A SECRET INSTITUTION.

BY

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"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

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To

THE FRIENDS OF THOSE

IN WHOSE BEHALF

THIS VOLUME IS WRITTEN.

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CHAPTER I.

THE city of Rochester is one of the most picturesque cities of the eastern states, and, notwithstanding the changes which time and commercial life have wrought, it still retains the rural characteristics which were peculiar to it when my father migrated there, over fifty years ago.

Rochester was then in its infancy. There were a few mills perched on the bank of the Genesee river, where the natural beauties of the place were utilized by turning the mill wheels with the rushing waters of the Genessee falls, which caused it to become the great centre of this section of the country, giving to it its cognomen of the "Flour City." Its natural advantages were apparent. The high banks which rose high above the water's edge composed of stratified rocks exposed by nature's handiwork, which some more powerful body of water than the present Genesee river of to-day had washed away, gave it a site superior to that of the surrounding country. About 700 inhabitants made a city of the growing settlement which had its swamp and little stream within less than half a mile of the river's edge.

My father and mother belonged to what is some-

times called "the good old New England stock,"—my father's people were of the old Yorkshire Lothrop-Lathrop family, whose descendants are among the prominent citizens of the United States, conspicuous in pulpit, bar, army and literature.

When the son, from whom my father was immediately descended, sought a refuge in Massachusetts, after his release from a London prison on account of his so-called heresy as a dissenter, he settled at Scituate, Mass., where he preached the gospel to the early pioneers and his descendants spread far and wide over this vast country.

My father's immediate ancestors had originally settled at Norwich, Conn., but my grandfather's marriage to a Miss Caldwell, one of three sisters who I am told, were noted throughout the state for their beauty, caused him to locate at Guilford, Conn. He was a devoted Presbyterian, and strongly advocated the supremacy of Church and State, until his pastor preached "that the floor of hell was paved with infant's skulls;" this staggering his philosophy, he thereupon left that denomination, refused to pay taxes, and aided in the establishment of the Episcopalian church at Guilford, which he adopted as his own, thus abandoning the denomination which the self-sacrificing heroism of his early progenitor had espoused.

It was here in Guilford that my father, Gen. Wm. E. Lathrop, was born. A love of travel drew him to the west, where circumstances caused him to locate in

Rochester, where he filled many positions of trust and honor. Soon after his arrival he started a hardware and saddlery business which increased rapidly, and grew so large and prosperous that it required an entire building to accommodate it; in later years, new methods of conducting business, which my father was unable to adopt or to accommodate himself to, caused it to decrease gradually and continuously until the later years of his life.

At the time of my father's selection of Rochester as a place of residence, my mother was living quietly in the town of Mendon, Mass. Her mother having died when she was quite a child, upon her father's marrying again, she received an invitation to visit an aunt, who lived in a neighboring town. Here her visit was prolonged from week to week, from month to month, and year to year, until her aunt's house seemed more like home to her than her own. Here, also, she could receive greater educational and social advantages than at the village of Mendon.

I have often admired the spirit which led the youth of those days, when travel was tedious and prolonged, to leave their comfortable homes to seek others in a remote and comparative wilderness. Such a spirit prompted my Aunt Charlotte, as we called her, —a beautiful and accomplished woman,—to migrate to Rochester, where she subsequently acted as the magnet which attracted the greater portion of her family thither, my mother among the number. It was on her wedding trip to Boston and her old home,

that the idea of emigration was suggested to my mother. At that time she was engaged to be married to a young man, also a pioneer to the west,—as New York state was then designated. The plan as arranged was that she was to meet him at New York city, and that they were then and there to be married. Whether the plan met my aunt's approval or not, history does not reveal, but for some reason best known to herself my aunt took another route, and the expectant bride accompanied them to Rochester —a maiden.

In those early days, packet-boats and stage coaches were the most expeditious way of traveling, and I have heard my mother speak of the long day's rides which necessitated an acquaintance with your fellow passengers. How they would vary the monotony of the packet boat by landing and walking on the tow path, and what lovely views of the country they enjoyed. Going to Rochester from Boston, was a much more serious and protracted journey than the trip of Europe to-day, and required about two or three weeks to accomplish it by the most rapid mode of transit.

My mother, on her arrival, was installed in my aunt's family. As she has been described by those who saw her at this time, she was a beautiful girl of nineteen, with clear blue eyes and a pink and white complexion, so perfect, that she was accused of using cosmetics, much to my mother's discomfort. Her first glimpse of my father was when she saw him riding

on horseback. He was then forty-two years of age, fond of society, and long relegated to the ranks of the hopeless old bachelors of the place. Whether he was attracted by her pretty face, and she dazzled by fine prospects, etc., it is impossible to say, but they were married, and entered on the great experience of life together. My mother was of a proud nature, with a tendency to become fixed in certain ideas which were difficult to shake, combined with a weak, self-absorbed temperament. She really had not the spiritual force to enable her to battle with even petty domestic trials, but sunk under each annoyance discouraged and perplexed. My father's nature was just the reverse. Always hopeful, of a happy, buoyant disposition and courageous spirit, he was not easily overcome by trifles.

The house of my birth was called the "Old Whitney House," and stood on State street, on the west bank of the Genesee river, in view of the falls that Sam Patch made famous by his fatal leap. This river always had a great fascination for me, which as I grew older I learned wound through the high banks of the upper Genessee, through the fertile country until it reached Rochester, where it takes its first descent at the upper falls, then down steep banks crowned with foliage, until after a last more romantic fall, which commands a charming view from its summit, it flows through winding leaf-crowned hills to Lake Ontario.

At the age of four we took up our abode on Brown

street, in a house now occupied by the Catholic Brotherhood, the years there forming a period which I recall as the pleasantest part of my life. Here we had a grand old garden filled with all kinds of fruit and flowers. The orchard was the playground for us children, and here stood the apricot tree, which we called "our house." There I would sit for hours in one of the seats that nature had constructed in different parts of the tree, which led to our adoption of it as a favorite rendezvous.

When I was six, we left this pleasant abode and removed to the house where I spent the remaining years of my life in Rochester. It was not a desirable change. Its selection as a place of residence was due to the fact that my mother wished to be near my aunt, and also on account of the proximity of an intimate friend,—a maiden lady, a Miss Hale,—whose grounds adjoined our own and which were afterwards connected by a gate, making it possible for each to be as neighborly as she desired.

This lady was a terror to us children, and to repeat our childish verdict, "We hated her." She disliked children, and we were duly impressed by her continually that "children should be seen, not heard." I remember as well as if it were yesterday, what a feeling of dismay entered into the heart of each one of us, when seated comfortably around the table in the sitting room, engaged in reading, we heard her familiar step advancing to the door at half-past seven

or eight o'clock in the evening. We knew too well from repeated experiences, what would be the effect.

"Time you children were in bed!" would be the first greeting, in a gruff tone. That was a signal for an order to bed, which we did not dare question in her presence, and we were hurried off with our hearts filled with anything but pleasant wishes for the "hateful old thing," as we affectionately called her. I am happy to add that the advent of a little niece softened her stern nature toward children, and made her a little more tolerant in later years. She was a woman who prided herself upon being strong-minded, also upon her love for animals,—horses and cats, especially,—her peculiarity being that her practical sympathy was much greater for dumb beasts than for suffering humanity, a phase of human nature she was powerless to understand, unless it were some great physical suffering, which was apparent to the observant looker-on, but the deeper wounds of the sensitive soul were unknown to her.

This is the case with many people who are called thick-skinned. Shielded by tender parents from rough contact with the world, indulged until they claim as right the subjection of all thought and feeling which is at variance with their own ideas, or unintelligible to them for lack of similar experiences, they grow up devoid of the more delicate susceptibilities which bring such pain as well as pleasure to the sensitive high-strung nature. They confer a favor in such a manner, that the pain which accompanies it is greater,

and overbalances any pleasure that could be insured by the acceptance or enjoyment of it, causing their supposed benefactions to become constant sources of bitterness and pain. Happy in their own personality, they forget that others may have open, gaping wounds, which the rough touch of the careless finger opens and re-opens again and again, and they are the first to teach the bitter lesson "That the sensitive being is the unarmed one, where all are well armed; the unveiled one, where all are masked."

When I graduated at the age of seventeen, I was allowed to go on a trip up the Great Lakes, returning through Chicago, stopping at different places to visit friends and relatives. On my return the old feeling that had always been pronounced in my nature, asserted itself, although hitherto in an embryonic and undeveloped condition. I felt the necessity for some end and aim in life. I could not stay quietly at home, a useless and inane member of the household. I felt an intense longing, that strengthened into a necessity of my being, to take my place among the brain workers of the world. I felt that I had a sphere of action, that I was something more than an aimless piece of humanity, carried along with the vain crowd. I must at least be an actor in the strife. Only one position I desired to fill, and this was that of a teacher,—to be able to impart to others, that which had been the source of so much happiness to me.

I applied for and received my certificate as teacher

and entered upon my duties with a brave and energetic spirit, notwithstanding the ordeal I necessarily passed through as a novitiate.

I shall never forget my first experience with my troublesome flock. The delight of the children at the advent of a young, inexperienced teacher and the grand frolic that ensued. I was unfamiliar with ordinary school discipline, consequently was an easy victim for many ingenious devices which were planned for my discomfiture and the children's amusement. How well I remember granting what seemed a harmless request "to sing a song," and the mingled howling and yelling of air and words that met my horrified ears; the confusing and innumerable questions from all parts of the room, the buzzing of talking, humming and study, the complaints of pupils that paper wads and other missiles were thrown from different directions, and the difficulty encountered in detecting the culprit, who always pleaded innocence. How at last, in my efforts to reduce order from chaos, I attempted to learn the pupils' names by calling them up in a large class which took its position on the platform facing the rest of the school, where the pupils said "the other teacher always had them stand."

"What is your name?" was the question propounded to the first urchin.

"Jimmie Carrol," shouted the boy; I was about to write this name on a sheet of paper when another large boy in the centre of the class called out—

"No, mam, it ain't, its Frank Bender!"

On putting the same question to the next pupil and meeting with a similar result, I dismissed the class in despair until I could learn a better method of procedure. After a few days of uproarious confusion, which gave me an opportunity to study the situation and the difficulties to be encountered and overcome, I determined to be mistress of the situation; I was resolved that I would not be conquered by a number of mischievous children;—after learning a few points from others, followed by a short and decisive contest, I succeeded in reducing the school to subjection, winning at last their obedience and affection.

When, at the age of sixteen, an opportunity presented itself of becoming a member of a Shakespeare Club, I gladly took advantage of it. This club was primarily organized with a view to studying the works of the great author, as well as for amusement, and it was soon ascertained that a great deal of talent was enlisted. This club was organized at the house of Mrs. Cantor, and Judge Acute, of the Supreme Court, was elected president.

We occasionally varied the monotony of the Shakesperian reading by a miscellaneous reading, and it was to make a still greater change in our usual programme, that the little entertainment took place which I am about to describe.

CHAPTER II.

A FATAL MEETING.

"There's a turned-down page, as some writer says,
In every human life—
A hidden story of happier days;
Of peace amid the strife.

A folded leaf that the world knows not—
A love-dream rudely crushed;
The sight of a foe that is not forget,
Although the voice be hushed.

The far distant sounds of a harp's soft strings,
An echo on the air;
The hidden page may be full of such things,
Of things that once were fair."

SOFT strains of music were floating from Mrs. Cantor's pleasant drawing room. The parlor, too, was brilliantly lighted, and the guest were, slowly gathering. Seats were conveniently arranged in the parlor, and in the centre of the drawing room was a small table.

Soon a young man appeared in evening dress, with a small book in his hand, and announced briefly that he would read a short selection from Dickens. This selection was followed by another and another, interspersed with recitations and music, when after repeated tokens of approval from the appreciative audience, my sister and I turned to go.

At this moment we were addressed by a pretty little lady, with a particularly pleasing smile, who sat directly back of us,—a Mrs. Prime. She was accompanied by a tall young gentleman, about twenty-two years of age, of robust and fine physique, light grey eyes, dark brown hair and moustache.

"Good evening, young ladies," said Mrs. Prime. "I wish to introduce this young gentleman to you. Mr. Zell, the Misses Lathrop. He is one of my household," she added, "and a comparative stranger in the city."

Mr. Zell was invited to call, and we separated, unconscious that either one could have any effect upon the future of the other, or that each life would take its coloring from that simple meeting.

In response to the invitation given, Mr. Zell called during the ensuing week, and was invited to call again and play croquet. This invitation was accepted, and led to further visits. Suddenly, I cannot explain how (for who can explain these delicate heart entanglements?) this mere acquaintance blossomed out rapidly and unconsciously into an actual love affair, between this young man and myself, for we seemed

> "Allied by nature,
> Interlocked by fate."

Happy in the thought of him, supremely blissful in his presence, and, in the realization of love's young dream, I can only recall that period as the happiest time of my life, like a bright touch of color in a

bleak dreary landscape. It was a dream, too brief and fleeting, never to return.

In youth we are improvident of what we might give our life's blood to have retained in later years. Our ignorance of the world, and the hollowness of its treasures are unknown to us, we "scatter the rose leaves to the wind," and find too late that we are powerless to gather them again. So it was with us. Two natures, which were apparently harmonious, were separated and disunited. I have heard that certain chemicals are disorganized by simple atmospheric influences, or some sudden jar, so that the compound evaporates before it has absorbed the third ingredient with which it could have assimilated. I cannot explain further,—the engagement was broken off, the diamond ring returned, Mr. Zell left the city and entered into business in New York, and I endeavored to forget the man who had absorbed every interest of my life, and in whom I had unconsciously centred my dearest hopes.

I still continued my school, and some months later was introduced to a young theological student. His taste for study harmonized with my own. He called frequently, and the evenings were spent in discussions of a scientific, literary and religious nature. On his leaving the city for his vacation, I granted his request to open a correspondence with him, which was characterized by the same elements of interest which marked our previous conversations. On his return, I had occasion to inform him that I could

never love any one again as I had the gentleman to whom I had been engaged; that I might have a sympathy and friendship for him, but no more. With this understanding his visits were continued, and were of mutual benefit.

In the meantime, I occasionally heard of Mr. Zell through Mrs. Prime; that he had been in the city, had inquired for me, and wished to be remembered, etc. As I heard nothing from him directly, I feigned indifference to these messages, which always exasperated me. I have no distinct recollection of seeing him again until the following Easter.

On this occasion the Sunday school, of which I was a teacher, celebrated its usual Easter festival. Each class had a suitable emblem, and new banners were prepared for the occasion. The Sunday school entered the church, singing its Easter processional, and marched around the church to the altar. As I passed the door, I recognized among the throng standing at the door, my former lover, Mr. Zell. This meeting was a great shock to me, although I concealed any feeling I might have under a cold and apparently unconscious exterior, and another gentleman, who had aided in procuring my Easter offering, accompanied me home. This was the last time I was to see him for many years.

Not long after this, my platonic friend, (the young student) was taken sick with inflammation of the lungs, and it was during the passage of frequent letters that an engagement took place between us.

My heart experiences were fated to be of a painful character. He recovered sufficiently to call and see me two afternoons before his departure for his home on a vacation, when he expected to regain his health and return to college and resume his studies.

Consumption rapidly developed, and one month from the time of his departure, the news of his death was announced to me.

Not long after his death, I received a letter from a gentleman who announced himself as a friend of Mr. Zell, expressing a wish to correspond with me. As I disapproved of a correspondence of that nature, I took no notice of the letter. Soon after I received many books and papers from Mr. Zell containing different poems and articles marked with a *blue pencil.* As no letter accompanied them, there was no opportunity for a response on my part.

The following summer, my sister and myself made a trip to New York. While there, the gentleman who desired to open a correspondence called at my request. He told me that Mr. Zell regretted his separation from me deeply, or words to that effect, but his manner was so peculiar that I became vexed, and requested him to leave, impulsively adding as I became more indignant at what I considered a proper want of respect to me, that I never wished to see or hear from Mr. Zell again. This message must have reached him, for I received no more books or papers from him. As my object in seeing this gentleman

was to effect a reconciliation with Mr. Zell, my readers will possibly smile at the contradictory conduct of an impulsive girl, who acts as the majority of her sex on similar occasions. Viewing these experiences dispassionately, after the lapse of years, has only impressed me more deeply with the justice of John Alden's words to Miles Standish. "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself," as being particularly applicable to that crisis of life in which are involved the deepest and holiest interests. At this time, a direct appeal for a personal interview would have averted what proved to be a mutual misunderstanding. No man need fear, unless actuated by aggravated self-love which fears temporary abnegation, to approach boldly the object of his affections,—for manly courage and an open and direct attack often accomplish more than the most cautious mode of strategy, where the object is concealed and liable to misconstruction, and where one is dependent upon the uncertain action of friends, who have no personal, or at best, more than a careless and idle interest in another's welfare.

Months passed. I entered more deeply into the duties of my daily life, buried my mind in books and studies and endeavored to have few leisure moments for painful thought to intrude. Who will not say there were many mental battles fought and won? You may ask your own heart and judge righteously, if you will.

The hardest blow was yet to come, and this was

before six months had passed. I remember the day as if it were yesterday. Such a cold, bleak, dreary day in autumn! An intimate friend and myself were walking home from church. We had only gone a short distance, when my friend said:

"Oh, I must tell you a piece of news,—Mr. Zell is married. He married a wealthy New York lady at the W. Hotel."

"Is that so?" I answered mechanically, as soon as I could speak. "I am very glad."

Later, at subsequent dates, I received indirect information of him through this same friend who first introduced us, that he had a little daughter; also some years after, that he had been very sick with small pox. This was the last I heard of him for some time.

I will not weary my readers with a recapitulation of my daily life, and its routine of teaching and study, nor of the vicissitudes which burdened our daily life, and which caused me to feel that my life was of use and service to my own family, and the vocation I had chosen peculiarly providential.

My eldest brother died suddenly of small pox contracted at the close of the War of the Rebellion. My younger, and only remaining brother, having suffered since his boyhood from inflammatory rheumatism, had left home and entered upon a business life in a great southern city. Owing to my father's reduced fortune, which was due in a great measure to his good-natured negligence in regard

to the collection of bills, and his retirement from business some years before his death caused my sister and myself to become the only support of the family.

I now resolved that my life and interests should be dedicated and enshrined upon the family altar, and that resolution was fulfilled. The worries and anxieties which are usually borne by the head of the household, fell upon my sister and myself. I can conscienciously say that my life was one of devotion to my family. There are many circumstances which I cannot detail or particularize here, which I shall only touch upon as lightly as possible simply to make subsequent events clear and comprehensive.

My elder sister's nature was peculiar. Naturally of an indolent temperament, she spent the greater part of her girlhood in miscellaneous reading. After I had entered upon a teacher's career, she at my instigation opened a school of her own. The masterful element which had hitherto lain dormant to an extent, soon developed into a most emphatic love of power, and a determination to bend all within her sphere to her sovereign will. Naturally opinionated, she would never yield a point, or acknowledge when she was in the wrong, even in regard to a trivial error.

In this, as in many other respects, we were entirely at variance. I could not respect myself, if I made an incorrect statement inadvertently, or committed some act which I afterward learned was

wrong, without acknowledging it. It was, I considered, a duty which I owed myself and others,—a subjugation of self, which I would never allow myself to omit,—but each time there was an inward struggle, but the victory was gained. I often used to wonder on these occasions, if she had any conception what my admission had cost me, and how much the knowledge of her reception of it had added to the struggle. It is difficult to understand this phase of human nature which was so pronounced in her. It is incomprehensible that any one can imagine that they can deceive themselves as well as others, or that one can respect another more, who claims never to form a wrong judgment, fearing the acknowledgement of error would bring a conviction from others that they fear to meet.

Another peculiarity, (which I have since seen and recognized in others, and which always amazed me) was that when she knew she had done wrong, and feared blame, she would shield herself by attacking the person she had herself injured, blaming them for some pretended fault on their part, when the consciousness of her own remissness dictated this singular conduct.

Outward harmony reigned in the household. I allowed little to engross my attention beyond a limited circle of congenial friends, and the few social recreations which my daily duties allowed, my books being my favorite and most satisfactory companions.

Years passed, my early romance had gradually

retired among the turned down leaves of my colorless life, when, after the lapse of ten years, a curious complication was to enter into the apparently smooth and even tenor of my existence.

CHAPTER III.

"ENTERTAINING AN ANGEL UNAWARES."

"It was wrong I acknowledge, for it is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence;
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers."

IN the summer of 1879, a party of three young ladies and myself planned a summer visit to Chatauqua, while the convention was in session. We had fortified our minds by reading the "Four Girls at Chatauqua" and anticipated a quiet, though agreeable sojourn in the woods, which would be diversified with literary as well as social amusements. Those who have visited the place recently, will realize our surprise when we contrasted the minature city of 10,000 inhabitants, with the rural and comparatively quiet retreat we had anticipated, as depicted in that book. After enjoying three weeks of mental activity during the time of the convention, where so much talent is gathered from every section of the United States, we returned home.

Although we never made a practice of taking boarders, we occasionally eked out our small income by taking some one recommended by friends to

board with us temporarily. About two weeks after my return from Chatauqua, a gentleman was announced, who on my receiving him in the parlor, handed me a slip of paper with the name "Mr. Bryant" inscribed upon it and a line of introduction from a lady whom we had known for many years. The gentleman was quite tall and thin, with grey eyes, dark brown hair and moustache, and his face *pitted by small pox.*

On inquiry, I learned that "Mr. Bryant" had boarded at our house a few days while I was at Chatauqua; that he was from New York, and professed to have some business for a steam heating company, which had detained him in town for a few days; that the family had found difficulty in accommodating him during my absence, as the house was torn up with house cleaning, and they were obliged to give him my room, which was directly over my sister's, where she said she heard him up all night, or the greater part of it. We discussed his appearance in a general way,—my sister calling attention to the fact of his face being pitted with small pox, then adding, "He seemed so much embarrassed while at supper, for his hand trembled so that he could scarcely hold his spoon."

The afternoon of his arrival, I picked up the daily paper (*The Rochester Union and Advertiser*) and read aloud to my sister the notice of the death of the wife of Mr. Zell (my old lover) "a former resident of Rochester." His wife's Christian name was given,

a long and peculiar one, which I cannot recall and which I had never happened to hear mentioned before.

The following evening, we had been invited to meet friends from Boston at the house of Miss Hale, the neighbor I have previously mentioned, but I decided not to go, taking tea with "Mr. Bryant." After talking a few moments upon indifferent subjects, he led the conversation to Chatauqua, where he said he had recently been, and then said, inquiringly,

"Have you ever been to New York?"

"Oh, yes," I replied; "I have relatives living there, and I enjoy going there so much!" expatiating upon the pleasures of life in New York, delighted as all residents of surburban towns are to converse with some one fresh from the great metropolis.

"Have you any other friends living there besides your cousins?" he asked.

"None in particular," was my answer.

"It seems strange to me that you have never married," he said, after a pause, in a half questioning way.

Presuming upon the fact that he was a stranger whom I should never meet again after the few days had expired during which he was to remain in the city, I impulsively replied in a manner that surprised myself, as I was not accustomed to talk of my love affairs to any one.

"The gentleman I was engaged to died quite sud-

denly;" then added, after a few moment's reflection, "but the gentleman I should have married is living in New York,—has a wife and child I believe," —(ignoring the fact of the death notice I had seen that afternoon in the paper.) "If I had married him, my life would have been very different."

He then led the conversation to the memory of past events as recalled by different objects, and asked:

"What do you associate with certain circumstances connected with particular events in your life, or what would recall them most vividly?"

"'I agree with Bulwer that all whom we have loved have something in nature especially devoted to their memory, a peculiar flower, a leaf, a tone,' I replied.

"What flowers?" he inquired.

"The water lily and the tuberose," I answered, thus recalling two periods of my life, the former suggesting Mr. Zell, as perhaps he was aware it might;—for my readers may have surmised that the strange gentleman was no other than Mr. Zell himself, who must have followed me to Chatauqua and back to Rochester, that he might have an opportunity of seeing me in my own home, and who was now endeavoring to cause me to gradually identify him by recalling incidents of the past which were closely connected with my experiences with him.

"If you were to employ a lawyer, who would you choose?" was the next query he propounded after a few moment's silence, in which I occupied myself in petting our Maltese puss.

Naturally this query suggested our Shakspeare Club, as I replied, "Judge Acute. I think him an honest, consciencious man, one to whom one could safely confide one's affairs. He is the president of our Shakspeare Club,"—(still failing to associate this "Mr. Bryant" with the Mr. Zell of the past.)

Soon after, feeling chilly, I rose to close the window on the side of the room where he was sitting, when to my amazement "Mr. Bryant" rose, stepped near the window, and stretched out his arms to me, as if wishing to embrace me. I pretended to misunderstand this movement, and slipping by, closed the window, announcing my intention of accepting the invitation to spend the evening at the house of Miss Hale.

While we were conversing, Lizzie Conlin, the servant, had entered the adjoining room on some errand, and might easily have overheard our conversation. On passing through the kitchen en route through the garden to Miss Hale's, I found a party of three or four people gathered around the kitchen table, who, from their manner and attitude, seemed to be in some secret conclave with Lizzie. As she had never before had any company in the evening, I was surprised to see these strange people, and was not particularly pleased with the appearance of the group, as some few of them kept their faces down as if wishing to avoid scrutiny. I passed through without comment, spent the evening pleasantly, and returned home quite late.

That night I had a singular and disagreeble dream, and as it was so peculiar, I spoke of it at the breakfast table. I dreamed I was placed in an insane asylum to prevent my marrying some one, whose name I could not recall. It seemed as if my sister had something to do with it, but there were many people around me.

"It was so absurd, even to dream of such an occurrence," I concluded, "in this enlighted age, that I have no patience to repeat more of it; it was like going back to the dark ages."

While we were still at the table, "Mr. Bryant" led the conversation to the subject of second marriages, and referred to that of a certain professional gentleman of Rochester, who had married his first love as a second wife, had been divorced from her, and married a third time. After each had expressed some opinion on the subject, he turned to me and asked:

"Would you marry a divorced man?"

"Yes," I replied, "*under some circumstances*, if I loved him."

Directly after breakfast, "Mr. Bryant" took his departure and my dream as well as all thought of him had entirely slipped from my mind, to be recalled later when I identified him as Mr. Zell.

On the last week of that year (December) I received by mail the Christmas number of *Harper's Weekly*, and on looking over it, I discovered a poem marked with a blue pencil,—such as Mr. Zell was accustomed to use in times past,—which puzzled me

greatly, for I did not at once associate him with the poem. The title of this poem was "Metempsychosis," and the sentiment implied the existence of an unchanged affection, a verse of which I quote:—

"Do you remember the Nilus, love,
The floating lotus flowers,
The great white moon o'er the flooded plains,
The starry jasmine bowers,
The singing girls by the river's side,
The timbrels and the psalms,
And the warm still night you kissed me first
Under the bending palms?
Well, that is thousands of years ago;
You have forgot I see."

The following Sunday morning, one week after receiving this paper, I attended church as usual. We had just been experiencing one of the severe snow storms which Rochester expects at least once every few winters, when the snow falls on a level to the depth of several feet in some places, and drifts in others, so that trains are blocked east and west of the city, occasioning consequent loss of life, and causing the detention of many passengers en route through the city.

On entering the church I discovered our seat already occupied by a Mrs. Wood, a minister's wife, and . . . . Mr. Zell. There was little time for conversation. In the evening, I again attended church, and again found Mr. Zell there, and this time we conversed a few moments passing out of church, when he informed me that he had been detained

by the storm. I knew then who had sent the paper with the marked poem, as I recalled the blue pencil mark and the familiar superscription.

Having learned wisdom by experience, and not having the same diffidence in regard to certain matters, which I was convinced were "more nice than wise," I resolved to call upon Mrs. Wood and learn more of Mr. Zell. I did so, probably to her surprise, for I thought she gave me delicately to understand that years ago such a thing might have been of some effect. I only thought that a life mistake had been made by some one, and that there now seemed an opportunity of adjusting it. She told me Mr. Zell resided in New York, where he was engaged in business, that he was a very wealthy man, and that she had just been dressing a large doll in pink satin for his little girl.

I then wrote him a letter, endeavoring to explain what might seem obscure in the past, as far as lay in my power, asking him to send me his little girl's picture, if he received the letter. I soon received the picture, also a letter, the contents of which were in one sense very incomprehensible; he did not ask to correspond with me, but said he would send me occasionally books and papers. This he continued to do, but for some reason I inferred did not wish to correspond with me by letter. I studied upon this subject, and read the papers, etc., with careful attention. How it was, that after seeing the notice of his wife's death in the paper I inferred that

he had separated from her, and that she was still alive, I cannot say, but I believe

> "That the heart is wiser than the intellect,
> And works with surer hands and swifter feet
> Towards wise conclusions."

I went to the office of the *Union and Advertiser* and looked over the file to read again this death notice, but the page I sought seemed to have been torn across, it was impossible to find it, and our paper had disappeared.

One morning during the winter or early spring, (March or February) I accidentally took up the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, at a friend's house. In that paper I saw a sensational article headed "Scandal in High Life." The article went on to speak of the persons referred to, whose real names were not given, "on account of the high social standing of all the parties." The gentleman, a former resident of Rochester, whose name was given as Poultney, was seeking a divorce from his wife on the ground of infidelity. This the wife denied, but declared his object was simply to get a divorce, in order to marry some one else, etc., etc.

The morning I read this article, a reporter of the paper who boarded in the family of this neighbor, asked me a question of such a nature, that I inferred that he understood the circumstances and was aware who the parties mentioned were, which I vaguely suspected to be no other than Mr. Zell, his wife and myself. My answer was, "You know

too much." Whether this remark was accidental or otherwise, I am unable to state, but it only strengthened my suspicion that he knew who the real parties were.

One evening in the latter part of August of that year, after an exceedingly warm day, Mrs. Prime, (the lady who had first introduced Mr. Zell) called with her daughter. We were sitting in the twilight, on account of the intense heat. To my astonishment, Mrs. Prime introduced the subject of Mr. Zell, and overpowered me by informing me that "they" (referring to Mr. and Mrs. Zell) "had two children now, a *boy* and a girl; that Mr. Zell was away from home at the time,—and *was not it strange?*"

I do not know what I said. I could not understand it. I was stunned. I received some odd papers from Mr. Zell after this, but now came another struggle, to banish all thought of this man from my mind once and forever. An easy task, I doubt not many of my readers may think. It is so easy to judge others, and so difficult to think what might be one's feelings if similarly situated. "I was drawn one way by my reason," and "drawn back again by my heart." I revolved these curious circumstances in my mind and endeavored to draw some definite conclusion from them,—only to become more and more puzzled.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ODD ACQUAINTANCE.

"I will not flinch,
Nor let the dart pass by my heart
To wound another."

SEVERAL months passed. One evening, in February, I attended church as usual. When the services were over, a Mrs. Rane, whose husband was one of the wardens of our church, joined me, coming out of church and walked with me on my way home. This was an unusual occurrence on her part, indeed had never taken place before, as I was but slightly acquainted with her. Accompanying her was a lady whom I could not clearly distinguish, whom she introduced as her aunt, Miss Hamlo, adding as she did so, "She cannot hear, unless you speak quite loud, for she is deaf."

The following day Mrs. Rane called and asked if we would be willing to take her aunt, Miss Hamlo, to board for two weeks, as she then expected to go west.

On my return from school the following day, I was again introduced to Miss Hamlo, whom I recognized as the same person I had met the evening before. Miss Hamlo was, I now saw, a woman of

about thirty or thirty-five years of age, of angular figure, rather over medium height, with a coarse sandy complexion, light blue expressionless eyes, and most peculiar hair,—what I should call "Judas color"—not sandy, hardly red, but a something approaching an unnatural yellowish red, which she wore in false waves and puffs on the top of her head. Her voice was peculiar and exceeding disagreeable, having a kind of rasping, nasal or cracked sound suggesting the idea of catarrh, or the tone one sometimes detects in one when saying something which they know is not true, which gives a peculiar insincere intonation to the voice, easily detected by a student of human nature. She was dressed in an old-fashioned black silk, and immediately proceeded to make herself entirely at home.

During all the years I had been engaged in teaching, I had never had a serious fit of sickness. It is an actual fact, that I had not lost ten days' time on account of sickness, and was in perfect health the day of Miss Hamlo's entrance into our little family circle. Almost immediately after her arrival, I had a sudden and peculiar difficulty. Up to this time I had fallen asleep the moment my head touched the pillow, and did not wake until morning. Now I could not sleep. At two o'clock I would waken in a cold sweat, with a feeling as if there were a bar across the base of my brain. In addition to this there was a coldness of the entire left side and numbness of the left hand and arm. I was alarmed.

I thought of paralysis, but was too proud to acknowledge my fears openly. I went to see our family physician, Dr. Hurd, told him about the numbness, and asked him what he thought of my taking electric treatments. His reply was:

"It cannot hurt you, and may do some good."

Upon this information, I went to an electrician and received one treatment, which enabled me to remain in school until the Friday following Miss Hamlo's arrival. Sunday my trouble became intensified. I could not read, for the letters seemed to run together and become undistinguishable as words. I would try in the most agonizing manner to read the headings in the newspaper, that I might know that I was able to do that. Then in addition to this there was a strange burning sensation around the left ear, and the sense of hearing was intensified to a painful degree. I also suffered with a feeling of suffocation and intense longing for air, comparable only to extreme thirst.

It was impossible, under these circumstances, to go to school, and Monday morning I was forced to give it up, and my youngest sister, (whom I have not mentioned) took my place. Leaving my school was like tearing up a large tree from the soil where it had been long imbedded;—there was no alternative,—it must be done. I loved my pupils, I was devoted to my profession, and I appreciated the independence of my position. Still acting under Dr. Hurd's advice, I began a course of electric treat-

ments, which had little perceptible effect, until after taking an electric bath, when I received immediate relief, every unpleasant symptom having disappeared. I was delighted with the result, and was just congratulating myself on my restoration to health, when the same symptoms reappeared gradually, to be relieved with electric treatments,—again disappearing on taking an electric bath, only to appear again in the same insidious manner. I now procured an electric battery, which I used under the direction of the electricians, taking a bath when I found it imperative to do so, in order to secure relief. My condition was incomprehensible to my family as well as myself. I enjoyed society, and did not stay at home dwelling upon my ailments, but exerted myself every day to visit some friend. After a six weeks' visit at Buffalo, I returned home perfectly well, rejoiced to be able to complete the last term of school.

In the meantime Miss Hamlo had become quite domesticated, and said nothing special, unless questioned, about her departure, which was as yet indefinite, although the two weeks had long since passed. She always evinced the greatest anxiety to receive the mail, and would secure whatever came before any one else could take it from the postman. If I were sitting at the open window, and she in the centre of the room, she would dart forward and take it from him before I could. As soon as the weather would admit, she would watch at the gate, or pace

up and down the garden walk, awaiting his arrival, consequently all mail intended for our house passed, almost without exception, through her hands.

Her anxiety she accounted for in this way,—and it is an old saying that "The world loves a lover,"—for her romantic story enlisted our sympathy at once. She informed us that she was engaged to be married to a Dr. Smith of Cincinnati, a very wealthy man, and that she was expecting him to come for her, marry her, and take her to Cincinnati to live. As time passed and he did not come, our sympathy increased. "Poor thing, how anxious she must be!" was the general sentiment.

I could not say that I enjoyed her society, for we had no tastes in common. She was a woman of no special intelligence, although apparently well educated. I tolerated her presence because I pitied her, and, in my weak condition, exerted myself to talk to her to divert her mind from her troubles. One thing struck me as peculiar. She never occupied herself in any way, but would sit around with no apparent aim or interest, reading little, never sewing to my knowledge to any extent, and to all ostensible purposes, leading an utterly useless and idle life. Another peculiarity which she developed soon after her arrival in the house, was a love of opening bureau drawers, and looking through them. We were amazed to see her do this, but supposing her to be in a state of great anxiety on account of her lover's non-appearance, no one could be so indelicate

and unfeeling as to reproach or correct her, although it seemed such an unusual and improper performance. What seemed oddest of all was her apparent enjoyment of the society of Lizzie Conlin, the servant girl, for she would often sit with her in the kitchen, usually before and after meals.

She used to come to my room every day without invitation, and remain with me while I was taking my treatments. She would sit by my bed, and apparently sympathize with me. Often while she sat there, I would have great difficulty with the battery; I would feel something burning me, and find the connecting wire out of place,—disconnected with the plate,—or I would look away for a moment, or close my eyes, and find the wires displaced in the battery, changing the circuit to an entirely different and perhaps injurious treatment. This was naturally annoying, but I always attributed it to accident, or some carelessness on the part of Miss Hamlo, and was glad when some chance prevented her being present on these occasions. Incidentally, I remarked to her one day, when dilating on the virtues of electricity, and at the same time enumerating the cures it had effected with myself years before,—among others rose-cold etc.,—that I had read that it even neutralized poison.

My battery had previously run smoothly. I would prepare it as directed twice a week, and it would give me no trouble. Now there was a change. I would leave it in a perfect condition, and would find

it unfit for use the following day. I would be obliged to take it all apart, clean it, and put it in order. I would find the zincs so displaced that the battery would not work, and it took me some time to discover what the difficulty was. On one occasion, finding it impossible to do anything with it myself, I took it to my friend, Mrs. Dr. S., who informed me that the brass screw which connected the battery, was broken off, and she had either a new one put on, or the old one bent in such a way that it would lengthen it sufficiently to admit of being used.

One afternoon in the summer, my mother and sisters had gone away for the afternoon. I, too, had intended being absent, but for some reason changed my mind and returned home unexpectedly. On coming through the garden from the opposite street, I was about to pass into the house, when I saw a young girl sitting in the kitchen with a baby on her lap, and to my surprise Miss Hamlo bending over it with an air of interest, if not of possession. In answer to my inquiries, the young girl informed me that the child was a boy eighteen months old. I had scarcely an opportunity to observe mentally that the child presented the most repulsive appearance of any child I had ever seen, (for in this sense, I mean its unnaturally large, dull, heavy, light blue eyes and stupid look, together with its clumsy appearance, impressed me as a deformity, though I could not say that this was actually the case) when Miss

Hamlo hurried the girl into the garden with the baby, remained with them a few moments, and came in without them, so I saw neither the girl or baby again. Lizzie took no notice of their departure, so there was no indication that the girl was a friend of hers. After they had left the kitchen, Lizzie informed me, on my inquiring about the baby, that the child came from a notorious baby farmer's, mentioning the name, which I recognized as having figured frequently in newspaper articles.

Notwithstanding I had been able to finish the last term of the year, no sooner was school closed than the old symptoms reappeared as before, and I again had recourse to electricity and vapor baths with the same result. On going away to the country in August, I returned home rejoiced to find myself perfectly well after about a weeks' sojourn.

Soon after my return we received a visit from my brother, whom we had not seen for many years. He was to remain only a short time, and we had planned a little excursion before his departure, to Irondequoit Bay,—to the Sea Breeze, as it was called,—a place which had been one of our favorite resorts when we were children. At this point the bay joins Lake Ontario. On one side lies the pebbly beach of the lake, where the bathing is fine; on the other, the reedy waters of the bay, which is preferred by rowers, fishermen and lovers of the water lily at this season of the year. Here were the cottages high on the wooded banks, the little hotel at one end of the

bay, with its steep narrow ascent, and at the extremity where we stopped, a pretty grove on a lofty hill, which was the chosen spot for picnic parties, and at the foot of the hill a hotel.

Miss Hamlo, as usual, accompanied us on this excursion. My brother seemed much surprised, and said when he saw her waiting to take the car:

"What! is that woman going too?"

"Yes," some one answered; "poor thing, we thought she might be lonely."

After spending part of the time in the woods and by the lake shore, we went to the hotel, and my younger sister and myself remained on the balcony. I had, (as I have said,) been feeling as well as ever in my life after my return from the country, and had enjoyed so much of the day extremely. Miss Hamlo went into the parlor, and came out with a small tin cup in her hand and offered me a drink. Seeing me hesitate about taking it, she again urged me to drink, so I took it mechanically and drank some of the liquid, remarking:

"It tastes just like medicine." Then seeing my younger sister, I said: "I wonder if A. wants a drink?"

"No," said Miss Hamlo, hastily; "throw it away. She does not want it." I did so without offering it to her.

My brother soon called us to join him at the shore to take a sail on the bay. I had not been on the water more than half an hour, when I began to feel

sick. I could scarcely see, and on the way home grew worse more and more rapidly, so that when the car stopped, I could scarcely get out without assistance, saying to my brother as he helped me off, "Oh, I am so sick!"

I was obliged to lie down upon the sofa immediately upon my arrival, suffering that night with the identical difficulty which I had hoped had disappeared forever. The following morning, I dragged myself to see Mrs. C., who was shocked at my appearance, and the painful change which was apparent. After taking a vapor bath, I found myself perfectly well and resumed teaching again the first of September.

Soon after my return from the country, Mrs. X., a lady who was spending a short time with us, came to my room and said:

"If I were in your place, I would not exert myself to talk with Miss Hamlo, it is so exhausting to you,—such a tax. She can hear as well as you can, for I have tried her. *She is not deaf at all!*" and I afterwards ascertained that she was correct.

One night, not long after, Mrs. X. came into my room and said:

"Do you know that Miss Hamlo wears a wig? She has bleached her own hair white. Just go in and see for yourself. You can see the dark color where her own hair is coming in. She is in bed now. Go in and see for yourself,—it is a good time."

Acting on her suggestion, I made an excuse to go

in, and knocked at the door. I think she thought it was Mrs. X. When she recognized me, she put her hands up to her head, and endeavored to conceal her hair, but not effectually, for I saw her short straggling white hair, and the dark line at the parting, just as Mrs. X. had described. From that time I usually kept the door of my room locked, in order to avoid Miss Hamlo's presence, and the exertion of talking to her at the top of my lungs, with the fatigue attendant upon it.

From the time of her arrival, Miss Hamlo had shown a decided preference for my society, and seemed to wish to go out with me on all occasions, seldom being out of my presence while I was in the house. She was like my shadow. She always seemed to know whether I was feeling better or worse, and as she was the only one in the household who did, I could not help but observe it. Her first greeting in the morning would be:

"You don't feel so well to-day, do you?" or, "You feel pretty well this morning, don't you?" and what I recall as peculiar is, that she was always right.

Her manner of walking was singular. Always plainly dressed, she would fold her arms as if hugging herself, and walk along unconscious of her awkward appearance. During her conversation with me she showed an incomprehensible knowledge of my affairs, as displayed by her apt and curious questions, she leading the conversation always, unless I inquired about her affianced. I had never mentioned Mr.

Zell to any member of the family since the winter after I saw him at church. What roused a vague suspicion of her was the fact that one afternoon as she was sitting with me as usual, she told me of a niece of hers who was separated from her husband,—repeating the identical circumstances I had read in the paper the summer before, which I have narrated,—her pretended death, etc., with the particulars as stated in the article headed "A Scandal in High Life," adding, "I do not know whether the child was his or not,—but she *said* so."

Coupled with this, was another peculiar circumstance. Some time previous, during the early summer, she claimed to be receiving letters from Dr. Smith, (her supposed lover) and these letters she said must be answered every Tuesday. It happened on two occasions I took the letters from the postman myself, and each one was postmarked Camden, N. Y., the place she said had been her home, and each was addressed in a scrawling hand, as if superscribed by some ignorant person. As I knew they were the only letters she had received that day, I questioned her in a general way in regard to her letters, and she, not knowing I had taken them from the postman, spoke of them on these two occasions as coming from Dr. Smith of Cincinnati. To my question, "When does he expect to come for you?" she replied:

"He cannot say exactly. He is building me a house, and it will be some little time before it is finished."

A vague suspicion was unconsciously forming itself in my mind, that there was no such person as the mysterious doctor. She would enumerate the presents he had for her, none of which ever reached her possession, and finally, one evening the last of September, she said to me:

"My wedding ring is bought and ready."

"Well, then, when is he coming for you?" was my natural query:

"Oh, in a couple of weeks," was her ready reply.

Sometimes she would walk around the parlor in the twilight in a desperate manner, saying to herself, "Why don't he come? Why don't he come?" and other words to that effect, probably to rouse sympathy. One night in particular, she had gone to her room, leaving her door open. I was preparing to retire. I heard her stamp her foot and say loud enough for me to hear, "James, why don't you come?"

