

Dr. Hamilton's Career Replete With Incidents

World Famous Alienist Knew Many Noted Persons—Was Deciding Factor in Numerous Celebrated Cases.

THE life of Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, who died on November 24 in his seventy-second year, was one that brought him into intimate contact with many lands and many of the famous personages of the world. A grandson on the paternal side of the great Alexander Hamilton and on the maternal side of that Louis McLane who had Washington Irving as his Secretary of Legation when he was serving the nation as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's during President Jackson's Administration, Allan McLane Hamilton's early youth was one of exceptional opportunities.

As a boy of sixteen he met Lincoln, and three years later he was one of a party that encircled South America, sailing from New York in March, 1855, by the steamship Colorado, which also carried Prof. Agassiz and other members of a scientific expedition that was bound for Rio Janeiro for the purpose of exploring the Amazon. That habit of knowing men and women famous either in their own day or famous in history, early acquired, was cultivated through life. The most distinguished of his own profession, politicians, jurists, editors, writers, artists and actors of two or three countries were more or less his intimates. His was a busy life to the end. He was in England at the outbreak of the great war, and was one of those who projected a base hospital near the sea coast, of which medical staff, nurses and attendants were to be all American.

"Recollections of an Alienist."

Active and interesting as was the personal and social side of Dr. Hamilton's life even more stimulating was the professional side. As an alienist he was brought into close contact with many of the celebrated cases that have from time to time held the attention of the nation. Political criminals, the real or alleged perpetrators of acts that made their names for a time more widely known than the names of the greatest statesmen, paranoiacs and plain humbugs, all came within the range of his experience. In his volume "Recollections of an Alienist" (George H. Doran Company), Dr. Hamilton tells of a strange mania. In the early 70s Dr. Hamilton was called in consultation about the case of Gentieman Joe, who had been arrested, and whose mental condition was a matter of dispute. Gentieman Joe's offence consisted of a series of colossal practical jokes, of which notoriety was the object. In the shops he ordered enormous quantities of all kinds of merchandise, to be sent to the dwellings of prominent men, for which they were to pay upon delivery. The Rev. Morgan Dix was one of the victims. One morning the street in front of his house was crowded with wagons and drays. The assortment of merchandise included a grand piano, several sewing machines, a baby carriage, a dentist's drill chair, a complete outfit of a grocery store, a large supply of groceries and wine. Gentieman Joe's sense of humor led him to direct base drams to spinsters and boxes of poker chips and packs of marked cards to clergymen. He was unquestionably deranged, and was sent to an asylum.

It was a common experience to Dr. Hamilton to be appointed by persons seeking protection from imaginary enemies. One such was a man who had invented an oil stove and who believed that the Standard Oil Company was seeking his ruin and instigating attempts upon his life. He therefore had a large plate of boiler iron fastened within his office window to intercept the bullets fired by the paid assassins. Another paranoiac prepared an infernal arrangement of wires and a shotgun, and nearly killed his wife, while a third devised a corselet and sleeves full of sharp knives so distributed that his enemies might not forcibly seize him.

A Witness in Famous Trials.

In the Roland E. Molinoux case Dr. Hamilton was called as medical adviser for the defence, being opposed by Dr. Witthaus, who served in a similar capacity for the prosecution. The trial kept him busy for two months, for his sympathies were keenly with the accused man, whom he always held to be innocent. In his book, "The Recollections of an Alienist," he told a curious story of an incident of that trial, which, if it appeared in the newspapers at all, has certainly been forgotten.

"One of the disgraceful things at the trial was the attempt to utilize the Bernheim method of suggestion to catch a stubborn young woman witness. Upon this occasion there was a battle royal of all kinds of merchandise, as usual, disarrayed. 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 Molinoux) was present in the dictated copy, but no one but myself and one or two others noticed it."

To the same decade of New York criminal trials as the Molinoux case belonged the Diss Debar case, in which Dr. Hamilton also appeared, this time in the interests of the prosecution. The victim in that affair was a distinguished lawyer, Luther B. Marsh, on whose credulity "Mime." Diss Debar had preyed through the medium of spirit pictures. 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 dead person, calling it a "true spirit picture, painted by the hand of the dead friend."

The trick was accomplished by taking a painting that had already been executed and covering it with a piece of specially prepared white paper with

of a curious and hidden system, which is fostered by that kind of criminal communion that secretly flourishes in many prisons.

