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Poetry.

LIFE LEAVES.

The day, with its sandals dipped in dew,
Has passed through the evening's golden gates,
And a single star in the cloudless blue
For the rising moon in silence waits;
While the winds that sigh to the languid hours
A lullaby breathe o'er the folded flowers.

The lilies nod to the sound of the stream
That winds along with lulling flow,
And either awake, or half-a-dream,
I pass through the realms of long ago:
While faces peer with many a smile
From the bowers of memory's magic tale.

There joys and sunshine, sorrows and tears,
That check the path of life's April hours,
And a longing wish for the coming years,
That hope ever wreathes with the fairest flowers;
There are friendships guileless—love as bright
And pure as the stars in the halls of night;

There are ashen memories, bitter pain,
And buried hopes, and a broken vow,
And an aching heart by the reckless main,
And the sea-breeze fanning a pallid brow,
And a wanderer on the shell-lined shore,
Listening for voices that speak no more.

There are passions strong, and ambitions wild,
And the fleet resolve to stand in the van
Of the battle of life; and the heart of the child
Is rushed in the breast of the struggling man;
But short the regrets, and few are the tears
That fall at the tomb of the banished years.

There is quiet and peace, and domestic love,
And joys arising from all a love truth,
And a truth unquestioning, far above
The passions dreamin of ardent youth;
And a laugh of children on lip and cheek,
And the parent's bliss which no tongue can speak.

There are loved ones lost! There are little graves
In the distant dell, 'neath protecting trees,
Where the streamlet sinks, and the violet waves,
And the grasses sway to the sighing breeze;
And we mourn for pressure of tender lips,
And the light of eyes darkened in death's eclipse.

And thus as the glow of the daylight dies,
And the night's first look to the earth is cast,
I gaze, 'neath those beautiful summer skies
And the pictures that hang in the hall of the past;
Oh! Sorrow and Joy chant a mingled lay,
When to memory's wildwood we wander away.

Miscellaneous.

A Tale of True Love;
Or, The Apple Girl's Talisman

Some years ago, when I was a rambler through the streets of Cincinnati, for the purpose of picking up trifles to interest the readers of the local column of a city paper, I often purchased apples, nuts, and candies of a young girl who had a stand near the junction of two business avenues.

She was not handsome in the common acceptation of this much-abused word, but there was an artlessness and yet a winning grace in her manner which convinced me that her station in life should be above the one she then occupied. Her dress was invariably a close-fitting pink calico one. I felt that her parents must be very poor, and as I saw her day after day in the same attire, I had my suspicions that her wardrobe could not be very extensive; yet, as she always appeared neat and tidy, it was a mystery to me how this striking neatness was secured, and why there was not ever any variety in her apparel. I saw that it was tasteful and becoming, but I knew that the ladies are proverbial for a love in the variety of dress, and I had an interest in knowing why this simple girl was so marked an exception.

I have always delighted to study character, either in high or low life, and I took it upon me to investigate the pretty apple girl's peculiarity. Her fruit was ever clean and tempting, but I often made purchases merely for the sake of forming an acquaintance. At length, known to be as a liberal patron, she began to have less reserve with me than when I first noticed her and finally I was emboldened to make inquiries in reference to her family. It was some time before she convinced freely but by dint of perseverance I learned that she lived with her mother in a pleasant cottage on a quiet street in the suburbs of the city. I knew the spot; its attractiveness had often interested me, and I now became more curious than ever to hear the story of the apple girl in the pink calico dress.

I ventured to ask permission to call on her mother and make her acquaintance, under the plea of a love of birds and flowers, with both of which the cottage was surrounded. I did not receive the encouragement I wished, but still would not let hope that my curiosity might some day be gratified. As obstacles to my purpose increased I became more determined, and I resolved to change my tactics. I could not understand the girl's disinclination to allow our acquaintance to become in any respect familiar, but I knew that she would not dare to treat me rudely, and, watching my opportunity one Sunday afternoon, I addressed her as she stood at the street gate of the cottage, and as I admired some flowers which grew in a bed near the house, she could not escape, politely, from the necessity of inviting me to walk through the yard. Accidently we met the mother. I had an invitation to enter the cottage. Of course I accepted with pleasure, and, finding the mother inclined to be more communicative than the daughter, I managed to learn that they were French folks, although they both spoke English remarkably well. The cottage parlor was furnished plainly, but elegantly. There were upon the walls several pictures, and upon the mantel a number of delicate works of art, which I was satisfied could not have been purchased by the limited earnings of an apple girl.