She seemed to know some of her peculiarities were disagreeable to me, and after Mrs. X's warning, she seemed to study to make them as pronounced as possible. One thing I specially disliked, was to have any one wear my garments. On discovering this, she would try on even my new gloves, shoes and bonnets before I could do so myself, or prevent her doing so, or anything else she could find the opportunity to take. She still continued her practice of opening bureau drawers, and on some occasions I found even a lock and key ineffectual in protecting my belongings. One day the key of my bureau, which

my sister and I were in the habit of keeping in a particular place, was missing; after spending some time looking for it in vain, I went to a neighbor's and borrowed her keys, hoping I might find one to fit the drawer. After trying each one without success, I happened to pass Miss Hamlo's door. I glanced on the bureau, and there lay the missing key where she had probably laid it.

About a week after this incident, I missed some pieces of silk, and knowing Miss Hamlo's meddlesome habits, and thinking she might have removed them to annoy me, as she did the key, I went to her room. Finding her trunk unlocked, and knowing that it was the time that she usually paced up and down the garden walk, watching for the postman, I opened the trunk and looked in. Almost directly on top lay a letter which I recognized as similar to those which she had professed came from Dr. Smith, addressed in the same scrawling hand and postmarked Camden, N. Y. I felt impelled to open it. As this was the first time I had ever done anything of this nature, which ordinarily I should consider dishonorable, I trembled violently, and could scarcely see the words for a moment. As I have said, the superscription was almost illegible. The enclosed letter was written in a *clear manly hand*, and was addressed, "Dear Cousin Mary, or Dear Mary," and was to this effect:

"If you want me to help you, you must send me

the money this week. I do not blame you for wishing to be married. . . . ."

This is all I can remember, except that it referred to a noted will case, hinging upon a divorce suit, as I hastily glanced over it, too much confused to remember the signature after I had read it, which I am positive was not Smith. I was in constant fear also that Miss Hamlo might appear and find me in her room.

During the summer, I had received a few papers from Mr. Zell, only one containing anything of import, entitled "A Japanese Legend." From this poem I inferred he was free to marry again. I heard nothing from him since, until a day or two after the occurrence I have narrated, when I received an envelope enclosing a blank sheet of paper containing a $50 bill, which I knew must have come from Mr. Zell, by the superscription and the postmark. This not only surprised, but embarassed me. I did not know what to do with it. I did not like to return it, fearing I might offend him, and prevent any future explanation. I finally decided to give it to my mother. I did so at once, informing her at the same time of the source from which I believed it had come. She surprised me by not making any inquiry as to details, and the subject was dropped. That very day Miss Hamlo came to me and wished to borrow $50.

"Where should I get $50?" I asked, astonished at the request, coïncident with my reception of the same amount, and also because during the seven

months she had been with us she had failed to pay her board, and I thought she might better wish to liquidate her debt, instead of borrowing. "I should think you would go to your relatives, if you want money."

"I must have the money," she replied.

"Well, then," I said, "why don't you go to your friend on Clinton street, whom you say is wealthy? She will undoubtedly loan it to you, as you have known her so long."

"I must have it, as I wish to send it away," she insisted, to other members of the family. She evinced such anxiety, that it naturally caused some comment, and my elder sister suggested to the family, that "she might want it to send to the doctor to pay his traveling expenses," losing sight of the absurdity of such a possibility, and the incongruity of such an idea, as Miss Hamlo had always represented her lover as a man of immense wealth.

Miss Hamlo then went, without our knowledge, to our friends and neighbors, endeavoring to borrow from them, many of whom we were only slightly acquainted with, and of course without success. This mortified us exceedingly, as we were not in the habit of borrowing ourselves, and consequently did not like a stranger in the household to do so, on the strength of her living in the same house with us.

Finally, in her desperation, she went to a gentleman who was in the habit of calling frequently, and desired to borrow $50 of him. On his refusal, after

a consultation with the family, she went again to see him, and wished him to help her "*pawn her watch.*"

These visits were embarrassing to him in the extreme, as she spoke in quite a loud tone of voice, and, as he supposed it necessary to do the same on account of her pretended deafness, every one in the store could hear the entire conversation, and not knowing the circumstances, might draw their own inferences. In order to get rid of her, he directed her, or went with her to a pawn shop, where she pawned her watch and raised some small amount by so doing. This circumstance puzzled and alarmed me, for at about the same time I missed about thirty dollars from a place I had supposed perfectly secure, and which was always kept under lock and key. As she said she had succeeded in getting the amount she needed from some lady, the idea suggested itself that it might have been my own.

The first Monday of September, 1890, I resumed my school again, feeling as well as ever in my life. At the time I now wish to refer to, I had taught a little over a month, when the old symptoms appeared suddenly, gaining upon me in the same unaccountable manner as before, and I was again obliged to give up my school and resume my electric baths.

The very week I left school, my sister complained of feeling sick, saying that she had not been able to sleep after two o'clock the night before, (the very hours that I was wakeful) and that she had heard the clock strike each hour until time to rise; that she

felt so sick, that if she was not better soon she should be obliged to give up her school.

I watched her closely. She complained of being cold, just as I was, wrapping herself in a shawl, besides some other little symptoms she enumerated which were familiar to me, and went at once to the doctor to procure medicine from him.

"Did you take any of my hypophosphate?" I asked, anxiously.

"Yes," was her reply.

My reason for asking the question was because that very day I had observed a peculiar yellowish tinge to the hypophospate of lime and soda I was taking as a remedy. It was ordinarily clear and colorless, but now in addition to the yellowish tinge of the liquid, there was a dark brown sediment in the bottom of the phial which struck me as unusual. I then went to the bottle of hypophosphate, looked again at the dark sediment and yellow colored liquid, poured out some of the contents, and put the bottle away in the closet where my sister would not be apt to take it again, for a horrible suspicion had occurred to me for the first time.

Could it be that any one was trying to poison me, or to make me sick? If so,—whom? What object could any one have in so doing? Could it be Miss Hamlo? Did she desire to keep me home for company for her, or had she a sinister motive? Suddenly, like links in a chain, every circumstance of her sojourn with us came up before me.

First, the fact that I had never been sick in my life until Miss Hamlo's arrival,—her constant and wonderful knowledge of my condition,—my singular sickness, which would disappear on taking vapor baths, or on going away from home, which I knew could not be possible with paralysis, and its reappearance slowly and perceptibly after my return, and at intervals,—her peculiar familiarity with my affairs, which she evinced by her pertinacious questionings, —her story of her niece, corresponding with what I had seen in the newspaper,—the letter I had found in her trunk, coupled with her anxiety for $50 coïncident with the arrival of the amount from Mr. Zell,—the part she had acted throughout,—her odd romance, which I now suspected had no foundation in fact,—her bleached hair and feigned deafness,— each circumstance photographed itself on my mind with the rapidity of lightning. The child eighteen months old from the baby farmer's which I had seen her bending over in the kitchen. I now recalled what Mrs. X. had told me in regard to Miss Hamlo which suggested the thought, "Could that child have been Miss Hamlo's? Could Miss Hamlo herself be Mr. Zell's former wife from whom he was separated, or some one in league with her? This child would be the exact age of the boy baby Mrs. Prime had spoken of the evening she first informed me that there was another child,—the boy born when Mr. Zell "was not at home."

Then I recalled the fact that during the summer, I

had found a book, lying on the table in the sitting-room, which I read with interest. It was an English story, and described the plot of a brother's wife to obtain possession of the estate of her husband's older brother, by putting him out of the way by means of slow poison, fox glove or digitalis being the agent used, which was described as subtle in effect and difficult of detection. While reading this book, I unconsciously observed the similarity of my sickness to that of the sick lord, but attached no importance to it at the time. On finishing this book, I endeavored to find the owner, but none of the family knew anything about it, or had ever even seen or heard of it before, and none of the friends who were in the habit of visiting us claimed it. I laid it on the table, where I had found it, when it disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as it had appeared.

During the summer, a pet kitten was sick in a very peculiar manner; when her saucer of milk was brought she would seem eager for food, but after looking at it would leave it untasted, or would only lap a few mouthfuls; its little limbs would tremble so that it could scarcely walk, and it seemed to prefer being in the air constantly. Its condition reminded me of my own, and I used to carry it around in the air, that it might have the relief it seemed to covet. Finally, one day, while speculating on its condition, and its apparent inability to eat, I prepared some charcoal with milk, (a common anti-

dote for poison) and fed it to the kitten myself. When Lizzie, the girl, saw me feeding my pet in this way, she remarked:

"If the kitten lives, it will be because you feed it."

"What did you say?" I inquired, surprised at her remark.

"Nothing," she said, as if sorry she had spoken. Under this treatment the kitten recovered.

Recalling these two circumstances, and particularly the sick lord's illness which so closely resembled my own, I resolved that I would at least take the remedies to be analyzed. "Who shall I take them to?" I thought. After consultation with the electricians, I determined to go to Dr. F., a professor of chemistry, whom I believed to be a conscientious man. I did so, asking him if he would be willing to analyze the remedies I had been taking, as I thought I "might have been poisoned by some slow poison, possibly digitalis, administered by some one in the house, either the girl, or a woman who was boarding with us, who might only wish to make me sick to cause me to remain at home to be company for her that she might not be lonely." When I made this request and explanation Dr. F. said, earnestly:

"You are not the first person who has been to me on a similar errand. You would be surprised to know the persons who come here for this purpose. No one has a right to give you anything even to make you sick, and it is your *duty* to attend to it."

I had been taking hop tea to induce sleep, and now thought it would be well to take a bottle of that to be analyzed in addition to the hypophosphate. The second time I called on Dr. F. with the bottles, I did not find him in, and I returned home with the two bottles in my pocket, and lay down on the sofa to see what Miss Hamlo would do. Almost immediately Miss Hamlo came up to me, threw her arms around me just where my pocket was, and I knew she must have felt the two phials. She said:

"You are sick, arn't you?"

The thought presented itself to me at that moment, "Your suspicions are aroused, and you are on your guard." I then recalled that I had foolishly removed the bottle from its place on the mantel where it had stood for months. I remembered that hop tea had probably been prepared for me, and I resolved to take the entire pitcher full to Dr. F. that he might have an opportunity to make a thorough analysis before any one had time to interfere with it, as it would have been an easy matter for Miss Hamlo to have gone to my pocket and removed the contents of the phials, when I was not wearing my dress.

I went to the closet where the hop tea was usually kept, Miss Hamlo following me in. I stayed there until there was no excuse for her remaining longer, seized the pitcher of hop tea and took it up stairs with me, as I wished to remove all possibility of my sisters taking any, and fearing that it might be thrown out if I waited until morning. I determined

to hide this pitcher away carefully where Miss Hamlo could not find it. There was one room in the house which we used as a store-room. It was in the rear of the house, and could only be reached through three other rooms and a hall from the front hall. I knew I could conceal it there easily, so there I took it, hiding it behind a barrel in such a way that no one, unless they climbed over several chairs as I had, could possibly discover it.

Early the next morning I started out with the pitcher of hop tea, fearing I might meet many people if I waited later, as my way led into the heart of the city. I did not go by the house, but by a circuitous route, in order to avoid being seen by Miss Hamlo, or some member of the family. As I have said before, our grounds and that of our neighbor, Miss Hale, were connected by a gateway, with a carriage drive leading to the next street, which made it possible for us to pass through from one street to the other, and was constantly used by us as a matter of convenience. This morning the girl Lizzie, contrary to custom, had gone for a pitcher of milk for breakfast. Whether this was done to call attention to the absence of the pitcher, or whether there was an actual need for the milk, as it was an unusual want, I was unable to determine. But, just as I reached this gateway, I met Lizzie. An expression of alarm crossed her face, and she exclaimed in a terrified way as she caught sight of the pitcher:

"Miss Clara!" and started to run through the

garden, possibly to notify Miss Hamlo of her discovery.

I took the pitcher of hop tea to the Free Academy where Prof. F. taught, leaving it with the janitor, who promised to see that Dr. F. had it immediately upon his arrival. This is the last I ever knew of its fate.

CHAPTER V.

UNWORTHY CONFIDANTES.

"For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together."

THE day following this occurrence (October 10, 1880) I attended church as usual. As we sat down to the dinner table, I observed that all the glasses were filled with water, which struck me as unusual. I noticed, also, that the water in my glass had a peculiar yellowish tinge. I resolved not to drink it; but soon forgetting drank part of it, when I was reminded of my resolution by the unnatural taste of the water. Miss Hamlo sat directly opposite me, and seemed to be watching me. "Is she watching me," I thought, "or do I imagine it? I will see." I asked to have the celery passed, and placed it directly in front of me in such a manner that should she be watching me, it would require an effort on her part, which would be unmistakable. She then, I soon saw, must be watching me, for she would stoop down, ostensibly to take something from her sauce dishes, and thus gain a full view of me.

Soon after, Lizzie, the girl, entered to wait upon

the table. She was of Teutonic extraction, with dark hair and black eyes, and a complexion which harmonized with that combination. Her singular pallor was remarkable in the extreme. I had heard of people being "as white as a sheet," but had supposed until this time that such a comparison was purely figurative; but now I saw the veritable whiteness as so described before me, for Lizzie was in every sense of the word "as white as a sheet,"—even her lips were white. This struck me forcibly, but I do not think I called the attention of the family to it, for I was too much on my guard. A second time I was about to drink, when some slight request prevented me from doing so long enough to be reminded of my resolution. Sunday evening we were accustomed to have a light lunch, but I did not feel hungry. That was the last time I ate or drank anything until the next day.

On Monday morning, on rising from my bed, I happened to place my hand on the pillow, and, feeling something sticky, took it to the window to see what it could be. There, in the centre of the pillow, was a place a little over a finger square, just where my face would be apt to come, which looked as if covered with some white salvy substance. I took off the cover and carried it down stairs, and was about to show it to my mother, whom I had called for that purpose, when Lizzie, the girl, came into the room. Just as I was taking it to the window to show it to her in a bright light, Lizzie rushed up,

seized it from my hand before I had an opportunity of doing so, and said, in an excited way:

"That was clean yesterday. Give it to me and I will wash it," and darted out of the room with it in her hand. I said nothing further, but wondered at her singular conduct.

Immediately after breakfast I felt sick, and under the necessity of taking a vapor bath for the first time since August, for my hands and feet were numb. I had taken at least twenty of these baths during the past seven months, each one of them affording me immediate relief, so it was natural I should seek the same aid. I had only been in the bath two minutes, when I experienced the most delightful sensation of relief, and begged that I might be allowed to remain as long as possible, as I felt sure it was doing me so much good. One effect seemed to be to produce a stickiness of body, to which I called Mrs. G.'s attention, when she said:

"Yes, your whole body is sticky." This I found actually to be the case. Other symptoms* were running at the eyes, nose and mouth, etc., and in about seven minutes a sudden faintness and nausea came over me, and my friends were obliged to remove me from the bath in a helpless condition, and support me from falling to the floor. This was followed by the most excruciating agony, accompanied by intense thirst, which caused me to beg continually for water.

* Symptoms which were pronounced by Dr. Swinbourne of Albany, president of the Medical University, a man of the highest medical standing, to be due to "Aconite, one of the most terrible poison known."

At last, in the course of about two hours, I was able to say to the ladies who were taking care of me:

"You have saved my life."

"Yes," my kind friends responded, "we know it." They believed as I did that I had been poisoned.

I was so weakened by the extreme suffering I had undergone, (which was so severe that it seemed that it was tearing me to pieces) that I was obliged to rest upon the sofa the remainder of the morning, and part of the afternoon. After this sudden and alarming sickness, (which was accompanied with symptoms exactly the reverse of those from which I had suffered from so many months at intervals) I felt still greater anxiety in regard to the other members of the family, and a natural terror on my own account. Bearing in mind my sister's sickness, so closely resembling my own, I feared to return home, lest some other member of the family might take something designed for me, and might meet with some fatal result, not knowing the means of relief and acting upon it as I had done.

With this thought came another. Could it be possible that a corresponding scheme was laid for Mr. Zell? What did that letter refer to which I had found in Miss Hamlo's trunk, and what the necessity for money? Could it by any possibility have any reference to me or to Mr. Zell? My anxiety was redoubled. What if his life was also threatened, and he unconscious of danger, as I had been?

I had, as I have said, previously imparted my sus-

picions to Mrs. S. and Mrs. G., and each had approved of my taking the remedies to be analyzed, and Mrs. G. had advised my seeing a lawyer, if I knew any one in whom I could place confidence, which she said was very important.

"Yes," I replied, in answer to this suggestion. "I will go to Judge Acute, whom I believe the soul of honor, and thoroughly incorruptible."

She knew him by reputation, and, acting upon this idea, I went to see Judge Acute, and informed him of my sickness, of my former engagement to Mr. Zell, and his apparent desire to renew our engagement after a silence of ten years, and of my suspicions in regard to poison and the steps I had already taken in regard to the matter. I also told him of Miss Hamlo, and that I suspected she might be Mr. Zell's divorced wife or some one in league with her. In addition to what I have stated, I informed him that I had just recovered from a sickness which was different from anything I had previously suffered from, when I seemed on the brink of the grave, and which Mrs. G. and Mrs. S., who had taken care of me, thought due to poison; that I had taken the remedies to Dr. F. to analyze, but had not as yet ascertained the result of his analysis.

"Have you said anything about it to your own family?" he inquired.

"Oh, no," I replied. "I am afraid of alarming them. I first wish to know the result of the analysis."

"I advise you to tell them at once about it. That is the best thing you can do," he said.

I returned home that evening, and as he advised, (though contrary to my better judgment) imparted to my mother and elder sister my suspicions in regard to poison, which of course seemed to them unfounded and incredible, just as I knew it would. As it was quite late before I had an opportunity of seeing them alone, they insisted upon my not disturbing them with any particulars, as they wished to go to sleep. The only remark they made during my disclosure, was:

"Why, Clara, how can you think of such a thing? Miss Hamlo does not know Mr. Zell, and never heard of him? What possible object could she have in doing such a thing?"

"Well, then, who has poisoned me? Some one has, there is every reason to believe. I have been very sick to-day." When I attempted to give them some idea of my terrible sickness that day, they again insisted that they were tired and wished to go to sleep. I then said to my mother, (with a view of shaking her confidence in Miss Hamlo, and her faith in her innocence, and at the same time attract her attention and induce reflection by some tangible and undeniable proof of Miss Hamlo's suspicious and singular conduct)

"I do not believe there is any such person as Dr. Smith, whom Miss Hamlo professes is coming to marry her. Do go and see Mrs. Rane and ask her

about him. Miss Hamlo is not deaf either. Mrs. X. said so when she was here. She hears every word that is said, so be careful what you say before her. I have tested her, and found that what Mrs. X. says is true. She can hear as well as you can. She has bleached her own hair white, and wears a wig. Mrs. X. discovered it and told me of it."

The next day I went to spend the afternoon with a friend whom I had often visited, remaining all night, as I frequently did. After I had gone to bed, as I had not felt really well since the day before, (Monday) I recalled what I had learned of chemistry —that certain alkalies neutralized poison. I thought possibly the effect was not entirely destroyed, and that I needed some alkali to remove these unpleasant sensations. "Where," I thought, "shall I get anything? I must not disturb Mrs. B., and I do not like to go into the dining room and perhaps awaken her. Is there anything in the room I can take?" Suddenly I thought of soap. That is an alkali, is clean, and contains some of the constituents of soda. "I will take a small piece of that," I decided. Thus thinking, I went to the lavatory, took a small piece of soap about the size of the head of a pin, and swallowed it. It actually seemed to benefit me, and I soon fell asleep comfortably.

The next morning I called to see Dr. F. at his class room. He came to the door pale and silent.

"Have you made the analysis?" I inquired.

"No," he answered; "it is not ready yet."

I then went home. During the latter part of the summer, I had been writing a kind of diary, relating some of Miss Hamlo's peculiar actions and conversations as they occurred from day to day. This I had tried to lock up in my bureau drawer. My experience with this manuscript was not pleasant. I would lock it up in my bureau, carefully hiding it in the under part of the drawer. The next day I would find two pages missing, and the following day these two pages would be replaced and two others taken. Finally I placed these written pages between the folds of the bed in the room adjoining. A few days later, to my surprise, I found Lizzie Conlin pulling this bed to pieces, and taking out the manuscript. As the bed was not slept in there was no occasion for this. I then placed them for safe keeping in my trunk, which I locked. My youngest sister, Miss Hamlo, and the servant Lizzie were the only occupants of the second story of the house, my mother and elder sister having their sleeping room directly under mine, and it was an unusual occurrence for either of them to come up stairs, so I felt sure that neither of them had touched my manuscript.

I had at this time a strong presentiment that I might die at any time. I had written a few lines of parting and explanation to Mr. Zell, and had tossed this note and the manuscript together carelessly into my trunk. Imagine my feelings on returning home on Tuesday afternoon, (the day following my sickness) on looking in my trunk, to find the manuscript

sorted in consecutive pages, and the letter to Mr. Zell placed on top of all, as if prepared for my death!

This was a new suggestion. I resolved that in the event of my death, no one should by any possibility attribute it to suicide, so I destroyed the letter and a part of the manuscript, taking the remainder to Mrs. G. for safe keeping. That night my mother came to my room after I had retired and said:

"I have just come from Mrs. Rane's. You are right. There is no such person as Dr. Smith. Mrs. Rane says so." As it was late, she immediately went down stairs again, without further conversation between us.

I have omitted to mention the fact that a day or two after my return from the country, I found the zinc plates of my battery in such a condition that they seemed to have been pounded into very small pieces. As I felt so well at the time I thought it of little importance, as I was in hopes that I should never be obliged to use the battery again. I now recalled this fact, and took the pieces to Mrs. G. Wednesday morning, to show them to her before buying another set. Previous to my departure from the house, Lizzie Conlin informed me that Miss Hamlo had been in the habit of using my battery, "keeping it running by the hour, when I was absent," which I then thought accounted for the difficulty I had experienced with it at different times. The battery was always kept in my room, and none

of the family understood it, or even desired to use it.

On my return home with the new zincs, I thought I would put the battery in order for use. To my amazement I discovered that the platinum, which was almost new, and which was in a perfect condition when I had last seen it, was all shrivelled up, and a peculiar white fuzz had formed around the woodwork. I took it at once down stairs and showed it to my mother, asking her if she knew anything about it.

"I never see your battery," she said, "and do not understand anything about it."

Throughout all that day I had observed a peculiar stinging sensation whenever my hair touched my forehead. I also had a headache directly under my braids, which I wore on the top of my head, and the false frizettes which I was accustomed to wear after taking a vapor bath. I now thought I would wash my head and see if that would give me any relief. As I had always been accustomed to use ammonia on these occasions, of course I did the same this afternoon. Thinking I would first ascertain the cause of the stinging sensation. under my frizettes, I placed them in the water first. Immediately the water turned a light brown, and on pouring off the surface of the water, I saw something that struck me as singular,—a metallic sediment that looked like a shining grey metal, and little white cubes, so small that I could just distinguish them, remained in the

bottom of the basin. I then washed the false braids which I wore with the same result, afterwards washing my own hair, when I found my headache had disappeared.

I now recalled a circumstance which had occurred some months before. Miss Hamlo had come to my room with a bottle in her hand, and asked me if I would not like to use her vaseline. I was brushing my braids at the time. On my saying I should, she loaned it to me. Some weeks later I had asked her to lend it to me again, and was about to take it from the bureau when she had given her permission, when she said:

"Wait, that is mine. I will bring some to you," which she did a few minutes later. I now looked at my brush. I had not used any vaseline since that time, which was some two months previous. My comb and brush seemed to be full of some thick substance that might be vaseline. "Does she wish to bleach my hair, too?" I thought, recalling what Mrs. Prime had told me of Mrs. Zell's hair having turned grey suddenly the past year or two.

I was about pouring this sediment into bottles to show Dr. F. and ask him if he could tell what was the nature of this deposit, when my mother and sister came into the room. I called their attention to the metallic sediment, and asked them what they thought it could be. I suppose they considered this a very singular operation, not knowing all the circumstances. I will ask any who read this volume, if it

has not happened in the course of their lives that they have been similarly placed, when occupied in some odd employment which would strike another person coming suddenly upon them as incomprehensible or comical, if they have not often remarked, "What would any one think if they could see me now?" I am sure you have each had that experience.

The next morning (Thursday) I woke feeling very sick, unable to rise. Such a stickiness of body, with numbness of hands and feet, with sharp cramping pains in my feet, which caused me to cry out with the pain, it was so sharp and sudden. My face was of a ghastly pallor, and it was now apparent from my appearance that I was not well. I was asked if I would not like a doctor, to which I replied in the affirmative. Since the time I was a girl of thirteen I had never required the attendance of a physician, so I was asked what doctor I should like, and at the same time I was expressly assured, that whatever physician I desired, even if he lived in a remote part of the city, should be sent for.

I replied that I preferred Dr. G. to any one else. I felt at this critical time I desired not only an experienced physician, but a friend, and I knew Dr. G. to be an honest, conscientious practitioner in high standing, with whose family we had long been on terms of intimacy.

Imagine my surprise when a Dr. Nefus presented himself. This Dr. Nefus was the junior partner of our

family physician, Dr. Hurd, who had only been associated with him for about six or eight months. Until his arrival Dr. Hurd had always made it a practice to attend any member of the family in person. Dr. Nefus was a comparative stranger, and the only family in the city with whom we were acquainted which he was in the habit of visiting, and with whom he seemed on terms of intimacy, was the family of Judge Acute. I had only met him a few times on the occasion of my elder sister's sickness in the summer, when I was struck not only with his apparent ignorance as to the cause and treatment of her disease, but with his illiteracy, which he manifested by his unmerciful mangling of the King's English, and was surprised that he was an accepted or even tolerated guest in Judge Acute's family. He was a fair complexioned fellow of about twenty-eight years of age, with light brown hair and whiskers, and I was told was engaged to a lady from Syracuse.

I proceeded to inform him of my Monday's sickness, how I was affected, and the relief I had experienced from the electro-vapor bath. I spoke of the numbness of both hands and feet and sharp cramping pains which I had caused to disappear by the use of hot soda and water, and also spoke of the singularity of my symptoms on Monday, calling his attention to the fact of my symptoms being exactly the reverse of what they had been up to this time.

"Electricity is what ails you," said Dr. Nefus, in response to this statement.

"That cannot be," I replied, "for I have always experienced relief from it, and I think it saved my life on Monday, when I was so sick, when Mrs. G. and Mrs. S. believed I had been poisoned."

He immediately became angry and excited and said:

"It is nothing but electricity that ails you," and other words to the same effect, although I persisted in telling him that I had used electricity by Dr. Hurd's advice. He soon left, leaving me some simple remedy, which kept me in a semi-somnolent condition the remainder of the day.

About three o'clock that afternoon, Lizzie Conlin came to the door of the adjoining room, and catching sight of the bottles on the mantel, which contained the lead colored sediment, hurried back with a startled exclamation.

CHAPTER VI.

FLEEING FOR REFUGE.

"Shall I not take care of all that I think,
Yea, ev'n of wretched meat and drink,
If I be dear,
If I be dear to some one else?"

Tennyson.

THAT afternoon (Thursday) my mother prepared some very nice milk toast for me which I enjoyed exceedingly, but not without the thought that she might inadvertently aid in causing similar serious sickness to that of Monday in the event of her leaving the kitchen, (if she actually did prepare it for me as she said she had) and under the circumstances I was justified in my fear.

I was so weak and sick I was unable to sit up during the day, and, although I had dressed, had not left my room all day, and retired early. I soon fell asleep, and woke about eight o'clock in the evening with the sensation that there was some one in the room. The gas was turned quite low, and the room was almost in darkness. I knocked on the floor, as I had been told to do if I wished for anything, and my elder sister came up stairs. I asked if any one had been in the room a few moments before.

"No," she replied, angrily, as though vexed at what appeared to her unnecessary trouble; "do not knock again. I am tired and do not wish to be disturbed."

My medicines were on the bureau, and, as she turned to go, she said:

"Why, the bureau is all wet! Your medicine is spilled all over the spread." She then took a towel, dried the bureau, and placed the medicines by my bedside where I could reach them easily. As I had been asleep for some time, this fact made me more positive that some one *had been* in the room.

She then went down stairs, and I soon fell asleep only to wake in the same manner. I took some of the medicine, and as I stooped over to place the spoon in the second glass, I perceived a strong odor from it which I knew was not natural to homœopathic medicine. I also found some white crumbs in the sheet and removed them. I soon fell asleep again, and woke with the impression that some one had pulled my sleeve.

I then discovered, first, that these same white crumbs were in the bed; second, that the top of my head was plastered with something like mucilage, which had dried and stiffened my hair. After removing the sheet and shaking it, my first impulse was to wash off this strange substance from my head. I was about to do so, when my youngest sister, who shared my room, opened the door.

"Look at my head," I said, as she entered.

"Yes, I should think so," was her reply.

"This is important," I thought. "I will go down stairs and show my hair to my mother and elder sister, for it is evident that some one is laying a cunning plot for some purpose, what I can not divine." I did so. On showing it to my mother and sister the latter said:

"Why, it is soap!"

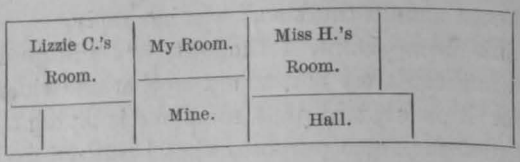
"How could soap get on my head?" I inquired. "Just see how stiff it is! Soap could not make it like that."

My sister had taken down her hair, and the long heavy braids lay over her shoulders. I went into her bed-room, brought out a piece of soap and rubbed it on her hair in order to prove to her that soap could not produce such a stiff effect. I then went into her room, and by the use of soap and water finally succeeded in removing it. I now felt thoroughly alarmed, and did not dare to go back to my room.

"I will sleep down here," I said.

"Well," my mother said, "then I will make up a bed for you in the parlor," which she proceeded to do.

As I have previously explained, my bedroom was at the end of the upper hall and Miss Hamlo's room was the next room to mine, opening off from the hall. My sister and I occupied two rooms adjoining, opening into each other, the first room leading into the hall, the further room opening into Lizzie Con-



lin's room. I knew that whoever came into my room must have come from her room, as I had locked the door leading into the front hall, and the door leading to the girl's room was unlocked, making it the only means of access to the room, and I had seen a light under the door, and heard some one in her room before I went down stairs.

My mother and sister went to bed, and I lay down on the sofa in the parlor, and soon fell asleep. My sleep, however, was not of long duration. About two o'clock I was awakened with the same sensation, that some one had pulled my sleeve as before, and this time I found the hair on each side of my head and at the base of the brain stiffened as before, as if the hair had been glued together. I then got up and washed off this strange substance, taking the precaution to cut off a small lock to show to Mrs. G. in the morning.

I now felt that I had still more reason for alarm. I felt like a hunted animal with no place of refuge, tracked and tortured wherever I sought to escape. What could I do? I was too sick to sit up, and should certainly fall asleep if I did. So many thoughts came into my mind! I knew I could not go away from home in the night. There was one

place of refuge that occurred to me, and that was the front room over the parlor. I had thought of it before, but I knew that the bed had been taken down, and the mattress piled on the floor on account of house cleaning. There was a lock and key on the door. There I should at least be safe.

I slipped softly up the stairs. I did not light the gas, but by the street lamp I managed to draw out a piece of the mattress, and then composed myself quietly and comfortably, feeling secure from intrusion. I was just congratulating myself on this, when I heard some one try the door softly. I then went to sleep and slept quietly until morning. I awoke early and dressed as rapidly as possible, placing the glasses of medicine and the brush and comb in the room and locking the door after me. I also locked one of the bottles containing the metallic sediment in a small cupboard down stairs, intending to take it to Dr. F. when I felt able to attend to it. The family were at breakfast, but I did not wish any, so I put on my hat and went out through the garden, resolved to take another vapor bath. I met my mother on the way, who wished to detain me, saying:

"If you are sick, home is the place for you, and I wish to take care of you."

I managed to reach Mrs. G.'s office, and on taking a vapor bath experienced the same sensation of relief, though followed as before by running at the eyes, nose and mouth, stickiness of body, followed by faintness after being in the bath a few moments, and

Mrs. G. and Mrs. S. were again obliged to take me out of the bath in a helpless condition, when I again suffered if possible more excruciating agony than before, and I realized fully that I was on the brink of the grave. For two or more hours my kind friends supported me from falling, I begging all the time for water when I could speak, and at last was relieved as on the former occasion. I now felt as well as usual, only as before completely exhausted and unable to sit up or walk for the remainder of the day. Again I said to my friends as before:

"You have saved my life!"

"Yes, we know it," was their reply.

On the second occasion of my going to Judge Acute's office, as I passed through the outer office I saw a lady dressed in deep mourning and closely veiled, evidently waiting for an interview. While I was lying on the sofa, trying to regain sufficient strength to leave the electricians' office, a lady dressed in deep mourning, whom Mrs. G. and Mrs. S. said they had never seen before, passed through the room where I was and took a vapor bath, going into the bath room I had just left. Whether it was the same person or not I could not be positive, although I noted her appearance, recalling the incident later as the thought suggested itself that it would be an easy way for any one to discover the condition of my health, or to destroy any proofs of poison, should any exist, which might be analzyed by a chemist.

As my two sicknesses were exactly alike and so peculiar on Monday and Friday, and death so near on each occasion, I could not but feel alarm, for my suspicions were in a degree confirmed, my friends also expressing the belief that I had been poisoned. I was now more puzzled than before as to what was the best course for me to pursue. What could I do? Where could I go to await the result of Dr. F.'s analysis? How could I be secure in my own home from machinations which were so cunning and covert, that I had no actual means of exposing them without placing myself in an unpleasant position with those who had not sufficient reasoning powers to distinguish logical from illogical conclusions, and who did not seem inclined to believe what they had good reason to know was true, if they allowed themselves to reflect upon the facts of the case, and their slight knowledge of Miss Hamlo?

It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon. As I had been too weak to leave the office, I had reclined on the sofa ever since my recovery. Now I must decide where it was best for me to go, for I was afraid to return to my home again. First, after some deliberation, I sent the keys of the front room to Dr. Nefus, requesting him to examine my medicine and see if it was the same he had left for me, and stating that I had just had a more serious attack than that of Monday, though of a similar character, when I seemed on the brink of the grave, and

that my friends who took care of me thought I had been poisoned,—or words to that effect.

I then decided to go and see Judge Acute, and inform him of my second sickness which was attended with these dangerous symptoms which my friends as well as myself attributed to poison. About five o'clock I left Mrs. G.'s office. Finding Judge Acute was not at his office I walked on deliberating where I should go. I had only gone a short distance when my elder sister overtook me. She walked with me until we separated, I to go to Judge Acute's house, she to go home.

Judge Acute was not at home, but his wife kindly invited me to take off my things and remain to dinner. I gladly accepted her invitation. I felt that should certain developments be made, I should be able to repay them for all their trouble. After dinner Judge Acute and I were left alone in the parlor, and his first question was:

"Do you still think you were poisoned?"

"Yes," I replied; "I have been very sick to-day, and death very near. I could not think otherwise. The friends who took care of me also thought I had been poisoned. Mrs. G. had some book which she had consulted, what book I do not know, and she was not surprised at my different symptoms." I then added: "I have not learned whether Dr. F. has completed his analysis yet."

"Should you still think you were poisoned," asked

Judge Acute, "if Dr. F. had found nothing in the analysis?"

I hesitated a moment, and recollecting the fact of my two serious illnesses, with the reverse symptoms to those I had experienced before I had taken the remedies to be analyzed, all of which he was not cognizant of, said:

"Yes,—I should."

After a few more indifferent questions I stated:

"I am not sure that it was Miss Hamlo who has poisoned me, as it might be Lizzie, the girl," for I recalled her singular actions in connection with the circumstances I have mentioned. Judge Acute then remarked:

"You say that Miss Hamlo kept making faces at you while at the dinner-table last Sunday?"

"I said nothing of the kind," I replied, amazed at his untruthful statement. "I said she was evidently *watching* me."

Judge Acute then quoted a part of Byron's "Dream," and said:

"Think of yourself, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, in an insane asylum!"

A shudder passed through me as he said these words, but recovering myself in a moment, not dreaming for an instant that he was speaking seriously, I replied:

"Because certain effects are produced in me, and I trace those effects to a cause, do you consider that an indication of insanity?"

"No," he answered.

I then asked if they had a medical book in their library which I could consult and thus ascertain what the symptoms of my last two sicknesses indicated. I was told they had not.

As it grew late Mrs. Acute invited me to remain all night. I was afraid to go home, and had no other place to go at that hour, even if able to walk home, so I was only too glad to accept the invitation. The next morning I woke feeling too weak to rise. The stickiness of body was not entirely removed, and I felt very uncomfortable in consequence. I now think this stickiness was due to an effort of nature to throw off some powerful drug or other poison through the pores of the skin. I rose and attempted to bathe, but was obliged to go back to bed, as I found myself so very weak. Mrs. Acute came into the room at that moment. I still had the towel and soap in my hand, and was endeavoring to use both. I asked her if she would mind bathing my back, saying that I was so weak that I found I could not reach or lift my arms to do so; that I had tried, and that I was so uncomfortable on account of the stickiness of my body.

Mrs. Acute then placed her hand on my back and said:

"My, how soapy!" either supposing, or pretending to suppose, I had produced the condition in which she found it. She then bathed my back, much to my relief, for which I feel grateful to this day, thus removing the unpleasant stickiness

which I had suffered from since the morning before, and which was not entirely removed as on Monday by the electric bath. Later in the morning I succeeded in dressing myself, but I was still too weak to walk far, and lay down on the sofa in the dining-room. Not knowing where to go, and as I was not able to walk any distance, I remained at Judge Acute's the following night also. Sunday afternoon my youngest sister, A., called for me, and said that Mrs. Acute wished me to call at Dr. Hurd's office on my way home. As I reached Dr. Hurd's door, I saw a stenographer, a Mr. Rebaz, who was employed in Judge Acute's office, standing in the door talking to Dr. Hurd. His last words to Dr. Hurd as he left and as I approached, were:

"Be very careful about the wording."

I found, on entering the reception room, that Dr. Nefus and Dr. Hurd were both present. I stated as briefly as possible the difficulty I had suffered from so long, and was about to give a full account of my last two sicknesses of Monday and Friday, when Dr. Hurd interrupted me by saying:

"You must go somewhere and be specially treated."

"Where?" I inquired.

"That is for us to decide," he replied.

"I will go to Buffalo, to Dr. Pierce's Sanitarium," I said, "where I can continue the electric treatments which have benefited me so much." As I rose to go Dr. Nefus asked:

"Where are you going?"

"I do not know," was my reply, for I had not as yet decided that difficult question.

"Will Mrs. Acute know?" he asked.

"Perhaps so," I answered.

I then went to the house of our neighbor, Miss Hale. I had only been there a short time when the bell rang, and Mrs. Acute and Dr. Nefus were announced. They desired to "see me *alone*." They were shown into the parlor, and as I entered and sat down, took seats near me. Dr. Nefus opened the conversation by saying:

"Well, we have decided upon Dr. Grey's."

"I cannot go there," was my reply.

At these words Dr. Nefus rose and paced the floor like a madman, saying, in an excited manner:

"You will never be better in God's world, never be better," he repeated; "you must go somewhere and be specially treated."

"What kind of a place is it?" I asked, curiously.

"A fine place," he answered. "You can do as you please, have everything you please, need not stay a day longer than you choose. I had a friend who went there, and he lived like a *greased hog on ice*."

Not favorably impressed even by this elegant comparison and description of his friend's treatment, I replied in the same words I had used to Judge Acute,—

"Because certain effects are produced in me, and

I trace these effects to a cause, do you consider that an indication of insanity?"

"No," he replied; "nothing of the kind."

"We want you to be ready to-morrow morning," said Mrs. Acute.

"I am not accustomed to act without forethought," I responded. "I wish twenty-four hours for reflection."

At this Dr. Nefus, who was still pacing the floor in an excited manner, muttered loud enough for me to hear:

"*You will never want to come back to Rochester again.*"

Mrs. Acute then turned to Dr. Nefus and said: "Dr. Russell,—could he not help you?"

I thought this remark singular, and afterwards recalled it with great vividness. They soon left, after a parting injunction to me "to be ready to go *early the next morning.*"

Immediately after their departure, I put on my bonnet and said I must go and see Judge Acute. As soon as I had time to revolve the matter in my own mind, I thought: "He is not the person for me to see. Where shall I go? I will go and consult my friends, the electricians." I walked slowly, for I was still weak. I stopped as I passed the house of my friend, Dr. G., and deliberated whether I should go and consult him. "No," I thought; "he is sick from blood poisoning, and, as the house is dark and I

know he retires early, I will not disturb him." It was then after 8 o'clock in the evening.

Next, as I neared the Erie depot, I thought: "I will take the train to my cousin's home in New York, or New Jersey." Again I stopped to consider. I had not my trunk with me, and was illy prepared for a journey, and my relatives would think it strange for me to come without my trunk, so this idea was abandoned. Little did I think what suffering I should have been spared, had I acted upon my first impulse!

I walked on. I thought: "I will call and see Mrs. S. first, and then Mrs. G." It was after nine o'clock when I reached Mrs. S.'s house. Her father came to the door in response to my ring, and told me Mrs. S. had gone to bed sick, and he did not like to disturb her. He invited me to come in and rest, which I did, remaining long enough to fasten up my hair more securely. It had slipped down, as it had become dry from my enforced washings on Thursday night. I arranged it more firmly and started to see Mrs. G. I missed a car and walked on.

I was not familiar with the precise part of the city where Mrs. G. resided, so I walked much further than necessary, all the time trying to think what was best for my future protection. I felt like a wanderer, or a fugitive, with no place of refuge, fleeing for my life, seeking protection from merciless persecutors. As I walked on despondently, I prayed for Divine guidance, that God would direct me where to go, and what to do in my dire extremity.

It was a lonely part of the city, and the night was dark and threatening. A light mist had begun to fall. I saw the lights becoming fewer and fewer, and I could see only a short distance before me. On one side were the grounds of the Rochester University, through which the wind swept with a melancholy sound; on the other some scattering houses, dark and silent. I knew the house must be somewhere in this vicinity. Finally, as I walked along uncertain which way to go, I saw a solitary light in a house a short distance before me, which I determined to reach if possible. I was now so exhausted that I could scarcely drag myself along, and my limbs were weak and lame. I reached the door and rang the bell. I found it to be Prof. W.'s house, and Mrs. W. came to the door. When I requested to be directed to Mrs. G.'s house, she asked me to come in, explaining that they should not be up so late, only that they were expecting a telegram.

"Come in, and wait a moment," she said, "and my son will go with you. The house is quite near."

This was a proposition which I gladly accepted. Her son kindly accompanied me, and when he saw that I walked with difficulty, aided me, cheering me with the information that the house was not far distant. On arriving at Mrs. G.'s house I rang the bell, and Col. G. came to the door, who on seeing me called Mrs. G. When I saw her, I felt that all my troubles were over. I bade the young man good-

night with thanks, and entered the house. Mrs. G. led the way to the library.

"What do you think?" were my first words. "They talk of putting me into a lunatic asylum!" She looked shocked, and said:

"Do not let us talk about it now. You are tired and must go to bed. Mr. G. is to go away early in the morning, and I must rise early."

She conducted me up stairs, where I had a good nights' rest, thankful and happy in her hospitable and comfortable home. I slept late the next day, and about noon Mrs. G. came in to see me, and asked if she could do anything for me.

"Yes," I said; "I should like you to take a telegram to Judge Acute to send to Mr. Zell." I gave her money to give him for his expenses, in order to make sure that it should be sent. It ran as follows:

"Mr.—— you must save me. Come at once."

"C. C. L."

That day I had the best dinner I was destined to have for years, and slept the greater part of the day. While resting and pondering over all the circumstances and facts of the past week, the idea of placing me in an insane asylum seemed more and more improbable. I had heard of Dr. Grey by reputation; that he was considered an able physician, and I felt sure that he would not keep me there one day, should such a scheme be thought of as placing me in his asylum, and his opinion would surely set at rest all doubt as to what my symptoms indicated,

should they desire to consult him. I had never heard of such a thing as placing a sane person in an asylum, and thought it utterly impossible, and argued that it was foolish to allow the idea to worry me for an instant; that this was a free and enlightened country. I was as ignorant as the majority of people are in regard to the conduct of these institutions.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, I dressed and went down stairs to the parlor. While sitting there, I distinguished voices in the reception room. Mrs. G. soon came into the parlor and said:

"Your sister has come to take you away. She came for you this morning, but you were asleep, and I would not allow you to be disturbed."

"Well," I said, "I suppose I must go."

Like a victim preparing for the slaughter, I put on my mantle and bonnet. As I was leaving the house Mrs. G. threw her arms around me and said, as she kissed me good bye:

"How gladly would I shield you from all pain!"

