since you gave me the idol, and lost a roll of ten one-pound notes. It really looked like a warning, and you may be sure I have never been without the idol for one moment since then!"

Those who are not in England cannot picture the calm, unsensational attitude of the British who, perfectly sure of the righteousness of their cause, and with unwavering faith in their own courage, are pushing on to the bitter end.

Their only doubt is in their political leaders, and their generally expressed disgust with the antics of the immature and talkative Churchill, or the meddlesome Northcliffe. The same dangerous interference with the regular naval and military branches of service by the lawyer-politicians has always existed in England and was graphically described by Sir George Otto Trevelyan, who in his great *History of the American Revolution* forcefully depicted the blundering of George the Third and his Ministers. It is an evil that in a minor degree confronts us at home, especially during the past two or three years, thanks to ignorant, opinionated, and narrow-minded men who antagonised those well-informed professional sailors and soldiers whose warnings have been frequent and insistent.

PART TWO: PROFESSIONAL

PART TWO: PROFESSIONAL

CHAPTER XVI

STRANGE CASES

An Insane Quack—A Curious Sequel to Novel Reading—An Anxious Wife—"Gentleman Joe"—Pursued by the Standard Oil Company—A Precocious Criminal—"Lewis Jarves"—The Robin Case—The Diss Debarr Case—Harry Kellar Becomes a Convert to Spiritualism—Washington Irving Bishop—A Gruesome Post Mortem—Poisoning Cases.

A BUSY professional life is often full of dramatic episodes, and probably that of an alienist is more interesting in this way than any other. One of my earliest experiences was a call to see the head of one of the disreputable Museums of Anatomy that abounded in New York forty years ago, when the police did not disturb them and they were left alone to prey upon the community. This man was an English-Jew who had acquired an enormous fortune from his nefarious practices. He lived in magnificent style, dressed expensively, wearing great diamonds and precious stones in a manner only comparable to the late William F. Howe, the criminal lawyer, or the much advertised Diamond Jim Brady. I was, with a great deal of mystery, taken to his home in one of the old-fashioned mansions in Washington Square, originally occupied by some rich merchant of early New York. In a dimly lit back room I found the patient—a fat, small, red-faced man clad in a voluminous robe of purple satin and topped with

a glistening gilt crown sparkling with gems. In his hand he held an orb which was studded with large diamonds. About him were huge candelabra containing coloured wax candles, while a musical box tinkled on a table nearby which also held a censer that diffused dense clouds of incense. His shiny, tense, and puffed face and inharmonious play of expression, his constant gibberish, all told their story—he was the victim of an incurable chronic mania. I could not help thinking that the wretched creature had been punished in this way for the lives he had wrecked by his cruel quackery, for I had previously seen other insane people who once attended his museum and who had been driven mad by the unreasoning fear for which he was in the first instance responsible.

It is not often that the unconscious enactment of a dream will lead to such serious consequences, as in the case of Mr. P——, a well-known lawyer, who was a diligent reader of Rider Haggard. He had one night become so fascinated with the chapter in which Allan Quartermaine's adventure with the giant crabs in the cave are thrillingly pictured that, when he fell into a deep but troubled sleep, the exciting incident was lived over in vivid dreams and, when the part came where the horrid things crawled from the swiftly moving stream to attack him, he actually dove from his bed to the floor, where he was found by his wife. The blow was found to be sufficiently violent to create a serious head injury, with a resulting cerebral hemorrhage. By some captious people this might be taken as a warning against sensational novel reading.

The idea of some persons as to what constitutes insanity is strange, indeed. One morning I received a visit from a rather excited young married woman who came to tell me of her worries which arose from her marriage to a young man "who seemed to have undergone a remarkable change

since the Reverend —— made them one that beautiful June day"; she was sure A—— was losing his mind—Would I see him? She proceeded to impart to me a list of grievances such as are not unusual among incompatible people; and considering there was a great difference in their worldly position and finances, and that the woman was plain if not actually ugly, I thought I might easily make a diagnosis. That "I might examine him fully and commit him to an asylum," he was to call the next morning, quite alone. At the appointed hour I was waited upon by a remarkably handsome and engaging young man. He talked for an hour brilliantly and sanely, and I soon learned that he was a professor, and a graduate of one of the best-known universities in the United States. He was talented and accomplished, and had been a poor boy when he married this rather stupid and commonplace woman, presumably for money and position, but her jealousy and nagging had been his punishment. Of course we both laughed at the wife's estimate of his mental condition. To-day he is one of the greatest men of science in the world, the winner of a Nobel prize, a member of the French Academy, and most of the greater Societies. I shudder to think what would have become of him had I been less careful.

In the early seventies District Attorney Randolph Martine sent for me to consult about a man who had been arrested, and whose mental condition was a matter of dispute. He was known as Gentleman Joe, a quite different person from Hungry Joe, the notorious confidence man who plied his trade about the Grand Central Depot, and one who had apparently no hope of gain. His offence consisted in a series of practical jokes of great magnitude which were undertaken solely for the notoriety that followed. Within a few days he visited certain shops and ordered enormous quantities of all manner of merchandise

to be sent to the dwellings of prominent men, for which they were subsequently to pay. I believe one of the chief victims was the Reverend Morgan Dix. One fine morning East Twenty-fifth Street was crowded with wagons and drays all eager to deliver a strange assortment of goods of all kinds at his house. These, I am told, included a grand piano, several sewing machines, groceries and wines, a baby's carriage, agricultural instruments, and a dentist's drill machine! A quiet old spinster elsewhere received a bass drum, and clergymen were expected to pay for various compromising things, such as poker sets and counters.

The wild eccentricities of this man led him to commit all manner of freaks in less than a week, but of course his arrest was inevitable and he was sent to an asylum, as there were other evidences of derangement.

It is a common thing for alienists as well as the police to be approached by individuals who seek protection from imaginary enemies. These persons are usually paranoiacs who believe themselves to be the victims of conspiracies and persecution by people who are jealous of their success. One of these was a man who had invented an oil stove who accused the Standard Oil Company of seeking to encompass his ruin and of actually attempting his life. He therefore had a large plate of boiler iron fastened within his office window to interrupt the bullets fired by the paid assassins. Another lunatic prepared an infernal arrangement of wires and a shotgun, and nearly killed his wife, while a third devised a corslet and sleeves full of sharp knives which he wore so distributed that his enemies might not forcibly seize him. He had borrowed this idea from the Apaché who had been arrested by one of the police agents of M. Lépine, the Préfet of Police in Paris, some years ago.

Father Thomas Ducey once brought to my office a very young boy, thirteen years old, of attractive appearance and manner—the ideal good boy. He, however, was not at all so, for he had travelled from one end of the country to the other forging cheques and swindling merchants as might a clever veteran criminal. Little Dick M—— was the son of respectable parents in a small Western town, his father being a printer. The child was precocious to a degree, and quite well informed in business matters and methods.

It was one of his plans to deposit a small sum, say five dollars, in some bank where he had ingratiated himself with the officials, and subsequently make false entries in his pass book of perhaps seventy-five dollars. He would then show the book to some one whom he was subsequently to swindle, presenting a cheque, perhaps, for twenty-five dollars, as was the case when he fleeced Samuel Adams; a dry goods merchant on Sixth Avenue. When arrested his excuse was that he "had made an unfortunate mistake" and had "unwittingly overdrawn his account." He haunted the hotels, sprucely dressed in mannish attire, and made friends with James R. Keene and John W. Gates, the financiers, charming them by the marvellous tales he told, and by his complete assurance. He spoke of great estates he owned; of managing a newspaper in Jefferson City, Missouri, and of various important projects. In his case there was a certain amount of that kind of moral degeneration too common in these days, with a certain degree of insanity and what is known as *confabulation,* which consists in a crazy form of lying and exaggeration. Judge Wyatt, of the Children's Court, sent him to the Catholic Protectory, and I have not heard of his mode of life since. When arrested his portmanteau was found to contain playing cards, poker chips, and receipted bills from

the best hotels throughout the country. It would appear that the boy's life during the year before his arrest had been marked by ingenious and consistent swindling. In Washington, where he was especially active, and where he was finally arrested, he lived extravagantly, taking a suite of rooms with bath at the Raleigh Hotel and, when he dismissed the cab, giving the driver four times the usual fare.

The case of "Lewis Jarves" was one that created great consternation in New York in 1905. This was the *nom de Theatre* of a well-known and intelligent lawyer who had occupied an excellent position at the bar, and had good social standing as well. He was caught writing offensive letters signed "Lewis Jarves" to various persons with whom he had had business relations. Some of these praised the business acumen and diligence of X—— as a lawyer, and some threatened persons opposed to X—— in legal proceedings with various disagreeable consequences unless they adopted a certain course of action advised by "Jarves." Occasionally the letters were addressed to X—— himself, and were shown to this lawyer's clients as explaining the propriety of certain charges for services against them that might have been regarded as unreasonable.

Other more serious charges were brought against him, growing out of this correspondence, the result being that he was trapped, arrested, tried and sent to the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island.

I had known him for many years, and was consulted by his lawyer, Job Hedges, Esq. I felt that X—— was to a degree insane, and only partially responsible for these vain and foolish acts, the serious nature of which he failed to see. I had known that X—— had, as "Lewis Jarves," actually sent an umbrella as a present to his wife, saying what a good fellow her husband really was, and had indulged in various asinine pranks of the same kind. He

is, I hear, now redeeming himself in another state and has made new friends.

It is in this twentieth century an almost unheard-of thing for children actually to deny their parents; in fact, outside of the pages of cheap novels I have scarcely heard of such a proceeding. It is still more strange a thing when the father and mother are devoted to their children and respectable people. This occurred, however, in the Robin case recently during an examination I made of the defendant, who was alleged by his attorney, William Travers Jerome, to be insane, but who was afterwards found to be "sane and responsible," and was sentenced to the Penitentiary.

Joseph Robin or Rabinowitz and his sister, Dr. Louise Rabinowitz, were in the room of the District Attorney when the two elderly people were suddenly introduced. When the weeping mother rushed to her son crying, "Mein Sohn! Mein Sohn!" he rudely repulsed her and contemptuously said, "I do not know them, I never have seen them before." In this declaration he was seconded by his sister, who also repelled their advances. It was the claim of Robin and his sister that he was of Royal birth and had never seen his actual father and mother. This story was apparently false; the old man, who was so brutally cast off, had originally been a prosperous merchant in Odessa, and from him the prisoner had in his early days in New York accepted money. He had always lived with them until he had become prosperous and wrecked the banks with which he had been connected. I have never seen such an exhibition of cold-blooded behaviour, and pray I never may in the future.

Some twenty years ago the painful spectacle was witnessed of a distinguished old lawyer entrapped by a coarse, scheming woman spiritualist, who had imposed upon him

by the hackneyed device of spirit pictures. From time to time this method of supernatural communication is defended by gulled or dishonest people, but the photographs brought forward have invariably been found to have been produced by chemical and optical trickery. The late Judge Daly was a confirmed spiritualist, as was Luther B. Marsh, a learned and cultivated member of the New York bar, and both were credulous. I appeared in a case against "Madame" Diss Debarr, who had been largely dependent upon Mr. Marsh's bounty, and who certainly "worked" him to the fullest extent. Her method was first to exhibit a perfectly clean canvas upon which the face of the dead relative was to appear, then after putting it under a cloth on an easel she would make certain "passes" and manipulations and finally display an oil painting of the alleged deceased—"a true spirit picture, painted by the hand of the dead friend." This trick consisted in taking a painting that had been previously executed and neatly covering it with a piece of specially prepared white paper with an imitation canvas surface attached by readily soluble paste to the face of the portrait. When everything was ready and the victim in a proper condition of expectant attention, the medium, under cover of the cloth, would wet the face of the picture with a damp sponge that she had previously hidden and deftly remove the paper.

She was finally prosecuted, and it was at her trial that I appeared. In this connection a good story was told me by my old friend, Harry Kellar, the noted prestidigitator, who has been most successful in exposing the slate trick of Slade and all the humbugging of generations of sharpers. He told me that at one time he wavered in his opposition to spiritualism, and almost became a convert because once, when sitting near his wife, he innocently wondered whether a certain thing would come to pass, and solilo-



ROBIN CONFRONTED BY HIS OLD PARENTS
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quised aloud. Instantly three knocks were heard, which signified "yes." He was amazed, and repeated this question and others, while other positive and negative responses were elicited.

Ten years after his mischievous and amused wife, not being able to keep the secret, told him that she possessed the faculty of making the knocks, a gift in common with the celebrated Fox sisters, and had made the sounds that had deceived him. At our last meeting he told me of certain methods of mind reading and mediumistic communication which were made possible by the principles of wireless telegraphy—but I shall guard his secret. At about the time of the Diss Debarr exposure there was a certain young man named Washington Irving Bishop who was really very clever in meeting the most difficult mind-reading tests. Things were even hidden in remote parts of the city in apparently inaccessible places, and he would rush out of the house, take a buggy or horse car, and go directly to the spot, promptly finding the hidden object without trouble and rarely making a mistake. He did many seemingly wonderful things that puzzled not only the ordinary observer but scientific men as well, and he was even credited with telepathic gifts. At times, probably as the result of auto-suggestion, he would fall into cataleptic trances, during which he really looked as if he were dead; in fact, in one of these he really died, and his family physicians, the late Dr. J. A. Irwin and Dr. Frank Ferguson, proceeded to make an autopsy. Bishop's mother, who was an elderly and very excitable woman, then declared that he was quite alive when the post mortem was made, and that the doctor had really killed him. She went to the District Attorney—Delancey Nicoll—and to the Coroner, and a hearing took place. The gruesome accusation was found to be actually untrue, and Dr. Fer-

guson was of course vindicated. The fact that Bishop during his lifetime had these trances gave a certain plausibility to the charge, for he had invariably recovered in a short time; but there were unmistakable signs of dissolution present when the Doctor and Coroner did their work as required by law.

Upon several occasions I have taken part in poisoning trials which are happily very rare. In these conviction is difficult, because the evidence is necessarily circumstantial unless there be a confession. In some of these I was associated with Dr. Witthaus, who after a career of great distinction died during the past year. We were together in the Ford and Carlyle Harris cases besides several minor affairs, and I appeared as medical adviser for the defence, while he represented the prosecution in the Molineux trial. We took many dreary journeys together to country graveyards, often in mid-winter, and upon one occasion exhumed the body of Helen Potts, a beautiful young girl who, notwithstanding the fact that she had been buried several months, looked almost lifelike in her simple grey dress embroidered with silver and her tiny slippers. This was a cruel murder undertaken by an unfeeling medical student who mixed morphine with quinine in the capsules he had prepared for her, evidently carefully putting all the morphine in one capsule, which she took after his departure, and while he was away from New York.

The trial of Roland Molineux was one that kept me busy for nearly two months, for my sympathies were with the young man, now an inmate of an insane asylum. I then believed, as I do now, that he was innocent; and fairly railroaded to the death house in the first trial. Luckily a second trial was ordered by the Court of Appeals, when he was acquitted; but what a horror the year in the condemned cell must have been!

One of the disgraceful things at the trial was the attempt to utilise the Bernheim method of suggestion to catechise a stubborn young woman witness. Upon this occasion there was a battle royal of the handwriting experts who, as usual, all differed. During the course of the proceedings, as the result of a dispute, the celebrated "poison package" covering was sent out of the court-room with the person to whom it had been addressed and sent, and its superscription was dictated to him with the request that he should write it. It was somewhat startling to find that the peculiar mistake in the original (attributed by the prosecution to Molineux) was present in the dictated copy, but no one but myself and one or two others noticed it.

Dr. Witthaus was always in demand as an expert; but the prosecuting officers for some time before his death preferred to employ cheaper and less efficient chemists. In the Fleming poisoning case this was done, and though Dr. Witthaus refused to testify for the defence he advised Mr. Brooke in the conduct of the case. A German expert, of apparent slight experience and reputation, testified that he had found a certain poison in the body of the deceased, and was then pinned down to admit that his entire operations consumed an impossibly short time. The defence knew that this was doubtful, so they made him enumerate all his reactions and the way they were obtained; and without suspecting the drift of the questions, he proceeded to entangle himself and contradict the testimony he had given when he first went on the stand. It really ought to have taken many days to perform all these investigations, instead of the few hours he claimed. As contradictions of this kind are dangerous in poisoning cases, the jury acquitted the prisoner.

CHAPTER XVII

JUDGES, EXPERTS AND JURIES

Who Are Experts and Who Are Not—The Difficulties of the Hypothetical Question—Frequent Unfairness of Prosecuting Officers—The Stephanie Case—Trapping an Expert—Ultra-science vs. Common Sense—The Value of the Hatters' Conformateur—The Too Shrewd Lawyer and the Stupid Witness—Unaccountable Action of Juries—Popular Idea of What Constitutes Insanity—Old New York Lawyers—Joseph H. Choate, in the Del Valle Case—Judge Fullerton—Reminiscences of Noted Criminal Lawyers—Judge Curtis Defends a Kentucky Lawyer and Is Challenged to Fight a Duel—Insane Jurors and Judges—Brutal Cross-examiners—The Methods of English Courts—The Browning Case—Country Juries in England—A Somerset Jury and Its Verdict—Suggestions for Reform.

THE execration of expert testimony by the courts, press and public, is an instance of visiting the sins of the many upon the few—thus reversing the ordinary run of this well-worn saying. Of necessity there can only be a comparatively few real experts in any branch, but the temptation to mercenary or ill-fitted men to thrust themselves forward, when occasion offers, and take the witness chair, is often encouraged by unscrupulous members of the sister profession who wish to "hire" an expert to swear through their case. These medical Solons are often successful because of their very self-esteem, and recklessness in giving an opinion, and by the display of a manner which is supposed to be strikingly professional. I have known many such men. One was a brawny blacksmith who left the

glowing forge to study medicine, and subsequently to swear in Court three years later; the other, a German male nurse who graduated after a two-year course in a mushroom medical college and a year or two subsequently gave expert testimony in important cases.

Judge Woodward in an address upon this kind of testimony refers to a distinguished surgeon who was questioned by the opposing counsel as follows: "Isn't it fair to assume if I had money to pay the physicians for their time that I could step out here in the city and secure half a dozen competent physicians who in answer to the hypothetical question put by the district attorney would give me exactly the opposite answer?" To which the response was—"I think it is." Now while the idea of the lawyer was to impugn the honesty of doctors as a whole, the reply he received was not so far afield, for the hypothetical question as usually constructed by the lawyer is susceptible of any answer, or more often of none at all.

With a certain part of the bar the idea that an expert can always answer a hypothetical question with the sacrifice of his common sense, education and self-respect is the ordinary one. Sometimes the interrogator who propounds what a New York Alderman once called a "hypnotic question" is supported by the judge, and the unfortunate doctor is chided for his stupidity. The more sensible lawyers, while they are obliged by the rules of their profession to use this way of eliciting opinions, regard the hypothetical question as unsatisfactory and disingenuous. It often contains nothing more than the impressions of ignorant old people or servants, inexperienced doctors, foolish wives or designing children, and is such a hodgepodge of nonsense that no man, no matter how great his penetration and desire to help matters, can make head or tail of it. Sometimes it is the other lawyer who "frames" it, sometimes

the one who employs him; but the result is always the same.

Mr. Wellman in his book upon cross-examination relates the sharp move of the District Attorney in the Stephani case, who declined to examine me after Mr. Howe had read a long, tiresome question which took a half hour to finish, fearing and thinking that I would bring out something that might help the prisoner. Undoubtedly this was an inspiration, but can one conceive the attitude of a public prosecutor whose duty it is to present *all* the evidence *against as well as in favour of the man in the dock?* Speaking of this unfairness, there has always been too much disposition to proceed upon the lines that every defendant is guilty, and for many years this bias against the prisoner and his rights has been deplored by conservative members of the bar.

The path of the conscientious expert is certainly a thorny one, for he is often expected to be practically "on tap," and suit his testimony to the side that employs him, and if he refuses he is abused.

The so-called expert is often an actor, a conceited one, who cultivates a pompous manner, always lacking modesty, and often boring the court and jury with his list of qualifications—if he has them. With some of these men there is a great deal of pseudo-science, and their vulnerable point is the quotation of "authorities." Most judges will only allow textbooks to be used in cross-examination to minimise the force of the assertions of the expert himself —but sometimes the eager medical witness employs them in another way when he gets the chance. Some years ago I was hastily summoned by an assistant Corporation Counsel who was defending a suit brought by a young German workman who had been injured in the street. Upon

reaching the court room, I found my legal friend in a great state of anxiety, for upon the witness stand was an individual who, in the language of an irreverent friend, evidently had the judge and jury "feeding out of his hand." All were evidently impressed by his testimony and the case was going badly for the City.

The "expert" was a tall, sallow man, with long hair, like an "Indian Doctor," and a most insinuating and impressive manner. On his lap was a large anatomical atlas, while everywhere about him were medical books which constituted a formidable armamentarium. It did not take long to perceive that he was preaching the most misleading medical bosh—pointing out improbable lesions on the map, and drawing conclusions which were ridiculous; yet it was all done in the manner of the man who sells some cure-all in a village street; the gullible jury nodded its heads in approval, and I thought his Honour looked intensely bored. I was not only convinced that the man was an impostor and an ignoramus, but that he probably had no intimacy whatever with the literature of nervous disease. During recess I saw Mr. W——, the defendant's lawyer, and between us we prepared a list of ten books, eight of which had no existence, but with plausible titles; and two books in everyday use.

Upon his return to the witness chair after luncheon the witness, flushed with victory, confidently took his seat and looked with supercilious pity upon the quiet lawyer who arose and proceeded to cross-examine him about as follows:

Mr. W.: "Dr. Blank, I see you are familiar with the literature of this interesting subject——"

Dr. B.: "Well, I should *hope* so!"

Mr. W.: "Have you read Smith on the *Recent and*

Remote Effects of Head Injuries?" (One of the bogus books.)

Dr. B.: *"That* book I read when a medical student."

Mr. W—— with a grave face went through the list. Strange to say, the doctor had read every non-existent book except one—and he did not know the other two, one of which was Erichsen's well-known treatise upon *Concussion.* I subsequently testified to my part in the preparation of the cross-examination, and there was a roar of laughter as the discomfited man left the court room with his armful of "authorities."

The really able physician is himself often impractical, and may with perfectly good intent say and do foolish things although he knows better. In an Italian murder trial in which I appeared for the people much testimony had been given by an anthropologist and craniologist in regard to the peculiar shortness of the head of the defendant. So improbable was his testimony that on my way down town the next morning I stopped at the shop of Dunlap, the hatter, and procured a number of *conformateur* tracings, which I gave to the District Attorney, whose first words to the witness who resumed his place on the stand were, "Doctor, *extreme length* of the head is also a stigma of insanity, is it not?" To which the witness at once assented. "Now, doctor, I will show you some tracings and get you to give your opinion of their meaning." The witness at once admitted that they looked as if they might have been made from the heads of insane people—"in fact, he was quite sure that all these people were insane to some degree," or words to that effect. "Well," said his merciless cross-examiner, "would it surprise you to know that the first series were taken from the heads of William H. Vanderbilt and his sons,

and *the last is from the head of his Honour, the judge who presides in this case?"* The explosion that followed can well be conceived, and no punishment for contempt followed.

It sometimes happens that gentlemen of the bar often underrate the intelligence of the victims they strive to entrap, even if these are not experts.

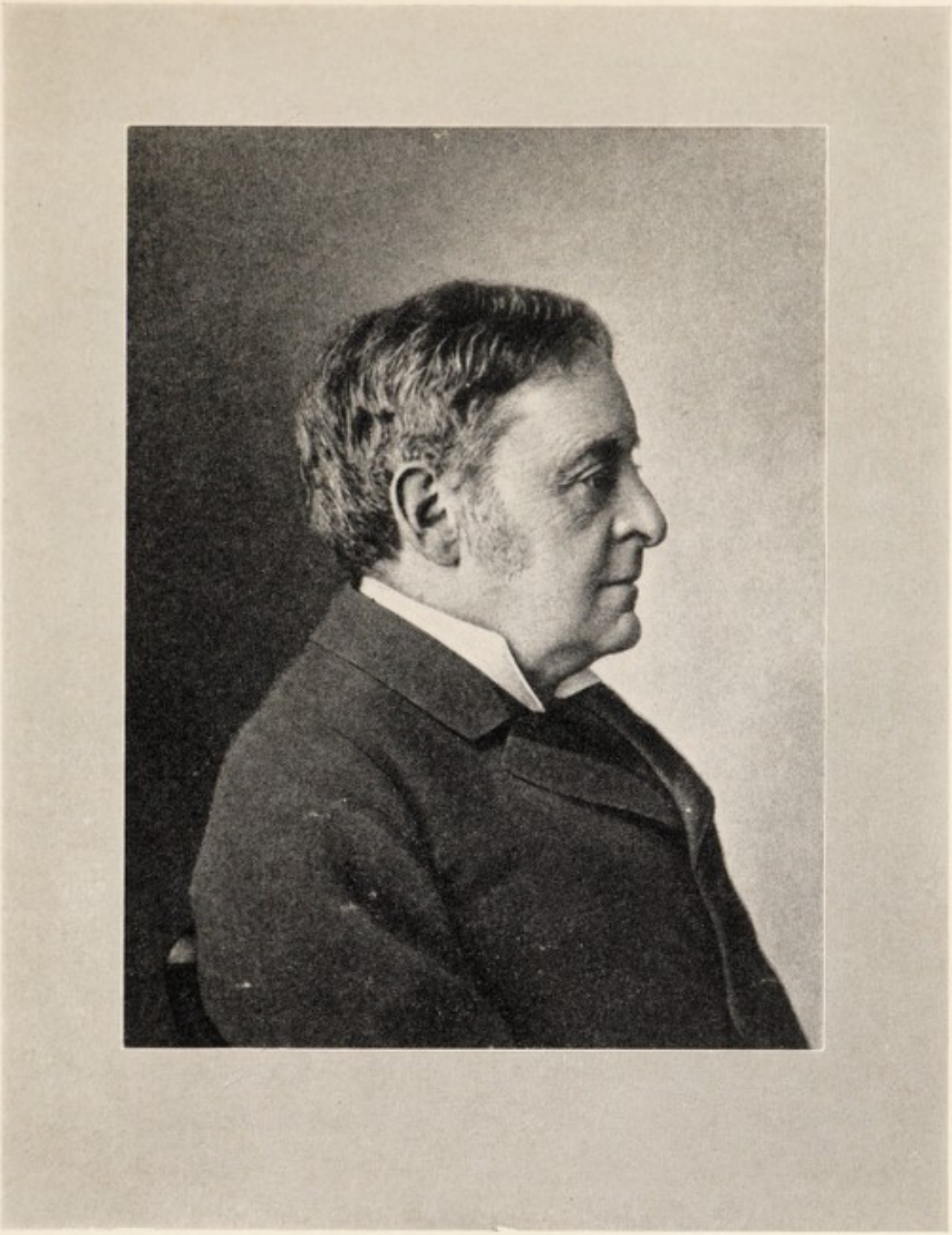
Mr. —— is a noted cross-examiner and was, I am told, the lawyer for the defence in an accident case in which he sought to fix by a witness the time it took a street car to travel a certain distance and reach a point where an accident occurred. Mrs. O'Brien was an honest and quiet Irish woman who gave her estimate of the period as one of five minutes. "Now," said the little lawyer with toleration mixed with great amiability, which is characteristic, and smiling sweetly: "Do you mean to say that you can tell the jury the *exact time?"* and taking out his watch with his back to the witness and his face to the jury, he kept talking to them, balancing on one foot and then on the other, and beaming as if it were a huge joke that he was telling to his most intimate friends. He kept this attitude until a voice with a rich brogue said: "Faith, the toime is up!" and it *was exactly.* Wheeling about in surprise, the lawyer demanded to know "by what process of ratiocination" the conclusion had been reached. "Rattycination, d'ye call it, faith, how could oi help it with the clock forninst me?" During Mr. ——'s pleasantries she had looked across the court room and quietly watched the long hand as it pursued its way to the end of the five minutes.