Why a young girl who lived in such a cottage, with so much evident taste and cultivation, should invariably wear a pink calico dress, and sell fruit, nuts, and candies on the streets, was to me a perplexing inquiry. There was a web of romance weaving around the mysterious apple girl, which became more and more interesting, and every day my resolution to unravel it became stronger. There was so much modesty in the girl's bearing at her apple-stand—she seemed so much afraid of scandal, should any converse with her longer than was necessary to make purchases—that there was no way left for me to solve the mystery of her life but by visiting the cottage. Again I went without an invitation, and boldly made known the curiosity which led me to force myself upon there acquaintance.

The daughter laughed heartily, and said gaily, "We have been just as much at fault to understand your curiosity as you were to reconcile our circumstances with our employment."

"Then we should be mutual confidants," I observed. "I have been very frank with you, and hope you will reciprocate."

"But our relations are not similar," she archly replied. "We are not responsible for your curiosity, but you for ours."

"Why so?" I cried.

"It was forced upon us."

"Indeed, and was not mine forced upon me, in such a manner, too, as left me no choice but to seek out the mystery? But a truce to this bandying of words; you will not take advantage of my frankness for any other purpose than to reward it with full explanations?"

She looked at me a moment, as if questioning my apparent honesty, and then said pleasantly:

"Well, as you have been so good a patron of my apple stand, and you have taken such pains to know the romance of my history, if you will promise secrecy, I'll tell you."

"I'll accept any condition that I can fulfil," I answered eagerly.

"Walk with me into the garden, then," said the girl.

We had a pleasant seat under a rustic arbor, when the lady remarked:

"Mother told you that we once lived in a village near Paris."

"She did," I answered, "on my first visit."

"We were not rich, but we had a pretty cottage, and an income sufficient to support us. Father died when I was a little girl. I had no brothers, but I had a playmate who was dearer to me than a brother. As we grew older, his parents, who were rich, forbade him to visit our house. We met in the fields. We loved each other, and would not be separated. His father learned that we still met, and he was very angry. He told his son that if he visited me he could not live at home. Our fathers had been bitter enemies, but we could not understand why that should make us enemies when we loved each other, and Emile declared that he would not neglect me if his father did shut his doors against him.—One day he said to me, 'I am going to run away. But not from you—from father, and you shall come to me, and then we shall never be parted.' It was hard to consent, but Emile insisted, and we took leave of each other, and he did run away. It was a long time before we heard from him; then we got a letter which told us he was in America. I had changed very much since Emile's absence, and mother was afraid I would die. I coaxed her to let me go to America. Emile told us in his letter that he lived in Cincinnati When we arrived in Boston, we inquired for Cincinnati, and were directed to this place. Mother bought this cottage, and here we have lived expecting to meet Emile."

"Have you never heard from him?" I inquired.

"Only once," she answered.

"Do you know where he is now?"

"No, indeed; if we did we would not stay here long."

"Have you never written him?"

"We do not know his name. He has changed it, as he told us in his letter, but he neglected to tell us what name he now bears."

"Do you think you will ever find him?"

"Yes, indeed. I do. I dream about him every night. I know he is not dead, and I shall soon meet him."

I made inquiry, hoping it might lead to some explanation of the pink dress and apple selling mystery. She understood my look and tone of curiosity, and answered pleasantly.

"That will explain to you the romance of my dress and occupation. When Emile and I played together in France, I often wore a dress very much like this one. If he should see me anywhere in this dress he would know me. I might meet him and not know him, but he would recognize me, and I would not dress in any other style, for fear we might miss each other."

"But why sell apples in the street?" said I, with a look of admiration at her devotion, which she could not well mistake; "there is certainly no necessity that you should be so occupied."

"Yes, there is!" she answered naively; "I must be where Emile could see me, if he were to visit the city. I dare not be on the street all this time, unless I am occupied, and I never thought there was any disgrace in selling apples."

"Certainly not," I exclaimed; but all who know your history will honor you. Accept my sincerest wishes that your devotion to the lover of your youth may be fully rewarded by an early meeting and a happy re-union."

"Thank you, thank you; but he is my lover now as much as he was when we were in France, and I know I am going to see him soon. I will show him to you here before winter; I know I will. Mother says I am foolish, but something tells me to hope, and I do hope."

"May you not be disappointed," I said, involuntarily.

A few weeks after this interview, I missed the apple girl in the pink dress from her accustomed stand. Fearing that she might be sick, I resolved to call at the cottage in the evening. When I went to my boarding house at supper time, a note was handed me. It contained these words:

"Dear Sir: Come to our house this evening. We have something more to tell you about the romance (as you call it) of my humble dress and occupation.

"THE APPLE GIRL."

I went—the mother stood in the door to welcome me, but the daughter ran to meet me, and taking both of my hands in hers, in a delirium of joy, she cried:

"He's come—he's come."

In her pink dress, at the apple stand, she had met Emile the day previous.

I stood that night a witness to their union, and a happier wedding I never attended. The devotion of the simple girl was rewarded—her faith was not misplaced—her homely talisman proved a true one.

Breaking Criminals on the Wheel.

