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Lucus a non lucendo.

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NO. 10.

Discipline of Insane Hospitals.

As regards the patients, the discipline best adapted to Insane Hospitals is unquestionably the paternal, for to no class do the insane bear so close a resemblance as to children. Like them, they are ignorant, whimsical, irritable, dangerous to themselves and others, and requiring a close supervision in the simplest acts of their daily lives. A watchful gentleness and firmness, benevolence and wisdom must be perpetually exercised towards them—dictating what to do, what to leave undone; now inspiring to action, now inducing to repose; holding perpetually before them a bright beacon by which they may steer amid the dense glooms and deceitful phantoms which the long night of an eclipsed judgment has brought upon them.

Manifestly it would be impossible to prescribe the course which those in immediate charge of the insane should under all circumstances pursue; yet their dependence and helplessness would seem to render imperative such exact prescription of duty, along with a rigid accountability for deviations from the course marked out.

The discipline of Insane Hospitals then, as regards the nurses, should be strict—as close an approximation to the military as the circumstances will allow. We learn that such is the case in most hospitals, and we know it is so in the Alabama Insane Hospital. Here the duties of an attendant are clearly defined, and punishments for their non-fulfilment promptly inflicted. The nature of the penalties are various. Fines, ranging from twenty-five cents to five dollars, are imposed for various derelictions, as for instance, for a spot of grease on a floor, a room unswept, a stairs unscoured, failure to extinguish lights at 9 o'clock, suffering a patient to escape. For greater offences, as abuse or neglect of a patient, insubordination &c. &c., dismissal from the Hospital service with forfeiture of all wages due.

With such safeguards it is impossible that the outrages for which Insane Hospitals were once notorious should ever occur. That particular nurses will now and then do what they would not dare to do in the presence of the officers is true. The corruption of human nature renders such occurrences not only possible but effectually prohibits their absolute prevention; but that such outrages are rare no one familiar with the management of modern hospitals will deny.

It would however be possible to overdo in stringency towards the nurses; for as much, very much, must at all times be left to their own judgment, their own benevolence, their own conscience, and as it is but reasonable to suppose that the annals manifested towards them by their superiors would be reflected in their dealings with the patients, it would seem that as great kindness, consideration and indulgence, even, should characterize the intercourse of the officers with the nurses as is compatible with a right order, perfect cleanliness and neatness of the wards, and a jealous regard for the welfare of the patients.

Liberal wages, somewhat in advance of those the same amount of labor could command in the world, would go far toward the correction of any evils which still attach to the guardianship of "the most unfortunate of all God's creatures," as thereby the Superintendent would be enabled to select such persons as were, by strength of body, steadiness of nerve, amiability of disposition and soundness of judgment, fully competent to discharge the delicate, difficult and sometimes dangerous duties of nurse for the insane.

Lectures at the Hospital.

At the suggestion of the Superintendent, a patient of the Hospital has, within the last six months, delivered four lectures to the patients, some visitors being present on three of the evenings. Each lecture occupied the greater part of an hour. It is proper to note that the lecturer, though a gentleman who has had the advantages of a collegiate training, lays no claim to erudition, and did not so much endeavor to instruct the audience as to amuse them by novel and ludicrous presentations of things already known.

Lecture 1st.

After apologising for presuming to occupy the speaker's desk, and declaring in a jocular strain the reasons which had induced him, in the selection of a subject, to pass by Religion, Medicine, Mechanics, the Fashions, Politics and Farming, he announced as his subject *Proper Deportment in an Insane Hospital*. All the occasions of the day were then paraded, *seriatim*, and the proper conduct for each minutely specified. We give two or three brief extracts, (from the manuscript, kindly furnished us,) illustrative of the serio-comic vein running through the whole discourse.

"After dressing it is considered proper to wash the hands and face. You may or may not think of this as the Quakers do of Baptism, that it is a harmless but useless ceremony. It may be so, yet I advise you to practice it—the washing, not the baptism—for a rule of the Hospital makes it obligatory. Why it should be enjoined here I can not say. In the world men and women wash or do not wash as they may elect; here they presume to dictate, and actually forbid you from coming to the table with "so many dirt on your face," as our German nurse would put it."

Under the head of "Behavior at table" the following occur.