The popular idea of what constitutes insanity is not only amusing, but it is no wonder some one said, "God alone knows what a petit jury will do." An attendant at the Tombs lately told me that he believed a certain prisoner

was insane because "he always minded his own business." A clever medical expert, who should have known better, recently said that a negro defendant in a murder case had general paresis, because he had *undergone a degeneration of his moral sense.* Considering the fact that the murderer was, and *always* had been, a well-known thief, gambler, "gunman"; had spent most of his life in prison; and when out had brought terror to every one, the doctor's view of the case is at least surprising.

In the past forty-two years I have known most of the sterling old criminal lawyers of New York, and have faced many of them upon the witness stand. Some are dead and gone, such as Charles Spencer, John Graham, Wm. A. Beach, Charles Brooke, Henry Clinton, Benjamin Phelps, Daniel Rollins, and the picturesque Chauncey Shaffer—others are to-day practising law and no one would suppose they were over eighty. In other times it was a pleasure to cross swords with such veterans as Joseph H. Choate, John E. Parsons, and Judge William Fullerton, three clean-cut, intellectual leaders of their profession, one of whom is alive to-day, with all his intellectual powers intact: I refer to my friend, Mr. Choate.

Judge Fullerton was a remarkably thorough and persistent lawyer, and had a detective's talent for getting evidence. I can recall the case of the family of a suicide who sued the Mutual Life Insurance Company, the contention being that the man was insane. In the possession of the lawyer for the insurance company was an important document that had been typed and which it was important that Fullerton should obtain. At the opening of Court he demanded it from his adversary, who insisted that he had no knowledge of it, and indignantly repelled the accusation that it was in his possession. As his position at the bar was of the highest, and he was the exemplar of gen-



Joseph H. Choate

JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE, ESQ.

eral morality, every one sympathised with him, but when Mr. Fullerton called a stenographer and typist to the stand to trace the history of the document, he paused and looked at his adversary, who as quietly drew the desired paper from under the blotter in front of him, and with face reddened with the blush of shame handed it to the other lawyer. The young woman on the stand had typewritten the precious document that very morning, and Fullerton knew it.

I was present in the court room during the trial of the famous Del Valle case in which Mr. Choate appeared. Del Valle was a rich Spanish or Cuban planter who one day gallantly helped to her feet a pretty young fellow countrywoman who had slipped upon the icy pavement at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street in alighting from an omnibus. This acquaintance ripened into friendship, and the very attractive young girl, Martinez by name, was installed in the Del Valle home to teach the motherless children of the rich widower.

After a reasonable time the new governess, believing that her affections were being trifled with, and that her generous patron had not kept faith with her, brought suit for breach of promise, claiming unusual recompense. She engaged as her counsel the venerable Wm. A. Beach, who not only had quite a reputation in this kind of action, but was something of a gallant himself. Del Valle retained Mr. Choate, and the trial of the case occupied many days. No one can ever forget the delicious ragging of Beach by Choate, and the latter's reference to "the danger of picking up a fallen woman."

Many of the old lawyers had their peculiarities, either physical or mental, which were reflected in their dress—they wore showy jewelry, a dainty flower in the button hole, or a conspicuous necktie of lurid hue. Several of

them prided themselves upon their resemblance to Napoleon, and cultivated the forelock, among these being George M. Curtis, who in his day was a keen, successful lawyer, and who made life miserable for the expert who was not ready. Curtis, who was an agreeable man and quick at repartee, told me once of an amusing experience he had in Kentucky, where he was called to defend a gentleman who had killed a judge, a near relation of his own, I believe. Curtis was not always careful about the personalities he used, and in the course of the trial reflected upon his opponent in such a way that a challenge was immediately sent to him. As he said he "hardly knew a pistol from an arquebus" but he "had to fight or lose his case"; so, having the choice of weapons, he did a plucky thing and bluffed. His selection was that pleasant kind of encounter known abroad as an American duel, which is to fight across a table—and which means certain death for both combatants. It is only proper to say that the "bluff worked," and he returned to New York in high feather, having acquitted his client amid salvos of applause, as a tribute to his personal bravery and sound legal knowledge.

It seems incredible that it should be so, but the expert is often called upon to pass upon the sanity of a judge or juror. I am prevented from mentioning the names of those that are dead and gone, but much trouble has occurred from the conduct and injustice of the vindictive or befuddled occupants of the judge's chair who have lost their minds, and at least one much-loved official who died insane, in his last years fairly emulated Lord Braxfield, the Scotch hanging judge, in the severity of his sentences. In this connection, the story of an eccentric judge, Mr. Justice Maule of England, is worth repeating: "In the old days when a prisoner said, 'I can get God to witness

that I am innocent,' the judge waited ten minutes and having informed the accused that he had done so to give him time for his witness to appear, proceeded with the case." I have been consulted by dissenting lawyers in cases when jurymen have actually gone mad during a trial, or have been epileptic, or have indulged in alcoholic excesses in the jury room. Strange to say, it is rarely that such a happening is allowed to interrupt a trial or interfere with a verdict.

Sometimes a case may be sent to an eccentric or paranoid lawyer, who is in every way unfit to pass intelligent judgment upon the evidence. I remember an instance of this kind where the referee absolutely ignored the testimony of the medical men, and produced an opinion of his own, giving his "scientific" views in a truly astonishing way. As a psychopathic exhibition it was a curiosity. Such a man is really more dangerous than an ignorant one.

The treatment of experts and the conduct of cases is little changed from what it was forty years ago. Perhaps the lawyers do not roar at the doctor on the stand as much as did one Moak, an Albany legal light, who would throw women witnesses into hysterics; but violent and unfair cross-examination is often an abuse, and must disgust the bench, who can do little to curb it. A well-informed, self-possessed expert does not mind the furious onslaught that may be made on him by lawyers of this kind, but he detests the tiresome quibbling that is happily to-day not so common as it was formerly. I can remember an experience when for three days I was cross-examined by a very pompous and conceited young lawyer, my direct examination having lasted less than ten minutes. It was like some intricate game of words, which was finally stopped by a patient judge who mildly lectured the lawyer for consuming the time of the court by "such tom-foolery."

The methods of the English courts are not favourable to the prolonged trials that have always been a scandal in the United States, for the proceedings are straightforward, and orderly, and one never hears the acrimonious disputes that often take place between counsel, or the injection of trivial technicalities which are so common in American courts. Sir James Crichton-Browne, of whom I have before spoken, and who is at the head of English Psychiatrists, wrote me in 1907 *apropos* of a recent disgraceful murder case that had been tried in New York: "What a prodigious waste of time there has been in this case! We should have settled it at the Old Bailey in 12 hours and the prisoner would have found himself in Paradise or in Broadmoor * without delay. What must the Pilgrim Fathers think of this portentous fungoid growth of the simple little seed they planted?" I was present some years ago when a man named Browning was being tried in London for murdering his wife by strangling her with a shoe lace. I was greatly struck with the good sense and dignity displayed by all in the court room. The prisoner was assuredly guilty, but tried to prove an alibi without success; he was convicted and promptly executed. The trial lasted but a few days; within two weeks he was quietly hung, and there was no publicity. Lord Alverstone, the Chief Justice, was upon the bench; and the kindly conversational tone of his examination of the wretched creature in the Dock, who was given every chance to explain and clear himself if possible, was very commendable. Questions were put to the prisoner by the Lord Chief Justice which had evidently been overlooked, not only by the prisoner's lawyer, Marshall Hall, K. C., but by the prosecutor as well, and no objections were made by either side. One

* The Criminal Insane Asylum in Berkshire.

could not help realise the absolute fairness of the trial and the justice of the verdict.

When the question of insanity arises in such cases, the English jury simply finds upon the evidence, and non-expert medical witnesses may be called to testify to facts; after conviction the Home Secretary sends his own expert to examine the condemned, and if found insane, the latter is sent to the criminal asylum at Broadmoor. It would indeed be an advance in our jurisprudence if this became the custom here, although the measure recommended by my friend, Dr. Stedman of Boston, of keeping men whose defence is insanity under watch at some state asylum before the trial, is a step in the right direction, and often determines with accuracy their real condition and responsibility.

The urban jury in England is usually a sensible body, composed of intelligent men, which in measure compares with our selected panels here; while in remote country districts they are a stupid and obstinate lot, and governed by all manner of influences, except the evidence. The following account of the deliberations of a West Coast jury will give an idea of what is meant, and I am indebted for this to an English friend who was present at the local assizes.

In a small Somersetshire town a young doctor was tried for having murdered his wife's mother by poisoning her with arsenic put in her food whilst she was visiting at his house. The evidence at the trial was conclusive, and the judge's summing up was strongly against the prisoner. But to the astonishment of every one, including the judge and the prisoner, the jury after having been locked up for some hours brought in a verdict of NOT GUILTY. And this is how the foreman of the jury explained the reason for acquitting the prisoner. He was asked why on earth they brought in a verdict of not guilty in face of the clear

evidence of guilt. He was quite angry and his reply was given to my friend as follows:

"There now, Mr. H——, how foolish you do talk, and you not knowing what passed before the jury when we was locked up all day with no fire and nothing to eat and nothing to drink. There we was locked up in that there room talking about the crops and the stock, and about Farmer Hodge being turned out of his farm and about sich things, and 'twere getting on latish and we was a goodish way from home, some of us, and had no vittles and no drink, so I rapped my knuckles on the table, and asked them what we was going to do about the case, and my neighbour Jones said I'd better ask them one at a time.

"So I said first to the man on the right what do you say about this 'ere case; be we going to bring in guilty or not?

"He said: 'You'd better pass me over and ask somebody else; I'll say same as the rest.'

"So I went on to the next and he said, 'Well, Mr. Foreman, it's like this yere; I believe he killed the ould woman, but then I know he saved dree lives to my sartin knowledge, and all ov um *young* ones, and if you draw dey dree young lives agin one ould wumman, and her his *mother-in-law* and all why the balance is in his favour, therefore I don't think it would be right to hang 'im.'

"And the next man he says: 'Look yere, Mr. Foreman, we do know as these ere doctors be pretty free with their physics and their pisons, and we do know as they must practise 'pon somebody and I say it's greatly to his credit he practised on a old woman instead of a young un, consequently 'twouldn't be *fair* to hang 'im, zeein' he was only in pursoot of knowledge.'

"So then I asked a man tother side of the table, and he said: 'I don't care which way 'tis. He didn't deal at my shop, never bot a farden's worth o' me, therefore I don't

see why I should give in my vardict—but hangin' *he* won't bring *she* to life and won't do *me* no good, so you can plaize yourself.'

"Passin' on to the next man tother side, I says: 'Now what's your opinion about this 'ere case?'—and he ups and says in a milk-and-water sort of voice: 'I bant for no high-handed, neck or nothing measures—give him dree months in the Debtors' Court; that'll cure 'im, I do know, for I bin there myself.'

"Then I asked the next man, and he spoke up very fierce. 'Look here, Farmer—Foreman, I do mean,' says he, 'I'll speak to 'e plain. I've got on a new pair of breeches and I'll sit here till they be wore out, afore I do find this man guilty. I've a got his life 'pon the lease of my vaom,* and I baint zich a vule as to kill 'im afore 'is time—pretty fool I should look hangin' a man a losin' me vaom; I shan't do it to plaize you nor the judge nor nobody else. Not guilty for me, Farmer—Foreman, I do mean,' says he.

"Then I took a man down bottom of the table. 'Mr. Cobb,' says I, 'what you got to say?' And he spoke up at once like a man, and says he, 'I baint what you mid cull certain whether he pisoned the old woman or whether he didn't, so I shall do same as I always does in unsartain jobs and try this here man with a lucky saxpence—Heads for hanging of 'im, tails for letting of 'im off.' So he chucks up the saxpence, and looks to see what 'twas come down (he wouldn't let nobody else look), and tails he says quite pleased like—'Put I down that I be against hanging of 'im.'

"That was seven, you see, for letting of 'im off, and we had been there all day with nothing to eat and nothing to drink—but for safety's sake I thought I'd just ax *one*

* Farm.

more—and I shall always respeck that man to my dyin' day because he spoke up so clear through knowin' his own mind.

" 'Winnick,' says I (call o' 'im Mr. Jones immejiantly after 'cause I didn't think 'twas right for the foreman of the jury to call a man by his nickname, not on a hangin' job), *'Mr. Jones,'* says I, 'what do you think is best to do about this here case?' And he spoke out sharp at once—says he: 'If you're going to 'ang 'im, why 'ang 'im. If you don't 'ang 'im now he'll come 'anging some day, I don't doubt. But if you're gwain to *quit 'im,* why *quit 'im* —whichever way you do, plaize, Mr. Foreman, only for any sake,' says he, 'let's shut it up and finish the job. I be tired o' it and wants to get home along my Missis ben waiting supper for me this hour and more.'

"So I reckoned up again for to make sure, and we had eight out of the twelve—there werdn't no call to ask the rest. The majority always do carry the minolity and of course I brought it in *not guilty.*

"And then you come to me and you do say however did we come to let 'im off—and you not knowing what passed afore the jury when we was locked up all day wi' no fire and nothing to eat and nothing to drink.

"Foolishness, I do call it."

The ways of petit juries everywhere are inscrutable, especially if the foreman happens to be something of a crank himself, or owns a compendium of household medicine to which he has access after court hours. Again, they are swayed by misplaced and undeserved sympathy, or are influenced by the Court as in a recent case in New York when, notwithstanding the fact that thirteen experts were in accord in the opinion that the prisoner was insane, and there was no dissenting voice except that of the de-

fendant himself, they quickly found him sane, and received the endorsement of the presiding judge.

All technical questions, either of insanity or of any other medical nature, should be decided by qualified representatives of the Court instead of by twelve men who are indifferent to, or uninfluenced by testimony they do not in the least understand and they should not be expected to pass upon these matters. In this connection the following anecdote of an absent-minded judge occurs to me. "Gentlemen of the jury," said his Honour, "the prisoner's plea is insanity. That is the question to be settled; is he insane or not? On that point he is to be judged by a jury of his peers."

Possibly much of the difficulty of juries in giving a verdict in these cases arises from the present interpretation of "right" and "wrong" by the courts, the psychiatrist recognising the absolute interference with responsibility by reason of existing delusions, although the defendant may have an actual knowledge of what he did, and that it is punishable by *human* law.

Since the birth of my interest in Medical Jurisprudence nearly half a century ago, I have been concerned in the trial of more than one hundred murder trials where insanity has been the issue, either going upon the witness stand, or acting in an advisory capacity. After all these years, I can but regret the insufficiency of our laws, and the proverbial unfairness of the Courts who are disinclined to avail themselves of the progressive example of other Nations, and to disregard as well the advances of medical science. At the same time the administration of justice has in this respect become imperfect, especially because some of those upon the bench are both afraid of the mob and despise the teachings of psychiatry. While many judges are enlightened men as well as fair and independ-

ent, and always courteous to the members of my profession, there are others who are ignorant, opinionated and bullying, and never lose a chance to indulge in insult and petty tyranny. While stern censure is sometimes deserved, these men do not discriminate in their treatment of experts, and the better class of self-respecting medical men now refuse to give opinion-evidence, for they have no redress and no protection. It is also rather hard to be at the mercy of men whose deplorable ignorance in almost every direction is still more hopeless when it comes to medicine. One pompous little judge, whose appearance upon the bench is entirely due to his lavish contributions to a notorious political machine, refused once to approve of a commitment paper I had made and taken to him, as is the law, for his approval, because I said therein that a certain patient had both hallucinations and delusions, a combination familiar to alienists. He said: "I will not sign that—he must have one or the other, and you must strike out either 'hallucination' or 'delusion,'" which I did, as the patient was then at an up-town hotel threatening to cut his wife's throat, but I sent a letter to the asylum physician explaining the matter, and saving my reputation as an alienist.

Another judge always delighted in showing off his absolutely erroneous knowledge of mental disease by a harangue to those in the court room, and by propounding to the doctor on the stand asinine questions which he could not answer, no matter how much disposed he might be to illuminate his Honour.

But they are not all of this kind, for I have met some unusually well-informed gentlemen, including the late Mr. Justice Edward Patterson, who often by his knowledge of medical jurisprudence materially helped to facilitate the progress of the case.

The history of English and American decisions regarding the responsibility of the criminal insane need not be here gone into, for it is at best a long and dreary recital of confused injustice; but I may call attention to the fact that as late as 1723 there was no standard of responsibility, and even then Lord Onslow held "that it was not every kind of frantic mood or something unaccountable in a man's actions that points him out to be such a madman as is exempt from punishment. It must be a man who is totally deprived of his understanding and memory and does not know what he is doing any more than an infant or a brute or a wild beast. Such is never the subject of punishment." This manner of considering responsibility remained in force until the year 1800, when Hadfield attempted to shoot King George the Fourth in Drury Lane Theatre, and Erskine first laid down the doctrine of delusion as the real test of mental responsibility. Twelve years later, in the Dillingham case, it was held that though a man might be incapable of transacting his ordinary business affairs, he must also be so influenced by his disease as not to know the difference between right and wrong. The McNaughton case when the prisoner killed the secretary of Sir Robert Peel by mistake, and as the result of an insane delusion, created much discussion in 1843, and was the precedent for other decisions that are accepted to-day. In the United States, however, there has, nevertheless, been a disposition to depart from the English law, the result being that few judges can be brought to interpret disqualifying insanity in the same way. The words of the statute are taken literally, and all that is required to constitute responsibility is what may be called a technical knowledge of the difference between right and wrong, which many insane persons have. Then, too, few jurists are disposed to admit any intermediate degrees of lim-

ited responsibility, and those hideous examples of wholesale murder, of which the recent Waite case and those of Holmes and others are familiar, are treated with scornful intolerance. While as an economic proposition it is best to exterminate these people, as one would vermin, what can be said of the literal jurist who seeks to apply to them only the right-and-wrong test, and the lawmaker who does not provide rational tests of culpability other than those of the present existing Draconian law? There is at least one sensible and adequate decision—that of Chief Justice Perly of New Hampshire, who said to the jury in the Pike case: "You have only to consider first, whether the prisoner was labouring under a mental disease, and secondly, such being admitted, whether the acts in question were the offspring of that disease."

The verdict in a recent notorious murder case which was "acquitted by reason of insanity," led to all manner of tiresome litigation with enormous cost to the state. Had the verdict been of the English kind—"Guilty but insane," there would have been no chance for later habeas corpus proceedings, for the reversal of the last part of the verdict would have subjected the defendant to the full punishment of a responsible man. The English law is therefore to be recommended, for the only office of the jury after all is to find the defendant "guilty" or the reverse. The Crown then sends its own expert to make a final decision after an examination, and it is not often that an innocent man is hung or that a guilty person escapes.

It is to be regretted that nowadays so little attention is paid by the bar to the medical jurisprudence of insanity, and that so few lawyers who go into court are well equipped. Perhaps this is due to the fact that there are no proper chairs for the subject, either in the medical or

law schools, and with the exception of a few casual lectures the graduating student has no instruction whatever. I know no lawyer to-day, except Mr. Jerome, who is at all conversant with the most elementary psychiatry as applied to court work. There are many who pretend to be capable, among them a persistent and insignificant man who has written stories for a sensational illustrated weekly. In the olden days there were excellent legal advisers, the greatest of which was the late Dr. John Ordronaux.

CHAPTER XVIII

WILL-MAKING AND BREAKING

Uncertainty of Testators—Whims of Elderly People—Eccentricity—The Belief in Spiritualism and Other Isms—Commodore Vanderbilt's Will—Louis Bonnard Leaves His Property to Found a Home for Stray Dogs and Cats—An Eccentric Young Woman—Elderly Women Marry Young Men—The Winter Case—What Constitutes Testamentary Capacity?—A Curious Will—Aphasia—The Parish Will Case.

WHAT constitutes a "good will" has been the subject of innumerable contests, and of course widely differing legal decisions, for there is no branch of civil jurisprudence that has led to such acrimonious and obstinate fights. All the selfishness of human nature is aroused when the question of alleged neglect or injustice of a testator is concerned. There is often some one who is left out of consideration—perhaps a distant relative, less often some one closely connected with the decedent, such as the wife, or daughters, or sons, or an only sister, as was the case in the Hewitt will. In this case when an insane old man himself had the insane delusion that this near relative and next of kin had delusions, he left most of his property to various institutions, cutting her off completely, and not even giving her the family silver which was in his custody.

It is by no means unusual for old people, through motives of vanity or growing indifference, not amounting to mental disease, or as the result of some actual twist in

the processes of the mind, to leave the bulk of a fortune to various public charities, colleges or benevolent societies of which they possibly know nothing, and in which they have no real interest. Sometimes it is pure spite that leads to these bequests as was the case of a rich man who recently died and who entertained a deep hatred towards his wife and daughter who had for some years lived apart from him because of his gross immoralities which they had by accident discovered. Happily these cases are settled as a rule in such way as to avoid a disgusting public hearing.

During the past forty years I have had some connection with a great deal of will litigation, and think I may safely say that of perhaps three-fourths of all the wills where there was a dispute the merits were very clearly upon the side of the proponent, so that the instrument has been sustained, even if it was unjust and the maker ungenerous.

Too often mere evidences of eccentricity are urged by those who would break a will.

Mere disproportion in the division of property, or eccentricity, is not necessarily evidence of testamentary incapacity; and although the law is very cautious in regard to the question of undue influence, great care should be taken to distinguish cases in which the individual defers with perfect propriety to the suggestions of intelligent and lifelong friends instead of bad children who never have shown any filial respect or interest in the testator until the question of the division of property has been raised. When, on the other hand, a kind father whose relations with his children are of the pleasantest kind, becomes, during the latter years of life, morose, irritable, and shows unwarrantable dislike or neglect without cause, with moral and intellectual weakness, grave doubts arise.

Eccentricity should not be misunderstood or looked

upon as disease; nor should superstitious belief, or the striking exaggerations of character that we sometimes find in old age. The belief in Spiritualism, or any other *ism* which perhaps leads the testator to leave a legacy to some religious body, no matter how irregular, is not necessarily an evidence of insanity, and should not be so considered. In courts of law it is often contended that because the individual wears certain loud colours, and ungainly, conspicuous dress, or because he eats or drinks, or walks or sleeps in an unusual way, he is of unsound mind. Not only lifelong peculiarities, but personal traits which may be the offspring of ignorance or vanity or even vulgarity may sometimes be sufficient in the eyes of snobbish or ungrateful children to stamp their parent as of unsound mind.

Mere vanity or credulity upon the part of the maker of a will is not sufficient to interfere with testamentary capacity unless there be actual delusions of personality. I was called in the trial of two wills made by such people. One was that of a very rich and insane woman who despite her peculiarities knew all about her affairs, could enumerate all her securities, and had the most pleasant relations with those who were the objects of her bounty and with the next of kin; yet she directed that "a shaft of marble higher than any in the world" should be erected over her grave. I saw much of her during the latter part of her life, and she always received me, even in the morning, in a low-cut wedding dress of white satin, her neck and wrists encircled by necklace and bracelets of enormous diamonds; her hair was entwined with artificial orange blossoms, and she had all the manner of a young bride. Another case where this kind of vanity was conspicuous was that of Commodore Vanderbilt, who left the bulk of his fortune to his son William H. Vanderbilt

and a comparatively small sum to each of his several daughters. These women delved into the life of this rather irascible, vulgar and positive old man, but could find no serious evidence of incompetence. It was stated that his credulity, especially about his bodily ailments, led him upon one occasion to send a lock of his hair to a clairvoyant in the upper part of New York state, who directed, after she had made a diagnosis, that he should anoint himself with cow dung, which the daughter said he seriously did. He also directed that a gigantic shaft of marble at least one hundred feet high should be placed over his remains.

As the will, harsh as it seemed, was in conformity with the old man's wish that his immense fortune should be kept intact, and that the great New York Central Railroad be developed to its utmost, it was logical enough. I appeared in the case; I was cross-examined for a few minutes by Joseph H. Choate, but after I knew all the facts withheld by the people who retained me, I quite agreed with him as to the wisdom of the disposition. The expert, then, who gives ex-parte testimony is often put in a false position when he is not placed in possession of all the available evidence.

I appeared in a proceeding where the testator's dislike of poverty and beggars was alleged to be disqualifying evidence of a man's inability to make a proper will. This was the question that arose in the Ivison matter where the will was contested by some of his relatives, among them a nephew who was aggrieved because the old testator gave the greater part of the estate to another nephew. The opinion of Justice McLaughlin, when the case was appealed, held that because a man was a miser, handling his money and saying, "This is my God," leaving the barber's chair with lather on his face to chase away an organ grinder, making his wife buy her bonnets out of season

to get material reductions in cost, he was not of necessity oblivious to the rights of others, or prevented by these peculiarities from knowing the condition of his money affairs.

There are two cases of interest that illustrate the attitude of the law even where a peculiar person makes bequests of a strange and seemingly insane character. The first of these was that of Louis Bonnard, a believer in metempsychosis, who left his worldly possessions for the purpose of establishing a home for cats and dogs, alleging that as his reincarnation might be in the body of some stray domestic animal, he wished it well looked after. This will stood.

Another was that of a young lady named Wilton who made a large bequest to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals as she was devoted to horses. At the trial it was shown that she had directed that her favourite mount should be shod with silver shoes and buried at Pike's Peak beneath the inevitable tall column of stone that seems so often to play a part in the mortuary affairs of eccentric individuals. This will was also supported, for there was no one who had a special claim upon her and the disposition of her wealth was in consistent accord with her frequently expressed intentions.

I have been called into several contests where aged women have married very young men, and have made wills cutting off their natural heirs. As this amorous recrudescence is very common in aged people of both sexes, many unjust dispositions of property are made, and as a rule there is little remedy. This erotic weakness of human nature—so conspicuous in the early days of the Oneida Community when elderly men became enamoured of very young women or girls, and women advanced in life preferred the devotion of young men and boys—leads to

foolish and ill-assorted marriages, and persons of advanced age are likely to become the prey of young adventurers. I have known of many such. About sixteen years ago I was consulted about the will of a rich old woman named Hunt who, after the death of her second husband, married, at the age of seventy-one, a young lawyer who was thirty-nine years her junior. She had just before her marriage to him been engaged to two men, and had received the attentions of several others, one of whom was "a nice young man who was to leave with her the elixir of life."