A system of feigned insanity was hatched down by Harry Rose, an actor, who killed his wife in a fit of jealous rage. After his arrest Rose decided to convince the world that he was raving mad. To his attorney he promised millions, taking him to a dark corner of his cell and saying that he would make him "rich beyond the dreams of avarice." While in the Tombs and subsequently in the State prison at Sing Sing 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.

A carefully prepared defence of this nature was that employed in the second trial of Maria Barbieri, who had killed her paramour. The first trial resulted in conviction, with a first degree verdict, but this was upset on appeal. The defence at the second trial was to insanity, or rather "psychic epilepsy," and Maria was to present that form of loss of memory or epileptic amnesia.

"This," said Dr. Hamilton, "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 had 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 persons who were connected by blood with the woman who was to be put on trial had 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 degenerate."

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 that 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.

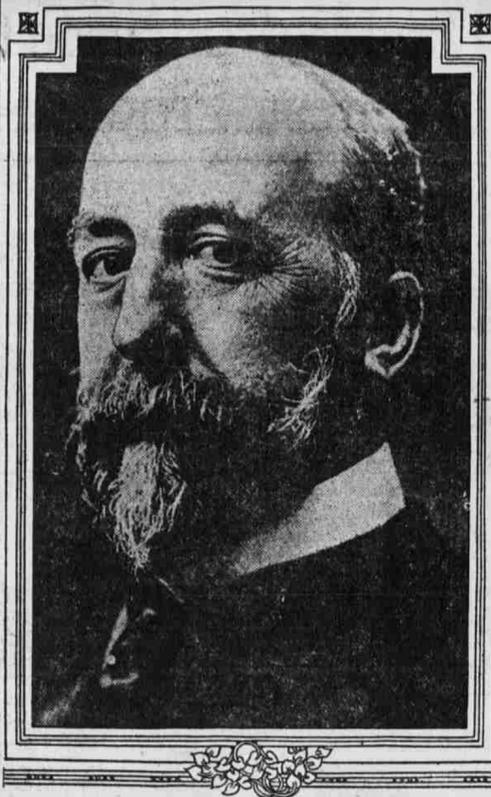
Trial of Garfield's Assassin.

In November, 1881, Dr. Hamilton was called to Washington to appear for the United States Government in the trial of Charles Julius Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield. It was presided over by Judge Cox and was an extraordinary trial, the newspapers of the time using the headlines: "Cox's Circus" and "The Disgrace of Cox." The sanity of Guiteau was of course involved, and Dr. Hamilton recalled the encounter between W. W. Davidge, appearing for the Government, and a rather bumptious young doctor from a Western city who appeared for the defence. The question propounded by Guiteau's counsel had been designed to give the impression that the prevalence of insanity is the rule, and is well recognized, all apropos of Guiteau's family history. Blandly Mr. Davidge began with the young doctor: "Counsel—we are all more or less insane, are we not?"

Witness—Well, not every one. Counsel—Well, doctor, what proportion would you fix?

Witness—Well, I should say about two in every five are insane.

Mr. Davidge paused, looked pained and turning slowly to the jury box,



DR. ALLAN McLANE HAMILTON

said compassionately as he scanned the "twelve good men and true": "Gentlemen, I am very, very sorry for you." On several occasions Dr. Hamilton saw Guiteau in jail and found him rational and quiet, far different from his behavior in court, where he felt that his only successful defence was that of insanity. He never once referred to his "divine inspiration" to "remove the President."

"A true paranoiac," said Dr. Hamilton, "would under the circumstances have held to his delusions both in and out of court. 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 Col. Sellers; the cant and hypocrisy of Amintadab Sleek or Uriah Heep; the ambition of Erastus and the murderous manners of Felton, who assassinated the Duke of Buckingham, of whose crime the killing of Garfield was an exact counterpart.'"

Dr. Hamilton believed Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley, insane beyond all question. "He was really a defective who had long been drifting to paranoiac and whose actual delusions of persecution and grandeur found soil in which to grow. As early as the spring of 1901 his family said that he had 'gone to pieces'; he neglected his trade and became a vagabond. He had delusions that he was being poisoned, 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. Unlike the ordinary anarchist who, when he kills, takes means to save his neck and escape, Czolgosz carried his fanatical recklessness to the extreme danger point with complete indifference to his fate."