"If any thing drop on your dress or the floor, heed it not. Nothing is so adverse to a healthy tone of mind as a regard for trifles. *** These may indeed augment the labor of the attendants. That is no affair of yours. You are not an attendant. Don't forget the old adage that "Fortunes are sometimes made by attention to one's own affairs." Besides, there is a reflection which you will

find in all modern essays on social science, that every one is benefitted by earning the money he receives; that, in fact, it demoralizes a man to receive wages for doing nothing or next to nothing. Now since, as we have seen, all true politeness must be based on benevolence, I would advise, if no accident happen to your grub, by which a portion of it falls to the floor, that you take the trouble to scatter a few drops of grease or let fall a small piece of fat meat or butter at each meal."

"Biting the tongue is a table custom of which you ought to know something, for although it is an old fashion there is little probability that it will ever be entirely discarded. When a boy I made frequent attempts to acquire the accomplishment, and am sorry that I can not recommend its more general adoption. As you may however differ with me I will say that the proper conduct for such occasions is to throw down the knife and fork, clap the hands to the mouth and shed a few tears. To spring from the table, stamp the foot and swear, would be overdoing the genteel; yet I have known men of unquestioned refinement act thus when no ladies were present."

L. L. D.

Communicated.

Why so many sensible, and in some instances learned men, allow the above and similar imposing initials to be affixed to their names by the petty Universities and Colleges interspersed throughout the length and breadth of the land, is absolutely astonishing, and altogether inexplicable on any principle of either common sense or common propriety.

Mr Galton in his *HEREDITARY GENIUS* states that there have not been more than 400 great men in history, and strange as it may appear, to our modern Universities and their learned Doctors of different kinds, a large proportion of these truly great men were without titles of any kind.

Away then with this literary humbuggery in our institutions of learning and among men of sense. Let us have no degrees except such as a grateful and appreciative public shall spontaneously accord to truly noble and honorable achievement. Veritas.

We dissent from the conclusion reached in the above communication. If degrees or titles had no other use they are a short and very convenient mode of notifying the public that certain persons are supposed to excel in certain species of erudition. Yet many excellent persons are in full accord with the views expressed by Veritas. The Press teems with sarcasms at degrees injudiciously conferred. Making Gen'l Grant an L. L. D. and raising certain learned men to the square or 2nd power of the same degree—as in the case of Auburn College and President Smith of the Alabama State University—are two recent exhibitions of this propensity to bestow incongruous honors. In truth, the highest titles conferred by our Universi-

ties are beginning to be rated by the public at a value close akin to those of Esquire, Captain, Major, Colonel, General, Professor and Judge. The degrees of D. D. and L. L. D., although merely honorary and conferred without a rigid scrutiny of intellectual attainments, to fulfil the ends of their creation should manifestly be limited to cases in which there is a strong presumption that they will index strides notably above the average in special departments of study. Making General Grant an L. L. D. savoured strongly of the *lucus a non lucendo* style of brightening up an object, but what a guffaw would have rung round the world had he been officially dubbed D. D. Yet it is probable—if in his youth he studied the Bible as assiduously as do very many American boys—that the sacred degree would fit him quite as well as the secular. The reception of either seems to us a derogation of that sole but high renown which history will award him—position among the great masters of the art of war. Ed. of METEOR.

Commencement Sermon.

The Alabama State University being in full view of the Insane Hospital, and distant only a half-mile, it would be natural to suppose that some of the inmates would share with the citizens of Tuscaloosa and visitors the intellectual refectations of Commencement season. Twice during the week did bevy of patients, under the guidance of nurses, make their way to the University building; once to hear the graduates, eleven in number, recite—as do all graduates—their own or some one's else compositions; once to listen to the Commencement sermon, by the Rev. Mr. Lowry, Pastor of a Presbyterian Church in Selma. It having been our ill fortune to miss the graduating exercises, we can only notice the sermon.

As so much time is still spent at most colleges in endeavors to form a thorough acquaintance with the multitudinous allegorizations of mental and physical phenomena which their own and the popular ignorance of real science and true religion caused the ancient *literati* to palm upon their cotemporaries for the acemes of wisdom, we expected that the Commencement sermon would be a mixture of the water of life with that of some Pierian fountain, served up in an antique bowl profusely garnished with bouquets from the slopes of Pindus or the meadows of Tempe. But the Rev. gentleman, starting with the assertion that he had not come there to amuse the graduating class or to tickle their fancies, took for the subject of his discourse a topic as foreign to all classic nonsense as topic could be, and what was better, from beginning to end adhered to it.

