

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1901.

Double Consciousness.

A case that is said to be one of the most remarkable known to the medical profession is that of Charles Washburn, aged 41 years, who, with his family, resides at 92 Charles street, Allegheny. Mr. Washburn has just recovered his memory after a lapse of seventeen years, and since the recovery can remember practically nothing that occurred during that time.

Mr. Washburn's native home was in eastern Pennsylvania, but in what town he has not yet been able to recall. According to his statement to his doctors, made since the recovery of his memory, he left for the west in 1884, after the death of his father, to look up some property that had been left to him. He remembers leaving Chicago on the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad, but can only recall that the train was wrecked a short time after leaving Chicago. He remembers a crash and the sensation of being hurled through the air, but from that time until he recovered his memory, four weeks ago, his mind is a blank, or was at the time of his recovery.

Mrs. Washburn says she met her husband twelve years ago, a few days after his arrival in the city, and two years later married him. But Mr. Washburn on the recovery of his memory knew nothing of his marriage or of the fact that he was the father of four children. He did not recognize any of the people he has known for the past ten years, he did not know anything of the neighborhood in which he had resided for the same time, nor did he know anything of his former occupation, painting, nor of his present one, the grocery business. Electric cars were to him as something springing suddenly from the earth, and he had but a dim recollection of what electric lights were. An electric bell was also a novelty, with the use of which he was entirely unacquainted. The tall buildings of the city amazed him, and the sights on every hand were as strange to him as a newly-born babe.

For the past year and a half Mr. Washburn had apparently been ill. This caused his retirement from his former occupation, a contracting painter, and he embarked in the grocery business, conducting a small store at 72 Taggart street. Dr. Stanley G. Small of Taggart street has been his physician and was treating him for hepatic abscesses or abscess of the liver. The frequent bursting of the abscesses caused great pain.

On the night of Feb. 23 he was walking the floor of his dining room suffering intensely. A daughter, who was in the room with him, accidentally overturned a lamp. Mr. Washburn tried to grasp it as it fell, but as he reached for it he murmured, 'Oh, my head,' and fell to the floor unconscious. He was immediately put to bed, and Dr. Small summoned. But all the efforts of the doctor were apparently without result, as Mr. Washburn remained unconscious until the next evening.

When he regained consciousness the next day the events of the past seventeen years were entirely forgotten. He regained consciousness at the point where his memory had left him and his first words were:

'Was I much hurt?'

Mrs. Washburn was in the room at the time and replied in the negative. Then he replied as to what hospital he was in and asked his wife if she was the nurse. She laughingly replied that she was his wife, whereat he grew indignant and told her that she was taking liberties with him. He then demanded to see the doctor, and to humor him Mrs. Washburn sent for Dr. Small. While awaiting the doctor, Mrs. Washburn again engaged her husband in conversation, calling him by his first name and telling him that he was the father of four children.

'I'm not married,' he replied. 'Nice thing for a man 24 years of age to wake up after a night's sleep and to be told that he is the father of four children.'

'But you are not a young man,' replied his wife, and she handed him a mirror. When he saw the reflection of his face he acknowledged that he did not look like a man of 24 years of age, but still did not believe

that he was married. He did not recognize the face as his exclaiming: 'My God, that is not me,' and pointed to a portrait, taken about the time of his marriage, as his own. Then Mrs. Washburn showed him their marriage certificate and brought in their children, which convinced him of the truth of her statement.

A few days later, when his condition allowed of his being taken out, it was made apparent how complete the lapse of memory had been. When he saw a trolley car he wanted to know what kind of wagons they were, running without horses. The information that they were electric cars was practically no information, as far as he was concerned, and it necessitated an explanation of how they were operated before he could be made to understand. When he called on Dr. Small his ignorance of recent events was again shown. At the doctor's front door he vainly tried to find the knob by which to ring the bell, and a woman who came up the stairs behind him showed him how to ring the electric bell. Thus, to, the doctor had to explain, and he dimly remembered having once seen electric lights in New York. He did not know one of his neighbors, with many of whom he has been on intimate terms, and when after he regained his strength, it was proposed that he resume his occupation of painting, he astonished the doctor and his family by saying that he knew nothing about painting, and that he had never been a painter, notwithstanding that he followed this occupation for over ten years. Of the streets and city he displayed ignorance not even knowing the name of the latter.