As I stepped into the carriage, my sister said to me:

"Do you wish to go home, or to Miss Hale's?"

Very naturally, under the circumstances, I replied: "Miss Hale's," (the neighbor I have before mentioned). I could not endure the thought of entering our own house again, where one and perhaps two human fiends might be awaiting my return, to subject me to further torture. When we

reached Miss Hale's house, I said I was tired and desired to go to bed. After I had gone to my room, my mother came in and asked some questions, to which I replied:

"I am too weak and tired to talk to-night. I wish to go to bed and sleep." She remained a few moments silent and then left the room. Little did I realize that this was the last time I was destined to see her for many years!

CHAPTER VII.

TRAPPED AT LAST.

"Possession is nine tenths of the lunacy law."

ABOUT six o'clock the next morning, I was awakened suddenly by my elder sister and our neighbor, Miss Hale, entering the room, saying:

"It is time to get up. Hurry, hurry, here are your things."

They brought with them a tray, with a slice of dry bread which they did not give me a chance to eat, and a cup of coffee, which I drank. They handed me my clothing hurriedly, saying every few moments:

"Hurry, you must be quick."

Almost before I knew it, I found myself dressed in an old thick dress I had worn the previous spring, a heavy winter cloak, and an odd pair of shoes, which I did not discover were not mates until the next day. As my sister took up the dress I had worn the previous day, she perceived by the weight that my pocket-book was still in my pocket, and to my amazement deliberately opened it, and took out the $30 which I had placed in it, intending to pay Mrs. S. for her care of me, but which my hasty leave-taking had prevented my leaving with Mrs. G.

As we were leaving the room, I heard Dr. Nefus's voice in the hall, which I thought strange at that early hour. When I reached the foot of the stairs, Dr. Nefus came forward, gave me his arm, and opening the door, assisted me down the front steps, and into a carriage, which was waiting in front of the house, in which sat two policemen. He then placed my sister in the carriage, and walked off rapidly. I was amazed. I thought the situation so singular that I remarked:

"I do not need such company."

I said nothing more until we reached the depot, which I found was our destination, and where Dr. Nefus was awaiting our arrival. The younger of the two policemen immediately left us. Dr. Nefus at once led the way to the ladies' waiting room, the other policeman accompanying us. The latter kindly asked as I seated myself: "Is there anything I can get for you?"

"Yes," I replied: "I should like a glass of milk and a sandwich, as they did not give me time to eat anything, and I feel faint."

He at once went off to procure it for me. He was obliged to pass through a long passage from the restaurant. This passage led to the ticket office. Dr. Nefus stood at the head of this passage in the waiting room, watching for him to reappear. As he caught sight of him, he cried:

"Hold on, wait a moment!" and hurried to meet

him before he came within our angle of vision, and there was quite a delay in bringing me the food.

I ate part of the sandwich, and drank the milk. The policeman also brought me some grapes before I left the depot and went with me on board the train, showing me the only kindly attentions I had received from any one that morning. Whether Dr. Nefus put anything in the milk or not I am unable to state, as I could not see him when he stopped the policeman, but previous to this, aside from my weak and exhausted condition, I felt as well as ever in my life. What I needed was something strengthening and nourishing, and an opportunity to take a good rest after the terrible suffering I had passed through on Friday. Not long after the train started I recognized some of the disagreeable symptoms of my first sickness, which had entirely disappeared, as I have said before, when these two new sicknesses occurred, and I was obliged to recline the greater part of my journey.

At Syracuse I again requested some food and a cup of tea, which Dr. Nefus brought me. When we reached Utica, Dr. Nefus informed me this was where we were to get out, and I followed him into the depot. He then procured a carriage, I entering it unsuspicious of any evil motive on his part.

"Have you any objection to my standing at the carriage door?" he inquired, perhaps hoping I might have.

"Oh, no," I replied, carelessly; "why should I?"

We drove off, and after a pleasant ride of about a mile, I saw before us a beautiful lawn dotted with shrubbery which was shut in by a high iron gate. A carriage drive and walk led to a large stone building which stretched across the entire width of the grounds. The entrance to this building was approached through massive Corinthian columns.

We could not read the invisible inscription over that entrance, written in the heart's blood of the unfortunate inmates, "*Who enters here must leave all hope behind.*" Had I done so, I would have shrunk back in terror from the fate that awaited me, and a thrill of horror would have drawn from me a piteous cry for mercy that might have moved the stony heart of the unfeeling young doctor. Silent and grim, no sign was given to its human prey as I innocently entered that living tomb that fatal day,—the nineteenth of October, 1880. Little had I thought *two weeks before* when I had attended to my daily school duties as usual, that I would be brought here to die! Little did I dream that the most precious boon known to man was to be taken from me; that here I should beg in vain for liberty! Here were no noble, humane hearts to regard my appeals!

We entered, and Dr. Nefus led the way to the parlor. I found myself in a large, cheerless room, with two hair-cloth sofas on opposite sides of the room, straight chairs to match, and other furniture suggesting an ordinary reception room. I seated myself on one of the sofas, and, after waiting a few

moments, Dr. Nefus came to the door and asked me to come with him. I did so. He led the way into what I afterwards learned was called the "office." Two gentlemen awaited me. One was a rather tall, youngish looking man with sandy whiskers and hair, who was called Dr. Joslyn, and the other was quite short of stature, with brown hair and eyes, and a brown moustache, and might be called good looking. The latter I found was the identical Dr. Russell Mrs. Acute had spoke of to Dr. Nefus, and I afterward learned had achieved a reputation which fitted him for the part he was to act on this occasion. Dr. Russell opened the conversation by asking me:

"What is your occupation?" to which I replied: "That of a teacher."

"Have you been sick?" he inquired.

"Yes," I replied, and proceeded to narrate as briefly as possible the circumstances of my sickness, and my suspicions in regard to poison.

"Have you taken any remedies?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I have used electricity, by advice of Dr. Hurd, which I believe in the last two instances has been the means of saving my life."

"Anything else?" he asked.

"Yes," I responded; "I have bathed my feet and hands in hot soda and water to relieve the numbness and sharp cramping pains in them."

"Who do you think could have poisoned you?" was his next inquiry.

"I could not say positively," I answered; "but I

suspected a Miss Hamlo, who had been boarding in the house for some time, or possibly the girl."

"Why should Miss Hamlo want to poison you?" he asked.

"Well," I said, hesitatingly, "I suspected that possibly she might be the divorced wife, or some one in league with her, of the gentleman to whom I was once engaged, and whom I might possibly marry."

"You did not tell me that, Clara," said Dr. Nefus, familiarly, with a view to prevent any suspicion of connivance between him and Miss Hamlo.

This was true, for he had never asked me any questions relative to the person whom I suspected, when I had volunteered my information in regard to my symptoms at Dr. Hurd's office the Sunday night previous, and I had not felt justified in imparting my suspicions of Miss Hamlo until I had some greater proof than I had as yet in my possession.

"Why should the girl wish to poison you?" asked Dr. Russell.

"I had suspected her of taking some little things from me, my pocket-book on one occasion, and other trifles," I answered.

"Have you been studying anything within a few years?" again asked Dr. Russell.

"Yes, German," I answered, "but I gave it up about a year ago, as it was more than I could attend to."

After a few more queries, when I detailed the symptoms of my last two sicknesses, I was escorted

back to the parlor by Dr. Nefus. After a few moments had elapsed, Dr. Nefus came back, and asked me to write my full name and age on a paper which he handed me. This I unhesitatingly did, though mentally questioning what this last formality meant. I waited in the parlor about two hours and a half, possibly longer, and was by this time tired and hungry.

Finally Dr. Nefus came in, saying in a half apologetic way, "I had to give bonds." I thought this was singular, and wondered what he meant. I said I was faint and hungry and should like something to eat and a cup of tea. At this juncture another doctor appeared, whom I afterwards learned was Dr. Blumer. He directed some one whom he called Miss Morris to give me something to eat.

I followed my guide with alacrity, glad of some attention being paid to my wants, supposing I should find myself in a bright, cheerful dining-room with plenty of food to my taste. We first passed through a little room into what appeared a long hall which was filled with step ladders and a few accessories of painters' and carpenters' work. I then for the first time particularly observed my conductor. She was a rather youngish woman of wiry, slender build, with dark hair and eyes, and a firm, determined expression of countenance. Her manner was stern, though pleasant. While passing through this hall, she turned to me and asked:

"Are you to stay?"

"I do not know," was my reply.

"What are you here for then?" was her next question.

"I do not know. I suppose Dr. Nefus does," I said, not caring to enter into particulars with a stranger.

By this time we had reached the centre of this long hall and some steps. We went up these steps which led into a bare room furnished with a few wooden benches and chairs, which I afterwards learned was a reception room for the patients to receive their friends in. Through this room we passed into another hall, which to my terror I discovered was full of people whom at the first glance I inferred were dangerous lunatics. Then for the first time I realized I was on the ward of an insane asylum. Terror-stricken, I imagined each person was ready to attack me, or do me some personal violence. I shrunk back and hesitated about going further. Miss Morris then turned round and said:

"Don't be afraid. They will not hurt you. Keep close to me and you will be perfectly safe."

This I did, trembling in every limb. She led the way to another bare, cheerless room which I judged to be the dining-room. Miss Morris spoke to a Miss Williams, a pretty looking girl with rosy cheeks and soft, brown eyes, and a pleasant manner, who asked me to sit down at one end of a bare table near the door without even a napkin spread over it. A plate of bread which looked to be the leavings from the

dinner table, (which it undoubtedly was) a plate of mussy butter which was so bitter I could not eat it, and a cup of tea, was the sumptuous repast which was spread for me, and which I succeeded in eating part of, aided by the muddy cup of tea.

This ordeal finished, Miss Morris conducted me back the same way we had entered, this time stopping in the last room we came to, which I afterwards learned was the matron's room.

"Have you any jewelry with you?" she asked.

"No," I replied, surprised at her question, and glad that I had not at that moment.

The fact was this:—even the pressure of my rings had caused the numbness of my hands to be increased, which had not been entirely removed by the electric bath, and I had taken them off to escape unnecessary discomfort. My ear rings I had forgotten, and left at Mrs. Acute's house.

Miss Morris then took me up a bare flight of stairs through a long corridor, which I learned was the second ward, into a pretty little bedroom, comfortably furnished, and left me with a Miss Sterling, whom I learned was the supervisor of the ward, or head attendant. Miss Sterling was also of medium stature and wiry build, with light brown hair, cold blue eyes, approaching a grey, and a firm set mouth, a person whom you would at once pronounce a woman of great decision of character. I asked her if I could not lie down some where, I was so weak and tired. She said I could, and led the way to one

room of many, which I now discovered opened off from this long corridor throughout its whole length. It was a tiny room, just big enough for a single bedstead, a rocking chair, and a wash stand, one other chair and a footstool. There was what appeared to be a nice clean spread on the bed, and I gladly availed myself of the opportunity to take the rest and sleep which I so much desired. It was not of long duration.

I was suddenly awakened by seeing a person appear at the door of the room which realized all my recollections and imaginations of what a lunatic should be. It was a thin face with deep set blue eyes, a sallow complexion, and short cut shingled hair. "What shall I do?" was the instantaneous thought; "She is coming in!" Before I could speak a word, my fears were instantly dispelled by the sweetest voice, which said:

"Do not let me disturb you. I am to come in here, Miss Morris says, and I wish to put a few things in the bureau drawers." This she did, talking all the time in such a pleasant tone and such a lovely manner. I fell asleep again after her departure, and was again awakened by a horrid noise, which I could not at first distinguish was a gong, and the hurried tramp of many feet passing by my door. At that moment Mrs. O., the lady who was to have the room, re-appeared.

"What is that noise?" I inquired.

"Oh, nothing but the gong for supper," was her

reply. "Come with me and have something to eat. It will do you good."

"Are there any insane people there?" I asked, anxiously.

"Yes, I suppose there are," was her reply.

"I am afraid to go. I cannot. I am not hungry. Tell Miss Sterling that I do not wish any supper. I would prefer to remain here."

"Very well," said my new friend; "I will bring you in something after I have had my supper."

I supposed such a decision and request would be respected, and that I should be free from intrusion. Alas, for my ignorance! I had not yet learned that one of the first and strongest indications of insanity in reference to poison was the refusal to eat, many insane people actually starving themselves to death rather than partake of any solid or liquid food which they imagine must contain poison; consequently my refusal to go to the table was regarded as a proof positive to Miss Sterling that I must be insane, as I suppose she was not aware of my lunch just previous to my coming on the ward. In about three minutes I was amazed and indignant to see Miss Sterling come into my room without ceremony, and say, authoritatively:

"Get right up and come into the dining-room."

"I do not care for any supper," I said.

"No matter, you must come out to supper," at the same time taking me firmly by the arm, raising me from the bed and starting for the door. Finding

I should be obliged to go, I offered no remonstrance and allowed her to lead me to the dining-room. Such a scene as met my bewildered gaze I shall never forget!

There were four tables ranged lengthwise across one side of the room, and at these tables sat the patients in all stages of insanity. I was not given long to study the appearance of the room, but was led to the third table and was obliged to squeeze my way between two rows of chairs which when occupied almost touched each other. My place I found to be the last seat at this table, next to the most repulsive woman in the room.

Such a scene I had never imagined! The table was entirely bare. Around this table were seated about twenty patients, a few of whom were regarding me with mingled curiosity and interest, while others, unconscious of their surroundings, seemed like animals waiting to be fed. In front of each patient was a plate, on this plate a large ginger cookie, and beside each plate a cup of tea already poured and seasoned. In the centre of the table was a small sauce dish of butter; a large plate of bread at each end of the table, completed our repast, which I afterwards learned was rather more elaborate than usual by the addition of the cookie. After these few observations, my right hand neighbor occupied all my attention. How I shuddered at her constant mutterings and frequent oaths! She was a coarse, disgusting woman, whom I was told by the attend-

ants was one of the most troublesome and vicious of the patients, having set fire to the building once, and attempted it on another occasion.

I tried to choke down some of the bread and tea, but found it impossible to eat the cookie, it was so hard and black and strongly seasoned with treacle and ginger. An interesting ceremony was to come, a routine which it took me many weeks to understand. A platter was passed around, and each patient was required to raise her knife and fork and place them on this platter. It puzzled me greatly for some time, but finally I was informed that some of the patients who had suicidal tendencies would secrete the knives, if opportunity were given them, take them to their room and possibly injure themselves. I never heard of such an accident while there, but that was the reason given for this proceeding. After this was over, I was thankful to leave the room and find my kind friend again. We returned to her room and she told me about herself; that she expected to go home soon,—in about a month; that she had attended school at Aurora College, was married and had two little children; that it was in consequence of improper care when her last child was born which had induced the fever which had been the cause of her being brought to the asylum, but the moment the fever had disappeared she was perfectly well and sane. In the midst of our conversation I heard my name called. I went into the hall, and there stood Miss Sterling at her

door, and on the table by her side was a large tray filled with medicine cups.

"Here is some medicine for you," she said, as I approached.

"What is it?" I inquired.

"Chloral," was the response.

I had a great prejudice against chloral. I knew it was a cumulative, and had for years a settled determination to avoid it as a remedy unless there was some serious and imperative necessity for taking it. However, I swallowed it, and said nothing. I then returned to my friend again and was startled by the call:

"Ladies, fold your spreads and bring in your scissors."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Oh," responded Mrs. O.; "I suppose the spreads are taken off at night to keep them clean, and Miss Sterling takes care of the scissors for the patients," was the reply.

At eight o'clock I heard my name called again, and was told my room was ready. To my surprise I was led to the extremity of the hall, and shown into a room where I found four beds and three lunatics awaiting me. The prospect was not inviting, but I dared say nothing and quietly prepared for bed, keeping close watch of my room mates. I was told to place my clothing on a chair, which was then removed from the room and placed in the hall. This was another trial, for the thought forced itself

upon me that possibly my clothing would be taken away, and replaced by cotton garments like those I saw the patients around me wearing.

No sooner were we in bed than to my terror I saw some one approach, close the door, and lock it securely on the outside. However, my room-mates seemed quiet, and I lay there thinking over the incidents of the day, but I could not sleep. Through the stillness of the night, I heard shrieks and ravings suggestive of all the horrors one could possibly imagine. About two o'clock I heard footsteps coming up the hall and saw a light approaching. The key was turned in the lock, and I saw before me what appeared to be a short figure, with a shawl around her shoulders, bearing a large lantern in her hand. She remained in the room a few moments, raised the lamp and looked around, then locked the door and walked away. This I learned later was the night watch, whose duty it was to visit the dormitories once or twice during the night, and to walk through the long hall to see if anything was needed, and that all was quiet. After this I fell asleep, and did not wake until late the next morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

REVELATIONS.

"*Law in regard to Medical Examiners:*

SECTION 1. No person shall be committed to or confined as a patient in any asylum, public or private, or in any institution, home, or retreat for the care and treatment of the insane, except upon the certificate of *two physicians*, under oath, setting forth the insanity of such person. But no person shall be held in confinement in any such asylum for more than *five days*, unless within that time such certificate be approved by a *judge or justice of a court of record of the county or district in which the alleged lunatic resides*, and said judge or justice may institute inquiry and take proofs to any alleged lunacy before approving. * * * * They must examine alleged lunatic *within ten days* of commitment to an asylum, and make certificate under oath."

I CALL the reader's attention to the above law, in order that they may understand the situation, which of course I was ignorant of at the time, and did not understand fully until long after my release, although from the circumstances of my imprisonment I knew there must be some chicanery, some illegal and underhand conduct on the part of Dr. Nefus. As may be seen, the certificate of two physicians made within *ten days* of commitment must be approved by a judge of the county or district where the alleged lunatic resides.

The facts are these: On October 22, *three days* after my incarceration in the Utica Asylum, a peti-

tion for an order for my commitment was presented to Judge Rowley, the county judge of Monroe county. Tuesday, October 26th, *seven days after* my incarceration on October 19th, was fixed as the day for hearing the case, when an order on the affidavit of Dr. Nefus alone was signed by Judge Rowley, October 26th, 1880, while I was debarred from saying one word in self-defense, or explanation, or even by my presence and appearance demonstrating my sanity to the court and making as I desired a full statement of the facts, thus causing the guilty party or parties, whoever she or they might be, to be brought to justice.

Dr. Nefus's affidavit, which was the only one presented to the court and recognized in his order, was the most absurd composition which could possibly be devised and stated.

"For at least *two years* she has complained of certain imaginery symptoms especially of the brain and nervous system generally, being obliged to give up all mental labor. Her conversation would always turn to her brain symptoms. She has been growing worse gradually, and is now controlled by the delusion that she is being poisoned by a lady boarding with her people. She believes that the poison is neutralized by an alkali externally, and she continually wants to apply soap, soda and ammonia. Her people can do nothing with her, she will not stay at home, will eat nothing in the house, or wear anything from the house until thoroughly neutralized of the supposed poison.

"And I further declare that my qualifications, as a medical examiner in lunacy, have been duly attested and certified by W. C. Rowley, county judge, Monroe county.

PETER W. NEFUS, M. D.

"Sworn to before me this 21st day of October, A. D. 1880,

W. C. ROWLEY,
County Judge."

STATE OF NEW YORK, } ss.
COUNTY OF MONROE. }

It having been made to appear to me by the sworn statements of Jemima W. L———, Nellie C. L——— and Peter W. Nefus, M. D., all of Rochester, in said County, that Clarissa C. L——— of the same place is now insane; that her insanity has come upon her within one year last past; that she is———years of age and unmarried; that she has no money or means by which to sustain herself while under the affliction of insanity; that she has no relatives or friends of sufficient property or means to so support her,—thereupon I do order that the said Clarissa C. L——— be supported in the New York State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, as an indigent insane person at the cost and charge of the said County of Monroe.

(Seal) (Signed) W. C. ROWLEY,
County Judge.

Dated October 26, 1880.

Monroe County, October 26, 1880.

The consent of the Board of Trustees of the Monroe County Insane Asylum is hereby given to the Commitment of the said Clarissa C. L———in accordance to the within order.

HENRY CHURCHILL,
CHARLES S. WRIGHT,
J. W. CRAIG, } Trustees.

(From Asylum Register)

No. 14,060. Clarissa C. L———, Rochester, Monroe County.

Admitted October 19, 1880.

A county commitment is the one most preferred for sane people who are to be confined in the Utica asylum indefinitely, and wealthy people, I have been informed, who are perfectly able to pay their board, are confined on such certificates. The advantage is this:—What is called a "pay patient" can be taken out of an asylum at any time his friends see fit to do so, whether in accordance with the doctor's per-

mission or not, whereas a county patient is entirely at the mercy of the superintendent as to the length of time he may choose to detain him, as the county allows him to keep a patient two years, a privilege which a mercenary superintendent like Dr. Grey was able to appreciate and take care not to lose sight of, for the county is sure pay, and the greater the number of patients, the larger the revenue to the asylum, and any relative or friend wishing to remove a wife, child or ward, believing them to be wrongfully detained, must have recourse to a writ of *habeas corpus*, or be forced to give bonds for the safe keeping of the patient before allowed to remove him from the superintendent's custody, a fact which often prevented patients from being removed when their friends were most anxious to do so, believing them perfectly cured, and detrimental to their interests to remain longer, and also desiring to protect the patient from cruelties to which they might be subjected.

The fact that Dr. Nefus was obliged to give "bonds" on my arrival, was probably due to the fact that the doctors (Joslyn and Russell) recognized my symptoms as detailed to be poison symptoms, and did not dare to take the responsibility of imprisoning me without legal papers, fearing the remedies might be analyzed in the meantime, or some proof offered to endanger themselves in the event of my friends coming to my rescue and effecting my release, although apparently willing to connive with Dr. Nefus in his wicked scheme.

The above are certified copies of the commitment papers furnished me from the county clerk's office of Monroe county. The difference between the date of admission and the time the order of the judge was given on Dr. Nefus's affidavit alone is thus shown, proving not only that I was incarcerated without any commitment papers whatever which the law requires, but held on illegal ones.

Mrs. G. and Mrs. S. were ignorant of my imprisonment, and except those few persons I have mentioned who were instrumental in my incarceration, my friends were ignorant of my whereabouts for months. The family were ignorant of the facts, and were entirely under the influence of interested parties, and so prejudiced by them that they acted upon the assumption of my insanity from the fact that I had made known my suspicions to them contrary to my better judgment, and in accordance with Judge Acute's advice, thus blindly abetting this scheme for putting me out of the way, by allowing me to be rushed off in this heartless manner by Dr. Nefus, concealing my whereabouts until sufficient time had elapsed to give my friends any impression they chose to produce, when, had it been imparted to them at the time when they were seeing me every day, they would have known it was impossible for me to be insane, and I might have had an opportunity to at least state my case in open court. Dr. Nefus's statement that I had been insane for two years was instantly disproved by the fact of my having taught

successfully and constantly up to within *four months* of the closing of school the previous term, and within *two weeks* of the time of my imprisonment of the present term. The other charges are too absurd even to contradict.

On waking the next morning I found the room deserted of its occupants of the night before, and the beds made up. I was told by some one that I had better get up as the doctor was on the ward. I was about to rise, when Dr. Blumer entered the room. He was a tall, boyish looking man, of about 24 or 26 years of age, of unprepossessing appearance, with dark brown hair and moustache, dark blue eyes which were concealed by glasses, and an open-mouthed expression, half wondering and half sinister. He had a slouching gait, as if walking over plowed fields, and what might be called a student's stoop. He came forward to the bed and asked:

"How are you feeling?"

"Very well," I replied.

"Why do you not get up?" he asked. "You must not lie in bed this way."

"Well," I replied, "I suppose the chloral made me sleep. It did not take effect until towards morning."

"You must not do so again," he said. As he was about to leave the room, I asked:

"How did Dr. Nefus represent me yesterday?"

"As an insane person, because you suspect you were poisoned," was his reply.

"How cruel," I exclaimed, "to place me here, before the test had been proved!" He made no reply, but hurried out of the room.

I then dressed, and in response to my inquiries, was told there was nothing for me to eat, as breakfast was over. I then went to my new friend of the day before, who gave me for my breakfast a part of some bread pudding her father had brought her the day before. She then borrowed a little volume of poems of one of the attendants, and I read to her part of the morning. Afterward, when she had gone off from the hall, I went to Miss Sterling's room to make her acquaintance.

"When can I leave here?" I asked, adding that I did not wish to remain.

"That is for the doctors to say," she replied. "I suppose when you get well."

"I am not sick," I said. "There is nothing for me to stay for."

"Then what are you here for?" she asked. "There are none but insane people here. If you were not insane you would not be here."

This was a cruel stab to me. I looked at her in amazement and left the room, finding it useless to argue the point with her.

Then came the dreaded dinner hour and another ordeal was again passed. The poor and common food was forced down, in spite of the bitter tears which I repressed, only to choke me with every mouthful that I swallowed. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon I

heard a call which I learned was: "Ladies, get ready for a walk."

"What does that mean?" I asked Mrs. O.

"That means that all the patients on the ward are to go out for a walk. Won't you go?" she responded.

"No, indeed," I replied, as I looked from the door and saw the motly group arraying themselves in nondescript garments, old hats, hoods, bonnets and shawls, a rare collection of old-fashioned clothing, which looked as if it had been "through the wars." Thus arrayed, they crowded out of the hall, presenting an odd and grotesque appearance. After they had gone I again went to Miss Sterling's room, and had a little talk with her, as I felt I must have some one to speak to, and I also hoped that I might be able to understand the situation, in order to know what I could do in order to leave that place. I asked if she would kindly loan me a pen, ink and paper, as I had none with me, for I wished to write a letter.

"You must wait until to-morrow and ask the doctor," was her answer. This I thought a very curious and incomprehensible reply. I then asked if I could not have a room to myself, as I was not accustomed to having several room mates.

"I guess the doctor will let you have a room to yourself in a day or two," she said.

Oh, that long, long, wretched day, can I ever forget it! The tedious moments seemed hours, the

hours months, and the day,—it seemed as if a century had passed over my head! I would go and look at the clock after what seemed an interminable time, and find only one half hour had passed! How I rejoiced when a weary hour had elapsed! I suffered ages of anguish in that first wretched day. Finally, the day dragged its slow length to a close, and I was again locked in the dormitory with my three companions of the night before, whom I had learned were not dangerous, and with one exception they slept quietly until morning.

The next day, having procured the necessary permission to write from Dr. Blumer, a sheet of paper was given me and I was told I might sit in the room adjoining Miss Sterling's and write my letter. I then wrote a letter to Mr. Zell, stating my present whereabouts, the circumstances of my imprisonment, and the causes which led to it as briefly as possible, my suspicion of Miss Hamlo, closing by entreating his aid in my behalf. I then sealed it and took it to Miss Sterling. *

The next day I received permission to write to Mrs. G., the electrician. I had just commenced this letter when a short, thick-set old gentleman came into the room. He had grey hair and whiskers and a kindly expression of countenance. He introduced himself as Dr. Gibson, the chaplain of the asylum.

* I heard nothing further from this letter until my release when it was made the subject for an attack by Dr. Brush, who evidently had it in his hand reading from it to Judge Bernard.

I invited him to be seated, and we conversed for some little time about Rochester, the church I attended, and the minister.

"Why are you here?" he finally inquired.

"I do not know," I answered; "but I believe it is because I suspect I was poisoned. I do not know whether I was or not. My friends who took care of me thought so, too. I am in hopes to go home soon."

After a short time he left me, expressing the hope that I "might go home *very soon*."

I then went on with my letter to Mrs. G. which his visit had interrupted, a few extracts from which I will give my readers, as my comparison to a "red tree" was given as a *proof of my insanity* by one of the Utica doctors before the legislative investigating committee of 1884. It ran as follows:—

UTICA, Oct. 22, 1880.

"MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND:—In this vast wilderness of the world, to whom can I turn in my adversity but to your kind and sympathetic heart? . . . .

"As I viewed the lovely landscape from the car window, framing nature in her gorgeous tints, I saw an occasional red tree, an Esau in its blood-stained garments. I thought, 'I am like that tree,—clothed in the crimson garments of woe and desolation.' To-day I am still that tree, stripped of my leafy garments, standing alone on a desolate moor, and exposed to the piercing winds of fate. . . . .

"When I left your house Monday afternoon, little did I think of the fate that awaited me! . . . Think of me who have always been accustomed to influencing and controlling others, being subject to doctors and

attendants, forced to eat on a bare table, with a steel knife and fork, to sleep in a dormitory with insane patients, etc., etc. . . . ."

After writing this letter I took it to Miss Sterling, asking her for a stamp. I was informed that I must leave my letter unsealed, as the doctors were to read it before it was sent.

"Will it not be sent to Mrs. G. direct?" I inquired.

"No," was the reply; "it will go to your family."

"Will not my letter to Mr. Zell be sent to him? Will that go to my family?" was my anxious query.

"I suppose it will," was the agreeable reply.

"Well, if that is the case, then I do not wish it to be sent at all, for it will never reach him."

I soon learned enough from what I saw of the treatment of the patients, to cause me to feel that if the patients were not dangerous, that the situation was sufficiently so to necessitate all the caution I possessed. I saw that the principle studied was to reduce the whole ward to the same level,—the sane as well as the insane, the refined and cultured, the vulgar and ignorant;—no word of kindness, sympathy or encouragement was spoken to any one, and the peculiarities that many patients exhibited incident to their insanity were a matter of laughter and ridicule to the attendants, the object being to make themselves as little trouble and fatigue as possible, which could be more readily achieved by reducing the entire ward to the condition of a herd of cattle,

which must be goaded, not coaxed into subjection.

No talking was allowed at meals, and anything like refractory conduct was immediately checked, the unfortunate patient being seized by one or two attendants and dragged from the room. Sometimes when a patient refused persistently to perform certain labor, or made herself in any way obnoxious to an attendant from some little peculiarity, or some trifling lack of subjection, she would be reported to the doctor, and the poor thing would be taken off to some back ward. I found that the patients on this ward were either convalescents, or mildly insane, some of whom would either talk to themselves constantly, or sit around apparently unconscious of their surroundings; while others of them were sufficiently sane to work in the sewing-room under the direction of an attendant, or in the laundry or ironing-room at severe manual labor.

One woman attracted my attention soon after my arrival on account of her immense size. She seemed perfectly sane, worked in the ironing-room, and was a coarse, vulgar Irish woman of the lowest stamp. On inquiry I learned that she was placed in the asylum as an insane woman on account of having roasted her two children to death over a red hot stove. I also learned that she had still an opportunity to exercise her fiendish propensities. She was allowed the privilege of carrying the medicine trays, which were heavily loaded with cups usually filled with drugs, through the wards for the attendants.

This did not end her duties, however, for when patients refused to take these powerful mixtures, having perhaps learned their injurious effect, the poor victim would be forced to the floor by several attendants aided by this powerful woman, who would sit upon the victim's chest and hold her down, while the medicine was poured down the unwilling throat. An attempt to punish a refractory patient never was abandoned until carried to the most extreme limit, and woe to the patient who could make no friends, and who resented the domineering and masterful orders of the attendants!

One firm resolve I made from the first, that whatever my disgust at the food or its service, and however difficult it was to swallow it, for each mouthful would be like a ball in my throat, choked by the tears which I studiously repressed, I determined to preserve my health and strength by every means in my power, and that I would not weaken my stomach by not giving it sufficient food to preserve its tone. I took the food like medicine, realizing the fact that it often requires as much courage to eat, as it does to face some imminent danger, or overcome some great difficulty; and I gained my reward, for I did keep comparatively well through all my misery and close confinement.

I cannot describe the long tedious hours of that first week; how the long minutes dragged slowly away and resolved themselves into hours, the hours that seemed like days into the veritable days, and the

days finally into a week. I felt that I had experienced ages of agony in that first terrible week. Truly,

"We tell our lives by heart throbs."

How I longed for the night to come, when I could close my eyes to all my painful surroundings and lose remembrance of it all in sleep! How I watched the slow moving hands of the clock, longing, after the first few days, for the welcome sound of the gong, in order to make a break in that dull empty routine, where the few papers and books that I had picked up on the ward were soon exhausted, and where I was not allowed paper on which to write, which would have aided me in diverting my drooping spirits. I now endeavored to exercise the habit I had cultivated for years and which had enabled me to preserve a calm exterior under the most trying experiences, but which I now found it difficult to practice under existing circumstances,—and that was to raise my thoughts above myself, and (if possible) my surroundings, but it was only to find them dragged down to my present environments and the strange and perplexing anxieties of the situation. What a comfort Mrs. O. was to me at this time, I can never forget; or what I should have done without her at this trying time, before I had learned to adapt myself to my new position, I cannot think, although she spent the greater part of her time in the ironing-room!

After the first few days I was given a room to

myself, and with gratitude I took possession of it. It looked out on the Quadrangle, as it was called, which I found was enclosed by the rear part of the asylum, whose three walls shut it in on each side. In the centre of the two wings thus formed, where they met, there was a passage which led to the carpenter's shop, stables and other buildings, and through a pathway to the limit of the asylum grounds, from which the patients, guarded by attendants, gained access to the street when on their walks, processions of whom I could see at intervals walking up the long walks. I could see on each side of this enclosure barred windows reaching up to the third story, and often a face pressed close to the iron bars of the window, and issuing from these rooms sounded almost constantly the ravings of the insane. I learned that these rear wings were called the "back wards," and that the most violent and insane patients were placed there. The lower or cellar floor, with its grated windows, I was told was once the dark and gloomy underground cells where patients were formerly kept confined in the old times when the insane were treated more like wild beasts than human beings, when a restoration to sanity must indeed have been miraculous.

There were many other unpleasant things which added to the disagreeableness of the situation, trifles in themselves, but which were sources of annoyance and discomfort which were unnecessary, and which I could not easily adapt myself to. We had nothing but bar soap to wash with, as only patients who

could buy Cashemere Bouquet could indulge in the luxury of any other, and as my money had been taken from me, I used as little as I possibly could. Every Friday and Saturday night, the patients received their ablutions. I was from the first absolved from the torture of having an attendant present, and was, after the first few days, treated with a little more respect and attention. I had no brush, only a comb, and the dress I wore on arrival. To my inquiries in regard to Dr. Grey, I was told he was out of town and would not return for a week at least.

I now watched eagerly for the doctor's coming on the ward each morning, hoping there would be some word of hope and encouragement for me.

"Why must I stay here?" was my agonized question of Dr. Blumer each day.

"Because you are insane," he would say, approaching me and looking at me closely through his glasses.

"How am I insane?" was my next question.

"Because you think you were poisoned," would be his reply.

If he had knocked me senseless to the floor, it would have been kind compared to that cruel answer which carried a pang with each word, and produced a revulsion of feeling which I could with difficulty control.

I then looked anxiously for Dr. Brush's coming on the ward. I was told he had charge of the

woman's department of the asylum, and as he seemed to fill a more responsible position, I naturally supposed him to be a more learned physician, and certainly endowed with more power. I thought: "I have only to explain the whole matter to him, and I shall be allowed to leave." I learned Dr. Brush did not make a practice of visiting the patients regularly, but strolled through the wards sometimes in the afternoon, stopping occasionally to speak a word to some patient, or to attend to some special case.

A few days later I saw Dr. Brush. He was a man of medium height, passably good looking, with blue eyes, brown hair and whiskers.

"Why must I stay here?" I asked Dr. Brush at the first opportunity.

"Because you are insane," he replied.

"How am I insane?" I asked as before.

"Because you suspect you were poisoned," was his answer.

"But I do not know whether I was or not. I am not insane," I said.

"That is your delusion," he answered, and walked off carelessly.

I felt more and more perplexed. I saw there was no use in appealing to him, and must content myself with writing letters, which I felt sure must result in my immediate release.

"Am I insane?" I questioned. "If so, how am I insane? In what do I differ from what I have always been? Why have I not a right to suspect

that I was poisoned when I had as good reason for believing it as the friends who had taken care of me, and who believed it?" I recalled the past week, and shuddered as I thought of the dangers I had passed through. What efforts I had made to save my life, only to meet a more terrible fate in this horrible prison! "Ah, why did I wish to live?" I vainly queried.

"How could I act differently from what I had acted?" I reasoned. "Few women would have braved the dangers I had in going home repeatedly after suffering from such an alarming sickness as that of last week Monday, and the repeated proofs that my life was threatened by a cunning and merciless enemy, who was fighting for her own safety and self-protection as well as for my destruction. Yes," I thought, "few women would have been as calm and fearless under the same circumstances. Under the simple excitement of a fire, people who were simply assisting others would throw mirrors from the window and carry feather beds with care, and, had I been nervous, terror-stricken and excited,—which I was not,—my fears would have been justifiable and natural. What had I done to deserve this wrong?" I asked myself again and again. "What had I done, that I or any one would not have done under the circumstances, so persecuted, so tortured, so threatened as I had been? I feel as if my heart were breaking. Oh," I thought, "if my friends only knew where I was! the friends who had seen me

every day for months, and who I know are ignorant of my whereabouts. If they only knew the truth, they would come in a body and effect my release! What if my telegram were not sent to Mr. Zell! What if a similar fate should befall him! Oh, it is agonizing in the extreme! It seems as if these questions must be answered. If people had no right to suspect others, how could they protect themselves from the machinations of any one who might be attempting to destroy their lives? Had I suspected any one of my own family," I argued, "I might reasonably have been considered to be insane, but such a thought is too preposterous for me to consider for a moment, and it was only because I feared for them as well as myself that I had absented myself from home."

I had read that Pascal suffered from an illusion of the senses, believing he was near the brink of a fearful precipice. His companions placed a chair before him, when the illusion vanished, again to return when the chair was removed. I could recall many others, Lord Stowell, Lord Eldon, Lord Kenyon, Lord Brougham, Judge Breckenridge,—each had little idiosyncracies of a somewhat similar nature, and yet none of these gentlemen and countless others of note and high position were ever called insane, or considered unsafe to be at large, and were always in the enjoyment of their property, their liberty and the fulfilment of their daily tasks, occupying high official positions, while I was deprived of even the

means of self-support when in the full enjoyment of my mental faculties, and as capable of attending to my school duties with as much success as at any period of my life!

I talked over my affairs unreservedly with Mrs. O. when I had the opportunity to do so, in order to free my mind, feeling secure in her confidence, and gaining power from her heartfelt sympathy. It was useless to argue with the doctors or with the attendants, for to my constant petitions and questions as to my cruel and unjust imprisonment and detention, I would receive the invariable reply, that

"You must be insane, or you would not be here," or "You are insane because you suspected you had been poisoned," or "Because you thought Miss Hamlo might be Mr. Zell's divorced wife," and when I said I was not insane, the exasperating answer would be made:

"*That is your delusion.*"

I now realized the truth of Charles Reade's statement, "Delusion is a big word, particularly in a mad house." How the poor creatures were tortured with it! I learned as I remained in the asylum to consider it the most cruel word in the English language. So often a poor creature would come to me and ask if I thought such and such an idea was a delusion, that the doctor or attendant had told her so!

"No, indeed it is not," I would reply, knowing the torment that was produced in that poor woman's

mind, that was slowly struggling back to assured sanity. On one occasion, as an instance of this, a woman whom I knew quite well, came to me and said:

"I have not heard from my husband in some time. I feel so anxious about my little girl. She was not feeling quite well, he said the last time he wrote, and I am afraid she is sick, because she does not write. I asked the doctor this morning if I might write, because I felt so worried, and he said it was my *delusion*, and would not let me write. Do you think it is?" she inquired, in a pleading manner, with the fear, that if it were, that she must be on the verge of lapsing again into insanity.

"No," I said; "it is perfectly natural for you to feel so. Do not worry. You will probably hear in a few days," and she went away comforted and happy with a few kind and sympathetic words which were simple in themselves, but afforded the ready aid that perhaps arrested the poor perplexed brain, trembling on the verge of a return of insanity.

People who have not lived in a social city like Rochester, which is composed of cultured, literary and musical people, cannot realize what I experienced in being thus torn away from home and friends, and immured in an insane asylum where I was treated as a condemned criminal! Had I lived in a lonely country place, the change would not have been so great, and perhaps not as trying. Now this isolation in itself seemed unbearable. How I longed

to go out in the free, fresh air! As I looked at the beautiful lawn through the cruel iron bars which shut me out from the world, the blinding tears would come into my longing eyes, only to be repressed by anxious fear. I had seen enough to learn that it was not best to allow any one to see me weep, lest it might be said in addition to their former absurd statements, that I was a victim of melancholia. I consequently studied a calm appearance, and said little of my repressed feeling to any one.

I had been in the habit of remaining in my room the greater part of the time, avoiding the sight of visitors and patients. Towards evening I would retire to the veranda, a small enclosure at the end of the hall which was shut in with glass windows, barred across with iron bars, where I walked to and fro for exercise, and if possible to exhaust myself, to secure sleep, and also in order to retain and increase my strength. Mine had been an active, busy life, filled with the daily occupations which had been my strength and comfort for years, and this confinement was torture in the extreme. I felt as if I could dash myself against the cruel iron bars and cry aloud for liberty. As I paced to and fro impatiently, I was reminded of the little bear I had watched with sympathy in Central Park as he walked back and forth in his little cage. "Ah," I thought, "even the poor animals suffer from unnatural restrictions, and I shall like to see the poor creatures less than ever, when we, who are 'endowed

by our Creator with life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,' can be deprived of these glorious rights any moment by cruel, merciless and unprincipled men."

Sunday evening came, after a long, tedious day spent in reading some book I had picked up on the ward. I had gone to the veranda as usual, and stood looking at the lights of the distant city, picturing the happy homes with their free inmates. As I was pacing back and forth with exasperation, Dr. Russell came out to the veranda and said:

"Good evening."

"Why must I stay here?" I asked.

"What kind of a place is this?" he inquired.

"You know very well what place it is," I replied.

"Well, it is not a place for sane people," he said, and hastily left me.

His words, so carelessly uttered, had a different effect from what he had intended. I mistook this remark for words of sympathy and hope. "If this is not a place for sane people," I thought, "it must be that I shall soon be released. He intends that I shall understand that I am to go home soon. I will try to think what further means I can devise to effect my release."

CHAPTER IX.

STRUGGLING FOR LIBERTY.

"The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself the inferior gift of heaven."

IN accordance with this idea I obtained permission to write two letters, one to Dr. G., the doctor whose attendance I had desired the week before, in place of Dr. Nefus, and the other to Dr. F., to whom I had taken the remedies for analysis.*

I wrote to Dr. G. describing my symptoms in detail, begging him to inform me what these symptoms indicated, and to do what was in his power to aid me to my release; at least to write to the doctors and inform them what he considered to be the cause of my two sicknesses, (or words to that effect) and requesting him to call and see Dr. F. and ascertain the result of his analysis.

To Dr. F. I wrote: "I little thought, when I took the remedies to you for analysis, that upon the result of that analysis would depend my liberty, dearer to me than life." I closed by begging him to inform

* These letters were made the subject of attack by Dr. Brush on the occasion of my release by Judge Barnard, and I have reason to believe they with other letters written before the judge's order was signed on October 26th, were never sent to their destination.

me at the earliest possible moment of the result, that I might secure my release at once.

The next morning, when Dr. Blumer came on the ward, I inquired if my two letters to Dr. G. and Dr. F. had been sent.

"No," was his answer; "your letters cannot go all over the country."

I was amazed and dumbfounded! Such a thought had not occurred to me before, that these letters would not be sent! It seemed hard enough that my letters must be left unsealed and read by the doctors, but that they should not be mailed at all puzzled and dismayed me.

I still had confidence in the doctors, who I thought were in some way forced to comply with certain regulations best known to themselves. It was contrary to all my experience with members of the medical profession whom I had known, and who occupied a social position in Rochester inferior to none in the city. They were all considered honorable men, and I could not yet give up my preconceived ideas of the integrity of each member of the profession. I began to ponder over my position, which seemed to be becoming more complicated, more and more carefully. Who should I write to next? What more could I do? What kind of a place was this where I was so circumscribed? By what authority was this power exercised over me? "Well," I thought; "Mrs. G. knows I am here, and I am sure she can do something to aid me.

She certainly will not leave me here to die. It cannot be long. I must certainly go home soon." This idea, though faint, was strengthened somewhat by Mrs. O.'s assertions that she knew that I should be allowed to go soon. She counselled me to keep up my courage, and everything would come out right.

Alas! little did I know that I was supposed to be in the grasp of the law, though not under the protection afforded to the most fiendish criminal, whose confinement did not, as it did in my case, preclude an opportunity to consult counsel; and, although he had once secured a fair hearing, the law allowed him still another opportunity for reprieve or pardon; or, if sentenced, he knew how long his imprisonment would last, and could shorten it by good conduct. I was yet to learn this through long and weary months and years.