The discourse was a most eloquent enforcement of the lesson of Calvary; a demonstration that all wisdom than that of Christ crucified was an aggregation of the most futile devices, filling immeasurably short of the necessities of the human soul. There was, in the entire discourse, no irrelevant matter. All the beautiful parts conspired to the formation of a grand whole that seemed a magnificent stairway by which the mind of the audience was conducted from the infernal abysses of sin to that high plane of holiness over which the seraphs flying, with faces veiled and veiled feet, unceasingly cry: Holy! holy! holy! is the Lord God of Hosts!

But every sermon is in some sort a work of art. As such, were there no defects? The grand imagery of one sentence, we thought, fitted badly its thought. Nor are we partial to personifications of the Divine attributes. After introduction to the dread

presence of Jehovah, it seemed a declension to turn aside to listen to the utterances of a Justice and a Mercy. The mind's eye, once directed at the Eternal, should have been there riveted. The demands of Jehovah would have been more dread than the claims of a Justice, and the genuine agony of the great heart of God, over a lost child, more pathetic than the wailings of a Mercy.

Mr. Lowry's oratory is, in some respects, different from that of any speaker we ever heard. He speaks slowly but with great earnestness, and, doubtless from an endeavor to pronounce distinctly every syllable, gives not unfrequently undue prominence to unimportant words. Occasionally, as if in labor with a mighty thought or with a press of majesties impatient for utterance, his face would flush, his shoulders erect, his frame vibrate, and his tones, steadily mounting from their natural cadence, issue in thrilling quavers not unlike the ring of a prolonged trumpet-blast. In conclusion we remark that they who heard his Sunday-night discourse, in the city, adjudge it even more brilliant and impressive than the Commencement sermon.

The Bright Side.

No traits of individual character are more striking than the disposition to view things in their most hopeful or most discouraging aspect. It may be truly said of many persons, that if there is a dark side to any event which concerns them they are sure to see it. Of others it might with as much truth be affirmed that if there is a crumb of comfort they are sure to get it. These contraries were well illustrated in a conversation that came off some weeks ago in the sitting room of No. 2, West Wing. One of the patients—he had just emerged from that impressive condition of the brain which enables one to see in such orthographical relationships as tre-foil and tree-frog a wondrous mystical bond and revelation to be dwelt on for days and weeks—was bewailing his condition; lamenting his confinement, his lack of profitable employment and variety in his associates, and the general monotonousness of life in a hospital. Another convalescent patient declared, in response, that hospital life was altogether the most pleasant that had fallen to his lot.

"Let me tell you," continued G—m of Pickens County, for he was the sanguine inmate, "how I spend the day. I rise in good time for breakfast. Then I go to prayers in the Chapel; listen to a chapter from the good book; hear a hymn sweetly sung, with a skilled organ accompaniment, and an excellent prayer devoutly offered by the Superintendent. Returned from Chapel, I read an hour or two. This brings me to "inspection." After inspection I play billiards till dinner. After dinner I read a couple of hours; take another whet at billiards, and then a stroll of a mile or two with other patients. Then supper comes. After supper I talk and joke or hear others do so until I get sleepy; then I go to a first rate bed and sleep like a top."

"Ah!" said his respondent "all that sounds very nice, but I don't play billiards and don't enjoy walking."

"That is your misfortune, not the fault of the Hospital," was G—m's response. "I tell you, sir, the Alabama Insane Hospital is

the best place I ever stopped at. I live well, have lots of fun, have nothing to do, and if I was unhappy I'd be a sap-head. Yet I'd like to go, for I feel that I ought to be making money for that little youngster who has come to my house since I left it, four months ago."

G—m is, as we before intimated, an occupant of a convalescent ward, and had therefore resources for amusement not accorded to all patients. Coming from the Chapel some weeks since, we asked an occupant of one of the back wards how he was getting on.

"Very well," was his reply, "but I wouldn't for the world go through again what I have suffered."