An astonishing feature of the case is that according to Mrs. Washburn's statement, during their entire married life she never noticed anything wrong with him. He acted rationally at all times, never smoked, drank but very little and, until the time of his illness began, had always worked hard and provided well for his family. He never did anything to lead her to believe that he was not in possession of his senses, and her surprise was greater than his when he recovered consciousness and did not recognize her.

About three weeks ago Dr. Small turned the case over to Dr. Edward E. Mayer, specialist on mental and nervous disease at the West Penn Hospital and also assistant professor of the medical department of the Western University of Pennsylvania. Both physicians were at first reticent regarding the case, and it was only after being shown that it had already become public property and that reliable statements from them were better than the version of others, that they consented to talk about the case.

Dr. Small said that he had been treating Mr. Washburn for hepatic abscess for over a year. 'He seemed to suffer great pain in his right side,' said the doctor, 'and whenever he was touched he would fairly howl with pain. When he lost consciousness I thought it was the result of the abscess again breaking and was amazed after his recovery of consciousness that he did not feel the slightest pain. As soon as I arrived at the house I began examining him. He did not recognize me as any one he had ever seen before, and thought I insulted him when I said that he had an abscess. He insisted that there was nothing wrong with him, and when I handled him a bit more severely than usual he made no complaint of any pain. Nor has he done so since the recovery of his memory. He is a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and his children, who range from 3 to 9 years of age, are also bright, not showing the slightest trace of those having been anything wrong with their father.'

Dr. Mayer thought at first disinclined to talk, said: 'I took hold of the case three weeks ago. Amnesia, the complaint with which he was afflicted, is not uncommon. It is often seen in insane cases which present alterations in personality and double personality seemingly two minds in the same body. Cases of double consciousness, in which the one is suddenly obliterated, to reappear after a lapse of many years, are very rare. There is only one case on record of sudden and total loss of

memory. This is the case of Pastor Hanna reported by Dr. Boris Sidis, of New York, and published in his book on 'Psychology of Suggestion.'

'Mr. Washburn's case is not one of complete amnesia, as he always remembered his name. The case is of great psychological interest, as it is one of the few that enable us to study the synthesis of consciousness and the cellular action and disaggregation of the brain. Also interesting is the re-education of the man to the impressions made during seventeen years and now lying dormant; the study of his dreams, the disassociation of the past from present impressions and their eventual combination. All of these furnish much material for study and observation. The method of treating the case which I am following is purely one of suggestion. This consists of gradually separating him from any impressions that have been left upon his brain by the loss of memory, working back to the time preceding it, and then bringing his ideas slowly up to the present time. There is no hypnotic influence or anything of that sort used in connection with the treatment. It is all done through simple suggestion and I believe it will lead to his ideas being eventually brought up to date.'

Arabia's Poorhouse.

Mark Twain compared the palm tree to 'a liberty pole with a haystack on top of it,' and the date tree may be called both a poem and a commercial product. To the Arab mind it is the perfection of beauty and utility. Rev. S. M. Zwemer, in his book on Arabia says that every part of this wonderful tree is useful to the Arabs.

The pistils of the date blossom contain a fine curly fiber, which is beaten out and used in all Eastern baths as a sponge for soaping the body. At the extremity of the trunk is a terminal bud containing a whitish substance resembling an almond in consistency and taste, but a hundred times as large. This is a great table delicacy.

There are said to be over one hundred varieties of date palm all distinguished by their fruit, and the Arabs say that 'a good housewife may furnish her husband every day for a month with a dish of dates differently prepared.'

Dates form the staple food of the Arabs in a large part of Arabia, and are served in some form at every meal. Syrup and vinegar are made from old dates; and by those who disregard the Koran, even a kind of brandy. The date pit is ground up and fed to cows and sheep, so that nothing of the precious fruit may be lost. Whole pits are used as beads and counters for the Arab children in their games on the desert sand.