She pencilled her eye-brows, used rouge, and dyed her hair, becoming frivolous and silly. At the age of seventy-five she died, when her will was contested by her next of kin, but was, nevertheless, admitted to probate as it stood.

The law is certainly lenient in such matters, being influenced by an altogether too zealous protective spirit toward elderly people, some of whom are indeed quite unfit to care for themselves or their belongings. The mere fact that a person is insane and has delusions does not, in the eyes of the law, prevent him from making a will that will be upheld; even the inmates of asylums have made valid wills; but if they have been previously declared incompetent by a *Commission de Lunatico Inquirendo,* and deprived of their right to manage or dispose of their property, of course they can do nothing, nor can they make any instrument that is valid.

Under the law the delusions of a lunatic who makes a will must affect his relations with those who have a claim upon him, or prevent him from knowing the extent and nature of his possessions. He may even, perhaps, go so far as to have the false idea that there is a barrel in his cellar containing a dead body which he orders removed, or illusions that his legs are made of glass, but they may not

interfere with his ability to dispose of his holdings. If a testator, however, labours under the delusion that she is being persecuted or poisoned by a devoted husband, son or daughter; or that they are engaged in a conspiracy to injure, ruin or defraud her; and she acts upon such misconceptions to their detriment, then her will is apt to be upset, especially if their former relations have been pleasant and undisturbed.

In the eyes of the law a testator must intelligently know those who have a claim upon him, so that insanely unjust suspicions and beliefs are incompatible with normal testamentary capacity.

The very conventional judge, or the matter of fact jury, though on the whole just, cannot sometimes escape the impression that an erratic or unusual will is the work of a madman; but such an instrument even if made by the subject of a mental disorder may bear inherent evidences of great intellectual strength. There is one of this kind in existence made by a patient in a Western Asylum in this country which has been found somewhere by E. V. Lucas, the discriminating and poetical essayist, and reproduced by him. It is certainly a charming example of old-fashioned gentleness and sweetness, no matter how disordered the person may have been in other ways.

"That part of my interest which is known in law and recognised in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of no account, I make no disposal of in this, my will.

"My right to live, being but a life estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world, I now proceed to devise and bequeath:

"*Item:* I give to good fathers and mothers, in trust for their children, all good little words of praise and encouragement, and all quaint names and endearments, and I charge said parents

to use them justly and generously, as the needs of their children may require.

"*Item:* I leave to children inclusively, but only for the term of their childhood, all the blossoms of the woods, with the right to play among them freely according to the customs of children, warning them at the same time against thistles and thorns. And I devise to children the banks of the brooks, and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, and the odours of the willows that dip therein, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees. And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the night and the moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but be subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers.

"*Item:* I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played; all pleasant waters where one may swim; all snow-clad hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may fish, or where, when grim winter comes, one may skate; to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows with the clover blossoms and butterflies thereof, and the woods and their appurtenances, the squirrels and birds and the echoes and strange noises, and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance of care.

"*Item:* To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need; as the stars of the sky, the red roses by the wall, the bloom of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music and aught else by which they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"*Item:* To young men jointly I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry, and I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength, though they are rude; I give them the power to make lasting friendships, and of possessing companions, and to them exclu-

sively I give all merry songs and brave choruses, to sing with lusty voices.

"*Item:* And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers, I leave memory, and I bequeath to them the volumes of poems of Burns and Shakespeare and of other poets, if there be others, to the end that they may live over the old days again, freely and fully, without tithe or diminution.

"*Item:* To our loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep."

Lucas in commenting upon this remarkable man said, "One would like to know more about Charles Lounsbury. Surely he is one of the most uncommon men that have died for some time—perhaps since Abou Ben Adhem. Not only great wits, but also great lovers of their kind, would seem to be to madness near allied."

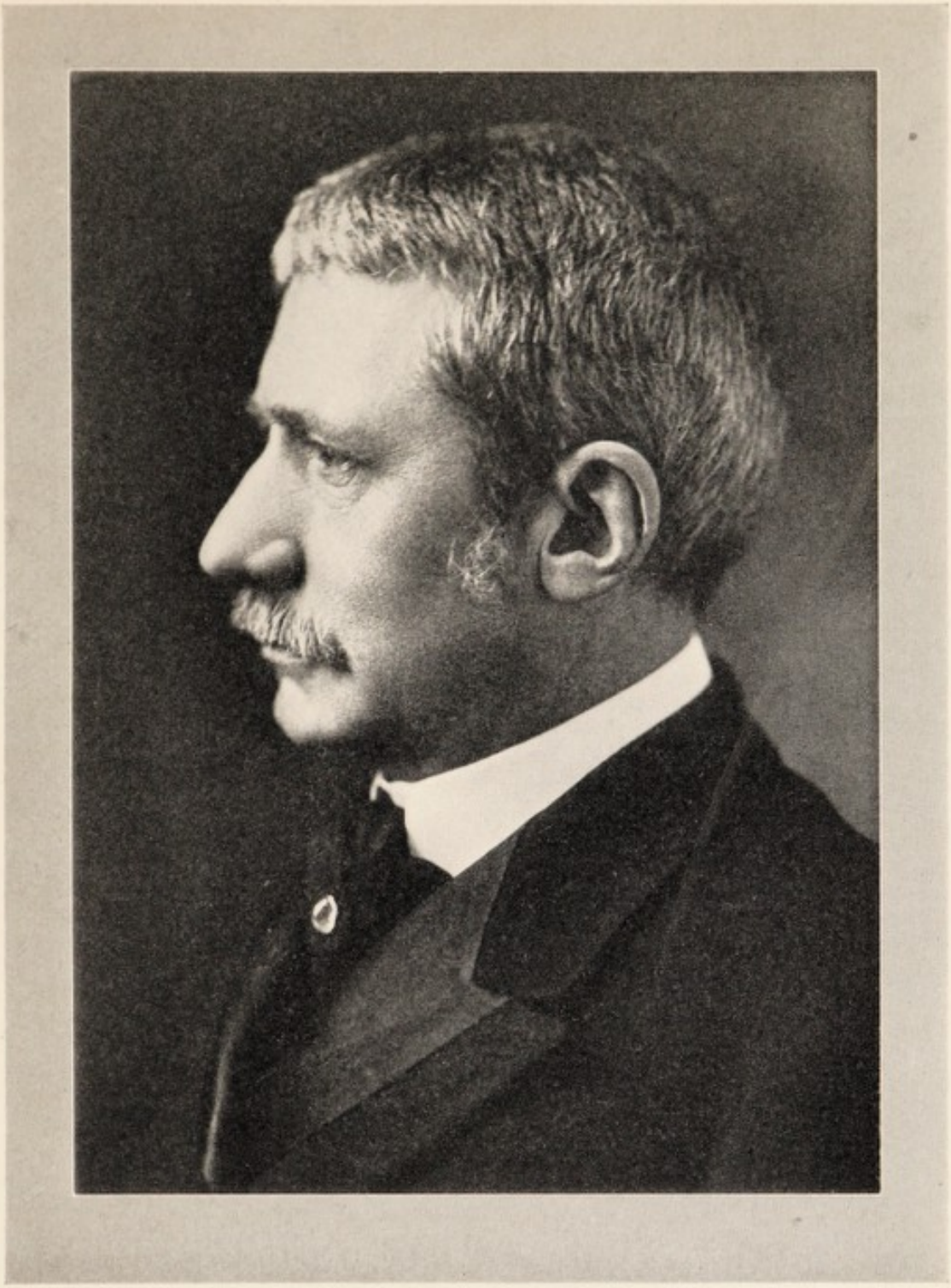
There have been many actions for the prevention of probate of testators who have been the victims of that interesting condition known as *aphasia,* which consists in the loss of the power of speech, or inability to understand written or spoken words (visual and auditory aphasia). The trouble is not due to any defect in the organs of speech themselves, but it follows some affection of the cerebral convolution in which the faculty is situated. The contest of the litigant is that the maker of the will cannot express himself, often saying "yes" when he means "no," and is oblivious of his mistake. In the determination of the importance of aphasia as a symptom in any particular case we must discover whether or not it is connected with insanity. In a will case in which I was recently called to testify, the patient had an attack of right-sided paralysis with aphasia. She had always been a person of weak mind, and her mental degeneration deepened towards the later years of her life. A peculiarity of her aphasia which

was almost complete, was that she reversed the positive and negative in the aforementioned way, and the state of her intellect was such as to prevent her from realising her mistake despite all my efforts: she was of course incompetent. The sane aphasic will usually recognise his mistakes and either attempt to correct them or express puzzled annoyance; the insane aphasic makes no such attempt, and his mental condition is not indicative of the fact that he retains a realisation of his error. All of this means that a testator, when asked if the will he is to sign is an embodiment of his wishes and directions, may quite unconsciously say just what he does not mean, making an affirmative answer instead of a negative.

One of the classical American trials in which this question arose was that of Delafield vs. Parish. The decedent Parish had as the result of an apoplexy developed a right hemiplegia with aphasia, spasms and convulsions of an epileptiform nature. The power of speech was mainly abrogated on his first attack and he thus could have little communication with those about him; therefore, when he made his will and subsequently three codicils it was assumed that he gave affirmative replies to the questions of the lawyers, but this was disputed by certain relatives who brought a contest and were sustained. From the onset of the aphasia to his death he was never able to utter anything except a few imperfectly articulated monosyllables. These were principally "yes" and "no" which he pronounced very imperfectly; there is even great doubt whether he ever uttered them intelligibly. At the conclusion of the trial the charge of Judge Noah Davis was as follows: "All the testimony shows that he could only indicate with his fingers and hands, or by sounds which were construed by those around him as evidences, his

wish to put a question; whereupon they began to suggest various topics, and when they thought they perceived that they had hit upon the subject in his mind, which they supposed he wished to inquire about, they put such questions as suggested themselves to them, to which they assumed they had received affirmative or negative answers. If Mr. Parish had no power to express a wish to destroy a will, it follows he had none to create one, and the manifestation of his wishes depended entirely upon the interpreter and the integrity of the interpretations. It is thus seen that great difficulty and uncertainty, to say the least of it, attended any expression of the thoughts or wishes of Mr. Parish; and that a large number of those having business or intercourse with him utterly failed to attach or obtain any meaning to his signs, sounds, motions, or gestures. The natural and obvious deductions to be made from all these facts and circumstances are: that Mr. Parish had no ideas to communicate, or, if he had any, that the means of doing so with certainty and beyond cavil and doubt were denied him." Mr. Parish was therefore decided to be incompetent.

I have upon several occasions been associated with Elihu Root; in the Jesse Hoyt will case we were in court several weeks. He is a wonderful trial lawyer and a resourceful cross-examiner. He never resorts to any of the petty tricks that are so popular with little men, but is calm and watchful of the interests of his client; and when he addresses the jury he is indeed convincing. A rather funny story is told of his appearance in court some years ago when he was cross-examining a fat, red-nosed man. The lawyer who called the witness said to the presiding judge, "This witness, your Honour, is a responsible citizen. He holds a most important position. In fact he is the Superintendent of the water works."



For Allan McLane Hamilton with kind regards
from his friend
Elihu Root

ELIHU ROOT, ESQ.

When Root came to cross-examine the witness he said first:

"So you are the Superintendent of the water works, eh?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Root."

"And you give satisfaction?"

"Yes, sir; I've given perfect satisfaction for seven years."

"Humph," said Root mildly, "you look like a man who could be trusted with any amount of water."

I have known Mr. Root for many years and like every one else soon grew very fond of him for he has all those grand qualities of mind and heart which proclaim him a high-minded gentleman and the greatest statesman of his time. I met him about forty years ago when he was comparatively unknown, but like many of those who have watched his career, and gloried in his success (which is of the highest kind, and is due to his tact, sterling honesty and unselfishness), I am greatly disappointed because he of all others has not been placed at the head of the Nation. His great charm is his unusual modesty, in combination with an intellectual virility and unusual loftiness of purpose.

It has been said that the worst wills are those made by lawyers themselves and the eccentricities of great lawyers would fill a book. The author of *A Chance Medley* says: "Perhaps the most characteristic will was that of the great Sergeant Maynard in the reign of William the Third, who is said to have left it purposely worded thus obscurely, so that litigation on it might settle several hard points which had puzzled him in his practice."

CHAPTER XIX

A VISIT TO MRS. MARY BAKER EDDY

I Am Engaged as an Expert—The Brush Will Case—The Eddy Household—I Interview the Priestess—Her Knowledge of Business—"Malicious Animal Magnetism"—Mrs. Eddy as a Publisher—Her Early Life—The Development of Christian Science—Why It Flourishes—Phineas Parkhurst Quimby its Alleged Inventor—The Emmanuel Movement—The English Commission.

In the summer of 1907 I was sent for by General Frank Streeter, a well-known lawyer of Concord, New Hampshire, who was the counsel for Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, the head of the Christian Science Church. There was some mystery about the errand of the young man—one of the lights of the cult—who came to me but who would not state his business. It was only when I met General Streeter in Boston that I learned for the first time why he wanted me. I was secretly to examine Mrs. Eddy as to her sanity, and subsequently to testify in her behalf if I could do so conscientiously. It appeared that a good-for-nothing son, after trying in vain to get more money from the old lady, had, with the help of friends, brought proceedings to have her declared an incompetent, and to secure a guardian for her. This man, then over sixty, had always been a source of great trouble; had wheedled his mother out of large sums of money at various times, and had influenced her to invest in wild-cat mining ventures. Upon the last occasion she is said to have lost $10,000.

I was naturally somewhat surprised to find that I should

be wanted in this case, as shortly before I had appeared in the Brush will contest in New York, testifying for the contestants who were the brothers of a consumptive woman who had left all her fortune to Mrs. Stetson, the head of the Christian Science Church in New York. Miss Brush had made the remarkable statement shortly before her death that if "some one should extract every drop of blood from her body she would live so long as she believed in Christian Science." This and other declarations led to a discussion of what were really insane delusions, and what were "sane"; and Mr. Rand, the proponent's lawyer, skilfully sought to show that many miracles of the Roman Catholic Church were not delusions, a proceeding that evidently found favour with the late Surrogate Fitzgerald, a devout Catholic, who sat on the bench.

When I met General Streeter I said, "Perhaps you do not know that I appeared recently in the Brush case and attacked Christian Science?" to which he replied, "Yes, we know all that, and have also read your testimony from beginning to end, and your article in the *New York Evening Post,* but it was your fairness that has influenced us in retaining you." This was a gratifying statement of a critical and discriminating man, and his confidence upon this occasion was the ground for a deep and long-existing friendship.

It is an interesting fact that the very day Mrs. Eddy was served with papers by her son, she had had prepared a trust deed settling upon him and his family for life the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, and the envelope containing the deed was actually stamped and ready to mail.

Glover, the plaintiff, had secured the services of Ex-Senator Wm. M. Chandler, a man of great persistence and activity; an "expert" who had never seen Mrs. Eddy had

also been found who was ready to swear that she was *non compos.*

Of course it was important that my connection with the case should be kept a secret from the other side; so I arrived quietly, and became an inmate of the beautiful house of General and Mrs. Streeter, working all day in a cool, comfortable library which overlooked a large garden full of exquisite flowers, and not going out except at night. Several of us then took the big automobile and went to distant places for dinner or a "breather," and there was present a queer collection of lawyers and "Scientists." There was a great deal of speculation about this much-talked-about woman, for a body of reporters had descended upon Concord and only saw her at a distance. One or two of the most sensational papers published stories to the effect that she was really dead, and that a wax dummy had been brought out upon the balcony in front of her house to impress the credulous onlookers. "Even if she were alive," said they, "she is insane." Mr. Chandler therefore seemed to have allies enough to prove his case.

The time at length arrived when I was to interview the celebrated old woman, but she was loath to submit to anything like a formal examination. I had therefore to be exceedingly tactful, and a few minutes after my introduction by her lawyer, was on good terms with her. At no time did she appear nervous or apprehensive. The Commission was not disposed to try the merits of Christian Science, but certain allegations had been made to the effect that through it she had developed insane delusions. Really, had such delusions existed, they would have had no importance, unless they interfered with her knowledge of her property and its management as well as the ability to take care of herself. One of the alleged insane beliefs

was that she believed in "Malicious Animal Magnetism," whatever that may mean.

Mrs. Eddy's house was a small, unpretentious stone affair, just outside of Concord and on the road to St. Paul's School. Within, the domestic arrangements were complicated, for she had quite an *entourage* of men and women. The *Major Domo,* who was the male head of the establishment, was a man named Frye, who sat on the box when she took her drive, and kept away importunate visitors. He was an effeminate, and somewhat fat man, and seemed to have a great deal of influence with his mistress. He was therefore the object of much hostility from the lawyer of the plaintiff.

Besides him there were in the household many women of different ages, comprising nurses, secretaries and sub-healers.

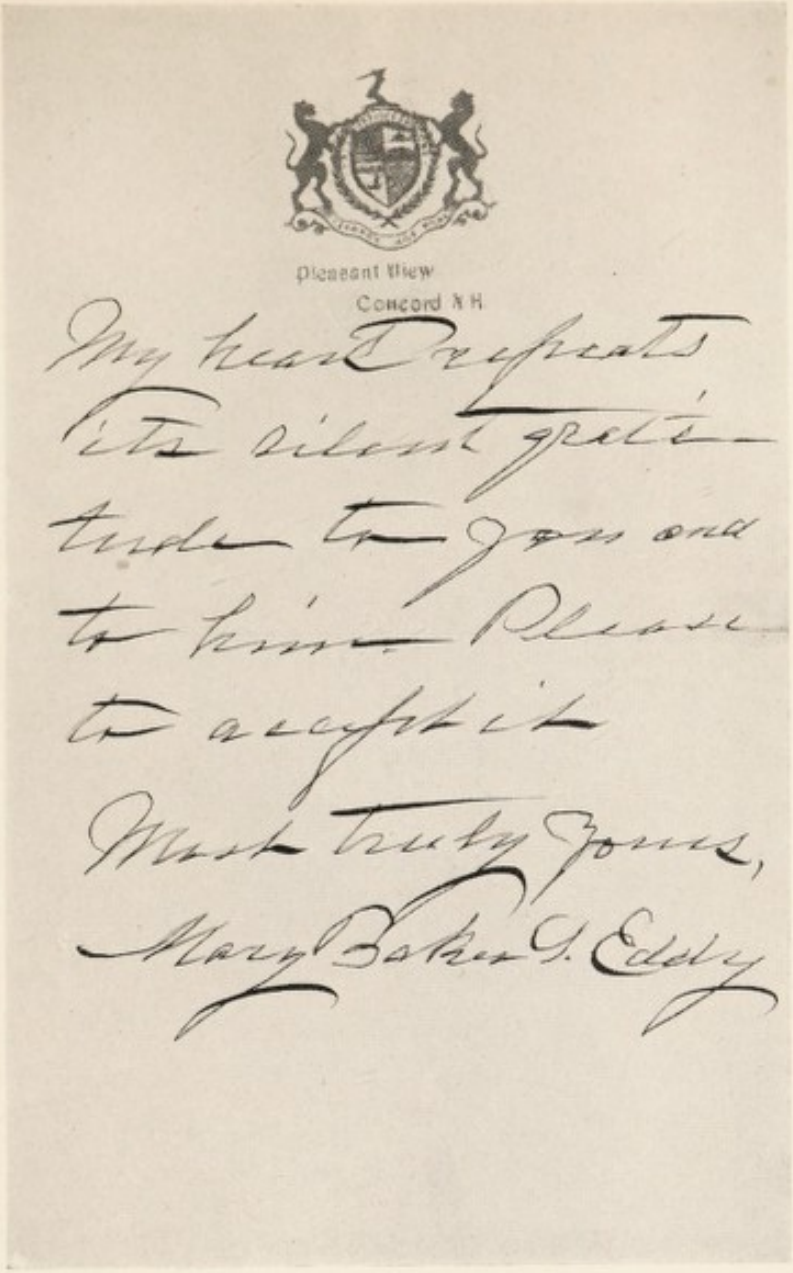
When I entered her house I was ushered very formally into her parlour which was furnished in odious taste, with onyx-topped tables, and gilded furniture. In one part of the room was a book of testimonials, while a picture of the owner was before me, and if I remember rightly, one of Christ as well. The only evidence of luxury were some fine Persian rugs upon the walls of another room.

I waited a long time, meanwhile listening to the taps of a bell that came apparently from the upper room. These I afterward learned were to summon the various members of the household, and each person had his particular signal. When my turn came I was taken upstairs by a nice young girl who seemed to be a personal maid.

I found Mrs. Eddy seated at a small table on which were a vase of flowers and a book or two. She was an erect, little old person, dressed in black silk; at her throat was a small diamond coronet brooch, the only jewelry of any kind. Her white hair was worn in the style made

familiar by her pictures, her face was thin as was her body, and she appeared to be slightly deaf; but when I spoke slowly and very distinctly, she had no difficulty in hearing. She wore no glasses during my visit, although I understood she required them at other times for reading. I was immediately impressed with the extraordinary intelligence shown in her eyes. In aged persons these are likely to appear dimmed, and lacking in expression; with Mrs. Eddy, however, they were dark, and at times almost luminous. Our conversation covered a wide range of topics. She knew, of course, the nature of my visit, and very amiably answered all my questions bearing on her religious beliefs, giving me a sort of general summary of the Christian Science faith. It was a kindly talk throughout, and my venerable hostess manifested no ill-feeling against any of the "next friends" (to whom she jokingly alluded as "the nexters") who were attacking her in the courts; although she appeared to be hurt that her granddaughter who was associated in the proceedings against her, was, nevertheless, a member of the Christian Science Church. She had an unusual familiarity with business affairs, and upon being asked as to the investment of such funds as might come into her possession, said that she never bought stock or even railroad bonds, but watched the affairs of prosperous cities and purchased local bonds or mortgages, and that she had a little book of reference which gave her the desired information.

It had been alleged in court that she believed in what was called "Malicious Animal Magnetism" and that this was of course an insane delusion. When this was gone into I found that all she meant was that when a person really hated or even disliked another it was possible, by keeping up a hostile attitude, to do some harm to the



A LETTER FROM MRS. MARY BAKER EDDY

victim, either passively or actively by word or deed; so there was nothing very extraordinary about all this.

In her home she was a great deal of a disciplinarian, and kept a close watch over the household expenditures and the conduct of domestic affairs. She arose at six, attended to the family duties, breakfasted, dictated to a stenographer or wrote with her own hand. She took a daily drive, always accompanied by the man Frye or one of her women companions. She spent large sums of money in the town of Concord, and in municipal improvement, and as well for the erection of a Christian Science Church.

It need not be stated that her following was and is enormous, and the census of Christian Scientists indicates that in different parts of the world there are over one and one-half millions, and after all these years there seems to be no diminution in the loyalty of the adherents to the cause. These include, strange to say, men of learning—judges and professors, and in England more than one person of the highest social position and intelligence. When we consider the very indefinite and illogical basis of the so-called belief, and the illiterate and commonplace contents of *Science and Health,* which is the bible of the cult, it is a wonder indeed that any well-informed or critical person should be found to join the ranks of the Christian Scientists—not that, in the latter years of her life, Mrs. Eddy was not sincere in her declarations, and consistent. Contrary to all statements, she made no money except from the copyright of *Science and Health,* which I believe sells for two dollars and a half. As there are frequent editions which the faithful are supposed to buy on their appearance, the sales and profits must be enormous.

It is said that in her early days her source of income was greater; that she charged fees of from $100 to $300

for instruction, and upon one occasion was sued by a dissatisfied "student."

I tried to keep in touch with Mrs. Eddy after my visit, and asked her to write that I might get further indications from time to time as to her mental state. She wrote me twice, but though her letters were rather wordy they showed no evidences of mental disorder. I had tried to get her to discuss other forms of religious belief, and the efficacy of medicine. She could not be drawn into any consideration of the first—Buddhism for instance, and she roundly abused all doctors: as at one time she had been married to a rather quackish homeopath, I did not wonder. Shortly after my return to New York I sent her a copy of Fielding Hall's beautiful book entitled *The Soul of a People,* which had to do with the ethics of Buddhism; but she evidently could not or would not comment upon its contents. I suspect the former.

Shortly after my visit I asked Mrs. Eddy to send me her photograph. She replied as follows:

"I am in receipt of your kind letter and it would give me great pleasure to comply with your request that I sit for a photograph, were it not for the fact that latterly I have failed to obtain a satisfying picture of myself, and have so given up the effort. The solution of this failure may lie in this, that Christian Science depicts the real man or woman spiritually and not materially; hence the difficulty for me to obtain a photograph of that which is not real. You honour your profession, as an alienist, and meet marvellously the demands of that comprehensive title. Understanding as you do human nature, you may see the consistency of the above explanation of the failure to depict that which we deny as the actual and eternal.

"'Consistency, thou art a jewel,' is a popular saying, and our time-honoured Shakespeare calls experience a jewel."

When she died, she left her large fortune to the church, an act which was in line with her ante-mortem declaration.

At no time did the Christian Scientists go so far as to say that she never died, as has been alleged; she herself did not hold any such ridiculous belief, but in speaking of her future she often referred to spiritual immortality. It is probable that the views of some of her followers as to the indefinite prolongation of Mrs. Eddy's earthly life arose from the visible evidences of her extraordinary vitality, and the absence of the usual signs of mental breakdown natural in one of her great age.

Her teachings are merely a culmination, a crystallisation, of similar systems that have been cropping up during the last half of the nineteenth century under the leadership of such enthusiasts as Noyes, Cullis Simpson, Boardman, Quimby, and a score of others, who, influenced by a certain phase of idealistic philosophy, have denied the reality of matter and disease.

Some years ago a writer in *McClure's Magazine* published what seemed to be a very circumstantial account of Mrs. Eddy's busy life, and the development of Christian Science. If this is believed, it appears that she had always been more or less mixed up with some "ism" or other for the purpose of making money, but without much success. Some time about 1862 she had a fall upon the ice which probably gave rise to that form of hysteria and neurasthenia connected with so-called spinal concussion; and after trying all sorts of doctors for relief which she did not obtain, she sought a well-known mental healer in Maine known as Phineas Parkhurst Quimby, a person extraordinary in his cleverness and success in suggestion. Quimby was one of those unstable but vigorous products frequent to New England, and had originally been a mesmerist. Probably, though an ignorant and verbose man, he pos-

sessed a great deal of what is known as "horse sense," and the ability to impress susceptible individuals by his forceful personality. Mrs. Eddy was a suitable subject. After years of apparently hopeless invalidism, she suddenly recovered, her ill-health probably being due to a trivial cause. She subsequently became a pupil of Quimby, and obtained some of his voluminous writings, which it is said were of help to her in writing her famous book; but after she became noted and prosperous, she repudiated her master, and denied that his teachings had anything to do with her religion. It cannot be gainsaid, however, that he invented the terms "Christian Science," "absent treatment," and others that are universally used to-day by Mrs. Eddy's church and her followers.