"Then your stay in the Hospital has been very unpleasant?"

"I mean't," he replied, "before coming to the Hospital: I have fared well ever since I came here. In fact I may say that I have had more satisfaction in the Hospital than I ever had since I was a boy."

It cannot be denied however that by far the most general feeling, among the patients, is one of dissatisfaction; impatience of detention, a desire to return to their homes, and to be making money. A lady patient, who while in the Hospital was noted for a disposition to find fault and complain of ill-treatment, has lately written to a lady friend, an inmate of the establishment, affirming that she was much happier in the Hospital than she has been in the world. This testimony is the more remarkable because the lady is wealthy, and has all that heart could wish, not excepting even an indulgent and devoted husband.

THE METEOR.

Alabama Insane Hospital.

Edited by a Patient.

Tuskaloosa, Ala., Oct. 1874.

THE METEOR is published quarterly, at fifty cents per annum, in advance. It is printed in the Hospital exclusively by the Patients, and original communications only are admitted in its columns.

We think that a very insufficient prominence is accorded to a political device lately promulgated. There is, unquestionably, a vast amount of political wisdom, practical patriotism and genuine republicanism in *Minority Representation*, i. e., in a representation in the State and National councils proportionate, in every case, to the vote cast.

Method in Madness.

Some months ago was brought to the Hospital a worthy gentleman—planter, merchant, preacher!—afflicted with intense melancholy, seemingly originating in a calamitous condition of his pecuniary interests. No man had ever lost as much money as he! none were ever so deeply involved in debt! he and his family were ruined; must suffer, must starve! A stay of some days wrought a change

in his imaginations: Superadded to the old fancies of bankruptcy and starvation were the new ones of the officers' intention to inflict on him the most outrageous insults and severest tortures. After some very unpleasant experiences, resulting from the persistence of such absurd notions, he began to improve, and becoming, in the main, tranquil and composed was suffered to return home. Yet it was manifest, from occasional expressions and deep groans, that his pecuniary calamities still pressed heavily upon him.

In the course of some weeks the Superintendent received from him a letter suggesting that a paying pensive or something of the kind be devised and the proceeds handed over to him. "One thousand dollars," thus he continues, "would make me a sound man, and I will agree to refund the money if my cure is not complete."

Our opinion is that this gentleman's proposal is a very reasonable one. Any community would be fortunate which could, by an expenditure of one thousand dollars, convert all its insane into rational men and women. But we question the feasibility of any such general arrangement. We know scores of crazy folks who would not for fifty times one thousand dollars give up their lunacy. Besides, a man or woman whom a thousand dollars would instantly cure might, by judicious "jewling," be induced to get well for a half, a fourth, an eighth, a hundredth part of the sum, and probably even for the mere fun of the thing.

Hypothetical Insanity.

J. H. Balfour Browne, Esq., Barrister at Law, London, displays his powers of psychological divination, through more than a dozen pages of the "Journal of Mental Science," for July, in the diagnosis of a hypothetical case of insanity, put by Robert Browning in his last poem, "Red Cotton Night-Cap, or Turf and Towers."

In contemplating the vast amount of energy and valuable journalistic space consumed in this review, we found ourselves inquiring if some one could not be induced to supply Mr. Browne and the Journal with the details of a genuine case. No one will deny that Mr Browne, the Barrister, is quite as justifiable in discussing the madness of Leonce Miranda as Mr Browning, the Poet, is in creating it, and it is not our province to criticise either the poem or its review. Whatever we might have to say in the way of dissent to some of the high colored pictures of the one, and to the nice technical distinctions of the other, we are reminded that Shakespeare and other poets, and perhaps barristers too, have exhibited a wonderful discernment of the mysteries of mental disorder.

We must say however that this attempt on the part of Mr Browne recalled to our mind very forcibly the ludicrous account, recorded in the "Georgia Scenes," of a young man who was in the habit of retiring all alone to the woods to engage in pommeling a fictitious adversary, after the most approved manner of the ring, in order that he might perfect himself in the noble art of pugilism. His performances on such occasions, as may be imagined, were of the most diverting character. If Mr Browne's delineations of Leonce's insanity had less intrinsic merit as a piece of ingenious pleading,

we should feel strongly tempted to commend to him the manner in which the pugnacious but modest Georgian was in the habit of pursuing his studies.