The branches or palms are stripped of their leaves, and used like rattan for the making of beds, tables, chairs, cradles, bird cages, boats and so forth. The leaves are made into baskets, fans and string, and the bast of the outer trunk forms excellent fiber for rope of many sizes and qualities.

The wood of the trunk, although light and porous, is much used in bridge-building and architecture, and is quite durable.

In short, when a date palm is cut down there is not a particle of it that is wasted. This tree is the 'poorhouse' and asylum for all Arabia; without it millions would have neither food nor shelter. One-half of the population of Mesopotamia lives in date-mat dwellings.

With Chinese Sauce.

Boys in China may be shut up in the woodshed to learn to read the ten thousand books of Confucius backward, but there is no 'higher education' for Chinese girls. With them nature has her say.

A young husband took a friend home unexpectedly. There was no tea in the house, and a servant was sent to borrow some. The little wife arranged the tea-table and put the water to boil. Very soon it boiled, and it became necessary to pour in cold water. This happened several times. The tea kettle finally over-flowed, and no tea had come. Then the wife said:

'As we don't seem likely to have any tea, you had better offer your friend a bath.'

Would any American 'girl graduate' have been so artlessly hospitable?

Yellow will dye a splendid green by using Magnetic Dyes—10 cents buys a package and the results are sure.

'I haven't seen your father for a long time. What is he doing now?' 'Eighteen months.'

Wreck of the Hornet.

Storms and fogs of the past winter have been prolific of disaster to those 'who go down to the sea in ships,' one of the most notable wrecks being that of the steamer Rio de Janeiro, who went down in sight of San Francisco. This circumstance has recalled to the old timers the dreadful experience of the Hornet, which was written up at the time by Mark Twain. The story of their sufferings was recently retold by one of the two survivors, Mr. Frederick Clough of San Francisco.

Mr. Clough went to sea as a boy of 15. He was 20 years old when he shipped in Maine as an able-bodied seaman on the Yankee built clipper Hornet, bound for the Pacific coast with a cargo of mixed goods and two passengers, Henry and Samuel Ferguson, sons of a New York merchant. Captain J. A. Mitchell was the master.

The vessel had a fair voyage for 100 days, when she was 2 degrees above the equator and several thousand miles from the coast of South America.

On May 3, while they were lying in a calm on a blistering hot day, the cry of fire was suddenly raised. The first mate in drawing a bucket of varnish had ignited it with a candle. The flames spread to the barrel from which he was filling the bucket. The cargo included a quantity of petroleum and many cases of tallow candles. In a very few moments these had caught the flame, and the fire was beyond all control. Within a quarter of an hour the ship was untenable.

The crew and the passengers rushed to the boats. There were no confusion. Every man got away in the three boats, which were lowered at once. But so great was the hurry that only the most meagre stores could be placed in the three boats.

The craft commanded by the first and third mates and which were eventually lost had almost nothing. The captain, however, rushed back in the face of the flames and brought out as many provisions as he could carry. The inventory was afterward recorded at Honolulu. There were 4 hams, 30 pounds of salt pork, half a box of raisins, 12 cans of oysters, 100 pounds of bread, a few cans of assorted meat, 4 pounds of butter and 12 gallons of water. The other boats were eventually lost and have no part in the story.

In this one, commanded by the captain were 15 men in all, including the two Ferguson brothers, the third officer and two sick men. One was a Portuguese, and he distinguished himself by eating a lot of bread before the others were fairly in the boat. This little crew and their precious provisions cast off from the sinking and burning ship and lay to, hoping that some passing vessel would be attracted by the glare. In launching they had stove a hole in the bottom of the boat, which had to be stopped with a blanket.

Fortunately they had a compass and a chart. The captain took his reckonings and determined to steer for the Clarion islands. He took stock of the food, calculated the number of days which they must sail and divided the food on that basis.

So they hoisted sail and steered in the direction of the islands.