The good old times must, in very many respects, have been very bad old times. Read, for instance, the following extract from the instructions given in 1746 by the Paris Parliament to "Monsieur de Paris," that is to say the Parisian executioner, in regard to the course he was to pursue in breaking criminals:

After addressing the prisoner, no matter whether male or female, until nothing but a short shirt covers them, he will tie them to the St. Andrew's cross on the scaffold, stretching their limbs out as far as possible, and turning their elbows outside. After giving the chaplain notice to leave the scaffold, he will take the bar (an iron bar four feet long, and very heavy) and commence striking on the prisoner's limbs. He will commence at the left shoulder, crushing the bones by two deliberate blows. One blow will be sufficient for the upper arm, two for the left elbow, two for the wrist and hand. The two heavy blows will be on the left hip-bone, three on the left knee-joint; two well laid on, on the left leg, and one on the left foot. "Monsieur de Paris" will then wait a minute or two, and commence "working" on the right side of the culprit, commencing at the foot and finishing at the shoulder. The greffier of the court will see to it that these instructions are strictly carried out. The screams of the culprit must not be heeded by "Monsieur," nor must he give him the *coup de grace* before finishing on the right shoulder. The *coup de grace* is to consist of three heavy blows, to be delivered on the breast of the prisoner; if the prisoner is a woman, the *coup de grace* will be delivered under her ribs, lest her bosom should break the force of the blows. The body of the culprit will be delivered to the medical faculty of Paris, which will give a report on the condition of the corpse to the greffier of the Parliament.

This horrible mode of punishment was witnessed on an average once a week by the Parisians. One of the last victims of this atrocious cruelty was a poor servant girl, who had been convicted of stealing two or three dresses of her mistress. She was broken on the wheel because larcenies by domestics had become very numerous in Paris. Her agony lasted seven minutes, and a stream of blood, spouting from her mouth after her knee joint had been crushed, drowned her heart-rending cries. Queen Maria Antoinette had been appealed to to save the girl and haughtily refused. This was afterward remembered against her. During the reign of Louis XVI. about three thousand persons were actually broken on the wheel. Such were the "good old times" in France.

Nightwork.

Tom Moore spoke truly when he said that the best of all ways to lengthen our days is to steal a few hours from the night. Only we must steal for a good purpose, not for pleasure or dissipation, else we are losers instead of gainers by the theft. Moderate night work does no hurt to bodily or mental health, but rather the contrary. I fancy, and I speak from experience. Note how well, and to what old age, nocturnal toilers and watchers retain their strength and faculties. Look at astronomers, whom in our mind's eye we always regard as snowy-locked, yet vigorous minded, strong-framed men. And are they not, as a rule? Remember Galileo, living to seventy-eight; Hevelius watching till he was seventy-six, and Copernicus till he reached seventy. Take our English Astronomers Royal, too. There was Flamsteed, who, in spite of a disordered body, toiled by night and day harder, as he said, than a corn-thrasher, and yet reached seventy-three. Bradley, who did as much night-watching, ran out the allotted period of three-score and ten years; and his successor, Markelyne, told four-score all but one year. Then call to mind grand old Hershel, whose daily labors and night watching lasted so long, and were performed so well that he may be said to have done the work of three lives, and he reached the good age of eighty-four. And have we not his son, a giant in science, who stole hour after hour from the starry nights of his youth, and gives us now sparkling essays and sound lessons taught with the experience which seventy six years have gathered to his garner? Lastly, learn that Maedler, who is now seventy-four, came to the British Association meetings a few weeks back, and told the savans something that proved his eye—after an operation for cataract—and his intellect to be as good as they were when, thirty years ago, he made the noble map of the moon. a work that must have involved night watching enough to send an ordinary eight hour sleeper into an everlasting dose. Whose wishes to rob the night to the best advantage, let him sleep for two or three hours, then get up and work for two hours, and then sleep out the balance of the night. Doing this, he will feel the loss of the sleep he has surrendered.—*Once a Week.*

THE INSANE.

Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 19.—During the present year, several accounts have been published regarding insane asylums, which conveyed the idea that a man who is in his right mind, or who is only eccentric, may be committed to a lunatic asylum and confined for an indefinite period, and for the alleged reason that his relatives may get possession of his property. Recently, some cases before the Philadelphia courts have called public attention to the treatment in the "Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane," and I came hither and made a thorough inspection of this institution.

This hospital was founded in 1751, and among the originators was Benjamin Franklin. When the city had grown so much as to surround the hospital a large portion of the real estate was sold, and more than 100 acres of land, lying two miles west of the city, was bought, and about 28 years ago a large building was erected, to which the patients were removed. The original building was left for the use of the city as a hospital in which the sick and those injured by accidents were received, making it correspond in almost every respect with the New York Hospital on Broadway. This hospital has been in high repute, and its influence upon the medical knowledge of the country has been marked. The Hospital for the Insane has also had a high reputation, for it was the first institution of the kind established in this country, and it was among the first to lead the way in new methods for treating the insane, which not only here but in many other institutions have been so superior to any known before, that now the whole number permanently cured averages about eighty cases in a hundred.