One of the reasons that Christian Science flourishes as it does, is that it provides what may be called a comfortable faith. Its practical observance is founded upon pleasant social intercourse, and all the sacrifices and renunciation incident to the older religions are avoided in great measure. Charity seems to be conspicuous by its absence. Medical help, except in serious emergencies, is scorned; for "there is no such thing as disease." I have neither time nor inclination to recall Mrs. Eddy's theories, which so far as bodily illness goes are refuted every day, but healers flourish and "absent treatment" is given freely for a compensation. In spite of the positive assertions that there is no life, truth or substance in matter; and that "man is not material," and "if a man will but realise his spiritual being, sin, sickness, death and all other 'errors' of mortal mind that have at present a 'claim on him will disappear,'" there are practical "scientists" who are willing to admit that there really is disease which may be cured by material means. When I asked an intelligent official of the church, who was not on duty, what he would

really do if he broke his leg, he replied: "I would send for the nearest and best doctor I know."

The real usefulness of this sect is to heal by suggestion as has been done in all ages. At every European and Oriental shrine is a collection of votive offerings made by nervous invalids who have been made whole by psychic means. These things are mute witnesses of the power of the mind over the body.

Perhaps some day the world generally will recognise the fact that a large number of so-called organic and apparently incurable diseases are after all only functional. Modern psychiatry has made this very clear, if it was not before, and the study of the strange results of mental concentration upon some organ of the body, as well as obsessions and wishes, is clearing away the fog of ignorance. It has been found that many curious mental states are simply due to an unconscious and secret wish or fear, unrecognised as such by the individual; and that he may be psychically deaf, dumb or blind or incapable in various ways. It was what was known in the old days as expectant attention. Dr. Ames relates a case of a man who "wished that he need never have to see a certain person." So strong was the inhibiting impression that he actually became blind, and for a long time this affliction was thought to be due to ordinary causes. The case was not hopeless, and when diagnosed it was easily cured.

It is here that Christian Science does good, and other psychiatrists as well as myself have sent patients to the healers for the powerful appeal that is made to their subconscious selves.

Phineas Parkhurst Quimby was really the person who anticipated the newer faith, and abandoned mesmerism for something very different and much more effective—that is to say what is to-day known as psycho-analysis; and it is

probable that he was the first to apply the methods of Jung, Dubois, Freud and others, in a rudimentary but highly successful manner. Were it not for the mass of inexact statement, pseudo-science, and detached application of the scriptures, his original *Science of Healing* would have been worthy of more respectful mention.

The antagonism to this movement, except from members of my own profession, has not been very great. Of course the orthodox churches deplore the desertion from their ranks, and an attempt has been made to establish an opposition movement on the same lines—in particular by the Reverend Dean Worcester of the Emmanuel Church in Boston, and the Reverend Samuel McComb of St. Mark's Church in New York.

The plan of these gentlemen was to get the co-operation of medical men who were to send them suitable cases for mental treatment, but very soon they copied the most radical Christian Science methods, and made many injudicious claims that were preposterous so far as the cure of hopeless nervous and mental disease was concerned. No impartial collection of men in the United States, so far as I know, has seriously investigated the operations of Christian Science and the ways of its healers; but there has always been ridicule showered upon it by the medical profession, which is sometimes undeserved.

The excellent plan, so much in favour in England, of investigating matters of public interest by competent committees, was recently illustrated by the report of those who have gone into the question of spiritual or mental healing with reference to disease; and it is time that the exact status of those who treat by suggestion should be settled—the Christian Scientists, Emmanuel Healers, Faith Curists, *et genus omnes*. The committee which was formed as the result of a conference of the clerical and medical

professions at the Chapter House, St. Paul's, London, in October, 1910 and 1911, consisted of such eminent persons as the Dean of Westminster, Sir Dyce Duckworth, Canon Childe, the Deans of Durham and St. Paul's, the Bishop of Stepney, Drs. Omerod, Sir Douglass Powell, and Clifford Albutt. This body had nineteen sittings and called before it a number of practitioners and exponents of faith curing, among them a clergyman named Fitzgerald who heads the "Community of the Resurrection" at Mirfield where disease is cured by spiritual agency, Dr. Samuel McComb, who is well known in America as the assistant of Dr. Worcester in the Emmanuel movement, the Right Honourable the Earl of Sandwich, who is an active Christian Scientist in England, Dr. Milne Bramwell and Lloyd Tuckery, as well as Dr. Wright, the author of a well-known book upon suggestion.

These persons either appeared before, or were cross-examined by the Committee, or had the following list of questions submitted to them:

1st. What do you understand by spiritual healing?

2nd. Do you make any distinction between spiritual and mental healing?

3rd. Do you connect the spiritual healing of the present day with the gifts of healing in the Apostolic Church?

4th. Do you regard moral excellence in either the healer or the healed as an essential condition for spiritual healing?

5th. Do you consider the religious faith on the part of the sick person is essential to healing by spiritual means?

6th. Have you personal knowledge of any cases where any organic disease has been healed by spiritual or mental influence alone?

7th. Do you consider that spiritual healing should be

exercised apart from both medical diagnosis and supervision?

Of course, as might be expected, there was much difference of opinion as the result of personal prejudice and finely spun theories of what constituted "spiritual"—the clergymen taking one view and the doctors another; yet the conclusions as a whole were quite in accord, and very satisfactory. "While the committee fully recognised the operation of will and the efficacy of prayer, they reverently believe, however, that the divine power is exercised in conformity with, and through the operation of, natural laws."

They very sensibly decided that "faith" or spiritual healing does not differ from that dependent upon suggestion, but that religious suggestion is more potent than any other kind.

In spite of the positive and extravagant claims of the Earl of Sandwich and others, they are of the opinion that suggestion is only available in functional disorders, and that organic diseases are beyond its reach so far as a cure is to be expected. The "noble Lord" who is so prominent in the church of Mrs. Eddy in England claimed to have cured cancer, blindness, mania, neuritis, etc.; but none of the others were confident of their ability to cure structural and organic maladies, nor could they present any satisfactory evidences. Among the doctors, the most that any one would say was that suggestion relieved pain or insomnia in organic cases.

It was a surprise to find that Dr. McComb had receded from the position taken by himself and Dr. Worcester, who some years ago in an article in the *Ladies' Home Journal* claimed to have cured diseases ordinarily regarded as organic and even hopeless by physicians.

The Committee deserves great credit for its investigation of cases in which extraordinary cures were claimed—

for instance in a case where "secondary hemorrhage" after excision of the tonsils had suddenly ceased after the person had received "Holy Unction." It was shown that the natural cessation of the bleeding from fainting had allowed the blood to coagulate and form a clot.

A malignant tumor of the thyroid gland was reduced by radium rather than by spiritual healing. (In this connection it may be said that recently it has been found possible to reduce goitres by hypnotism.)

Cases of so-called "neuritis" and blindness were hysterical, and suddenly cured by strong mental influence.

One hysterical woman inflicted "cat-bites" upon herself by rubbing her skin with her wet finger, and had hysterical loss of sensation in the throat, and she was cured after her ailment was reported as "a very rare and incurable disease, with partial insanity."

Some cases which it was claimed were "cured," died miserable deaths subsequently from cancer or other incurable diseases.

In spite of the element of false claims and humbugging, there was enough well-attested evidence to show that "spiritual" or mental healing was useful, if not entirely and invariably successful in alcoholism, sexual perversion, obsessions of various kinds, writer's and piano cramp, and various disorders of function.

While it was universally held that the moral character of the healer made no real difference in the matter of suggestion, it was naturally decided that a good man who used religious methods was preferable to a possibly dishonest healer, and all agreed that such treatment should never be utilised unless the approval of a physician was obtained.

Although the recommendations of this body were most valuable in discountenancing quackery, it is to be re-

gretted that more was not said about the neurotic instability of many people who seek this kind of help, and that modern psycho-therapy was not gone into. The report, however, is a distinct step forward; and if we are, as promised, furnished with additional facts and suggestions, many dangers will be averted, and much deception obviated.

CHAPTER XX

SIMULATION AND IMPOSTURE

The Oldest Case of Simulation—"Clegg the Dummy Chucker"—Betrayal by Handwriting—Cadet Whittaker—Simulation of Insanity by Criminals—A School for Fakirs—"Happy Jim" Mulreany—"Psychic Epilepsy"—Tobin, the Murderer—Cooking Up a Defence—Alphonse Stephani—Simulation of Another Kind of Insanity by One Already Insane—The Robin Case—Maria Barbieri—An Entangled Expert—The Truck Case—Reporters as Amateur Lunatics—I Am Committed to Ludlow Street Jail—The Terranova Case—The Detection of Simulation.

SIMULATION of disease is no new thing, for is it not related that David imposed on the King of Gath by "scrabbling on the doors of the gate and letting his spittle fall upon his beard"? It is even said that Solon the Wise, feigning madness, wrote and recited a poem in the market place in order to spur the Athenians on to recover the island of Salamis. According to Hendrie Lloyd this was the first instance of a lawyer instead of a client feigning insanity. Latter-day cases of the simulation of many forms of bodily disease, as well as insanity, are familiar enough to alienists, criminologists, prison physicians, and army surgeons. One which was picturesque and amusing was that of "Clegg the Dummy Chucker," about whom I was consulted many years ago, and which was described by Dr. Carlos F. McDonald, who first exposed Clegg's imposture. This rogue was an English pickpocket, who, after a robbery of four hundred pounds, came to this country and

affiliated himself with a "swell mob" who travelled in the United States and Canada, and were very active at the time the Marquis of Lorne visited Boston. It was Clegg's pleasant custom to "throw a fit" in a crowded place—either a ferryboat, a busy department store, or in the street; and as he was always well dressed, he was immediately surrounded by a sympathetic group of on-lookers—chiefly women. At this stage Clegg's pals would deftly pick the pockets of the crowd, and upon one occasion the rascal himself relieved a sympathetic doctor of his watch. So well did he feign epilepsy that even when detected and arrested he deceived many doctors, among them one of the staff of the Hospital for Epileptics. Subsequently he was sent to Auburn and there examined by Dr. McDonald. He had, to impress his jailors, thrown himself from a platform to the hard stone floor of the prison several feet below. His patient watchers, however, found many suspicious things, viz., that he rarely had fits when under observation; that his thumbs were not pressed beneath his clenched fingers; his nails were not livid; and his sleep after recovery, which is the rule, was not real. He was ultimately threatened with punishment and confined. Meanwhile, in one of his pseudo-attacks the doctor stated in his presence that there was a certain symptom lacking in his attacks which "resembled" true epilepsy, and hinted at its nature. The prisoner subsequently said, "This suggestion staggered me, for I had not only seen a great many epileptic fits but had also studied the subject thoroughly, and have practised these things for fifteen years until I thought I knew every symptom of it." He later broke down and demonstrated the deceit and his methods, even borrowing a penknife with which to wound his tongue so that bloody froth might be produced.

When last heard of he was engaged at his old tricks,

escaping detection and getting sympathy while his companions gathered the spoils.

Sometimes an impostor will be convicted by his own letters, or by communications he intends should divert the attention of the authorities to some other unsuspected person. Waltz, after murdering a knife grinder near Catskill, pinned a document in his own handwriting to a telegraph pole on the road calling attention to the fact that the real murderers were highwaymen who had since left for new localities.

Cadet Whittaker, one of the few coloured cadets who were appointed to West Point, made himself so unpopular, and manifested so much incapacity in doing his work, that even he felt that his days as a cadet were numbered. In April, 1880, he was found in his room in a suspicious trance, loosely bound with a piece of belting. His body bore no marks of injury other than a very small cut which was apparent upon the lobe of one ear. When found he declared he had been attacked by persons unknown to him, possibly his classmates, and grievously injured. Not until this time did he show a letter which he claimed had been written some time before. It was dated Sunday, April 4th, 1880, and read: "Mr. Whittaker, you will be fixed. Better keep awake. A friend."

Appearances were so suspicious that a thorough investigation was made, handwriting experts being called in first. I was subsequently retained by Major Asa Bird Gardiner, the Judge Advocate who appeared at the court-martial. Two hundred and forty seven letters of the entire cadet corps were examined by experts Hagan and Ames and numbered in such a way that prejudice of any kind was impossible. The letter of warning was evidently written by Whittaker himself, and there was little reason to doubt that the "mutilation" and tying were

done by the same person. The trance was feigned, and although there was much misplaced sympathy on the part of foolish persons and newspapers he was convicted and discharged. In this connection it may be said that the appointment of coloured cadets to West Point has not been a success. So far as I can learn but one good negro line officer remains in the service. He is respected by his white brother officers as a brave, capable and modest man.

The popular idea that insanity may be successfully and easily simulated by an ordinary person is fortunately erroneous; not only is it absolutely impossible for any one to play a part of this kind that will deceive the trained observer for any great length of time, but strange as it may seem, the feigners who most frequently engage our attention are the insane themselves who portray the symptoms of another kind of mental disorder than that which really exists. Sometimes their motive is to escape punishment, sometimes to gain greater privileges in asylums.

My own experience goes to show that when the defence of insanity is utilised by a criminal, it is more often than not the result of a suggestion made by the friends of the prisoner or by his lawyer; sometimes it may be the work of a curious and hidden system which is fostered by that kind of criminal communion that secretly flourishes in many prisons. It is well known by medical officers and attachés of reformatories and penal institutions that an inmate more intelligent than the rest is quite apt to concoct a plan enabling a popular fellow prisoner to escape work or evade punishment. Sometimes the subject will even go so far as to mutilate himself, or he feigns some disease. An actor named Harry Rose some years ago in New York killed his wife in a fit of jealous rage. After

his arrest he promptly indulged in a farrago of ridiculous nonsense which is said to have convinced his eminent counsel, Mr. Abe Hummel, that he was "raving mad." This consisted in offering Hummel "millions," and of taking the diminutive lawyer into a dark corner of his cell and impressively telling him that he would make him "rich beyond the dreams of avarice"; he also did many other silly things. A commission subsequently disregarded all this, as well as the sickly sentimental articles in some of the newspapers, and Rose was sent to Sing Sing—despite the objection of Assistant District Attorney Clarke, who very properly thought him a subject for electrocution. While in the Tombs, and subsequently in State's Prison, Rose practically established a school for the training of simulators, and ever since the defence of insanity has been more popular than it ever was before. My experience with these cases has enabled me to detect the rules for "fooling the doctors" which from that time have been handed down from Rose.

In 1911 a barkeeper was killed on Eleventh Avenue by a burglar and thug named Mulreany, alias "Happy Jim"; while Jack Dowling, a miserable drunkard, who was his dupe and accomplice at the same time, attempted to rob the till. Both were subsequently arrested, and both made the same full and well-corroborated confession. In the police court Mulreany at once began to put in play the teachings of Rose, and his bewildered counsel was about to apply for a commission in lunacy when the prisoner concluded that he had a better defence in an alibi and quickly recovered his voluntarily scattered senses. He tried to repudiate his confession, as did his terrified accomplice, who was made to reverse himself by mysterious threats conveyed by the gang in the very prison itself.

He then "went crazy" and I was appointed a Commissioner with two others to examine him.

The prisoner, who really had suffered from fright and confinement, was a pitiable object—pale and unkempt, with long, neglected hair and beard, and inexperienced observers would have thought him really insane. I was, however, immediately impressed by his evasion, and the shifty way in which he avoided our glances and questions. The Rose symptoms were in evidence, and he spoke of the constant imaginary voices telling him to do the most revolting and improbable things, and threatening him with picturesque torture; yet never once did he betray by conduct, expression or attitude any evidence that he believed or even heard the "voices" which he described. His story was that of a lunatic who then might be in a state of confusional insanity, yet no confusion existed, and on most subjects he talked clearly and gave responsive replies; but just so soon as the fictitious picture was suggested, off he went, pausing from time to time to invent new horrors. He was finally trapped, and accepted fifty cents to have his hair and beard cut, turning up at the next meeting quite another man and admitting later that "he had made a mistake." His pitiable condition and apparent dominance by the other man enlisted our sympathy and we recommended clemency. He was sent to Bellevue and subsequently died of tuberculosis.

I can remember, I am sorry to say, the efforts of an ignorant and disreputable member of my own profession who at one time made an enormous amount of money by furthering such schemes, inventing new and fictitious defences of insanity which he trained the guilty defendant to carry out.

Among these was "psychic epilepsy," which for a time became a popular excuse for crime, and served more than

once the purpose of some unscrupulous attorney. This man had spent a few weeks or months as a student at the Salpetrière in Paris, and as an externe at a London hospital, and was dangerous because of his superficial knowledge, consummate effrontery, and ability to picture half-truths and apply them to the particular case. When Lombroso first called attention to the so-called stigmata of degeneration, Dr. ———, who often appeared for the defence, found an extraordinary number of misshapen heads, deformed fingers, vaulted palates and other marks of decadence to reinforce a plea of insanity. A plumber who had shot the seducer of his sister and was tried and acquitted, was found by this "expert" to have an unusual number of these blemishes, none of which really existed. It is needless to say that scientific men nowadays pay little attention to the more extravagant claims of the late Cesare Lombroso, the sensational Italian criminologist.

There seems to be an idea among the laity that if a person who wishes to be considered deranged will neglect his person or allow his hair and beard to grow to an enormous length, it will go far toward establishing the belief that he is unbalanced. Such a change will often impress the average juryman, but not any one who knows anything about psychiatry. While doubtless the ordinary man will be influenced by such extreme personal untidiness and neglect, its voluntary cultivation does not always succeed, and the pseudo-lunatic is quite apt to be scrupulously careful about some one point—as his finger nails or the tie of his cravat—while the really insane person becomes slovenly only as the result of his absorption or indifference, and is consistently filthy. Tobin, the murderer, who clumsily feigned acute mania, allowed his hair to grow to extraordinary length and after his conviction roared like a bull in the court room until he was carried

out by four officers. Later, when he saw it would do no good to pretend, he speedily abandoned his theatrical play and pinned his faith upon an appeal. Sometimes, as I have said, a lawyer will concoct a plan of action and again an unscrupulous political doctor will be his ally.

I knew one of these who retained me in two cases—and he probably will not again. In one of them the indicted man had been found guilty of a horrible lust-murder. When he was examined by myself and others, he presented the symptoms of a well-developed, systematised paranoia, and his whole previous life had been psychopathic. Evidently his counsel did not recognise the existence of the real insanity at all—which would have been enough as it turned out to have saved his client's neck—but he promptly proceeded to coach the man as to how he should portray a new and dramatic disorder, and among other things the services of the prison's barber were again dispensed with. To add to the complications, alleged "insane documents," evidently prepared by the ingenious lawyer, found their way into our hands, but there was no difficulty in detecting the imposition because of their improbability and absurdity. Finally, after an indignant protest by all of us, the work of the amateur legal alienist was abandoned, and the defendant was tried for his crime, which was the result of existing sexual degeneracy and the influence of alcohol upon a person who was a paranoiac. This is an uncommon but by no means impossible condition of affairs. Another similar and notorious New York case which has been much in the courts, is familiar to most people, although in the latter example no attempt at deception existed.

The most difficult problem is the recognition of feigning when the impostor is really insane. Many absolutely irresponsible persons have sufficient intelligence to know

the difference between right and wrong, and to realise that they may be punished, although suffering from a delusion of persecution that is adequate to exculpate them. One of the earliest cases of this kind in which I appeared was that of Alphonse Stephani, who killed the family lawyer, ex-Judge Reynolds, in a cruel and insane manner after a discussion over a business transaction. Stephani shammed insanity, became silent, and gave silly as well as contradictory answers. He too suddenly grew indifferent to appearances, cultivated a leonine mane of shaggy hair, and performed a number of ridiculous things such as gyrating about the room and wiggling his fingers, the artificial nature of which was even apparent to the guards. It appears that he had really suffered, however, for years from delusions with a classical train of symptoms, such as insane false ideas of suspicion and persecution, and of poisoning; had attempted suicide, upon one occasion assaulted his own mother, and acted queerly for a long time before the murder. He, like Czolgosz, cooked his own food, and would not eat that prepared for him by others. In addition to his paranoia he suffered from epilepsy. Stephani was tried, convicted and sentenced to state's prison for life, despite my evidence. In a year his insanity became so evident to every one that he was transferred to Dannemora. This was in 1890, and he is there to-day. He has, despite his psychosis, extraordinary business ability, and has increased his inheritance to a great extent, although he has the same delusions of persecution he has manifested for so many years.

A recent case which has led to much unjust abuse of experts is that of Joseph G. Robin, the notorious Russian-Jew, who lately pleaded guilty to an indictment of grand larceny. The amusing part of the matter is, as I have said in previous mention of the case, that no less than

thirteen alienists agreed that he was insane and unable to instruct counsel. There was no material difference of opinion. The jury, recruited in large part from his own race and of a kind nowadays quite familiar to most judges and lawyers, quickly cast discredit and opprobrium upon the medical gentlemen, who included not only some of the most learned men in New York but of the country, and the crowing of a certain part of the daily press, which of late has been responsible for the moulding of public opinion, threshed itself into a mad fury of scornful criticism and abuse. I was called to see Robin by Mr. Whitman, then District Attorney, who was very anxious that the man should be convicted for the purpose of using his evidence to indict those "higher up," and I examined him many times, interrogated his parents, whom he disowned; his friends, past and present, his doctors and associates; and while I came to the conclusion that he was a very clever and entirely responsible swindler of a mean order, possessing great cunning and brilliancy, the conviction was forced upon me that he was at the time a man of unsound mind. This was not because (with the evident help of some friends having an imperfect knowledge of psychiatry) he had concocted a picture of delusional insanity, declaring that Mr. Pierpont Morgan had threatened him with physical violence, even ordering that empty milk bottles should be dropped on his head in the city prison; nor because he wrote ingenious letters, pretended to swoon away when we examined him, and acted generally in a manner quite foreign to any lunatic I ever saw; but because he really professed delusions of grandeur which are, I believe, exhibited by him to-day. He undoubtedly entertained absolutely erroneous and insane beliefs regarding his origin, and disowned and contemptuously upbraided his real father and mother. The two heart-

broken old people, however, especially the father, so closely resembled the son that there could be no doubt that the marked physical characteristics occurring in both were not a mere coincidence. That his extreme emotional disorder at the time of his arrest and afterward was due to the strain, and the coincident effect of a poisonous dose of hyoscine he had taken, was also apparent.

In 1881 Maria Barbieri was tried for the murder of her paramour and convicted by a hard-hearted jury who regarded the brutal killing as one calling for a first degree verdict. It was found possible to upset this on appeal, and a second trial was ordered. In the meantime an American woman of philanthropic inclination, who had married an Italian nobleman, became interested in the prisoner and secured for her a bright, energetic young Jewish attorney. The defence now was to be insanity, or rather "psychic epilepsy," and Maria was to present that form of loss of memory or epileptic amnesia which had for a time been a fashionable defence. This called for a carefully prepared arrangement of the pawns on the board. Hereditary insanity was to be established, and as most of her family lived in the Italian provinces south of Naples, the field was to be visited and a hunt made for defectives. I am told that some one went from town to town asking for information regarding apocryphal invalids and sowing the seeds of suggestion. A month or two later a second seeker for truth would traverse the same field and there then really seemed to be some knowledge that epileptic or insane persons who were connected by blood with the woman to be put on trial had really lived and died in the particular community. When the trial took place the court room was filled with bullet-headed Italians from the East Side of New York who according to the learned experts for the defence were

brachycephalic or short-headed, "and therefore clearly degenerates." The medical testimony was certainly the most extraordinary I have ever known, and it had its effect, for she was acquitted. The prisoner herself went on the stand and for an hour pretended she could not remember a single incident of the murder, *although on the previous trial a year before she minutely detailed not only the successive steps of the killing, but her motives and alleged justification.* Maria subsequently married a man who must have been quite devoid of the emotion of fear.

In March, 1899, the little village of Virgil, N. Y., was horrified by the discovery of the charred body of Frank W. Miller in the ruins of the barn of John Truck, a small farmer. Truck was promptly arrested and tried in Cortlandt a year after, and his defence was insanity. From the testimony it appeared that he had attacked Miller, fracturing his skull and choking him for the purpose of robbery. An attempt was made by the defendant's experts to show that he was so insane that "he did not know the nature and quality of his act, and that it was wrong." I had seen Truck, and was at once impressed with his shallow attempt to feign insanity when he claimed a variety of symptoms and conditions which did not exist. He pretended he could not read or write and knew nothing about the crime, that his eyesight was affected; yet by the use of a simple pair of glasses of no power whatever I found he was lying and could see perfectly. Two letters identified as having been written by him were found, and in these, like Waltz, he tried to fasten the murder upon some one else—an imaginary person. So effectually did he fool the medical men who appeared for the defence and the community that after his conviction the Governor of the State was persuaded to appoint a commission to enquire into his sanity. One of its members

was Dr. Wm. Mabon, of Ward's Island, an experienced and level-headed alienist, who promptly found, as I had, that the man was an impostor, and he was subsequently electrocuted. In this case the familiar attempt to find marks of degeneration, especially of the head, was followed; and a local hatter was called in with his conformateur. As this admirable instrument (which is a great help to hatters in making a well-fitting hat and of little use to scientific men because it never gives twice the same results) will, unless great care be taken, produce upon the subject the most extraordinary bumps whether he be sane or the reverse, it is absolutely worthless except to create a laugh in the court room.

The simulators of insanity are very rare outside of prisons. It occasionally happens that a newspaper reporter like Chambers or "Nelly Bly" deceives the Asylum authorities in order to write sensational accounts of their incarceration. It is quite probable that the physician never gave these people a thorough examination, being thrown off his guard by the idea of the improbability that any one would voluntarily seek the hospitality of an institution unless he was really suffering from some disorder. As a rule the enterprising reporter does not accomplish his purpose, for there is too much method in the alleged madness, and too much that is preposterous in his "patter." For instance, imagine a newspaper man whose idea of insanity is embodied in this speech: "My house," he said, "is in a lake in a mountain on the planet Mars. It was an elephant's nest, but I made friends with him and he brings me food every day. At night I sleep under the sea in a coral grotto, while mermaids sing me soft lullabies that woo the drowsy god." This nonsense was so unlike the real talk of the real lunatic that in a day or two he was turned out and his identity established. He was seen

by my friend, Dr. C. K. Mills of Philadelphia, who relates the case, and it is a counterpart of others I have known in which the newspaper man very much wanted a "story." There should be no difficulty in applying tests founded on scientific principles for detecting the malingerer. Many means have been suggested to throw such a person off his guard, and even the use of anesthetics or emetics has been advocated; but these are rarely employed. I once gave a suspected person a small amount of ether and the result was the unmasking of the fraud, for the prisoner became garrulous and betrayed his intentions. Before this he had for weeks been absolutely mute.

Careful watching, and the apparently innocent and casual suggestion of impossible symptoms which the impostor adopts, are all serviceable, but no one test is alone sufficient, and much depends upon the shrewdness and intelligence of the subject himself. Persistent observation of which the person is unaware as a rule succeeds, for it is impossible for him to keep up a line of conduct which is consistent with real mental disorder. One is sometimes speedily rewarded for the trouble he has taken. I was, some years ago, asked by the District Attorney, Mr. Delancy Nicoll, to determine the mental condition of the "boodle" Alderman McCabe, then confined in the Ludlow Street prison and said to be shamming. With the help of the warden I decided to play the rôle of prisoner myself, that I might better watch the suspected man, who was supposed by the authorities to be feigning, and take my daily walks with him. So one morning, bright and early, I dressed myself appropriately and turned up as an imprisoned debtor, breakfasting with a motley collection of crooks, counterfeiters and blacklegs, as well as others who were defaulters in their alimony. After an enlivening and very jolly meal in this company, which

welcomed me cordially, I found my man was not simulating at all, but really insane, and so I reported.