I was not at first inclined to talk with my strange companions, and shrunk away from them in undisguised horror and alarm. As I was brought daily in contact with them, and saw their utter harmlessness, I began to divert myself by observing their different peculiarities, even though they were repulsive to me, for I could not remain in this contact with them without having my deepest sympathies aroused for their misfortunes.

It was a beautiful fall day. I had been in the asylum ten days. Mrs. O. came to me and asked me if I would not like to go out in the orchard that afternoon.

"Are the patients to go?" I asked, anxiously.

"Yes," she replied; "but this is different from a walk. Only a few will be allowed to go from this ward."

"Yes, then I will go," I gladly responded.

How happy I was as I felt again the dear fresh air blowing once more in my face! I felt that I could embrace each tree and shrub, and press to my lips each lingering blossom the early frost had spared! I realized that I was "akin to nature." I had never in all my recollection been confined to the house so long, and had never remained even an entire week indoors in my life. When in Rochester in the enjoyment of my freedom, even through the storms of the fall, I would equip myself for the rain and take a walk, that I might not be deprived of my usual constitutional.

We spent about an hour in the orchard which I had often looked longingly into from the veranda. It led into the garden. This garden was laid out in the quaint style of fifty years ago. Each flower bed of some fanciful shape, representing cresents, ovals, squares, diamonds, etc., and each surrounded by an old-fashioned box border. A light frost had blighted the garden flowers, but a few remained, which, with a few bright leaves and berries found on scattering shrubs, I took back with me to the ward when the dread summons came for our return.

Having once more breathed the outside air, and having found the patients were harmless, I could not

resist the imperative longing which consumed me to go out once more when the welcome words "Ladies prepare for a walk," sounded on my ears the next day.

I put on my things, and with Mrs. O. for a protector, walked directly behind the attendants. What a humiliation of pride it was, though! I felt that by so doing, I was in one sense classing myself with lunatics. It was an odd combination of humanity, dressed in their fantastic attire, which I think was purposely left unreplenished and battered in order to destroy the owner's lingering self-respect, and make even the sane ones look as much like lunatics as possible. It was indeed a heterogeneous display which they made as they walked along over seventy strong, (their number being swelled by detachments from other wards). Forming a long procession, we walked along, each ward under the guidance of one or more attendants, and brought up in the rear by two more. One may judge of my love of exercise, when I would walk out so attended, with this motly crowd at my heels! I realized then how dear this poor privilege was to me.

All this time I had not heard from any member of my own family. My feelings toward them were naturally bitter in the extreme, and I could not make up my mind to write to my mother without a struggle. I thought of the long years which I had devoted to family interests; that no sacrifice had been too great for me; that I would gladly deprive

myself of even the necessities of life to add to their comfort and happiness. I thought of my having been left to the tender mercy of a comparative stranger like Dr. Nefus, to be rushed off to an insane asylum, with no provision made for my comfort even after my arrival!

I thought of Miss Hamlo, who was now enjoying all the comforts of the home which I had aided in procuring, and had fitted up and maintained. I thought of her as being free to go and come as she pleased, with all kinds of choice and comfortable food provided for her, sympathized with, condoled with and petted to atone for my so-called false suspicions of her! I thought of her, a stranger, coming into our quiet home and shutting me out of it, driving me away, and through her machinations accomplishing my ruin! She, the disguised stranger, who had acted a cunning part from the time of her entrance into our home; a stranger, who had no claim even upon our hospitality, who would not even pay her board, usurping the rights which I had protected and held sacred!

I thought of myself, disgraced, dishonored, torn away from my home, my friends, all that my life held dear,—she free to do what she pleased, and, worst of all, free to carry out perhaps deeper and more cruel plots against the only being I felt then there was left to me in all the world! I thought: "Where is the just God, who watches over the unprotected one?" The horror of that thought! I

feared I should lose the faith which had sustained me through all the past years of my life. It could not be that God had forsaken me! No, I felt sure he would not allow me to die in such a place, like a dog in a pit! "Being the mere tools and puppets of a dark and relentless fate, seems the most fraught at once with abasement and with horror."

I at first thought it was useless for me to write to my family. Finally, as a last resort, I thought I would write to my mother and ask her to help me, to take me away from that awful place. I did so. At last a letter came from my mother, enclosed in an envelope addressed to Dr. Grey, disregarding my appeals for help.

The cruelest part of the situation was that I had no tangible proofs that my suspicion that Miss Hamlo was Mr. Zell's former or divorced wife was correct. I had no positive proof, other than I have stated, that he was ever separated from his wife, or that Miss Hamlo was other than she represented herself, except the fact that her niece, Mrs. Rane, had acknowledged that she had been acting a part, or making false statements in regard to her approaching marriage ever since her arrival. I could only state my suspicions.

I had never shown my family the first poem I received from Mr. Zell, in December two years before, nor the one received the previous summer, the "Japanese Legend." I had not called my sister's attention again to the notice that I had read aloud

to her in the paper in October two years before, recording the death of Mr. Zell's wife, for my suspicions had been too indefinite and undefined to be repeated; and now on account of my hurried and cruel incarceration, which gave even greater force to my suspicions, I was precluded from having any opportunity of proving whether my suspicions were true or false. I knew I had but a slender proof on which to base my assumptions, founded solely upon logical conclusions,—or what might be called circumstantial evidence,—and, for that reason, I had been guarded in imparting my ideas on the matter, thinking some developments would appear in time, not anticipating that those of such serious import could occur to me.

Pondering in this manner, I now recalled two circumstances. The first was the fact of Mr. Zell's visit to our house, and Lizzie C., the girl, coming into the adjoining room the evening we spent together, and possibly overhearing our conversation, —perhaps Mr. Zell's inquiry "What lawyer would you employ?" and my reply, "Judge Acute." This she might have reported to Miss Hamlo, or some other interested party, who might have retained him as her own lawyer, and he might have been acting in her interest in abetting to put me out of the way; and now that I was in an insane asylum, and supposably insane, and deprived of all hope of release, my imprisonment might aid her interest as effectually as my death. In this connection I now

for the first time recalled my dream of being placed in an insane asylum to prevent my marrying some one, the dream which I had recounted at the table when Lizzie was in the room. This she might also have repeated, and it might have suggested the idea to Miss Hamlo, or somebody else, of carrying this diabolical scheme into execution. This would account for all my experiences the last week, and especially those of the last night I spent at home, which was evidently designed for some particular purpose; the sticky substance on the pillow and in my comb and brush, the peculiar substance which had dried on my hair, were probably used to place me in a compromising position, and at the same time to divert attention from the most singular and unusual symptom, stickiness of body, which I had experienced, and which I now believe was, (as I have before explained) an effort of nature to throw off some powerful drug from my system through the pores of the skin.

I also remembered that Lizzie C. had spent the preceding summer in New York or New Jersey, where she might have been drawn into certain schemes, as she had no personal friends in either place, and it was directly after her return that her new beau, and the only beau that she had ever had, appeared upon the scene, and those queer looking people sitting around the table that evening when Mr. Zell was at our house might have been detectives, tracking him (Mr. Z.) around.

I could not repeat the words Mr. Zell had said to me the evening we were alone together, or in the morning at breakfast when he had asked me if I would marry a divorced man, and I had replied: "I would under some circumstances, if I loved him."

The 19th day of November, exactly one month from the day of my incarceration, I sat at the window, watching the falling of the first snow, thinking of the long tedious time that had elapsed since my entry within those cruel walls; thinking that I was still there, that now the snow was falling and winter fast approaching, contrasting my present prospects with others I had anticipated. I found a small piece of wrapping paper. Mrs. O. had given me a little piece of pencil about an inch long, which a patient on the back wards had given her. With this treasure I wrote these lines:—

DEPARTING HOPE.

Too soon, alas, the chilling snow
  Absorbs the fleeting breath
Of the last leaflet's crimson glow
  And canopies its death.

Too soon, the whiteness of thy shroud
  Envelops its repose,—
While on my vision memories crowd
  Of vanished bud and rose.

As the unfolding leaf and bloom,
  With thrilling fancies twined,
Thy tracery, like an airy tomb,
  Envelops hopes defined.

With longing, my sad vanquished heart
By destiny subdued,
Sees nature's beauteous life depart
With glorious hope imbued.

This I afterwards sent in my next letter to Mrs. G., in which I detailed my experiences up to that date, and which is now in my possession.

About this time Mrs. O. was sent from the second to the first ward, which I had passed through on my arrival, which after being torn up for one whole year (*deadening* the *walls* and frescoing it) was now sufficiently completed for occupancy. How I missed her cheerful companionship, her ever ready sympathy, her sweet voice, which would often ring through the wards in response to my request for a song! This change, she said, was one step towards her going home, and was the ward for the sane and convalescing patients, and she hoped I might soon join her, a wish which I echoed with all my heart.

I had been told by one of the patients who seemed to have great authority on the ward, and whom some of the patients called the spy of the ward, as she seemed to do about as she liked, (and who bore no indications of insanity in her conduct or appearance) that Dr. Grey was allowed to keep patients six weeks as a test of their insanity. I treasured this piece of information, and I counted the days and weeks. I felt sure I should then be allowed to go home.

I learned later from those who were in the asylum

many years before, that the noted Dr. Grey had begun his career in the asylum as an usher, escorting visitors through the different wards of the institution. Later he entered the apothecary shop which forms an important adjunct to the asylum, where great quantities of drugs are prepared and sent up in large doses to be administered to the patients three times a day, distributed by the attendants. From here he was admitted on the ward as a physician, and finally won the position of superintendent, where he attained his world-wide reputation as the "eminent specialist," the originator and the inventor of the wonderful instrument of torture known as the "Utica Crib," and the renowned "insanity expert," Dr. John P. Grey.

It may easily be recognized that this man had a genius for speculation, and in those early days when the asylum was in its infancy, he was not slow to see that the growth of the city would render that section valuable for building lots, etc., and that a safe and wise investment for his money was the land which lay in the immediate vicinity of the asylum, and which might be made available for his own interests in other ways. As he found the Welsh to be a faithful and thrifty people, he encouraged as many as possible to swell the ranks of attendants, many of whom were still in his service up to the time of my incarceration, and who constituted the most faithful and devoted attendants in the place, on whom he could rely to guard any secrets which he desired concealed, and who would carry out his behests without

question, "might making right" in the eyes of these employees, whose interests he had taken pains to bind so closely to his own by means of mortgaged homes and other interests of a pecuniary nature.

I had not yet seen Dr. Grey. I thought it strange he did not even walk through the ward, and, finally, when the six weeks had expired, I demanded to see Dr. Grey. I was told that Dr. Grey would see me that afternoon. How eagerly I awaited his coming! I remained in my own room, as I wished to see him alone. At last he came.

"Dr. Grey?" I said, rising as he entered the room.

"Yes," he replied.

"I claim the right to leave this building," I exclaimed.

"On what grounds?" he asked.

"On the ground of sanity," I replied.

"Who placed you here?" was his next inquiry.

"Dr. Nefus, an ignorant young physician," I replied.

"Who of your own family?" he asked.

I thought of my sister who accompanied me to the depot. I could not bear to say my mother, so I said:

"My sister, I believe."

"Make a statement of your case," he said, briefly, and hastily left the room.

Immediately after his departure I went to Miss Sterling, and informed her that Dr. Grey had told me to make a statement of my case, and that I would like some paper for that purpose. She gave me two

sheets of paper. I returned to my room and wrote a statement, a portion of which I append, numbered in subdivisions as I gave it to him.

CLAIMS TO SANITY

1. I claim my sanity on the ground that no direct or open charge has been made.
2. That I call it a case of suppositious poisoning.
3. That I have done no more than hundreds of people have done and are doing every day, as proved by the daily newspapers and which the law justifies in defence of life and health, etc.

I also sent at the same time a letter to Dr. Grey, entreating him to allow me to leave the asylum, asking him as a Mason to help me, stating that my father had been a Mason in high standing, and promising that if he would forward me sufficient money to take me to Rochester I would at once refund it to him. I took this letter and the "Claims to Sanity" to Miss Sterling, and requested her to hand them to Dr. Grey, which she informed me she did. I now waited in great impatience for a response. About 6 o'clock it came. I was to go down stairs with Miss Sterling to the first ward. My clothing was placed in a large sheet, and remained waiting for further orders. I then thought I was actually to be allowed to depart. Mrs. O. welcomed me with pleasure, and dilated upon the advantages of this ward, which she said was so superior to the one we had just left, stating that there were table cloths, napkins and silver knives, forks and spoons, and she thought the fare a little better. I had an opportunity to find this to be true.

My impression is that there was a prospect of release at this time, had not outside influences been brought to bear in addition to the probable discovery by Dr. Grey of my illegal commitment and imprisonment, which made it a matter of self-protection to retain me as long as possible. I learned later that Miss Hamio left our house at the same time, having paid no board since her arrival, the funds for which were afterwards sent from *New York* to her aunt, *Mrs. Rane*, who liquidated the debt.

I was given a room on this first ward opposite the bath-room. Previous to my leaving the second ward, I had borrowed of Miss Sterling a New York *Times*, and, on looking it over, to my joy I saw a long article descriptive of a new society that had just been organized, which was denominated "A Society for the Protection of the Insane and the Prevention of Insanity." I could not cut out this paragraph, but I read it over carefully and copied the names of the officers, which I had put away for future emergencies.

I still thought my letters sent through the doctors would have some result, and had sent through them a letter to my brother soon after my arrival, and now I sent another hoping he would manage by some means to secure information, which he could impart to the family, and which would insure my liberty.

When the privilege was given to write letters, just enough paper was given to the patient on which to write the desired letter, and we were only allowed to retain the pen and ink a limited time. Therefore I

had no paper on which to write a letter had I desired to do so. There was a patient on this ward who had some paper, which her friends had brought her unknown to the doctors. I had seen it and asked for some.

"I will not give you any," she answered; "but you know where it is. If I find any gone, I shall not miss it." I took the hint and gladly took what I thought she could spare and hid it away for future use, though as yet I still imagined I might soon go home, and there might not be any necessity for my acting in what might seem a clandestine manner.

As I studied more closely my companions, and the causes which led to their commitment to the asylum, I began to meditate upon what I saw around me in the light that was now slowly beginning to dawn upon me. I had supposed until this time, that my case was a solitary exception, and that my release would be immediate and certain. A terrible conviction was now forcing itself upon me, strengthened by what I actually saw and knew to be true. As I conversed with one and another of the patients on the first ward, I was surprised to find them intelligent and rational. Then as I questioned them as to their detention, I was shocked and amazed to learn the length of time each one had remained in the asylum, and as I saw this time prolonged month after month until it lengthened into years, they still remaining in the same condition, my hopes grew fainter and fainter.

One fact I learned later, which I have before referred to, which explains much to one who can draw inferences from actual circumstances. It seems that state asylums are allowed to retain patients for two years; after that time they are obliged to return them to the county from which they were sent, or to send them to incurable asylums; or, in those instances where the patients are returned to relatives at about that time, they can be recommitted to the state asylum again. This I did not understand as fully as I did after months and even years of observation, substantiated by facts which were indisputable. I then understood why two years was a critical time for a patient, and that some change for the better or worse, (more often the latter) was apt to occur somewhere in that vicinity. It was an excellent scheme to keep the asylum filled, thus enlarging the revenue which it derived from the different counties, at the same time giving an appearance and consequent reputation of great skill to the wonderful Dr. Grey, which would, of course, apply to an asylum so crowded as that of Utica, and redound to his glory.

I observed that all the labor of the institution was performed by the patients. Where it was confined to the simple work of the ward, it may have, and undoubtedly did produce a beneficial effect, but every morning women would come from the ironing-room, as it was called, and from the laundry, and take every patient they could secure, whether sick or well, almost depopulating the ward. Many of them would remain

there all day, employed in arduous work least suited to an insane, or even a well person, unless in the enjoyment of the most perfect bodily health and strength.

There were patients who mangled all the bedding and clothing for the building, which work would be more fitly performed by a strong man; some would try to refuse, pleading sickness or weakness, but without success, and their relapse was only a question of time. Each patient was expected to iron her own clothing, and efforts were made to induce me to do so. I inquired in regard to this ironing-room, and was told that it was frequented by many of the most insane patients, and that in order to reach it, it was necessary to pass through the worst halls in the building, and I should necessarily see the most violent cases in the asylum. I felt that I had enough to endure in what I was daily brought in contact with, so refused to go, preferring to wear my clothes rough dry than to subject myself to such trying experiences, and this I did during the time I remained a prisoner within its walls, the possibility of my release acting as a protection and preventing the use of compulsion in reference to myself.

How many instances could be recounted where patients could date their relapse to a hopeless condition to the over-heating of the blood, and over-exertion induced by this enforced labor! The idea was constantly lost sight of that the patients were sick, and needed in the majority of cases *rest* from

labor, which in some cases had induced their present deplorable condition.

There was one instance in particular which was especially brought to my notice, as the patient had been on the ward with me during the greater part of my stay in the asylum. It was a woman whom I first met after my return to the first ward. She had entirely recovered her sanity, and was awaiting the permission of the physicians to return to her home. She had remained on this ward for almost a year and a half. Her husband came to see her, and there was no reason why she should not have been permitted to go home with him. He walked through the wards with her, remained a short time, and then left her. Had she gone with him then, how different the result would have been! It had been ascertained that she could iron shirts beautifully, so every day she was taken to the ironing-room, and there her daily task was to iron a dozen starched shirts for the doctors. What wonder that this woman, who had been accustomed to hire her own heavy work done, should have sunk under this protracted and continued over-exertion! In the meantime her husband had gone to St. Paul, and wrote to her that he had forwarded money for her to join him with her children, which he had planned thus in order to make the change more easy for her, wishing her to come direct to a home prepared beforehand for her arrival. This money she never received, and week after week passed. The

next news she learned through the doctors was that her husband was very sick with typhoid fever.

Imagine, if you can, you mothers, what would be your feelings if shut up for over two years in a place like this, if similarly situated, your husband dangerously sick so many miles away, your little children whom you had been separated from for two years in the care of strangers, after having been in the enjoyment of health, strength and sanity for almost two years—the greater part of your imprisonment—to find your health failing from over-work, and relapsing into an insane condition,—for to my horror I saw her mind gradually giving way. I knew from similar instances what would be her fate. At this critical moment she was sent home, discharged as cured, only to return in about ten days in a *worse condition* than I had ever seen her in, and the last I knew of her she was a confirmed and hopeless lunatic.

CHAPTER X.

DESPAIRING EFFORTS.

"I am so fast in prison that I cannot get forth."

LXXXVIII Psalm.

WINTER was approaching. Mrs. O. had gone and I was now alone, without one congenial companion. Only one other patient was allowed to go home after Mrs. O.'s departure. I was now beginning to lose all respect and confidence in the physicians, and to study the situation more and more narrowly, and for the first time mingled more freely with the patients and inquired into the causes of their insanity, how long they had been in the asylum, and when they were to leave. The majority of them, I learned, had been in the asylum in the neighborhood of two years, and as I saw them every day, and they appeared like people that I had been in the habit of meeting in the outside world, my hopes became weaker and weaker.

Why should these poor women be obliged to remain here, I queried, when they were perfectly sane and well? Was it possible that this was but a prison for the retention of sane people, whom their friends wished to dispose of for an indefinite time?

So few letters came on the ward for any one, so few friends seemed to visit them! It was apparent from statements made by patients that letters written by them must have been detained and promised visits deferred to some indefinite period. A general air of hopelessness seemed to pervade the ward. I noted the tender sympathy evinced by each one for the other, their mutual griefs seeming to draw them nearer together. I observed this later, even among the very insane, who would seldom under any circumstances attack a patient, but would more often vent their wrath on some attendant who had ill-treated them.

After I had been on this ward a few weeks, not seeing any immediate prospect for my release, I asked the supervisor of the ward, Miss Morris, for a sheet of paper, saying I wished to write to Dr. Grey. I then prepared my "Grounds of Suspicion," so that if my "Claims to Sanity" were not sufficient, Dr. Grey should at least understand that my suspicions were not without foundation, and that I had cause for using the relief and the precautions I had taken. I had just prepared them when I heard the whistle, which I had learned announced the entrance of visitors on the ward. Standing at the door of my room, I saw Dr. Grey conducting some stranger through the ward, and, as he passed my door, I asked if I could speak to him a moment. Ashamed, probably, to refuse such a request before a stranger, he stopped, and the gentleman passed on a short dis-

tance. I handed Dr. Grey the paper which I had written, and asked:

"When can I have my liberty?"

He turned upon me fiercely, as if in anger, and said roughly, in a harsh tone of voice:

"You were placed here on the affidavits of two physicians, perfectly legal," then turned on his heel and left the room abruptly. I was amazed and completely overcome by this answer. Here was a new revelation!

The affidavit of two physicians! What did that mean? I inquired of the patients and attendants, and then learned that the certificates of two physicians as to the insanity of the patient was necessary to insure imprisonment in an asylum. Soon after, as I did not receive any response to my letter to Dr. Grey, I asked to see Dr. Brush, and questioned him as to the prospect of my release.

"Why must I stay here?" I asked.

"Because you think you were poisoned," he replied.

"But," I said "I do not know whether I was or not. I have always been open to proof and conviction."

"You claim you were placed here by conspiracy," he said, and then turned away and left me.

I had never made use of that word, in fact had not thought of it exactly in that light, but the fitness of his words struck me as too appropriate. I could not deny his statement. Besides, I was too much overcome by the futility of my appeals.

While I knew Miss Hamlo was in the house, I did not think it advisable to write freely to my family. When I heard of her departure, six weeks after my incarceration, (at the time I was sent on the first ward) I then thought I would write to my mother and sister and state some of the facts, and argue my case to the best of my ability. It might thus serve a double purpose, as the doctors would read my letters.

All I could do was to call their attention to the part Miss Hamlo had acted from the time she first entered our home, and ask them to write to Mr. Zell, and inquire about the real facts of the case. In my letters to my family, in arguing the different points as they suggested themselves to my active brain and anguished heart, I wrote thus about Mr. Zell:

"If every deceived and trusting woman were placed in an insane asylum and called insane, simply because she had too much confidence in the object of her affections, the majority of them would become so, and these halls would be filled with their maniacal frenzy."

Answers came from my mother and sister, but they were illogical in conclusion and unjust to me, prejudiced and blinded as they were by their ignorance, and influenced by interested parties as well as the Utica doctors. In proof of this I will quote a few extracts from the letters received from them.

First I will quote a letter which it seems my sister wrote to Mr. Zell the very day after my incarcera-

tion, not in response to any letter from him, but on the strength of her own assumptions.

LETTER TO MR. ZELL FROM SISTER GIVEN ME AFTER RELEASE.

"ROCHESTER, Oct. 20, 1880.

"MR. ZELL.

"DEAR SIR:—It now becomes my duty to address you on a painful subject. My bright, beautiful sister Clara of former days, you remember.

"We have been aware of the fact that some kind of a correspondence has been occurring between you, and I confess I felt a little hardly towards you, thinking you to blame, as we did not consider that you were, under the circumstances, justified in encouraging anything of the kind.

"Neither could we understand how *she*, with her naturally nice ideas of propriety, could countenance such a proceeding. I am glad to find that your letters, some of which we have read, fully exonerate you.

"You have proved yourself the thorough gentleman I believed you to be, years ago, when we were friends. And now you will, I know, extend the mantle of charity over poor, dear Clara's indiscretion.

"It is now very evident that some of her perceptions have been perverted for a long time, although *no evidence of it appeared* until very recently.

"She had been suffering with some disorder of the nervous system, which has finally developed in a brain disease, and we have been obliged to send the dear child away for special treatment.

"Hers was a peculiarly sensitive nature, and she

was unfitted to cope with the disappointments of life.

"She was fitted to adorn society, and bask in the sunny atmosphere of luxury and freedom from uncongenial cares; but the duties of life deprived her, to a certain extent, of what her nature craved, and enforced those very obnoxious elements upon her.

"Still, she endeavored, I think, to bear up bravely and cheerfully, and her *physical health never wavered*, but her nervous system could not endure the strain.

"I don't know how, or why *you became involved* in this abberation,—unless, seeing you at a time when her delicate organization was quivering with over-strain, recalled the shock you had once given her, (and which we supposed she had entirely recovered from) and so, made a vivid impression on her mind. I really think she was entirely freed from all influence and attraction you had for her when you were engaged to her, for she was subsequently engaged to a theological student, and appeared to be very happy.

"He died, however, quite suddenly, which was another shock to her, of course. She was very winning and attractive, and, under happier circumstances, this would never have happened. We hope she may return to us soon, fully restored to health, and trust you will do us the kindness not to mention our misfortune, nor think uncharitably of her.

"The trouble *has overwhelmed us with grief*, though we do *try to hope for the best*. One object I had in writing was to ask if she had borrowed money of you, as she received $50 in a blank envelope about a month ago. Lately she said you had sent it, and if so, we wish to return it at our earliest convenience. Also, if you have letters proving abberation of some distant date, it might *assist the doctor* in whose care we have placed her, to know *how far back to date* the

commencement of the diseased condition of the mind. If you have not already destroyed her letters, do as you consider best,—either send them to me or destroy them, if you please, and forget them.

"Trusting that you may be prospered and happy, I am

"Your grief-stricken friend,

"NELLIE C. L.''

This letter may strike the reader as incongrously as it did me. In view of the fact of the advances she knew he had made to me, when she professed to believe he was living with his wife and family, she trusts that he may be "prospered and happy," assuring him "he has proved himself the thorough gentleman," though in what way she had arrived at this conclusion I never could determine, as she was ignorant of any circumstances which could justify his conduct. Also, the very day I received the $50 from Mr. Zell, within less than an hour of its receipt I took it directly to my mother, telling her that it must have come from Mr. Zell, and my sister knew perfectly well that it did come from him at the time, so a false impression is given of the real facts of the case.

As will be seen from this letter, the thought never seems to have occurred to my sister for an instant, that had Miss Hamlo been Mr. Zell's wife, she would not have thought it policy to retain his name, and so place herself under suspicion and conviction, and he, if unaware of her whereabouts, had no reason to assume it was she, without knowledge.

There was another curious and perplexing condition of affairs. The prejudice of the family was so great against the friends who had saved my life, on account of their use of electricity, (although my sister had been treated with success by this potential remedy) that they would not believe a word of their statements in regard to the serious nature of my last two singular sicknesses, but attributed it to electricity, when I had only taken about one electric treatment and two baths since the latter part of August. In proof of this I append the following letter:—

EXTRACT FROM SISTER'S LETTER DATED JAN. 81.

"Nearly every one lays your condition to the injudicious use of electricity. Your nervous system could not endure it, and your stubborn persistence in taking treatments (against the wishes and advice of friends) shattered your nervous system. There is no doubt that this is what caused faintness and nausea in the baths the last few times, which *you laid to poison.* Nothing would convince you, however, and Mrs. G. and Mrs. S. were as infatuated as you were, and as blinded by their enthusiasm."

I was more fully convinced of the utter futility of my statement, which I had reiterated ever since I had been in the asylum, "that I did not know whether I was poisoned or not," by the following letter from my mother, dated Mch. 5, 1881.

"I am glad to know you have given up the idea that you were ever poisoned, and now we will forget all about it and pack it away. . . . ."

I felt when this letter came that *I*, not the *idea*, was to be packed away and forgotten forever.

EXTRACT FROM MOTHER'S LETTER DATED FEB. 22, 1881.

"You say you often wonder what I thought of your actions the last night you spent at home. I knew you could not be in your right mind from the first moment you imagined you were *poisoned* and *sticky*, and one could not help being sticky who rubbed themselves with soap and no water. Your nervous system was very much prostrated, and you took electric treatments upon an empty stomach, which caused those *mysterious attacks*. The disease went to the brain, which led to all these foolish vagaries. I hope you may soon be able to get rid of this delusion so disastrous to your peace of mind."

I will simply explain here, that the night she referred to when I washed off the sticky substance from my hair in her bedroom, the door was open and she could distinctly hear me use water in removing it from the top of my head, and she knew that I had bathed my feet in hot soda and water to remove numbness and stickiness, yet she seemed so blinded by others that she seemed incapable of recalling the facts.

EXTRACT FROM SISTER'S LETTER OF JAN. 1881.

"You think you are perfectly sane, and well. Do not the majority of the patients think themselves sane, and others to *blame* for their confinement? You are sane enough on some subjects,—indeed on all but what concerns yourself and persons and things relating to you."

To any one who is at all familiar with insanity, this idea of hers will seem as ridiculous as it did to

me, as it is a fact that I never saw a person in the asylum, except those who were sane at the time of their imprisonment, who blamed any one for bringing them there, the patients invariably accepting the situation as originally intended to benefit their condition.

I now wrote a letter to my mother enclosing a list of questions which I carefully worded in such a manner that she could answer each interrogatory by "yes" or "no" at the end of each question, each numbered consecutively, asking her to return the paper with the answers written after each question so that the doctors might know that my statements were correct in regard to Miss Hamlo. To my indignation and despair, the following letter was received without the enclosed questions, and though she corroborates the main facts, it did not seem to have the slightest effect upon her opinion of myself, as I had hoped, while she overlooked the main questions as to Miss Hamlo's bleached hair, her unreliability and lack of principle, etc., as evinced in the various ways I have previously narrated.

EXTRACTS FROM J. W. L.'S LETTER.

ROCHESTER, Mch. 24, 1881.

"I will answer some of your questions to the best of my ability, though I can hardly see why you are still harping upon Miss Hamlo. It was settled she was to be dropped in the future.

"She did represent that she expected a Dr. Smith from Cincinnati to marry her. I was not informed that no such person existed, but I was told that Miss

Hamlo herself had been deceived by some fortune-teller, representing that Dr. Smith wished to marry her, all to get her money, which he succeeded in doing. I did not consider her letters at all suspicious, as they were directed by this ignorant *fortune-teller*, who resided in Camden. She did watch for the letter carrier, as she had nothing else to do. What proof have you that she is a married woman? Her relatives with whom she has always lived would have known of it, as it would not have been kept *secret*. She never heard you or any one mention Mr. Zell, and does not know such a person is in existence. The only relatives she has in New York are a brother and his family. I have no reason to think Miss Hamlo unprincipled. It is idle to spend any more time writing about her. If she has injured you, or was in any way responsible for your present misfortune, I should blame her indeed,—but I *know she is innocent*. I have always maintained Mr. Zell to be honorable. Nevertheless, he did write the letter. If you will not believe it, I cannot help it. He explained his sending you the fifty dollars by saying, you wrote to him that you were going into school as a necessity, and he thought perhaps you felt that you could not afford to stay out any longer, so he sent you the money in a blank envelope, which he did not even direct himself, hoping you would attribute it to some other friend or relative, and never know it came from him. His last letter, dated last May, I think you must have received while at Buffalo. When and where did he ask you if you would marry a divorced man? I am not aware of such a question on his part, and if you can explain it, I wish you would do so. You say his letters lie on the surface of much that is beneath, but I tell you in this matter-of-fact world, you can

trust only to what is out-spoken and above board, and in this case all the rest is pure imagination on your part. I regret very much that you cannot get your mind diverted from this subject."

"J. W. L."

My mother's assumption of the letters which Miss Hamlo professed came from Dr. Smith being written by "this ignorant fortune-teller," must have been manufactured by Mrs. Rane or Miss Hamlo after my departure, as she made no mention of this to me the night she informed me on her return from Mrs. Rane's, (where she went at my request to inquire about Dr. Smith) "that there was no such person as the Dr. Smith Miss Hamlo represented she was to marry." The improbability that her relative, Mrs. Rane,—who was instrumental in placing her with us, and who was evidently abetting her in her schemes as is proved by the fact of her having represented that Miss Hamlo was *deaf*,—should betray her now, thus exposing her own connivance, was an idea which she could or would not grasp for a moment. On the other hand she could judge Miss Hamlo so leniently and liberally because shielded by her relatives, while her poor, deserted daughter, whose word she had never had reason to doubt, was condemned to distrust, indifference and despair, or, worse than all, a living death in an insane asylum.

It was evident that my mother had wrong impressions and was ignorant of facts, still she persisted in drawing conclusions inimical to me, and favorable

to Miss Hamlo and Mr. Zell, both of whom, the former especially, had placed herself in a dubious position, while I had acted simply in defence of life and health, and had not even allowed one foul suspicion of my own family, even under these trying circumstances, to cloud my mental vision. Oh, the bitter pain these reflections awakened! How could I endure it and live!

It will be seen from the following letter that my sister was equally unreasonable, as she now makes more sweeping assertions, which she was utterly unable to prove, as she had not the gift of ubiquity.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER OF NELLIE C. L— DATED JANUARY, 1881.

"I am greatly disappointed that what I wrote makes so little impression on your mind. You hold as firmly to your insane delusions as ever. There is, and has been, *no poison* in the case, except in *your mind*, and you must *fight off the idea* as an *enemy* that is *ruining you*.

"Don't allow yourself to contemplate the idea for a moment, as a possibility. There is *no truth* in it.

"All of your sensations were wholly the result of disorganized nerves. Miss Hamlo had no more to do with your condition that Susan B. Anthony, or Mrs. Hayes, or any other disinterested person.

"You know very well that Miss Hamlo is an *old maid*, and her own worst enemy in being so foolish. How can you imagine for a moment that *she is*, or *ever was*, the wife of Mr. Zell. Yes, you told us, she had those photographs: but that, like the other things connected with your account, will not bear the test of reality. Do you remember my telling

you so many times, that your *imagination* would be the *death of you?* How little did I think you would ever allow it to get complete mastery over you to your ruin. Fight it off resolutely, and be saved, before it is too late.

" * * * * * * There is *no fact or proof* that will *stand investigation.* All will melt away the moment the light of truth touches them, like dew under the rays of the summer sun.

"I think you will find I did not say that the idea of your insanity was *suggested by others*, but that it was suspected, or discovered by friends before it occurred to us. You, yourself, disclosed it to us when you told us, that evening, that story about yourself, Miss Hamlo and Mr. Zell, yet we hoped it was only temporary abberation, and that in a few days you would abandon the idea and be all right again. You yourself dragged Mr. Zell into this affair, I should say, and not I. Certainly, no one else but you could fancy any connection between him and Miss Hamlo.

* * * * * * * *

"You say in some of your letters (a while ago) that if Mr. Zell will come, and tell you that he is dishonorable, you will give up all thought of him. There is no prospect of his coming, and there is no evidence that he ever had any such idea. *At his particular request*, we found and read his letters, (indeed, he offered to *send copies* of some of them he happened to have saved, if we *could not find them*,) and we believe him to be perfectly honorable. Certainly, he says not *one word* that any *sane person could construe* into any intention of suing for divorce, or any desire, however remote, of marrying you. On the contrary, he says clearly that *he is getting old and*

settled in his habits, reminds you that he has family *responsibilities*, (without in the least intimating that he meant to shake them off) and warns you that such ideas as you seem to be fostering will lead to your unhappiness. And, finally, he, for *your sake*, *closes the correspondence*. He does *not intimate* that any danger makes it imprudent, or that at any more favorable time you will hear from him again. He is, evidently, *done with it forever;* and, in no part of the correspondence does he say any thing that might not be said by a married man to a lady in the course of any general conversation.

"These ideas, therefore, in connection with him, are pure figments of your imagination, without the least encouragement on his part. As to what Miss Hamlo said, or suggested, it had nothing to do *with him*, but referred to her own love affairs, which were *tragically important to her*, and completely filled her mind; that *you* should have *appropriated* her confidence, and imagined they had any reference to you, is most absurd. I beg of you, my dear sister, as your only hope, to abandon these delusions. They are snares that will undo you. Believe me and do try to forget them.

* * * * * * * *

"We know, as well as you, that it is not agreeable to stay in an asylum, and yet we can, *absolutely can do nothing* to release you until you give up your delusions, and your mental health is re-established. *Dr. Grey says the same whenever we hear from him.*"

"N. C. L."

Why did not she consider Miss Hamlo insane, rather than her own sister, when Miss Hamlo had acted a strange and unaccountable part for months,

and whose actions were unwarranted and peculiar, and of whom she knew nothing? Whereas, I had not done one thing which she could by any rational process of reasoning construe into an insane act.

But the pang this letter brought with it was intolerable in the extreme! Could it be possible that Mr. Zell could be so base, so cruel, so unprincipled, as to write such a letter as that, when I was so circumstanced, thus shutting me out forever from all hope of relief from my own family? It was too cruel! I must not believe it! What if I did love him, had trusted too much to his honor! Was this the time for those nearest and dearest to me to taunt me with it? If true, surely I needed comfort, sympathy, and diversion, not to be shut up in a horrible prison with nothing to distract my thoughts from his duplicity and dishonor! "Ah," I thought, "had they died when I was free, I could have borne it, should always have retained the memory of past associations in sweet remembrance; but this living death, to lose my family in the saddest sense of the word,—my home, my all,—and imprisoned apparently for life." This was more than I could endure without keen anguish and bitter tears which were concealed until locked in my room at night, when I dared to weep unseen. I felt that I must not give up my confidence in Mr. Zell. My heart would break. I could not bear it and live,—to feel that there was not one human being in the world to whom I could look for help and rescue, and on whose stead-

fast love and fidelity I could rely! How often I revolved those thoughts! How I fought away every idea that could reflect upon Mr. Zell, for I knew too well that he alone could aid me and release me from this horrible prison.

How I learned to dread these family letters! At first I would take them eagerly, hoping there would be some word of hope or comfort for me, yet each one as it came was a dagger in my breast, which left a cruel wound which was probed again and again by their not too tender hearts. Still, I would not give up the correspondence. I realized that it was the only link which connected me with the outside world, hoping still against hope, that when they read my next letter, they would think me sufficiently an object of interest to come and see me.

Many of their letters I showed to Dr. Gibson, the chaplain. After reading portions of them he would say:

"They do not write to you as if they thought you were insane."

"No," I replied, "they never have."

Viewing these letters dispassionately, now that I am free from the trials I was then experiencing, I cannot but feel that they were cruel in the extreme, even written to a lunatic, which would not be apt to be the case, as an insane person would not be capable of drawing out such responses on subjects which were considered a part of the patient's delusion.

CHAPTER XI.

MY PUNISHMENT.

"Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—"

Browning.

THE weather had grown bitter cold. The ward was cold and dismal in the extreme, and we were often obliged to close all the doors on one side of the hall to keep at all comfortable, the heat being turned into "The Centre," as Dr. Grey's apartments were called. I was illy prepared for cold weather, having none of my warm under-garments, and suffered more than I had ever imagined possible. Doubling a large shawl which I was fortunate enough to have with me, I wrapped myself up from head to foot, and sat shivering in the cold hall. As there was only one small register in the dining-room which gave out some heat, it was possible for but a few patients to avail themselves of this place of comfort, when thoroughly chilled through, for the purpose of thawing themselves out temporarily. My requests to my family for warm under-garments were disregarded, and as I had been delicately brought up, one more discomfort was added to the many trials which seemed unendurable beyond expression.

As month after month slowly dragged away, I had become homesick to an intense degree. Only those who have suffered in this way can appreciate my feelings, thus shut in with the horrors I was daily associated with, the anxiety I felt for my release, the fear that I might be left to die in this awful prison, and never be able to assert my sanity and my wrongs, all of them strengthened by the conviction that I had lost my home forever in the saddest sense of the word,—the home I had been intensely devoted to all my life. How I envied the beggars we passed in our daily walks! How gladly would I have exchanged places with the most poorly clad one I met! "They at least have their liberty," I thought, wondering vaguely if they realized what a blessing they enjoyed!

Finally, I became so wretched on account of this heart-sickness or homesickness, that at night, after the doors were closed and locked, I could not repress my anguish. I could understand the words of the Psalmist, David, "*I am weary of my groaning.*" I could weep no more. I could only groan aloud in anguish of spirit. This I tried to repress, fearing some serious punishment, like being sent to a back ward.

One evening when the doors had been locked some little time, Miss McB., an attendant, whose room was almost directly opposite mine, heard me, and came to the door and asked:

"What is the matter?"

"I am so wretched! I wish to leave this place," I replied.

"You will go home soon," was her reply; "Dr. Brush says so," she said as she closed the door.

This, of course, was only said to quiet me; but, as I heard Dr. Brush's voice in her room, it held out a faint hope which sustained me for a short time, and perhaps enabled me to keep up a better appearance of content.

Christmas was fast approaching. When this season of festivity drew near, which we were accustomed to celebrate by an interchange of gifts with numerous friends whom I had every reason to believe I might never see again, when I recalled the three Christmas trees which usually united us with these friends on this anniversary, as I thought of my blasted hopes, my wasted and dishonored life, my sensitive heart, which was now wounded at every turn and by every thought which necessarily obtruded itself upon my idle life, the intensity of my grief overwhelmed me. Hitherto I had repressed my tears until alone at night. At last one afternoon, unable to control my feelings, I wept long and bitterly. Miss Morris, the supervisor, was astonished, because I had always evinced such self-control and had maintained such a calm and imperturbable manner.

"No one would think you cared," she said, and thereupon tried to comfort me with the assurance that she thought I should not be obliged to remain

much longer, that I would certainly be allowed to go home soon. Her words of sympathy at this time I shall never forget, and similar kindness which she extended in different ways at a later date, especially the last year of my stay, and which I believe was the means of affording me a certain degree of protection from more serious experiences, I shall ever remember.

There was a patient I became acquainted with at about this time in whom I was especially interested. She had been in the asylum for some time,—almost a year. She was so bright and cheerful, always in good spirits, and ready with some witty remark! She was confined to her bed, and I would often vary the monotony by reading to her from some book, when I was not engaged in assisting her in making Christmas presents for her little ones. What interested her most was the making of a set of furniture for her "dear little Maudie's dolls." She would leave off every little while and expatiate upon the child's pleasure at its receipt, and every cute little article that her ingenuity could devise with the limited material she could procure, was constructed into some pretty toy for her pet. Finally, the box was sent, and then she counted the days before the child would receive it, picturing her face when she saw the playthings for the first time. With what eagerness she looked for her husband's letter, which should announce the particulars of her reception of the gifts! Soon the anticipated letter came.

"Maudie looked at the toys," the father wrote, "but did not speak a word."

"Bless her dear little heart," said the fond mother. "I can just imagine how she looked. She was so pleased she could not speak," and she again and again expressed her delight that her darlings were well and happy.

About one month from this time, her husband came to see her. She hoped to return with him. Ah, my heart aches even to repeat the story of that heart-broken man, who had sad news to impart to that loving wife! Oh, the cruelty, the refinement of cruelty, to which that unfortunate woman had been subjected! He told her that her little pet Maudie had been dead for months; that while she was making those gifts with such loving care, that little one had long before breathed her last, and been laid in the grave. The result, which might have been expected, followed. The shock, coming so suddenly upon her, without preparation of any kind, at a time when she was most pleased and excited by her husband's arrival, was too great. All she could say was:

"My poor Maudie! My poor little Maudie."

That night she made an ineffectual attempt to end her life, and was removed to the back wards, and placed in one of Dr. Grey's pet instruments of torture, the "Utica Crib," where she remained many months. A year or more later I was rejoiced by seeing her sweet face again, when she embraced me

and told me the particulars of her long and serious sickness and insanity. Not many months later, after a *two years'* imprisonment, her devoted husband carried her in his arms out of the asylum walls,—I trust never to return again.

This was one of many melancholy cases which I daily was cognizant of, and which caused me to feel grateful that I had no children to long for during my enforced imprisonment. I began to study my blessings in order that I might not lose faith in God, who had been the comfort of my youth, as well as of my later years. One of the sources of greatest consolation to me was reading the Psalms of David. I had never appreciated or understood them before. Each one seemed to be written for me. I discovered for the first time that the majority of them were prayers for deliverance, many of them written while he was imprisoned in the deep pits that were hewn out of the ground, and which were the only prisons known in those early days. Each Psalm found an echo in my heart.

I realized that I had lost all that I held dear,—and what was dearest of all, my liberty,—enduring the horrors of a living grave, and the possible fate of a hopeless lunatic ever before me. "What have I done to deserve this wrong?" I would ask myself again and again. Had I been remiss in any duty, any act of affection? Had I committed any wrong knowingly against any human being? No, but I had been lacking in pity and sympathy for the insane,—that I could not deny.

How I longed for some feminine employment! "If I only had a little money," I thought, "I could buy something to work with," for I did not care to read all the time, as my supply of literature was limited. In accordance with this desire, I wrote and requested that money be sent me, to which I received the following reply: —

EXTRACT FROM MOTHER'S LETTER FEB. 1881.