This hospital is not a State institution, for it owes its existence to the humanity and munificence of the citizens of Philadelphia. The control is in a board of managers, elected by the contributors, and this board appoints a visiting committee, with the duty to inspect the hospital once every week, which duty has not been neglected in a single instance. So well satisfied have been the people of the city and Legislature of the State with the management hitherto, that the regulations adopted in 1751 are unchanged, and their legality has become established by virtue of the common law; nor does the city make assessments of any kind. Large sums have been given and bequeathed by wealthy citizens, and so great has been the general confidence, that one gentleman, who had never been within the walls, willied a very large sum for the improvement of the condition of the insane. For 28 years Dr. Kirkbridge has filled the responsible position of physician and of general manager to the institution, and he still retains the confidence of the citizens and of the board of managers.

In 1859 the people of Philadelphia contributed funds for a new building to be occupied exclusively by men. It has a main front of 512 feet, with two wings, each of 167 feet, all three stories high, while other extensive buildings are either attached or adjacent. There are also engine-houses, shops, and other structures. Nor is the building for women less complete or extensive. Each is surrounded by a massive stone wall, including a space of more than 12 acres, containing walks from one mile to two miles long, brick pavements 6,000 feet long, also groves, flower beds, and vegetable gardens, thus making the most complete and costly establishment in our country. Still, there have been charges of cruelty, and of general disregard of the objects for which the institution was founded.

I arrived at the hospital in the afternoon, entered a gate kept by a porter, then, passing a short distance in an avenue lined by evergreens, came to the main door, which opened into a long carpeted hall, and passing to the further end I reached the office, where I stated my business. At once, every opportunity for a thorough inspection was offered.

On entering a lunatic asylum for the first time will expect to see and hear horrible sights, and not unlikely will fear to be suddenly assaulted by some raving maniac. For our knowledge of insane people is derived either from English literature or from pictures of the inmates of Bedlam, with sunken cheeks and ghastly eyes, while they exhibit their chains and declare themselves mad, or, from those sad sights in some far off country side, and in the days before asylums had been erected and endowed, where the insane were confined in the county jail or poor house, or were provided for by their friends at home. Many will remember, perhaps, some in those days, in some rural region, a small hovel near the farm house for the confinement of an insane member of the household—a son, a daughter, a father, or a wife and mother. This hovel was about eight feet square, oftenest built of logs that it might be strong, without a window, perhaps without a door, having an entrance through the roof, and there could be no fire. Food was introduced as if to an animal, and if one looked in the captive would be seen crouching upon a bed of straw, huddled in a corner glaring with rage, or shrinking in fear, while the garments hung in rags, if any rags remained. I knew a father and four grown sons, tall and strong; another son, the first born, was confined in a log house in a meadow by a brook. It was a rule, once in two weeks, and on Sunday morning, for the five to go thither and unbar the strong door, when, armed with clubs, they would all rush in, grapple with the maniac, and tie him with a rope. Then they would wash him, put on clean garments, throw out the hovel, and leave him for two weeks more. Thus the poor wretch lived, never improving, always fierce or said so to be, and it was thought an act of great bravery in the father and sons to persevere in their care. In a very small room belonging to a county poor house, I once saw a woman, still young, who sat on the floor with her face on her knees: her hair was spread out and matted, and as dirty as a mat; for two years she had not spoken, and when she was cared for she resumed her accustomed posture. Often, admired and loved, she had moved in the best of society. This was not more than three miles from one of the most beautiful cities in the West. Across the road from a farm house, and in a lone field, stood a log hut, with an opening between the logs large enough to admit food and water, a crazy mother was a prisoner. Worn out with labor, and watching and nursing a sick babe which finally died, she had no strength to withstand her grief; reason departed; her husband could not care for her, nor could she be trusted with her children; and I have seen those children on cold mornings hurry across the road with victuals, which they thrust in, a piece at a time, beneath a shelf of frost and snow. There she lived from year to year, and grew gray, the light of day or of home never shining, while the farm house abounded with comforts, and where at last, another came to fill the place she had left vacant, and another race of children fed her.