We learn with profound sorrow and regret of the death, on the 24th of July last, of Dr Francis T. Stribling, Sup't of the Western Lunatic Asylum at Staunton, Va. The deceased had held this responsible place uninterruptedly for nearly forty years, and from first to last he occupied a leading position in his profession.

A distinguished German alienist, after twenty years unremitting toil as Superintendent of a hospital for the insane, congratulated himself that he had escaped with a sound mind; and it has been said, with equal propriety, that ten years of such service is usually at the cost of a good reputation. Such admissions as these go further to establish the peculiar genius and fitness of the deceased for the position he so long and acceptably filled, than any eulogium we or others can offer. Such a man in the occupation of such a field of usefulness for so long a time, must carry with him into eternity a record of noble self-sacrificing work more acceptable perhaps, though less conspicuous, than the valorous deeds of his illustrious cotemporary countrymen, Lee and Jackson, with whom the Press of his native State have embalmed his memory.

Cerebral Pathology.

Our devil has recently been pushing his investigations into the hitherto obscure but fascinating region of psycho-pathology. He says it must be plain to the simplest mind that insanity is due to "a necrobiosis of the neuroglia, originating in the diaporesis of the cerebral molecules." In demonstration of this original and startling proposition he has favoured us with several excellent photomicrographs of the human brain one of which we herewith present. The intelligent and clear sighted observer will discover that it is full of cells, (usually, and we think correctly spelt *sells*) and that it bears upon its face a well-defined and suggestive figure which, in scientific language, is termed an *aqua-melonosis*.

The late unfortunate possessor of this encephalon was supposed to be insane on the subject of water-melons; hence the representation of that fruit "on the brain." Our special pathologist, to whom the brain was sent for examination, certified that he died of *melon-cholia*.

Difficulties of Public Position.

When the Hospital hands were engaged in building the Rockery on the lawn in front of the building, the following dialogue actually took place between a tax-payer, in his ox-cart on his way home from the city, and the Superintendent of the Hospital who was on the spot, giving general directions to the foreman of the hands.

TAX-PAYER. Good morning, Doctor; what are you building there?

DOCTOR. A Rockery.

TAX-PAYER. I don't wish to be meddling, Doctor, but it seems to me you are laying them rock all wrong. I'm a stonemason by trade, and am satisfied you're a wasting material and making the roughest job I ever saw. Them stone ought to be placed flat-wise instead of on their edges, and they ought to be juted and fastened with cement. You must excuse me, Doctor, for speaking so plainly, but we tax-payers have this to pay for and it ought to be done right.

This man was doubtless related in a Swedenborgian way to the patient who could not conceive any possible use for the Hospital flower-gardens but to feed the bees.

Brevities.

The Hospital Amusement season opened on the 1st Inst. The long discontinuance of the usual assemblies in the Amusement-hall which the hot weather compels, is a severe trial to the devotees of fun and frolic.—The METEOR office was in August the scene of interesting events. Its back door, opening on the Airing Court, was twice made a water-melon dispensary for all the male patients.—A Hospital, pure Chester sow gave birth, some weeks since, to seventeen "infants." Beat that, Massachusetts, if you can.—Alabama ought to increase her accommodation for the insane by enlarging her hospital, like Georgia and Mississippi, or by building another. The Hospital is crowded. Applications for admission are daily denied. There are hundreds of insane in the State still unprovided for.—It is to us a source of never-ending surprise that a paper so large, and so ably edited as the Nashville, Te., CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, can be furnished at two dollars per annum.—The Superintendent's Report for the year ending 31st ulto, shows a higher rate of cures, a lower mortality and a more satisfactory condition generally, both as regards hygiene and expenditure, than any previous year.

Any one visiting the Airing Court of late, might suppose, from the frequency of the horn-blasts, that it was a hunting-lodge. One of the patients having manifested a talent for making horns has been engaged in making them for various persons in and about the establishment. Each one of them had, of course, to be repeatedly tried to see if it would blow good; and every one to whom they were shown had to see if they could blow. Then there were trials of skill to determine who could blow loudest. So for some weeks past there has been such a blowing of horns as might beget the suspicion that an attempt was being made to repeat the miracle of Joshua at Jericho, and overturn the walls of the establishment. Our Airing Court orators are thoroughly silenced, and are amazed that the human larynx was made of cartilage instead of horn.