"Dr. Grey said the patients were not allowed to have money. . . . . Am going to write to Dr. Grey for his opinion, as you are under his *especial* charge. Mrs. B. and others think you are in New York, and we do not undeceive them. . . . . Miss Hamlo left here several weeks ago, and did not ask any questions as to your whereabouts. She paid her bill all right."

I also received the following gratifying letter from my sister:—

"We all have so much confidence in Dr. Grey that we feel that you could not possibly be in more skillful hands. Do try and be contented, and let them do for you what he, in his wide experience, considers for your good. Miss Hamlo never heard of Mr. Zell or his wife. It is altogether the fancy of a sick brain, which we hope will soon recover. I have taken great pains to ascertain everything in relation to the matter. . . . . Please do not count on that $50 that Mr. Zell sent you last fall. I negotiated for its return directly you left home, as we had evidence of your mistake in regard to him and his intentions. How could you or any one of us accept money from him except as a loan?"

This reference to the $50 and her pretended return

of the amount, refers to the letter she wrote him the 20th of October, which I have already quoted in full. I have absolute proof that this money was *never returned* to Mr. Zell, and as she herself acknowledged, she had no reason whatever for retaining its possession.

My despairing efforts to argue the facts, only more thoroughly convinced me of the utter futility of any further efforts in this direction, as I knew it was impossible for me to say anything different from what I had stated were I to remain in the asylum a thousand years, could I be doomed to exist so long a time as that; therefore, after the first six months of my imprisonment, the subject was not alluded to by me in any of my letters.

I felt that only one person could help me, and that person was Mr. Zell. If he would only come forward and define his position, then all would be right. There was nothing I could do or say to my family myself, it was evident, which would aid me in the least. I could not relinquish my confidence in him. I believed him sincere in his affection, and honorable in intention, and clung to my idealization of him with determination, not unmixed with despair.

Still, I thought with bitterness, had it not been for his ill-advised conduct in thus reawakening an affection which had lain dormant for years, I might have been spared this terrible experience. I thought if he were so situated, I would make any sacrifice, take any step, that would effect his release! I felt that

he was in honor bound to come forward and extricate me from this painful and disgraceful position, which he had been the indirect means of placing me in. "If I must give him up," I thought, "where is there one human being whom I can trust, and to whom I can look for help and comfort?"

The agony this thought brought with it, I cannot express. I thought if I could only have my freedom for twenty-four hours, I would solve this mystery! I would not be so tortured, so racked with a thousand perplexing circumstances, each with a separate sting, and which I could not put to proof, which I could not grasp and analyze in a tangible manner, as all my evidence was of such a nature that it was entirely beyond my control to prove or disprove it in my present position. I could only suffer on in silence, awaiting as best I could the needed succor from the outside world. At length I cast all my hopes above and relied entirely upon the Almighty, who I felt would not allow me to perish without vindication. I prayed constantly for help. There was not one moment in the day, that this prayer was not in my heart, or upon my lips:

"*Oh, God, pity me, and take me away from this horrible prison!*"

But it was long before help came to my despairing heart, but help did come, as it does come at last to those who place their trust in Him.

Every nerve in my body seemed strained to its utmost tension by my constant efforts to conceal my

terror, alarm and despair, and my efforts to preserve a calm exterior. I felt that death was preferable to such torture, and that even acute bodily pain would be a diversion from my present misery. It was while I was torn by these conflicting emotions, that I wrote my third letter to Dr. Grey, entreating him to give me my liberty, telling him that I was "not insane; that I did not remain there a moment voluntarily; that I would rather be cut into inch pieces, flayed alive, stretched upon the rack and tortured, than live in that horrible prison, where every moment was perfect agony."

I closed by entreating him, if he had not the power to release me, to place my case before the board of managers.

His reply was *medicine*. I was now thoroughly alarmed. The next day I spoke to Miss Morris about it, and asked her:

"What do you think this medicine was sent for? I do not need it, and do not like to take it."

"I am sure I don't know," was her reply. "You don't need medicine any more than I do."

I found this medicine had a serious effect upon me. Before this I had been able to sleep perfectly well. Now I would lie tossing and wakeful through the long hours of the night. When I discovered this, I studied how I could avoid taking it. As the medicine was brought upon the ward, I would hurry to my room, get my cup, my limbs trembling so with terror that I could scarcely walk to the end of the

hall where the medicine cups were waiting. Taking the medicine in my hand, I would say, after tasting it:

"Not so sweet to-day," or "How bitter it is!" then, turning my back and stepping near the open door-way and behind some patient, I would hurriedly dash the contents into my own cup and rush to the bath-room, happy that I had escaped detection, and quickly throw it away. On one occasion I took the opportunity to dip a cloth in this black mixture, which, to my surprise, dried perfectly colorless.

I now tried to keep out of sight of the doctors as much as possible, as the first dose of medicine was sufficient to teach me what was the effect intended to be produced, and that it would not be wise to appear too well and thus rouse suspicion. However, this could not be concealed long. I felt that I should exercise additional precaution, as there might be some special cause for this treatment, and I was soon to learn what it was.

CHAPTER XII.

"ONE MAN POWER."

"The tenacity of a Lunatic Asylum is unique. A little push behind your back and you slide into one; but to get out again is to scale a precipice with crumbling sides."

Charles Reade.

I had now been in the asylum about three months. In the present desperate condition of my affairs, I recalled the notice I had seen in the paper of the organization of the Society for the Protection of the Insane and the Prevention of Insanity, and, in view of these recent developments, I resolved to write a letter which I felt sure must result in effecting my release, that is, if it should reach its destination. One day, soon after forming this resolution, I saw a pen and ink in the room of one of the patients who had received permission to write a letter.

"May I take it a few moments?" I asked, anxiously. This was the first opportunity I had ever had to borrow in this manner, as it was the custom to order the immediate return of both as soon as the letter was written.

"Yes," she answered, "only do not keep it too long. I have permission to keep it some little time longer,

and I am not ready to write yet." With exultation I carried it to my room.

The first thing to be decided was which one of the officers of the society it was best to write to. The secretary, Miss C., lived in Boston; the president, Dr. Wilbur, in Syracuse. After due deliberation, I decided to write to the latter. I thought that as he lived near, he would probably come and see me, and take immediate steps to aid me; while if I wrote to the secretary, it might take some time owing to the distance to get the necessary machinery in motion to secure my release. I wrote to the president, therefore, making a careful statement of the facts of the case, including a copy of my "Claims to Sanity" and "Grounds of Suspicion," which I had given to Dr. Grey and the result, and ending by entreating his aid; also asking that he would send a letter which I enclosed to Mr. Zell, and ask his aid in my behalf, which I felt sure he would gladly render.

The next difficulty was how to mail such a letter. Only one patient had been allowed to leave the ward since Mrs. O.'s departure, and I had heard that every patient was searched and questioned as to any letters which she might have in her possession, and I might thus subject them to some danger, if they were willing to run such a risk. I was constantly on the look-out, but no reliable means presented itself. Mrs. O. had given me one valuable piece of information just previous to her departure. It was this: That she

had seen in the paper that the Senate Investigating Committee was to visit the asylum soon. I had already seen in the New York *Times*, which I had read while on the second ward, that Senator Wooden had spoken before the Legislature of the sane people in insane asylums, and the necessity for investigation. I resolved to be on the alert.

One bright, beautiful afternoon in February, the whole ward attended by its usual enforcements, started out on its daily walk. As we turned down a street leading to the city, I saw several carriages filled with gentlemen driving in the direction of the asylum. At once the thought suggested itself that this must be the Senate Committee. I resolved to manage to get back to the asylum as soon as possible in order to see these gentlemen.

I had made a practice for some time of accompanying the attendant, as I could not endure to walk in the straggling lines, behind many insane patients. Besides, I was glad to converse upon some outside matter, if possible. I immediately complained of feeling tired. The attendant was only too glad to have an excuse for shortening our walk, which I usually tried to prolong as much as possible, and we returned at once.

I hastened to my room, took off my hat and cloak, and waited developments. When I heard the welcome sound of the warning whistle which always announced visitors, I took the letter to Dr. Wilbur which I had written on the paper the patient had

given me, placed it in a large book, and stood waiting with breathless anxiety at the door of my room.

Dr. Grey led the way. As they approached my door, which was conveniently located opposite the bath-room, Dr, Grey stopped and invited his guests to view this wonderful exhibiton of mechanical art (the only real good bath-room on our side of the building) and proceeded to dilate upon its merits. Two gentlemen remained alone in the hall. I hastened up to them and asked:

"Is this Senator Wooden?"

"Yes," he replied, to my delight and amazement. The other gentleman drew near, as he saw that I wished to avoid observation. I informed them that I had been placed in the asylum because I had suspected that I had been poisoned, but that I did not know whether I had been or not, at the same time asking them if they would mail my letter to Dr. Wilbur of Syracuse. The second gentleman, whom Senator Wooden said was Mr. Corning of Palmyra, held his hat to receive it,* and I saw it disappear in some secret opening in his silk hat. I then walked quickly back to my room before Dr. Grey emerged from the bath-room.

This was done in a moment, but not without the detection of watchful eyes. Miss Morris asked me after the committee had left the hall, if I was acquainted with any of those gentlemen.

* Since returned to my possession by Dr. Wilbur.

"Yes," I replied, "Senator Corning." (He was the Senate Sergeant-at-arms, but this I did not know until after my release.)

That evening an entertainment was given in the theatre of the asylum for the benefit of the committee, some of the patients taking part and the rest attending. I went in the expectation of seeing and speaking to these gentlemen again, but had no opportunity of doing so.

The next morning I was again on the watch. Toward noon I saw Mr. Corning walking down the hall with one of the doctors. I stopped him and asked if he had mailed the letter.

"Yes," he replied, "I have."

"Did you read it?" I asked, anxiously.

"Yes," he said, coloring slightly.

"I intended you should," I said. "I left the letter unsealed for that purpose."

I then thanked him, and that was the last I saw of him until I met him at Albany in the Senate chamber, after my restoration to freedom.

I now thought that my release was imminent, and expected each day to hear some hopeful news from some source. It must have been apparent to Dr. Grey from this event that I was not taking my medicine, as I appeared in perfect health. I was watched, and of course detected throwing away my medicine, and orders were given that I must take it. I did not dare refuse to do so, and the result was the same as before,—no sleep. I became more and more alarmed,

fearing that I might be made sick or perhaps insane by this medicine before help could reach me. I now wrote another letter to Dr. Wilbur with my small lead pencil, entreating his immediate aid, stating that I feared the effect of the medicine that had been given me by Dr. Grey as a punishment for writing to him, as it made me sick.

A day or two after the County delegates visited the asylum, and were rushed through in a perfunctory manner by the usher. I attempted to speak to one of them, but without success. After this time, I never had the satisfaction of seeing a committee of any kind pass through the ward, and the last occasion I have mentioned, when I spoke to Dr. Grey and gave him my "Grounds of Suspicion," was the last time I ever saw him on the ward when I could have spoken to him until the week previous to my release, more than a year and a half afterwards; and it was the only time I saw any officers of the asylum, or public officials during the remainder of my imprisonment, as we were always taken on a long walk, or out on the lawn on such occasions, and the only means we had of knowing of anticipated visitors was the rushing around of attendants, the general cleaning up, and, sometimes, when they had evidently arrived in an unexpected manner, Mrs. B., the matron, flying through the halls with straps and other implements of torture, which she had hurriedly collected at the last moment and wished to preserve for future use.

On one occasion, during the second summer of my imprisonment, a few of the patients were taken to the woods as a great treat, and one afternoon I was permitted to visit an art gallery with one of the patients and her husband, as a special favor; but I learned on this occasion, that we were under constant supervision, as even the door-keeper was notified that two patients from the asylum were there, and these favors may have been accorded on account of a visit from the managers or other committees.

Just here I wish to call attention to two important facts, both of which are the greatest protection to asylum abuses. The most powerful evil is the first which I shall call your attention to, and is what has been denominated "the one man power" of the asylum superintendent, whose fiat is final as to the sanity or insanity of his unfortunate patient. Even if zealous and conscientious in his work, it is impossible that he should have a personal knowledge and interest in each individual committed to his charge, when so many hundred are herded together in one enormous building; and if unscrupulous, and careless or indifferent to all but pecuniary advantages, as was Dr. Grey, he knows he is accountable to no one for his abuse or neglect of duty, his conscious supremacy having a tendency to create indifference on his part, even in regard to revelations by the public press.

* "Banded together in an association known as the American Association of Superintendents of Insane

* From paper read before Society for the Protection of the Insane and the Prevention of Insanity.

Asylums, a close corporation that excludes from fellowship any assistant medical officer," they wield a boundless power which is unknown to the public at large, a public who wonder idly why such abuses as have been recently exposed can exist, why appeals to legislative bodies prove futile, who finally think that because a few cases of brutality are brought into court, and an occasional sane person liberated from these terrible prisons, and some talk of reform is aired in the newspapers, that the evils have been removed, that the good hoped for is accomplished. "They have brought this whole influence to bear upon the legislatures of different states," and thus prevent any action that would interfere with their supreme power in the control of asylums, thus rendering each asylum a *secret institution*, where all the crimes and abuses which we imagine existed only in the dark ages can be repeated without fear of detection, and which are almost invariably concealed behind asylum bars, as the bold exposer can be easily denounced as "deluded" or "insane."

"They thus make a monopoly of the care of the insane, and prevent ordinary practitioners from securing the advantages of the study of mental diseases, thus giving the favored asylum physician the exalted position of an *expert on brain diseases*," which no other physician must *dare* to claim unless similarly favored with this limitless power which the "expert" alone can enjoy. "We give our lowest and most ignorant the benefit of the best medical and

surgical skill in our public hospitals; but our dear ones, our associates in literary and social pleasures, we entrust without a thought of danger to the mercy of *one man*, often a young, ignorant practitioner, (as was an incumbent of the Utica Asylum at that time) to careless and untrained and often unscrupulous attendants and sub-physicians; we send them to *a secret institution*, and accept the verdict as to the fate of a friend or dear one, "even if pronounced hopeless, as unquestionable, *a power which we give to no other state or national official.*"

Another protection these asylum superintendents have which has never been recognized, is the existence of a board of managers of each asylum usually composed of the most influential citizens who can be induced to accept the honor, (whose duties are generally considered nominal) who are without any realization of responsibility towards the unfortunate inmates. These managers are almost invariably gentlemen of high standing, of irreproachable reputation and generous impulses, who would not knowingly allow a human being to be tortured or abused. Still, by lending their names or influence in this manner to the asylum, they afford the most effectual shield to the asylum physicians, in whom they carelessly repose all confidence. These managers, on account of their official connection with the institution, and possibly fearing some legal responsibility, do not wish to be associated openly with an improper asylum; and, therefore, when *exposés* of abuses are made through

the press, they are too ready to aid in suppressing any public proofs of cruelty or violence, and thus are instrumental in thwarting the ends of justice.

I am positive that if the facts could be brought home to each man acting in the capacity of manager or director of an asylum, no gentleman of any moral character could be induced to act on a board of managers unless the institution be conducted on "hospital" principles, which bring the institution under the control and supervision of the people at large, and which at the same time foster knowledge, instead of increasing ignorance in regard to the treatment of the insane. The principle studied by asylum superintendents is to create the idea that there is some very mysterious and skillful method of treatment required for the insane; whereas, if the facts were known and the truth brought to light, there is little real so-called "special treatment" given save simple food, methodical rules of living, uniform hours for meals, regular hours for rising and retiring, (6 to half past 6 o'clock on the "disturbed" wards, 8 o'clock on the second ward, and 9 o'clock on the first or convalescent ward) and restraint or sequestration when a patient is violent. Of course where insanity proceeds from disease, remedies must be applied which are used in any ordinary medical hospital for the same difficulty, the removal of the cause leading to a natural restoration to sanity. In an acute form of typhoid fever when the patient is

called delirious, the disease is understood and the cause located and no one calls such a patient insane, because it is known that on the disappearance of the fever the mind will resume its former vigor; so it is with insanity, which the most prominent alienists attribute to disease alone. The disease may have been induced by a variety of causes, which at first baffles his skill to determine, not having had constant opportunity to study his patient, but a conscientious and able physician, who has this privilege, would soon be able to determine the cause of the difficulty, and could then direct his healing powers to effect the restoration of a healthful condition, of a sound mind in a sound body. Instead of constantly enacting new laws to involve the State in greater expense to sustain institutions where sane people can be systematically imprisoned for life for no crime whatever, and to retain men in the position of asylum superintendents of *secret institutions* at large salaries, men who stand between the unfortunate sufferer and the medical profession, debarring regular practitioners from knowledge which is quite as necessary to the people at large as the treatment of a broken limb, resuscitation from drowning, etc., knowledge which concerns the well-being of every human being living, it is time these barriers that obstruct public scientific knowledge of insanity were torn away!

It is true that the Legislature of 1889 passed a law regulating committments, which seemingly provides against the danger of false imprisonment on illegal

papers. This is good so far as it goes, *if carried out to the letter*; still were *committment papers themselves swept away*, there would be no necessity for an expensive State Commission of Lunacy, such as is provided for under present regulations. Although each member of the commission might intend to be conscientious in the performance of duty, still there is danger that a tendency to become lax might arise, as time passed; and, as an insane asylum is not a pleasant place to visit, at best, and as it is difficult to convince any one who has not a full and realizing sense of the importance and responsibility of his office of the possibility of subterfuge and trickery on the part of dishonest or unscrupulous asylum superintendents, it would be difficult to have these offices of commissioners filled by those who would consider their duties other than perfunctory. Too often they will be men who, were they susceptible to pecuniary inducements, might act in the interest of the asylum authorities rather than in that of the patients themselves.

Although many influential and I doubt not kind-hearted gentlemen were connected with the Utica Asylum as managers during the time of my imprisonment, I never saw but one pass through the asylum, whom I afterwards learned was a manager; and I never had an opportunity of seeing a body of them pass through the building even hurriedly, though I was constantly on the watch for them, and if visits were made by them at all, in this manner, it must have

been (as I have stated) when we were purposely taken to walk, or when we were out on the lawn. My only regret is that I did not attempt to communicate with them by letter, in order to ascertain what would have been the result, which latter I can only approximate to by my subsequent experiences.

Such was the case also in regard to the Charity Organization Society, who are supposed, I believe, to visit these institutions in a thorough manner. One afternoon, during the second summer I spent in the asylum, I saw a carriage-load of ladies drive through the grounds, and was informed by some one that they were the ladies of the Charity Organization Society, appointed by the State to visit such institutions, in what capacity I was unable to judge.

During the second summer of my sojourn in the asylum, a poor widow was incarcerated there who was perfectly sane. She was entered, I think, on the same ward I was on, the first ward. She was a poor washerwoman, and had supported a family of seven children by her daily labor. A doctor who resided in the same village desired her to wash for his family when he had company. She had refused to do so, as she had prior engagements. He told her she would be sorry, and one night on her return from work she found a man awaiting her who said he was sent from the poor master, and that she was to get ready and go with him to an insane asylum. When on board of the cars, two physicians came into the car and pronounced her perfectly sane. Not-

withstanding her entreaties, she was carried off from her children and imprisoned in the Utica Asylum. She was a woman of middle age with a pleasant expression. She wore her hair in stringy curls, which did not add to her appearance, but there was not the least indication of insanity in her dress, manner or actions. She was really a very intelligent woman for a person in her position of life, with so few advantages. Her brother came to see her the following week, and applied in vain for her release. He was told by the doctors that she could not go for three months at least. He went home sorrowfully and took her children to his own home, which was already provided with six or eight offsprings of his own.

This woman would take the large Bible in the parlor and read, in a loud tone of voice, portions from Job and some of the Psalms of David, in which God is called upon to witness the oppression of his enemies, and is entreated for mercy and vengeance upon his persecuters. How I echoed the sentiments which she so boldly read, and which seemed to be a source of endless comfort to her! After imprisoning her for about four months, she was allowed to go home to her children, carrying with her the natural feelings of the anxious mother whose home was left unprovided for at the approach of winter.

I could enumerate other cases, among them that of the pretty young girl who was brought to the asylum to prevent her from marrying a young man

whom her parents disapproved of. Her lover managed to communicate with her in spite of asylum vigilance. She was fortunate enough to make friends with a new attendant on the ward where she was confined, a person who sympathized with her in a practical manner, and who aided her in her schemes. One day as she was sitting in the veranda her lover passed through with a party of visitors. Fortunately, she had a letter for him in a book which she held, which he took and replaced with another. On another occasion he drove around the lawn and threw a note in the snow for her. As she happened to be looking from the veranda she saw the note and persuaded the kind attendant to go out with her and get it. Finally, after remaining about six months in the asylum, during which time she was relegated to the back wards as a punishment, her family, finding such precautions useless, took her away.

One patient who interested me much, had spent the greater part of her life in the institution, and was then about forty years of age. When a young girl in the first flush of womanhood, when life looked bright and beautiful, and preparations were being made for her approaching marriage, she fell into a cataleptic sleep. When, after many weeks, she awakened from this strange slumber which puzzled the shining lights of the medical profession, it was found she was a raving maniac, whom it was necessary to confine in an asylum. These sleeps would recur frequently, sometimes lasting for months with

intervals of sanity; they would again recur, only to produce the insane affection, which latter would gradually wear off only to repeat the same conditions. These sleeps had gradually grown less and less frequent, until at the time I arrived there she had been perfectly well for a year or more, and had no serious difficulty. She had a bright intellect, notwithstanding what she had passed through during these long tedious years, and still hoped for release before her death. Twice during my stay she was relegated temporarily for a few weeks to a back ward, but soon returned to her accustomed place as bright and intelligent as ever.

She used to talk of going home, and finally, the last summer I was in the asylum, she received the promise that she should join her mother en route to Nantucket, and, if she continued well, should return home with her. There were reasons remote from the question of insanity which led me to think she would not be allowed to leave, but I hoped my dark forebodings would not be fulfilled. She made careful preparations for this trip, renovating her entire wardrobe, and making a new silk dress which would not disgrace any one. The appointed day came, and poor H. stood at the window, anxiously looking for her mother. Time passed, but her mother did not arrive, and we exercised our ingenuity to encourage her to feel that it was but a temporary delay. Days passed, then a week, and the visit was still delayed. Later it was indefinitely postponed. Can

any one doubt the result? The fate that might have overtaken the coolest brain! After the long years of anticipation, when the hoped-for day of freedom seemed at hand, to be doomed again to apparent life imprisonment? What might have been foreseen occurred! The poor girl become insane again for a few days, and after a brief interval she was sent back to the first ward again, and, with the exception of a subdued and hopeless expression of countenance, she was fully restored to her former condition.

Then there was the wealthy Mrs. Sutton of Albany, who was committed to the asylum in consequence of a sunstroke. I was informed by those who were associated with her, that she recovered her sanity in less than a year from the time of her commitment, but was detained year after year until almost five years had passed away. How the poor old lady longed for her freedom! How often she would express the wish that she might leave the asylum before she died, that she might return to Albany once more! Finally she was told she was to go home the following week. The old lady was delighted, and impatiently awaited the time of her departure. While conversing in reference to her release with a patient who was on the ward with her at this time, the latter asserted her belief that she would never leave the building alive.

"Why?" I inquired in amazement.

"Because the other day Mrs. Sutton wished to have a new dress to wear home, and the matron and

assistant matron came in to take her measure, as they said, for the dress. They did not measure her for a dress, they measured her for a coffin,—from head to foot! I saw it, and so did the others. Besides, we watched and saw the matron and Miss S. go directly to the carpenter's shop, and I am sure it was to give the order for her coffin.—Mark, my words," she concluded, "*she does not go home alive!*"

I was so much horrified by this statement that I would not believe it could possibly be true, but as I knew her to be a lady of great veracity, I said to myself, "I will wait and see. If she goes home, I will not believe it; but if she dies, I cannot doubt it." In less than a week the poor old lady went to that long home from which no traveller returns, and I was then prepared to believe other facts which seemed equally undeniable.

It was about a week after the visit of the committee. I was desperate! I had read of a farmer who was made insane by an overdose of morphine. I was ignorant of drugs, but I had seen enough to know that I was at the mercy of unscrupulous men, and I did not think any means too wicked for them to use if they felt disposed. I racked my brains to think how I could get out my second letter to Dr. Wilbur. No one was allowed to go home, and I knew too much to trust an attendant.

As I was pondering this dilemma, and praying for succor, I saw the usher conducting a number of visitors through the ward. I was walking down the hall

at the time. I took pains to walk by the side of one of the gentlemen who were passing, and asked him if he would mail a letter for me. He replied that he would. I followed him to the veranda, and thrust the letter into his pocket. I thought I was unobserved, but I soon discovered that Miss McB. (the attendant) was watching me. I heard my name called —immediately the usher turned around,—I was trembling with terror.

"Oh, pity me!" I cried. I flew forward, seized the letter from the gentleman's pocket, and seeing an attendant after me, ran and threw it where it could not be found. I then went to my room to ponder over the utter failure of my last attempt, and the consequences that must follow, as I knew some punishment would be inflicted and I naturally dreaded the result. I had not long to wait.

Soon Miss Morris came to my room and told me to pack my things in a basket as I was to go up-stairs. She led the way to the second ward, where I had been before, and here I learned, after a few hours of intense suspense, I was to remain. Although I congratulated myself on this light punishment, yet I felt that it was heavy enough, for I knew what an easy matter it was to place me on the back wards, and I feared that my stay would be only temporary or a step to something worse. However, I was allowed to remain, but I did not enjoy the situation. I now realized my danger more keenly than ever before.

"*What shall I do?*" was my constant and perplexing thought.

Before I left the first ward I had taken the precaution to go around to all the patients and attendants and say to each one of them:

"*Remember how well I have been* ever since I have been in the asylum, *and if I am sick or insane it will be the medicine.*"

I was now placed in the same dormitory which I had occupied on my arrival, together with the three insane patients. I was careful at night to remove everything from the pocket of my dress—the precious pencil, the duplicates of my "Claims to Sanity" I had sent to Dr. Gray, and a part of the letter which I had written to Dr. Wilbur—before my clothing was removed from the room that night.

A morning or two after, I went to the room of the supervisor, Miss Sterling, before she was dressed in the morning, and begged her not to force me to take the medicine, saying that it made me sick.

"Remember how well I have been ever since I have been here," I pleaded. "Dear Miss Sterling, pity me! Do not force me to take it! Think what a terrible thing it is to be insane! *Please do not make me take it!*"

"If the doctor sends it, you must take it. Why don't you speak to the doctor, and tell him that it does not agree with you?" she kindly suggested.

"I will," I replied.

The next day Miss Sterling informed Doctor Blumer

that I wished to speak to him, and that I did not think the medicine agreed with me.

"What about the medicine, Miss L.?" asked Dr. Blumer.

"If you will only stop it for a while," I said, "then you can tell whether I can get along without it. It does not agree with me. I cannot sleep, and I could before I took it. It makes my head ache, and I never had a headache in my life before, except when I have waited too long for food."

That night, to my joy, the medicine was omitted, and I resolved that I would give no further occasion for a similar punishment. I never did send another letter to Dr. Grey during the remainder of my stay in the institution, and had no more medicine.

The mother of one of the attendants, (Mrs. D.) had been in the asylum as a patient for some time, not for any apparent mental difficulty, but because she preferred a home with her daughter to a nurse's duties outside. She very kindly invited me to sit in her room whenever I felt disposed, also to hang my dresses in her room. This offer was gratefully accepted by me, as there was no place in the dormitory to hang clothing, and although a large closet was appropriated to the use of the patients for their best clothing, (they usually possessed only a dress or two) it was permeated with a peculiar odor which is noticeable as pertaining solely to the insane, and I could not endure the thought of hanging my clothing there even for a few days. The dormitory was not

an agreeable place to sit in, and an occupant of one was perforce obliged to wander around or sit among the insane patients, unless one had a friend fortunate enough to possess a room.

One morning not long after, I went to Mrs. D.'s room directly after breakfast, and sat down at her invitation. I had been talking to her a few moments, when while attracting my attention to the newly fallen snow, she stooped down as if to pick up or place something on the floor, under or near the hem of my dress, I did not observe particularly which; I then remarked upon a peculiar odor, and asked her what she thought it could be, adding that I was very sensitive to odors. She was now standing near the door fastening her dress. She gave me some evasive answer, hurriedly left the room closing the door after her, saying, "I will be back in a moment." That was the last I knew for some time. I must have been under the influence of some anæsthetic, for on waking and finding myself in the same place, and putting my hand in my pocket, I made a painful discovery. I found to my consternation that my duplicate "Claims to Sanity" and "Grounds of Suspicion," and all my other papers were gone! And most serious of all, *my precious little pencil was gone!* Here was a new source of terror!

After several days I was again allowed to have a separate room, and I proceeded to make myself as comfortable as I could, still not losing sight of the hope that I might be able to send out a letter which might be effective in securing my release.

I now made a pocket at the bottom of my skirt where I concealed the letter which I always had in process of completion, for some weeks after my loss a patient gave me another small pencil about an inch in length, which I carefully hid away in the band of my skirt. My letters were written on the edges of newspapers, because I had nothing else to write on, and these precious scraps of paper I slipped into this pocket, taking care to place the pocket under me when I sat down, fearing I might fall asleep again in the manner I have described, from some cause I could not control.

I soon discovered that there was a perfect system of espionage on this ward, that some one would walk back and forth in front of my door in an innocent manner at intervals, that I was under constant surveillance, and that I must act with extreme caution and do nothing which should arouse suspicion. From this time on I was careful to keep my door open, and to act in an apparently open and ingenuous manner. Before the doors were unlocked in the morning, I would rise and write on my precious paper the moment the first light of dawn enabled me to do so. I determined in future to use every precaution. I must still strive for my release. I must still seek means to secure my longed-for freedom, for "hope still sprung immortal" in my troubled breast.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A SECRET INSTITUTION."

"Remember that the human visaged ape,
The dog and elephant, have often shamed,
Man's boasted virtue and exalted powers,
Less brutal, bloody, satyr-like than him."

I WAS much interested in the patients who were insane on the subject of poisoning. One, a clergyman's wife, had subsisted for weeks previous to her incarceration on grain alone, fearing the malicious intent of those around her. On observing that other patients would not eat at times, I was told that in the most difficult cases it was necessary to feed the patient through a tube, the food being administered by the doctor or an attendant at certain hours of the day. This was done in no tender manner. Sometimes the mouth was pried open with a wedge and, in some instances the patient's teeth were broken out and knocked down her throat by the rough attendant, and her mouth left torn and bleeding. No provision was made, except in one instance which came to my notice, for sick patients, and except in cases of extreme sickness, patients were not allowed to lie down and rest during the day. Not even toast or beef tea were provided to tempt the appetite. It may readily be understood that one would naturally shrink and turn with disgust from the ordinary food which was invariably brought to them, and in

these instances when they refused the greasy soup and bread, it was only to have it forced down them by the nasal tube or stomach pump by an attendant, or by the youngest physician of the corps, (Dr. Blumer) to whom this duty as being particularly disagreeable, was usually delegated.

During the long four months I had spent in the asylum, I had drank tea and coffee, contrary to my usual custom. I had given up tea some years before, and had never been in the habit of drinking coffee in my life, as my mother considered it injurious. I had not said or done one thing which could by any possibility be construed into an act of insanity.

About this time, (shortly after my banishment from the first ward) I suddenly recognized some of the first original symptoms of one year before. They were too familiar to be mistaken. Among others was the sensation of falling to the left side, and numbness of the left hand and arm. I then recalled the fact that the day before I had seen a yellow powder on the surface of my tea. I suppose I must have drank it. On reflection, I made up my mind that this was done either to produce a similar effect in me, that I might think upon relief that I had been cured in the asylum, or to cause me to make some remark in regard to it, or object to drinking it. I improved my first opportunity and took a hot bath which removed the disagreeable effect almost entirely, and resolved to be more cautious in future, also to investigate a little.

The next morning I rose early and sat in a retired seat near the dining-room, with a view of seeing who entered it. I had not been there long before I saw an attendant (Mrs. D.'s daughter) come out of her room with a medicine cup in her hand, which she carried as if there was danger of spilling the contents. She was one of the attendants whose duty it was to fill and season the cups of tea and coffee before breakfast. I also discovered a little cupboard which was kept in Miss Sterling's room where quantities of medicines were kept, some in large bottles holding a pint at least of the powerful medicines which were administered on the wards; that is, the attendants poured out what they thought the proper quantity in a cup and gave it to the patient. Some months later this was discontinued, and all the medicines were taken away from this closet. I think something I had said must have been reported to the physicians, when the impropriety of this practice suggested itself to them; or rather, they perhaps found that it was not politic to have it convenient for public inspection and criticism. I also observed that the doctors would at times go into the dining-room before meals, carefully closing the door after them. On one or two occasions, the door was left open, but I was unable to distinguish what they were doing near the table, as the patients were not allowed to enter the dining-room before meals. I then deemed it expedient to give up my tea and coffee gradually. Occasionally I would drink it, but I never did so

regularly after this time, and never had a return of those symptoms. Remembering my experience after giving my letter to the Investigating Committee, I think I had good reasons for these precautions.

It was while I was on this ward, that I saw the noted "Utica Crib," Dr. Grey's pet instrument of torture, for the first time. We were obliged to go out through one of the back wards on account of fresh paint on the stairs which we usually passed down on our way to the street. I gazed with pity and horror at one poor old lady, whom I particularly noticed, as she lay locked in one of these terrible slatted beds. She had twisted herself around, and lay with her head at the opposite end of the "crib." She looked so weak and helpless that I could not understand why she should be subjected to what seemed a needless infliction, with no opportunity to change her posture from a recumbent position. This was afterwards explained to me by different patients who had occupied these cribs themselves, or had been on the wards where they were used. It seems patients were often placed in one as a punishment, or to save the attendant the trouble of watching them, or to avoid their requests for care, etc.

More suffering is induced by these "cribs" than the mere fact of confinement, which is terrible enough in itself. It is claimed by Dr. Hammond, and by other alienists who have studied the matter carefully, that the recumbent position necessitated by these cribs, induces and aggravates cerebral disease,

as the free circulation of the blood is impeded, thus increasing the liability of its becoming concentrated in the brain. Poor patients were often locked in these cages, and sometimes dragged out roughly enough to take the skin from their back; then perhaps she is placed in the bath tub, pulled out and locked up again, to have the same process repeated at intervals, regardless of the unfortunate's suffering, and the poor, sore, lame and perhaps bleeding back.

How the poor patients would labor to get out! Night and day they would work away at some loose slat when unobserved, and, perhaps, after many long, persevering efforts, they would crawl out and up to freedom through the narrow aperture below the mattress, only to be again imprisoned by the careless attendant. When one realizes what a comfort it is when suffering to be able to change one's position occasionally, it may be easy to imagine what it is to be shut up in one of these wooden cages, and forced to lie flat on your back.

There was a German lady on this ward for whom I felt great sympathy. She was the first sane person I had met as yet, who had been placed when perfectly sane in the asylum. She and her husband had a large family of children, and were each the possessor of 500 acres of land. The wife was unwilling her husband should have control of her property and squander it. Exasperated by this, he took her to a private asylum at Canandaigua. The authorities there, finding nothing whatever the mat-

ter with her, gave her her liberty, and told her she could write to her husband to take her away. Her story was afterwards corroborated by an attendant who resided at Canandaigua at the time, and who had frequently seen her in the street alone. Finally, after a six months' sojourn, her husband came to the asylum, when she put on her hat and went with him to her home in Lyons, N. Y. On her arrival, he beat and abused her so brutally that she was forced to flee from the house, only to be pursued and taken by him to the Utica Asylum, where there was no difficulty in having her detained as long as her husband wished. Her brothers and sisters came for her repeatedly, wishing to take her away, but she was not allowed to go with them. Finally, after remaining in the asylum for over two years, (almost three years) I was told that upon her express agreement to pay a certain sum of money to the doctors, she was allowed her liberty, and thus gained the privilege of caring for a sick daughter whom the poor woman had longed to see.

One very agreeable fact which I soon learned, was that the patients did not receive, in the majority of cases, garments and other articles that were sent to them by friends, even fruit and provisions being kept from them. I observed that in the cases of patients who lived either in Utica or in adjoining towns, and also those whose friends visited them frequently, there was a perceptible improvement in their condition, and they were allowed to go home sooner;

but with patients who were left as I was, without friends to visit them and entirely at the mercy of the physicians, it was almost an absolute certainty that they would be detained until the expiration of the two years, and if a pay patient, indefinitely, or as long as any money or advantage could be reaped. The doctors of course would pretend to friends, should the latter wish to remove a patient to a County asylum where they could have them more directly under their own personal supervision, that the treatment they would receive in a State institution must be superior, that they would have more comforts, etc., anything to detain the patient and to prevent the fond relative from discovering the patient's true condition ;—whereas, if the care of patients were more distributed, there would be a better opportunity afforded for recovery and public supervision. We would not think of having large hospitals for our sick or wounded located in a remote part of the State, which would necessitate a long journey on the part of friends to ascertain their condition. Then why should we treat our insane in a different manner?

Take the Utica Asylum as a fair criterion, which at the time of my incarceration, was of world-wide reputation, standing at the head of every such institution in the United States,—when to speak figuratively,—the words,—Dr. Grey and Utica, were one and synonomous. Realize that Dr. Grey posed as the figure head of this asylum. Consider that

the round trip through the female wards of the asylum meant six miles of walking,—which feat was performed ostensibly, twice each day to the best of his ability, by Dr. Blumer, a young and comparatively inexperienced physician, and calculate that should he stop at each door and visit each patient, how much time and extra amount of walking would be consumed,—then it may be understood that even when this task is delegated to two physicians, which is the usual quota appointed for this work,—also taking into consideration the feeding of patients which they are supposed to supervise,—how difficult it would be to give each patient the amount of care and attention his condition demands, and realize how much must necessarily be left to the supervisors and their daily report, which is, of course, the only resource, and also how much of the care of patients must devolve upon the attendants, who can have no authority to grant requests, and who are often only too glad to avail themselves of this pretext for denying or ignoring the patients' wants. Think, that over a thousand patients, according to Dr. Grey's own statement, passed through Dr. Grey's hands "yearly," and ask yourself how many patients during this period could have received proper care and attention. You may well ask why is not this labor distributed? Why is it that the asylum superintendent strenuously struggles with untiring zeal in the Legislature and elsewhere to enlarge his institution, and to concentrate all the insane in as few

asylums as possible? The answer is because his autocratic power would be crippled, his income diminished, and he forced to step down from his lofty height as lord of so many thousand souls, and drop into the ranks of an ordinary practitioner, or at best the ruler over a few hundred patients, with but a small kingdom over which to hold sway. Can it be expected that he will lightly relinquish wealth, power and influence, even when he feels in his inmost soul that the welfare of the helpless wrecks of humanity confided to his care demand it, and though he must steel his heart to the cry of those afflicted above the rest of the children of men!

The seventh and ninth wards were called the most "disturbed" wards in the asylum, and they were the terror of the majority of the patients, as in them were the most brutal attendants. Here the "camisole," "crib," strap, etc., were most active agents in disciplining patients, who were often dragged across the floor by the arms or feet, their hair pulled out by the handfuls, and other similar tortures administered. Here, too, sane patients were sent as a punishment for attempting to make their escape, or for sending out letters surreptitiously.

The modes of punishment were unique, to say the least, when we know that our Scottish and British brethren and sisters require no such restraints as are used with impunity in America, and when we remember that in Germany colonies exist where

patients are allowed the freedom of outdoor exercise on the farm, and cottage life in boarding places,—a young married couple feeling it a privilege to take an insane person to live with them as a start at house-keeping. Straps were not only used to fasten patients in beds and chairs, but as a means of punishment. Mufflers with long sleeves which could be tied under the bed were common. At times patients would be placed in a long bag made of sheets and dragged on the floor from one end of the long hall to the other. Patients were taken by the head and shoulders and knocked against the wall as a punishment for refusing to take medicine, or for some other offense of a kindred nature. I, myself, have heard blows and shrieks from a poor patient who was beaten into subjection. Two women met their death from a "soak," as it was called, of five hours in cold water. One of these, a Mrs. S., had never evinced the slightest indication of insanity beyond a depression natural to her imprisonment. She was a bright, refined little woman, and was pronounced sane and was to go home if she would sign a certain paper, which she protested frequently she would not sign as it disposed of her property in a way she did not approve. Finally, she did sign the paper, and directly after signing it a "soak" was prescribed for her. She died within a day or two. The other lady, a Mrs. J., was placed in the "soak" in a "camisole," a garment which rendered her perfectly helpless, and she died shortly afterwards.

It was in one of these "disturbed" wards that a lovely, refined lady, had her limb injured and was rendered helpless for life. She was in the enjoyment of her sanity during the latter years of her imprisonment, which continued for many years. This accident occurred while she was at work at some menial labor by order of the attendant. While engaged in this degrading employment she lost her balance, and fell to the floor in such a position that she could not rise. She called in vain for help, and at last, when an attendant felt disposed to aid her, she came only to drag the fallen woman just far enough to let her fall back again, a process which was repeated again and again. Then she was told to "Get up, or I will make you with a strap."

In vain the poor woman entreated them to go for a doctor, assuring them that she could not rise. Instead of paying any attention to her requests and entreaties, they dragged her by the arms to the end of the hall, during which operation some cord or ligament must have snapped by the way. She was then pulled up and strapped into a stationary chair, where she was kept all day suffering the most excruciating agony. She again and again pleaded with them to send for a doctor, but no attention was paid to her words. At the usual evening hour the doctor made his customary visit, but she was then too much exhausted to tell him what the trouble was. For days she was kept strapped in this chair. Finally it was discovered that she was black and blue from her

knees to her body. She was then taken to the hospital, where it was decided by a counsel of physicians that it was too late to do anything. When her relatives came to see her, and wished to take her home with them, they were put off with excuses, and on going to the office to arrange for her release, it was only to be told that: "*They knew her condition better than her brother did*," and so she was detained in a perfectly sane condition year after year, while her small fortune was expended in the payment of her board.

But even these abuses are slight compared with those to which I was subjected on three occasions while under the influence of anæsthetics, and which caused the remainder of my sojourn in the asylum to be one of terror, horror and anguish unspeakable; which causes me to advocate the employment of women physicians on the female wards, free correspondence and ordinary hospital management in place of the cruel rules which exist in the majority of asylums, rules which admit of the existence of iniquities which can be concealed with little difficulty, and which are too readily disbelieved by prejudiced people who are ignorant of facts which are recognized and acknowledged by medical students and those who furnish subjects for dissection and medical study.

I had been in the asylum six months. No apparent effect had resulted from the letter sent out through the Investigating Committee, and I suppose the Utica

doctors thought that I was entirely deserted by all my friends, completely in their power and at their mercy. One night about this time I wakened suddenly with a feeling of suffocation resulting from what I supposed to be the nightmare, having dreamed that two locomotives had come in collision. I opened my eyes and saw some one standing in the door of my room with a small lantern,—a dark lantern it might be called. A sudden terror seized me. I feared I might have cried out in my sleep, and that the night watch might have come to my door and would report it to the doctors, and that, it might be made an excuse to send me to the back wards, as I had heard patients carried off the ward in the night screaming, so I said, hurriedly:

"It was only the nightmare."

The person then closed and locked the door. Still suffering from suffocation I looked at the window, which I had opened before retiring as had been my custom. To my amazement I found it closed. The next morning a horrible suspicion came to me, a suspicion which seemed too terrible for belief, but it was only strengthened by certain proofs. I was so lame I could scarcely walk, and attributed it to neuralgia. On my return from the breakfast table, I found my room door open, and the door and window of the room directly opposite mine stretched open and a strong draft blowing through. On going into the opposite room, the occupant, a Miss K., who had never been insane, remarked:

"Why, you have some perfumery about you, haven't you?"

"No," I replied, surprised at her question. "Where could I get any perfumery?"

"But you have something about you that seems like it," she persisted.

I then went to the attendant, whom I now learned had the room next to mine, and who had charge of the sewing-room, and asked her if she had heard any noise in my room the night before.

"Yes, I heard snoring," she replied.

"I never snore," was my response, which was a fact. At the same time I recalled the fact that people under the influence of an anæsthetic breath heavily enough to resemble snoring.

I then asked the night watch if she had come to my room the night before when passing through the ward; that I thought I saw her standing at the door, and feared I might have made a noise in my sleep. She seemed much surprised, and said:

"Why, no; I did not stop at your door."

About ten days after this I was again sent back to the first ward and given a room next to the alcove.