Taking the keys, the chief physician of the Pennsylvania Asylum led the way. At the head of the staircase is a large picture of Christ healing the sick, which was painted for this institution by Benjamin West. It is a celebrated piece, and worth a study of hours. For several years it was exhibited in the city, and large sums were received for admission. The entrance is into a long, well-lighted hall, with rooms on either side, with beds in each; the floors are carpeted, there are white curtains at the windows, and though the sashes are of iron, they are painted white, and do not look different from common sashes; pictures hang along the walls, and Scripture mottoes are over the principal doors. A woman who had been recently admitted sat near the room assigned to her. She believed that great calamities were impending; that murderers, thieves, and robbers were on every hand; that she had so sinned against light and knowledge, that there could be no forgiveness. As we passed along we saw several rooms, each containing two beds, one of which was for an attendant, and we saw a few rooms sumptuously furnished, also containing two beds, which were for rich patients who could afford exclusive accommodations, and a constant attendant. Then we saw a middle-aged woman in a rocking-chair shaking with laughter, and having her attention fixed upon a shawl which she held in her arms, folded so as to resemble a baby, and it seemed to be her darling and her joy. Another woman aged as much as 50, who became blind when 16 years old, but who married and was the mother of seven children, was active, seemed to have worked hard in some occupation, and requested that word be sent to such a street and number—sent as quick as possible, that her friend might come, that we should not fail; all of which was repeated over and over. Another inquired: "Will father come to-day?" Answer, in a pleasant, low voice, "I think he will." "But are you certan? Is it not too late, or too cold, or too far?" "He certainly will come, if not to-day to-morrow, or certainly this week." "And when he comes, will you let him see me immediately? Do you think he will come to-day?" Another lay on her neat, white bed, almost dying. She had attempted to starve herself; then, repenting, was anxious to live, but it was doubtful whether it was not too late. All the doors, as we passed, were open, but we came to one which was closed. To a gentle knock it gently opened, and a young lady stood wringing her hands, and crying piteously. "Well, how are you to-day? You have been sick." Answer: "Yes, I have been very bad, but I feel better now, and I hope I shall be much improved to-morrow." She was soothed by the kindest words and the gentlest hands. Her case was thus: Six years ago she was cured and restored to her friends, living in a far country, but she had come again. On both occasions she had worn herself out in watching and in taking care of the sick in her native city, and both times her reason gave way.

Now, this asylum is divided into 16 wards, entirely separated from each other, the inmates of which form families numbering about 15, for whom a table is set and food especially prepared. The cooking is done in one establishment, as is also the washing and ironing, and that which is required for a particular ward is transported by a railway in the basement and received in the proper place upon an elevator. The wards are separated by halls and locked doors, and to most of the wards belong spacious yards planted with trees and flowers, and surrounded by walls. In each of these 16 wards, all of which are occupied by females, is a piano, also a library, while there are interesting specimens in glass cases, and everywhere are engravings which represent domestic and cheerful scenes. In short, everything is calculated to produce neatness, order and agreeable impressions. The patients in one ward have no connection with those of another, and generally each is isolated as if it were the only one in the building. The object is to place those of like condition together. To associate the timorous and weak with the bolsterous and strong, would make both worse, for one would shrink with fear, and the other would become audacious. This arrangement corresponds to classification in the sciences; the advantages are as great in one case as in another, and without it little or no progress could be made. Another advantage arises from the assistance derived from such patients as are in the process of recovery, for it is found that they at once use their newly recovered faculties in helping their companions, since they sympathise with them and know their wants even better than their attendants; and yet, those very ones may be far from being restored, and they still need assistance from the physician or those still more advanced. After they have reached a certain stage in their recovery they are removed to a ward where the condition of the patients corresponds to their own. There is much in this similar to the Lancastrian system of education. There are several aged woman in this institution, and some have grown old in it, having been here from 30 to 50 years. It is not improbable that if such had at first been treated by the present methods they would have been restored, for nothing is better ascertained than that the earlier proper treatment can commence the more certainty is there of a speedy and permanent cure—that is, unless the case is attended with organic disease.

In one ward we saw a most cheerful sight. A lady, perhaps 50 years old, sharp-featured, active, and dressed in white and black delaine, was playing the Devil's Dream on the piano, while two ladies, not far from 80 years old, danced a reel, and they were as loving and gay as any young couple dancing in a country tavern. Another was dressed in fire red; another as an Indian princess, and another was the Queen of Sheba. One, seeming to have an important communication, came to the Doctor and told him that when she wanted to leave she would let him know. One was the wife of an eminent man; one the sister of another, the names of which were whispered. As we passed along, one well dressed and seeming every way proper, gave to some of us a wink.

In the various wards, all grades are included, and they range from the elegantly dressed lady who goes with an attendant in a carriage to the city, to make purchases being almost restored, or the great calamity is impending—down to those who sit silent, and seem neither to see nor hear—with wasted hair, and paralytic twitches, and in whom reason seems like a flame that flickers in the act of expiring. The day is a series of steps leading from brilliancy down to imbecility. In one she is beheld some deficiency; in the next, another deficiency is superadded; in the next, still another, until, at last, all that makes woman attractive and loved is gone, or, what is worse, so little is left that the condition is as if the sun were blotted from the heavens and chaos had come again. The last state is called dementia, and it differs from idiocy only in having a beginning. Still, of the majority, there are always hopes; they are more or less active, they receive impressions, their conduct is mainly exemplary, they understand some things clearly, and more than three fourths are restored to their right mind.