Any cruel or unusual means of inflicting pain for the discomfiture of the suspected person, are not countenanced by reputable physicians, and not used.

Simulators usually take their ideas of insanity from plays and novels, consequently they copy absurd models which picture a lunatic as without any sense whatever, or as one who raves or drools, or whose conduct is absolutely disorderly. In reality there is much consistency in the expression of mental disorder, familiar to the trained eye.

The safest form of simulation, which for obvious reasons I do not mention, is as a rule unknown to the enterprising criminal. It certainly is not mania, nor profound dementia, both of which he usually overplays. It is absolutely impossible for him to successfully counterfeit the mental pictures of paranoia, but this is attempted, and inexperienced persons are often deceived. He may even *state that he has delusions,* a thing the paranoiac will never admit. Of course, general paresis or the insanities manifested by organic changes, such as alterations in the pupils, the reflexes, etc., are beyond his power of imitation. In other psychoses with physical decline, he cannot feign the loss of weight, change of colour incident to feebleness of circulation, or the condition of the heart and pulse.

The simulator does not know that commonly there are prodromal or initial symptoms in insanity. He therefore plumps suddenly into the enactment of the rôle he is to play. The fraud at once becomes noisy, indulges in lascivious language, or always acts worse when observed. Lest he may be considered too reasonable, he overdoes his part —he refuses to eat, but does so when he thinks he is not observed, or he grows violent when refused food, which a

real dement will not do. When apparently delirious or excited he stops in the midst of his *rhodomontade* to give himself time to prepare fresh material for deception, meanwhile perhaps singing a song or changing his mode of action when he thinks he is not making his case strong enough. When improbable and absurd symptoms are suggested in his presence, he may adopt them—perhaps not at the moment, but later. The loss of memory feigned by the impostor is too great to be real—for he does not know that the insane, no matter how demented, never entirely lose their power of recollection, especially when suggestion is made. The ridiculous replies to questions put to determine the condition of memory will expose the fraud. A case occurs to me of a simulator who when asked his name replied: "Forty-five dollars and seventy-three cents with 86% interest." Here the answer was entirely irrelevant and fabricated for a purpose. On other occasions he gave equally absurd and extravagant answers to simple questions.

Sometimes the designing person may be trapped by the discovery of a list of symptoms proposed by some friend or other interested person. In the Waltz case this occurred, something of the kind being found upon the defendant's person. He had memorised "the rules" and tried to portray them, but as usual he overshot the mark.

Of course when an individual has associated with the insane—but these cases are rare—he may acquire the capacity of simulation in a way to puzzle the doctor, at least for a time.

In conclusion I may quote the words of an able German psychiatrist, who says:

"The simulator is in some respects like an actor; but, unlike an actor, he must be an author as well, and he must also constantly be an improviser; his acting, moreover,

must be incessant, even if he thinks himself unobserved. A simulator must also act before an audience of trained critics who cannot be diverted from his performances; consequently, he must become exhausted after a few hours and the mental strain of such a performance may in itself be a cause of mental breakdown."

CHAPTER XXI

POLITICAL MURDERS

Assassination of Public Men Rare in the United States—Notable Murders in Europe—American Presidents—Abraham Lincoln—The Madness of John Wilkes Booth—The Canadian Plot—Booth's Family History—His Stage Eccentricities—The Writer's Impressions—Booth Attacks John McCullough—The Murder of Garfield—The Career of Guiteau—My Interview with Mr. James G. Blaine—Guiteau Gets an Inspiration in the Riggs House—Scoville's Attack Upon General Grant, Roscoe Conkling and Chester Arthur—Guiteau's Curse and Its Consequences—A Cornered Expert—I Examine the Prisoner—The Assassination of McKinley—The Insanity of Czolgosz—The Influence of Yellow Journalism—A Farcical Trial—The Attack on Mayor Gaynor.

MURDERS of public men have happily been rare in this country, although three great presidents—Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley—have fallen victims to the pistol of the assassin during the past fifty years, and Mayor Gaynor of New York barely escaped death. This last was at the hands of Gallagher, a vengeful discharged night-watchman in the Department of Docks, who, smarting under alleged wrongs and suffering a severe rebuff from the politicians upon whom he relied for his place, lay in wait for the mayor and shot him as he was about to sail for Europe. In three of these cases, I have personally appeared, and am familiar with the other. In England and elsewhere in comparatively recent times, attacks upon royal personages by weak-minded and insane men have

occasionally occurred, but such serious and awful assassinations as those of King Umberto, of the Empress of Austria, and Sadi Carnot, the President of France, have been committed by anarchists who were legally responsible, and who acted with other conspirators. There have also been unsuccessful attempts upon other crowned heads. Hödel and Nobiling shot at the German Kaiser, and were promptly beheaded; both of these persons were irritable and misguided fanatics, and their speedy taking off in the presence of two or three physicians and others was in a manner to do away with notoriety.

Two assaults were made upon Queen Victoria during her life-time; one by Edward Oxford, who shot at her in a public park, and the other by Robert Pate, who struck the queen with a small cane, severely cutting her forehead. Pate was a young officer who had for some time shown evidence of actual insanity. The great Dr. Connolly found that though the prisoner was suffering from no particular delusion, he was of unsound mind, in which conclusion he was seconded by Dr. Munro, the greatest psychiatrist of his time. Despite their testimony the prisoner was found guilty and transported for seven years, but later was committed to an asylum. The same intolerance that has always been shown to medical experts was indulged in by Mr. Justice Baron Alderson in this case, who scolded the alienist as follows: "Be so good, Dr. Munro, as not to take upon yourself the functions of the judge and the jury. If you can give us the results of your scientific knowledge upon the point, we shall be glad to hear you; but while I am sitting upon the bench, I will not permit any medical witness to usurp the functions of the judge and jury," and all of this was because Munro had said: "I have had five interviews with Mr. Pate since the transaction, and I believe him to be of unsound mind."

But this is less arbitrary than the conduct of a very eccentric Brooklyn judge, the late Wm. J. Gaynor, who is now dead. A writ of habeas corpus had been issued by him against the Superintendent of an asylum to produce a notorious lunatic who had been examined by a number of good alienists. When the man, absolutely insane and showing his derangement whenever he talked, took the witness stand at the direction of his Honour, the latter said: "Now, Mr. ———, are you insane?" to which the reply was simply: "No, sir!" To the consternation of the lawyers, doctors, and others present, without any further examination whatever, the lunatic was told to "clear out," and the remark added, "I thought so."

The notable American political murders are these: President Abraham Lincoln was shot April 14th, 1865, by John Wilkes Booth, who was slain by Sergeant Corbett, April 27th; * President James A. Garfield was shot July 2, 1881, by Charles Julius Guiteau, who was hanged June 30, 1882; President William McKinley was shot September 6th, 1901, by Leon F. Czolgosz at Buffalo, and the latter was electrocuted October 29th, 1901.

In all of these cases the assailant, if not actually insane, as I believe Czolgosz to have been, was eccentric or psychopathic, or suffered from some nervous disease: this was also the case of Gallagher, who was nevertheless responsible. Both Guiteau and Gallagher shammed in a manner which would not deceive the merest tyro.

* By an order dated May 1st President Johnson decided that Booth's fellow conspirators were amenable to trial by military commission and appointed a court to hear evidence. The trial of the conspirators was begun May 8th. The finding of the military commission, fifty-eight days after the beginning of the trial, was approved by President Johnson on July 5th. Mrs. Mary E. Surrat, James Thornton Powell, David E. Harold and George A. Atzerott were hanged July 7th, 1865.

The Assassination of Lincoln

John Wilkes Booth, whom I had seen act a few years previously, was clearly of unsound mind and always had been, but as is so often the case, his madness was of the borderline variety, which is unperceived by the public. In this case as in many others his intellectual-emotional instability was mistaken for the eccentricity of genius, and his immorality for ordinary weakness. People only laughed over his insane escapades.

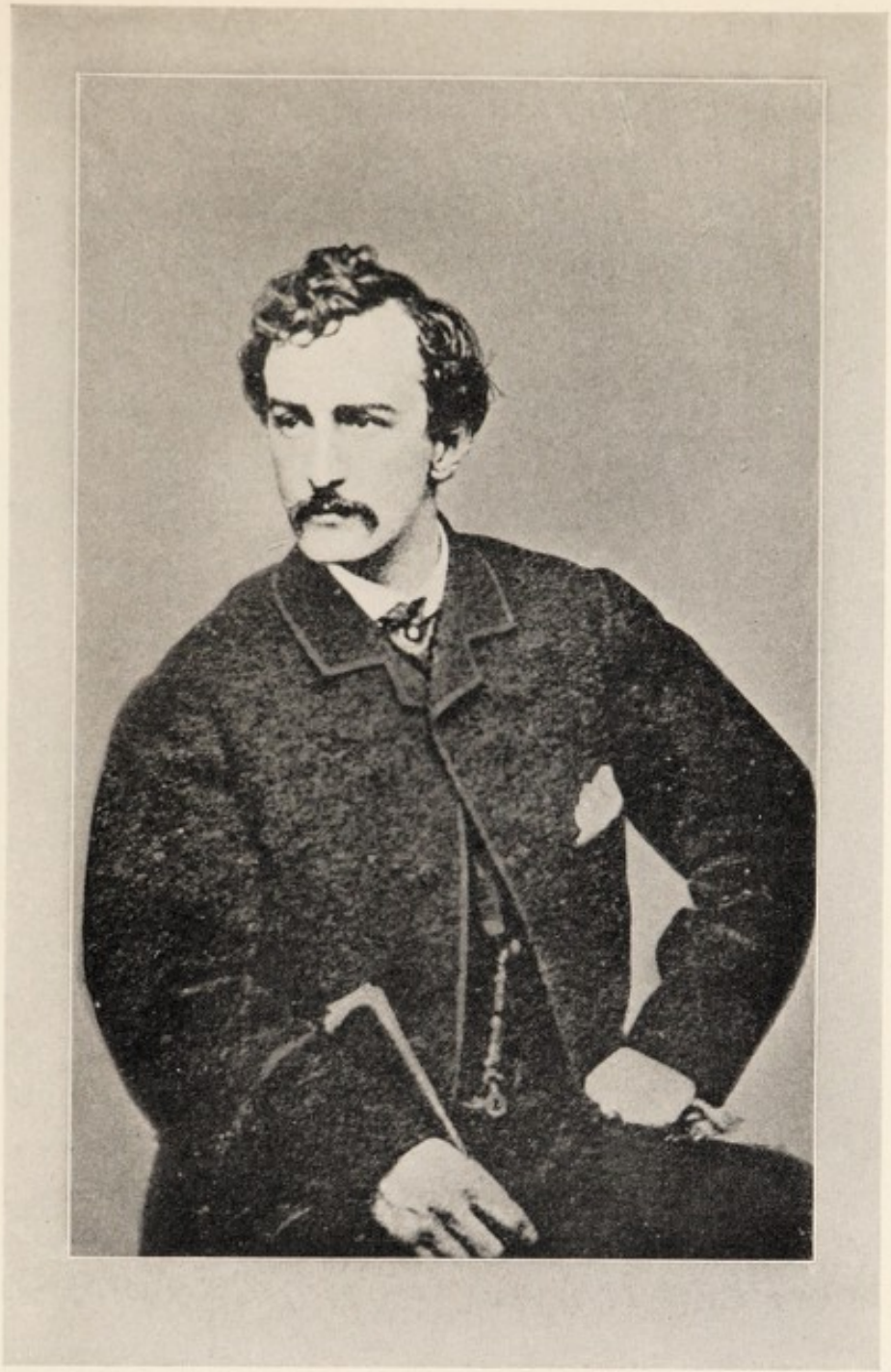
He was a dissolute alcoholic, and when in his cups his underlying mental disorder was most apparent. However, he was handsome and popular, and his erratic conduct was always forgiven.

At a time when a band of conspirators whose fiendish operations consisted, among other things, in an attempt to burn New York and other cities, to introduce the *fomites* of yellow fever in the North, and the perpetration of other dastardly crimes, it was natural that some such plot as that which resulted in the murder of Lincoln and the assault upon Secretary Seward should follow. The headquarters of this gang was in Canada, and the names of "Larry" McDonald, Jacob Thompson, Clement Clay and others who acted with them in the South were freely mentioned as participants. It was not difficult to find half-crazy emissaries to do the work, and the men in Toronto and St. Catharines knew well how to play upon the vanity of certain weak young men in the South who subsequently ruined themselves. Sometimes a bank, like that at St. Alban's in Vermont, had to be looted for funds, and the town raided; again, a Southern doctor was found to deposit the soiled clothing of yellow fever patients where the infection would be the greatest. It is somewhat amusing nowadays, when we have agreed upon the mosquito as

the sole cause of infection, to realise that these amiable murderers had only their labour for their pains. Beale, Kennedy, Payne and Booth were all tools of the central organisation. While it is positively settled that Booth's plan was unknown in Richmond, he was flattered and encouraged by McDonald and the others to become an avenger of the Confederacy; moreover, he had been told that the success of the scheme depended upon him and that he was to be the hero of the moment. One of the Confederate newspapers at the time said: "What could please an actor, and the son of an actor, better than a plot, the aims of which were pseudo-patriotic and the end so astounding that at its coming the whole globe would reel? Booth reasoned that the ancient world would not feel more sensitively the death of Julius Cæsar than the modern world the sudden taking off of Abraham Lincoln."

Booth's heritage fitted him eminently for his crazy work. Born of a father who was evidently unsound, he possessed potentially all the characteristics of a paranoiac. The elder Booth belonged to the dramatic school of the Keans and Kembles, but was excitable, licentious, unbalanced and cruel, and is said to have so identified himself with the characters he played as to commit murderous assaults upon the unfortunate persons with whom he acted, and "cut his adversaries upon the stage in sheer wantonness, or bloodthirstiness." This father in christening the murderer gave him the name of John Wilkes, the English agitator, while another son he called Junius Brutus.

As a boy Wilkes Booth showed many evidences of instability, and was ever subject to moods and fits of melancholy, as well as morbid suspicions and moroseness. He was wayward, something of a vagabond, and at one time ran away from home and joined the pirate oystermen in



JOHN WILKES BOOTH

the Chesapeake Bay. At other times he was winning, gentle, and entirely lovable. He learned with difficulty at school, and was all in all an ignorant and unlettered man, although he filled his pockets with newspaper clippings—sickly, sentimental verses of the style of the early sixties—and recited or read them to his admiring and patient friends.

As a youth he went upon the stage, and there he made at first a dismal failure. Instances of that form of brain weakness which in an advanced degree suggests aphasia, but in the beginning simply consists in transposition of syllables or curious confusion, was shown by him when excited. While playing a small part in Victor Hugo's *Lucretia Borgia* he was to have said, "Madame, I am Petruchio Pandolfo." Instead of enunciating this "line" correctly, he advanced and exclaimed, "Madame, I am Pondolfo—Pet—Pedolfo—Pat—Pantuchio Ped—damn it, what am I?"

Finally he starred, suddenly making fame and money by the vigour and originality of his work. I saw him in *Richard III* and, young as I was, could not help being impressed by his morbid peculiarities, which I later knew to mean that he was the possessor of an unsound mind.

Wilkes Booth was vain and grandiose almost to a diseased degree; although his dastardly crime was arranged by others, there is no doubt that when he leaped upon the stage after shooting the President, with a huge bowie knife in one hand and a smoking pistol in the other, and cried, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*—Virginia is avenged," it was as much the result of extravagant stage-play and a desire for notoriety as anything else. It is somewhat curious in this connection to read the "notice to whom it concerns," left by him with his brother-in-law, John D. Clarke. This production was a rambling and incoherent screed, quite

extravagant and disorderly. In speaking of the American flag he said: "Our once bright red stripes look like *bloody gashes* on the face of heaven." He upbraided those he knew in the South who, he said, were unjust, and remarked that "if he had to return there he would have to become a beggar or private soldier."

Wilkes Booth was personally a striking man, a great deal of a Lothario, and pursued by women wherever he went. Upon one occasion, however, he is reported to have imitated David Garrick by seeking to destroy the illusions of an enamoured girl, vilifying himself and the stage, but this is probably mere gossip.

His preparations for the murder were deliberate, for he first bored a hole in the door of the private box that he might see exactly where Mr. Lincoln sat, and when he forced his way in and hastily took aim, it was to find a vulnerable point. Major Rathbone told me many years after that he was at once impressed by the manifest craziness of the assassin and his excited manner, and the stage carpenter thought he was what is nowadays called "a crank." By the way, this word was first used in the Guiteau case, and was probably a synonym for an *eccentric,* invented by some one whose knowledge of mechanics was, to say the least, confused.

As I remember Booth's appearance he was a handsome, dashing man with a magnificent head and features of the classic mould. One of his biographers spoke of his "Doric face." His nose was Roman and his eyes dark and stern; his curly black hair suggested his half-Jewish origin. His legs, which were slightly bowed, detracted somewhat from his physical attractiveness, but taking him all in all every one admired his so-called "vital beauty."

One of his great friends was John McCullough, whom I saw professionally at the beginning of the awful mental

disease which finally carried him off. McCullough was an honest, hard-working Irishman, who received six dollars a week in Philadelphia, when Booth got eight, and made himself the laughing stock of the galleries by his blunders and general inefficiency, but he afterward succeeded by sheer hard work. He was of the same robust school as Edwin Forrest and played many of his parts. After his death there was much idle and silly gossip about his last illness, and an enterprising phonograph company produced and unfeelingly advertised a record which purported to be the "last ravings of John McCullough."

As an evidence of Booth's difference from his father in the matter of consideration for those with whom he acted, it is related that when fencing with McCullough in the last act of *Richard III*, the cross-pin of the hilt of the sword of the latter flew off and cut him on the forehead. Not changing the venomous and artificial expression of the character, Booth said *sotto voce* in great distress: "Good God, John, did I hurt you?" and after the act was finished was prostrated by fear lest he had injured his old friend. Booth was always a good fencer and prided himself upon his skill.

I distinctly remember the great grief and mortification of Edwin Booth and other members of the family after the assassination. They were the objects of universal sympathy, especially Edwin, and the brother Junius Brutus, who was arrested for alleged complicity but finally released from the Capital Hill gaol.

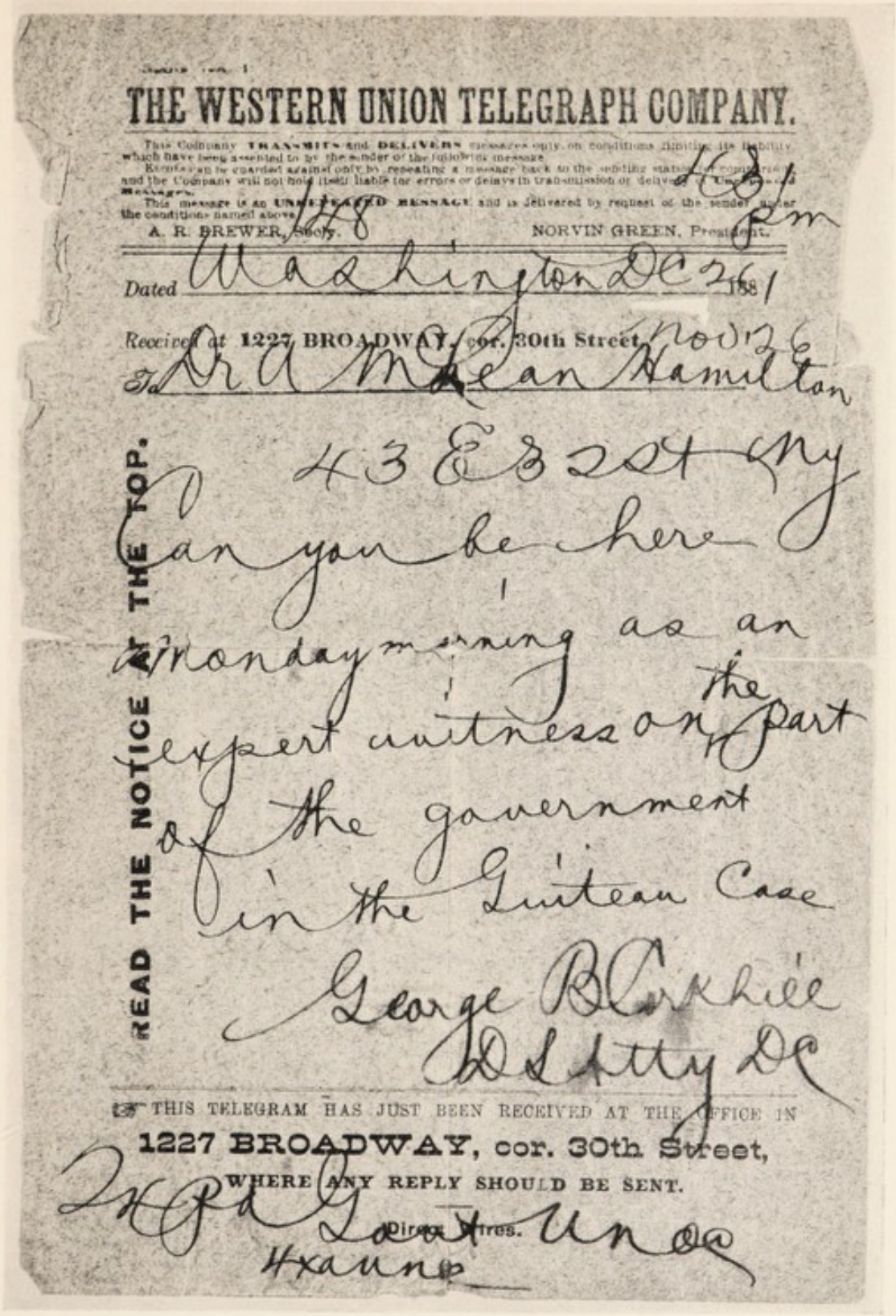
There is little doubt in my mind that Booth was one of those persons now regarded as constitutionally inferior, and that his full responsibility for this crime was doubtful:

The Assassination of Garfield

Early in November, 1881, I received a peremptory telegram to go to Washington to appear for the United States Government in the trial of Charles Julius Guiteau, who in the preceding July had shot President James A. Garfield in the Union Depot at Washington, having planned on several other occasions to "remove" his victim. Every one who recalls the heated campaign of 1880 will remember the political strife which attended the final nomination of a dark horse. General Garfield and Senator James A. Blaine, on one side, were pitted against Senators Roscoe Conkling and Thomas B. Platt and the members of the New York Republican machine on the other. The New York vote undoubtedly elected Garfield, although the "machine" held out a long time for the nomination of General Grant, and there was much bitterness when the demands of those who desired it were denied. The election of 1880 had been an active one. General Winfield Scott Hancock was the Democratic candidate. His brilliant war record and attractive presence appealed at the time to those who had gone wild over Grant—in many ways a better soldier than statesman, and whose popularity had begun to wane when he became more or less of a politician.

Every effort had been made to beat Hancock, and the country had been flooded by campaign orators of all kinds, good and bad; every hack politician, every cart, had been pressed into service. One of the former was Charles Julius Guiteau, an eccentric, good-for-nothing fellow who had originally come from the West, and had subsequently drifted to New England and then to New York.

Guiteau was of a type which is unhappily very common everywhere in this country. Living by his wits, he had been in turn an exhorter, the publisher of a religious news-



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paper, an insurance agent, a disreputable lawyer who kept most or all of the money he collected for his few clients, a member of the Oneida Community, a blackmailer, and always a ne'er-do-well. At the time of the killing of Garfield he was thirty-nine years old, and had about reached the end of his tether. The members of his family were a curious lot—his father being a half-crazy fanatic, who preached the pseudo-scientific doctrines that are so popular among ignorant people. The paternal grandfather claimed intimate relations with the Deity, and believed he could cure disease by the laying on of hands. In fact, the mode of life and pretensions of this man were those of a host of others, including Dr. Quimby and Mrs. Eddy. He was by no means insane. Other members of the murderer's family were, however, really insane persons, or epileptics.

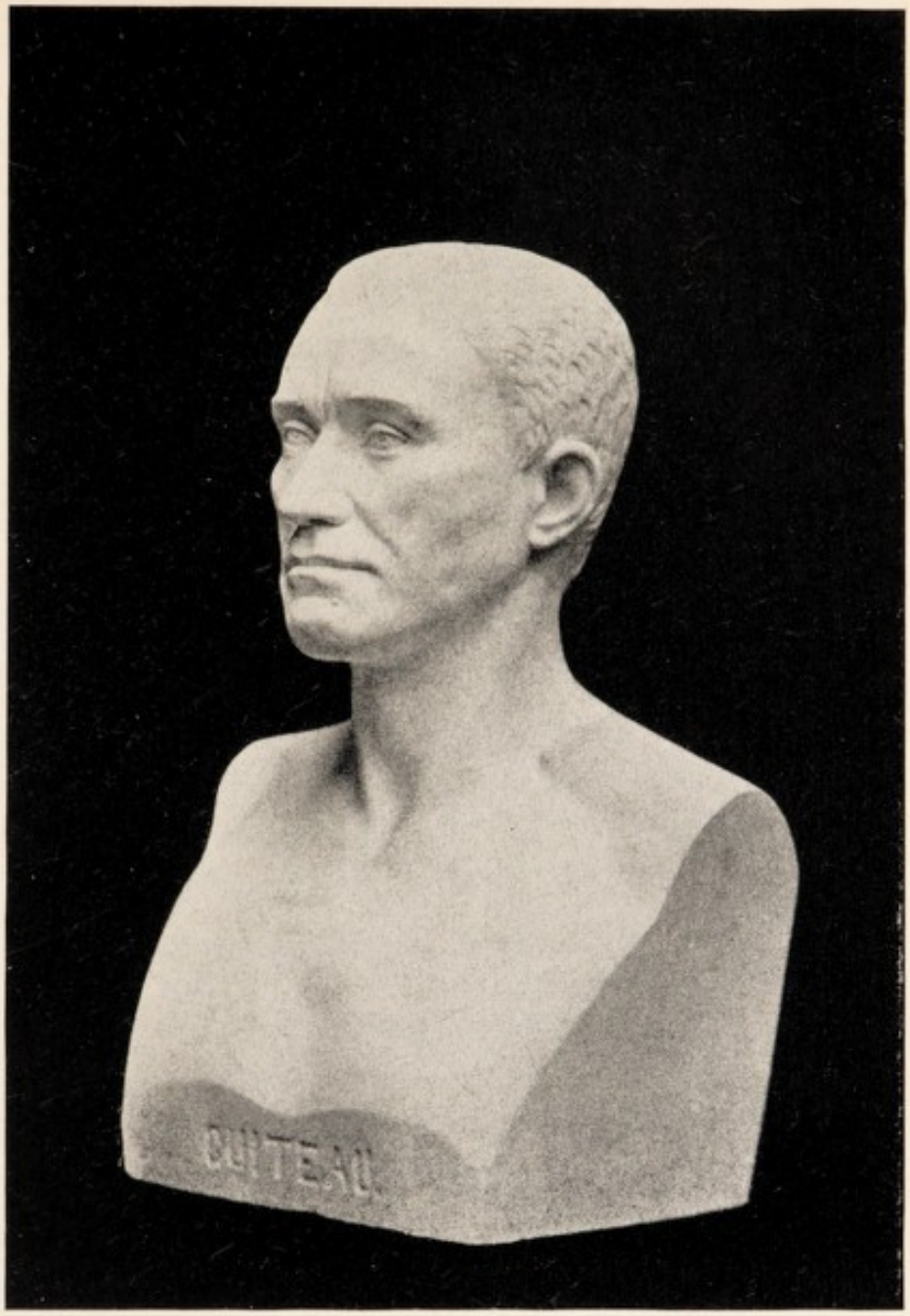
Guiteau's own brother, whose mental soundness before the trial was not questioned by any one, was a competent, honest man, and for many years had been an industrious sub-agent of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York. Much capital, however, was afterwards made of his peculiar religious views, which were quite as extreme as those of the rest of the family, but such as are shared by many other sane individuals.