Alabama University Monthly.

We ought to have noticed this Journal several months ago, but one thing and another has prevented. The Monthly is ever a most agreeable visitor, not only on account of the interest of its articles, but as a practical affirmation that the present eclipse of the State University shall not be perpetual; that it has firm friends, who comprehending the feasibility of an early revival of its ancient renown, are determined to leave no stone unturned to bring about such a result, in



reference to the principle seat of learning in the Commonwealth, as concerns the honor of every Alabamian.

We have not space for analysis of the contents of even a single number. The author of "Words: their use and abuse," is one of the most valuable contributors. Its most voluminous, and not the least agreeable of its literary caterers, is "T. M." The life narrative, which has to the present time engrossed the whole power of his pen, is as interesting as a novel. But with all respect to the gentleman, who we learn is a most excellent citizen and a patron of letters, we think grave objections might be made to the maxim which he recommends to the young men of Alabama: "Make something out of every man." We can honor Walter Scott's maxim to "learn something from every one;" or the still more noble Christian proverb to "confer a benefit on every one you encounter;" but the general adoption of "T. M.'s" maxim would, we are convinced, make us a community of sharpers who would out-yank the Yankees, out-jew the Israelites, and leave parsimonious John Chinaman in profound amazement at the failure of his time-honored devices for drawing small coin from the pocket of the "Mell-can man."

The Bible and the Insane.

The Christian world are agreed in regarding the Bible as the great centre and source of Divine truth, and its habitual peusal the door of pious meditation, the avenue of good resolutions, and the fulcrum of that fortitude of soul without which, religious impulses degenerate into a voluptuous sporting with holy and eternal things. Yet no fact is more patent than the difficulty of rightly interpreting it. Although so replete with heavenly wisdom that the most simple can hardly open them without benefit, there are in the Holy Scriptures numerous labyrinths, to whose exploration the nicest perception, the calmest judgment, the most retentive memory and the most devout, prayerful disposition are indispensable.

In truth, the Bible, like its author, is a great mystery, on the borders of which we may wander and gather invaluable gems but whose infinite depths will forever disdain the fathom-line of human or angelic penetration. Many difficulties of holy lore are escaped by means of the instruction received in youth. Guided by parents, and by the ministers and authors of his denomination, the young soul learns to make short and profitable excursions over the vast abyss, without troubling itself with the wide areas unexplored or the sublime depths unfathomed. Most of us are wont to give our own investigations credit for the conclusions at which we have arrived. Nine times in ten, could the matter be thoroughly probed, it would be found that we have done little more than imblibe the opinions of parents and teachers. If proof of this were needed it would be readily found in the accord between the children's and parents' belief, and in the uncertain and devious course so often pursued by those who at an early age discard the guidance of parental authority. One theory or creed is tried only to be quickly abandoned for another which in no great while yields to another and to others.

To the characteristic of sacred mysteries unfathomable must be added a peculiarity of the Bible teaching which is written in shining characters on every page and in al-

most every paragraph; that theoretical speculations about virtue and God are the emptiest vanity, unless accompanied with a diligently earnest effort to accomplish the Divine will. The devout reader of the Scriptures may blunder on doctrinal points, may mistake precepts of nascent Christianity for laws of its maturity, may apply the mystical language of prophecy to illegitimate objects, but in one thing he is sure not to err, in being a fearfully earnest man. If now we recollect that two most striking peculiarities of insanity are a disdain of authority, and an uncontrollable propensity to exaggerate the emotions, we will readily understand how the celestial stimulants of the sacred volume should be habitually perverted to results, illegitimate and offensive and dangerous to the individual and to those about him.

Our opinion is, that in insanities, with now and then an exception, religious books should take the place of the Bible for devotional reading, and of these we would give a decided preference to dogmatical over practical treatises. In the explication of dogma, though in our day the fact seems to be forgotten, a rich fund of devotional feeling is necessarily conveyed. In a previous number of the *MIRROR* the opinion was expressed, and we reiterate it, that the practical, in our day, is overdone in the pulpit and elsewhere. There is no surer guide to devotion than a devout study of doctrine; and if ministers, abandoning the sweet negus of of "practical" sermons, would treat their hearers more frequently to solid, doctrinal discourses, they would find larger harvests ripening for the church sickle. One of the evils of our day is haste—haste to be wise, haste to be rich. And we sometimes think that haste to be pious might be added to the other injudicious hurrys.