Dr. Hamilton's experiences with the insane extended beyond the courtroom, and he found these experiences not

always free from danger. He recalled an instance of his early days illustrating the peril of trying to commit a cunning paranoiac who had been at liberty for some time, having been prematurely discharged. He was asked by an older physician to meet him at a certain house in the Ninth Ward for the purpose of seeing and possibly committing the man, who had been terrorizing his family for some days. The house was one of a small red brick kind, with a steep gabled roof, rare nowadays in New York but then common.

Nearing Sixth avenue, Dr. Hamilton 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 the lunatic. With his arms about the chimney clung the waiting physician, crying loudly for help, and grasping his legs was the insane man who was doing his best to carry the doctor with him down into the street. In the nick of time Dr. Hamilton and a policeman made their way through the skylight. The situation was the climax of a mad chase through the house, participated in by the family and servants.

On another occasion Dr. Hamilton was consulted by a dentist, who went to him, not admitting that he was at all mentally wrong, but because he wanted to know how he might best nurse these who had been making life miserable for him. He had quarrelled with his wife and accused her and a business rival of forcing the vapor of chloroform and other noxious gases through the keyhole of his office. Later he had complained to a policeman in the park that a man who sat upon an adjoining bench was seeking to hypnotize him and give him chlorine gas and the man was arrested, but at once discharged by the magistrate. Although he had good work in his calling and showed nothing else in

Continued on Following Page.

Cult of the Mistletoe Dates From Druids' Time

By STERLING HEILIG.

NANTES, France, Nov. 9.

A holiday time a year ago the American boys all over France, Belgium and England were going out into the woods on a queer errand.

Many, no doubt, supposed that it was just to cut some Christmas greenery, but there was a lot more to it. At St. Nazaire, Nantes, Tours, at La Rochelle, Brist and Bordeaux, at Havre, Rouen and in the suburbs of Paris, northward through all Belgium to the edge of Holland and eastward through Alsace to the Rhine and southward to the Mediterranean and the edges of Spain and Italy the boys went out into the woods, orchards, meadows and river sides to climb a tree and cut a bough, and in so doing they performed an act of strictly racial character unique among all such doings.

In England they put a knife into our hands and bade us frankly: "Come, cut mistletoe. You're cousins!"

Are we cousins? Every American who did the thing on the spot and those who missed their chance with regret and those who read the story now at home with dreamy pause as something vaguely sympathetic or familiar had good cause to possess in their blood a strain of the old race of Gaul and Britain. A most particular old race.

Rhine the Barrier.

The thing includes all France, Belgium, England and Ireland. It includes Alsace. It stops absolutely at the Rhine.

Three thousand years ago these folk who were part of our folk were cutting mistletoe as a holiday ceremony of terrific importance, sentimental, gay, mysterious and solemn. Julius Caesar, in his well known book, is full of it, although the Druids in his day, 2,000 years ago, were already evolving into a species of benevolent municipal uncles. And the mistletoe, remaining mystic, never forgotten, always in honor, has continued cheerful, hopeful and romantic, straight down through the ages to our own times.

An excuse for kissing? Yes, but also the mystical, historical badge of the Gallic-Celtic-Briton race! Of this old strain of blood in folk Vicoite Blasso Ibance, clearest son of the world war, makes the cousin from Berlin (in the "Four Horsemen") say this queer thing: "The French Revolution was merely a clash between Teutons and Celts, the nobility of France having descended from Germanic warriors established in the country after the invasion of the so-called barbarians. The middle and lower classes were the Gallic-Celtic element. Gallo-Celtism was the inventor of democracy. Now the hour of Germanic retaliation is about to strike." &c.

Secret of Alsace.

It struck a bone. Gallo-Celtic blood is the secret of Alsace. Hansi, master painter of landscapes, that Alsatian patriot turned cartoonist by patriotism long years before the war, was indicted for treason by the Berlin prosecutor for saying these things in 1913. In his "History of Alsace for Little Children," on which he lavished pictorial treasures, Uncle Hansi rubbed it in that the Alsatians have the blood of Gaul.