Every means for affording rational amusement is supplied; there is a gymnasium, also a lecture room, where lectures by eminent men are delivered, mainly on some popular branch of the Natural Sciences, and exhibitions are held with the magic lantern and various optical and chemical instruments; several carriages are kept for the patients use; in short, whatever art, science, industry, or experience, can contribute toward bringing the mind to its former condition is liberally and industriously applied. I was shown every room; even the closet doors were thrown open; and, besides, I followed along the labyrinths of the vast basement up to the attic and dome.

Those patients who go by the general name of maniacs are said here to be in a high state of excitement, and when they become wholly unmanageable they are placed in rooms containing only a mattress laid on the floor. These rooms correspond to the grated dungeons of Bedlam, where chains are fixed to the walls. There is a narrow window so high that it cannot be reached, and there is a transom window over the door. If they contained a bed and a little furniture, they would be similar to many of the rooms in a good New York hotel. Patients of this class will readily commit suicide if they can, and often they are ingenious in seeking the means. The usual preventive is a garment which has sleeves joined together at the wrist, entirely enclosing both hands. As the patient recovers, a bedstead is brought in, or there is a removal to a furnished room, and finally to the society of one of the wards. This extreme condition is of short duration, often it is intermittent, and as none among more than 200 were so confined on the day of my visit, or seemed in any respect requiring it, the improvement in the treatment of the insane over former methods must be manifest. As to chains, dungeons, or any means for punishment, I saw nothing of the kind. When a patient becomes highly excited, the two attendants of the ward come on each side, and each taking an arm a transfer to a room is dexterously, gently, and quickly made. One of the rules is, that an attendant must speak only in a low unimpassioned voice; often it is found unnecessary to speak at all, even where the manifestations to the common eye would appear of the most alarming character. During the night, watchmen pass through the halls at stated periods, while their passage is marked upon a card within the case of an ingeniously constructed clock. The clothing of each patient upon retiring are placed outside in the hall.

In the evening I attended a tea-party—for one was given to the patients every week—that is, to a portion at a time, and they look forward to the occasion with great interest. All the officers with their ladies were present, and notwithstanding this was a class much lower than others, with regard to the progress of their cure, I had never mingled in a company which showed more propriety; indeed, I have sat at festive tables where the company might be taught something by the behavior of these unfortunates. After the dishes were removed several games were introduced, in which most of the patients took some interest, and conversation was intermingled. Still, there were these whom nothing could arouse, and they sat listless and downcast. On this occasion was present a lady with a history of the most interesting and affecting nature, but it cannot be told until, in all probability, the hand which holds this pen shall be moldering in the dust. May the choicest blessings attend her through every period of her existence. On the next evening was a lecture; on the next, some other entertainment; and thus this part of the work goes on through the year.

The hospital building for men is nearly half a mile distant. Between are the two walls of the respective institutions; and also, a low valley, not inclosed, thus making, as it were, a gulf which cannot be passed. Upon a little reflection, the necessity for seperating the sexes will be obvious, but it would be a sufficient reason in the fact that many ladies would not enter if they would be likely to meet men who in after life could lay claim to an acquaintance formed in such a place. The general plan, the interior arrangements and provision for comfort, instruction, amusement, and cure, are the same as in the department for females. The number of males is, from year to year, about the same as of females, which shows, notwithstanding complainings in certain quarters in regard to women, that both are happy and unfortunate in an equal degree.

Surely, if anywhere, some of the scenes of Bedlam would be presented among the males. The door was opened. It was neither an iron door, a massive door, nor did it differ from the parlor door in one's own dwelling. Here was the same well lighted and cheerful hall, with pictures on the walls, with libraries, cases of insects, and various curiosities, but the inmates were less retiring; indeed, our entrance awakened satisfaction and curiosity; a few turned toward us, and there was a general movement on the part of each to assume a position favorable for seeing or hearing. A large business-like man bustled up to us with confidence, holding in his hand a petition addressed to the President of the United States, praying for an appointment to the office of Secretary of State, or of War, or of the Treasury, or of the Navy, or Pension Bureau, or as Embassador to England, France, or Russia, or, in case none of these place should be vacant, the Superintendency of the United States Mint would be accepted. We did not hesitate to sign his petition, because we could not conceive that the public service would receive a new injury even should he be appointed. The next great man was a poet, who had 320 poems which he wished to sell, one of which contained 4,050 lines, and all were superior to any poetry published or unpublished. If this was the only evidence of his insanity, the reason for his detention did not seem apparent, because such men are far from being uncommon. Next we were introduced to a gentleman standing in his door way, and he politely invited us to enter. On a table was a large collection of standard books, Shakespeare having a prominent place, and he told us that he was devoting every moment of his time in making himself familiar with the English classics, and in particular with Shakespeare. "These investigations," said he, "develop the interior faculties far more than any secondary basis, whether attached to a higher or a lower plane, and the laying down of a formula deduced therefrom is excelled only by the difficulty and analysis of abstract ideas when compared with the concrete of a higher life." Next was a small, well-dressed young man, who had something of an English air in his manner, and when I asked him how he got along, and how he liked it, he said: "The institution is fair, you know, and the grub is good, but the trouble is, you know, there is nobody here, that is to say, out of the whole, there is nobody fit for society, you know, unless there may be three, in fact not more than two, if so many, and all the rest are simply nobodies."