Notwithstanding Guiteau's bad character and general worthlessness, and all his peculiar actions, the Republican managers employed him to make campaign speeches, and undoubtedly made him promises they did not later fulfil.

Much has been said of the ridiculous claims of Guiteau as to the value of his services as a worker for the Republican cause. It seems to have been the opinion of the late Dr. Folsom of Boston, who believed him at least partly insane, that he only addressed one meeting, that an assembly of negroes. President Arthur, who went on the

stand, testified that Guiteau had addressed several meetings, and delivered a few speeches, and though rendering services that did not entitle him to any great reward or preferment, had evidently done his part. Mr. Blaine told me scarcely a year before he died that he reproached himself with the thought that some of his party had led Guiteau to expect rewards which were impossible, and he himself had temporised to get rid of him. Anyhow, the miserable wretch, who had lived by his wits for years and subsisted chiefly on the remnants of free lunch counters, took the flattering notion to himself that he was to receive an important foreign Consulship, and that Mr. Hooper (then occupying that post in Paris) was to be deposed that he, Guiteau, might be sent to the French capital. After the election he haunted the State Department and wrote voluminous and frequent letters of a boastful and conceited kind to the President, Mr. Blaine and others, calling attention to his claim, but only met with snubs or repulses. Despondent and vengeful, the idea of murder suddenly entered the mind and heart of this miserable wretch. Possibly there were other reasons for his resolutions. While the inhuman suggestion that any one deliberately instigated the murder is not to be entertained for a moment, there is no doubt that ignorant and idle tongues were at work as they always are at such times, and it is more than possible that Guiteau received some hint and took it to heart. When in Washington shortly after the trial I learned of this incident, and have no reason to doubt its truth, for I was told by a person who was present and saw the actions of the desperate assassin:

Two men, prominent in official affairs during the Garfield administration, were conversing in a secluded corner of the Riggs House, which this disappointed politician fairly haunted. They did not talk so low but that a third



CHARLES JULIUS GUITEAU

person who was sitting just behind them could hear every word uttered. That man was Guiteau! In this conversation these two men related the commonly known fact of the enmity existing between Roscoe Conkling and President Garfield, and stated that whoever settled the differences that existed would probably be rewarded beyond his wildest expectations. Guiteau grew more interested, taking the hint literally. The paper he was reading slowly slipped from his hands as he listened vaguely to the words which fell from their lips, and he at that time received his "inspiration." In a South or Central American country his solution of the difficulty would undoubtedly have brought its reward, but he had not to cut the Gordian knot in any such semi-civilised place; his insanity, if any, consisted in the idea that he should murder the head of a great and enlightened nation who was after all loved by the people, no matter how much he was hated by certain politicians.

That others considered the same motive for the crime is shown by the scandalous summing-up of Guiteau's brother-in-law, who horrified the court room by saying that "if there were not powerful reasons back of the prosecution, the prisoner would never have been brought to trial. . . . There are politicians who seek to hide their own shame behind the disgrace of this poor prisoner. . . . I do not propose to keep quiet. I say that such men as Grant and Conkling and Arthur are morally and intellectually responsible for this crime. Mr. Conkling shall not escape, shall not shirk responsibility for the state of things that led to this act."

With some such false incentive Guiteau prepared himself for what he conceived to be the rupture of the political deadlock. He bought a cheap revolver and cartridges in O'Meara's store on the corner of Fifteenth and

F Streets for ten dollars. His next step was to practise at a mark, which he did at the foot of Seventeenth Street, where he fired for hours at a stake.

On Sunday, June 12th, 1881, he armed himself and trailed his victim; but in spite of the "divine inspiration" (a term he afterward invented) he was a coward, and it took a great deal to nerve himself to the point of assault. In his autobiography he says: "I could not make up my mind," or "I had to work myself up," or "I did not feel like it that day." Again when he saw Mr. Garfield at church or in public upon two or three other occasions he desisted because "there were others around him." Even before he actually killed the President he had hired a carriage to take him to the gaol so that he might escape the vengeance of the crowd.

When the time came, the assassin coolly got his "papers," including a "letter of explanation," from the newsstand where he had deposited them; putting them in his pocket, and with the pistol which had heretofore been kept in a dry place, he advanced in the crowd and shot the lamented Garfield in the back, two shots being fired. The subsequent treatment of the wounded Chief-Executive, and his death, need not be here gone into.

During Guiteau's incarceration he was attacked by two would-be avengers. On one occasion Sergeant Mason, an erratic individual, fired a rifle ball into his cell, narrowly missing him; at another, a man named William Jones rode behind the prison van and attempted to shoot the miserable wretch within, on his way from the Court to the prison. Upon many occasions the public temper was heated almost to the point of explosion, and Guiteau begged for protection. He was nearly mobbed when one of the vertebræ of the dead President was shown on the

witness stand by Dr. Bliss, who had attended Mr. Garfield before his death.

To any one who saw him as I did, day after day and week after week, none would be affected with anything but disgust and pity for so low a specimen of mankind. Like a caged rat he fought and snarled, or cringed with fear. Again, for the evident purpose of impressing some juryman with his "insanity," he gesticulated and shouted and said things that no real madman would. Of course, his ordinary bearing and mode of speech were silly and vulgar enough, but he had undoubtedly always "acted" in this way.

Never before or since has there been such a trial in this country, and the disorder at times must have resembled that of any Revolutionary gatherings in Paris of 1793. The audience consisted of noisy patriots, negroes, fashionable women, actresses playing at the time in Washington, the demi-mondaine, politicians, soldiers and the riffraff of Washington. It is no wonder that angry protests from writers in the Boston papers or elsewhere appeared from day to day. The late Judge Cox, who tried the case, always acted with the greatest discretion and courage, although abused by the newspapers for allowing Guiteau constantly to interrupt the proceedings. The Court was spoken of as "Cox's Circus," the trial as "The Disgrace of Cox," etc. He was, however, eminently fair, and probably was actuated by a desire to give the prisoner every opportunity to prove his condition. Finally the judge ordered him to the dock, but this did not stop the disorderly interruptions. The Vice-President, while placed in a most delicate position, also showed great tact when on the witness stand. I met him socially almost every day, and never have I seen a man who so keenly felt the peculiarity of his position—a stalwart of stalwarts was

the successor of Garfield, but he earnestly showed his respect for the memory of the dead President, no matter what had been his attitude before the murder.

The trial lasted seventy-two days, and I spent three weeks in the foul court room, breathing the worst of bad air emanating from the diseased lungs of scores of dirty negroes and the unwashed bodies of filthy loungers whose damp clothes fairly reeked with all sorts of stinks. The windows were usually closed, and the place was heated to an insufferable degree.

Many good men contracted disease, and the trial had to be halted because of the illness of a juryman and again by the illness of the wife of another. Not a few died subsequently. Though Guiteau cursed us all, it was not his anathemas that did the work, but the mephitic air. In this connection, however, superstitious persons have commented upon the untimely deaths of an unusual number of participants, including Judge Cox, the lawyers of the prosecution—District Attorney Corkhill, Judge Porter and Mr. Davidge, several of the jurors and some of the prominent experts. My dear friend, Dr. A. E. MacDonald, died of tuberculosis, evidently contracted at this time. When he was sentenced, Guiteau said: "My blood will be on the heads of the jury, don't forget it"; and later, "God will avenge this outrage."

When I reached Washington one damp, snowy day in November, I found a cohort of alienists, headed by the veteran Dr. John P. Gray of Utica. I had been retained by Judge Porter, and later, with Drs. Gray, A. E. MacDonald and Walter Kempster, formed what a sharp-tongued expert for the defence called "the bad four"—a reward, I suppose, for the offence we gave Guiteau and his counsel, Scoville, who was his brother-in-law, by our rather positive testimony.

Scoville was a type of the abusive provincial lawyer, but was much in earnest, and despite his constant violation of the ethics of his profession and exhibitions of bad taste, fought valiantly for his unfortunate relative, who gave him a great deal of trouble. Like all men more or less ignorant of psychiatry, he confidently asked questions of opposing experts that got him into trouble. For instance, when Dr. MacDonald was on the stand he was asked by Scoville if he had not met with a case of temporary insanity in his experience. (Dr. MacDonald having previously ridiculed this form of trouble.)

"Yes, sir," replied the expert, "I know the case of a man who was insane for twenty-four hours."

Scoville leaned forward exultingly, and eagerly said, "and recovered——"

"No, sir; he died," replied the urbane MacDonald, who loved his joke and was ever noted for repartee.

Judge John K. Porter, a lawyer of wide experience in both criminal and civil law in New York, appeared for the Government and with him was associated W. W. Davidge, Esq., the leader of the Washington bar. Mr. Davidge was a polished Southern gentleman, always suave, but delightfully sarcastic and incisive, and a splendid cross-examiner, resembling in some respects John E. Parsons, the latter the most clean-cut and logical lawyer I have ever known. I shall never forget Davidge's treatment of a rather bumptious young doctor from a Western city, who appeared for the defence.

The questions propounded by Scoville rather gave the impression that the prevalence of insanity is the rule, and is well recognised, and all this was apropos of Guiteau's family history. In his blandest tone Mr. Davidge began his cross-examination as follows:

"Doctor," said he, "we are all more or less insane, are we not?"

Witness—(with his eyes for a moment fixed on the ceiling and with a personal mental reservation)—"Well,—not every one," and he smiled with an air of superior self-satisfaction.

Mr. Davidge—"Well, Doctor, what proportion would *you* fix?"

Witness—(learnedly)—"Well, I would say"—(hesitating, as the decision was evidently a momentous one)—"about two in every five are insane."

Mr. Davidge paused, looked pained, and, turning slowly to the jury box, said compassionately, as he scanned the twelve "good men and true": "Gentlemen—I am very, *very* sorry for you." This was one of the amusing incidents of a dreary trial.

I had several occasions to see Guiteau in gaol, when he talked quietly and sensibly and took me to task for asking him "improper questions" about a subject *sub judice*. In court his whole conduct was different; he felt that his only successful defence was one of insanity, so that he gave way to conduct that he thought would "shake" at least enough jurymen to get a disagreement. Like a notorious politician of recent years he was fond of declaring that the "American press and people are all with me!"

A few physicians who were present at the trial were by no means sure that he was responsible, and one man obstinately held out for the insanity defence, having the courage of his convictions. Guiteau never once referred in his talks with me to his "divine inspiration" that he had to "remove the President," and never used extravagant hyperbole. A true paranoiac would, under the circumstances, have held to his delusions with energy and insistence in court as well as without.

After the trial was over an attempt was made to get an appeal. One Frederick H. Snyder made an affidavit that he had found a copy of the *Washington Evening Critic,* on the margin of which was written the names of several of the jurymen. The paper was the issue of the day when William Jones attempted the assassination of Guiteau. The inference was that the jury had read the newspaper contrary to the statute, but the jurymen made a counter affidavit, and the prisoner was sentenced a few days later.

After Guiteau's death on June 30th, 1882, which was dramatic, as he still harangued the spectators even from the scaffold, his body was taken for dissection. There was some delay, and the weather was as hot as it can only be in Washington in summer. The brain, therefore, was found to have undergone the post-mortem softening that might have been expected. Pieces were taken by various physicians, and I made a careful examination, but with negative results. Other specimens were taken by Dr. Lamb of the Surgeon General's Office, who had made the autopsy on the body of President Garfield, and by Dr. Shakspere, a distinguished pathologist of Philadelphia; one neurologist who was present at the autopsy, and who examined it declared the brain of the assassin to be affected. I believe that the appearances he found were undoubtedly due to carelessness in handling, and to the hot weather, in which conclusion the others agreed.

Even to-day there is much dispute over Guiteau's mental condition and make-up. At the time, I said: "Guiteau is only a shrewd scamp, with the plausibility of an Alfred Jingle in swindling his boarding-house keepers, and evading the payment of his debts; the visionary enthusiasm of Micawber or Colonel Sellers; the cant and hypocrisy of Aminadab Sleek, or Uriah Heep; the ambition of Eras-

tratus, and the murderous manners of Felton, who assassinated the Duke of Buckingham, of whose crime the killing of Garfield was an exact counterpart." Like one of the murderers in *Macbeth,* he might have said:

> "And I another so weary
> With disasters, tugged with fortune,
> That I would set my life on any chance
> To mend it, or be rid on't."

The Assassination of President McKinley

On September 6th, 1901, during the Pan-American World's Fair at Buffalo, New York, the whole nation was again shocked by the news of the assassination of President William McKinley by a Polish wire worker, named Leon Czolgosz. This person advanced in a queue of people who awaited their turn to shake hands with the President in a building known as the Temple of Music. No one had observed the tall, smooth-faced young man who, when his turn came, hastily aimed a pistol and fired two shots into the body of the unsuspecting man, whose hand was already extended to grasp his. To further his purpose Czolgosz had twisted his handkerchief about the weapon, thus concealing it so that no one had seen what happened until the shots were fired and the President fell. Immediately there was an inconceivable scene; the fanatical murderer was thrown to the floor, beaten and stamped upon, and when rescued with great difficulty and taken to the gaol, his body was covered with cuts, and his clothing torn in shreds. The same unreasoning vindictiveness and violence that has been shown on many other occasions possessed the onlookers, although the conduct of the man at the time clearly betrayed his madness. This desire for summary punishment extended throughout the country,





LEON F. CZOLGOSZ BEFORE AND AFTER THE MURDER
Upper picture before and lower pictures after the murder, showing facial changes

while the press in particular was more vengeful than at the time of the Guiteau murder.

There was much hysterical agitation, and numerous plans were suggested by the usual class of letter writers, some being more absurd than others for the suppression of anarchy. One New Jersey judge, I am told, publicly advocated the execution of all anarchists by a red-hot circular saw.

The Hon. Abram S. Hewitt kept his head and advised moderation, and when addressing the New York Chamber of Commerce, said: "I do not know what further legislation may accomplish, but I should expect very little from it—from a more earnest public opinion, from a sounder public judgment, I should expect more."

Undoubtedly the crime was precipitated by the outrageous attacks printed in one of the sensational and irresponsible journals of the time. This paper had for weeks been abusing McKinley, and accusing him of working in the interests of the trusts. In one issue it said: "McKinley's fat white hand has tossed to the starving American peasant the answer out of the White House window, 'A trust can do no wrong,' " and again, " 'Has assassination ever changed the World's history?' We invite our readers to think over this question." A despatch from Washington to the same paper, dated February 4th, said: "The bullet that pierced Goebel's chest cannot be found in all the West; good reason. It is speeding to stretch McKinley on his bier."

The *New York Sun* said editorially in commenting upon the above: "The utter perversion of the thing known as yellow journalism was never shown more conclusively or offensively than in this hypocritical pretence to exalted motives in connection with other ends as a cloaked complicity in a crime that has shocked the entire country."

In this same newspaper were vulgar and inflammatory caricatures of the crudest kind in which the "artist" Davenport not only grossly insulted the Chief Magistrate, but Senator Mark Hanna and various other public characters, who were alleged to be acting "against the public interests." It is not surprising, as in the Gallagher and other cases, that just such incendiary suggestions proved all that was necessary to prompt a murderous assault by an insane or drunken subject. As a rule these assassins belong to the class of hereditary degenerates with a mystical temperament so aptly described by the French alienist, Régis, who at times are misled by a political or religious delirium, believing themselves to be agents of justice, and martyrs, and who make their killing as the result of irresistible obsessions. There is always a nobler mission, and they may have visions or see apparitions. There is commonly a consistency in their conduct which was found in that of Czolgosz alias Neumann, but not in Guiteau, who clearly invented the "inspiration" which he said directed him to kill Garfield.

When Czolgosz was arrested he manifested the bearing of a hero who had performed an inspiring act, but this speedily disappeared when he was taken to the gaol and the familiar third degree was energetically applied to make him confess who were his possible accomplices. From what I could learn at the time he suffered unusual torture, the result being what is so often the case—the production of a mild dementia which followed the shock. According to the sagacious police and newspaper reports of the day "the prisoner's display of nerve is a mere veneer of bravado and it is confidently predicted that he will collapse when the sentence of death is passed upon him." This he did, but before he entered the court, and not in the manner predicted by these wise prophets. At no time was he

free from his delusions, but all his exaltation was crushed out by the brutal hand of the authorities.

I was sent for by Ainsley Wilcox, the distinguished Buffalo lawyer at whose house the President finally died, and at the request of the District Attorney went to Buffalo on Sunday afternoon, May 3rd, 1902. On arriving, I found that the three people's experts, and the two physicians retained by the Erie County Bar Association had made up their minds that the prisoner was *sane*. It seems that they were a long time reaching a conclusion, and had made their report only an hour before they heard I was coming to Buffalo. A secret meeting, to which I was not invited, was held that night by the experts with the attorneys of *both* sides, and it was decided to go on with the trial. It really would appear as if every one had surrendered to the popular clamour for the life of Czolgosz, who was practically friendless and deserted. I was then told that no further examination was necessary, after I had been informed the night before that I was to see the prisoner at nine o'clock on Monday morning. I was, however, permitted to attend the trial, which I did. This was on September 23rd, 1901. I really do not think in all my experience that I have ever seen such a travesty of justice, nor have I heard of such a tribunal except in the clever *Grand Guignol* little horror of *Les Trois Messieurs du Havre.*

The prisoner was brought into court accompanied by one of his brothers. He was a tall young man with good features, but bore the effects of his ill-usage for a red scar ran across his face. His was a prepossessing personality, and there was none of the repulsive cunning or ugliness of Guiteau. He was clearly demented, though, and seemed to take little or no interest in the proceedings. When made to stand up, he evidently did not understand the na-

ture of the indictment, which was read twice, and he had to be asked twice to plead. Finally, when his coat-tail was pulled by his brother and the hint given, he said, in a low voice: "Guilty." This, however, was not received by the judge, who forced him to plead "not guilty" and the latter plea was entered on the record.

That this should be done, unless the learned Judge White himself had doubts of the prisoner's sanity, is inconceivable. Then this trial went on. The two superannuated and apparently self-satisfied ex-judges assigned for the defence apologised freely and humbly for *their appearance in behalf of this wretched man,* referred to "the dastardly murder of our martyred President," and really made nothing more than a formal perfunctory effort, if it could be called such. Long and fulsome perorations were indulged in by these remiss members of a great and dignified profession, and others who praised the dead President, and flattered each other, the District Attorney, the Presiding Judge, the Medical Faculty of Buffalo, and every one else they could think of.*

The doctors and surgeons, one after the other, were called to tell what they had individually and collectively done for President McKinley, and after a great deal more of this sort of testimony the poor madman was sentenced to death. All through the trial he had appeared absolutely silent and indifferent, and in fact said little before his execution except to reiterate his insane claim that in killing McKinley he had acted only in the interests of the poor man and for the public good. Some of this was the reflex of the yellow journal—some the fruit of the

* According to a Buffalo daily newspaper, "Judge Lewis' summing up for the prisoner consisted mainly in an apology for appearing as counsel for the defendant and a touching eulogy of his distinguished victim."

months of insane brooding. The two illustrations here presented show his insane facies (Figs. 56 and 57) before and after the murder.

Had I been allowed, and had the trial not been hurried on with such indecent haste, I would have made the same examination subsequently undertaken by Dr. Walter Channing, the learned psychiatrist of Brookline, Mass., who after the execution established without doubt the family degeneracy and the prisoner's mental disease, but the newspapers were impatient and something had to be done, and at once, to appease the vengeful and restless public. The case was tried and a verdict of "guilty" was rendered within a period of two court days, with sessions from 10-12 in the forenoon and 2-4 in the afternoon, the time actually occupied being eight and one-half hours. Much congratulation was afterward indulged in upon this "record."

Czolgosz had really no anarchistic society behind him, and though Emma Goldman's name was mentioned, it appears that the assassin had only heard one of her lectures, and this one was most harmless, temperate and sensible. He had tried to affiliate himself with an anarchistic society in Cleveland, but had been kept at arm's length by its head, one Schilling, and others whom he had impressed months before by his crazy conduct. The newspaper organ called *The Free Society* even advertised him as a spy because of his erratic behaviour.

The assassin was really a defective who had long been drifting to paranoia, and whose actual delusions of persecution and grandeur found soil in which to grow. As early as the spring of 1901 his family said he had "gone to pieces"; he neglected his trade, and became a vagabond. He had delusions that he was being poisoned, for he bought and cooked his own food, and would not let even his mother prepare his meals. He talked a great deal about anarchy

and murder, and eagerly read the accounts of the assassination of King Humbert; he likewise had religious and "exalted" delusions. His ordinary conduct before the commission of the crime had been orderly and gentle; he was fond of children and simple things, and a week before his act had played with the little daughters of the people with whom he stayed. He was not notably vainglorious, and in the performance of the deed must have known that he was to surely sacrifice his life, and would probably be torn to pieces by the angry populace. He was undoubtedly of weak nature and absorbed the doctrines of anarchism in the same manner that certain morbid adolescents undergo a religious change which leads to a familiar kind of breaking down. Unlike the ordinary anarchist, who when he kills takes means to save his neck and escape, this boy carried his fanatical recklessness to the extreme danger point with complete indifference to his fate.

In the electric chair his last words, I learn, were an expression of his delusions which he consistently held to the last, and he died believing himself to be a martyr. The post-mortem examination showed nothing, but the young medical man who made it admitted very properly and fairly that "no indications of insanity can be found in many individuals who have been for a long period mentally disturbed."

The Attack Upon Mayor Gaynor

When Mayor Gaynor entered upon his duties he almost immediately incurred the enmity of a newspaper given to violent language and unsparing attack. Undoubtedly some of this was due to a well-understood political quarrel incident to the campaign, and some arose from his own

disposition to speak his mind openly and fearlessly upon any occasion.

At this juncture a discharged night-watchman, named James J. Gallagher, who had for some years been in the city employ, who had been repeatedly discharged for neglect of duty of the most flagrant nature, and who had been reinstated time and time again by the "machine," committed a fresh offence which could not be forgiven. He was a notorious letter-writer and mischief maker, and had not only ventured to advise the late President Cleveland, but Theodore Roosevelt as to the conduct of their campaign, and the administration of their public offices. If ever a man had the *cacoathes scribendi,* it was Gallagher, and after he had been tried and dismissed he appealed to Mayor Gaynor in violent and ill-judged letters; the Mayor, while showing all kindness, refused to interfere. It was then that the man read an incendiary clipping which was a veiled attack upon the Mayor himself. This was found upon Gallagher's person after his arrest.

After making all necessary preparations, he bought a pistol and cartridges with the proceeds of jewelry he had pawned, and went to the steamship pier at Hoboken, where he lay in wait for the invalid who was on his way abroad.

The assault is too recent to need further notice, except it may be said that Commissioner Edwards, who saved the life of his chief, received a wound in his arm. When I subsequently examined Gallagher he was perfectly aware of what he had done—had a healthy sense and power of choice between right and wrong, and, in substance, admitted his responsibility and motive. I later investigated his career and found that for years he had been a dissolute pot-house politician, very much of the stamp of Bieral, who shot Mr. Beattie of the Custom House some years

before, in which case I appeared for the Government. He had a mysterious "pull," and upon one occasion a relative who was a Jesuit priest had interceded for him, and had him restored to duty. His career for a long time was a chequered one. In 1896 he got into trouble by writing abusive letters to his superiors. On January 21st, 1901, he was arrested for indecent exposure and sentenced for three months. Some time before he had assaulted and tried to kill his mistress—in fact, for years he had been a bad character and often drunk.

When another alienist and myself examined Gallagher we found him to be suffering from advanced *locomotor ataxia,* which a doctor in a neighbouring state quite erroneously, I believe, diagnosed as general paralysis because an examination of the fluid of the spinal canal contained certain cells. These, however, are common in all forms of syphilitic disease invading the spine as well as the brain. There never was a case where "hot house science" so clouded the real issue, but the jury was not deceived, for it brought in a verdict of guilty, and Gallagher was sent to Trenton for twelve years. Trenton is the same New Jersey city which contains the State Insane Asylum presided over by the same insistent expert who declared the guilty man a paretic.

I am very sure he was not insane at the time of our examination, although this was the contention. He was a cunning rogue, who lied, and his only physical evidences of decay were due to his years of immorality.

CHAPTER XXII

THE DANGEROUS INSANE

Risks Run by Physicians—A Struggle On the House-tops—An Attack Upon Dr. MacDonald—A Paranoiac Dentist—Lillian Russell's Persecutor—I Expect a Visit from a Homicidal Patient—Suicidal Patients—Responsibility of Nurses—A Peculiar Diet—The Human Ostrich—Self-Mutilation—A Dangerous Doctor—The Liberation of Dangerous Insane from the Asylums.

Association with the insane is not always free from danger, although, contrary to the popular idea, there is very little risk for the physician in whose charge they may be, except perhaps in criminal asylums. The real danger exists, outside of hospitals, in communities in whose midst are every day to be found a surprisingly large number of potential criminals who are only waiting for an occasion to do violence.

I can well remember in my early days an instance of the danger of trying to commit a cunning and dangerous paranoiac who had been at large for some time, having been prematurely discharged. Old Dr. C——, one of the most prominent American psychiatrists in his day, who died a few years ago, asked me to meet him at a certain house in the ninth ward to see and possibly commit a man who had terrorized his family for some days. The house was one of the small red brick kind with a steep gabled roof which is nowadays very rarely found, but which was then common enough. As I neared Sixth Avenue I found

a crowd of several hundred excited people all looking intently at something going on above their heads on the other side of the street. It was our lunatic. With his arms about the chimney clung my elderly professional friend, crying loudly for help, while his bald head, divested of the wig he always wore, shone in the bright sunlight. Grasping his legs was the insane man, who did his best to carry the doctor with him down into the street—but the old gentleman held bravely on until a policeman and I got through the scuttle and took charge of matters. The doctor's dilemma was the end of a mad chase through the house, participated in by the family and servants, and when we found him he was in a state vastly different from the very great neatness for which he was always noted, most of his clothes being gone; he was, indeed, a fit subject for a barrel.