The cult of the mistletoe, says Hansi, did not cross the Rhine. But Alsace was as full of it as France and England, as proved by Caesar, Tacitus, Pliny and a cloud of witnesses. There is nothing in the appearance of the plant to account for so deep a hold on racial sentiment; but its curious habit of growth explains the start it got. In prehistoric days men were of necessity close observers of nature, although they did not always interpret correctly what they saw. They were deeply struck by the fact that while other plants grew of themselves out of the ground, it was never so of the mistletoe. Instead it was always firmly rooted in the branches

Gallic-Celtic-Briton Racial Custom Eagerly and Naturally Followed by Our Boys in the A. E. F.

of trees—apple, pear, maple, elm, ash, lime, willow, thorn, poplar, and, less frequently the oak. That trees so widely different should produce the mistletoe must surely have puzzled them completely.

The oak, among the ancient Druids, was always held sacred. Many of their rites were performed in oak groves; and since they noticed that only rarely did the mistletoe appear on this sacred tree they regarded the plant of such a parent with peculiar reverence. It was cut on New Year's Day, with poetry. The Arch-Druid, in white, ascended the tree, to which stairs and platform had been erected. Beneath, the people awaited a picnic banquet; and two white bulls were held ready for sacrifice. With a golden sickle the Arch-Druid cut the mystic boughs, caught, as they fell, in a white mantle. Then they slay the victims," says old Pliny, who lived at the time, "praying God to prosper His gift to them unto whom He has given it. Prepared as a drink, it produces fertility and is a remedy for poisons." It was further supposed to possess great healing powers and be a sure protection against ghosts!

By a later tradition which grew up in ignorance of the usages of the past, the mistletoe was supposed to have furnished the wood for the Cross. Up to the Crucifixion, it had been a regular tree, but thenceforth it was condemned to exist only as a parasite—a weak and puny bush, growing only by the sap of other trees. Hence the refusal to admit the mistletoe into churches, which continues to-day, by ancient habit at least in England and France. But the Church's dread of pagan superstitions still to-day persisting gives a corollary explanation, as will be seen.

Lodged in Bark Crevice.

The plain facts of the mistletoe are as queer as any old belief. How it acquired its parasitic habit no man can say; but we know that it owes its continued existence to the seed being carried along with a dose of sticky liquid to the tender branch of some new tree, where it sticks and flows until it lodges in some crevice of the young bark.

This seed on germination sends rootlets, not into the ground, oh, no! but into the heart of the silly tree which holds it, traversing the tender bark and sending numerous suckers into the wood which suck the sap by which itself grows while robbing the tree and corroding the limb locally. And, worse, new buds send creepers which break through by other roots.

Where apple trees are badly infested their owners often seek to clear them by pulling off the mistletoe. But the rootlets being left under the bark a dozen plants soon appear to take the place of the disappeared one. How do the seeds get from tree to tree with that thick dose of sticky liquid? Queer, queer! There is an old Latin proverb about "the bird which carries its own enemy." It is the mistle-thrush, which is especially fond of the luscious white berries. Enclosed in sticky pulp, some of the tiny seeds cling to the bird's beak, and as the mistle-thrush is small and dainty, it cleans its beak on a tender young branch of the first new tree on which it alights after a feast!

But how is mistletoe the "enemy"? Because the sticky liquid is exactly the unique material from which birdlime is made to capture little birds exactly as typhoid catches flies! The mistletoe, so mysterious in western Europe, has many relations in the tropics and two cousins in south France. The dwarf juniper-mistletoe, which lives on the red berried juniper

Priest Has His Troubles.

The parish priest down there has a peculiar trouble because the peasant young folk put remnants of old practices into the innocent and pious cult of New Year's mistletoe. The boys and girls go out in merry bands to seek "The May" (flower) of the cold season. They go into the hoary oak forests, where sparse tufts of it are discovered with difficulty. "There is no fun in apple mistletoe," which they periodically pick, commercially, for the London market. "Sleep loads of it go out of the ports. They are the same forest of course, in which the antique Druids roamed in white, eyes lifted, muttering, seeking. The boy who first perceives a tuft of red oak mistletoe has the right to climb and cut it; but right here a "heathen practice" creeps in periodically—a girl, for real fun, ought to climb up with him and catch the falling mistletoe in a white towel when he cuts it!" The church is against it as a relic; parents are against it as a fact; and real nice girls have fallen and broken a bone or bones.