Going into another ward, the first person introduced was the President of the United States. He looked as though he lived well, and he offered me several offices, and in particular to be Minister to Holland, but, as the salary was only $1500 a year, it was declined. Then he wanted others to take offices, and after considerable begging they were all filled. It seemed to me that if that other gentleman who wanted office so badly could have had an interview with this President, a great deal of trouble would be saved; in fact, there is abundant material here for organizing a complete government, and they might issue money and then steal it, and thus lead earnest and actual lives. The President, being a musician, went the piano, and played a song on the bad effects arising from cutting one's beards on Sunday morning. During the performance a poor creature came in, with vacant eyes, when the attendants tried to make him turn around, but he was as rigid as so much India-rubber; finally, they forced him into a corner, while not a word was spoken, and taking a cloth out of his pocket, they wiped his nose. Thence we went to a large room, where several old men sat around the wall, as if at meeting, while the Winter sun shone upon them brightly, and they were as stupid as if drugged with opium. They had reached the lowest stage. For a reason that need not be stated, we hastened away. In the hall was one who, long ago, was an officer in the regular army, and it was said that if he had not resigned he would have outranked Gen. Scott. He wanted only one thing, and that was a chew of tobacco. Another wanted a cent, which was given him, and it was stated that he had laid up quite a fund, but sometimes he invests something in candy. Another had been a lawyer; he understood his condition, and he stated it. He had worked his brain when it was already over-worked, and still he had worked it, taking neither sleep nor relaxation, and now all was gone. In saying this he shed tears. As we approached the end of the hall two remarkably intellectual looking men, with dark shadows around their eyes, stepped toward us quickly and rapidly, and they seemed as ready to make a spring as if they were tigers. And yet, neither these nor any others are feared by the attendants. Generally, an insane man is a coward, and he will shrink before the steady gaze of a determined man in his right mind. One had a little wheel on a small shaft. "What is this for?" "To turn around." "But what is the object?" "To turn around." "Yes, yes; what kind of machinery is it?" "It turns around."

Then we were taken into what have been called the dungeons. They were simply bare rooms with two windows, and such as described in the department for females. The walls were defaced, and one room was in process of repair, having been set on fire by a patient, whose friends unaccountably had given him some matches. We were shown what is called a "saddle," which is used to prevent a patient from doing himself bodily injury. It is composed of straps and webbing, about two inches wide, fastened to the bedstead; it confines the limbs and the body, and is so arranged that the patient can move his limbs or lie in any position, but he can neither arise nor throw off the bedclothes. It is ingenious, and it was declared to have saved many lives, particularly for the reason that when the patient finds he cannot get away, his muscles finally relax and he sleeps. None of the stupefying gases are used, because they produce no mental change.

Having gone through the whole building, and seen every apartment, regardless of the use to which it was applied, and making in the whole extent a walk of a mile and a quarter, I was told by the superintendent that I had seen every apparatus by which violent or any class of patients are restrained. These dungeons and chains belong to the treatment of the past, not to the present. Briefly, the means used for restoring the lost senses are innocent amusements, exercise in almost every form, lectures, books, carriage-rides, mechanical pursuits, walking, and garden-work, all of which, as I saw, are ample in provision, and the printed directions demand that the application be regular and unremitting. Gentle treatment is enjoined, and the Scripture texts over the doors, directing the practice of all the virtues and charities, form the spirit of the rules by which the attendants are to be guided. The general impressions which a visitor receives are of lightness, comfort, neatness, and elegance. The number of choice and elegant engravings cannot fail to strike the eye. The selection of pictures for a particular ward seem intended to help recall such memories as are supposed to be within reach. For the men's department they are striking, always cheerful, sometimes bold, and the female figure is not wanting. In one ward, perhaps where despondency prevails, is a picture of one asleep in a hammock which is swinging from boughs, and the vines and wild flowers, and the drapery of the sleeper, denote that it is a tropical scene.