The slender ration began to run low, and still there was no sight of land. Then the captain took stock again and decided that they must reduce even that scanty ration. The one selfish man in the boat had helped in the reduction of the provisions—that was the greedy and sick Portuguese who had eaten the bread on the first day. As the supply began to run low it was discovered that the bread did not hold out as was expected. Watch was kept, and the Portuguese was discovered crawling away from the bag one night. 'After that,' says Clough, 'we lay for that man by tying the neck of the bag in a peculiar knot and warning him that if we found it tied in any other way we would know that he has been at it and act accordingly. Some of us were for treating him as he ought to have been treated, but the captain wouldn't let us.'

When the starving voyagers came in to Honolulu, Mark Twain wrote the account of the journey in what he has since acknowledged to be his first newspaper story. He tells in a humorous way of the manner in

which the sick sailors turned over in their beds to 'cuss that Portuguese.' After 35 years Clough still burns with indignation when he tells how that man stole from his mates the food that was life.

It was the eighteenth day when the rations were cut down, and on that same day the three boats, which had been together all the time, decided to part company, the captain saying that by so doing one at least might reach the shore to tell the tale. He gave up one third of his remaining provisions to each of the other boats. The water ration in that burning sun was made a gill a day and the solids whittled down to a morsel of ham, a spoonful of bread crumbs and 12 raisins per day.

The rest of the story would not be quite clear except for the diary kept by the Ferguson brothers and which was to be cast adrift in a bottle by the last survivor. They drifted into rains again. It became certain that they had passed the Clarion islands, and they set sail for the American islands, set down on the charts as doubtful.

Delirium began to set in. They fought against it, and the gallant captain, unflagging in his efforts to keep up the spirits of the men, never relaxed his efforts to keep them entertained. The diary of the Ferguson brothers gives a vivid relation of the greatest discomfort suffered during those later days, greater even than hunger and thirst. There was nowhere to lie down except in the bottom of the boat, which was filled with salt water. The men therefore began to develop sores and great abscesses and became so stiff from their cramped position that when they lay down it was almost impossible to rise. In their dreams they were all haunted by the vision of sumptuous banquets.

On the thirty ninth day there was a little over a pound of ham and a tin of meat. That went. The next day they divided the bone of the ham, the cloth in which it had been wrapped and licked the staves of the butter firkin. For several days they had been eating the leather of their boots, and the last of these went on that day. Then the men began to broach that which they had thought in secret. The Portuguese, the man of all with whom they had the least sympathy, was very ill. They watched him hour after hour, waiting for his death. Only the captain would not give in to the idea.

But the Portuguese was a vastly long time dying, and the castaways began to whisper among themselves that they should draw lots to determine who should go first. 'I do not think that any one of us cared much which lot he drew,' says Mr. Clough. There was a fresh strong breeze blowing at the time.

The last day dawned, and the captain finally admitted their necessity. 'I will go on for one more day,' he said, 'and if there is no land or ship in sight let us draw lots, and may God have mercy on our souls. It is better that one should die than that one should be left to tell the tale.' That day only one man was able to raise himself out of the galling salt water in the bottom in order to steer the boat. That man was Clough. He says, 'I just managed to hold the rudder by lying on it.' The sail had been so without change for four days because no one had strength to trim it.

Even he, the strongest of the lot, was ready to drop the rudder, when he sighted breakers. In a voice which he describes as the shadow of a whisper he called to his companions, but they would not believe him. Finally the captain was induced to look, but even he was incredulous until he heard the breakers rolling over the island of Lapahoe, a small member of the Hawaiian group. They tried to lower sail to escape the breakers, but could not. Even then, at the end of so much peril and suffering, they would have drowned had not two Kanakas who had seen them from the surf swim out and towed them into the harbor. They were cared for; they were given food in small quantities, the two white men in that section of the island seeing that they did not get too much. Mark Twain records that even at that time the Portuguese, who figures as the villain of this true tale, came near to meeting his end on the spot by eating four bananas before he could be choked off by his helpers.