One night, just a month from the night I have mentioned, I was awakened by the same feeling of suffocation, and by hearing some one turning the key in my door, evidently locking it on the outside. I listened breathlessly, then cautiously went to the window with difficulty, and found it closed as on

the former occasion. This time there was no doubt in my mind as to the cause of my suffering, the proof was so positive. I found the next morning that I could scarcely walk across the room or reach the dining-room. What I suffered no human being can imagine unless similarly situated, knowing that I was at the mercy of unscrupulous and vicious men, with no one to appeal to for help or redress, with no escape, no refuge,—powerless to protect myself. Finding it impossible to conceal my feelings, I sought retirement in a friend's room, where I wept long and uncontrollably, and finally fell to the floor in the excess of my anguish. Mrs. C., not knowing the cause, which I dared not impart to her, allowed me to spend my grief as best I could.

From this time on I never had a quiet night's sleep. I was too much terrified to feel secure, although I now made it a practice after the doors were locked for the night, to draw my rug before the aperture of about eight inches at the bottom of the door, then roll my bed across the door, thus securely barricading myself from molestation. The terror I suffered nightly is indescribable, particularly when the short days made it difficult for me to know when it was time for me to roll back my bed before the doors were unlocked. I feared that if I neglected to do so, and the fact of my having placed my bed against the door should be detected by the attendant, she might report it to the doctor, and I might be sent to the back wards, where the beds were screwed to

the floor, and where I could not protect myself from these heartless fiends in human guise. Oh, the anguish, the heart-sickness of despair!

I now in my desperation wrote a letter to my brother, stating the circumstances of the treatment to which I had been subjected, and begging him to do something to aid me, to see, or write to Mr. Zell; telling him that he did not know the risk I ran in writing to him, and that if I was discovered and placed on the back wards where I could not protect myself as I did now, I should certainly kill myself and that my blood would be upon his head, and upon the head of every human being who was instrumental in placing me there, and who would not assist me to my release. It was when suffering the greatest mental agony on account of these terrible experiences, that I made the solemn vow, "*That if the Lord would spare my life to leave that horrible prison, I would devote the rest of my life, if necessary, to the cause of the insane, particularly those of my own sex.*"

I now recalled the fact that two attendants who had left the asylum after becoming disgusted with the abuses which they knew existed, had written to a minister, (a Dr. C. of Rochester who lived at St. Paul, Minn.,) on behalf of a patient whom they had advised to protect herself by placing her bed against the door of her room. I also was congizant of the fact that a patient who had been confined in the asylum for about two years had given birth to a child. The body was seen by one of the patients, and I might also have seen it, as it was taken after

its death to the matron's room. This fact was generally known to the attendants and patients alike in the asylum.

I also knew a young lady who had never been insane, who came to me and told me she was positive of her condition. I pretended to be incredulous, treating her idea as a joke which she could not intend to be serious about, although from certain circumstances which had previously come to my knowledge, I believed it to be true. She then said she intended to speak to Dr. Brush. Some days after she was taken suddenly sick. A day or two after I happened to be in her room, when she told me to call the supervisor of the ward immediately. I did so, but not before I had witnessed the truth of her assertions, although I was pushed roughly and hastily out of the room by two attendants, and was afterwards closely questioned as to what I had seen on the occasion, which I feigned ignorance of as a matter of self-protection.

It was during my last year in the asylum, that a sick attendant, a Miss Roscoe, was given the largest and best room (a dormitory) on the ward, and every care and attention was lavished upon her by doctors and attendants. Doctor Grey, we were repeatedly told, had said that she had been such a faithful and superior attendant during her long years of service, that it was impossible for any one to do too much for her. Delicacies were sent from Dr. Grey's table, also hot house fruits and vegetables. No talking or noise of any description was allowed on the ward,

which naturally had a depressing effect upon the patients. Upon inquiry and from scornful remarks of patients, I learned that Miss R. was considered one of the most cruel and brutal attendants who was ever employed in the asylum. She was one of the two attendants who pushed me out of the room on the last occasion I have just narrated, and I doubt not had been useful in times past in concealing similar crimes. I learned indirectly that she died on this ward, the doctors acting as bearers at her funeral.

My firm belief is that if there is any choice made by the doctors in their victims, it is rather to choose a young lady of culture, innate purity and family. Should her friends come to see the unfortunate patient, and recognize her sanity, but through the doctor's influence advise her remaining a few weeks longer, then let her with tears and shame impart her terrible experiences, and beg to be taken away at once. Horror-stricken with the disclosure, and perhaps convinced of the truth of her statements, the fond relative goes to the doctors with her tale of wrong, only to be assured by them in a careless and contemptuous manner, (as Dr. Grey stated before the Legislative Committee of 1884) "that such a belief is the most common delusion of insane patients." Throw open wide your asylum doors to the public and the medical profession, allow free correspondence and employ women physicians on the female wards, and such terrible charges will no more

be made, except perhaps in the case of puerperal fever, in which a hallucination of that nature is one of the recognized peculiarities of the disease. Could the secrets of this place be revealed, what a cry of horror would go up from the land! I believe that few patients escape the wanton lust of the physicians, and that the horror and helplessness of the situation is the most powerful agent in swelling the number of insane in that and our incurable asylums, and accounts for the excess of women hopelessly insane, over that of men similarly afflicted with insanity.

There was another patient, a lady from Troy, who entered the asylum at the time of my incarceration. She had never been insane, and was extremely bright and intelligent. She was on the same ward with me during almost all the time I was there. As she had never exhibited the least indication of insanity, I was interested in ascertaining the cause of her long imprisonment. She informed me that she had become the victim of the opium habit, but had never felt the slightest desire for it after the first month in the asylum. After she had been in the asylum about a year, she complained of a difficulty with her back. The cause was traced back by the doctors to about two months after her arrival, when a patient pulled a chair from under her as a joke when she was about to sit down. Her mind remained in the same condition, however, during all this time. Soon after I began to notice

a strong odor of ether or chloroform coming from her room in the morning and even at noon, and she would be locked in her room for a day or two at a time, the reason given being that she was too sick to be seen by any of the patients. I saw and conversed with her almost daily, and saw no change in her except that her weak and helpless condition seemed to be increasing. Finally, at about *the close of the two years of her imprisonment*, her father came to see her, and notwithstanding her entreaties, refused to take her home with him. Her failure after this was rapid. She refused to eat and strong remedies were given to her. I saw her mind slowly failing. Oh, the horror of it I cannot forget! When I left the asylum she was a hopeless lunatic on the back wards, and probably will never be allowed to leave that place unless to be transferred to an incurable asylum.

When I think of the poor young girl who was on the same ward with me perfectly sane for eight months, how she refused to take medicine which was brought to her in the night, some drug which she thought was intended to produce an unconsciousness which there was no apparent cause for,—how she was taken off the ward as a punishment, and then her rapid failure! Just previous to this time her brother had sent a large sum of money to enable her to join him at Leadville. The money was never received by her. The last I knew of her she was very insane, and will doubtless swell the

number of incurables in some State or County asylum.

Then the bright young girl of sixteen! When I first saw her she was insane in a happy sort of way, laughing and singing, apparently unconscious of her surroundings. She soon recovered, as is frequently the case in violent forms of insanity, which hers originally was. She was on the ward with me several months perfectly restored to sanity, but she was not allowed to return to her friends. One day she received news of her father's death. She did not seem unnaturally overcome by it, and there was no indication of her subsequent insanity. I felt quite sure, however, that she would not be allowed to leave the asylum. I had perceived the odor of ether or chloroform in her room on two different mornings, and she had complained of waking in the night with a feeling of suffocation. She said she wished her father were alive because "he would not allow the treatment she received." She was removed soon after to the back wards, and I never saw her again.

Then the saddest case of all, one which I cannot think of without tears! That of the daughter of an eminent professional man. Melancholia, induced by sickness and by the fatigue incident to the care of her mother during her last illness and the shock of her subsequent death, had resulted in a mental difficulty which could have been treated at her own home had her friends realized it. I saw her day after

day on the lawn during the summer, and would often stop and talk with her, hoping to rouse her from her seeming unconscious condition of what was passing around her, but apparently without effect. During the entire summer she would sit on a certain bench, seemingly oblivious to her surroundings, never speaking to any one, but never having the dazed expression the majority of patients wore who suffered from melancholia. When it became too cold to go out on the lawn, there was a change in her condition. When I saw her again I could scarcely recognize her. She had grown fleshy and more mature in appearance, and looked the picture of health. She had been home to visit her family, and was anticipating spending Thanksgiving Day with them. Had she been taken home then, without the fatal delay, that lovely girl might have been the ornament to society which she must have adorned in times past! When I had an opportunity to converse with her, I found her the most charming companion, conversant with many topics,—art, literature and science,—to which it was apparent she had given more than a superficial study. She had become interested in her companions, and the little she had seen had impressed her with the advisability of employing women physicians on the female wards.

One Sunday we were allowed with a few other patients to go to church together. A day or two later she obtained permission for me to visit her. She expected her father, and wished me to show him

my paintings. Whether she had some ulterior motive, whether she hoped I would advise him to take her away, or that I would entreat his aid for myself, (for I afterwards learned that different patients had informed her that I had never been insane) I have never been able to determine. I had a presentiment that it would not be wise to do either, much as I wished to do so, and I thought she would go home soon. It was well I did not, for Dr. Brush and one of the attendants stood outside the door during the entire time of my visit, and had I acted so injudiciously, some sort of punishment would have been visited upon me. This poor girl's fate soon overtook her.

One night soon after her father's visit, all the patients who occupied that particular ward,—the hospital ward, as it was called,—were removed with the exception of a young married lady whose insanity was induced by puerperal fever, but who was then convalescing. That same night Drs. Brush and Blumer remained the entire night on the ward, and from that time she never was herself again, but imagined Dr. Brush or Dr. Blumer was her husband. Her removal to the back wards took place a few days afterwards, and I fear she remains a hopeless prisoner in that terrible place. These circumstances which I have narrated were generally known to the patients in the asylum, and were the subject of comment by many.

I could multiply instances of this heartrending

nature. The sad list,—how their wrongs cry aloud to Heaven for vengeance! When I saw these unfortunate patients who if allowed to go home when restored to health and sanity, would be in the enjoyment of their own homes, how I longed to help them, and how my heart ached for them! What wonder that during all the time I remained in the asylum, I was never without a sickness of heart which was aggravated and fed by being the constant witness of cruelties which were not blows, but which were more venal in the sight of Heaven, more criminal than the most atrocious acts of murder,—the destruction of God's most precious and sacred gift to man, the gift by which he is distinguished from the beast,—the human intellect divine.

These facts and others of a similar character which came to my knowledge proves the necessity of ordinary hospital regulations in place of the cruel rules which now exist, rules which prevent a patient from writing freely to friends and relatives, which prevent these friends from visiting patients except by the doctor's express permission, and which admit the existence of crimes which can be concealed with little difficulty.

Few people are aware of the truth which is acknowledged by the most prominent alienists in the world, and which cannot be denied by those who have the care of the insane or those who are at all familiar with recovered patients, that after a patient's entire recovery from insanity, as after any fever

where delirium has ensued, her memory is as good, her statements as reliable, her mind as pure as at any time in her life previous to her insanity, and it is the refinement of cruelty to carelessly denominate statements in regard to treatment which was received and as to facts which actually existed as imaginative and unreliable. This ignorance of the general public is encouraged by the interested members of the medical profession, or rather asylum physicians, who desire the lunacy laws to exist in their present condition, and who resist all efforts of humanitarians to ameliorate the condition of the insane by giving the patients more freedom of correspondence and opportunity to see friends when desired. The selfish terror of the insane causes the majority of people to be skeptically indifferent to their complaints and appeals for help, and in many cases patients fully recovered are left to die in those "dark abodes," forsaken by the friends who have never taken the trouble to visit their unfortunate and afflicted relatives, and who abandoned them to their fate the day they saw them safe (as far as they themselves were concerned) within asylum walls.

Why should not a patient write to friends when she desires? It should be the most interesting study for an affectionate child, wife or husband, to see the diseased mind emerging from its dark eclipse, and the temporary sensation of anguish which might be induced by insane prattle or profane language would be replaced, and the effort more than compensated

when the unbalanced mind awakens to the knowledge of its surroundings and friends, and the light of reason dawns once more on the clouded brain.

There was one scene which made a lasting impression upon my mind, and it was this: I had seen patients carrying the medicine trays through the wards for the attendants, and thought I should like to do so myself in order to see what I could.

"Why do you wish to go?" asked the attendant when I made my request to accompany her one evening.

"Because I wish to see the rest of the building, when I shall not be obliged to see the patients," I replied.

She kindly permitted me to accompany her, and we passed through the first few wards without stopping, as all was in quietness and darkness. Then we came to the back wards. Here a scene met my horrified gaze which I was totally unprepared for! On the floor, on straw mattresses, lay poor, sick, or insane women, chained or strapped by the wrists to the floor, huddled together like sheep. As I gazed on some of these delicate women, sleeping on the floor probably for the first time in their life until they came to this place, and thought of the almost empty ward I had just left with its comfortable beds, and recalled the fact that many patients who were perfectly sane and who might as well be on the first ward were kept on the back wards as a matter of discipline, and who were constantly associated with

raving maniacs,—the utter heartlessness of this treatment filled me with indignation and sympathy. I pondered in silence on the fate which compelled these poor women, (many undoubtedly the former inmates of comfortable homes,) to sleep on these hard boards when there was one empty bed in the entire building unoccupied. It is difficult to accept the truth of Tennyson's sentiment, when reflecting on this wanton cruelty

> "That not a worm is cloven in vain!
> That not a moth with vain desire
> Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
> Or that subserves another's gain!"

I did not repeat my visit. I had already seen too much. I recalled the fact of patients sleeping for months on the floor of the dormitories of the second ward, while the first ward was left unfinished for over a year, probably in order to justify a large bill for an appropriation by the legislature, when a few months at the longest would have been sufficient to complete it and place it in readiness for occupancy.

I learned that there were wards in the asylum which no one was ever allowed to visit, except the physicians and the attendants who cared for them. The inmates were mostly old ladies who had been shut up for years and years, and probably all record of their existence even lost to the world. It was on one of these wards that a beautiful little child about three years of age, with golden hair and blue eyes, was placed. She was brought into the asylum

by a woman who left her as she would a dog, (as the attendant who gave me the information expressed it) and with the same indifference to the child's fate. When I inquired about it again, I was overheard, and the attendant was immediately called away, and given directions to say no more about her. This incident suggested the idea that this asylum was an excellent place in which to hide children like Charlie Ross, or any one whose identity it was thought expedient to destroy, or conceal, or to put out of the way indefinitely.

After these experiences which I have narrated, my efforts to communicate with friends were if possible redoubled, but with increased caution, though as yet I had succeeded in getting out but few letters. The terror these clandestine epistles caused me, and how much I staked in my desperation, I leave my readers to imagine! I would tremble in every limb until I knew the kind friend was safe beyond the asylum walls, and until sufficient time had elapsed for me to feel secure from detection. Until that time I scarcely knew what I was saying or doing, though I was careful not to allow my agitation to become perceptible.

How my heart sank as time passed and I received no response from any one to whom I had sent these letters! Here I was trapped into an asylum, consigned to a living tomb, as completely shut away from the world as if I had never existed. No one knew where I was, no one would believe a word I said, I was numbered among the insane, although

in the same condition mentally as I had been in all my life! *Death* was the only escape! But I did not wish to die! "I will live, live," I said to myself, "to leave this terrible place! I will struggle night and day to obtain my freedom!" How I tried to divert my mind from my troubles! I would try to read, but the deep undercurrent of anxious thought would press through each word that I perused: *How can I leave this place? Who will help me? What can I do next?*

At length I succeeded in sending out a letter to my mother, entreating her for "*God's sake to come and see me.*" I did not dare to state the particulars of the abuses to which I had been subjected, not wishing to trust her or her judgment, but I tried to impress upon her some of the horrors of the situation, at the same time not saying too much, fearing she might report it to the doctors. I told her if she received my letter not to mention it, but to write the date at the end of her next letter. When at last her letter came, through the doctors as usual, I anxiously looked at the signature, and there below the name was the looked-for date. I now hoped some good results might follow.

About three weeks after sending this letter to my mother, my name was called and I was told that there was a package for me. Imagine my despair and the extinction of all my hopes when I saw one of the largest baskets I had ever seen until I came to the asylum, (large enough to hold a human

body easily and which I was informed was made large especially for that purpose) piled high with clothing which I recognized as my own, a supply sufficient to last me for years in that place. Oh, the despair, the sickening anguish,—I can never forget it! I could not touch them for two days, my heart was too full. Even the sight of them overwhelmed me!

"This does not look much like going home," said one and another of the patients. I knew this was too true. There was no alternative. The garments must be unpacked, and with bitter tears I put them away.

When I was sent back to the first ward, one of the first persons who attracted my attention was a little lady with brown eyes and hair, and a pale refined face. She first aroused my interest by some sarcastic remark, her apparent understanding of herself, and her intelligence and ready wit. She was destined to be the source of great comfort and benefit to me. She had been a great sufferer from her youth from some chronic hip difficulty which had necessitated the use of opium to ease the pain. She had gradually and unconsciously acquired the habit, and had been placed in the asylum by her own desire, as I understood, to overcome it. Her intellect was not affected in the least, and she actually seemed contented and cheerful. Such a phenomena amazed me. She was a philosopher in the truest sense of the word. She was not subjected to any

discomforts, as her husband visited her frequently, and she was allowed to go away with him and spend a day or two, and she also knew she could leave any day she desired. She was a born artist and spent the greater part of her time in painting. When I saw her at work, my artistic nature asserted itself, and I felt a strong desire to paint also. I had developed some taste for drawing as a child, but had found no time to cultivate it. I sent home for money to buy paints, and at last it came. I now found that I had the most prolific source of diversion and amusement that was possible in such a place. Mrs. C. superintended my work for a few weeks, and we worked together several days. I now painted from morning until night, except while taking what outdoor exercise I could, hoping at the same time that I might find it a source of self-support on my release, if that happy day ever arrived.

As the long pleasant days of summer came, we were allowed to go out on the lawn for two hours in the afternoon in preference to the usual walk, and I gladly welcomed the change. This hour, two o'clock in the afternoon, was impatiently anticipated by me, and eagerly looked forward to as a temporary emancipation from bolts and bars, though not from constant surveillance. I then had an opportunity to study the patients, who as I learned more of them, interested me greatly. I also had an opportunity to come in contact with patients from other wards in

the asylum, and gained much information from them and of their condition. I would wander around and gather flowers, always seeking new combinations which would be fresh and harmonious, and which I would take in with me for my next painting, on one occasion finding a piece of broom corn which seemed to have grown for my special benefit.

I had now been in the asylum nine months. It was a beautiful day in July and I was about to go out on the lawn. It had stormed the day before, and as I had felt the confinement exceedingly I was impatient to be out in the air. As I was hastily equipping myself, I heard my name called and was informed that my sister had come to see me.

"Would you like to see her in your own room?" I was asked.

"Yes," I replied.

My first words as she entered the room were:

"Have you come to take me away?"

"No," she replied, as she seated herself in one chair and I in another. I attempted to talk with her, but to all my eager questionings she made no reply. At last she said:

"I feel sick and I cannot talk. My head aches. I told the doctors I felt sick as I came in, and they gave me some ammoniated wine. Perhaps that is what affects me. I think I shall have to lie down."

I clasped my hands in agony. I raised my eyes to Heaven in supplication, as I said:

"*My God, she does not come to see me in nine months, and now she will not answer my questions!*"

The bitterness of that moment was intolerable! Was this the hour I had anticipated, when I had fondly hoped some member of my family would visit me, and bring help and comfort? "Why," I thought, "must, I be tortured with her presence?"

Finding my efforts at conversation futile, I left her to take a nap on my bed, while I withdrew to the veranda and looked longingly at the patients who were at least enjoying the few breaths of fresh air which I coveted, feeling that I must forfeit even this simple recreation on account of her visit, which I saw boded no good to me. She left me in time to take the afternoon train for home, and that was the last I saw of her for over a year. In answer to inquiries of friends, on her return, they were informed by her that

"There is no use in going to see her, for it does not do her any good, *and only makes me sick.*"

So I was left there to pine away, die, or become insane. Oh, the agony of the thought!

CHAPTER XIV.

NEW FRIENDS.

"My life has crept so long on a broken wing
Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear
That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing."

Tennyson.

DURING the summer one of my wisdom teeth became broken, and soon fell into such a condition that it required the immediate attention of a dentist if I desired to escape more serious difficulty. As I had always been accustomed to attend to my teeth promptly, I asked the physicians if I could have it filled, and was told by them that I had no money in the office.

I then wrote a letter to my mother, stating that I needed money to have my tooth filled, and I trusted that there would be no delay in sending it. In reply she accounted for my tooth needing filling by the fact of my "use of so many lemons, as acid injured the teeth." During the winter I had suffered from rheumatism for the first time in my life, and, having been in the habit of using lemons for neuralgia, had asked her when she sent me a package to send me some, not specifying for what purpose I desired them, and fearing that the doctors on reading my letter if any

ailment was specified would give me an order for medicine which could not easily be stopped. So I concealed my lame, swollen hand, seated myself before my easel as usual as if able to paint, and any assistance I required in dressing, etc., which would necessitate the use of both hands, the patients gladly rendered.

Some weeks passed, and still the money did not arrive. At last a letter came which related a circumstance which seemed a special dispensation of Providence. My mother wrote that my eldest sister had been very sick for over a week with an ulcerated tooth, suffering the greatest pain imaginable, and that she had sent me money by the same mail and "hoped I would go at once and have my tooth attended to."

I found that there was a dentist, a Dr. V., who resided near the asylum whose office was located in his house, to whom the patients were usually sent. I found him a good dentist, and although the cavity was very large and difficult, he was careful and gentle. I was particularly pleased with his wife, with whom I conversed, and both of them became interested and questioned me in regard to my detention in the asylum. I expressed the pleasure I felt in being once more in a private house, as it was the first time I had enjoyed that treat for almost a year. Dr. V. found other cavities, and this necessitated other visits to his house which I improved by becoming better acquainted with his wife. After this time

I had no opportunity of seeing them again until the second summer I spent in the asylum, when I again found it necessary to have my teeth attended to. I was only too glad to meet them once more.

I had always been very careful when at their house never to make any requests for aid, either to mail letters, write for me, or aid me in any way in effecting my release much as I desired it, for fear the privilege of going there might be denied me. On the occasion of my last visit, Mrs. V. invited me to dine with them the following Sunday. I was delighted with the invitation, but had little expectation that I should be allowed to accept it. To my amazement my request was granted, and I gladly prepared for the anticipated visit.

It was a warm pleasant Sunday, and I was allowed to go alone and unattended. I did not lose the consciousness, however, that argus eyes were watching my movements, and I determined, much as I desired my freedom, that I would make no effort to escape. I knew too well from what I had seen and known that it would be futile, that I should be hunted down like a wild beast, dragged back and placed on the worst wards in the building, where I should be in direct contact with raving maniacs and subjected to greater horrors and indignities than I had as yet received. This was the case with a poor girl whom it was said had never been insane and who had attempted the same thing. I had seen her once or twice, but she was not allowed to speak a word

to patients on the first ward. She was afterwards liberated soon after she was sent to an incurable asylum.

I walked slowly through the sunshine I loved so dearly, reaching Dr. V.'s house about 11 o'clock. I found no one in the parlor on my arrival except Mrs. V. and a tall, dark-featured man with a sinister expression who did not strike me favorably. He reminded me more of an undertaker than any one else I could think, in his sleek, black garments. He was seated in a rocking chair in the centre of the room, and was introduced to me by Mrs. V. as Dr. Hunt.*

I conversed with him a few moments on the prolific weather question, he responding briefly. After he had gone up stairs to see Dr. V., Mrs. V. explained to me that he had broken his false teeth, and after going to every dentist in the city and finding no one able to fix them for him he had come to Dr. V. I sat in her cheerful parlor and rejoiced innocently over the day of apparent liberty which was vouchsafed me, enjoying the treat of sitting down once more at a family table. Dr. V.'s father was one of the dinner party, also a Mr. Carpenter, whose name I afterwards learned was signed as certifying to the bogus paper that Dr. Hunt had composed for the benefit of the Legislative Committee.

* The man whom I afterwards learned had signed his name to the bogus commitment papers presented by the Utica doctors to the Investigating Committee of 1884, and which was not approved by any judge in a legal manner.

After dinner Dr. V. went off arm in arm with Mr. Carpenter leaving Mrs. V. and myself alone, she explaining that Dr. V.'s friend, Mr. Carpenter, was in the county clerk's office.

No sooner had they gone than the wife of an attendant who lived next door came in and inquired who that gentleman was who had gone with Dr. V. This was the first indisputable proof that I had observed that I was under asylum surveillance every moment I was in their house, and serious doubts have entered my mind whether it was Dr. V.'s father who dined with us on this occasion.

I remained until dusk, dreading to return to the asylum again. Mrs. V. walked with me to the asylum gate, and this was the last time I ever saw her. Undoubtedly it was the hope and expectation of the Utica doctors that I would embrace this opportunity to escape, that Dr. Hunt should be there to swear to my insanity and identify me for the first time, and that I should be so surrounded that there should be no possibility of my escape should I be foolish enough to make the attempt. I am sure Dr. V. and his kind wife were not parties to this scheme, but the generous and sympathetic desire Mrs. V. had indulged to give me pleasure and a little diversion from my cruel imprisonment, was turned into a trap to further the ends of the asylum authorities, which, fortunately for me, my caution prevented me from falling into.

Slowly the first summer dragged away. I spent

all my time as I have said in painting, and dreaded the return of winter, as I knew I must then give up my time of comparative liberty on the lawn. A croquet set was set up under the trees, and I gladly availed myself of this opportunity for exercise and recreation. One hour I allowed myself for this amusement, spending the other hour walking around and visiting the patients, who soon began to look for my coming. It was so easy to speak a few words of comfort to them! Many times I would talk to a melancholia patient, who did not seem to understand and apparently paid no attention to what I said. Afterwards the same patient, when convalescing, would come to me and say:

"I remember you so well when I was sick, and I believe you were the means of my recovery."

Patients would often follow me around the grounds, that I might speak one word of cheer and consolation to them. Ah, I knew too well what they were longing for,—the little word of hope and encouragement from those in attendance upon them, and which they looked for in vain! I realized that there was a large field for mission work among these helpless and afflicted ones, and that my life need not be spent in vain where I was surrounded by such misery. My constant study was to help and comfort them, and how much I regretted my limited means of administering to their wants!

About once a week large packages of newspapers were sent from a newspaper office in Utica, a heter-

ogeneous conglomeration of all kinds of papers from different sections of the country and of different dates. I eagerly watched for these papers, and looking them over carefully would select about sixty of them, some containing stories which I thought would interest the patients, others for my own perusal. My favorites were the Rochester and the New York papers. These I searched for eagerly, hoping to find something that would encourage me or aid me in effecting my release. The stories I would read to the patients, who used to gather in the alcove which we used as a sitting-room. They assured me that they slept better for this diversion from the dull routine of the day, and that it helped them to banish the longing for home and family.

Dr. Gibson used to make a practice of coming to see me when on the ward, but as he was quite deaf I could say nothing to him which I did not wish the attendants or doctors to hear. Nevertheless, it was a comfort to see his kindly face. One afternoon during the summer, as I was passing through the veranda to the lawn, I met Dr. Gibson. He said:

"I don't see what you are here for. I never could. You do not seem to have changed any since the first day I saw you here."

"I suppose because I enjoy it so much?" I replied, sarcastically.

"I am going to Buffalo," he said, "and if you would like to have me, I will call and see your mother about you." I said I should be very grateful to him, and gave him her address.

Was it some curious coincidence, or was it planned? When he arrived at Rochester, my mother was too sick to see him, and although the dear old gentleman called, he failed to accomplish his mission.

On the first ward was a small bookcase which was denominated "the library," and certain days in the week the patients were allowed to take books from it. This library was principally composed of the lives of saints and authors, and dissertations on abstruse topics, which had evidently been in the asylum since it was first instituted. There were a few old novels which had found their way there in some way, otherwise the light literature which seemed best adapted to the patients' condition was lacking.

In discussing this library with Dr. Gibson he remarked:

"It would make a good bonfire."

"Yes," I replied, "and I would like to light the fire."

If not allowed to light the fire, I was asked to be librarian, and I performed those duties, charging and crossing off books, until the week previous to my release. This was the identical library that Dr. Grey pronounced so fine in his examination before the Investigating Committee of 1883.

I was constantly on the alert to send out letters, and got out surreptitiously over twenty-five in all during my imprisonment, one of which went out in

a ball of yarn. It was intended for Mr. Zell, and was written on the edges of newspapers which I had torn off for that purpose. During the summer I received the first actual ray of hope that had come to me during the long dreary months that I had passed in the asylum. I received copies of the *Christian Weekly* through my family, who supposed they were sent by my brother. On close study of these books I discovered letters composing different sentences outlined with a lead pencil, which I immediately understood must come from Mr. Zell, and which were intended to comfort me during my imprisonment and keep up my drooping spirits. Finally I received a marked newspaper containing a poem with letters outlined, each verse ending with the words:

"I received your blest letter, the Lord will provide."

In the meantime the first summer had passed, and a second winter was approaching. In spite of my constant efforts for release, which were never relaxed, I seemed no nearer receiving my liberty than on the day of my arrival. Still I did not give up all hope, though it was fast expiring.

As the second Christmas approached, I painted a number of Christmas cards for my Rochester friends. The matron gave Mrs. C. and myself some old ribbons which we frayed out, and, twining the ravellings into cords, fringed and tied them in the most approved fashion. To my great satisfaction I was

allowed to send them to those for whom they were designed, and a happy result followed. I received kind notes of acknowledgement and thanks from my different friends, which opened the way for a correspondence with them which was a source of great comfort to me. In answering these letters I was careful to give an impression that I was not unhappy, only daring to express a hope in a cautious manner that I might have the pleasure of seeing them at some future time; otherwise my letters would not have been sent, and I might not have had the aid and testimonials of belief in my sanity, (both before and during the time of my incarceration) on the occasion of my release.

Every Sunday, afternoon service was held in the chapel of the asylum, when Dr. Gibson conducted the services. This time was generally looked forward to by the majority of the patients. There was a very good choir, and in winter I enjoyed the service especially, as that was the only opportunity I had to see patients from other wards. The male patients were seated on one side of the room, and the female patients on the other. To my surprise on Christmas morning I was allowed to attend St. Luke's church with Miss Morris. I cannot express my feelings as I entered the church. The structure was built cruciform in shape, resembling the old church in Rochester which I had attended regularly since my childhood. On seating myself I was so overcome with emotion that, notwithstanding my

efforts to repress them, the tears would roll in a hot torrent over my cheeks during the entire service.

"Yes, I enjoyed the service," I replied, when Miss Morris questioned me upon the subject. I did not say that my pleasure, if I may so designate it, was fraught with a bitter anguish which I could not control. I realized more keenly all I had lost when I saw around me happy family groups, and contrasted their present position with the hopelessness of my own.

I have said little of our holidays. They were not especially happy days, and I think all rejoiced as I did when these days were past. Thanksgiving Day was the only occasion when we had an extra dinner of turkey and mince pie, which was especially provided by the State. On Christmas and other holidays our bill of fare remained as usual. I will give our bill of fare for New Year's Day, 1882, which I offered to the Legislative Committee and which was written each day after every meal for two weeks.

Monday Jan. 1, — Breakfast.— Gravy, potatoes and bread.
Dinner.— Mutton, bread, potatoes and white winter radishes.
Supper.— Bread, butter, quince sauce and cookies.
Tuesday Jan. 2,—Breakfast.—Gravy, potatoes and bread.
Dinner.—Soup, bread pudding and potatoes.
Supper.—Bread and butter.

I will not tire my readers with our daily bill of fare further than this, but the above will give an idea of our regular food. We had meat for dinner usually, such as it was.

I have said nothing of the male patients and can say but little, though we heard frequent remarks to the effect that there were sane patients on the male wards also, men who had never been insane. The only opportunity we had of seeing them was at the chapel service I have spoken of, or at a distance on the lawn and as we met them on their processional walks in charge of their attendants. Occasionally we would see them raking the beautiful lawn which stretched before us as we looked from the windows of the asylum, but we never had an opportunity to exchange a word with any of them.

As I looked from my window one afternoon during the last summer of my stay in the asylum, I saw a patient who attracted my attention by his refined, gentlemanly appearance. He was a tall slender man of about sixty years of age, with grey hair, a grey mustache and thin grey hair and whiskers, and who wore a silk hat. His features were so delicate that his face might be called effeminate. He appeared so well and rational that I discussed his appearance with another patient. We speculated upon who he was, and the possibility of his never having been insane, and decided that he must be a professional man, either a lawyer or a clergyman. This patient had passed entirely from my mind,

until later, when I had good reason to remember him, as he was connected with my release from the Utica Asylum. His name was James B. Silkman.

When out on the lawn the female patients were confined to a certain portion of the grounds situated on the right hand side of the wing occupied by them. The space was bounded by a gravel walk which separated it from the large central lawn, and on the outer side it was shut in from the street by a high brick wall fifteen or twenty feet in height, which it was impossible for any one to think of scaling. There were few efforts made to escape. Occasionally a partially insane patient would wander beyond the boundaries, which were limited to within about half a mile of the iron fence that fronted the street, but such recalcitrant patients were immediately seized, (their wrists twisted in a skillful manner by two attendants) and brought back by force.

Occasionally patients would make attempts to escape, but they were always successfully tracked, returned, and subjected to some punishment, the usual one being to send them to the back wards among raving maniacs for an indefinite period. One day a little girl of fifteen years of age, who was sent to the asylum for some reason, just what I never quite understood, attempted to run away while we were out walking. She was a fleet runner, and although a number of attendants were sent out in pursuit, she eluded them for some time. When

peeking over the side of a veranda where she had taken refuge, she was detected and the news of her capture telephoned back to the asylum, the telephone having been the means of guiding her pursuers as to the direction of her flight.

That the imprisonment of sane people in the Utica Asylum was not a custom of recent date, was proved by the case of a young lady with whose family I was acquainted, and who had the misfortune to have a stern, implacable father. Some fifteen years ago this young lady had committed an indiscretion, and her disappearance from Rochester was accounted for by the report that she had been sent to a convent to complete her education. This rumor was always supposed to be correct by her numerous friends, but I now learned from a patient who was confined in the asylum at the time, that she was imprisoned here, and that she spent some six months in the asylum. She never returned to her father's house while he lived, and subsequently married and located elsewhere.

During the last year of my imprisonment, two events occurred of a public and sensational nature. The first was that great national calamity, when all alike, north and south, political friends and enemies, were shocked by the assassination of our noble President, Gen. Garfield. The news spread rapidly on the ward, and we were allowed the daily papers to read the particulars of the tragedy, and the details attendant upon his death. Later the accounts of the

investigation as to the sanity of Guiteau, which I selected from the old papers sent to the asylum from the newspaper offices, especially the expert testimony given in that famous trial, was read by me with unceasing interest, particularly that of Dr. Grey, the supposed wonderful insanity expert, who was called upon to testify in this celebrated case. With what bitterness I read his carefully expressed opinions of the sanity of the prisoner, and his definitions of insanity, and how I hated and despised him more and more as I read the elaborate and detailed reports! I felt, however, that this trial was a great source of education to me, situated as I was and having the objects of study before me daily, in fact brought into constant contact with them.

I thought with exasperation: "Dr. Grey can go to Washington to see a man like Guiteau, and can testify to his belief in the sanity of an unfortunate man who commits a murder without any particular provocation, a man evidently of impaired perceptions, because he receives a large sum from the Government for so doing; but a helpless patient who was kidnapped and trapped into his asylum, because she made repeated efforts to protect her own life and that of her family from any possible danger, he calls insane. He confines her indefinitely in his own institution which he never visits, and where he knows nothing whatever of what takes place within its walls, unless he visits it in the night, when we are unconscious of his presence.

When the final decision was rendered and Guiteau's fate sealed, we were duly impressed by the attendants in a boastful manner that

"*It was Dr. Grey who hung Guiteau!*"

I had been in the asylum about a year and a half when the second incident occurred. One noon we had just finished our dinner. We were sitting at the table, awaiting the signal which was always given for departure, when Miss Morris said:

"Ladies, I wish to tell you that Dr. Grey was shot last night. We do not know whether the wound is dangerous or not."

There were no remarks made as we were not allowed to converse at meals, and the impression was doubtless diverse. I felt no sympathy for this man, believing it a just retribution, and could not refrain from saying to a patient who was in sympathy with me:

"The wonder is, not that he is shot now, but that he was not shot long before!"

"Ah," I thought; "if the fathers and brothers of many of the unfortunate women who are confined in this building only knew the truth they would come in a body and tear this doctor and his assistants to pieces, and pull down the walls of this building over their heads!" Why had Dr. Grey been spared so long? was my query.

Facts were extant, and can be proved with little difficulty, that in consequence of this accident the brain of this noted alienist, or so-called expert,

became affected, and he was taken to Wisconsin by Dr. Russell and treated by some specialist in mental diseases. These deserved misfortunes seemed to me to be direct punishments of God, and I thought so more particularly when Dr. Grey told me just before my departure from the asylum, that he was unable to sleep at night without a cork in his mouth to enable him to breath. I used to wonder vaguely whether his death would produce any change in the asylum management, and to speculate as to the chances of my receiving my liberty under a new dispensation. "Oh," I thought, "God has at last punished in a slight degree this wicked man who has wrecked so many precious lives. Will He not also have mercy upon me and deliver me from these fiends in human guise!"

CHAPTER XV.

SUCCESS AT LAST.

"These philosophers forget that by stopping letters, evading public trials, and in a word, cutting off all appeals to human justice, they compel the patient to turn his despairing eyes, and lift his despairing voice to Him whose eye alone can ever really penetrate these dark abodes." *Charles Reade.*

I HAD been in the asylum twenty-three months. One perfect day in September I was again informed that my sister had come to see me. I had prepared my mind for this meeting, and hoped for no favorable result.

As before, I saw her in my own room, which I easily understood was convenient for both doctors and attendants to hear what passed between us should they desire to do so. This was usually the case when a sane patient was to be interviewed by friends. As on the former occasion, my first question was:

"Have you come to take me away?"

"I do not know," was her reply.

"The only thing that will release me," I said, "is a writ of *habeas corpus*."

"What is that?" she inquired, curiously.

"A legal order to take me away," I answered.

I then showed her my paintings, some sixty in

number, the fruits of my past year and a half's work, which she observed without comment. On my again reiterating my desire to leave the asylum, she said, coolly:

"What could you do if out of here?"

"Do?" I replied, indignantly. "Why, anything. I am as capable as I ever was, and I always have been."

"You might paint flowers perhaps for some florist," she said, musingly, as if considering my capacity for self-support.

I could easily penetrate her thought. She either feared I should become a burden upon the family, or that my release would create unpleasant results for her, and preferred that I should remain a prisoner for life if means could be devised to effect it.

Not wishing to be again obliged to lose my afternoon on the lawn, I requested her to go with me into the garden. I then argued with her in regard to certain statements she said Mrs. Acute had made in reference to myself, among others that I had rubbed myself all night with soap.

"Mrs. Acute did not sleep with me," I said. "She did not see me do so, and besides I was too weak. I asked her to bathe my back for me, because I was unable to do it myself." I also gave her one irrefutable reason why this was impossible. She could not deny my assertions and proofs and acted as if partly convinced. I concluded by saying:

"I am perfectly sane, and always have been."

"Do not all insane patients say the same?" was her gratifying and sympathetic query.

"Indeed they do not," was my answer. "When they are cured, they know that they were once insane and have recovered." As she prepared to depart, I inquired:

"Shall I see you again?"

"I do not know," she replied; "but I wish you to understand that if you are released, *even if pronounced sane*, it will only be *upon probation*," and with a peculiar and exasperating smile she left me. I have never seen her since.

The two years were drawing to a close when the law requires, that, if *legally committed*, some change should take place in regard to my detention, but as I had been kept so long without any authority there was no reason why I should not be detained indefinitely. Should I be sent to the County asylum, the doctors knew too well that I would be visited by my friends, who, recognizing my sanity and hearing the story of my wrongs, might be led to investigate the truth of my statements, and aid in my release. This, the doctors realized, would place them in an unpleasant, if not a criminal attitude before the public. There were few patients remaining on the ward who were congenial or companionable. Many had gone home, or were sent to back wards.

Mrs. C., the artist, had left early in the fall, so I was comparatively alone, with few to turn to for sympathy and companionship when I felt that I

needed their presence more than ever before as a protection if for nothing else. I could see that the circle was drawing closer and closer around me, and I felt that if help did not come soon, it would be too late and my fate would be sealed forever. Oh, how fervently I prayed for help and succor! "Has God forgotten me?" was my despairing thought. "Must I die here, or be made insane!" The prospect was too terrible! I felt during the last few months as if I were dying by inches.

Dr. Blumer now began talking to me about going to the ironing-room, and in various little ways I saw that the lines were slowly and surely being drawn around me, and the circle which would soon crush me forever growing smaller and smaller. There was no doubt that the question what to do with me was agitating the minds of the doctors. There was danger in sending me even to an incurable asylum, which was the only other alternative to sending me to the County asylum, for there conscientious men might be in charge who might restore me to my liberty. They must have argued: "*Out of our custody* she must not go! *While she is here we are safe!*"

My impression is that the doctors wished to employ me in some capacity, and so keep me under their surveillance, and have the amount go toward paying my board. This would shield them and give them an excuse for retaining me an indefinite period,—until I became a hopeless lunatic—or, if this could not be accomplished, until my death. This was

strengthened by an attendant asking me if I would not like to be an attendant in the asylum. I replied:

"No, indeed; no money would tempt me to fill such a position."

Directly after this Dr. Blumer came into the dining-room where the patients were assembled at their evening meal, and said that he "wanted more patients to go to the ironing-room." Then he spoke of "the poor, pale, over-worked attendants," closing by making a direct attack upon me, though not giving my name, stating that "a patient had written a letter to her family requesting material with which another patient was to knit stockings for her, because she was too lazy to knit them herself." He wound up his tirade by saying that hereafter he should "classify patients not according to their *sanity*, but according to the *work they did in the asylum.*"

Although terrified at this threat, for I understood it was particularly meant for me, I attempted to explain the matter to him the next morning. I informed him that my letter was written on behalf of a poor woman who had come to me a few days before and begged me to give her something to knit, as she had no material to work with, and that knitting diverted her thoughts from her troubles. I also told him what I thought of patients ironing, and informed him that if I ever secured my liberty I should call the attention of medical science to the evil effects of heating the blood, and of over-taxing

poor insane patients and those predisposed to weaknesses of various kinds.

About a week later one of the patients managed to get the morning paper before the attendant had glanced at it, and read aloud for the benefit of all the patients on the ward the news of Mr. James B. Silkman's release, a patient whom the article described as having been confined in the asylum by his relatives to secure possession of some money which had been bequeathed by his wife to himself and his children. It described the efforts of his friends immediately after his incarceration and their success in effecting his release, and closed by saying that he had promised to help any sane person out of an asylum who would communicate with him, giving his office address at New York city. Here at last was a gleam of hope.

Shortly before this, after one of my packages had arrived from Rochester, I entered Miss Morris' room while she was absent for a few moments, and seeing some of my paper on the bed I took as many sheets of it as I dared, and wrote a letter to Mr. Silkman, eighteen closely written pages, detailing the circumstances of my imprisonment and the different efforts I had made for my release, asking him to go to Mr. Zell, who I felt sure would help me, closing by entreating him to effect my release. Providence opened a way for me to send out this letter, and with it another letter to my brother, also one to State Superintendent Dr. Stephen Smith. Expiring

hope was once more kindled in my breast, and I looked with impatience for the hoped-for relief.

The first intimation I received that either one of the three had been sent to its destination, was the following gratifying response from Dr. S. Smith :

OFFICES OF THE STATE COMMISSION IN LUNACY.
ALBANY, No. 1 Lafayette St.
NEW YORK, No. 31 West 42nd. St.,
November 6, 1882.

"MISS C. C. LATHROP :—

"DEAR MADAME :—Your letter of Sept. 7th has just been received and its contents noted. When I am in Utica again I will inquire as to the matters to which you refer. Wouldn't it be better to direct your letters to me from Utica instead of taking the circuitous route by way of Syracuse?

"Very truly yours,
"STEPHEN H. SMITH."

I subjoin a portion of my letter to Mr. Silkman, a portion of which appeared in the Poughkeepsie *Eagle* at the time of my release :—

UTICA, Oct. 23rd.