The cooking, washing, and other industries, are complete and on a large scale. The heating of the apartments by steam and hot air requires extensive works, and having been first devised here, they were next adopted in the Capitol at Washington, and afterwards in all parts of the country. Ventilation demands the use of the steam engine every day in the year, and the necessity in a building like this, occupied by human beings as a residence, is absolute. Even when a small number permanently live in one building, unless there is perfect ventilation, a sickening taint will attach to the walls and furniture which is almost insupportable, and there are some institutions, not excepting colleges and churches, where this odor can be detected, notwithstanding the utmost care in the matter of ventilation, and some which I have visited fail to attain it. In the Pennsylvania Asylum it is nearly perfect; but where there is a local requirement, a portable apparatus, something like a fanning mill is operated at a window. This great difficulty always must oppose a reorganization of society in combined households, and it would seem that a family placed in one dwelling is in a condition for securing health which cannot be well be improved.

It was natural that I should ask Dr. Kirkbridge what are the causes of insanity. He named first dyspepsia, which undermines the health. Next is a want of sleep. Still, this may also arise from disease. Nothing is more important than sound sleep; it has remedial powers; and it has most value if taken in the earlier part of the night. To lie in bed and think is fatal to high-est degree injurious, and all thinking should be done before retiring. One of the best means for securing sleep is exercise taken in the open air and in the sunshine; opiates ought never to be a means, except by the direction of a physician. Good, nutritious food is far more useful than stimulants. Men deficient in physical powers will be able to perform a vast amount of work of any kind if the wasted powers can be restored regularly by sound sleep. The next cause is want of employment. Man was made for activity, and in the exercise of all his powers; by the disuse of any, a decay is but natural. Intemperance is another fruitful cause. But cases are mentioned where, on the approach of insanity, a taste for strong drink became irresistible; and, on being gratified, the work was finished; when the malady yielded to treatment, and cure was completed by the use of strong drink no longer existing. In ascertaining whether insanity exists, the following rules, given by a Philadelphia judge, forms a good definition: "Has a man the power to distinguish right from wrong, and has he the power to adhere to the right and avoid the wrong?" Hereditary insanity in this country is much less frequent than is supposed.

the general forms of insanity are mania and dementia, with the subdivisions of moral insanity, monomania hypochondriasis, suicidal monomania, homicidal monomania, insane impulse, &c. In what manner the mind loses its balance and acts in a new plane is, at present, unknown. Generally, and perhaps always, insanity commences with absence of sleep, which is followed by fever, and it is highly probable that fever is always connected with madness. One of the most notable symptoms of incipient insanity is a rigid tendency to dwell on a single idea, and frequently, in conversation, to repeat words over and over, but the repetition is more closely confined to the mind itself. Often an insignificant idea will take sole possession of the mind, and be repeated or reproduced with the regularity of a conspicuous mark on a swiftly revolving wheel. One part of the mind seems disconnected with the other parts, and it may be compared to an engine with one portion at rest while another portion runs with great velocity. Sometimes, in what is called health objects come before the eyes, or common words are spoken in connection with incidents, which seem only a recollection—that is, they are remembered as having been presented to the mind in some past period, in exactly the same relation they are presented in the present. Much more remains for scientific men to discover in the future than has yet been revealed; and if the various problems concerning insanity are ever to be solved, they will be so by patient investigations through long periods, and with the assistance of those once insane. The starting point undoubtedly is in our Insane Asylums. As yet, they are new institutions, and little has been done than to secure organization, and to demonstrate to legislators and thinking men their great usefulness.

The public generally at present is interested in considering the means by which persons are declared insane. In most cases no question can arise, but at intervals there are cases where doubts do arise. In Pennsylvania, the written certificate of a single physician is sufficient for an arrest and commitment, and in view of this there is a general feeling, which finds expression in the rights of the personal liberty of those alleged to be insane require further protection; not because there is any doubt that the great mass of physicians would do injustice, but because there are some physicians who are unworthy of performing an act so momentous. When our country was new, when each was acquainted with his neighbor, and when the number of unprincipled men was less than at present, the requirements for proving insanity were sufficient, or, if they were not, the superintendents who were devoting their lives to building up of these institutions, and who thereby showed their regard for human suffering, would have refused to receive any but such as were proper objects of their care. But now that fortunes are many and large, now that corruption, in an increased degree, is united with cunning, and now that the time cannot be remote when the original superintendents, in the course of nature, will give place to others, it would seem that the facts in any case of insanity should be so established as to avoid objection, not so much with a view of considering the feeling of the friends, however greatly this may be desired, as to secure the confidence of the public. For the usefulness of these institutions, and their ability to proceed unobstructed, depend alone upon this confidence. On the other hand, the public, and the reading portion in particular, should be cautioned against the reception of ideas derived from novels descriptive of English asylums, which, although they may possibly be true there, have no application to any here—at