The late Dr. William A. Hammond was once called to see an athletic stock broker who had become insane, and as a result demolished practically all the chinaware in the boarding house where he lived, besides severely punishing a kind young clergyman who had sought to reason with and deter him. With great difficulty he was quieted, and when I took him from the police station to a small sanitarium at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson he was under the influence of one or more hypodermic injections of morphine. When we reached the old Hudson River railroad station at Thirtieth Street and Ninth Avenue and occupied the forward compartment in the Wagner palace parlour car, he seemed to show some slight return of his earlier exhilaration, became suspicious, and ordered the detective who accompanied us to go to the back part of the car; which, I am sorry to say, he was too ready to do, for I never saw him again. I bought my charge an evening newspaper, which he read upside down; and he persisted in

keeping the front door of the car open. Later he grew more restless, talking in a jovial, excited way, seeming to like me more than the others. Presently, without a word of warning, he leaned over, took me by the arm, and said, "Come! let's get off!" As we were quite alone and the train was going forty miles an hour, the prospect was really not a pleasant one; and as my companion was a burly man of at least six feet two inches tall, and an amateur wrestler as well, I had to act quickly. When I first met the patient I had noticed his dandyism in dress, and his constant reference to the mirror for the adjustment of his cravat. This struck me as queer in a man who was so incoherent and preoccupied in other ways, and it all came back now in an instant. My immediate reply was as indifferent as I could make it—"I wouldn't do that if I were you; if you *do* jump and land in the cinder heaps you will only tear your clothes and cover them with blood and dirt," which seemed to convince him, for he took his seat and finally became more tractable. But it can not be said that the remainder of the trip was one of enjoyment.

Only a short time ago I found reference to an English case of a man who, being cornered with a razor, told his nurse that he intended to cut his throat. She, too, unwilling to engage in a personal struggle, remonstrated on the ground that it would "make the room dirty" and begged him to cut his throat—if cut his throat he would—"over a basin." To this he at once assented, but when the basin was brought he had not the power to do it. *The impulse had disappeared.*

The most dangerous lunatics, of course, are the homicidal paranoiacs who are often cunning to a degree, and perfect with infinite labour their preparations for any crazy scheme they may have in view. Dr. A. E. MacDon-

ald, when Superintendent of the New York City Asylum on Ward's Island, had a convalescent patient—an excellent man servant, who was so well behaved and apparently so attached to his interests that he determined to allow him to wait upon him in his office. One day the doctor happened to glance at a mirror at the other end of the room and saw the man acting rather queerly, and holding something in his hand which looked like a weapon. MacDonald quickly disarmed him and found that it was a piece of bone with a hole in which was inserted a nail sharpened to a point upon a stone, with which he would have killed him. In spite of all his quiet ways and apparent self-restraint the man all the time harboured the delusion that the Superintendent was actually engaged in trying to kill *him* by electricity.

The paranoiac may, for a very long time, and even though he believes himself the object of a conspiracy, have intelligence to respect and observe the laws and not retaliate upon his wholly imaginary enemies. Sometimes this is owing to natural cowardice, or again he makes frequent appeals to the police or authorities before he reluctantly takes the law into his own hands.

I was once consulted by a dentist—not that he admitted he was at all mentally wrong, but he came to me because he wished to know how he might punish those who made life so miserable for him. He had quarrelled with his wife and accused her and a business rival of forcing the vapour of chloroform and "other noxious gases" through the keyhole of his office. A short time later he complained to a policeman in the park that a man who sat upon an adjoining bench was seeking to hypnotise him and give him chlorine gas, and the latter was arrested, but at once discharged by the police magistrate. Although he had picturesque hallucinations and delusions of this kind which

he at times expressed, he did good work in his calling and showed nothing else in his manner or speech to indicate that he was insane. He was too weak an individual to kill his enemies, but soon began to talk of committing suicide to escape them. A year after the event in the park I went abroad, and when crossing in the night boat from Calais to Dover what was my surprise to be approached by my friend the dentist, who in a mysterious way took me one side and told me he had left New York to escape "them" but that "they" were everywhere. He talked of suicide, and I watched him all night and when I landed I cabled to his friends, who had never realised the danger. According to his story, he had had a mad chase all over Europe adopting disguises but could not find relief or hide himself.

Many asylum officials have been assaulted or killed, and the medical officers of Matteawan or Dannemora, mixing as they do with the criminal insane, are in constant danger. Dr. Lamb was nearly killed a few years ago, and Dr. Lloyd of the Long Island Hospital was assassinated by a paranoiac named Prendergast who had before his commitment been arrested for writing erotic letters to the singer Lillian Russell and others. Dr. John P. Gray, the well-known head of the Utica Asylum, was attacked by a lunatic with an imaginary grievance, and his death was undoubtedly due to the original wounds. One of the saddest American cases was the assassination of Dr. Brigham, of Canandaigua, many years ago.

No one who goes much into court, or ever commits the insane to institutions, can help incurring their displeasure and revenge. In the year 1878 I saw a Dr. G——, who lived in a Western city, and who there got into trouble with the authorities. The doctor as the result of hard study lost his wits and developed a paranoia with erotic,

religious and querulent delusions. He was the founder of a new religion called the "Order of the Starred Cross," and did a number of eccentric things which brought him into collision with the police and his landlord. The result was his arrest for firing a pistol at the latter, who would not sign his lease until threatened with death. G—— was bailed out by a Hebrew friend, and subsequently expanded his religion sufficiently to admit this race to favour. In his curious way he wrote to me:

"Now you will notice the contrast of treatment I have received from Jews and Christians—an equal stranger to both. I tried Christianity under the old cross, and found but half a Christ and lost salvation. I do not relinquish Christianity but in keeping it insist on changes, and don't want Salvation without the Jews. When I left home I promised to the Jews, through my friend, Dr. R——, my body, soul and powers. I shall do what I can to my purpose and whether the Jews accept my offer or not remains to be seen. If so, I shall unite the Jews with Christianity in flesh and blood under the new cross. As I told you, our name is Christians of the Starred Cross."

He was brought to New York and committed by me to an institution at Flushing, N. Y., and of course began at once to harbour the most bitter resentment. This did not trouble me so long as he was confined, but one day he escaped, and in the afternoon I received this laconic telegram from the Superintendent, Dr. Barstow: "G—— has escaped and has taken his razor. He is on his way to your office." I suppose his new-found freedom diverted his thoughts of vengeance, for he proceeded at once to his Western home, and I never heard of him again.

Threatening letters received by experts from the furtive or violent insane are usually quite numerous during any murder trial, and are not equalled by those of the so-

called "Black Hand" in ingenuity or mendacity. They are all anonymous, often made up of individual characters cut out of advertisements, and sometimes are illustrated. One lunatic in Virginia deluges me with vituperative telegrams whenever he sees my name in the newspapers.

Deranged persons who are dangerous to themselves as well as others are not always the noisy ones. Sometimes they are in most ways so self-possessed and intelligent as to deceive those about them, and as a rule no steps are taken for their detention. This is particularly true of the suicidal examples, especially those who belong to families noted for a continuous history of *felo de se.* In one of these families three persons killed themselves in one generation; four in the second, and three others were confined in asylums; while in the third generation, which was a large one, at least six persons have made away with themselves and other members are now inmates of asylums or are weak-minded. The stock bids fair to run out, it is to be hoped. Most of those I have known were charming people of good social position and culture.

Some years ago I met a lady who was in every way delightful, and beyond a slight melancholy there was nothing apparently wrong; yet the day before I saw her she had tried to poison herself with chloral, but fortunately was stopped in time. In response to my inquiries as to the motive, if any, that existed, she replied that she had no reason to do away with herself, no sorrow, losses, disappointments or bodily illness—only when the causeless impulse came she could not resist it. There was nothing to be suggested except commitment, and to this she agreed; yet many would have considered her incarceration an injustice, and to send so perfectly sane a person to a sanitarium appeared cruel. The next day she threw herself from her window, being killed instantly, the inception

of the suicidal idea being so rapid that though she had two trained nurses no one could get to her in time to save her.

The necessity for alertness upon the part of the insane nurse can hardly be exaggerated, for the cunning of the would-be suicide and his or her capacity for inventing or finding a means of self-destruction is sometimes incredible. A patient has been known to strangle himself under the bedclothes when the nurse has been sitting beside him utterly unaware of what was happening, yet it is the experience of all competent alienists that the subject is always far more safe in an institution than at home when there is any such danger.

The queer freaks of the insane who for no evident purpose swallow glass, nails, needles, hair and other substances are well known to most of us—and though these things are usually done without any idea of suicide, yet the consequences are, to say the least, dangerous. Some years ago I saw a woman named Helen Miller, who committed thefts at doctors' offices, was arrested and sent to the Asylum for Insane Criminals at Auburn, and afterwards turned up at the Insane Asylum at Blackwell's Island. Though feigning a general disease, she was the subject of hysteria and indulged in a system of self-mutilation. At various times she thrust pieces of glass, splinters and other things into various parts of her body. Her attending physician removed no less than ninety-four pieces of glass, thirty-four splinters of wood, two tacks, four shoe nails, one pin and one needle at different times. While not then legally insane, I believe her to have been deranged. In one of my cases, when death had resulted from the ingestion of the extraordinary diet, there were removed from the stomach nails, pieces of glass, door keys, collar buttons, safety pins, small pebbles and a variety of other

strange things. Other patients have been known to drive large needles into their bodies. To this class of cases belong those who under religious or other delusions mutilate themselves.

About twenty years ago I was called to see a patient in the country who was a bigoted and narrow-minded man belonging to a psychopathic family. He had deliberately placed his left hand upon the chopping block back of his house and with one blow of a keen axe nearly amputated it. Subsequently he almost bled to death, and would have done so were it not for the arrival of his sane and resourceful wife, who had sufficient presence of mind to apply an emergency tourniquet. When asked why he had done this thing he replied that he had been tortured by the fear that he had defrauded his children and stolen their securities, and that as the scripture said, "If thy hand offends thee, cut it off," he had done so. Many of these cases have fallen under my observation from time to time, among them that of an ascetic clergyman who, suffering from the realisation of early immoralities committed when very young, inflicted upon himself a terrible mutilation as the result of an obsession, which left him in a condition akin to that found so extensively among the male retainers of the late Dowager Empress of China by the medical missionaries who were professionally summoned to the Forbidden Palace at Pekin.

The subtle horror of the following case illustrates another form of peril through the unhinging of the mind of a medical man. The sudden impulse that causes an insane engineer to wreck a train, or a barber to cut the throat of the man he is shaving are not impossibilities, for they have both occurred; but it is strange indeed to find a distinguished surgeon imperilling the safety of others through his mad ideas. Dr. H—— was always an

eccentric man—an inventor, who was quarrelsome and resented the criticism of his fellow physicians. He read strange papers before the medical societies, and exploited impossible and crazy operations which were the fruit of his deranged brain. He was a powerful and masterful man and his violent temper was often shown in physical assaults. Finally his pitiable mental condition became apparent, and his wife, who had left her house, returned to see if she could not protect and manage him. There was an emotional reconciliation, and she apparently had no reason to regret her home-coming. Next to the office was a new operating room, and Mrs. H. was induced to go in for the purpose of being shown a new table. No sooner had she entered than the doctor-husband shut and locked the doors and announced that he proposed to operate upon her then and there. She was a perfectly sound woman and did not need his help. In vain did she protest, but his insane sophistry and the incoherent medical lecture in which he indulged opened her eyes to the horrible prospect of the use of the knife by a madman. Apparently assenting, and temporising until he could get a friend to give the anesthetic, she telephoned for her brother, who with assistance took charge of the furious subject; but the latter, armed with a keen knife, kept them at bay until he was finally overpowered.

The improper liberation of dangerous insane people as the result of habeas corpus proceedings is constantly going on, the action being usually brought by some meddlesome individual or society who know nothing about the real facts. Before an ordinary jury the cunning subject makes so good a showing that he is turned loose. I have the notes of many such cases. In an adjoining county within a comparatively short time four or five people were discharged, one after the other. Almost immediately the

newspapers were filled with the subsequent histories of these paranoiacs. One assaulted his wife with an axe; another committed suicide by jumping from the Washington bridge, and all the others did some outrageous thing which not only led to their being deserted by the kind friends who were so active in getting their release, but to their recommitment after arrest.

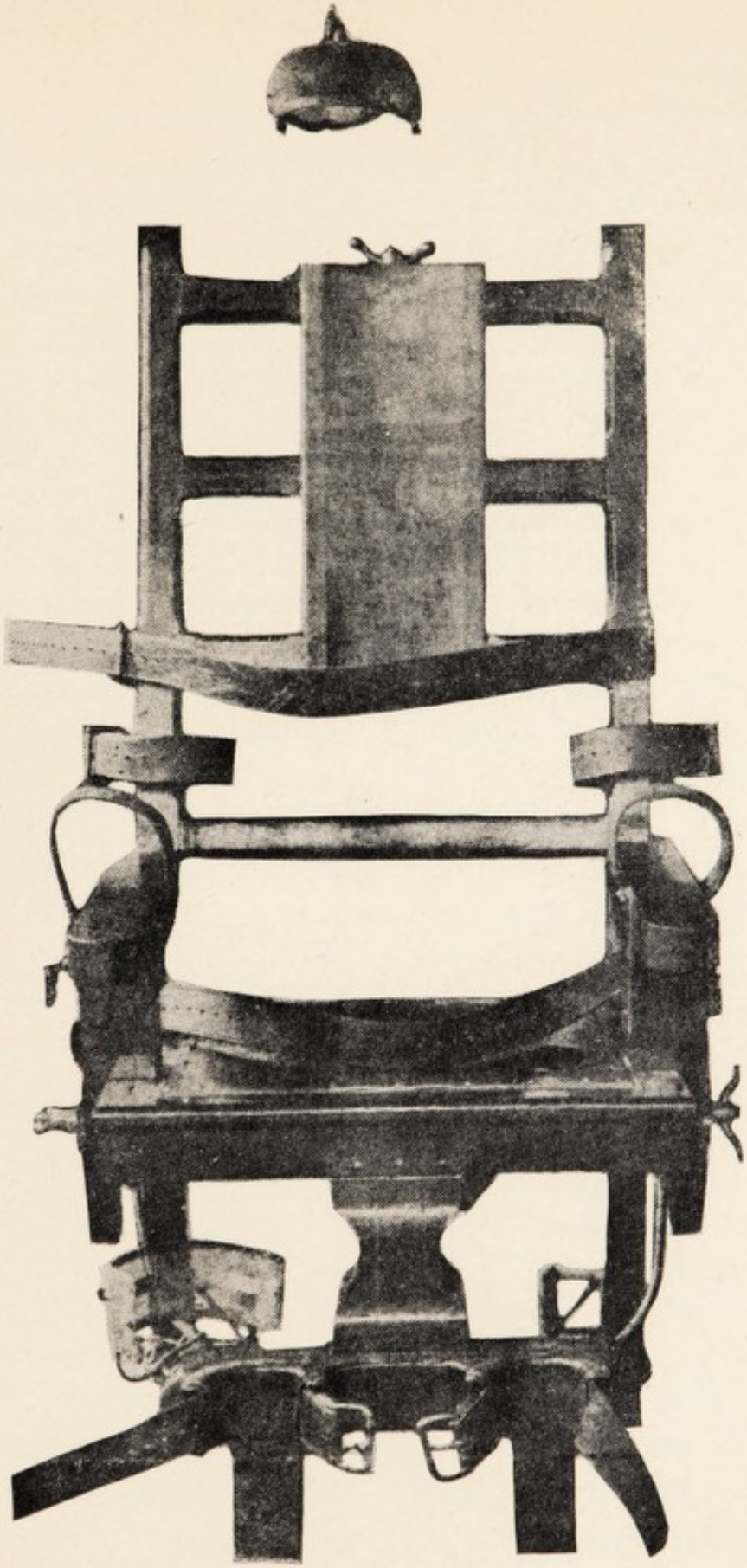
CHAPTER XXIII

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

An Experience in Court—I Visit Sing Sing Prison—Witness an Electrocution—A Hanging in the Old "Tombs" Prison—The Attitude of the Condemned—The Experience of Roland B. Molineux—Occupations of Prisoners In the Death House—Substitutes for the Old Method of Execution—The Lethal Chamber—Is Electrocution Successful?—The Taylor and Other Cases—An Automatic Gallows—Unpardonable Publicity in Executions—Does Capital Punishment Prevent Murder?

SEVERAL years ago I was called to testify in behalf of a street railway company in Brooklyn, engaged in defending a suit brought by the widow of a passenger who had been killed by the passage of an electric current through his body as the result of some alleged defect in insulation of the trolley connection. I had given much expert testimony, theoretical and otherwise, in my direct examination, for I had had much experience in the effect of dangerous currents of electricity upon the human body, and had written a book over thirty years before which was then an authority. Whatever good effect my testimony produced upon the jury was evidently minimised by the first question put to me by my friend Herbert Smyth, a clever and quick-witted lawyer who appeared for the other side. It was this: "Doctor, have you ever seen a man killed by a strong electric current?" To which I was forced to reply in the negative.

As the result of this experience I determined at the



"THE CHAIR"

first opportunity to qualify myself for any subsequent appearance upon the witness stand in any other possible case of this kind, and within a few months I was invited to attend an electrocution at the State's Prison at Ossining, the hour being fixed at six o'clock in the morning. After a rather sleepless night at a small local hotel, I went at the break of dawn to the low-lying grey prison, a mile away. The winter morning was cold and still, but the sharp snap of the exhaust from the engine ahead, preparing to supply the terrible force which was to crush out the life of the wretched murderer, reached my ears as I walked along the snow-crusted road. In the prison office I found several silent and decidedly nervous men who, like myself, were to be present as the guests of the tall, cadaverous warden; who, after the last late-comer arrived, beckoned us to follow him out and around the corner to an insignificant brick building. As we entered most of the small room was in darkness, but in the centre was an ugly, cumbersome wooden chair upon which was placed a number of glowing electric bulbs, all harmless enough in themselves, but horrible in their suggestion that their resistance was typical of what was in store for the unfortunate who was later to take their place. The ugliness of the chair and its business-like character were striking, for no such piece of furniture could be used for anything but torture, and it forcibly called up the old wood cuts of the Inquisition that I collect. As I entered the door there was a semi-circle of absorbed, silent men seated behind a rope stretched across the end of the room—with a grim suggestion of a dead minstrel troupe without an "interlocutor" or the end men. In the centre of the room were business-like doctors and the warden, who tried the straps and patted the chair as if it were a living thing, while dodging behind a switch-board was an insignificant-look-

ing little man who tried his apparatus with seeming enjoyment, peering at the chair and lamps occasionally, until finally everything was in order. Presently a slight noise was heard at the north end of the room, and through a small door came a wretched bareheaded man in a shirt and trousers only, supported on either side by two priests who mumbled prayers with him and placed in his hands a crucifix. After being rapidly strapped in the chair, one electrode was fastened upon his shaven head and the other was affixed to the calves of his legs. The tall warden then gave what was to us an imperceptible signal; the executioner pulled his knife-switch open, and the condemned sank, and, after a general convulsion, became a limp thing and had apparently lost in stature. Coincidentally he raised his crucifix, which was held in his right hand, to his lips. The doctors examined his pupils, and after some discussion it was decided to apply the current a second time, which was evidently sufficient, for the pupillary reflexes were lost, and the man pronounced dead.* It was but a matter of moments for the attendants to unlimber and take him to an adjoining room, where he was stripped and left for the autopsy which was to follow in a short time.

* In speaking of another man whose death seemed needlessly prolonged, a newspaper said: "The current was applied five times before the physicians pronounced Ferraro dead. He was one of the hardest men to kill ever encountered in Sing Sing prison. The first application of the current was given at 1740 volts; this was maintained for seven seconds, when it was reduced 250 volts for one minute and eight seconds. The subsequent applications of the current passed through the body for nine, thirteen, three and five seconds. After the third application, when the officers thought surely the man was dead, there was a noticeable pulsation of the arteries, but after two more applications of the current, the man was pronounced dead."—The *Evening Sun,* February 26th, 1900.

All this had scarcely happened before another slight disturbance attended the entry of a fresh victim—this time it was a burly German who had strangled his wife in a fit of jealous rage a year previously, in the city of New York. His excursion from "the little door" to the chair was quite as striking an evidence of torpor and indifference as that of the degenerate Italian whose still warm body at that moment was awaiting the knives of the pathologists. This time the killing was more difficult, and when the warden said to the electrician, "You had better give him another," the increased current was sufficient to form a tiny arc beneath the rim of the head electrode, so that the smell of burned flesh and hair was distressingly perceptible and horrid. It was not long before my nervous system and stomach rebelled and I hurried to the cool outer air and left Sing Sing as soon as I could.

Although I have seen many dreadful things during the past forty years, I don't think any other has ever raised my gorge as this had done, and for weeks my dreams were filled with the details of that half hour. I had seen men hung years before in the yard of the Tombs—and for the most part these executions were solemn affairs. Even the ward politician and political heeler who had "gota ticket" were awed, and reverently followed the prayer of the black-robed priests, and everything seemed to be decent and in order; meanwhile scores of white pigeons fluttered on the heads of the condemned men or even alighted on the top of the scaffold. I am sorry to say that the method of electrical execution did not give this impression, and there was a more or less decided feeling that every one thought more of the success of the procedure than that a human being, no matter how wicked, was being sent out of the world with so short a shrift. I was impressed on this occasion, as I have been on others, with the fact

that the condemned criminal—at least so far as his actions are concerned—does not suffer as might be supposed, and by a wise provision of nature becomes at the last so indifferent to his fate that he rather welcomes the noose or the current. I can recall only a few exceptions— chiefly among young people. When three brothers who had committed a murder at Hudson were electrocuted a few years ago, their terror was pitiable, and they resisted till the last moment. Others have gone to their death protesting their innocence, like Carlyle Harris, the wife-poisoner, or exhibited actual insanity as did Czolgosz. The long months in the death house, after the Court of Appeals refuses to interfere, does the work, and the gruesome *camaraderie* of the many others likewise awaiting their fate minimises the awful terrors of the last scenes. The man without hope often grows actually fat, gaining from ten to thirty pounds in weight.

Roland B. Molineux, who was twice tried for criminal poisoning and finally acquitted, spent many months in the death chamber, and graphically describes the dreadful anticipation of the occupants of its ten cells which are always brilliantly lighted in the daytime by glass skylights and at night by gas and electric light. "It is," he said, "like living, eating, sleeping, and bathing in a searchlight. It is like being alive, yet buried in a glass coffin." The pursuits of the doomed men are varied. They play checkers upon home-made boards, calling the moves to each other; sing, learn new languages, and read. One even raised onions, using discarded tobacco as soil, in which they flourished. One German trained the mice he lured to his cell with bread crumbs and made pets of them as Silvio Pellico did with his bird. Every one knew when the number was reduced by the passage of a victim through the little door beyond, and one man became vio-

lently insane as the result of the suspense and horror.

I remember once a terrible scene at the City Prison when three negroes, who had murdered a peddler at New Rochelle, were executed together, which is an exception to what I have said. Neither of them exhibited any cowardice when led into the square, but after the rope that held the sand bag counterweight was cut, and their bodies shot up, the younger prisoner, who was in the middle, contrived to raise his legs and entwine them about the neck of the man next to him; so that the knot was shifted and for a time he was conscious. It was not long, however, before he changed his position and submitted to the inevitable. In one way it was a suicide.

When Mr. Elbridge Gerry and other philanthropists some years ago objected to hanging, and wrote to some of us for suggestions that we should name a better substitute, I advocated the lethal chamber, which is a humane and inexpensive method of execution without the attendant publicity. My idea was to sentence the prisoner, as is now the case, to be put to death in a certain week. The death chamber might be very readily fitted with pipes through which carbon dioxide or monoxide should be introduced at night to the unsuspecting condemned man, who would never awaken from his last sleep, and have none of the horrid fear of the actual execution. The absolute painlessness of this death and its freedom from preliminary horror recommends it strongly. Charcoal gas poisoning, which is so popular in France, and so generally used there, is the same thing. It is inexpensive, absolutely certain, and no complicated apparatus is required. All that is needed is a furnace, or receptacle for liquefied carbonic oxide, which is connected with a hidden aperture in the cell of the condemned. When the prisoner is asleep this cell can be hermetically sealed at the appointed time

in a noiseless way, and the gas valve turned on. As carbonic acid gas is heavier than air, it of course falls to the lower part of the room and engulfs the sleeping prisoner.

The more dramatic and complicated method was, however, adopted, and in inexperienced hands is capable of great misapplication and harm. In the early days of electrocution in this state, at least one man was half killed, subsequently restored, and taken back to the chair "to get a heavier dose," which was sufficient to comply with the law.

On July 27th, 1893, a murderer named William G. Taylor was electrocuted at the Auburn prison. A current of 1,260 volts was turned on at a given signal, and with a crash the legs shot forward and upward, tearing the standard and entire front from the chair. For 52 seconds this condition was sustained and the current was shut off. For twenty seconds the condemned man appeared to be dead, but then he gasped. The executioner tried again to turn on the current, but there was some hitch. Within half a minute the pulse beats reappeared, faintly at first but distinctly later, and respiration became evident. The breathing was stertorous and the subject resembled a patient in an apoplectic state. He next moved both hands, arms and legs and rolled from side to side. Morphine in large doses was given hypodermically and, this failing, the man was chloroformed. He objected at first, but was carried to the electric chair and received a current with a voltage of 1,260, which finally killed him. This was one of the earlier cases and the query immediately arises whether to-day, in places where electrocution is adopted, there is not sometimes bungling of which nothing is said. It does not appear that at Sing Sing any such sickening accidents have happened.

While I do not wish to make an unprovable and per-

haps unjust charge, I do believe it possible that there have been occasions where the causation of actual death is a matter of doubt.

Of course the autopsy made within two hours will settle this question, but if the electrical current is to be used the public officials should avail themselves of the teachings of modern physiologists who have shown that the passage of a sufficient current directly through the heart is certain to kill, and this they have not yet done. A perusal of the many reports of people who have lived even after the receipt of currents of enormous voltage and amperage suggests the important idea that the present method of application of the electrodes is defective. Arsonoval has reported cases where currents of 5,000 voltage have by some system of surface connection passed out of the body without doing any great harm.* The immediate effect is in such cases the production of burns and unconsciousness, and in a few a trance-like condition has remained in a way resembling "hysterical catalepsy," which is often mistaken for actual death.