"*I beg and entreat* of you to do something for my release. I feel desperate. I have had enough trials since I have been here to make me insane had I been outside of here, had I any disposition to insanity, and it has only been by exercising the greatest self-control and endeavoring to banish my own troubles from my mind and maintaining my health by forcing myself to eat, etc., that I have preserved a cheerful and calm exterior, as can be proved by every patient who has been discharged from this building. Torn from the home I had helped for years to sustain, sud-

denly snatched from a large circle of friends who had never dreamed of my insanity, and who thought I was enjoying myself in New York; my hopes of a happy future blasted forever, and the torture of receiving letters sneering at my statements in regard to my affairs which I had previously concealed from my family as I could not trust them and which I have given them proof on proof of the truth of my statements, and the fact that nothing I can do or say makes the least impression on my family, are a few of the trials I have to endure in addition to the agony I suffer in this place, the insults I have been obliged to receive from the doctors, and the insolence and oppression of attendants, which you doubtless have experienced.

"The confinement of this prison life is terrible to me, who have enjoyed exercise in the open air, the delight of an active temperament,—and the deprivation of which is the most exquisite torture to an artistic nature. The horrors I have seen perpetrated here, the unjust and cruel detentions, have been some of my greatest trials, and I have resolved to help others at the same time I tried to aid myself. I long since determined to devote my energies to the reconstruction of the present system of asylum regulation, and I trust you may be successful in your efforts to have suitable laws incorporated by the Legislature.

"The corruption in this building lies in Dr. ——, the vilest man who lives unhung. To see the poor afflicted beings who might now be in the enjoyment of happy homes but for his wickedness, moves my heart with anguish; to know that he takes the money that he derives from illicit sources, (the support of County patients among others, people who might be supporting themselves in health and com-

fort) to bribe legislators and other politicians to maintain such a sink of corruption, such a devil in human guise is enough to rouse the wrath and indignation of every person who has any heart to feel or brain to understand. I do not think there is any depth too low for these doctors to stoop to, no deviltry they are unequal to accomplish, aided by their illgotten gains, their duplicity and cunning.

"This will not seem strong language to you, I know, who have felt all this burning into your very soul! It has seemed to me that the judgment of Heaven must fall upon them. It exasperates me beyond *endurance* to see fresh honors heaped upon these miserable men, as I do constantly, after all that has been written of their wickedness. . . .

"I realize that I must have help soon. I feel the necessity of protection and immediate relief. Although my future looks blank and desolate, with only one element of happiness, that of freedom, yet with that boon alone, and a sense of personal security, I can meet any fate with a courageous and cheerful heart. . . . . I am placed in a terrible position, and I beg that you will take immediate steps in my behalf. *You* will not be open to bribery, *you* have suffered, *you alone* can sympathize with me in my forlorn and helpless condition. Every effort I have made hitherto seems fruitless and unavailing. Dr. Wilbur and Dr. Smith have full particulars. Mrs. J. G. also. I think my brother has many important facts. If I conld only have an opportunity I could give many facts, but I labor under every disadvantage. If insane now, I have been insane all my life. Yours respectfully,

"C. C. LATHROP,
"Rochester, N. Y."

CHAPTER XVI.

A STEP TO FREEDOM.

"Oh, liberty, how sweet thou art!"

IT was two days before Thanksgiving. I had now been in the asylum twenty-six months. I was thinking of this anniversary, of the happy families united by this holiday, then of the forlorn and forsaken ones still remaining in that hated place. I was engaged in knitting a white shawl, when Dr. Brush appeared at my door and said:

"Miss Lathrop, there is a man here who says he is your lawyer. Do you wish to see him?"

If a mine had exploded at my feet I could not have been more amazed, though I almost doubted the truth of such a delightful piece of intelligence! However, I concealed my joy and trepidation and said coolly, as if it were the most natural incident that could occur:

"Certainly, if he says he is my lawyer, I wish to see him. Where is he?"

"In the matron's room," he replied; "come this way."

I was only too glad to follow him, and on reaching her reception room I found a tall, thin gentle

man awaiting me. He had delicate features and thin grey hair, moustache and whiskers, and was apparently about 60 years of age. He rose to meet me, took my hand and said:

"*I am Mr. Silkman.*"

The excitement and joy of that moment I shall never forget. I could scarcely believe it possible that I had accomplished my object, and that at last my letters had met with some tangible result. He informed me that in order to secure an interview with me, he was obliged to procure an order from a judge. This the doctors dared not refuse. After a few moments spent in conversation he left me hurriedly, saying that he wished to visit another patient in the male department of the asylum, that I must not be alarmed at anything, to be cautious in regard to what I said, and he should try to be back soon.

Before I proceed further, I will give a brief sketch of Mr. James B. Silkman, who was destined to be my deliverer from this den of horrors. He was a decendant of a noted English family. After leaving college he was associated with a law firm in New York, and soon after became assistant editor of the New York *Evening Post.* Later he acted as night editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer.* Night work and law studies undermined his health, and induced him to abandon the press and apply for admission to the bar, and he continued to practice his profession up to the time of his alleged insanity.

"On the very day of his alleged insanity" he

argued a motion before the surrogate of the county where he resided on behalf of the executors and trustees of the estate of the widow of the late Russian consul, collected the fees, paid one quarter's office rent, etc., and went home, where he was surrounded by four men under pretence that he was about to assault some one, and who told him he must go with them to White Plains. On arrival there he begged to go home and procure some clothing and see his children. This request was not listened to, but he was rushed off to Utica where he was incarcerated in the asylum. He was soon visited by friends, who, with the aid of members of the Land League of Yonkers, succeeded in securing his release three months later. Mr. Silkman was afterwards successful in winning his suit for the recovery of the property, of which he had been defrauded by his relatives who effected his imprisonment with that direct object in view.

The afternoon after Mr. Silkman's visit, I was sitting in the veranda when Dr. Brush, accompanied by an attendant, entered and opened a conversation with me, leading the way to the parlor as he spoke. His first question propounded in a sarcastic, sneering tone, was:

"Well, did you have a pleasant visit this morning?"

"Yes," I replied, briefly.

"Do you consider him a well-balanced man?" was his next question.

"Yes," I replied; "he seems to be of a nervous temperament."

"Who did the most talking?" was his next query.

"We both talked a great deal," I answered.

"Do you still believe as you did when you came here, that Miss Hamlo is Mr. Zell's divorced wife?" he asked, after a moment's thought.

"That has nothing to do with my being here," I replied. "It is a matter of indifference to me."

"Yes, it has," he insisted.

"No, it has not," I urged.

"Well, there was a letter you thought your brother did not write to you. What do you think of that now?" he asked, in a tantalizing manner.

"That has nothing to do with my being here," I again replied.

"Yes, it has," he reiterated.

"No, it has not," I insisted. "I was placed here on an entirely different charge."

"There is no charge made for insanity," he replied. "When a person commits a crime, charges are made against him."

"You know very well why I was placed here," I said. "It was because I suspected I was poisoned. I was told repeatedly when I asked *why* I must stay here, that it was because I suspected I had been poisoned."

"Why do you think your friends keep you here?" he asked.

"They are deluded," I replied.

"Then why do we keep you here?" he asked.

"Deluded too, I suppose. I should be very sorry to think otherwise," I answered.

"What does Mr. Silkman propose to do?" he inquired.

"I could not say. I do not know as he can do anything." (I had been instructed by Mr. Silkman to make this answer should this question be propounded to me, and was prepared for it.)

"Who is your friend?" he asked, referring to the friend (Mr. Zell) named in the Judge's order, upon whose authority it was gotten out.

"I do not know," I said, cautiously. "I did not ask."

"And your friends, who are they? Mrs. G.?" he asked.

"I do not know," I replied. "I know I have plenty of friends, and I have confidence in them, so I did not ask who they were."

"I received a letter from your brother the other day,—I meant to have brought it with me,—saying that he *did* write that letter." Then after a pause, he continued: "Would you believe, if you saw it, that he wrote it?"

"Under some circumstances I should," I replied, deliberately.

The letter which he now referred to I have not spoken of before, but I will now explain the facts so that my readers may understand the subsequent allusions which are made to it.

I had received a letter from my brother through the doctors a few weeks previous, which was so unsympathetic after the letters I had succeeded in sending out to him with such difficulty entreating his help, that I had said in a moment of pained disappointment, while the doctor sat watching me, that "it did not seem as if he could have written that letter."

This remark was immediately seized upon by the doctors as a possible proof of my insanity, and was magnified and twisted round and round in the hope of attaching some weighty significance to it, at least in order to enable them to tantalize me with the idea that they considered it a proof of my continued insanity. With a view to create such belief in my brother's mind, they wrote to him requesting him to write and inform me that he *had* written such a letter, and this answer which it seems they had received in the meantime, was now referred to with the evident intent of using it as a weapon on the occasion of my release; also in the event of my denying ever having received the beautiful box of drawing pencils which I afterwards learned my cousin had seen him mail to me, and for which other old pencils (which had evidently been in the asylum for a number of years by the appearance of the case,) were substituted as a gift from the matron; also if I should deny receiving books and papers which he said he had sent me from time to time and which I had not received, they hoped that he might think this statement was equally unreliable.

The following morning, Dr. Blumer came to my room and said :

"Well, you had a great time yesterday morning, didn't you?"

"Yes," I responded.

"What is Mr. Silkman going to do?" he inquired.

"I do not know as he can do anything," I replied as before to the same inquiry by Dr. Brush.

"How did you send out your letter?" he asked.

"I do not choose to say," I answered.

"Who took it out?" he inquired.

"I could not say," was my reply.

"When did you send it out?" he asked.

"Some weeks ago," I said, indefinitely.

"Did Mrs. C. take it out?" he asked, persistently.

"No," I answered.

I endeavored to avoid the doctors as much as possible, as it may be imagined I did not enjoy their catechisms, and Thanksgiving morning I went to the parlor with that purpose in view. I had only been there a few moments when the supervisor came to me and said :

"The doctors would like to have you stay down from chapel if you would."

I immediately thought I was to be cross-examined by the doctors in a body, or that certainly some unpleasant experience awaited me, and naturally felt alarmed and excited, but determined to keep cool and say nothing to my disadvantage.

After all the patients had gone to chapel service

Mrs. B., the matron, called me, and to my relief and surprise informed me that Mr. Silkman was waiting in her room to see me.

Mr. Silkman now informed me, that he had served the writ of *habeas corpus* on Dr. Grey in person the previous evening in his library; that probably in ten days' time, unless something unforeseen occurred to prevent, I should receive my freedom; that I was to go to Poughkeepsie before Judge Barnard, as it was not best for me to go before a judge of Monroe or Oneida Counties; that I might possibly be sent to the Poughkeepsie Asylum as he had been, pending the trial, but it would be all right. I conversed with him for some time, and, finally, when the dinner bell rang, I slipped into the dining-room, took my plate of turkey which was waiting for me at my place at the table, and carried it back to the matron's room, and we continued in conversation the greater part of the afternoon. He then left me, telling me to keep up my courage, and to be careful that the doctors did not make me sick before the following Friday.

That very day a curious coincidence (if it can be called such) occurred. The supervisors from Monroe County came and took away one or two patients from the asylum belonging to that County. I then realized what a narrow escape I had had from being placed beyond Mr. Silkman's reach, which was the cunning plan, Dr. Grey not anticipating that Mr. Silkman would serve the writ of *habeas corpus* so soon. This I afterwards learned was successfully

done in the case of the patient Stanton, whose name was prefixed to mine in the papers in my case, as Stanton, and C. C. Lathrop, *ex rel* the people of the State of New York, etc.

After this visit of Mr. Silkman's, the doctors were only too willing to question me, and I was interviewed by each one of them without request, even by the wise Dr. Grey himself. They now seemed to display almost as much anxiety to converse with me as I had to talk with them during the first few months after my incarceration, and each doctor questioned me in his own peculiar fashion.

It seems that the morning following Mr. Silkman's visit, an account of his interview with me was published in the morning paper; also the poem I had written one month after my arrival and sent in my letter to Mrs. G., and which I had written from memory for Mr. Silkman's benefit. This article stated something to the effect that the doctors had spoken of me to him in an insulting manner when he had served the papers on Dr. Grey. In consequence of this Dr. Brush came to my room and said:

"Nothing insulting was said. What Mr. Silkman had printed in the paper is false." As I made no remark, he continued: "I suppose Mr. Silkman knows all about Mr. Zell and Miss Hamlo?"

"I could not say," I replied.

"He says you handed him twelve pages from a lady in the asylum," he said, probably hoping to

shake my confidence in Mr. Silkman by the fabrication of this palpable falsehood.

"I wrote to him," I said, briefly.

"Have you heard from Mr. Zell since you have been here?" he inquired.

"How could I?" I asked.

"Did Mr. Silkman tell you anything about him?" he asked.

"No," I answered.

"Oh, I did not know but he had," he remarked. "This letter from your brother says that he did write that letter; you have these delusions about him and Miss Hamlo."

"I suspected her," I replied, "which I had a perfect right to do. You may have delusions yourself. I think probably you have."

"What would you do, if Judge Barnard should decide you were sane now, but insane at the time you entered the asylum?" he inquired, in a tantalizing manner.

"If he decides that I am sane now, I was sane when I entered the asylum, for the facts remain unchanged. I have always been open to proof and conviction," I replied, disgusted with his malicious questionings. Finding he could gain little satisfaction from me he left me to my next inquisitor.

That very afternoon Dr. Blumer came into my room with my brother's letter in his hand, and said as he gave it to me for perusal:

"Can you identify that as your brother's letter?"

"Yes," I said, briefly.

"You say it is his handwriting?" he asked.

"Yes, it looks like his writing,—signature, etc., also business paper," I said, glancing at the publisher's advertisement at the heading of the letter.

"Do you think he wrote that letter now?" he persisted.

"Under some circumstances I should," I replied, not intending to give him the satisfaction of a direct reply, as I thought the whole matter too absurd, this making such a great mountain out of my insignificant remark, for any sensible person to consider for an instant.

The next day Dr. Brush went to a poor sick patient who had been removed from the first ward to a back ward and questioned her as to any statements I might have made in reference to my affairs. Fortunately I had never imparted anything to but few patients in the building,—only a general statement as to my incarceration, very little to any one,—and the poor woman was amazed at the story he related to her. Finding her totally ignorant, he failed to accomplish whatever scheme he may have had in his mind. Just what it was, I have never been able to fathom.

My next interview was with Dr. Grey himself, who this time did not wait for a special request from me. On entering the room Dr. Grey seated himself near me, and seemed to be scrutinizing me closely during our conversation. After a few desultory

remarks in regard to himself and his sickness, he asked:

"Have you the same ideas you had on arrival?"

"Yes, everything remains unchanged. You cannot alter facts," I replied.

"Do you still think you were poisoned?" he inquired.

"I have no reason to think otherwise," I answered. "I have always been open to proof and conviction. I may have been and I may not."

"That is not true in the paper," he said. "No one has tried to insult you." Then, after a pause, he asked: "Do you think Miss Hamlo is Mr. Zell's divorced wife?"

"I do not know. She may be, and she may not. She may be some one in league with her. That has nothing to do with my being here," I added.

"How do you know?" he asked, blandly.

"Because I was told so by a reliable person who knew," referring to some one who had an opportunity to look at the entry books and who did so at my request.

"Do you still think your brother wrote that letter? I received a letter from him saying that he *did* write it,— I have Dr. Brush's word that he did,"— he said, correcting himself. "I meant that you should have seen it."

"I did see it," I replied.

After a few moments silence Dr. Grey said:

"Nobody wants to keep you here. No one has put a thread in your way."

"You have put bolts and bars," I replied, indignantly, "and so far as you are concerned, I should never have had my liberty. That was your intention."

"We could not keep you," said this sublime prevaricator.

"You *have kept me all this time.* I am sorry you have forced me into this publicity, but I must have my liberty, and if I cannot have it without, then I must meet it."

"Do you wish to have it said that you wished to marry a married man?" asked Dr. Grey, catching at the idea of perhaps shaming me into a withdrawal of my efforts for release.

"If you choose to betray to the public my private affairs which you have learned from my letters, and twist them up to suit yourself, I am ready to meet you, and if you oppose me on the charges I was placed here on, I will meet you there."

"No one has ever said anything about your private affairs, not a person. This Judge Engle,—or whoever he is,—does not he know?"

"You may be deluded in regard to me," I replied. "Whether you should be shut up for two years or more because you have these delusions, is a question for any one who has any sense of justice to decide." He seemed to wince a little at my words, and as he rose to go said in an insulting manner:

"*It is better to say you are insane than bad.*"

"If you think I have ever done anything in my

life that I am ashamed of, you are mistaken," I replied, indignantly. "I have not. There is nothing in my whole life that I wish to conceal."

I recall little more of the conversation, which was written down soon after that I might not forget what was said. As Dr. Grey was about to leave the room, I said:

"I should prefer travelling by daylight, as it fatigues me to travel at night."

"That I have nothing to do with. It is in the hands of the board of managers," he answered.

"I thought the matter had gone entirely out of their control," I said, coolly.

He looked baffled, and withdrew from the room as if ashamed of himself, if it was possible for such a man to have such a sentiment.

The ten days that intervened were days of great anxiety. I counted each one as bringing me nearer and nearer to liberty. I did not know the exact nature of a writ of *habeas corpus*,—its lawful and uncompromising demand for the *body* of the person called for in this valuable document, which is unpopular with a certain class of asylum authorities,—and my anxiety increased daily, my ignorance depriving me of the sense of security which I might have enjoyed had I more fully comprehended it, and which the doctors feigned to ignore and were willing I should doubt the efficacy of. I did not feel quite sure that I was positively to be taken to Poughkeepsie at the stated time. I did not dare to

hope, I had been disappointed so many times. "A hundred things may intervene," I thought, "and I feel positive that efforts will be made to prevent my release."

I searched the packages of old newspapers carefully and was at last rewarded with the first definite certainty that actual steps were publicly acknowledged as being taken for my liberation. This was a little notice of two lines that I found in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, a telegraph item tucked down near the corner of the page, in very fine print, stating that a writ of *habeas corpus* had been served on Dr. Grey, and that I was to be taken to Poughkeepsie before Judge Barnard. It reassured me. Still, I had despaired so long, that nothing but actual removal could make me feel secure.

I learned upon inquiry the day before my departure, that I was to leave the asylum Monday afternoon, December 8th, spend the night in Albany, arriving at Poughkeepsie Tuesday morning. I had sent to Rochester for a hat and cloak, and at last when the long anticipated day arrived, gladly bade adieu to the poor patients with a parting word of hope and sympathy, Dr. Brush encouraging me by saying:

"You will be back here again to-morrow night."

("*Not alive*," was my mental resolution.)

Acting upon this idea, I was not allowed to take my trunk, and my clothing was left in my bureau drawers. About 2 o'clock P. M., Monday, to my

great joy and delight, I found myself in a carriage in company with Dr. Brush, Mrs. Barker, the matron, and a patient whom I afterwards learned Mr. Silkman was also attempting to release.

We arrived at a hotel in Albany after 7 o'clock in the evening, and had a late supper in the dining-room, where we were served with a very poor and meagre repast. The next morning we were hurried off to the depot, and after a short journey arrived at Poughkeepsie, where Dr. Brush conducted us to a hotel. I felt like one in a dream. It was all so strange, this longed-for experience, this singular process which was to lead to my restoration to liberty. I only knew that at last I was to have the long anticipated privilege of going before a judge and stating the facts about my case, which I had always declared would secure my release. It was difficult to realize that the opportunity was approaching. After the best breakfast I had tasted in over two years, oatmeal, actual cream, and nice juicy steak and roast potatoes, my courage rose. It gave me confidence that my day of freedom was dawning.

Soon after leaving the dining-room, Mrs. Barker and myself found our way to the court house. I had anticipated a very different place from that which awaited me. I saw a comparatively small room, containing a long table, several chairs, and a few gentleman standing around in an informal manner. As it was a cold day, the matron and myself seated ourselves near the stove and awaited developments. I

was troubled because I had not yet seen Mr. Silkman, and had no opportunity of doing so until called as a witness.

Finally I saw a gentleman of medium height with a grey moustache enter. He was what might be called a plain looking man, with an open, kindly expression of countenance. He seated himself at one end of the large table, and a young lady whom I had not observed particularly before, the patient who had accompanied us, and a few others gathered around this table. I soon discovered that it was a trial to ascertain this man's sanity, and became much interested in the proceedings. I was shocked to learn that this young lady was the man's daughter, and it seemed a painful ordeal for him to have his child swear away her father's freedom in an emphatic and earnest manner. I had not understood the case clearly before, and congratulated myself that no such disgraceful proceeding would be in store for me, as there was no member of my family present.

I learned, however, from the testimony given, that this man was a confirmed drunkard, and his family had found it necessary to place him under some restraint for self-protection, and Utica was the place chosen. He was sent by Judge Barnard to the Poughkeepsie asylum temporarily, but later was returned to the county from which he was sent, to be disposed of as the judge of that county should determine. This was the last I ever heard of him.

Soon the time came for me to be examined, and I was given a chair very near the gentleman whom I have described and whom I now learned was Judge Barnard, upon whose decision my freedom hung.

After requesting Mr. Silkman to examine me in person, Judge Barnard asked me a few questions, an extract from the testimony as reported I now give.

"Judge B. How long have you been in the Utica asylum?

"A. Twenty-six months.

"Q. Who placed you in the asylum?

"A. Dr. Nefus.

"Q. Who of your own family?

"A. Sister, I suppose.

"Q. Who is there of your family?

"A. Mother, two sisters, brother and self.

"Q. Brother at home?

"A. No, sir, in N. O.

"Q. Have your family anything against you?

"A. No, nothing whatever.

"Q. Why were you placed in the asylum?

"A. Because I suspected I had been poisoned. I had two sicknesses, the Monday and Friday previous to incarceration at Utica, but recovered so soon that I concealed the seriousness of my sickness from my family.

"Q. Did you tell you family your suspicions?

"A. I did, by advice.

"Q. Any delusions?

"Mr. Silkman. I talked with her four hours on last Thursday, and failed to find a cobweb in her brain."

After some words with Mr. Silkman Judge Barn-

ard remarked: "Don't you see that she is able to defend her own case?" Then turning to me again he resumed the examination as follows:

"Q. I have a letter from your mother, if you would like to see it.

"A. No, I do not.

"Q. Why did you come to Poughkeepsie? I should have thought you would have gone to Rochester which is nearer.

"A. I preferred to come here."

I was just contrasting Judge Barnard's kind, considerate questions with the rough, sneering, tantalizing catechisms of the Utica doctors, when Judge Barnard turned to the table and said:

"Who represents the family of Miss Lathrop?"

To my utter amazement a man whom I recognized as having attended a Shakspeare reading on one occasion at Judge Acute's house, a Mr. Whiting, who was seated at the opposite end of the table, said:

"I do."

For a moment everything reeled before me, I was so shocked at the cruel desire implied by his presence to deprive me of my freedom indefinitely.

"Have you any questions to ask the witness?" asked Judge Barnard.

I turned and looked directly into Mr. Whiting's face without betraying a particle of emotion. He looked at me for an instant, then a peculiar expression passed over his face, and he said, briefly:

"I have not."

"Have you anything to say?" asked Judge Barnard, turning to Mr. Whiting again.

"I move," said Mr. Whiting, "that the case be transferred to Monroe County, as her family are somewhat impoverished, and do not wish the expense of bringing witnesses to this distance."

"What have you to say, Miss Lathrop?" asked Judge Barnard.

"I prefer to remain here," I responded.

"I move," said Mr. Whiting, "that a commission be appointed in Rochester to take testimony."

"Her case can be heard in Utica on Monday," interposed Dr. Brush.

"I have no power to grant such a request," said Judge Barnard. Then he added, "I see no signs of insanity in this lady. I direct that she be sent to the Hudson River Hospital, to remain ten days, to enable her family to appear. The case is adjourned until that time."

Thereupon I soon found myself in a carriage with my former companions, (though by what authority Dr. Brush still retained possession of me I cannot even yet determine) and we were driven at a rapid rate some distance. Finally, we stopped in front of a large building, situated on an eminence which commanded a charming view of the Hudson River, and which was surrounded by trees, suggesting the idea that it must be a particularly pleasant site in summer. This I knew must be the Hudson River Hospital (as it is called) for the insane.

As I entered the door, a fair complexioned gentleman, with light brown hair slightly tinged with grey, whom I learned was Dr. Cleveland, the superintendent, met me, and said in an earnest manner:

"I wish you to understand, Miss Lathrop, that I do not accept you as a patient. Judge Barnard has sent you here. You cannot go into the street, so *I allow* you to stay."

He led the way through many long, cold, dreary corridors, and at last into a room which he called the sitting-room, a bright, cheerful room, which commanded a pleasant view from the window. There were several patients sitting around, and a gentleman and lady conversing together were seated on one of the sofas.

"Who is that?" asked Mrs. Barker, the matron.

"Oh, a patient and her husband," was the reply.

Mrs. Barker looked amazed to see such a singular performance in an insane asylum. To think of a patient receiving a call from her husband in the common sitting-room, surrounded by other patients, who were free to converse upon any topic they pleased, without the restraint of any of the officials or attendants, was something she had never known of in the Utica Asylum, where there was so much to conceal. I, too, was surprised, the second surprise I had experienced within a few moments.

I was soon shown to my room, which I was told was considered the pleasantest on the ward, as it was somewhat larger and commanded a fine view of the

Hudson. I found an entirely different atmosphere in this asylum from that of Utica. There were no complaints from the patients, although I confess I questioned them closely. I learned that sometimes, when convalescing, patients were allowed to go home and visit their friends. I saw one or two who had done so, they being willing to return to the asylum again when the allotted time had expired. Letters were sealed and sent out it seemed without supervision.

On my request for paper, pen and ink, I was informed that the State only furnished paper, etc., to the patients, but did not provide for me. However, I was kindly given paper, and sent out letters whenever and wherever I chose. I found the food also far better than at Utica, and no drugs were administered to patients.

What astonished me more than anything, was the fact that there were no companionable people in the ward, the minds of each one seeming slightly affected in some manner, except the lady who was visiting with her husband, and she was sent home a day or two later with him, having ended a three months' sojourn. This lady told me that she was obliged to come there occasionally for treatment, in consequence of her unconquerable habit of taking opium, which rendered it necessary for her to have medical care. She did not remain long, but went home as soon as sufficiently improved. Her longest stay, I understood, was three months.

I found that a perfectly sane lady was incarcerated in the hospital by her husband. She had been there only two weeks, and was sent away soon after, being detained only long enough to enable some of her friends to come and take her away. Dr. Cleveland informed me that he would never admit patients who had not certificates which were perfectly legal in every particular, that he sent the patient away at once, and would not hold them until the papers were made correct. In every way I received the impression that Dr. Cleveland was a humane, honorable and trustworthy gentleman, a man with whom one could place their friends who were afflicted with insanity with the most perfect confidence, feeling that they would receive good care and a speedy release when cured of their difficulty. It restored my faith in human nature to find there was even one such institution so conducted, with such physicians in charge, and I felt thankful that Utica did not prove to be a criterion of every asylum in the State.

There seemed to be no labor enforced upon the patients, excepting the care of their own rooms, and this duty was shared by the attendants, the idea being recognized that the patients were *sick people*, who had come there to be cured of their ailments, not to have them aggravated by overburdensome tasks. A feeling of perfect confidence in the doctors seemed to pervade the ward, in constrast with the feeling of distrust which I knew too well existed with reason at Utica, and which would

never have been created had not there been good cause for its existence. Within a short time I have heard it confidently asserted by an officer of a society which is supposed to interest itself in the insane, that it is the generally expressed belief among medical superintendents and doctors in asylums that patients are suspicious of the doctors, or to use his own words: "That the doctor is an enemy and they have a great antipathy to him." This I can say positively is not the case with the patients. I found with very few exceptions, that the patients on entering the asylum were possessed with the greatest confidence in the physicians, and I was careful not to disturb this feeling of composure, and only advised them in reference to their conduct at their request, or when I had good reason to think their letters were not sent, or after they were detained an indefinite period. In two instances I wrote notes to relatives of patients, which resulted in their removal to their homes before it was too late. The patients frequently explained to me what a bewildering place it seemed to them on their recovering their sanity, when they awoke to a realizing sense of their surroundings. This critical period, the time of convalescence, is the time for the kind word of encouragement and change of surroundings, not the time for talk of delusions. When the struggling intellect is awakening once more to reason, then the patient should receive kind words of sympathy and hope, the promise of home, friends and liberty, so dear to the human heart.

CHAPTER XVII.

FREE AT LAST.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers
While error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies among her worshippers."

THE ten days had slipped away, and at last the anticipated hour had arrived, the 20th day of December, 1882, *10 A. M.* It was a bright and beautiful morning fitting the occasion. How impatiently I had counted the hours! Compared with the previous ten days of anxiety I had spent at Utica after the writ was served, the time had passed quietly and pleasantly, unmarked by any disturbing elements. Here I had felt secure from bodily injury at least, and could sleep peacefully until morning. I now stood equipped in my wraps awaiting Mr. Silkman's appearance. As time passed, and I received no message from him, I became a little troubled and anxious. The difficulty was that Dr. Cleveland refused to have anything to do with me, and when a telephone message was sent to the asylum inquiring where I was, he informed the court officials that if they wanted me they must send for me.

In response to this reply, Mr. Silkman arrived with a carriage, which was to take me to the court room for the second time. Just as I was leaving the asylum, and was saying good-by to the kind supervisor of the ward, who was a refined, ladylike, intelligent and sympathetic woman, she slipped a twenty-five cent piece into my hand, saying:

"You may need it."

As we entered the carriage, Mr. Silkman handed me a letter from my sister which was addressed to Judge Barnard. It was not agreeable reading, not calculated to produce a tranquilizing effect upon me. I append a copy that my readers may judge for themselves:

"ROCHESTER, DEC. 5th, 1882.

"HON. J. F. BARNARD,

"DEAR SIR:—We have information that you have granted to a man named Silkman, from Yonkers, a writ of *habeas corpus*, requiring Dr. Grey, Superintendent of the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, to bring my sister, Clara C. Lathrop, before you at Poughkeepsie, Dec. 9th, at 10 A. M.

"My sister has been deranged for over two years, and it has been to us all the greatest misfortune we ever experienced, the greatest *sorrow* and *trouble*.

"She represents that *I* placed her on the asylum to *prevent* her *marrying somebody* that I disapproved of.

"However, she really knows that is not true, for she says *she tells* that because she thinks she must account for her being there in some way.

"The gentleman she expected to marry was already married, and living with his wife and child in Brooklyn.

"She began to imagine he was at variance with his wife and was trying to obtain a divorce. Finally she concluded he *had obtained* it, and was coming here to marry her. Then as he failed to put in an appearance, she imagined that a maiden lady, who boarded with us, was his divorced wife, and that she was *poisoning her* to prevent the impending marriage.

"She *fancied* she *saw* him at *various times*, and that this woman prevented their *recognizing each other*. She would take *other gentlemen* for *him, not while they* were *present*, but *afterwards*; thinking of the matter she would conclude it was *him* she saw and wonder that she did not know it at the time; and then think over what had been said in way of conversation, and imagine covert messages, etc. After all, she knew he was in *New York*, and did not dare write to him, because she fancied this aforesaid maiden lady had a nephew in New York P. O. who would recognize her letters and confiscate them.

"This was during a few months and weeks before she left home, and *we knew nothing about it at the time*. She fancied she was threatened with paralysis, and took electric treatments for the complaint three times or more every day, much *against* our *judgment*, as we feared it might have an *injurious effect*, but she *opposed anything we advised*. Her physical health appeared to be excellent, but we considered her in a state of nervous prostration, and tried to have her mind diverted from herself as much as possible.

"Finally, she imagined the aforesaid *gentleman's life* in danger from a conspiracy between the (fancied) divorced wife and some other party, . . . and now a climax seems to have been reached. She fancied herself steeped in poison that exuded from the pores of her skin and came out upon her hair

and clothing, gloves and boots. She kept changing her underwear, saving up and labeling the different towels as to what for and how they were used. She bottled up dregs of water and strong ammonia which she had used in washing her hair; used an immense amount of soap, rubbing it on her body and limbs; washed the inside of her shoes with soap and water and kept bathing in strong soda and water and used ammonia lavishly when possible to obtain it; kept soap suds in her mouth all of one night and thought it did her good. We feared she might do herself a *permanent injury by taking something* she imagined would be an antidote. She sometimes imagined herself poisoned with sulphuric acid, sometimes digitalis and sometimes phosphorus.

"She plastered the top of her head with soapy water until when dry the hair was perfectly stiff and rattled like paper, but in the meantime, from Monday, October 11th to the 19th, when we sent her to Utica, she would not stay at home, and we did not know *always where* she was. We had no rest night or day, and I am sure I did not sleep an hour at a time until we knew her to be in safe haven at the asylum. We were out late at night, trying to find out where she was, sometimes, and too *anxious* to rest a *moment*. The shock and suspense and anxiety my mother has never recovered from fully, as her health is very miserable. . . . . Clara's nervous system is in a much better state than when she entered the institution, and she is in many respects much improved; still she holds the same delusions, and we had hoped that a longer stay might insure her reason. She has behaved well at the asylum, and would, perhaps, anywhere if there could be exercised a proper *governing and restraining power over her*. Nothing could give us greater *comfort* than to have her *at home*,

could we feel *secure* that she would neither harm herself or others, (could she be restored to her reason). In writing this, I represent the *family*, consisting of the mother and two sisters of Clara C. Lathrop.

"With great respect,

"Yours,

"NELLIE C. L."

This is a correct transcript of her letter with a few omissions where it touches upon the pecuniary matters of the family, which really have nothing to do with my case, the underlinings being her own, to give additional force to her assertions, many of which she knew to be absolutely false. It may strike my readers, as it probably did Judge Barnard, with its contradictory statements, its utter lack of correct inferences, or even approximation to truth. Had my commitment papers been exhibited as they should have been on this occasion, and which Mr. Silkman perhaps did not have an opportunity to exhibit later, —his original idea being to have my discharge by the court on the ground of sanity, not of my illegal commitment,—Judge Barnard might have observed the incongruity between Dr. Nefus's statements and her own. She claimed I had been insane for over two years, that is from about the time of my incarceration, when according to his affidavit, it would be over four years, during which time I was engaged in teaching successfully.

Her ideas in regard to what she had heard in some

way, probably through asylum physicians, in reference to her having placed me in the asylum to prevent my marrying some one, she now for the first time states. The absurdity of her statement that "I took other gentlemen for Mr. Zell," etc., and which she knew was absolutely false, she proves to be so when she goes on to say "*We knew nothing about it at the time.*"

She had never seen me, or knew of my changing my underwear except at stated intervals, perhaps with an occasional exception. She did not sleep with me, and had never seen me rub a particle of soap directly upon myself or my garments; whereas, I had seen her make a practice of putting it on her collars, which would render her equally insane. It was an exasperating letter, not intended to reassure me as to her kindly spirit and interest in reference to my release.

I had learned while awaiting my fate, that the friends with whom I had corresponded while at Utica, had forwarded to Judge Barnard a belief in my sanity as indicated by my correspondence with them and knowledge of me before my incarceration. One letter begged Judge Barnard "as he was a righteous judge" to give me a chance. I also learned that one friend every time she received a letter from me would weep and say "I do not see what she is shut up in that asylum for. Why does she not go home?" Mrs. G., the lady who took care of me, informed me that I had no idea of the tears she had

shed, and the number of sleepless nights she had spent on my account. Both she and Mrs. S. wrote letters to Judge Barnard, with a view of aiding my release, and although sickness prevented the presence of either one of them on this occasion, yet each expressed a willingness to do anything in their power in my behalf. So I felt that my friends were working for me, even if I were to be opposed by my own family as before.

On approaching the court house, Mr. Silkman and I stopped at a restaurant opposite, and there I had some oyster soup, as I had not succeeded in eating any breakfast that morning. This I paid for with the twenty-five cents the kind supervisor had given me. On entering the court room, I found Dr. Brush my only adversary, as my family had wisely withdrawn their opposition, and he was severely criticised by the press for his unwarranted opposition to my release.

I was now a second time examined by Judge Barnard, and again testified to my suspicions, also to having seen the yellow powder on the surface of my tea on the occasion I have mentioned. Dr. Brush then proceeded to cross-examine me in a most tantalizing manner. An extract from the testimony as reported I now give :—

"Dr. Brush, (apparently reading from paper)—Did you not write to the man in B. 'To you alone I turn for help in my great adversity, for you are the link which will make my testimony complete. I trust before this that you are informed of my incar-

ceration in this place, and are already taking measures for my relief. I am now here through the machinations of your divorced wife, who has been in our house for the past eight months, torturing me in every conceivable way, etc?

"Witness, (turning to Judge Barnard and addressing the court)—Has he a right to read this letter?

"Judge B. In a court of law your letter is evidence, no matter how he got it.

"A. I wrote such a letter. I think I was justified in such a belief under the circumstances."

"Judge B. Yes," (at the same time slightly inclining his head).

After a few more questions, Dr. Brush continued as follows:—

"Q. Have you not within a month poured out your coffee and examined it, and when told by an attendant that she had mixed it, you said it was all right and drank it?

"A. No, sir! (indignantly)

"Q. You remember when I asked what would be the effect on your mind, if Judge Barnard should decide that you were sane now, but insane at the time you came into the asylum?

"A. You asked what I would do if Judge Barnard decided I was sane now, but insane at the time I entered the asylum. I said if he decided I was sane now, I was sane when I entered the asylum. I meant by that that my mind was the same in regard to these suspicions, which were never positive, and that I was open to proof and conviction.

"Q. The same delusions she had when she came there, she has now. Miss Lathrop, did you not think the doctors at the asylum were trying to poison you?

"A. One time Dr. Grey sent me some medicine as a punishment for writing him a letter. I was not sick and made no complaint of being sick when he sent me the black medicine. On another occasion I distinctly saw a yellow powder on the surface of my tea.

"Q. Dr. Grey sent you no medicine. The effect which she ascribed to the medicine, is in reality the cause for which I prescribed it.

"Judge Barnard. I do not understand you.

"Dr. Brush, (to Judge Barnard)—The symptoms which she said were produced by the medicine were the symptoms for which I gave her the medicine.

"Dr. Brush, (to witness)—Did you not write two letters, to Drs. Grey and Forbes, very soon after your arrival at the asylum?

"A. Yes, have you those two letters here? (coolly)

"Q. No."

I then quoted from the letter I had written to Dr. Forbes two years before, as follows:—

"I little thought when I took the remedies to you to be analyzed, that upon your decision would rest my freedom, dearer to me than life."

After a few more questions of a similar character, Judge Barnard said:

"I see no cause for detaining this lady. She seems perfectly able to take care of herself. I cannot hold her. She seems perfectly sane. I therefore discharge her."

How I blessed Judge Barnard as he pronounced those welcome words!

"Where are you going?" asked kind Judge Barnard as I turned to go.

"I do not know," (for as yet I had not been able to make any plans.) "I may go to my cousins in New York or New Jersey," I said, thoughtfully.

I cannot express my happiness as Mr. Silkman and I walked off together. I could scarcely realize I was actually free, for the shadow of the asylum rested over me still. We had only walked a block from the court house, when suddenly the lack of the greatest necessity to our existence presented itself to my mind.

"Why, I have no money!" I exclaimed, "not one cent! How strange it is! What shall I do?"

"Here is some," said Mr. Silkman, handing me a $5 bill.

As I had no pocket-book, I placed it in an envelope for future emergencies. The next thing was to decide upon my future movements. There were two plans which Mr. Silkman submitted to me. One was to go to White Plains to visit his daughter, and the other was to go to Yonkers to the house of a Baptist minister, until I could devise some scheme for the future. The latter we decided would be more convenient to New York. We arrived at the house of kind Mrs. S. at about 6 P. M. She received us with sympathy, and did everything in her power to make my stay in her home pleasant and comfortable.

I had already written to my cousins in New York,

while in the asylum, but realizing the prejudice which exists in the minds of many people against any one who has ever been within asylum walls, I did not know what reception might await me. The next day Mr. Silkman and I went to New York and called at my cousin's office. To my delight he invited me to spend Christmas with his family, an invitation which I accepted with joy. I returned to Yonkers and bade my new friends adieu, paying half of my money for my board. I shall never forget Mrs. S's parting words, as she held my hand when I was leaving the house. They were these:

"If your cousins do not receive you well, if you feel that you are not welcome, come back to me and I will *divide my last crust with you.*"

"Ah," I thought, "there is kindness and humanity in the outside world, the world of freedom!"

On arriving at my cousins' house, I was received with open arms. They were only too happy to see me once more in the enjoyment of my liberty, which they felt I had been wrongfully deprived of, and assured me that their home should be mine. It seemed as if the Lord had opened the way for me to take my place in the sphere I had once filled, and I looked forward to an immediate opportunity of entering upon new duties.

Oh, how delightful it seemed to be free once more, to take long walks down Fifth Avenue, to look at pictures, and to wander through beautiful Central Park, which was located near my cousin's home! I

felt almost intoxicated with happiness, the bliss, the never ceasing source of thankfulness on my restoration to my precious, longed-for liberty!

CHAPTER XVIII.

BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE.

Weighed with the general good,—how could I choose my own,—
Heaven would accept me for its instrument,
I hoped—I said, Heaven had accepted me."

George Eliot.

MY first step after my release was to write to Dr. W. and request the return of my letters which I had sent to him while in the asylum, in order to ascertain if possible whether each had reached its destination, especially the one sent through the Senate Investigating Committee. The latter, after other letters had been forwarded to me, was finally returned at my continued solicitation. The following letter deserves no comment.

"SYRACUSE, N. Y., Jan. 2nd, 1883.

"DEAR MISS LATHROP:—Your letter is rec'd. and I enclose the letters you call for. Should I ever meet you I can explain why they slumbered in my hands.

"One in which you requested me to send an enclosed note to Dr. Ordonaux did not reach me, as I remember, till Dr. O. had ceased to be Commissioner of Lunacy.

"I had an impression always that your relatives did not desire your discharge from Utica. The asylum authorities at Utica have such a dislike to

me, personally, that I felt that any interference on my part in behalf of any person there would only result in their greater suffering.

"I remain yours very truly,

"H. B. W."

This was the letter received from the president of a society which was organized for the sole purpose of aiding the insane and for the *prevention of insanity*, a society championed by many influential and humane men in this country, who gladly enlisted, as they supposed, in uniting to afford aid and protection to their afflicted brethren. Later, Dr. W. further explained that he had resigned his position as president, and was therefore not in a position to aid me. Subsequently, I met the secretary of the society, a Miss C., who seemed equally efficient and active. Later, the society fell into the hands of asylum superintendents, and was ultimately disorganized and its indentity totally destroyed.

In the meantime, I had not forgotten my true deliverer, Mr. Zell,—for at my request, Mr. Silkman had seen him and he had authorized him to take the necessary steps for my release, furnishing him with the money necessary to insure that end. I confess I longed to see him and thank him personally for his kindness. Mr. Silkman called frequently, and as soon as an opportunity offered, I questioned him closely about Mr. Zell and his interview with him while I was in the asylum,—a subject which he always seemed to avoid. He now informed me that Mr.

Zell's home was in a neighboring town. I told Mr. Silkman that I desired to see him,—that I should like to write a note to him,—and he kindly promised to deliver it in person.

"There is $25 left of the money he gave me for your release," Mr. Silkman now informed me.

"Is that so?" I replied. "Then will you kindly return it to him at the same time you deliver my note."

He promised to do so, and a brief note was written requesting Mr. Zell to call, if agreeable, on a specified evening.

Some days afterwards, Mr. Silkman informed me that he had taken the note to Mr. Zell, and had delivered it to him personally at his home at M——; also, that he had seen a lady whom he supposed to be his wife.

"How did she look?" I asked, anxiously.

"A small woman," he replied, "rather pretty."

"You saw him?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "and two little girls who ran in and out of the parlor and called him papa, so I suppose they were his children."

"Two little girls?" I asked, dubiously. "Why, he has but one little girl,—the other child, if there is one, is a boy,—it is very strange."

These statements pained and exasperated me, for I could not understand them fully or reconcile them with the information already in my possession, and I looked forward with impatience to the time when I

should see Mr. Zell himself, when these tantalizing doubts could be set at rest,—when I should receive from his own lips the proof of his dishonor in making love to another woman when he was living with his own wife and children, or the assurance that he had married again during the time of my imprisonment. "I will not believe any one but himself," I argued. "No, I will not allow a comparative stranger to influence my confidence, my trusting faith in him. There was so much I could not understand,—particularly the Japanese Legend, the poem he had sent me the summer previous to my incarceration,—what meaning had it if he had a wife already?" Certainly, these contradictory and complicated circumstances were enough in themselves to make any but the steadiest brain go mad! I had revolved these questions thousands and thousands of times when tortured and insulted by the Utica physicians on his account, when I was powerless to resent or disprove their words.