Transatlantic Lunacy.

The *Morning Side Mirror* comes to us regularly from the Royal Edinburgh Asylum. Who are its printers and who is its editor deponent saith not. The June No. has just come to hand, and we subjoin two extracts from it which were never a part of it. How is that? Slightly attached to one of the leaves were two small strips of paper closely written over, evidently by a patient, and probably while engaged in enveloping the paper for the mail. In the printed matter of the same No. is an official announcement that Dr Haigh having resigned his office of Ass't Physician, had ceased to be the Editor of the *Mirror*.

On the larger enclosed slip was the following, in bold dashing characters.

"N. B. Dr. Haigh never wrote one word for the "Mirror" in his life. I wrote half of it for 2 or 3 years, but ceased at the end of 1871, because I am wrongfully imprisoned and illused, by the lewd queen and her pauper family of charity children."

"She persecuted Mr. John Nield into suicide for his money, as you can read in CHAMBERS' BOOK OF DAYS, Vol. II, per index; also Miss M. Brown and all her family, per ill'd Hand. News of 9 Nov. '72, p 454. Mills & Co.—for mere greed of dirty money. I burn't £70,000 in Manchester on Friday last, 12th June, and I hope and intend to burn Windsor Castle, for 1 or 2 millions, in revenge.—(like the Pantechnicon fire in London)—Alexandra palace &c. &c. It will be a fine return also for Chicago, Boston &c. Louis Nap. ruled and betrayed France for England, and in English pay. America

should join France in resisting German and English tyranny. France is sure to go to war soon again; what if America joins her and seizes all Canada (and many French descendants there,) and sends a fleet to French assistance. It is not good for the liberty of the world that tyranny should become absolute, by trampling French freedom under its feet.

John M—,

(now 10 years imprisoned and robbed, like Silvio Pellico, Baron Trenck and other victims of tyranny.)

On the smaller slip was the following.

"TO LET."

"An old and ugly widow woman, a sar-wint (?) out of place, and living on John Nield's suicide or murder money; apply at once at Be-all-immoral, near Aberdeenawa.

P. S. Any gamekeeper (who can dance) might shoot for the situation.

N. B. John Ruskin scorns to accept a medal from her.

Court news: (See recent papers.)

Her Majesty attended a Game-keeper's funeral. There was a servant's ball in the evening, and her Majesty danced with the Game-keeper. (The Ghost in the New —;) Vot's your little game now? An old mid-wife, Kiel of W—, was a barmaid."

Taking the writer of the foregoing at his word, some of the patients of the Alabama Insane Hospital will immediately organize an expedition against Canada and England. As there will be several Gods in the company, their array will be irresistible; unless they choose to enact, as in the Hospital, the part of omniscience, leaving their omnipotence in abeyance for a more favorable occasion. M— may look for them; but in the mean time, from regard to the interest of his American levies, he should discard all incendiary projects, for all property that is burned is irrevocably lost, and is a subtraction from the rich booty they expect.

Rockery.

As the judicious introduction of discords heightens the effect of harmony, so a rockery notoriously intensifies the attractions of a flowery, verdured plain. About one hundred and fifty yards before the flower-gardens fronting the East Wing of the Hospital, rises a mound about 15 feet high. "What is it? What is it for?" asked each patient, as his or her eye first lighted on it. Many never before saw a rockery, and the thousand and one bold angles of the projecting fragments of stone, of which it is composed, suggested ideas of anything but the beautiful. But this was while the rugged skeleton was unclothed. Now a throng of ferns and other plants are dispersed over it, and are maintained in a state of greatest luxuriance by the occasional spoutings of a water-pipe that perforates the apex of the cone: and the rockery, with a zone of rude stones encircling its base, and a profusion of vigorous plants arrayed betwixt this and the rocky summit, is very suggestive of some of the rude aspects which Nature assumes in wild mountain regions.