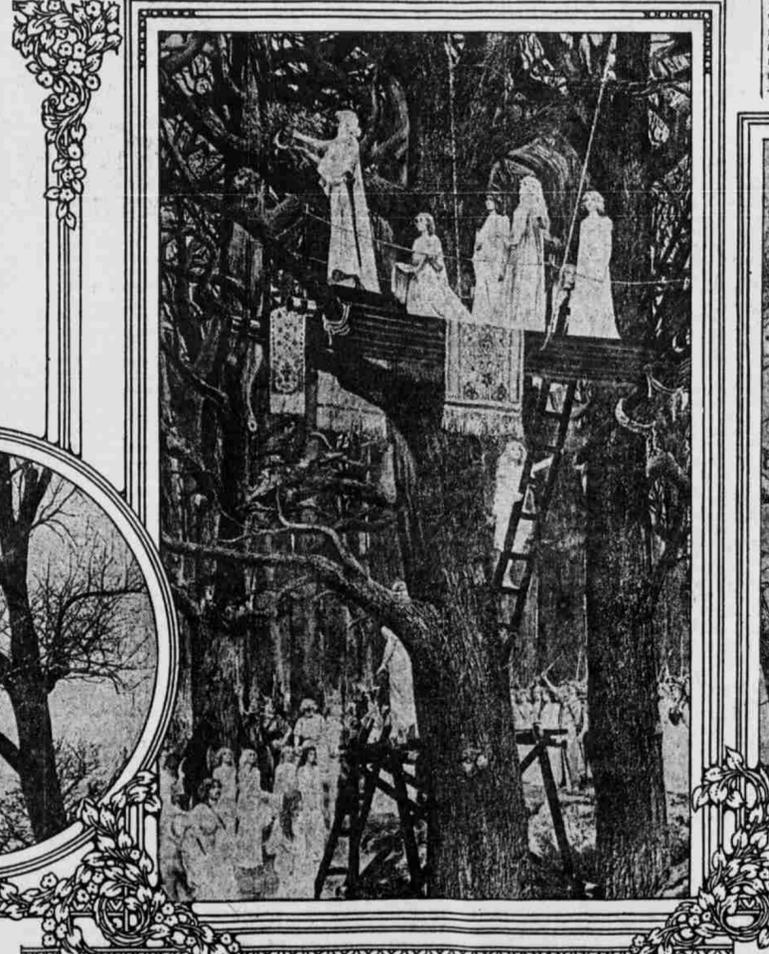
More Pagan Recollection.

Now creeps in more pagan recollection. How can these kids remember 3,000 years? Their parents swear that they have never told a word about burning the mistletoe. The early fathers hoped to have switched it off to a feast of hot chestnuts, chestnuts popping, bursting on the same old spindle. Then cold cider and more kissing. Yet down through the centuries the old remembrance pops up to fetch the hot fire or the strepan and make mistletoe ashes for the luck bag.

Ashamed, trembling or with laughing bravado the ashes are distributed to be preserved in the little bags hung round the neck. The "incantations" are forgotten. Also it is common in France, and they say equally in country regions of England and Ireland, for such little bags to be buried in fields to bring good crops. Devoted wives keep special bags against their husbands' jags. A small quantity of ash mixed with his drink will keep him sober, make him drink less, or if not less slower and in any case be quieter on his drinking and (they hope) cause him to see blue spiders earlier in the game while there is yet time.

Uncounted generations passed the word along. It's something about "hosts. This is why a mistletoe bough hangs outside most Breton taverns, to guarantee drinkers against "seeing things" on their way home at night—or if they see them to pass unharmed by all scorpions, witches, devils, ghosts, pink rats and yep, was sleeping bugs that whizz through the air and clutch you by the back of the neck.

This is why Shakespeare wrote: "A good wife needs no bush!" Neither does sarsaparilla.



MISTLETOE GROWING IN THE BRANCHES OF A POPLAR TREE IN PARIS. THE BOYS AT FIRST TOOK THEM FOR BIRDS' NESTS.



THE DRUIDS IN ANTIQUE ALSACE BY HANSI, LANDSCAPE PAINTER AND CARTOONIST BY PATRIOTISM

"WHEN THEY FOUND MISTLETOE THEY CALLED THE PEOPLE, SPREAD THE BANQUET, SACRIFICED TWO WHITE BULLS, CUT THE PLANT WITH A GOLDEN SICKLE AND CAUGHT IT, AS IT FELL IN A WHITE MANTLE."