In answer to my note to Mr. Zell, I received a reply from him requesting that another hour in the *afternoon* should be appointed for his call. I then wrote specifying a day, which would be as convenient to me. Unfortunately, I contracted a severe cold on my lungs the previous day and suffered intensely all that night with a suffocating and unremitting cough. There was no time to defer the intended call, and at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon the bell rang and his card was sent in. I managed to go into the

parlor, although still sick, and seated myself on the sofa as comfortably as possible. He sat at a distance by the window, and finding it difficult to speak loud enough to be heard, I asked him to sit nearer. After a few indifferent remarks, he said that he did not know who Miss Hamlo was; that *his* left hand and arm had been numb, and he had gone to a physician who had informed him that it was his coffee. He had then given up tea and coffee and had recovered his health.

"I have been told," I said, "that you are living happily with your wife and two children,—is that correct?"

I felt that my fate hung upon his answer to this question. I was now to have the power of triumphing over my thoughtless relatives who had taunted me with my supposed infatuation for him, or to be crushed back into the conviction of what I considered unprincipled and dishonorable conduct on the part of the one human being whom I had believed was worthy of affection and implicit confidence, and whom I had fondly hoped would be my protector and vindicator. For twenty-six months I had been chained like a captive to a burning stake, subjected to the barbed arrows of the cruel physicians who delighted in the torture of their helpless victim, in addition to the exasperating letters which I had received from my family. Now a greater blow awaited me, one which I longed to escape from, notwithstanding I was in one sense prepared for it.

Still it fell with cruel force. I listened breathlessly for his reply.

"Yes," he said, as he handed me a letter, turned away and walked to the window.

Oh, the suppressed agony of that moment! I could have wrung my hands and cried aloud! The shield of love and confidence which I had interposed so long to ward off the unfeeling words of others, was torn away, and a sharper, keener blade was plunged into my lacerated heart. I pressed my hands upon my breast and remained silent. It seemed as if each separate pang I had suffered during the past three years or more on his account, was concentrated in that moment of supreme anguish.

I was about to read the letter he had handed me, when he walked across the room and seated himself in a chair near me, saying:

"I am as insane as you are."

The reader may imagine my feelings on reading this letter, which I have previously inserted in Chapter IX, which informed me that he had known of my whereabouts the very day after my incarceration. As if reading my thoughts, he said:

"I could do nothing for you before."

Incapable of reproaching him,—for one thought alone absorbed my mind, preventing me from realizing anything else at that moment, and unable to reason upon his words, or grasp the idea that he might have married again,—I sat as one stunned. I have no further recollection of our conversation

from this time, and do not know what either of us said. I could only sit there and answer mechanically. At last, I saw him rise and prepare to leave, his parting words being

"If you wish to fight, I have nothing to say."

These words puzzled me more than ever, and I sat still for some time, unable to speak or move. I now realized the power of the false hopes which had sustained me for so long. I finally roused myself. I felt that I must not complain, whatever might be my future sufferings. I had two precious gifts, one of which I had preserved throughout all my trials,—my sanity,—and now at last my freedom, and God had raised up these kind friends who had provided me with a shelter. I felt that it was wicked and ungrateful for me to murmur, and that I should bow with resignation to all that I might be forced to endure, if I could only be the instrument in God's hand to aid the poor unfortunate sufferers in the Utica Asylum.

It was true, the brightness had gone from the sunlight, the blueness from the skies, the charm from life, yet I must take up my cross and walk bravely on, seeking to cast the past behind me, looking forward to a life of consecration to the work to which I had dedicated myself while a prisoner in the Utica Asylum, and I now renewed my vows to that sacred cause, which alone and without help or influence I believed I could perform. I knew I had lost my power to a great extent,—I had no money or friends

to aid me in any way,—I was alone in one sense of the word,—without means,—placed in trying circumstances due to my having been in an asylum,—and I knew I must brave my way alone and single handed. "Ah," I thought, "if I can only bring hope and succor to these suffering ones, I shall feel that my life has not been prolonged in vain." It seemed as if these helpless women were stretching out their hands to me for aid, as I once did, to the silent heavens, and that I must help them!

In my pecuniary dilemma, I now decided that I would write to the bank where I had a small sum of money, which unfortunately I had deposited in my own and my elder sister's name, asking if there were any funds to my credit. The reply came that there were none. While I had been in the asylum, it had been a source of comfort and satisfaction to me to think that I had managed by years of teaching and self-denial, in addition to aiding my sister in supporting the family, to have a small amount which I could claim, and which would enable me to make a new start in life, and the knowledge that it was gone did not have a tendency to weaken the sentiments of resentment I naturally cherished towards my own family. It seemed to me an unnecessary cruelty. I had never withheld anything I possessed which might add to their comfort or happiness, and now to be dependent upon my kind benefactors whom I could not remunerate as I desired was galling in the extreme after so many years of indepen-

dence, when I had not only supported myself, but others in comfort, I, who had once proudly boasted that I would never be dependent upon anyone!

I now realized fully for the first time the extreme disadvantage I labored under in addition to all I had undergone while in the asylum. I had nothing I could call my own, if my worthy relatives saw fit to withhold it from me, and in that event, nothing but legal steps could secure it to me. This I shrunk from, for I could not lose sight of the fact that it was my own mother and sister whom I must attack, and there was a natural and deep tenderness in my heart for them which survived even their unjust treatment.

I then wrote to my family, explaining to whom I was indebted for my freedom, hoping that this fact, together with Mr. Zell's statement that "He was as insane as I was," would draw from them (if only reluctantly) an acknowledgment of the great wrong they had inadvertently done me, perhaps an expression of remorse or contrition, and possibly a desire for restitution so far as lay in their power. I also requested them to send me at least one hundred dollars of my own money to make a new start in life. I waited impatiently for the reply, an extract from which I quote:

"ROCHESTER, January 28th, 1883.

"Yours duly received, in which you ask for one hundred dollars of *your money*, to be sent to you at once. I regret I am not so situated that I could

comply with your request.' However, I should first wish to be informed what use you were going to make of the money, or how invest. I shall do all in my power to aid you in your endeavors to support yourself. * * * * Please state what your plans are. I shall, as I have said, do all in my power to aid and assist, but cannot do anything, or consider it until I hear full particulars from you as to your arrangements."

I also received a letter from my sister informing me that "so much had been spent for me while in the asylum for clothing and sending baskets of provisions every month or so" (the last year I was in the asylum,) "varying in value from fifty cents to one dollar," (itemizing the cost of a few articles of clothing,) "including the *lawyers' expenses at Poughkeepsie*," (meaning Mr. Whiting's, who opposed my release on behalf of the family,) that I "had *absolutely nothing remaining.*"

There was no expression of satisfaction at my release, and little hope of pecuniary aid, and later I was informed by them that my money had gone towards liquidating a mortgage on the house. I could not inform them of my plans, as I had not had time to form any as yet, except to meet my current expenses, realizing that were it not for my kind relatives, I should be left to starve or die in the street. I was so angered by these letters, that I replied that they should never know my future plans, and that from that time they should have nothing to do with one cent of mine, for knowingly, I would never place

myself or my means at their disposal as long as I lived, "that from henceforth I had no family, but every suffering man or woman, particularly if they had suffered the horrors of an insane asylum, was my mother, sister and brother."

I was especially desirous to go to Albany, before the Legislature, to make a statement of the facts of my incarceration and the abuses which I absolutely knew existed in that institution, in the hope that some radical results might follow. This opportunity was soon afforded me by Mr. Silkman, and the last of February saw us *en route* for Albany. We were to be the guests of a friend of Mr. Silkman, a lawyer of ability and prominence.

The Investigating Committee held their first session in the evening. It was a trying position to me, who had never before appeared in a strictly public position; still, my heart was so full of sympathy for the poor sufferers and enthusiasm for what I hoped would be an effective attack upon the asylum, which would result in securing aid and relief to the poor patients, that I forgot about my own feelings or personality, and was surprised to learn that I had spoken an hour before the committee and a large number of auditors. I called the attention of the committee to the necessity of new laws, of employing women physicians on the female wards, the banishment of enforced labor, the posting of regulations on the asylum walls for the direction of patients, and above all the employment of trained nurses and the

appointment of a capable, conscientious superintendent in the place of the (then) present superintendent.

At the close of my address, different gentlemen came forward and congratulated me. I now hoped some good result might follow. Little did I dream of the adversary I had in the person of Dr. Grey, who did not propose to be crushed when he had plenty of money at his command, and an able corps of efficient assistants.

Dr. Grey's cue was to brazen the whole thing through, and his testimony was the most ingenious and audacious tissue of misrepresentations that it was possible for him to fabricate in relation to myself, the management of the asylum, etc. As an instance I quote from his testimony on this occasion: "That papers (newspapers) were subscribed for averaging one to every six patients;" "That there was a fine library for the use of patients;" "That in the entire history of my residence in the asylum since 1850 there has never been but one attempt to get persons improperly in the asylum (citing case later as having occurred previous to 1875) and during that period over 12,000 have been admitted,"—yet in direct contradiction to this statement, the Annual Report of the Utica Asylum for 1872 stated "Of those discharged, fourteen were *not insane* when admitted." He also stated that "No person is admitted into the wards without certificate; this had been the law since 1874;" "That

it was the law that the judge's order should accompany certificates." In those cases where I had testified in regard to patients, it was found impossible to disprove one word I had said.

Dr. Grey's testimony was taken at Utica, and after the return of the committee to Albany, it was found impossible to secure the presence of a sufficient number of the committee to constitute a quorum. The president was always absent, and finally three was pronounced a quorum to enable more testimony to be taken. Another difficulty was that patients who had actually been insane (in the majority of instances) could not be induced to give their testimony, as they feared that they might again lose their minds, and be consigned by their friends to the Utica Asylum, where they knew too well that they would receive retributive punishment from the physicians and attendants in charge. The report of this committee, as well as that of the preceding year, when Dr. Hammond and other prominent alienists, who wished to abolish some of the inhuman methods of treating the insane at Utica, the "Utica Crib" among the number, was suppressed. This report also contained the testimony of a lovely lady residing at Buffalo, in regard to the worst abuses existing in the asylum, to which she too had been subjected.

I now learned that in order to place me in a false and unpleasant position with the public at the time of my release, Dr. Grey caused *his answer* to the writ of *habeas corpus* to be published in full in the Utica

paper with a view to impress the public with the idea that I was legally committed to his asylum, as he swore in his answer that I had been, and still was as insane as when admitted to the asylum, (which was true in point of fact). Not satisfied by forcing my private affairs into court, and finding their laudable efforts to fix any scandal upon me futile, Dr. Brush caused his own report of the trial to be published in the Utica papers, containing as much as possible of what he thought might reflect unpleasantly upon me in my unfortunate but innocent complication with Mr. Zell. During my sojourn at Albany little notices which were supposed to be funny, were printed in the Utica papers, probably by asylum instigation, relative to Mr. Silkman and myself, which must have been copied into the Rochester papers, as my sisters wrote to my relatives in New York expressing a wish that I might marry Mr. Silkman. Naturally this had the effect of causing me to feel as uncomfortable as it was intended I should. Through somebody's instigation, garbled reports of my testimony given at Albany were published in the Rochester papers, which were so mixed up that it was difficult for any one to make out a clear idea of what I had actually said. This was done, probably, with an intention not only of shielding the guilty but in order to cause me to appear to have been insane when I gave my testimony before the committee, even incapable of wording a sentence clearly and intelligibly.

While at Albany, Mr. Silkman desired me to call upon a Dr. Swinburne, an eminent physician, ex-president of the medical college at Albany. One afternoon we went to his residence, where he received us with courtesy and sympathy. At Mr. Silkman's request, I narrated the symptoms of my two sicknesses the Monday and Friday previous to my incarceration, which he pronounced to have been due to "*Aconite, the most terrible poison known.*"

This was the first reliable information I felt that I had ever received upon the matter, although every indication had tended to confirm my own and my friends' suspicions. After some further conversation in regard to the general management of the asylum and the abuses existing there, the truth of which he did not seem to question, he invited me to call again. As our time was limited, I was unable to accept this kind invitation, though much regretting it, as he impressed me with his open, manly and honorable bearing.

One or two results seemed to have been accomplished by my statements before the Legislature. A pretence was made of training the attendants at the asylum by means of weekly lectures, and some little power was supposed to have been taken from Dr. Grey by the Board of Managers.

The next winter, during the session of the Legislature, my attention having been called to the case of the murder of a patient in the Utica Asylum, which was charged to an attendant, and an

investigation ordered, I wrote a letter to the lawyer of the committee. He replied by asking me if I would come to Albany and give my testimony. I said I would do so, provided a correct account should be given of my testimony, and a printed report issued. During the summer, I had consulted a rising young lawyer of B., who had given me to understand that he would take legal steps for me. I had placed the utmost confidence in him and his ability to win a successful issue. I now wrote a note to him asking his advice in regard to going to Albany, to which he replied:

"Go and tell the committee everything you know."

I reached Albany late on the first afternoon appointed for the meeting of the Investigating Committee, and the following day had an interview with counsel for the committee (a gentleman from Utica) at his request, and that afternoon, in presence of the members of the committee, I gave my testimony, feeling it my duty to make more serious charges than I had publicly made the year before. Dr. Grey's lawyer and a stenographer were in attendance. Grey's lawyer was a rather tall man, with dark hair, moustache and whiskers, with a large bald spot on the top of his head, who sat for some time with his face partly concealed by his arm. I could not help associating him with a gentleman to whom I was introduced by the young lawyer at his office as a reporter of the Brooklyn *Eagle* on account

of his strong resemblance to him. This, added to the fact that nothing had ever been published in the *Eagle* in reference to my case, and my lawyer never having taken one step in my behalf, the idea had suggested itself that he might be temporizing with me, and now the thought occurred to me for the first time that he might be in secret connivance with Dr. Grey himself, as the latter had money and I had none.

At the first meeting of the committee I simply gave a few facts in reference to the asylum, as I feared that I might say something which would result disastrously to the patients still remaining in the asylum. The second day my testimony was more full, and though lengthy, did not cover all the ground that I desired. After (what appeared to be) a small note was passed to the chairman, the case was adjourned to Utica. At the close of the session Dr. Grey's lawyer seemed much excited, saying I had made very serious charges against the asylum physicians. I was then told that I would be notified if it was thought best to hear further testimony from me, and I returned home having no opportunity to correct my testimony or contradict statements which I was not aware were made until I received the printed report of the committee from the clerk of the House some weeks later. This report was a voluminous document, which I hastily read through, (though carefully enough to discern that my testimony was inaccurately reported) as I had seen in the paper that the Legislature was about to adjourn.

I resolved that even if I could not induce my lawyer to act for me, that I would at least have an acknowledgment from the committee of my illegal committment and detention, thus destroying any possible doubt that could be thrown upon the truth of my statements, all of which I had given proof of, and which I was ready to further substantiate if allowed. No less than seven hundred letters were received by counsel for the committee,—many from women who were formerly patients in the asylum,—corroborating the testimony I had given relative to the worst abuses existing in the asylum. I also discovered that *bogus (and illegal) committment papers which related to myself were given by Doctor Grey or his able assistants to the committee who evidently did not question the validity of the papers or their proprietorship of them, or observe the absence of the judge's order or signature, and possibly were so much overcome by some subtle influence, emanating from the asylum, that they were unable to recognize the imperfect and illegal character of the documents.

I also learned from the testimony given, that the doctors had entertained themselves and the committee by giving voluminous testimony in regard to certain diseases which some women are afflicted with, which could never by any possibility be applied to me at any time in my life, either prior to, during, or after my incarceration in the asylum.

*Referred to in a preceding chapter. Certified copy in my possession.

I then drew up the following formal letter which I signed and had witnessed before a notary, forwarding it as a registered letter to the chairman of the committee, another to the governor of the State, and a third to the district attorney of Brooklyn, a copy of which I now give.

"BROOKLYN, May 12, 1884.

"CHAIRMAN —— AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE OF INVESTIGATION,

"SIRS:—In view of my testimony given before your committee, which is as unimpeachable in a court of law as that of any citizen of the State, and in view of the proofs you have caused to be printed with your Report of 1884, of my *Illegal Committment, Incarceration*, and *Imprisonment* of 26 months in the Utica Asylum, *in direct violation of Law* 446 *of* 1874, by my right as a citizen of the State of New York, I demand that an immediate report of the same be made to the Legislature now in session.

"Yours respectfully,

("MISS) C. C. LATHROP.

"Witnessed and signed May 13, 1884, before S. L. Rowland, Notary Public, 691 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, L. I."

The letter to Grover Cleveland was acknowledged by his secretary, Col. L., for the governor of the State. The fact that the Legislature had adjourned for the season, possibly may have prevented any steps being taken by him in my behalf.

I also sent soon after, copies in duplicate of charges made against the Investigating Committee relative to the incorrect report of my testimony

taken before them, etc., also charges against the doctors and officers of the Utica Asylum, to the district attorney of Brooklyn and the governor of the State, with the desire and intention of doing everything in my power to prove the truth of my statements and to bring the guilty to justice, at the same time making corrections in my testimony taken before the committee, some parts of which were as imperfectly reported as that printed in the Rochester papers the preceding year.

CHAPTER XIX.

WORKING UP TO INDEPENDENCE.

"For this the foolish overcareful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry."

Shakspeare.

"Liberty and work,—this is my all."

Auerbach.

AFTER my return to New York, after the first session of the Legislature, I endeavored to secure some sale for my pictures, or through them, some remunerative employment. I soon discovered, that although I might sell a few little articles, that I could not rely upon this accomplishment as a means of self-support. I also found that I was so exhausted by the protracted strain I had been under so long, that it was imperative for me to take several months' rest and recreation, my kind friends easily realizing the necessity of my being thoroughly refreshed, to fit me for my future battle with the world, which I must begin without capital, except perhaps the two most valuable requisites,—perfect bodily health and a trained and educated mind. I had been kindly informed by my family, soon after my release, "that the home was there, and if I would come home and

submit to the *family rules*, I could come." What these rules were, I could not exactly determine and felt no curiosity or desire to discover from personal observation or experience. I was also told after repeated applications for some of my own money, that "you say you have friends, let them help you." Finally, after my visit to Albany, my trunk (containing my worldly belongings, comprising clothing, etc.) was sent me. Five dollars was also forwarded me through my cousin, with a promise to remit the same amount monthly, which was done for the next few months, and after a long interval was renewed again for a time.

As my wardrobe had become somewhat depleted, and the amount so small, I was obliged to exercise the greatest economy, and my readers would be amazed at the odd straits in which I was placed, which I can now afford to be amused at. I could not buy even a paper of pins, for when my relatives moved to B., I found that all my cash was necessary to defray my car fare, for although I could walk from the ferry up town and back, I was obliged to cross the ferry and take the cars the remaining distance home, which necessitated the expenditure of the enormous sum of 15 cents. I had resolved from the time of my release, that I would never borrow a cent from one of my relatives, and I am happy to say that I was not obliged to break this resolution. The miles I walked in order to avoid doing so, and the efforts I made in different directions, I will not recount.

The general impression exists outside of New York City, that one has only to come to this great metropolis, and employment is waiting for them. While I acknowledge that New York is a place of great possibilities, as well as of great resources, endowed by the liberality of her citizens with numerous training schools, and museums of art and science,—facilities afforded to those able to devote their time to fitting themselves for self-support, and where skilled labor is appreciated and suitably remunerated,—yet the inexperienced laborer has a hard and bitter struggle to sustain life, for here too, compensation is weighed with capacity. To illustrate this, I will give a few of my own experiences, that my readers may understand my battle for independence.

I had been visiting friends. Suddenly an influx of company caused my presence to discommode some of the family. My relatives with whom I made my home were similarly situated. Not wishing to trespass upon their hospitality, I feigned a necessity for immediate departure, and went at once to the Christian Association rooms in B. and procured addresses of boarding houses, and with $10 in my pocket, which was my entire pecuniary wealth, proceeded to seek for a furnished room which would fit my purse. This I secured on the top floor of a respectable boarding house, at the low rate of $1.50 a week. Here was a place to stay. The next thing was to find some employment. I searched the newspapers carefully, and found an advertisement for lady artists in oil. I

had never painted in oil, but resolved to see what it was. I discovered that it was a process of painting what looked like old-fashioned tin types with oil paints, and my services were accepted at the munificent sum of three dollars a week, which was more than they were actually worth. I decided after considering my entire worldly wealth, that if I were to husband my resources, and buy a new pair of shoes I was suffering for, I must not exceed the amount paid me for my living expenses, and this plan I rigidly adhered to. After deducting the price of my room rent, I found that I had exactly one dollar and a half which I could invest weekly in food.

My first extravagance was a pound of the very best butter that could be bought,—this I knew I must have. My next investment was a loaf of bread and some apples. My last was a pound of dried beef. Thus equipped, I commenced housekeeping in my lonely room. By continuing this diet, I had the satisfaction, at the end of the week, in knowing that I had lived within my means and had sufficient money left to buy me a twenty cent dinner at a restaurant on Sunday. I had often said when I was in the Utica Asylum that I would prefer living in a garret on a crust of bread, and I now felt that I was approximating to that test, and confessed that I preferred even this forlorn life, hard and gloomy as it was.

The next week I had the promise of receiving $4 a week, if my improvement warranted an increase in

pay. I am sorry to say that I wished to embellish too much, and give an artistic effect to these fine portraits, and the consequence was, that when the next Saturday night came, I only received $3 as before. As I could now return to my friend's home again, my discharge from this lucrative position was borne with becoming fortitude, as I consoled myself with the reflection that I was no poorer than when I left my relatives' house, and as the days were cold and cheerless, I had enjoyed the benefit of a warm place to stay through the day.

While in the asylum, I had resolved that I would not teach school again, as I felt that I was capable of following some other profession, and after my release I considered it advisable to follow some other calling which would give greater scope for any ability I might possess, for I felt sure that there was some field for me, provided I could only discover it. Although I had purchased a book on stenography, as there was no one who could advise me or suggest anything, I really did not know what use I could apply it to after I had mastered it, unless for literary purposes.

I confess that I was not happy, notwithstanding my restoration to liberty, for as month after month passed, I realized more and more keenly all I had lost,—my home, my family and the friends I had held so dear. I felt particularly disheartened that my earnest and conscientious efforts in aid of the inmates of the Utica Asylum had not been crowned with success, and I chafed at my dependent position,

which was even more galling than I had imagined possible. I would often wake at night and weep over my trying position and many disappointments, and had it not been for my terrible experiences while in the asylum I should have felt that I had more than I could endure. I knew I could not leave my kind friends until I had sufficient means to defray a few weeks' board without employment, and after repeated and ineffectual efforts in different directions, I was about to relinquish my determination and resume my old profession of teaching, when a way was opened for me to independence in a direction which perhaps was best suited to my present condition; for at this time, when the clouds which enveloped my life looked more dark and lowering, I saw a notice in the paper that there was an opportunity for charitable work, and as this touched a sympathetic chord in my own breast, I thought I would apply for the position.

I discovered upon inquiry, that a society required some one to solict funds in aid of the poor tenement house people, taking poor children on excursions, away from their cheerless and unhealthy homes. The next week I entered into my work with great zest, feeling that I was helping others as well as myself, and 9 o'clock in the morning would find me either on long pilgrimages in different parts of the city, walking miles and miles, or climbing up and down at least a hundred flights of stairs each day, (which would have been impossible had I any of the

difficulties the Utica doctors had attempted to insinuate I suffered from), meeting new people engaged in different kinds of business, and now it was that I learned the kind hearts of the New York public, the generous feeling with which the amount was contributed, and the conscientious desire to alleviate suffering manifested by rich and poor alike. "Ah," I thought, "if the worthy poor, who will not make their wants known, could know the wish that animates and accompanies the gift, would they hesitate to accept what is so freely given with the generous wish!" Naturally, there were a few exceptions to this rule, and sometimes I was met with unpleasant and gruff rebuffs from those who doubted the efficacy of my mission, but in the majority of cases I found the spirit the same, though the amount contributed was small.

After attending the second excursion of the season, and conversing with a few of the mothers, who told me their forlorn stories and their desire for work, I determined to do what was in my power to relieve their necessities in the most practical manner,—to find employment for them and their children. This was no easy task, for I found two great difficulties to surmount which have puzzled the political economist and the philanthropist alike. It was this: To induce these tenement house people to work to escape starvation,—or to keep their children in a presentable condition after I had secured employment for them, even when clothing was furnished for that

purpose. I became so much interested in this voluntary part of my work, that I fear that I neglected the pecuniary interests of the society as well as my own during the latter part of the time I was connected with it.

My attention having been by chance attracted to a typewriter, I rented one at my room which I had taken after my removal to New York. My evenings and early mornings were spent in practice, with the hope that I might make some available use of the knowledge,—just what, I was yet to learn. Finally, finding I could pay for a typewriter for little more than the rent would come to, I resolved to do so, paying for it in monthly installments, spending my days in working for the society.

It was while so engaged that I met with what might at first be considered a romantic adventure. I had called at a gentleman's office on business connected with the society, and was awaiting his arrival. While sitting in the office, a stranger came to the door and claimed to be waiting for the same gentleman. After a few general remarks, he led the conversation to his travels in foreign countries, and really made himself so entertaining that over an hour had passed before I realized it. Then he spoke of himself, said he was a lonely widower, told me how wretched he was, that there was something about me which had attracted him at once. I thought this a very curious confidence, rose and said I must be going. He then asked me, as I was about to

leave, if he might not talk to me sometimes, that he was so lonely that it made him desperate, that it would be such a help to him. Thinking it easier to say yes than no, not dreaming that I should ever see him again, I said carelessly, yes, without giving it a second's thought further than to say to myself in an amused kind of way, "I should like to know how you are to do so, when you do not know my address."

On my arrival at my lodgings, I was busy practicing as usual on my typewriter, when the maid announced that a gentleman desired to see me in the parlor. Supposing it to be my clergyman, or a friend of my cousins, who were the only persons to whom I had given my address, I went to the reception room, and found to my amazement,—the Spaniard. He begged me not to be angry "that he had found me," and saying "that he must talk to me." He proved to be a persistent fellow and so terrified me with his threats and by his protestations of affection, that I did not dare refuse to see him when he called again. Finally in a burst of confidence, he informed me that he was a detective, that he would find me wherever I was, and as he gave a more careful description of his life, I recalled a male attendant whom I had seen at chapel service in the Utica Asylum, whose peculiar appearance I had remarked upon to an attendant, who gave me the identical information in regard to his wife's sickness (cancer) and his foreign travels and knowledge of different languages, which he had just given me. My fears

were now roused in earnest, for I felt positive that I was still being tracked by detectives, who might have traced me to the young lawyer's office, in order to frustrate any legal action I might contemplate taking. I then wrote to the man, telling him it would be impossible for me to see him again, and changed my boarding place. After remaining in my new room several months, I again moved. I had not been in this place long before the Spaniard came to board in the same house, having covered his bald head with a scratch, wearing eye-glasses as a further disguise. I was about to leave the house, feigning not to recognize him, when he left. After several months he again returned, when I moved to a ladies' boarding house where I knew he could never obtain admission, and where I should be secure from further persecution.

I will not weary my readers with a detailed account of my efforts at self-support, and my final adoption of the profession which I had unconsciously chosen, how I starved myself to pay for my typewriter,—for I had kept house in a kind of a way in a furnished room,—and how I at last located in an office,—for the way seemed opened for me. No sooner had I fitted myself to work properly, than I received a notice from the Remington office that there was an opportunity to secure desk room with a lady who was employed in a law office on Broadway. I lost no time in making an application for it, and removed my typewriter to my new field of action. I found

it impossible to give up my old business at first; besides, there were a few poor people for whom I wished to provide. As soon as this was accomplished, and I had a sufficient number of patrons to pay my board, I gave up the work with which I had been connected with no regret, as I found that my later efforts were circumscribed by circumstances which I could not control, and of which I did not approve.

I now devoted my odd moments through the day, and my nights and early mornings, to the mastery of stenography without a teacher, and six o'clock in the morning would find me with my pencil and book. At ten o'clock at night, when the exhaustion and drowsiness which is an acknowledged accompaniment of the study of stenography threatened to overpower me, I would shake myself resolutely, and apply myself once more to my book, so in six months' time I was able to make practical and remunerative use of it. My progress after this time was slow but steady, and it required much management to meet my expenses, but as I was for some six months and more without office expenses, I managed by close application to business and never going beyond my means, to struggle up to success and competence.

After due consideration, I decided that it was best to conceal my family history and experiences from the public, and at the same time took the precaution to conceal my business and place of residence from my own family, that I might not suffer from future indiscretions on their part; also that should any

of my old friends wish to see me that they should not come unexpectedly upon me. Representing that my nearest relatives lived in B. (in point of distance), I thus avoided any annoyance I might be subjected to, should my new friends have chance acquaintances in Rochester who had received prejudiced or untrue reports of my life; also that my former persecutors (should they again wish to injure me) would be under the necessity of employing a detective, and necessarily be obliged to work in an underhand manner, thus proving guilt. I could thus feel a greater sense of security, and at the same time enable my new acquaintances to form a strong opinion of me without the prejudice which might arise in their minds if aware of the fact of my incarceration without understanding the truth of the matter. This concealed life was foreign to my nature and painful to me in some respects, but I learned as year after year passed, to recognize the wisdom of my resolution.

Oh, the long, weary years, filled with patient toil and study! Work, work was my motto, and above all,—*no time to think!* Thought pursuing me must be fought away. I must banish the past and all its associations, crush back the cruel memories that brought with them so much anguish, sorrow and despair! "Ah," I would think, "if I could have some pleasant experiences to recall, one bright spot in that dread past that I might revive with pleasure!" How often I felt discouraged and disheart-

ened when I thought how my efforts had failed of their object! I seemed like a person groping in the darkness for the single aperture that would afford light and reviving breath. Then the heart-sickness that would overpower me, the bitter tears, the agonized thoughts! How often I have longed for some Lethe to still this anguished heart, to destroy this blighting memory which overpowered me with its crushing weight. To wear a smile and work with feverish avidity to drive away the pursuing recollection and the knowledge of the baffled purpose, the isolation and loneliness in the crowd of a great city. Time, which is said to deaden all pain and banish grief, only seemed to deepen the intensity of the pang.

A woman of an active and sympathetic nature, when deprived of all that lifted her into an atmosphere of natural affection, is like a luxurious plant deprived of all sunlight. The growth is there. Lavish nature, though she has repressed the brilliant bloom, gives still the leafy foliage, though we look in vain for the wealth of color and efflorescence we hoped to see. She must either seek that oblivion in the gay throng which leads to destruction, or she must rise above her surrounding, and fix her gaze and raise her thoughts above her environments to higher aims, and worthier, loftier ambitions,—to strive to approximate to and grasp the laws of universal good, that she may be ready, if need be, to carry out the glorious plans of the Almighty, who

knows better than we the fitness of the weakest and most unworthy instrument for His divine work.

So it was with me. One aim, one purpose actuated all my endeavors,—that was to help the poor victims of the Utica Asylum, and the desire to improve the social and mental condition of the insane. For this I gladly labored night and day, and every dollar I could save was consecrated to this sacred cause.

CHAPTER XX.

MISSING LINKS.

"Give me but one hour of my first energy,
Of that invincible faith—one only hour!
That I may cover with an eagle glance
The truths I have, and spy some certain way
To mould them, and completing them, possess."

DURING all these years as I have said, I had not given up the aim of my life,—the desire to ameliorate the condition of the insane,—and thus bring help and comfort to the sane as well as the insane, who I felt sure in many instances were cruelly imprisoned unnecessarily behind asylum bars, and this desire was not weakened by the fact of Dr. Grey's death and the accession of Dr. Blumer to the position of asylum superintendent, one of whose acts was to make access to the asylum more and more difficult to visitors, which certainly did not look like a step in the direction of reform, for the more barriers intervening between the patient and the outside world too often indicates *more to conceal* from the public gaze.

I still wished to take legal steps as a means of accomplishing this end, with the idea that by forcing my own case before the public, the attention and interest

of the thoughtful and humane might be roused. This I found it impossible to do, as I had no means to push such a case successfully.

I had not forgotten Mr. Zell, and if my readers have drawn the same conclusions that I did from actual facts, as they occurred from time to time, they have drawn inferences which the wise Utica physicians pronounce the highest form of insanity. I pondered continually upon the discrepancy of statements in regard to Mr. Zell, some of which must be true, and those which my knowledge of the truth taught me must be false, and I puzzled my brain to harmonize the discordant elements which still existed, and which possibly through legal advice he felt obliged to sustain. How easy I thought these enigmatical questions could be answered while shut away in my cruel prison! Now upon my release after so much time had elapsed, I found that I could not establish facts without great expense and legal complications. I had no money to pay a detective, and after all my bitter experiences, I could not be positive that if I employed one, the party in possession of the greatest amount of money, might be benefited, not myself;—and to gather up the loose threads and weave them into a continuous and unbroken chain unaided, seemed a task which I was powerless, under existing circumstances, to perform, as they were broken off so suddenly by my hurried incarceration, with the apparent object of thwarting any idea I might have of convicting the guilty, or trac-

ing their identity or whereabouts. However, I resolved to discover what I could.

I learned that the servant girl, Lizzie, had wisely remained in the employ of my family, not only during the entire time of my imprisonment, but some years after my release, where she was considered an invaluable auxiliary to the family machinery, thus serving a double purpose, a proof of belief in her innocence on the part of my family, who were still ignorant of the facts of the case and who were only too ready to shield her from any possibility of unjust suspicion,—and a safeguard for herself,—besides securing steady employment and a comfortable home.

I also learned that Miss Hamlo had left Rochester six weeks after my incarceration and gone west, just where no one professed to know. I wrote a letter of inquiry to Mrs. Rane reminding her of the fact of her having introduced her to our house, stating that I believed her to be the cause of my imprisonment, closing by entreating her to inform me in regard to Miss Hamlo's identity and history, —which, of course, met with no response whatever.

Dr. Nefus had married and was located at Mt. Morris.

I next went to visit a sister-in-law of the Mrs. Prime with whom Mr. Zell had formerly boarded in Rochester, and endeavored to gain what information I could from her. She informed me that Mr.

Zell had lived very unhappily with his wife; that her niece had visited in his family and had been fully cognizant of it; that she had known nothing of them for some years past. This was all I could learn from her.

After much thought and deliberation, I wrote to a minister who resided at Mr. Zell's supposed residence, inquiring in regard to a gentleman of that name, whom I supposed to reside there and whom I wished to see on business if he answered the description, but did not care to be at the trouble of going to M., if he was not the person. In response to this letter, I was very kindly informed that a Mr. Zell did reside there at one time, but had left the place some time previous; that he was not a member of his church, and he knew nothing of his whereabouts. About a year after my entrance upon a business life I met a stenographer who resided at M., who, in answer to my inquiry in regard to Mr. Zell, informed me that a gentleman by that name had lived there; that she had seen his children out riding quite frequently, but he had moved from the place some two years or more previous. Her personal description of him did not at all correspond with that of Mr. Zell, and I was forced to the conclusion that he was not the person who had been represented as living there.

The summer after my release, by advice of lawyer R., (probably in order to identify him and injure him if possible) I had called at Mr. Zell's place of busi-

ness to see him, contrary to my better judgment. I was much embarrassed at the unusual and improper position in which I considered I was placed, and could not say all that I desired. I informed him that I had called by advice of counsel; that I wished to take legal steps for my own benefit as well as that of others. To this he replied:

"I am glad of it. I have tried the law, but it has ground me to powder."

I then made some inquiry in reference to Miss Hamlo, but he still insisted that he knew of no such person, adding, "The more one seeks to benefit you, the more you try to injure them."

This curious response puzzled me greatly, and strengthened my belief that I had done wrong in calling on him, and fearing to ask more questions, left more mystified and dissatisfied with myself than before. I afterwards wrote to him and informed him that I did not understand his statement that the more one tried to benefit me, the more I tried to injure them; that I had no wish or intention of doing so, but felt grateful to him for the aid rendered me in effecting my release,—or words to that effect. His answer stated that he did not know what I meant by his living happily with his wife and two children; that he had not seen Mr. Silkman *but once*, and that was before my release; the rest of the letter was so ambiguous that I could not comprehend it.

Here was a man, who, after a silence of ten years, had again professed to love me with devotion, who had deliberately forced himself into my life, who had

taken pains to draw from me an acknowledgment of affection only to leave me to endure as best I could the bitter and cruel consequences of that confession; who, although he had aided in securing my release (possibly by way of atonement) from the terrible fate that had overtaken me, still left me to meet alone any ignominy which might attach to my position without interposing the shield which I so much needed in my emergency, and which it seemed that honor, if not humanity demanded,—a full, honorable and straightforward statement of the truth,—what his position, attitude and intentions had been and were to be in future, that I might see my way clearly through the difficulties which had already begun to gather around me, leaving me to grope my way still blinded through the darkness of future years, through the same baffling uncertainty. *Had* he induced me to bare my heart to him only to gratify his vanity, to turn away with selfish unconcern from the needless sorrow and pain he had carelessly inflicted? *Was* he dishonorable, shielding himself from the consequences of his own reckless and apparently momentary re-infatuation, or was he too prejudiced against me? Again and again these thoughts would force themselves upon my breaking heart, and burning tears would wet my pillow night after night as time passed and I realized more and more keenly the embarrassing position in which I was placed, which I was powerless to explain, which he was the means of placing me in, and from which he alone

could extricate me! In vain I endeavored to reconcile his conduct with my idealization of him, his sense of honor, his manliness, his supposed affection which had been my comfort and which had helped to sustain me during the long years of my imprisonment. What could I do to unravel this mystery, which was so exasperating, and upon which the whole happiness of my life depended? Then calmer thoughts would follow.

I had cause to believe that he had been unfortunate in his marital relations, and if what I suspected was true, he was more deserving of pity than almost any man living. It was true I had suffered deeply, directly and indirectly through him, at the same time he had aided me when no one but he could help me. For this reason, if for no tenderer motive, I did not wish to do him an injustice inadvertently, and not understanding the present or past situation of affairs, my ignorance might force me into a position that might prove antagonistic to, or embarrassing to him or his interests.

The natural tendency of every one, when they learn that a man is divorced or separated from his wife, unless cognizant of the facts of the case, is to censure and denounce him as a rascal, for the simple reason that they know nothing whatever about him. I could not but feel that Mr. Zell had intended to act honorably, that he had no idea of, or intention of compromising me, and felt confident that the circumstances over which he had no control, and which

were the cause of my misfortunes, were the source of much pain to him. I wished an explanation of certain complicated circumstances, not to criminate or injure him, but as a matter of justice to him as well as myself. I felt satisfied that at the time he first visited our house, at the time I saw the notice of his wife's death in the paper, that he was ignorant of the fact of her existence, and inferred that, finding her to be still alive, and knowing her to be of such a fiendish and designing nature, had endeavored to withdraw from my life, in the wish to shield me from possible danger;—or his case might still be in the courts, thus preventing his taking legal steps in another State while held in abeyance in this; or there might be four other motives for his problematic conduct, as he acknowledged to me that he was "as insane as I was," etc., thus confessing that his suspicions were similar to my own.

First, he might not wish to accuse, or be instrumental in accusing or convicting his former wife, with even a possibility of crime.

Second, he might have married again, and although willing to aid in my restoration to liberty, as a sort of atonement for his unjustifiable and apparently thoughtless conduct in involving me in such serious complications, was still bound to another in matrimonial bonds.

Third, he might not have been successful in his suit for divorce, and was unwilling to acknowledge the fact, even to me.

Fourth, he might be free, but ignorant of the facts

of my incarceration, which I had not had sufficient opportunity to explain to him, and might not be aware of his instrumentality in causing my sufferings, and might consider my imprisonment and experiences in the asylum a bar to any future interest in my welfare.

I cannot describe the different emotions each aspect of the case inspired me with, when some five years later,—after years of toil I at last found myself in a position to write this book,—in accordance with my intention announced through the press immediately after my release—when the necessity of securing accurate and authentic information upon certain points seemed imperative.

Considering the embarrassing position in which I was still placed, I felt justified in writing a letter to Mr. Zell, telling him plainly that I should like him to explain, if he was willing, his present marital relations, as "I believed that the injured still had some claim upon the aggressor;" that I had no wish to force myself upon him, but that I felt that it was for his interests as well as my own for me to understand the present situation of affairs. Whether this letter reached its destination or not I am unable to state, as I received no reply.

About a year later, I had a light attack of pneumonia, a sickness I was subject to, and had first contracted while in my cold, cheerless lodgings. It was my first day at my office after my recovery. Not long after my arrival a gentleman came in and wished to dictate for about three quarters of an hour. The dictation proved to be a water works or steam heating contract, and as the gentleman seated himself, he handed me a card on which was inscribed the name of a water-works contractor from a neighboring city. As I took it, I inquired:

"Is this your card?" As he made no reply, I put it away for future reference.

I took the dictation myself, and for some time did not observe him particularly. He was a tall, thin man, about forty years of age, with dark hair and moustache, grey eyes, and his face pitted with small pox.

While in the midst of his dictation, the young lady present left the room. The instant she was gone, he stopped abruptly and gazed out of the window, as if in deep reflection. My eyes were drawn to his, and remained fixed upon his face, for not so much by my recollection of him (for he had changed greatly), but by some subtle intuition, I

suddenly recognized him as Mr. Zell, and in those few moments he seemed to have regained his old influence over me. I was filled with a tumult of emotions which I could with difficulty control. I felt that I must speak—must identify him. I was about to do so, when the young lady returned and the opportunity was lost.

Soon after, on the completion of the work, which was resumed on her entrance, he rose and spoke about himself in an off-hand kind of a way; that his wife had been dead ten years; that he had been where he had not seen a lady, and had a daughter attending school in another city. Soon after he walked to my desk in the corner of the room. His coat lay on the table. I felt as if in a dream. An intense longing dominated me. I wished to take his coat in my arms, if only for a moment. I stepped forward with outstretched arms, my eyes fixed on the coat. It was a critical moment for each of us! He did not understand all. He said, quietly:

"You wish the coat removed?" lifted it and placed it on a chair.

A thrill of disappointment passed over me, my arms dropped, the spell was broken,—I realized that there was a third party present. He gave me my place at the desk to superintend fastening up the work, chiding me for hurrying as it hastened his departure. Seeing a $5 bill on a typewriter, I took it and said, playfully:

"If that is not yours, it is mine—but not all,"

I added: "Two eighty, this is yours," making the change, partly in silver.

"Two pocket pieces," he said as he placed them carefully in his pocket-book, and after a few parting words left the office.

After his departure, I puzzled my brain to discover the cause of his again desiring to see me after so many years of neglect and apparent indifference to my existence. I resolved to write him a few lines requesting an interview if agreeable to him. I received no response although I wrote to more than one address, and I must leave my readers to conjecture as to the motive and spirit of this singular man, who persisted in a mysterious course of conduct, although he now professed to be free for many years from the matrimonial yoke.

* * * * *

To you, my friends, I reveal my heart and history, as I send forth this book as a plea for your sympathy and interest in the welfare of the insane, and as a means to this end, for ordinary hospital rules and treatment in place of the existing One Man Power over SECRET INSTITUTIONS. I have been obliged to lay aside this book for weeks and months at a time, as the memories of the horrors I was cognizant of crowded upon me and sickened me. It is a faint production of life in an asylum, which Dr. Grey himself once compared to a miniature city, with the same conflicting natures, tastes, temperaments and characteristics which mark our daily lives.

An insane person's nature is not transformed by a temporary aberration,—his identity, his tastes, his aspirations may be diverted by sickness from their natural channel. Oh, that he might receive the tender, fostering care, the medical skill his condition demands! And when reason dawns once more on the clouded brain,—oh, that the afflicted one might have all the aids our civilization demands, and which an enlightened age can command, to ensure and retain his sanity! Then the time will not be far distant when our institutions for the insane can not be vast prisons and dens of inquity to enrich venal asylum superintendents and to shield and foster crimes which can be so readily concealed and denied, and where sane people can be deprived ruthlessly of "liberty and the pursuit of happiness" by an unfeeling jailer. who fears no punishment because so securely entrenched in an institution which is supported at the expense of the State, from which he draws a revenue sufficiently large to enable him to crush his victim when she seeks to make known her sufferings and to obtain that vindication which her wrongs demand from a just and sympathetic public.

THE END.