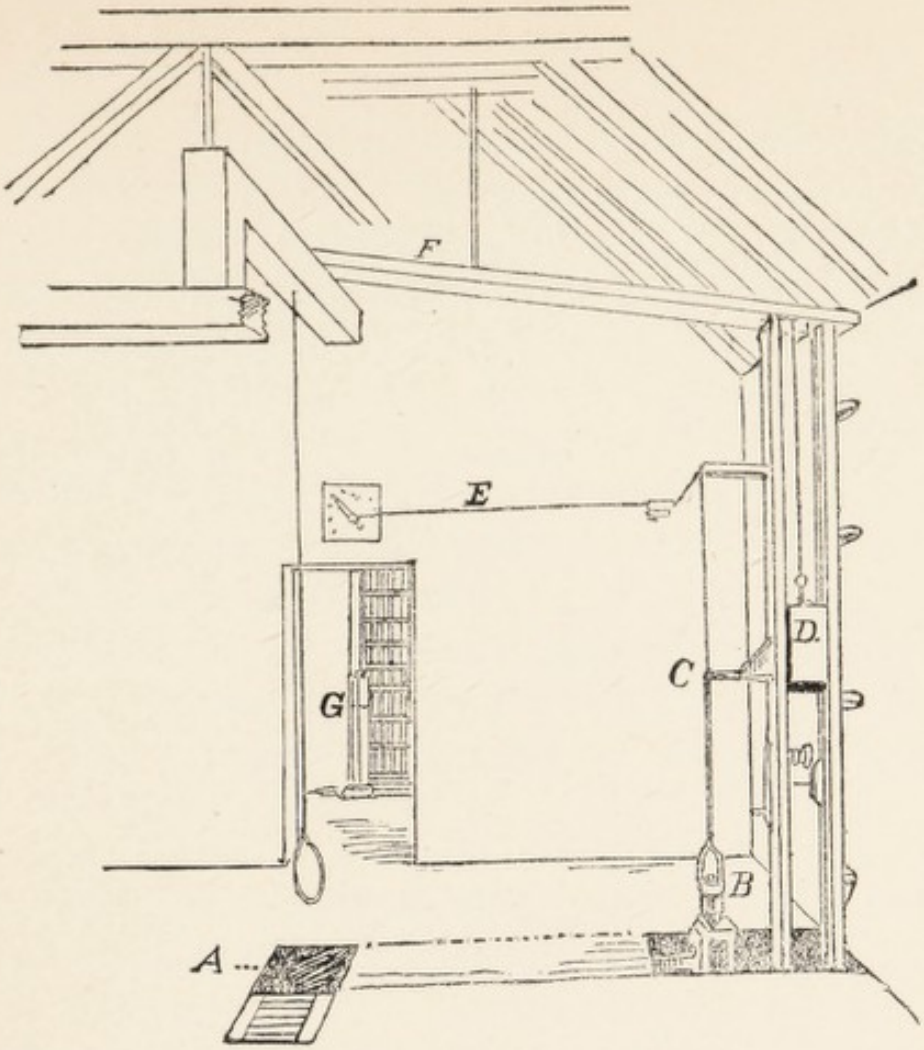
The late Dr. Francis Harris of Boston, who was for many years the local Medical Examiner, and whose duty compelled him to be present at electrical executions, wrote me before he died about his strong abhorrence of this form of punishment; he believed it brutal and unscientific,

* Peter Yanarino, a fourteen-year-old schoolboy, was playing with a piece of wire which he dangled on the cover of the third rail on the tracks of the New York Central Railroad in the Bronx. Finally the wire hit the rail and "a blue flame shot out of the boy's hands. He bent his face forward and the flame ran from his hands to his head, taking all the hair off and burning his head, neck and face black." With great difficulty he was extricated and the contact broken by a companion who also received a severe shock. It is estimated that the rail carries a current of 11,000 volts. Yet, strange to say, the boy recovered.

and that it should be abolished, and said that in every case in which he officially appeared he feared some dreadful miscarriage would occur.

The inventive genius of New England has been exercised to make more merciful and successful the use of hanging, which in many ways is better than electrocution. My attention was directed in 1894 to an "automatic gallows" devised by the Superintendent of the Connecticut State Prison at Weathersfield. This consisted of a platform upon which the condemned man stood, connected with a hidden system of complicated levers and heavy weights. The ingenious part of the apparatus was a small receptacle filled with gun-shot which were gradually released, allowing a superimposed light iron weight to release the levers which actuated a greater one of three hundred and fifty pounds—quite enough to do what was required. The shot-receptacle emptied itself in forty seconds, a period of time which was recorded by a grim-looking dial and hand, or the contents could be released *en masse,* producing an immediate effect. It was copied after an "automatic water gallows" in Colorado; but as the life of the condemned man in one instance I heard of had been snuffed out despite the efforts to stop another machine when a reprieve was on its way, this gruesome possibility was avoided by the use of a foot lever which enabled the warden to check the operation of the shot box at any time, avoiding such a deplorable eventuality.

It would seem as if the element of theatrical display were indispensable to public execution in this country alone, for abroad nowadays the taking off of the condemned is conducted with secrecy and decency, especially in Germany and England. It is only a year or two ago that the newspapers were filled with accounts of special trains being run to an execution in the southwestern part



AN AUTOMATIC GALLOWS

(*A*) The platform upon which the condemned stands. (*B*) Cylinder containing fifty pounds of shot with an adjusting valve at its base. (*C*) Lever holding weight on right side of post, and connected by a cord with the dial. (*D*) Weight of 306½ pounds which when released falls and tightens the rope about the neck of the condemned. (*E*) Cord connecting the lever with the dial. (*F*) Beam over which rope passes upon rollers. (*G*) Cage looking through north door of execution house. A partition extends across the room at the east end to shut off the apparatus from the view of the spectators

of the United States, and just such hysterical scenes were enacted as might have occurred in the Place de la Roquette in the flourishing days of the guillotine—yet I doubt if there was then the same vulgarity and heartlessness that now exist among our own countrymen at such a hanging, or the occasional burnings which too often occur.

Except upon extraordinary occasions, I believe capital punishment can do no good, for most murder is committed by individuals who are degenerates or insane criminals, and isolation with sterilisation and hard work would serve the same purpose. In Italy the plan of utilising small islands, like Ponza, off the coast, where condemned murderers support themselves and are of use to the State, works very well.

There is a species of savagery in the cruel and vengeful life-imprisonment in a dungeon in political cases which is a virtual immuration, the result being a quickly induced insanity and speedy death. To those advanced criminologists who are interested in eugenics, the idea of capital punishment, which, after all, is but a part of the vengeful Mosaic law, is to-day in disfavour, as it deserves to be.

CHAPTER XXIV

ABUSES AND ACHIEVEMENTS

The Condition of the Insane in the Early Seventies—Bad Management of Asylums—Insane in the Poor Houses—Lunatics in Chains—Sent to an Asylum in a Box—Brutal Attendants—My Efforts to Effect Reform—Introduction of the School System—Careless Commitments—The Wendell Case—The Other Side of the Picture—The Evils of Expert Testimony—The Remedy—A New Proceeding in the Schneider Case—The Social System—Psychopathic Hospitals—A Scheme for the Determination of Vocational Fitness.

At about the time I graduated in medicine the wretched condition of the insane and feeble minded was being generally recognised. Although some of the New England asylums were well conducted, as were one or two in Pennsylvania, where the influence of Dr. Isaac Ray had made itself felt, there were many others throughout the United States which deserved rigorous investigation and correction. Too often the political considerations in the management were the only ones that prevailed, and as there was a Board which was distinct from the medical control, and as the former not only often contained a number of scheming and dishonest men, as well as others in league with the politicians, many ugly stories were afloat in regard to peculation and dishonesty, and investigations were often urged. Of course, as the result of all this, the poor patients were the sufferers. The condition of the defective paupers was especially deplorable, for idiots were everywhere

treated as animals, and I have not only seen barren cells in the open air, situated next to the County Poor Houses, but some of these wretched creatures were actually in chains. There was no system of examination that amounted to much; they were simply cared for as public charges, getting little to eat and the barest comforts, being exposed to severe cold in winter, often being given only a little straw to lie upon, and a thin and dirty blanket, and sometimes not even the latter. The sanitary conveniences were of the most rudimentary kind. I also found that when a farmer had an idiot son or daughter they would usually be confined in an out-house if they did not possess enough intelligence to work. They were often beaten and left in indescribable filth and rags until they died, frequently from exposure. The *New York Times* is my authority for a comparatively recent case which illustrates what I have just said regarding the ignorance and cruelty in remote places, and is but one of the instances that have come to my notice.

"Pittsburgh, August 6th. Harry Munshower, aged thirty-six, a patient at Dixmont Insane Asylum, died this morning after being in the institution less than four weeks.

"Munshower was shipped to Dixmont from his home in Indiana County in a rough box, bound hand and foot, with a small grating as the only opening.

"Munshower lived twenty years chained in a room at his father's farm, and his existence was not known until his father died in July. The County Commissioners put the man in a box because he had never worn clothes and tore from his body the garments the Commissioners put on him.

"He never made a sound after he arrived at Dixmont, and weighed only eighty-six pounds when he died, although he weighed nearly 200 less than a month ago."

Thanks to my cousin, Miss Louisa Schuyler, and other active philanthropists, the laws in this state were so changed that these cases were sent to Insane Asylums or properly cared for elsewhere, and to-day intelligent efforts at training and instruction have been undertaken, with the result that there is a distinct improvement in the mentality and usefulness of such public charges.

Even in the early seventies mechanical restraint was in use in most of the asylums in this country, despite the fact that it had for a long time been abolished in England, and there was a great deal of drugging. In Utica a popular kind of restraint was employed at the State Asylum. This consisted in the use of the *Crib,* which was a long narrow box formed of heavy strips of yellow pine or oak, with a door at the top of the same kind which, after the patient was inside, could be closed and securely fastened. There was at the bottom of this a mattress. This gave the person just room to lie upon his back, and to stretch out his legs, but he could not sit upright. While in some cases of exhaustive insanity it was all important to keep the patient in a supine position without too much conflict with attendants, I can see how its routine use to save trouble might lead to gross injury.

So, too, all asylums were provided with straight jackets, and other restraining apparatus; I have seen patients kept for months in one kind of unyielding *camisole,* quite unable to drive off the hordes of bold flies and other insects that had settled upon them everywhere.

The attendants, as might be expected, were a rough lot —chiefly brutal Irish or Germans appointed through political influence. Some of these were bruisers, and assaults were by no means rare. As late as 1901 E. O. Dean, S. R. Davis, and C. L. Marshall, all nurses in the Insane Pavilion at Bellevue Hospital, were indicted by the Grand

Jury for cruelty to patients, were charged with manslaughter, and tried for having done to death a patient named Louis H. Hilliard. A conviction was impossible chiefly, I believe, through the absence of a witness who decamped. In this trial the competency of the testimony of insane persons was made the subject of dispute, but the Court ruled that if a lunatic knew the nature of an oath, and possessed intelligence enough to narrate what he saw, his testimony might be taken—a view that was in accord with many English and American decisions. The shrewd innuendoes and tactics of the lawyer for the defence helped to make the bad impression of the patients who were witnesses still worse, and although it was claimed they had seen the man Hilliard actually killed, the jury did not believe them, and rendered a verdict of acquittal. Possibly if the case for the prosecution had been better tried, the result might have been different.

After that time there was an epidemic of cruelty, and Dr. A. E. MacDonald of the Ward's Island Asylum showed me photographs of insane persons who had before their commitment to his institution been subjected to the roughest treatment, some of them being covered with cuts, bruises and fractured ribs, and more dead than alive. My efforts to better things had the endorsement of the press, and in 1900 the *New York Evening Post* said: "In view of the repeated allegations of mismanagement and of maltreatment of patients at Bellevue Hospital, which have been printed from time to time during the last ten years, we can only agree with Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton that the failure to institute a searching investigation is a cause for much wonder and surprise. Stories of criminally careless ambulance surgeons, of needless transfers of dying men and women, of shameful treatment of patients, and of immorality among attendants,

have been all too frequent and widespread, and the time is now ripe for the most searching investigation of the hospital from top to bottom. Either sweeping reforms should be made at once, or the hospital should be cleared of much undeserved odium which now attaches to it. The very fact that its patients are mostly poor and uninfluential should make it the pride of the city, and free from the slightest suspicion of inefficient and untrained service, as well as from minor abuses, such as the overcharging by official examiners alleged by Dr. Hamilton."

As the result of all this agitation pronounced reforms were effected, and since Dr. Menas Gregory took charge of the Pavilion it has been conducted on scientific and humane lines.

One of the most distressing things about institutions for the care of the insane is the absence of all mental occupation, nothing being provided to occupy the patient's thoughts and antagonise his delusions. While it is true that in the spring, summer, and fall a number of patients can be kept busy in the fields and garden, and others are furnished with coarse work, none are taught; there is nothing that will stimulate their mental operations or divert them in any way. In 1880 I visited the Richmond District Asylum near Dublin, which is provided for the insane of Leinster, Louth, Wicklow and Dublin itself, and was then under the care of the wise Dr. Lalor. At this place every facility was given me to inspect and study the educational system which had been so successful that almost three-quarters of the patients were discharged cured, or greatly improved, in a comparatively short time. Instead of the pathetic spectacle of hundreds of idle men that I had left at the home asylum in New York a month before, hopeless creatures sitting with folded arms and downcast expression, or walking to and fro aimlessly ges-

ticulating, I saw at Dr. Lalor's place orderly classes grouped around a patient teacher and taking an interested part in the simple lessons that were orally taught, and demonstrated as well on the blackboard.

There were two classes of attendants at this place, one to teach and the other provided for the purely personal care. The insane were all well looked after, and in five years there had been only two deaths from suicide. Of four hundred and fifty males in the asylum, two hundred and thirty-nine attended school.

They were taught all manner of simple things, and the children in the nearby idiot asylum were instructed in a way that has in recent years been most successfully utilised by the Dotressa Montessori in Rome and elsewhere.

I was greatly interested in the attitude of the patients toward the teacher, and most of them seemed interested. The latter was most tactful, never scolding or discouraging the stupid scholar, but occasionally, with ready Irish wit, poking fun at some one who gave a ludicrous answer. I was told that at first many patients would have nothing to do with the school, but later hovered about the class, and would finally take a seat, becoming willing pupils. There were two or three paranoiacs, one of them an educated man who in the fulness of his delusion of importance sneered at the duller members of the class, but later became an enthusiastic pupil, and later a teacher.

The benefit of all this training was evident, for the disordered ideas and actual delusions were skilfully and steadily antagonised, less time was left for brooding, and many of the patients when discharged had a fair amount of rudimentary education.

When I returned to the United States, I immediately took steps to have this system introduced in the Hudson

River State Hospital at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where I was one of the Consulting Physicians. It worked very well for a time, but owing to the want of interest taken by the authorities, and the meanness in appropriations for teachers, books and other things, no adequate support being given, and it was not wholly successful.

The commitment of the insane, and their subsequent disposal by *Commissio de Lunatico Inquirendo* did not protect the rights of the individual in every case, and I have made a constant fight to improve all this with a result which I am glad to say is at least encouraging.

Despite the popular idea that persons are "railroaded" to asylums for various ulterior purposes, I know of but a few such cases. One victim was Miss Georgiana Wendel, whom I helped; but she had a rather hard time, for her eccentricities, which led her as a follower of Kneipp to walk in the wet grass before breakfast, and do many odd things, were not approved by interested and conventional persons who wished to shut her up. At the hearing before a sheriff's jury they testified against her, and she was pronounced insane and a committee appointed. While it must be admitted that she was a peculiar woman and always had been—like the rest of her family, who were eccentric—she was not the demented person pictured by the experts employed by her brother, who had kept her a prisoner under an armed guard in her country house.

An appeal carried to Justice Marean in Brooklyn resulted in the reversal of the finding of the New York court, and she afterward went to Germany, where she lived with her maid in a perfectly orderly and conventional manner. From there she wrote an admirable letter thanking me, and ending as follows:

"Hoping that you may live many years to fight successful battles for Justice, Honour and Philanthropy; and wishing you a 'Merry Christmas' and a 'Happy New Year,' I remain,

"Gratefully yours,

"Georgiana Wendel."

Most people who are committed, however, are really better off in institutions. There are many designing lawyers ever ready to bring habeas corpus proceedings, and in many instances it is difficult to make an ordinary jury acknowledge the existence of lunacy, for the average layman has his own idea of what a madman should do, and all finer distinctions go for naught. Until the time arrives when it will not be considered necessary for an insane person to tear his hair or drivel, or indulge in the violence which is found only in novels and on the stage, we may expect to find juries more often wrong than otherwise. These cases really ought to be left to medical boards.

A case where such a jury was completely deceived by the patient came under my observation some time ago, and the termination of the affair is worth recording. A certain man of respectable family and in comfortable circumstances entertained an idea that he was an apostle, and hired a hall in the Bowery to which he invited the young men and women from the streets, the result being that the place was filled night after night with a turbulent crowd of young thieves and prostitutes. Robberies of articles upon the clothes lines in the neighbourhood were committed, and the police were called in. In consequence, the lessee of the rooms was arrested, brought into court and committed to an asylum. His religious views were novel in the extreme, but the jury before whom he subsequently came in lunacy proceedings for habeas corpus were not disposed to consider him necessarily insane,

and he was discharged from the custody of the asylum where he had been for several months. He, however, of his own volition went back to Bloomingdale, where he stayed, despite the efforts of the Superintendent to get rid of him, and his behaviour was clearly that of a demented person. He threatened to sue the physicians who committed him unless they gave him the opportunity to deliver his peculiar address before one or more medical societies. I examined him and found the well-marked symptoms of early general paralysis of the insane. He had delusions of power, and a confidence in his own capability as a reformer that was marked.

His theory of the Immaculate Conception was through the medium of a kiss, and he proposed to do away with the ordinary method of intercourse and substitute a plan of his own, "which was in every way more pure." The patient was liberated upon application of a lawyer who was one of the strongest agitators in the movement which was directed to open the doors of lunatic asylums, and whose seeming interest in his client was very great. He, however, received a rude shock when he presented his bill to his client for professional services and the latter proceeded to issue bonds and bank notes for its payment, which he made with a pen and whatever scraps of paper he could lay his hands upon. The cheques tendered were drawn upon "The Bank of Heaven." This man subsequently committed suicide.

I have often been asked if there were ever persons improperly detained in asylums who were not insane. This, I believe, is a great rarity, although in certain private asylums there is undoubtedly a disposition to keep a rich old man or woman indefinitely who would be as well off outside of such an institution in charge of a competent nurse, and at the same time enjoying the world. Many such

chronic cases are absolutely harmless, and are simply put out of the way to save bother; meanwhile the smug doctor derives a comfortable income from their maintenance. In England the Lord Chancellor's visitor sees that there are no such abuses, but our own local boards are not so careful. It is often better to send a patient to a well-conducted institution like Bloomingdale, the Butler Retreat or the McLean Hospital or others of the kind than to many a smaller place I might mention.

I have already spoken of expert testimony and its evils, and no one need look for a more gross illustration than the Thaw case which dragged its slow and disreputable course over nine years. The lavish use of money enabled the defendant and his mother to employ a perfect cloud of so-called experts, the testimony of some at different times being contradictory and worthless. As the first person engaged, and one who had the honour of not testifying at all, except under compulsion and without reward, I watched with interest and disgust the collapse of this kind of testimony and its complete repudiation by justices and juries. In the beginning no one had much faith in the reality of Thaw's mental disorder, which Mr. William Travers Jerome called "Pittsburgh Insanity"; but later he and his own medical men finally realised the existence in the defendant of a chronic mental degeneration (this opinion was borne out by the defendant's extraordinary letters, papers and will), and when in the service of the state made a persistent fight to return him to Matteawan. It is quite possible that had there not been active political and personal objections to Mr. Jerome upon the part of Governor Whitman and others, the trial would have ended differently, for he was the only lawyer in the case who had fully mastered it and knew almost as much about mental disease as the doctors themselves. I have laboured for

years to have the courts and my profession purged of this abuse, and since 1880 have frequently written and spoken at length, urging corrective reform. Thanks to Justice A. T. Clearwater of Kingston and others of the American Bar Association, a law was passed last year which enables a trial judge to appoint the experts in a murder case; but I am sorry to say that no relief has as yet been afforded in civil cases, many of which are settled out of court rather than to have a contest of alienists. This action of the New York Bar Association was preceded by a measure undertaken by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia toward the end of December, 1892, when Dr. John B. Chapin, Dr. Charles L. Dana and myself were appointed a Commission to ascertain the mental condition of one Howard J. Schneider, who had on the fourth day of the preceding May been sentenced to death after conviction for a double homicide, and had appealed on the ground of subsequent insanity. We sat in Washington, examined the defendant, and listened to sixty-five witnesses who testified. We subsequently made a full report to the bench to the effect that the prisoner was not insane, and he was afterward executed. In reality we were a part of the Court, and cross-examined those who went upon the stand, including Schneider's own experts. The defence was anxious to cross-examine us upon our report, but Chief Justice Bingham and his associates decided "that as the Commission had been appointed as an advisory body, to better enable the court to reach a fair and just conclusion, and as the Commission had not been brought into court as witnesses open to cross-examination, the Court believed that it would be an unheard of and unthought of procedure to permit counsel for the defence to cross-examine a Commission."

During the past decade we have all made efforts (espe-

cially the members of the New York Psychiatrical Society, which I, with Dr. Pearce Bailey and Dr. Stedman of Boston, as well as others, founded) to make better provision for the treatment of insanity in its incipient stages, and to provide proper hospital care for these in great cities. While so far there is no special psychopathic hospital in New York, there is in Boston a useful and well-conducted institution of the kind, and there is an annex to Johns Hopkins Hospital known as the Phipps Clinic which was endowed by relatives of Harry Thaw. Latter-day measures for the care of the mentally afflicted include the adoption of the social system methods, and visitors are provided who not only investigate the antecedents of the insane, but look after their interests after their discharge.

So, too, the energies of those engaged in my line of work have been directed to the matter of immigration, and the introduction of unfit people. It seems extraordinary, but there is no less than eighty per cent of those who pass through Ellis Island, who are mentally defective or actually insane. The worst of these are of necessity sent to the large state hospitals, and a small proportion deported.

Germany is very rich in hospitals of the kind known as "psychopathic," and there is at Kiel one that is very modern and good. Dr. Pierce Clark, after a visit to this and other institutions, adds his plea to ours, and we have begged that provision should be made for the introduction of latter-day diagnostic hospitals. He recommended that all American cities which have a population of 20,000 should have psychiatric wards attached to general hospitals. In cities of 50,000 there should be pavilions adjacent to general hospitals with independent observation and examination equipment; they should also have permanent resident nurses and one or more resident physicians.

Cities of 100,000 should have their own independent psychopathic hospitals on similar plans to those at Halle, Giesen, and Kiel in Germany.

The trend of latter-day medical progress is in the direction not only of improving the condition of asylums for the insane, but ordinary hospitals as well. New methods of treatment and sanitation are rapidly being adopted, and a very strenuous effort made to place the blame for bad results where it belongs, and to discountenance concealment. One of my devoted friends is Dr. Amory Codman, of Boston, a distinguished surgeon with a far-reaching international reputation, and a man of progressive ideas and undaunted moral courage. It has been his aim to obtain a record of what are known as "end results" in surgery and hospital treatment; for the mistakes of my profession have usually been concealed, and the blame for failure has too often been shunted upon the shoulders of younger men or nurses, or ascribed to guesswork. Codman, with all the determination of his Puritan ancestors, proceeded to publish the mistakes in diagnosis, and errors in operative procedure, and he began with his own hospital and himself!

With a great deal of pluck he attacked in a public lecture every one whom he believed to be remiss, and lampooned the culpable with a series of daring caricatures. Although at first he was visited with the scorn and wrath of many of his own personal friends, his views are to-day generally adopted by the profession in the United States and elsewhere, and he has the comforting satisfaction of having done a great deal of good.

It is my hope before the end of my life to see put in operation a measure that I feel must add immeasurably to the advancement of civilisation—the determination of the fitness in an intellectual and physical way of all who are

to make their way in the world, and my scheme implies a systematic and impartial weeding out of the unfit, and the encouragement of the capable to follow paths hitherto unknown to them. As matters stand there is a happy-go-lucky method of starting young people on careers for which they are unfitted, and this often ends only in failure. This is no new idea of mine, for I announced it in an interview over twenty years ago before all the recent system of personal analysis was promulgated by so many people, among them the eugenists and sociologists. In 1883 Sir Francis Galton wrote his very original book upon the development of faculty, in which he detailed a mass of experiment and observation upon every variety of human fitness, and the influences of selection, race, family merit, marriage and heredity; and these things to-day have formed the basis of the modern study of Eugenics, and have been followed up in England by the elaborate research work of Karl Pearson and others.

At the time it occurred to me how useful might be the application of these and other studies in the determination of fitness, and the choice or regulation of the career of the young; and how desirable it would be to have the boy or girl examined by competent and impartial observers, well fitted for their task, who would prevent the familiar mistake "of putting square pegs in round holes," and who by judicious advice could prevent blunders from being made in the application of educational methods and the selection of a vocation. This would save many a misdirected young man, who by the indiscreet choice by a parent, or through his own fancy or immature judgment, had started upon a career which could only be a failure. I conceived how a youth who had none of the mental endowments which would enable him to enter one of the so-called learned professions, would succeed perhaps in a calling

which demanded the preponderating use of brawn rather than brain—and how the ordinary college education would be thrown away upon such an one. The motives which lead to such a choice are often sentimental. The example of a successful father, a family tradition that must be followed, or the allotment of professions to other sons, may limit the opportunity. The folly of the first is humorously pictured by the author of *Confessio Medici,* who compares such a youth with *Icarus,* whose wings of wax were melted in his pursuit of *Dædalus.* Too often are various proposed occupations considered from the standpoint of commercial success and nothing else—but it is not my purpose to go further into the obvious mistakes that occur to us all. In every age this problem of a career has been discussed, and three hundred years ago Sir Francis Bacon wrote his wise essay upon parents and children. At the time of my early consideration of the subject I conferred with several competent specialists, among them the late Dr. C. S. Bull, and was surprised to find how many physical defects there are which escape the notice of the parent or teacher, or even the subject himself: all of these hamper in some way the best efforts of the young person, and may later in life be the one thing that prevents him from attaining success in his chosen calling. A colour-blind subject could not make a painter; a boy, no matter how perfect his technique, who had "no ear for music" could never become a violinist, and one without a mathematical sense would make only an indifferent engineer of any kind. It was possible to prepare a long list of incapacitating conditions more or less serious, both physical and mental; and so long as parents and teachers are ready to accept a standard of apparent but not real fitness, no attention is paid to these unrecognised stigmata.

The wonderful strides that have been made in the fields

of both psychiatry and psychology, especially in the last decade, have opened our eyes to various disqualifications, some of which in former times were even looked upon as evidences of "smartness" or brightness. We know that with variability of mental make-up, there is an unevenness of capacity, and an inequality in the development of faculty: e. g., some boys are prodigies in mathematics and dullards in everything else. We should no longer hold children to account, as formerly, for certain forms of moral delinquency or dulness, for now we are aware that these are often evidences of a psychosis, and our modern knowledge of *Dementia Præcox* should make us charitable with a bright youth who suddenly becomes hopelessly incompetent and even perverse. To help and direct these, as well as the apparently strong, has been my idea for years; but the pressure of my professional duties and a serious illness gave me no time or opportunity to formulate and fully publish my views, or to make an appeal to those who would take up the work. Since then my experience and that of others has shown the vital importance of establishing some well-conducted institution whose aim should be the regulation of education and the direction of those about to make a choice of a vocation.

THE END

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